

# THE CHRONICLE

Des Moines  
Area  
Community  
College

April 14, 1989

Vol. 14 No. 6

## Ballet Adds Elegance to Soviet Union Week



Members of the Des Moines Ballet Company display the grace and symmetry of Russian dance.

by Mark S. Gedler  
Staff Writer

Without a doubt, one of the most memorable events from this year's Soviet Union Week was the brilliantly orchestrated performance by the Des Moines Ballet Company that illustrated dance in the Soviet Union.

The first performance, entitled *By The River*, was performed by Julie Grooters, 15, and Karina Sturdevant, 17, students of the Des Moines Ballet.

*By The River* was written to portray one of the many legends that have been passed on from generation to generation among the Soviet gypsy cultures. This particular story, as legend has it, tells of a young girl who, after being brokenhearted by the loss of a loved one, walks down to the river with thoughts of throwing herself into it, thus committing suicide.

It's at that point that a gypsy happens along the road and takes notice of the girl.

Gypsies, according to legend, can become part of another person, taking over their entire being, and thus give them a new life. Of course the gypsy is also rewarded. For each life they save, they are in turn granted a new life, allowing them to live indefinitely and thus making the experience well worth their time.

Though they are students, Grooters and Sturdevant performed their parts superbly. The excellent technique, agility, and acting of the two allowed them to hold the audience's attention and ultimately led to a stunning performance.

The second dance, entitled *Le Carnival*, featured 12 dancers and was equally impressive. Elaborate costuming, well-rehearsed techniques, and excellent stage presence allowed the 250-300 people watching to have a thoroughly enjoyable experience as well as get a feel for what modern dance is all about, both here and in the Soviet Union.

Kennet Oberly, the artistic director of the Des Moines Ballet Company and the man responsible for putting on the show, was overjoyed at the tremendous turnout and enthusiastic responses to the performances.

"This was a golden opportunity for our company to expose people to dance, to expand their consciousness as to what modern dance is all about. Even if just two people's eyes are opened up, it has all been worthwhile."

And indeed it was. According to students interviewed on Friday, the last day of Soviet Union Week, by far the most memorable experience was the striking performance by the Des Moines Ballet.



# DMACC DATES

## Interim Speech Class Offered

Are you looking for a way to get summer credit without going through the hassle and length of long summer classes? The speech department has an opportunity for those interested. Sign up now for Speech 117: Interpersonal Speech & Small Group Communication.

The pre-summer session runs May 8 through May 19 from 7:30 a.m. to 12 p.m. daily. All work is done in small groups without the frightening aspect of public speaking.

Gain three semester hours of credit for only 10 days of class, by signing up for this course today. Save your summer vacation while earning credit.

## Grounds Department: Open Letter to All

The DMACC Grounds Department submits the following letter addressed to all students and staff:

### To the DMACC Community,

As spring is upon us, and everyone begins to use the outdoor facilities on campus, the Grounds Dept. would like to ask for everyone's cooperation in two areas.

The first area is safety. Please observe the speed limits on the roads and the parking lots. With the volume of both pedestrian and vehicular traffic, present on campus, it is only going to be a matter of time before someone is seriously injured, given speeds of 40-50 mph. Also, avoid damage to campus and your vehicle by operating motor vehicles only where they belong, not on the turf.

The second concern is litter. Please cooperate with us to keep an attractive campus for everyone here as well as visitors to DMACC. Use the trash and cigarette receptacles, not the closest planter, flower bed, shrub, or bench to dispose your litter. Everyone's efforts will be greatly appreciated. Thank you for your cooperation.

Sincerely,

DMACC Grounds Department

If anyone has questions, comments, or concerns, please contact Clark Lamberts, Grounds Department, at extension 6590.

## Ticketmaster Touts Twins Tickets

Attention, Iowa Baseball Fans! Tickets to all 1989 Minnesota Twins Home Games are now available through TicketMaster locations, statewide. These include the home games against the Detroit Tigers: April 18-20, The Kansas City Royals: May 15-17, Chicago White Sox June 9-11, plus the entire 1989 home season.

Iowa baseball fans can purchase Twins tickets, through TicketMaster by calling 243-1888 (Des Moines) and 233-1888 (Ames) Get yours today!

## Fun Day on Boone Campus

Courtesy of The Bear Facts  
DMACC Boone Campus

Boone Campus has planned a full day of events including frisbee, and miniature golf, co-ed tennis, volleyball, softball, tug of war, and other sports and games which will start out the Spring Fling festivities. The day for the spring fun will be Thursday, April 20, however, the rain date of Tuesday, April 25, has been scheduled in the event that the spring weather does not stay with us.

## DMACC Sponsors Child Custody Seminar

The Student Action Board, Legal Assistant Program, Psychology Faculty, and The Women's Center are sponsoring the first annual Focus On The Family Seminar.

The seminar entitled, Joint Child Custody, will cover many aspects of this heartrending issue including law, psychological effects, and the emotional consequence of divorce and mediation.

Date: April 20, 1989

Place: Building 6 Auditorium

Schedule: 8:30-9:30 a.m.  
"Joint Custody: The Law"  
Presented by Judge Rosemary Sackett of the Iowa Court of Appeals.

9:45-10:15 a.m.  
"Joint Child Custody:  
Psychological and Emotional  
Effects of Divorce and Mediation"  
Presented by Muriel E. Roth, L.S.W.,  
Psychotherapist and Divorce Mediator.

10:15-11:05 a.m.  
Panel Discussion "Joint Child Custody:  
Making It Work". Panel members include:  
Judge Rosemary Sackett, Muriel E. Roth,  
Harvey Harrison: Dissolution Attorney &  
Mediator, and Dick Woods: President, Fathers  
Rights.

## Cruise Travel: Little Taste of Paradise

Do you often dream of taking a long, luxurious cruise, but know absolutely nothing of the industry? Then you can't miss the "Cruising is Paradise '89 Night" sponsored by the Selling for Travel Class. You are invited.

Come get a taste of your own personal paradise and see what cruising is all about. Visit the Student Center (Building

5), April 20, between 7 and 8:30 p.m. where the following will be featured:

Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines  
7 Day Cruise  
3 Islands (Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, and Labadee)

Videos, pamphlets, posters of exotic ports and extravagant ships will be displayed. There will also be great gourmet hors d'oeuvres, refreshments, and door prizes. Admission is free.

## Women To Rally Against Violence

All women at DMACC are invited to "Take Back The Night" Saturday, April 22.

The seventh, Women Take Back The Night Rally And March gives women opportunity to gather in support of those who are victims and survivors of all forms of violence.

Speakers include Binnie Lehw, therapist at Mercy Psychological Services; Carole Meade, director of the Coalition Against Sexual Abuse; singers and songwriters, Rosi Gowdey and Geof Morgan; and the Langston Hughes Players.

The rally will begin in the Des Moines Convention Center at 7 p.m. and a candlelight march will proceed through downtown Des Moines afterwards.

For more information contact Polk County Victim Services.  
286-3832



# Ambassador Optimistic Change Good For America

by Kim Kirkman  
Staff Writer

Arthur Hartman, the American Ambassador to the Kremlin from 1982-1987, is optimistic that the United States and the Soviet Union are just entering an unprecedented era of better understanding and improved relations. The seminar "Is Gorbachev a Reformer or Just an Orthodox/Marxist-Leninist" discussed this very issue: "Just how bad are things in the Soviet Union?"

"Gorbachev to me seems very pragmatic," said Ambassador Arthur Hartman during his seminar on the Soviet Union on April 5. He continued, "But he really didn't understand just how bad things were. What you have seen in the past three years is a man who is experimenting."

"Just how bad are things in the Soviet Union?" This was the topic discussed by Ambassador Hartman. Hartman heard one of Gorbachev's first speeches in Leningrad at an all girls' school. This "church-like" atmosphere gave Hartman the impression that Gorbachev was preaching to the party faithful. He told them communism had not kept up with the modern world.

Gorbachev has inherited a lot of problems from Russia's history going back as far as the ethnic problems left by the czars,

Hartman said. There has not been much progress in roads, phone systems, or consumer goods in the Soviet Union. These problems, along with a backwards economy, and a huge, 11-time zone continent face Gorbachev everyday. Hartman feels that, "Gorbachev needs to get economic reform," and if Gorbachev does not change prices "no reform will happen." The Soviet economy lacks middle-men (men who know how to buy and sell). In Russian history these type of "profiteers" are disliked. Hartman asks, "How can Gorbachev change his and others' attitudes on this subject to better the Soviet economy?"

But Hartman posed an even bigger question: "How can Russians have an economic choice if they don't have a political choice?"

"If the Soviet Union is willing to have security without communism, can the United States help them gain this security?" Hartman answered, "If the United States helps themselves, this will help Gorbachev and the Soviet Union."

"Gorbachev will not succeed totally. He is fighting Russian history and there will be setbacks," said Hartman as he discussed the future of the Soviet

Union. "The empire loosens up and people think it is falling apart." This leads Hartman to believe that we may see Russia go back to where they want a strong authoritarian leader." Hartman said, "We (the U.S.) need to use the Gorbachev period to our advantage to control the future."

Today we are seeing the beginnings of Gorbachev's political process. The basic idea behind this process is that there should be an introduction of choice with a single party system. These choices are being seen in the newspaper writing, where people are able to express their opinions more openly. Hartman stated, "Gorbachev has advised the leaders below him to keep up with what is ACTUALLY going on and to listen to what the citizens are saying."

"An introduction of choice within the party will get people more active in seeking solutions for themselves and their country," said Hartman.

The basic theory behind Hartman's speech was one of steps -- steps that Gorbachev is taking to improve the Soviet Union and the attitudes of its people. Hartman feels that the Soviets could regress into the old ways, but cannot be certain.



Photo Credit: Mark Gedler

Julie Grooters (back) and Karina Sturdevant (front) thrill the audience with their performance of *By the River*, during Soviet Union Week.

Bottom Photos by: Annette Nelson

(Left) A Russian peasant dancer demonstrates the joys of the simple life. (Below) No one would dance with the clown.



## Soviet Union Week Opens With Hope

by Michelle Smiley  
Editor

Monday, April 3, John Leipa, Chair of the USSR Year Committee, walked to the lectern in the auditorium of Building 6. At 9:19 a.m. he welcomed the audience and shared his hope for the Soviet Union Week, for an entire one-year process of learning between our two countries. He expressed his appreciation for the outstanding list of guest speakers who were scheduled to make

appearances on campus.

"With our sister state of Stavropol many exchanges will be planned, providing a healthy direction for relations," says Leipa.

Remarks were then made by DMACC president Dr. Joe Borgen. He brought greetings from Iowa Governor Terry Branstad and then went on to speak himself.

"This week will provide international understanding on international concepts. Des Moines is a global

village and understanding people around the world is a goal of all...This will prove to be an incredible and interesting week as we celebrate the Soviet Union."

The Soviet Union Week is the fifth annual celebration of a country. Starting in 1985, DMACC has celebrated Japan, China, Mexico, and France, respectively.



A Joker, full of mischief, hides in a dancer's flouncy, cherry-blossom frock.





This issue was completed as a laboratory project by the students enrolled in Basic Reporting with the assistance from the Advanced Reporting and Publications Production classes.

Acting Editor  
Mark Schneberger

Staff Writers  
Lyn Anderson  
Dan Dahle  
Mark S. Gedler  
Kim Kirkman  
Cindy Ruttenburg  
Christa Schauf

Advertising Editors  
Melissa Johansen  
K.C. Morrison

Classified Editor  
Dave "Ace" McMichael

Photographers  
Mark S. Gedler  
Annette Nelson  
Jim Palmer

SENIOR STAFF

Editor/Consultant  
Michelle Smiley

Computer Surgeon  
David Champion

Laser Lizards  
Robert Dittart  
E. Scott Martin  
K.C. Morrison  
(typewriter)

Advisor  
Rose Hoffman-Toubes

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Things Your Mother Never Told You About Marijuana (Hemp)

by Christa Schauf  
Staff Columnist

A time has come in the history of our world in which we *must* begin to actively participate in diminishing the threatening dangers of our age. However, the substance which has the greatest potential to alleviate the predicament modern man is in happens to be illegal. This resource could solve this country's trade deficit, slow the "greenhouse effect," feed the world's hungry, and fuel the modern world without polluting our ecosphere. Hemp is the crop that could accomplish these tasks, yet due to bureaucracy concerning the THC glands which form in the female flower of hemp, the crop and its potential was abandoned despite the fact that when grown for fiber or seed, the hemp plant can be grown without this substance.

For example, our ecosphere's amount of carbon dioxide is reaching alarming levels, and although these growing levels threaten to cause the "greenhouse effect," our factories and automobiles continue to spew the gas into our air. The February 1984 issue of *Science Digest*, discusses this escalating danger by stating, "...clear signs of the greenhouse effect might appear as soon as the next decade...cities like Charleston, South Carolina, submerged, of the nation's breadbasket transformed into a desert...."

Our delicate biosphere is dependant upon the concentration of the gases in our atmosphere. Carbon dioxide plays an essential role by absorbing the sun's heat, which sustains life as we know it on this planet. The carbon dioxide balance has maintained a fairly standard level throughout history until this century. The by-products of our burning of and other industrialized uses of fossil fuel has led to an increasing amount of carbon dioxide trapped in our atmosphere, which elevates our atmosphere's ability to retain heat. Plant life is the one principal resource of our earth which absorbs carbon dioxide during its photosynthesis process.

Though this crucial component is necessary to maintain the balance, man is nonetheless destroying vast acres of irreplaceable forest land, a practice that causes our earth to get progressively warmer each year. The effects scientists predict include the melting of the ice caps, and a substantial rise in temperature of our earth to uninhabitable temperatures.

The only way that we can affect this situation would be to find the plant which not only regenerates yearly, but also consumes the most carbon dioxide during its photosynthesis. Hemp not only absorbs more carbon dioxide than any other, but hemp also grows faster than any other crop.

Another beneficial element of this crop was outlined in the historical U.S. Department of Agriculture Bulletin 404 of October 14, 1916. In this study, the botanist in charge of fiber-plant investigations explained how once the proper machinery was invented, our country would save vast resources by making paper out of hemp rather than wood pulp.

"New Billion Dollar Cash Crop" headlined the *Popular Mechanics* 1938 news article proclaiming the  
continued on page 6

Dear Editor:

My concern is with how the Student Action Board (S.A.B) is spending our money. Specifically, the money I, as a DMACC student, am required to pay upon registration. They sponsored Sarah Weddington, whom I enjoyed very much. Even though don't agree with her stand on abortion, I think she is a most enjoyable person. I think her visit was well worth the time and the money. However, The Ronny Romm Show left much to be desired. His program came off to me as though he felt we as college students had one thing on our minds -- sex. He commented to one of the girls in his act that he would help her with this aspect of her life after his show.

I realize that the S.A.B will not always bring entertainment to my liking. However, there is a limit and Ronny Romm far exceeded that limit in my opinion. I would be very grateful if the S.A.B. in the future would continue to bring good entertainment.

Tina Koestner  
Liberal Arts

Dear Editor:

I find it hard to believe that Dave McMichael, excuse me, "Ace" can in good conscience write one article as a representative of the International Association of Business Communicators, then in the same breath write such a scathing, one-sided, inaccurate article about the Soviet Union. Not only does "Ace's" depiction of Soviet history leave even the most naive reader confused and misinformed, but it makes me wonder if "Ace" could even summarize the premise of Marxist doctrine which he so readily criticizes. It scares me to think that here is an individual who may possibly look to a future in business or journalism.

Just for the record, I feel it is important that "Ace", and others who may agree with him, take into consideration the United State's record on imperialism and human rights throughout the world before they so quickly jump down the throats of the Soviets. The U.S. has a tendency to label any nation that wishes to be free of its involvement as communistic. United Fruit, among other U.S. corporations, started exploiting Nicaragua as early as 1926. The late dictator Samosa was little more than a puppet set up to help these corporations control Central American resources. When the citizens finally stood up and said, "Hey, this is our country and our land and we want to run it our way" -- we call them communists.

The Shah of Iran was as ruthless and oppressive as most dictators in history, yet the U.S. gave him full support because we were getting his oil. Let me toss out a few more ethnic groups who were in the past, or are currently being oppressed by forces other than the Soviet Union: South Africa, Afro-Americans from the 1700s to at least the late 1960s, Native Americans from the 1600s to this very minute, Japanese Americans held in concentration camps during W.W.II, the Chinese immigrants who built the U.S. railroads in the 1800s, and the list goes on.

"Ace", and I'm sure many other people, seem to think the United States and the Soviet Union are the only two nations in the world that dictate how other nations establish their political and economic systems, which to me is a dangerous, arrogant, and narrow perspective of the world. People with this mentality need to be able to distinguish how nations choose their political systems and how other nations choose whether or not to support them. The United States has shown time and time again that it doesn't give a damn how oppressive a nation's political system is as long as there are resources to be had; i.e. South Africa's gold, diamonds, and slave labor, or Iran's oil. Its when a country won't let itself be exploited by multi-national corporations that we start screaming "the commies are coming, the commies are coming."

I agree that more nations lean towards socialism than capitalism. However, I wouldn't give the Soviets as much of the credit as Karl Marx himself. If one takes a moment to consider the unequal distribution of wealth throughout the world, then sits down to take a look at what it was Marx was actually saying, maybe we wouldn't be so alarmed at what we so thoughtlessly label the "Red Menace."

Finally, I don't like to get hung up on semantics "Ace," but DMACC wasn't "celebrating" the Soviet Union, we were *studying*. I sincerely hope you took some time to study it yourself as maybe your paranoia will begin to subside.

Sam Miller  
Liberal Arts



# STORIES DETECTIVE

Chronicle Special Fiction Section

April 14, 1989



Vote For Your Favorite!  
See Ballot On Story Insert

Dangerous DMACC Chili, Squishy  
Tomatoes, Down-and-Out Detectives,  
Nosy Neighbors, Western Rascals,  
and more...

Layout & Design  
By Matt Mayes



# MURDER AT DMACC

by Kevin Sayles



There he lay, alone in the far corner of the cafeteria, his face buried in a bowl of DMACC chili. No one was sure how long he had been there. Some said an hour; others said as much as three. Had it not been for a concerned nursing student, who realized that it's not good for your health to put your face into a bowl of chili, he might still be there. When asked why no one else had tried to help him, one student replied, "I thought that he was just sleeping, tired from too much studying." But, nonetheless, he was dead.

Fortunately the world-renowned detective Shearluck Homely was on campus. He was taking a refresher course in criminology at the time and was quickly called to the scene. Homely was bewildered about what had actually killed this man. Every indication was that he had died from the chili, but something wasn't right. So Homely decided to call in the DMACC Forensic Team. The team included Frank Trumpy, Physics; Byron Strom, Chemistry; and Lori Nielson from the English Department. Upon careful examination, the team concluded that the student had not died from the chili, but from a blow to the back of the head. **MURDER.**

But who was this man? No one seemed to know. For you see, his face was gone. It appeared to have been eaten away by the chemicals that his teeth were clean and straight, and there was a new toothbrush lying on the floor. Homely, remembering that the Dental Hygiene Department was giving free dental cleanings, realized that the victim must have recently had his teeth cleaned. So he called over to the Dental Hygiene Department and, from the dental records, Homely concluded that the victim was John Nogood.

While the team continued their examination, one of the academic advisors, who had been standing nearby, asked Homely if he had any suspects in the murder. Homely thoughtfully answered, "As I see it there are five main suspects:

"First there is Marv, in the game room. You see, it is well known that Marv had been trying unsuccessfully for a month to collect \$12 from John for five hours of pool that he had skipped out on. Marv had been heard saying that he would collect or ELSE.

"Then there is Ray, the custodian. Ray with his orange coveralls was often seen in heated arguments with John over the large messes that he always left on the table after he finished eating. In one of their arguments Ray said that some day he would get rid of this trash, once and for all.

"The third suspect is Merrill Rees from the library. Beside John was a one-hour reserve book that was two weeks, three days, and one hour overdue. John was well known for returning things late, or not at all. Rees might have decided to cancel John's library card for good.

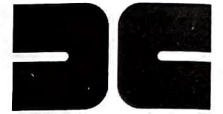
who?"

Just then the forensic team returned with their final analysis of the murder. They determined that the culprit in Nogood's murder was someone between 17 and 73 years of age, weighing between 92 and 340 pounds, and was someone who didn't eat with their feet.

Maybe the team should have stuck to teaching because this analysis only excluded the children in the child development class and those who truly believe that they come from monkeys and wish to prove it.

As of this writing, no one has been arrested for the murder of poor John

Nogood. So a simple warning is issued by the author. If you have not paid your bills, continually make large messes, have an overdue book, waste or steal condiments, or have recently dropped a class, the killer may be after YOU!



Des Moines Area Community College

The Chronicle wishes to remind readers to vote for their favorite DMACC Detective Story by using the ballot enclosed. This event is being sponsored by the Student Action Board. Winning entries, judged by the Chronicle readers, will receive \$100 for first place and \$50 for second place. This is the first detective fiction writing contest and a sincere thanks is extended to each of the seven authors who submitted their stories.

Signed ballots should be sent to the Chronicle Office in Building 3, dropped in the Chronicle suggestion boxes, delivered to the Chronicle Office, or handed to a staff member by Friday, April 21.

The Chronicle and the staff at the Des Moines Area Community College are not responsible for content. All works are fiction and any reference to events or specific characters, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Michelle Smiley  
Editor

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With generous assistance from the DMACC Photography Department.

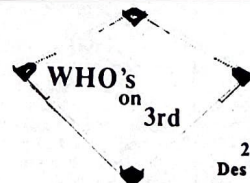
Cover Model: Michelle Smiley



"There is also Celia, the checker. You see John almost always brought his own lunch. Then he would buy a bowl of soup and take handfuls of ketchup and mustard, more than he needed for his brown bag sandwich. He'd take home what he didn't use. Celia had said that if she caught him doing it again she would make him pay!

"Last, but not least, Virginia Bennett, the music teacher, because John had joined the DMACC Concert Choir. He had a gifted voice, for a tenor. Virginia had high hopes that he would be able to sing a solo at graduation, but he had dropped choir only the day before. Maybe it was Virginia who played John's finale.

"Any of these had reason to kill John Nogood. But



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# MYSTIFYIN' TO THE BONE

by Harriet Hamilton

"It's mystifying."  
 "Huh? What d'ya mean mystifyin'?"  
 "Hard to figure. Unheard of."  
 "Oh, What did you do?"  
 "Sat there, man. First thing she said was, 'He ain't here.' Then this silence. Almost embarrassing."

"So that was it? Somehow Bob just disappeared overnight? Is he back?"

"Hell, no. Don't nobody know where he is...least of all, his woman. She weren't lyin'. You shoulda been there, man. She was shakin' -- an' the beans was smellin' -- you coulda cut the smoke, I swear."

"The door was open -- I walked in--and there she sat on this stiff-backed chair. Wringin' her hands. I looked at her. She said, 'He ain't here like I said before.'"

"So my nose followed the smell to the pot -- and the little black bean coals -- dry as sand. Miss Marcy forgot 'em'. She didn't know beans about beans, or anything! All she knew was, Bob wasn't home."

"Nothin' to do. Left that pot right where it was."

"Was the fire still on?"

"I turned the stove off. What d'ya think?"

"Yeah. Then what?"

"Nothing. Just sat and listened to the silence. Didn't even look at each other."

"How long?"

"Went on for hours. You don't believe me, do you?"

"Sure, I do. Why wouldn't I?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I do."

"Thanks, man. Sometimes I think nobody believes anything I say."

"It's like this. I stayed there all night. Finally, I scrunched up on the divan. It's not very long. Marc just sat there like she had caramel stuck to her underside."

"You sure she didn't? You know what I mean -- Marcy's a sugar fiend."

"Yeah, I know. No wonder she's Bob's cupcake -- like that gal on *Newhart*."

"Yep, but where on earth do you 'spose he is?"

"Is Marcy all right?"

"Ych. She's over at her moms'."

"It's mystifyin'! Bob hasn't shown up. Didn't even leave a note!"

"She's worried sick. Been married almost two years. First time that he..."

"What was that? Did you hear?"

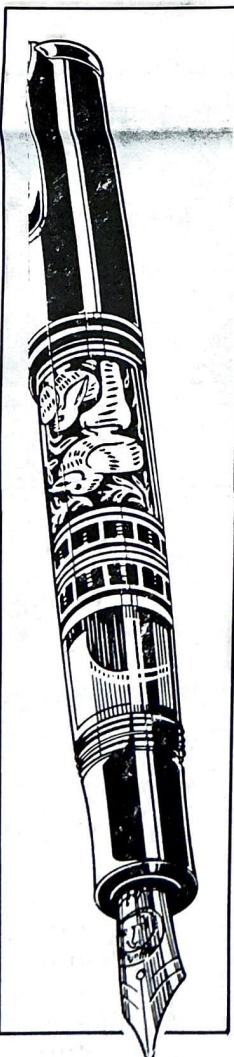
"Yeah."

"Sounds just like his old truck...It is."

"Oh God, I can't believe it!"

"Hey, Bob. Long time no see."

"Not a whole lot guys. You both look cool."



by Van Allen

*My hand on the ice-cold steering wheel felt like a tongue on a frozen drainpipe as I yanked my '71 Plymouth onto the highway. The feeble beams from my headlights showed about five yards of road through the brutal snow. You'd have thought I was crazy for driving in the middle of a blizzard, but I wasn't; just scared. Some Don Trump wanna-be-back-in-Chicago had hired me to spy on his wife, so I did my job and found out she was having an affair. Well, this guy freaks out and kills his wife and her lover. No big deal, I thought, until I found out that the dead lover was none other than Phillipe Sandoval, one of the South Side's big dealers. Nobody had to hit me with a brick to tell me it was time to get the hell out of Dodge. Those Mafia boys don't like P.I.s that get their people killed. I figured Canada would be damn nice this time of year, anyhow.*

My heater was broke, so I had grabbed a bottle of B.V. on my way out of town. The combination of the whiskey, the wailing storm around me, and my exhaustion put me in a weird gray daze for what seemed like hours. I must have fallen asleep because the next thing I knew my car was spinning like a top. I ended up in the ditch and decided the best thing to do would be to walk until I hit a town.

It wasn't long before I regretted my decision. I would have gone back to the car, but I couldn't find it in the swirling snow. Hell, I didn't even know if I was still on the road. I stumbled around lost for a while and had just decided to sit down and die when I saw a faint neon light in the distance. I leaned into the wind and walked what seemed like fifteen football fields to get to the light.

It was the most rundown bar and grill I had ever seen. Along the bar, dark men sat flaccidly on duct-taped bar stools, looking at me sullenly through drunken eyes. Being as inconspicuous as I could with a room full of people looking at me, I slid into a booth close to the door.

"Like to order?" said a voice at my side, and I almost jumped out of my long johns.

Looking up, I was face-to-face with the girl of my dreams. Well, one of my dreams. I looked into her tear-shaped, brown eyes and managed to mumble,

"Beer." With a toss of her black silk hair she turned and walked to the bar for my draw.

"There any hotels close to here?" I asked her when she got back.

"This is an Indian reservation. Nearest hotel is in Whitehorse, a mile down the road."

I dreaded asking the next question, but I had to know: "What state is this?"

"Michigan, bright boy," she said and began to walk away. To my surprise, she stopped a few steps away and said, "I guess you need a place to stay tonight, huh?" I nodded yes. "We've got a cot in the back you can sleep on until morning. I've always gotten in trouble for taking in strays, why quit now."

"Thanks," I said, not believing my luck.

"When you get done with that beer, you can get started on those dishes in back for rent," she said over her shoulder.

The place cleared out before too long, and I tried to make conversation as the girl and I cleaned the place up. I found out her name was Shawntawn Wolf, and she asked mine as though it really didn't matter to her.

"Trip Morris," I said, "from Chicago."

"Chicago, huh? I hope to be living there by this time next year. I've been offered a scholarship to the Art Institute."

I figured that since I would be stranded for awhile, I might as well learn what I could about the place. The picture she painted was about as attractive as a one-legged stripper. When the white man had stolen the land from her tribe, their culture had deteriorated and heavy drinking replaced ceremonies and celebrations. Incest and adultery ran rampant, and the work ethic was nonexistent.

It had been a long night, so I asked for directions to my cot and fell into an uneasy sleep.

The gray light of dawn was just beginning to filter through the window when I was awakened by angry voices in the diner.

"Dad, you have to let me go. I can't stand the thought of living here the rest of my life!" It was Shawntawn's voice.

"No! I won't have you

going off to the white man's city to become one of them! William wants you for a wife. You will stay and marry him. No more will be said of the matter."

The door slammed. That sounded like my cue to hit the road, so I slipped quietly out the back door and started walking. I found it easy to understand why she wanted out so badly. The dingy, sooty shacks leaned away from each other at odd angles, as if they would fall at any time. Abandoned cars littered the road, looking like huge dead bugs. I was almost out of the reservation when I heard voices from inside one of the shacks.

"William?" It was a man's voice.

"What the hell do you want? It's six o'clock in the morning!"

"That shipment is going to be here tonight. You got enough capital?"

"Yes, for crissakes, I got the money. Now get out."

I told myself that I wouldn't get involved, but I knew damn well that my nature wouldn't let me leave town without finding out about "the shipment." Anyway, if this was the same William that Shawntawn's old man was talking about, it might help her to have some dirt on him.

I made the frigid trek to town and stopped at the first motel I came to. A big cop was standing at the desk, talking to the receptionist. Turning to me, he gave me a broad, all-American smile. This guy made John Wayne look like a pretty boy. Giving me a rock-solid handshake, he said, "Howdy. I'm Jake Randall, the sheriff." I introduced myself.

"Say," he asked, "Is that your old Plymouth in the ditch out there on 171?"

Continued on page 6



# ELMO'S MYSTERIOUS MIRACLE

by Jenny Price

Elmo's own groan woke him slowly. Slowly because it was not an unusual sound for Elmo. In fact, Elmo had been hearing this sound more and more often lately. "Well," Elmo thought wearily, "here I am again." Elmo opened his eyes a little and thought, "I just wonder where here is." Elmo turned his head slowly from side to side. "Oh," he said, matter-of-factly. "I'm in the attic."

Elmo rose deliberately to a sitting position and looked around at all the dusty odds and ends. "This place looks just like my head feels, full of junk and cobwebs." Elmo sat for another minute and then started to pull himself up, but his head was pounding so hard he gave it up and sat back down. Suddenly, a shudder racked Elmo's body and Elmo's body was so emaciated that the shudder made Elmo's bones ache. Then Elmo started to cry, and he cried so hard that he began to feel like his stomach was being wrenched from his body. Finally, his tears began to flow, and as he looked around he found himself in the praying position. He angrily pushed himself upright and yelled. "That's right, you fool, pray! Hah! Bah, Huh! Bah! With that Elmo stalked towards the stairs and painfully made his way down. When he had reached the bottom, he started towards the kitchen.

Elmo could smell them before he had even reached the door. He stopped, turned, and made his way towards the bathroom. If he was going to face what was in the kitchen, he needed a hot shower and a bottle of aspirin first.

As Elmo stood under the searing, hot spray, he hoped the aspirin would kick in before his stomach kicked them out. He must have stood under the shower for a full fifteen minutes before he started to feel human again. "This is it," Elmo thought gloomily, "I'm done for, doomed!" If he remembered correctly, this was the fourth time this week. Elmo mentally kicked himself. By now he knew this way of thinking only made him more depressed.

"It's time to get this over with," Elmo thought. So he reached for the towel and started to dry himself off. As he turned to hand the towel, though, he accidentally looked in the mirror. He knew what he would see there, but each time he was shocked. Each time was worse than the time before because what Elmo saw was Elmo. And he hated Elmo! He hated him so much that every time he looked in the mirror he felt as though the ugly son-of-a-bitch looking back at him had just reached out and punched a hole in his gut! Elmo quickly turned his head and dressed. It was time for that long, scary walk to the kitchen door.

Maybe they will all be gone. But that thought passed as quickly as it came. Elmo was no optimist; optimism and Elmo had parted company years ago. By the time Elmo reached the kitchen door, his stomach was in a knot and his chest was tight. His breath was coming in shallow gasps and his body had broken out in a cold sweat. "Now!" Elmo cried out. "Do it now!" Elmo slammed his hand into the middle of the door. It flew away from him, banked against the wall, sprang back and hit Elmo right in the face. Elmo fell back, rubbing his nose and jaw, and muttering sarcastically, "For crying out loud! Kick a man when he's down, will ya!" Elmo again grabbed the door and gingerly pushed it open. His face registered what his whole body felt; disgust, shame, and pain...so very much pain.

Elmo looked around the kitchen slowly and felt his stomach start to heave. It wouldn't make much difference if he did throw up, Elmo thought, looking at the already trashed out floor. So...they were all here. No one had come in the middle of the night and cleared them out as he had fantasized earlier. All of them were still there: stacked high on the table, splattered on the floor, and even parts of them lying in the sink. The liquid from their squashed bodies had run down the cupboards, making sticky, red puddles on the floor. And, dear God...the smell! Was there ever anything worse than the smell of old, rotten, half-eaten tomatoes.

Elmo walked over to the table and sat down; he lay his head on his arms, closed his eyes, and was instantly swept back to the beginning...again.

\*\*\*

*He was eleven, and his parents were standing over him. He couldn't understand it, but his parents' faces were full of some kind of fear about something they were trying to explain to him. Elmo was listening, and he was trying very hard to understand what it was they wanted from him. "We're telling you this because we love you, Elmo. We don't know if you can even understand what we are saying, but we have to try." His dad was talking quickly, as though he couldn't get the words out fast enough. The earnest look*

*on his face, coupled with the fear, made Elmo pull back. Elmo wished he didn't have to hear what they were going to say...because he knew it would be bad. He didn't know he knew it; he just knew it. His dad swept on. "In our family we have a deadly allergy. We don't know how we got it; it really doesn't matter. But when we eat tomatoes we do terrible things...sad things. It doesn't make sense, but it's true." He continued, "This allergy has been passed down through the generations, and until they find a cure, our only hope is to stay completely away from tomatoes."*

*Elmo felt his body go limp with relief. He couldn't believe it. Here he thought his parents were going to tell him something terrible -- that maybe they were dying, or, worse yet, maybe he was dying. Elmo looked his mom and dad squarely in the eyes and said, "Aw, gee, I don't care about eating tomatoes, so don't you guys worry." Elmo's face brightened and he grinned mischievously up at them, "Remember, don't worry, be happy."*

*Elmo's dad looked at his mom and sadly shook his head. Then he turned back to Elmo. "Son, I know you're young and think it's no big deal, but remember this, people who have this allergy either go crazy from the terrible things they do, or they end up dead." He stared at Elmo and his eyes became hard. "Because this will kill you Elmo. It's up to you, Elmo. Remember, the choice is up to you." Then he bent down, hugged him hard, turned and walked sadly out of Elmo's bedroom door.*

*Elmo watched him go, a look of bewilderment on his face. Elmo's mother took him gently in her arms, lay his head on her breast, and rocked him, soothing his hair with her fingers, and softly crooning one of his old-time favorite lullabies. At any other time, because he was such a big boy, Elmo would have pushed her away, but he didn't. For some reason Elmo needed his mom. He was scared, and what really made it awful was the fact that he wasn't sure what he was afraid of.*

\*\*\*



Years went by after that day until Elmo finally turned sixteen. Elmo's dad had taken him to the license bureau that day, and Elmo had passed his driving test. What made the day perfect for Elmo was driving up to his house and seeing a tiny, blue sports car parked in the street in front of his home. Elmo knew without even asking that this was his car.

Elmo was truly happy that day. He loved his parents, he had a new car, and he was going to get to drive that new car to the school dance that night. It was a wonderful life.

Elmo's parents were so proud of their son because Elmo was the all-American boy. His grades were good. He was first-string on the football and basketball teams; he even had a great chance of making it to state that year in track. That night, as Elmo was walking out the door, his parents said what they always said, "Remember about the tomatoes, son." And Elmo gave his usual kiss to his mom and said, "Don't worry, guys, I'm not going to eat any tomatoes." And truly...honestly, he wasn't.

The next day there wasn't anyone more shocked than Elmo, because the night before Elmo had eaten tomatoes. Elmo thought and thought, but he just couldn't understand how it had happened. One minute he was fine, laughing, joking, talking. Then his friend, Joe, had walked by and Elmo saw a tomato in his hand. Without even thinking, Elmo grabbed Joe's arm, took the tomato, and ate it! Another thing puzzled Elmo. Why had his parents told him how awful tomatoes were? Because from the very first bite Elmo knew he had found all



the answers to the universe. Of course, there were some bad things. His stomach ached and he had a sore head. But, really, this was a small price to pay for the heaven he felt the night before.

Before Elmo had even gotten out of his bed, the door opened and his mom and dad walked in. Elmo had never seen them look at him this way before, and for some reason it made him angry. They looked so sad, as if Elmo had gone out and committed some terrible crime. For the first time in his life, Elmo wanted his parents to go away -- really go away -- and then another first happened. Elmo yelled at his parents. Then Elmo's mother started to cry, and his dad started to yell. After his parents left, Elmo was beginning to wonder if maybe this new-found fun was really worth it. So Elmo made the decision to never eat tomatoes again, and to tell his parents he was sorry.

Well, Elmo did tell his parents that he was sorry, but he did not quit eating tomatoes. Elmo ate tomatoes again and again and again. Elmo ate tomatoes and wrecked his car. Elmo ate tomatoes and was thrown off the football and basketball teams. And Elmo even ate tomatoes and fell down in the district track meet. Finally, Elmo ate tomatoes and lost his friends and eventually even his family had to turn away from him. And poor Elmo! He still couldn't understand!

What Elmo couldn't understand was this inability to stop eating tomatoes because he wanted to. It seemed so simple. All



he had to do was stop, but he couldn't. He knew it couldn't be willpower. Though his own efforts he had received straight A's, run the hundred in eight seconds flat, and worked his way onto the first-string basketball and football teams. So, what was it? He remembered his mom and dad saying something to the effect that they relied on something else to help them -- that they couldn't do it by themselves. "Oh, who cares! Elmo thought tiredly...and he reached for another tomato.

Eventually, Elmo ended up in the hospital, and the doctors told him that if he continued this way of living, he was going to die, or, worse yet, go crazy. And Elmo knew the doctor wasn't lying. Already, at the age of 20, Elmo felt crazy on the inside, and dead on the outside. But Elmo didn't quit. He ate tomatoes in the morning to get up. He ate tomatoes in the

afternoon so he could function; and he ate tomatoes at night so he could sleep.

Elmo slowly raised his head and looked around. He was still in the kitchen and the mess looked just as bad as when he had lay his head down. "No matter how many times I try, I can't make it go away," Elmo thought angrily. "What did they mean? Why can't I understand what they mean? If I can't make me stop doing this, who can?" Elmo grabbed his head and rocked it back and forth. Without meaning to, the word "God" passed into Elmo's mind, and just as quickly Elmo threw Him out.

Suddenly Elmo's head looked skyward and a look close to hope appeared on Elmo's face. Elmo cried out. "I need a miracle! I need a miracle!" He looked upward, "Please, God," Elmo begged, "I'll believe in you, but give me a miracle. It doesn't have to be a big one, just something to let me know you're there." With that, Elmo jumped out of his chair and sent it flying backwards. "I'll make a deal with you, God. You send me a miracle, give me something to believe in, and I'll quit eating tomatoes, I swear it!

Elmo stood quietly for a few minutes, his head bowed, afraid God wouldn't do it, but at the same time afraid he would. But nothing happened. Elmo's face grew hard again, and he stared bitterly toward the ceiling. "That's what I figured," Elmo whispered to the nothingness he felt all around him. "You're not there. You never have been." Elmo felt like a fool. He would have kicked himself, but he didn't have the strength.

Elmo began to clean up his kitchen and when he was done he walked over to the refrigerator, but when he opened the door all he saw were empty shelves. Elmo frantically grabbed the vegetable drawer and pulled it out -- it was empty. "Great!" Elmo said sarcastically. "Not only do I not get a miracle, I'm out of tomatoes. Elmo raised his fist, shook it upwards and shouted, "Thanks, again, for nothing. You...you...aw, forget it," he said. Then he lowered his fist and stood silently in the middle of his clean kitchen. He knew what the answer to his immediate problem was, but he did not want to have to go through with it.

Elmo grabbed his coat and headed for the door, but when he pulled it open he found himself face-to-face with the mailman. The mailman smiled and said, "Hi, Elmo, here's your mail!" He studied Elmo's face for a second, then shook his head and walked away. Elmo stood staring after him, the mail still in his outstretched hand. When he finally looked down at the little booklet he held, it took him a while to really see what he was holding. On the cover of the booklet he read the word "Miracles." When he studied it more closely, he saw that the whole booklet was about miracles. All of it, story after story, was on miracles -- miracles that had happened in other people's lives -- real miracles, unexplainable happenings that real, live people had. Elmo stood up and thought. He even tried to explain it away. How could it be? Someone must have heard him and put it in his mailbox. But, no, the mailman had brought it. It was his! It was Elmo's miracle!

Elmo walked back into the house, walked over to the window, got down on his knees and bowed his head, and began to pray.

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Continued from page 3

"Fraid so," I said, "Go ahead and tow it to the junkyard. I'll buy something here."

"Will do," he said with a tip of his hat. "Oh, and I almost forgot. This must be yours." He handed me the bottle of Black Velvet I had left in the car. Then he left.

I spent most of the day buying an old Ford from an old man. When I got back to my room I was pleasantly surprised to find Shawntawn waiting there.

"You left in a hurry this morning," she said.

"Sounds like you got a real sensitive old man."

"He's a proud old stupid man. He doesn't want me to go to school. An entire life here has given him some twisted values. Anyway, that's why I'm here. When are you going back to Chicago?"

"Never," I said, knowing she could talk me into it easily.

Our conversation was abruptly interrupted when the door flew open, letting the biting cold into the room. Standing in the doorway was a broad-shouldered, thick-legged Indian with a quart of Old Milwaukee in one hand and shotgun in the other. Something told me it was William. He sauntered over to me and put both barrels of the shotgun in my car.

"Darlin'," he said to her, "I been looking all over for you. You know how frustrated I get when I can't find something. Makes me want to kill white boys." Everything went gray for a second as he cracked me in the head with the butt of his gun.

"If I ever catch you near the reservation or my woman again, you'll regret it," he growled. Then he threw me to the floor and dragged Shawntawn out the door.

I sat in the room awhile, being thankful the cop had given me my booze back. Then night fell and I knew it was time. I put on my coat and went to find out about "the shipment."

I parked on a gravel road just outside the reservation and began walking. Most of the shacks were dark and quiet, and I felt like I was in a ghost town.

A pair of hands wrapped around my waist from behind, and I felt my heart hit the roof of my mouth.



"You don't take a hint very well, do you?" It was Shawntawn's voice purring in my right ear.

I turned to face her. "You damn Indians really don't make any noise."

"I guess you're here to find out what William's getting tonight," she said. "Come on."

She led me through the crooked rows of shacks to a big garage. Peering through a frosty window, I saw William standing across a big table from four guys with expensive suits and cheap sunglasses. He was tasting cocaine from one of the four huge bags on the table. Standing behind him was a group of Indians, including Shawntawn's father. William glanced at the window, and I knew he had seen me. He swiveled his head and said something to the man behind him. A few of the Indians began filing out of the garage.

She grabbed my hand and we took off running. Soon we had left the reservation and my face was stung by countless twigs as we careened through the woods.

"We're almost there," she said breathlessly as we came out of the woods. I was a little embarrassed as I realized she had led me back to my car. She must have been following me from the time I got out of the car.

I was just unlocking my door when the sheriff's car pulled around the corner and stopped. Jake got out, and I was plenty glad to see him.

"Hello, Chicago," he said, a broad grin on his face.

"Glad to see you, officer," I said. "There's

something going on in the reservation you might be interested in."

He leaned back his head and gave a booming laugh. "Boy, you think them Indians are smart enough to run a drug operation by themselves? Hell, no!" He spit a huge rope of tobacco juice into the snow. "You know what's real nice about them Indians, though? No one ever pays any attention to them. They kill each other off; rape their women; nobody gives a shit. So I decided to give 'em all a career. I let 'em run drugs for me. They make a little booze money; I make a hell of a profit, and nobody ever looks long enough to see it happen. Them Indian boys even make it big sometimes. You know that drug dealer you left Chicago over? He was one of our boys. You can imagine how pleased I was when you blew into town. And now that you know all this, I have two reasons to kill you."

He pulled out his gun and took careful aim at my head. The shot rang out and I was pleasantly surprised when the sheriff fell over instead of me. I turned around. I was sure it would be someone else who wanted me dead.

Shawntawn's old man stepped out of the woods, a smoking rifle in his hand. He walked over to her and took one of her hands.

"I'm sorry about everything, child," he said in a tired voice. "William wanted you and he said that only sluts move to the white man's city. He said that if you left him, he would have his friends in Chicago kidnap and turn you into a hooker. And yes, I'm a selfish old man. I wanted you to stay because you are the only thing I have to love. Go now, child -- not to Chicago -- go somewhere

far away and have a happy life." He kissed her cheek and walked away into the woods.

Stoically, she watched him disappear into the trees. Then she bowed her head and said a short prayer.

We got on the highway and I asked her where she was going. She smiled sadly and said, "I don't know. I think Canada would be damn nice this time of year."



Sherlock Holmes and magnifying glass illustrations courtesy of Rick Walker, Commercial Illustration, Spring 1989 graduate.

## RESUMES AND TYPING

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# NOT BY MY HAND

by Ann McNichols

Most Sunday afternoons she went alone to the graveyard. If you happened to be there you would see a white-haired woman in slacks and sweater on bent knees planting or weeding, trowel anchored in her hand, working in a purposeful and comfortable manner. If you looked closely you would notice that her mouth was moving in an unlikely conversation or perhaps in prayer.

Ruth left her daughter's grave when the light began slanting through the trees and the shadows grew long. With the absence of sunlight, she closed her sweater more tightly about her shoulders. Although a year had passed since the accidental shooting, she felt unable to forgive her son-in-law, Earl Roy, in spite of the teaching she lived by. She simply could not abide the man. The way he carried on at the funeral had made her want to slap him. And after the funeral he had gone on a week-long drunk that proved to be a general embarrassment. Still, she told herself, he had come from low no-account people and couldn't be expected to behave as if he hadn't.

The police department where Earl Roy worked had investigated the shooting. They found Becky had wandered off at the deer camp without her new orange cap and vest, and Earl Roy had mistaken her for a deer. Becky had been known all over town for being absent minded; like the time she nearly burned down the kitchen when she left the stove on or the times she had locked her keys in the car and Earl Roy or some of his friends on the police force had to come help her out. What Ruth had found hard to understand was what Becky had been doing at that deer camp in the first place. In Piney Flats, Louisiana, wives did not generally go hunting with their husbands.

Neither, thought Ruth, would serious hunters like her Eddie, gone now these past five years, have spent any time at a deer camp, where men waited on platforms for deer to come to them. Eddie had hunted quail with his pointers, working the dogs, walking miles of woods that make up North Louisiana. Eddie always said it wasn't sporting to go after game which presented as large a target as a deer and couldn't even fly.

Earl Roy was lazy, and couldn't shoot worth beans. Ruth had seen him sit pot

bellied on the porch watching Becky work in the yard and the garden. Ruth had always resented the way he told Becky what to do and how to do it, but Becky never said a word, so Ruth held her tongue.

In small southern towns gossip may be one of the mainstays of life, but Ruth had never found it sustaining, nor did she that evening after church service when Betty Jean Taylor closed in on her. Betty Jean was an inspired gossip and couldn't have excelled more at communication if she'd gone to college and majored in it. Lizard-like she had small darting eyes that didn't miss a thing and a tongue in perpetual motion.

"I just thought you oughta know what Earl Roy's been up to, just in case you hadn't heard." Heads were turning in their direction. Since there was no escape she could at least minimize the damage.

"Betty Jean, will you walk me to my car," and drew her out of the crowded hallway into the parking lot.

Betty Jean off by getting into the car and backing the Oldsmobile up.

"I'm awfully tired Betty Jean. I think I'll go now."

All the way home she worried. Betty Jean was known for embellishing the truth, but she generally based it on fact. There wasn't any law that said a man in mourning shouldn't buy a sports car and find diversion. Earl Roy had never any sense of what was appropriate. Ruth had never questioned that Becky's death had been anything but accidental.

"It's so good to see you. You're looking so much better since..." Patti's voice trailed off as they stood in the aisle of the WalMart store.

"It's nice to see you Patti. How have you been?"

"Fine, just fine."

Ruth wondered if she should ask some of the questions she had been considering since the evening before. Patti had been one of Becky's closest

to speak. The first pain of loss had returned to drive at her heart.

"Are you O.K., Mrs. Davis? I'm sorry I shouldn't have told you," Patti put her arm around the older woman's shoulders.

Ruth tried to breathe deeply and stop the pain in her chest from continuing over her entire body. She straightened her shoulders and held herself rigid. She refused to collapse in WalMart where everyone she knew shopped.

"No, really Patti, I'm quite all right. I appreciate your telling me." She made her way from the maze of shelving, past the lines of people impatiently waiting at the cash registers and into bright sunlight.

"All mine, the fault is mine. It is past bearing." The words turned into a chant of grief and it was not until she reached home that she knew as surely as she knew her mother's voice that Earl Roy had murdered Becky.

When Ruth called Betty

suspect.

Earl Roy swung into Ruth's view, unshaven in stained army fatigues and boots. He carried a Remington Rifle slung across his shoulder.

"Ruth, what are you doing out here?"

"I might ask you the same?"

"I heard you had some crazy notion I shot Becky on purpose. Hell, that's not the way it happened."

"Did you kill her for the money or because she was leaving you?"

"It was an accident!"

"Yes, it was such an accident that you riddled the trees all around with bullets." With her hand she pointed at the trees behind her, damaged by shells. "You were never much good at shooting, were you?"

"That's not so. I got her with the first shot. She didn't feel a thing."

"Thank you, for clearing that matter up for me." She spoke without emotion, in a voice as dry as the wind rattling through the trees where brown leaves fell broken.

"Now you're forcing me to kill you, too," he angrily shouldered the rifle.

"Hold it, don't move. Place the gun at your feet and step back. Now!" Two men in dark suits stepped out from the trees.

Ruth watched Earl Roy being led away and quoted to herself in the gloom of the woods: "The Lord judge between me and thee, and the Lord avenge me of thee; but mine hand shall not be upon thee." It wasn't enough.

You might wonder if you visited the graveyard on Sunday afternoon what had become of the white-haired woman you used to see there so often. If you were to ask Betty Jean Taylor, she'd tell you.

"Oh, you must mean Ruth. Well, that's a story. She up and moved to the city and is going to college to do something about helping folks. Since her daughter died and her son-in-law went to the penitentiary, I guess she needed something to keep busy."



"Well now, Earl Roy's got himself a new Ferrari sports car, a black one. I heard tell he's been drinking and carousing at all hours of the night. Is that anyway for a man to behave who's just lost his wife?"

Ruth knew Betty Jean did not expect an answer.

Betty Jean continued, "And you know where all that money came from? From an insurance settlement. I heard that insurance company gave him \$200,000 dollars."

Abruptly Ruth cut

friends.

She spoke hesitantly, "Patti, can you tell me if Becky was getting along well with Earl Roy?"

Patti was hesitant, "Well, she didn't want to upset you, but they had some trouble. She was thinking of leaving him and going to Baton Rouge to go to school. She wanted to be a social worker. You know how she liked to volunteer at church and over at the nursing home. She wasn't planning to tell you till things were settled."

Ruth was silent, unable

Jean Taylor and told her she knew for certain that Earl Roy had shot Becky deliberately and she intended to prove it by searching the scene of the crime, she knew that Earl Roy would hear of it. He would be unable to stay away and would follow her to the stretch of woods and fields where Becky had died.

She only had to wait in the opening between the trees, a silent target. She heard his pickup truck come up the dirt track and gathered her strength to stand calm with an intensity of purpose he would not



# INCIDENT AT BROKEN PROMISE PASS

by Keith Jayne

I was headed west to a town the size of a shoe box located 50 miles from anything. A quick death at a railroad crossing had left me an orphan and in the caring arms of Aunt Victoria. A telegram had prompted the return to the cowboy town of my youth. That was eight years ago.

In her youth, young men locked horns and beat each other bloody; older men had laid fortune and self-respect at her feet in an attempt to harness the reckless, unbridled temptress, Victoria.

To the dismay of many, Victoria had never married. Perhaps, more correctly, she had always been married to her job, never to be enticed to quit or share her endeavor. She'd owned the only feed-grocery store for miles around since I could remember.

A hitch with Sam had given me a taste of the "mysterious orient" and a brief stint with the Chicago P.D. had left me with a sour taste for doing things "by the book."

The handle on my shingle read **Dirk MacCullough, Private Eye...** my pallies call me **D-Mac**; you can too.

My luck holding true to form, my bus ticket had left me short of my destination...at five in the morning. The last lap of my journey called for a long-winded horse, a high steppin' truck, or what I'd just rented, a '69 ragtop...pure brass.

I dropped the top, slid behind the wheel, put the hammer down and with the choking smell of rubber and oil, I cut into the blackness with a roar.

Chuck Berry blared from the dash. It was "Johnny B. Goode." I tried to sing along but couldn't, until a roaming hand produced a fresh pint of Jack Daniels...black label. Damned friendly people out here, I thought, as the liquid raked my throat like steel wool.

The sun had started its pink-purple painting of the early morning landscape and the area livestock was moving around. My discarded jug had earlier shattered into a glowing red starburst that had chased my taillights down the road as I blew in just ahead of a column of dust that soon covered the derelict town like a cheap toupee.

Finding the door to the feed store open and no one

inside, I'd moved back outside to lay on the horn. What was it that the telegram had said...**URGENT YOU COME...MATTER OF LIFE OR DEATH.** The woman was a natural at the lure.

"Dirk!...Dirk!..." My mind snapped back to the dustbowl. I think anybody that'd name their kid something that rhymes with jerk oughta be punched in the mouth.

It was Clancy. It'd been ages since I'd seen him. He was Victoria's man Friday. Rough...like a desert turtle, hard on the outside with a tender interior. I'd seen him loosen up more than one set of choppers defending Victoria's honor.

"Dirk, thank God you're here." He was pale and breathless. "It's Victoria, she's layin' out back by the shed, she ain't breathin', Dirk...I think she's dead!"

The shed he'd spoke of had been a boyhood playground. I'd defended her against many a pirate and Indian uprising. Converted back now to use for animals, there was straw and feed scattered everywhere, the stench was choking. I saw yesterday's lunch twice.

Victoria lay amongst a crumpled pile of discarded feed sacks. A quick exam showed a nasty gash that left little doubt that she'd bled to death, the once beautiful face now expressionless, black and blue.

It'd be easy to beat a man to death for doin' something like this to a woman, I thought, any woman. "Give me a hand," I barked. "Damn the law I just can't leave her here like this."

We placed her in bed just above the feed store and I turned to Clancy, "Get some law down here...I need a drink."

The sound of a hurried pace on the wooden walkway told of Clancy's approach to the town's only watering hole. A pair of old Kelvinators kept the coldest beer for a hundred miles. A cigar box on the bar replaced a cash register. The lid pushed open showing markers and I.O.U.s.

"Clancy," my words caught in my throat, "are you the only one in town?"

"No," he started to drift. "I loved her. I always wanted to tell her..."

"She knew," I interrupted.

"Bart LaDue, he's in town. You need to talk to him. He's a trapper. More'n likely a poacher. He's been hangin' out hereabouts for the last week or so like some lost pup lookin' for a home. Looks like a nose stickin' outtova Brillo pad."

"Lost pup, eh? This is one lost pup that's gonna tear your arm off an beat you up with it!"

The early morning shadows had not disclosed the hulking Bart LaDue, and spending the night on a pool table only to wake up behind the eight ball left him plenty mad.

"I can't believe it...Victoria dead and you can't wait to hand out the nails to my coffin!!!"

I placed myself between Clancy and the now white-knuckled Bart. "Clancy, I got a wire from Victoria. It's mentioned something about life or death. Any idea what she meant?"

"It was hers. The doc's up in the big city had diagnosed cancer. She had less than a year to live. She



wanted to sound you out on some things, you know, to get her will in order..."

Hee Haw, Hee Haw, Hee Haw...Clancy was interrupted.

"What the?" I started.

"That'd be Hardtack."

"The old miner...?" He had to be as old as dirt, I thought.

"Miner 'n' bootlegger. Most of that ol' boy's gold comes in a brown jug." Bart had joined the conversation. "After Victoria had beat him outta most of the town in a poker game, he started pannin' these hills for gold. But this area's got gold like a turkey has meat two days after Thanksgiving. A recipe for some sour mash kept him in enough money to live on. He'd have an ax to grind...he's bitter, a drunken drifter."

Peering over the saloon doors, I shared the view with Bart LaDue. Hardtack stood in the middle of the street, one hand clenched the halter of a wildly kicking mule; the other held a plank pointed skyward.

"That's his new mule. She's a might skittish. He figgers if he whacks her enough she'll get over it. It's kinda hard to tell which one's the jackass from here, though." Clancy wasn't partial to animal abuse.

"So you, Bart, and Hardtack all were in town last night?" I tried to chronicle the events in my mind.

And this big city goomer, a gear salesman, acts like a real dude. You know, slicked-back hair, fancy shirts...Clancy drifted off.

"Yeah! Har! Har! Har!" Bart had a funny bone. "Probably even wears them shorts with the little red hearts painted on them! Har! Har! Har!"

"Sure," I thought, "us good ol' boys only wear burlap."

A darkening of the bar made us all turn to face the doorway. In walked the dude.

Damned if they weren't right. Slicked-back hair, fancy shirt and jacket,....and you knew he was wearing them shorts with the little red hearts painted on them.

"Nosense'n lookin' any further for a woman-beatin' snake! He's been nothin' but trouble every time he shows up!" Clancy was on the prod.

"Me?! Why you old fool. You've worked yourself up in a jealous rage every time I show up. You might've done it, too. You seen us together last night. Enraged...you struck out, didn't you? Hard enough to kill. Wimp!!" The dude spit the words out.

"And I say it's Hardtack. There was no love loss there. It was vengeance, pure and simple. Where's he at anyway?"

"Right here!" Bart's response had come on the heels of his question. "Thanks for the vote of confidence. Everyone

knows you had good reason, too. She's had you chasing your butt for years, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. I'm with Clancy on this one, though. I think it's the dude. He stinks of bad doin's!"



Hardtack's accusation had made it a full house.

The salesman had turned cold. The right hand being withdrawn from a breast pocket held an ace -- in the form of a .38.

"Freeze, boys! Heroes look like Swiss cheese!"

"Hold it!" I blurted out. "Hardtack, where'd you board your mule last night?"

"In the shed, why?"

"That's it! Victoria must've been out in the shed and somehow come in contact with the mule's flanks...the gash in the back of her head came from the mule's hoofs. The bruises we seen on her face resulted when her face connected with the shed wall. The mule is the killer!"

"Nobody move! Drop the gun!" It was the county sheriff, and he had the drop on the dude. The cavalry had arrived.

Victoria was as smart as she was beautiful. Two years later I-80 ran right through town, and I was in the money.





# Out of My League

by Dave "Ace" McMichael  
Chronicle Columnist

When I entered the DMACC Chronicle office in the beginning of this semester, I had no journalism or composition experience. All through high school, I wished to somehow exploit my writing ability. To my disadvantage, I was too scared of rejection to put any kind of writing into public view. Even with no experience and my paralyzing fear, I brought myself to the conclusion that if I didn't make the break I could lose what remained of my croded writing skill.

In addition to expansion of my writing, I also had to learn how to become a responsible journalist. In becoming the journalist on *The Chronicle*, I wanted to bring into the paper a fair view in my editorials. I wanted to explore interesting journalistic adventures like my tour of the Meredith/Burda plant that I discussed in my column. I wanted to write movie reviews for entertainment.

The purpose of this article is to talk to you about what I have learned and how I have altered and changed my vision of a good journalist since I joined the *Chronicle* staff. Journalism is a very interesting field that I have just started to understand. This past week, I learned two interesting lessons:

The first was experienced when I received a response about my Soviet Union Week editorial (March 31, 1989 -- *Chronicle*) where I had expressed my opinion on why the United States should not trust the Soviet Union based on the terror of the Lenin and Stalin years. The respondent, whom I thank for at least reading my editorial, seemed to have misinterpreted the gist of it. Until I wrote the editorial, it was apparent to me that little was mentioned in this paper of the Soviet's dark history. I'm not saying that the United States is the perfect society. As Sam Miller mentions, slavery is a terrible injustice in our history. But at least we have free press in which we can bring both sides to the public view. As a responsible journalist, I sometimes must print negative aspects as well positive to help the readers decide for themselves how they feel about an issue. What I learned was that all sides of any topic should be presented even if one side is not popular.

My Soviet Week editorial was not intended to raise anti-Soviet feelings on this campus. I just wanted to point out some Soviet history that pertains to reasons why we have had strained relations. If you want me to talk about human rights violations of the United States, I will. But what would this have to do with the Soviet Week theme?

The thing I find hard to digest is why this respondent attacked me personally? I resent being put in the position where if I don't say anything, I would look like a weenie. If I come out too strong in my defense, I risk sounding like a radical -- which I'm not. I'm just defending myself against a bizarre attack on my qualifications as a journalist from an individual who doesn't know me. Even if someone is politically opposite of you, in this country one must realize that a diverse population produces diverse political thinking. A "marketplace" of opinions should remain part of any paper's content.

I feel I will look to a future in journalism because I enjoy interacting with different points of view other than my own. Most of my thinking is primarily moderate to conservative. However, I try to stay to the center as often as possible in order to maintain a clear picture of the issue at hand. My emotions sometimes blur my vision. I'm a person who is driven by emotions just like the other 245 million people in this country. Journalism caters to different shades of political thinking. Just because someone's political thinking lies opposite of yours doesn't mean they are naive or misinformed.

The second lesson I learned was that I shouldn't let my emotions blur my work on this paper. This situation developed last issue when I learned that the DMACC Student Action Board brought Sarah Weddington to speak. I felt that this only represented one side to an issue. Then a *Chronicle* writer wrote a very interesting feature on Weddington in the "People" section that was augmented by N.O.W. and Planned Parenthood ads. I was angry. To be honest, I thought that no one saw anything wrong with the slant. So, I decided to take it upon myself to balance the scales on another political issue. This is where I made a mistake because I was blinded by anger.

I decided I would write about an interview with Birthright. This is when I discovered my mistake. Birthright isn't a political organization like most people conceive. I thought, or assumed, that they were connected to the Right to Life movement. In my interview I was educated about the difference. Birthright is a crisis pregnancy support center which offers services, including pregnancy testing, that are free.

I was intrigued by the fact that all the people who work in the office, as counselors or on the board, are volunteers. The main purpose of their services is to help crisis pregnancies. In addition to providing a listening ear, they offer referrals and try to help women in organizing their lives so they will not feel trapped by their pregnancies.

The two lessons I learned this week will make me a stronger journalist.

#1. A newspaper should present critical thinking on all sides of an issue.

#2. A responsible journalist tries to limit the impact of his emotions when he covers a controversial issue.

Being a responsible journalist seems to hinge on the ability to master these two learning experiences.

## College Athletics Cuts Corners

by Cindy Ruttenburg  
Staff Writer

In these days where college athletics are high-dollar corporations, having a top-notch team with top players is a must.

Having successful teams puts high dollars in the athletic department through selling tickets, alumni contributions, and cash from going to a bowl game. Having a successful team also means a better chance of getting top recruits for next season to insure another year of big bucks.

There are rules and regulations set by the National Collegiate Athletic Association (NCAA) for admission requirements and academic progress of the players. However, some schools opt to cut corners to get that "guy" who can shoot that great jump shot or score that winning touchdown on the playing field.

This is an insult to the non-athletic students who work hard on achieving a good grade point and still end up in incredible debt after four years.

The growing problem of cutting corners has come into the spotlight with the courtroom testimony of Ronnie Harmon, former University of Iowa football player. Harmon testified in the federal extortion, racketeering, and fraud trial of sports agents Norby Walters and Lloyd Bloom.

Harmon testified that he received a cash payment from the agents during his senior year -- a complete violation of NCAA regulations. Harmon also testified that his grade point was below a 2.0. This is below the minimum grade point required for eligibility.

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## Letter to the Editor Deserves Response

by Michelle Smiley  
Editor

Recently a staff member and I received a letter involving the reporter's editorial on Bundy and Pornography that appeared in *The Chronicle* (March 31, 1989, Vol. 14 No. 5). The author of this letter-to-the-editor felt the subject matter was not worthy of mention. The author went on to say that the Editor should not have allowed the editorial to be printed. I feel I should set the record straight for author Melinda Carley and any other DMACC student who writes letters or comments to the attention of the journalism staff.

*The Chronicle* welcomes letters and I, as editor of the publication, welcome any topic the reporters wish to cover or research. As editor, I cannot force any student to cover a story and, in fact, many times have told them to cover assignments that they feel strongly about or have an interest in. Reporter Lyn Anderson felt strongly about the Ted Bundy case, wrote an editorial for a class assignment and also turned the story in for publication.

The editorial was turned in on deadline and I felt it was a fine piece of writing, so I approved its publication, as I do with most stories and editorials turned in by the reporters and staff members of *The Chronicle*.

## Classified Ads

Seeking general counselors, cooks, lifeguards, and a nurse. Dates of employment June 8 - August 13 Boone IA area. For more information contact Alice Nutting c/o Girl Scouts of America, 10715 Hickman Road, Des Moines, IA 50322.

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**Soviet Union Week  
Was It A Success?**

by Cindy Ruttenburg  
Staff Writer

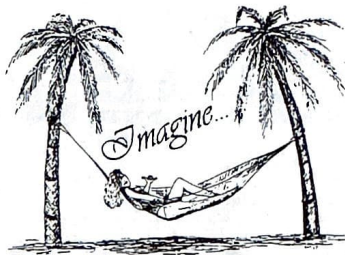
Being on the DMACC Chronicle staff, I was required to attend two sessions of Soviet Union week. I was very impressed with the quality of the speakers and enlightened with the information given about the Soviet Union.

However, if I wasn't working for the paper, I wouldn't have even known that Soviet Union week even existed. None of my teachers even mentioned the event. I didn't see any signs or posters promoting this event. If there were, they were too small, not in the right places, or on the ever-so-cluttered bulletin board you couldn't even tell they were there. The schedule of events were limited to a pamphlet -- yes, a large one -- but that too was difficult to find.

One of the sessions I attended turned out to be a question and answer period. But most of the audience didn't bother to arrive on time. During the whole hour people were walking in and out which made it impossible to concentrate on the speakers. I considered this very rude and irritating.

Another thing I noticed was that at least half or a majority of the audience were not even students. This event was developed four years ago to teach students about different countries. A number of lectures and seminars about a country are given during a specified week in the school year.

This is my first year at DMACC and I was impressed with Soviet Union week, but disappointed with the lack of student involvement. Instead of displaying huge, yellow posters that say, "GET LATED" at the spring dance, let us know about something a little more beneficial.



continued from page 4

invention of the needed machinery to remove the tough fibers from hemp. It began, "American farmers are promised a new cash crop with an annual value of several hundred million dollars, all because a machine ... for removing the fiber-bearing cortex from the rest of the stalk, has been designed."

Revealing the major point of the study, they reported, "The paper industry offers even greater possibilities. As an industry it amounts to over \$1,000,000,000 a year, and of that, eighty percent is imported...government figures estimate that 10,000 acres devoted to hemp will produce as much paper as 40,000 acres of average pulp land." This 1938 article went on to tell of all the products that had been manufactured from hemp's strong fiber throughout the history of the world such as: "Fish nets, bow strings, canvas, strong rope, overalls, damask tablecloths, fine linen garments, towels, bed linen, dynamite, TNT, linoleum backing...." In fact, most books in our libraries published before 1930, are printed on paper made from hemp.

In essence, hemp, a yearly renewable crop, will produce four times the amount of fiber than found in the forest land that is diminishing as a resource. Also, our financial status would be improved because we would be pumping this nation's capital into our own economy instead of into foreign markets.

The next desirable aspect of hemp is in the form of methanol, which was a primary fuel source in the U.S. during the 1920s and 1930s. In 1937, Henry Ford grew marijuana on his estate to prove the economy and practicality of methanol as a fuel, but, as was explained in a study by Jack Herer, "The early Oil Barons (Rockefeller, Standard; Rothschilds, Shell; et al.) paranoically aware in the twenties of Ford's methanol scheme and its cheapness, dropped and kept oil prices incredibly low...so low, in fact, that no other energy source could compete with them."

Right now as the Alaskan coasts are termed "destroyed" by the Exxon oil spill, we are again experiencing price hikes just as in the oil shortages of the 70s. Because these oil companies have us completely dependant upon their ability to produce and ship us oil, other options of fueling our automobiles become increasingly necessary. Methanol would allow this country to produce its own fuel from hemp and waste paper. Methanol does not pollute, for while growing, hemp absorbs three times more carbon dioxide than it emits when burned as fuel. Therefore, methanol will drastically reduce the carbon dioxide we are depositing into our biosphere. The technology is available, but the crop is prohibited.

Our government pays farmers to abstain from growing on more than 89 million acres of farmland. If the U.S. were to utilize a mere ten million acres of this soil bank with a hemp crop, along with recycling waste paper, we could fuel all of America. Hemp contains more cellulose than any other crop, and contains at least four times the cellulose found in cornstalks.

Lastly, the seed of the hemp plant (technically a fruit) has unparalleled nutritional benefits. Based on studies found in the U.S. Agricultural Index; *The Marijuana Farmers* in 1972, marijuana seeds have more amino acids and enzymes than any other food on the planet. They went on to say that although soybeans are slightly higher in protein content, hemp seed's protein potential is better utilized in the human body, and also is much cheaper to grow and harvest than soybeans. (When marijuana is grown for seed, half of the weight of the entire plant is seed.) In ancient times, monks used the hemp plant for both food and clothing, and most other cultures have used this resource for food and fiber throughout our history until this century.

Abandoning common sense, our government remains in some sort of mystic fear of the marijuana plant. They have mysteriously crased from our history books

all records of the integral role hemp played in traditional America, and the world. They also feel it is their "divine right" to keep the rest of the world from benefiting from this resource. It is essential for this generation of Americans to stand up and tell our legislators and our government that we want clean air. We want to break our trade dependence with foreign countries, and that we demand to have these things granted us. The answer is too simple and beneficial to overlook with ignorance. We must act before it's too late.

Ian Robertson in his third edition *Sociology* text describes how human behavior and the options we have available are shaped by the societies where they originate. People often take the decisions made by members of that society to be true without questioning the mental processes behind them. Robertson disclosed, "The sociological perspective enables us to see society

not as something to be taken for granted as 'natural' but as temporary social product, created by human beings and therefore capable of being changed by them as well."

**The Fluorescent Twins**

by Kim Kirkman  
Staff Writer

On a recent weekend trip I spent a lot of time in a hotel lounge. After spending one night in this lounge, I became disgustingly aware of how many women have no morals or class in the way that they dress. I will never understand what makes some women think that walking around in public with nothing on is attractive?? I was particularly offended because I believe that women have come a long way in proving that we are not just something pretty to look at; that we have brains and know how to use them in professional and personal situations. I'm writing this letter in hopes that I will get some support for my views from the student body at DMACC.

I am not one to judge a person by what she HAS ON and by no means would I be labeled as a conservative dresser, but I guess I will admit that when I see a woman with almost NOTHING ON in public I do tend to get a clouded judgement about her.

Two of the women that I was offended by had on fluorescent mini-dresses that barely covered their private body parts. The "fluorescent twins" were definitely wanting all the men in the lounge to pick them up. I know the old saying, "To each his own." Bu what does this display say for women? To be a revealing dresser one does not have to be CLASS-LESS!!

**College Athletics — continued from page 5**

Now, about the money, the agents will probably be convicted and serve time. But, what happens to Harmon? He willingly accepted the money and had to know it was a violation. He walks off with the money. These athletes *should* be punished for their violation.

After hearing these allegations, University of Iowa President Hunter Rawlings announced that these accusations about the athletic department would be "fully investigated." He announced the investigation on March 10. Five days later, the Board of Regents were assured by Rawlings that the allegations were false. However, last week Rawlings reversed his stand by proposing a standard that denies freshmen athletic eligibility. This means freshmen will be unable to play in games or even practice with the team. To concentrate on academics is going to be the purpose of their first year. Rawlings is taking an excellent and brave stand on this growing problem. He wants to see some dramatic changes and he definitely will.

College athletes should have the same admission requirements as any other student on that campus. They should also be required to maintain competent academic progress.

In no way am I condemning college athletics. I enjoy watching basketball and football games like anyone else. There's also nothing wrong with giving athletes a cost-free education. Just remember, they're not only there for an athletic career, but for an education.

Other schools must open their eyes and ears to Hunter Rawlings' proposals because the college was there as a learning institution long before high-dollar sports came around.



## 'Rainman' -- A Must See!

by Cindy Ruttenburg  
Staff Writer

After watching the sweep of four Academy Awards by the movie *Rainman*, I had to go see the movie for myself. It was considered the overwhelming favorite for "picture of the year" and earned "best actor" honors for Dustin Hoffman. Even the critical Joan Bunke of the Des Moines Register gave it a five-star rating. This is a feat I have never seen a movie accomplish. With the exception of a few foreign films that the general public considers dull and boring, she usually gives popular movies a thumbs down.

I had to go see for myself how such a movie could receive so much acclaim. Walking into the theater, I was expecting to see the best -- and I did. Besides being in total awe of Hoffman's performance, I was also very impressed with Tom Cruise. Yes, the man is a total babe, but his acting abilities really shine through in *Rainman*.

The story begins when Charlie (Cruise) finds out that his father, whom he never got a long with, passed away. Since Charlie thinks he's the only child, he feels he should receive the inheritance money. However, he is stunned when Raymond (Hoffman), an autistic brother whom he never knew, gets the money. Being upset and confused, he takes Raymond out of the mental institution -- not to become closer to his long-lost brother -- but to get half the money.

Autism, a mental disorder, affects one's decision making. However, Raymond is a genius when it comes to numbers. For instance, there's one scene in the movie where a waitress drops a box of toothpicks on the floor. He knew just by looking on the floor that there were 246 toothpicks scattered there.

Hoffman, who deserved the Oscar, put on a stunning performance. He was so brilliant in portraying an autistic. The stumbling in his walk, twanging in his voice, child-like cuddling of his arms, and even the look in his eyes conveyed the mental confusion of this disorder. No one could have done a better job than Hoffman.

I must also applaud Cruise for his portrayal of the money-hungry con man, whose life is turned around by the little confused man. I could just feel Charlie's frustration with Raymond when he wouldn't fly on an airplane, go out in the rain, or even ride on the interstate. However, in the end the love he had for his brother was so strong, everyone in the theater was touched.

This is a movie everyone must see. It makes you laugh, cry, and even feel a little frustrated. However, don't take my, Joan's, or even Rex Reed's opinion. Go experience it for yourself.

## REVIEWS

### Soviet Week's Activities Offer Lessons

by Mark S. Gedler  
Staff Writer

While those who staged Soviet Union Week might quickly hail it as a complete success, others might point out that it could have stood some improvements.

Take for instance the opening ceremonies. These staged media events are usually considered one of the most important functions of long term activities. Consider the Olympics, for example, where promoters go to great lengths and spend vast amounts of money to insure that they will have both a filled stadium and a fantastic show, thus setting the tone for the rest of the festivities.

Not so for Soviet Union Week. Their opening ceremonies consisted of talks, lectures, and a series of question and answer periods, attended by only a scattering of people.

Obviously a mistake was made.

Realizing that the lectures and talks are naturally not as exciting as the Olympic Games, promoters of the events should have put that much more effort into insuring the event was well-attended and maybe more exciting. Perhaps another show by the Des Moines Ballet Company, which according to student reaction seemed to be the high point of the week, would have added some flare to the event.

Even the faculty, who reportedly know about the events a year in advance, could have either let their classes out or even took them over to attend the activity, thus insuring a sizable crowd.

Why was turnout so low? Obviously, promotion of the event had a lot to do with it. After interviewing 52 students at random in buildings two, four, and five on the last

day of the activities, only nine had even seen or heard of the blue and white Soviet Union Week brochure. Cindy Belzer, like four other students interviewed, had not even heard of Soviet Union Week until Friday, the last day of the activities.

Those students who were familiar with the pamphlet claimed that they were able to pick one up at the student activities center in building five, but that they ran out during the first of the week. A representative from the student activities center confirmed this report, saying that approximately 100 copies were given to them and that they were gone by the end of Monday.

Perhaps a mistake was made here also. According to a representative from the Journalism Department, an offer was made to distribute the pamphlets with the prior edition of the Chronicle, the DMACC student newspaper. However, that offer was reportedly turned down.

Information obtained from the interviews indicated that there was some effort on the part of faculty to promote the events to students. However, the same few names kept coming up over and over, indicating that those who did promote the events went all out, while others did virtually nothing.

Another major obstacle to student attendance was the scheduling of events. A vast majority of the students interviewed said they would have attended events had they not been scheduled during class periods. Realizing the restricted available time for the events, the only alternative to insuring good attendance is for faculty to either take their classes over to the events and allow extra credit to be obtained, or to release their classes

and assign summary papers to be written covering the events. While some teachers might argue that they can't give up the class time, others claim that these week-long events are known as much as a year in advance to faculty, allowing them ample time to rearrange their class schedules to help out the cause.

Another discerning point brought up by students and by invited Soviet guests was the fact that the lectures and debates of often seemed to be one-sided. Students interviewed indicated that they received this impression as early as the opening ceremonies, when Dr. Mouraviov of Kiev State University, was slated to speak on U.S./U.S.S.R. relations. What they saw was a lecture completely dominated by Dr. Robert Givens, who was slated beforehand to give a historical perspective.

Even Alexander and Olga Khomenko, exchange guests to Iowa from the Soviet Union, when publicly critiquing the activities, did not hesitate to mention their feelings that the lectures were one-sided.

However, it must be pointed out that at times while the impression might have been perceived, it was not always the fault of the planners. For example, when I attended a 20 minute question and answer period in which John Chrystal, C.E.O. of Bankers Trust, and Dr. Pervov, Agricultural Attache from the Soviet Embassy were slated to talk, I observed a lecture dominated by John Chrystal. Despite coaxing from administrators in the audience, a waiting chair and microphone on the platform, and questions from the audience, it took 10-15 minutes just to get Dr. Pervov onto the stage. And once there, when the talk came around to the United States, Soviet Union, and specifically Cuba exporting revolution, Dr. Pervov was clearly out of his league, claiming that Cuba's army both in Afghanistan and other countries did not constitute exported revolution.

I wouldn't have said anything either.

The week did provide an eye-opener for some, though. Students such as Peggy Hale and Pam Clark, while expressing some drawbacks, thought the lectures overall were informative and educational.

Perhaps we all learned something.

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**SPRING SEMESTER FINALS SCHEDULE**

Finals for the spring semester will be the week of May 2-5, 1989, and to help prepare all DMACC students, the following schedule has been printed. Start making plans to study...don't wait until May 1.

**CLASS TIMES.....EXAM TIMES**

Tuesday, May 2, 1989 (Tuesday/Thursday classes)

6:30 -7:55 a.m. ....6:30-8:45 a.m.  
 9:40-11:05 a.m. ....9:00-11:15 a.m.  
 12:50-2:15 p.m. ....11:30 a.m.-1:45 p.m.  
 4:00-5:25 p.m. ....2:00-4:15 p.m.

Wednesday, May 3, 1989 (Monday/Wednesday/Friday, or more classes)

8:00-8:55 a.m. ....8:00-10:15 a.m.  
 10:10-11:05 a.m. ....10:30 a.m.-12:45 p.m.  
 12:20-1:15 p.m. ....1:00-3:15 p.m.  
 2:30-3:25 p.m. ....3:30-5:45 p.m.  
 4:40-5:35 p.m. ....3:30-5:45 p.m.

Thursday, May 4, 1989 (Tuesday/Thursday classes)

8:05-9:30 a.m. ....8:00-10:15 a.m.  
 11:15 a.m.-12:40 p.m. ....10:30 a.m.-12:45 p.m.  
 2:25-3:50 p.m. ....1:00-3:15 p.m.

Friday, May 5, 1989 (Monday/Wednesday/Friday, or more classes)

6:55-7:50 a.m. ....7:00-9:15 a.m.  
 9:05-10:00 a.m. ....9:30-11:45 a.m.  
 11:15 a.m.-12:10 p.m. ....12:00-2:15 p.m.  
 1:25-2:20 p.m. ....2:30-4:45 p.m.  
 3:35-4:30 p.m. ....3:30-5:45 p.m.

Evening/Saturday Classes will have their finals between April 29, and May 5, at the day and time of the regular class meeting.

**Cheerful Dreams Come True**

Courtesy of the Bear Facts  
 DMACC Boone Campus

Saturday, March 4, was a day of fun for Boone youngsters. The DMACC Boone Campus cheer squad held a third annual cheerleading clinic and taught over 90 children different jumps, chants, and cheers. Student participants from third to sixth grade were served cookies and orange juice and they had a chance to watch themselves on a videotape.

Boone campus cheerleaders Stephanie Lange, Kim Sellers, Carla Stumbo, Karin Clickenbeard, Karon Gardner, Julie Cunningham, Shelly Currier and advisor Jinny Silberhorn deserve congratulations for their planning, effort, and time to make some dreams of little girls come true.

**Urban Students See Double**



**Double Vision --** When posing for their photograph, Jill (left) and Julie Schrodt (right) had some great advice: "Take our picture back to back; that's what all the other photographers do!"

by Mark S. Gedler  
 Staff Writer

We've all experienced the feeling. You know, while walking to class you pass by that person you're positive you've seen before? Perhaps it was between classes, or maybe just a déjà vu experience?

Students at the DMACC Urban Campus can't use the déjà vu excuse though, their situation is slightly different. Rather than think they have seen someone before, they are left with the thought that they are seeing double vision and perhaps need a pair of glasses.

There is no need for alarm though, the cause has been narrowed to Julie and Jill Schrodt, a set of identical twins who currently attend the DMACC Urban Campus.


The twins, born April 17, 1971 at the Des Moines Mercy Medical Center, believe that being twins can include more than just looking alike though. Besides being cheerleaders together at Norwalk High School, driving the same car and having the same bank account, the girls also attend the same classes and have the same career goals.

They don't hesitate to take advantage of their physical likeness either. The girls have been known to switch classes, switch nametags at work, and yes, even switch on a date.

Even those who look closely will have a hard time distinguishing between the two girls. For instance, the reply to those who ask "How can I tell you apart?" usually includes only the fact that Julie has a freckle in the middle of her eyebrows and that Jill has a vein on her nose. It is no wonder that people get them confused.

Due to graduate from Norwalk High School this year, the sisters will continue their educational goals in foreign and international relations this fall at the University of Iowa.

Meanwhile, confused students or faculty at the Urban Campus are urged to cancel all eye doctor appointments made as a result of recent bouts with double vision.

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Saturday, April 15 at 2 p.m.

Iowa State Capitol, Des Moines, west steps

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