



Challenge

Friday, March 5, 1982; Tacoma Community College; Vol. 18, No. 15

Shelve under former title:
COLLEGIATE CHALLENGE

Lilly Warnick appointed as new development officer

March 5, 1982



Lilly Warnick
by Chris Schwartz

photo by Paul Petrinovich

"Community colleges make good investments," said Lilly Warnick who was appointed as a full-time development officer by TCC President, Dr. Larry Stevens.

An experienced educator with a development background, Warnick has directed the colleges' federally funded Cooperative Education Program since 1978. She will begin duties as assistant to the president for college development in March

and will continue heading the Cooperative Education position through June 30.

Development activities will include securing new and alternate funding sources from business, industry and community residents. Warnick will serve as executive secretary for the established TCC foundation, a group of active community leaders and college alumni, and develop proposals for foundation-supported projects.

According to Dr. Stevens, "the

time has come for the college to seek additional funding sources so more scholarships can be offered to deserving students, special programs can be implemented, worn-out equipment can be replaced and services to the community can be maintained at the highest level of quality."

"We're not only talking about funds when we talk about development activities," said Warnick, "Development also means enlisting community support for the college and investigating special projects."

A great deal of planning will be done to bring all of the information together, to assess what the educational needs are, and determine what the most effective and successful approach will be between the TCC development operation and the community.

Warnick comes with a great deal of fund raising experience to her new position. She helped establish and acquire funds for the Tacoma Area Council on Giftedness; establish Artburst, a summer arts workshop for children; developed a three-year values education program in the Tacoma Public Schools funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities; did extensive grant work at TCC with the Honors Program; and organized and raised funds for a development program for the Israel Sister City exchange program between Tacoma and Kiryat Motzkin.

A former TCC evening student and a longtime community resident, Warnick worked as assistant to the superintendent in planning and development, and as an administrator for the Gifted and Humanities programs in the Tacoma Public Schools from 1973-78. She received her Bachelor's and Master's degrees from the University of Puget Sound.

For Challenge Editor. Applications now being accepted

Applications for Spring Quarter's editorship of TCC's Collegiate Challenge will be accepted until next Wednesday, March 10, at noon.

Applications should include a letter stating why the person wants to be editor and listing his/her qualifications. They need to be turned into the paper's adviser, Ila Zbaraschuk, Bldg. 12.

Applicants will also appear before the Media Review Board and should be prepared to answer questions about editorial philosophy and human relations, two crucial aspects of running the Challenge.

Some financial help is available for the job which many editors find can run into 30 or 40 hours a week.

The Challenge is published eight times a quarter.

More information is available by calling the Challenge office, 756-5042, or Zbaraschuk, 756-5060.

Work-Study has positions open

Off campus State Work-Study positions are still available through the Student Employment Office. Positions and employers are continually changing so students who are eligible to work under the State Work-Study Program should check the work-study listings in Building 2A on a weekly basis. If you are not sure whether you are eligible to participate in the State Work-Study program, make an appointment to see Shannon and she will help you determine your eligibility.

A few examples of current openings are: Tutors - \$5.30-hr; Legal Secretary - \$4.00 plus; Central Supply Aide - \$3.35-hr; Juvenile Detention Specialist -

\$3.75-hr; Community Education Specialist - 3.50-hr; Counseling Aide - \$3.50-hr; Small Business Trainee - \$4.00-hr; Music Instructors - \$6.00-hr; and Crisis Intervention Worker - \$3.35-hr.

Many contracts are under negotiation and as details are completed, new positions will become available.

Remember that these are work-study positions and they are located off campus so some means of transportation will be necessary. Many of them are on the buslines.

If you are interested or have any questions, make an appointment to see Shannon by calling 756-5194.

Adams suffers coronary

On Tuesday, March 2, TCC anthropology instructor Bob Adams suffered a heart attack while en route to his 11:30 class. Tacoma paramedics stabilized Mr. Adams before transferring him to the coronary care unit of a

local hospital. As of press time Mr. Adams condition has improved to serious but stable condition. As of Wednesday, he was not being allowed any visitors.

Blood donations being accepted next quarter

by Howard Harnett

The Pierce County Blood Bank is on its way back to TCC. That's right, for the second time during the 1981-82 year students will have the chance to donate blood to the TCC blood reserve.

For those students who donated last quarter, they will be given the opportunity to once again help the TCC blood reserve to keep going strong. For new students or students who didn't have the time last year, they will be given their last chance this year to experience the happiness that students felt last quarter after giving of themselves to a worthy cause.

The blood drive will be held next quarter, Thursday April 8, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. in Bldg. 15A

(Student Government Office). Perkins is waiting until next quarter so that the drive can be held as part of "Health Fair" scheduled for April 7th.

The TCC blood drive, which began seven or eight years ago is an attempt to get students, faculty, and staff to donate blood, which can then be used by any of these three parties when needed. Explained Dick Perkins, biology instructor, who is more or less in charge of the blood drive, "This is a service provided by members of the college community for members of the college community."

Perkins feels there should be a brochure or handbook available to students as they enroll at TCC. Some ideas for the handbook

were: information on the college blood drive, services for the handicapped, a map of TCC, a calendar of events including night activities, a section on student government. In short, he

Note: Any student needing a blood transfusion and would like to use blood from a previous TCC blood drive should contact or have someone contact for them, Dick Perkins at 756-5060 during school hours.

would like to see a handbook that could be easily carried, and basically let students know what's happening on campus.

But Perkins' main interest right now is the blood drive.

When asked which blood drive at TCC over the years, produced the best results Perkins said that they haven't kept statistics. The main concern he said, was making sure there was enough blood for the TCC students.

Perkins felt it was very important that students realize that this blood is for their use. For instance, if a student attending TCC gets injured and requires a transfusion, the student can freely use the blood in the TCC blood bank and only have to pay for transfusion costs. This applies to any student.

In the past, even families of students, faculty, or staff have been allowed to use the donated blood, and they will continue to have these privileges if there is

enough blood in the reserve at the time they need it.

Expressing his feelings on last quarters blood drive which produced 33 pints, Perkins said, "very good." That was the first time student government "really got that much involved," he added. Perkins hopes that students along with faculty and staff will keep their eyes open for posters promoting the blood drive.

Perkins concluded by saying that people always hear about heroes who have saved other peoples lives. He feels that people who donate blood are just as much heroes, for the blood they give may save someone else's life.

And next quarter's editor is...

by Skip Card
Opinions Editor

Rita's made it official; she's going to the University of Washington and leaving the Challenge staff to fend for itself. We won't have Rita Fleischmann to kick around any more.

And this means that we at the Challenge will have to find a new editor. This sounds easier than it really is! The job is not something you do in your spare time. It requires a lot of work! It is laborious! It makes you receive a lot of criticism! But it pays well!

But a short re-cap of "Editor Dearest," as she likes to be called, seems to be in order, and since the time is right and the page would otherwise be empty, here is the critique of Rita Fleischmann, Challenge Editor-in-Chief, and her two-quarter reign.

Rita had basically two faults: her name was and is hard to spell and she twice put ads on the front page. Other than this, her record is unblemished. To her credit, she always would let the editors print what they had selected, no matter how much she personally thought it was in bad taste (for example, the McKenzie story with the photo of the girl with the beer can held to her head). She might not forget to tell you how much she disliked the article you were trying to put in print, but she would never tell you not to print it.

And that's about it.

But there remains the more serious task of appointing next quarter's editor.

The job is given to the Media Review Board, which is entrusted with reviewing all controversial material before it gets printed. This is not a fun job, so they decided to appoint each quarter's editor, as well.

Chances are, the new editor will come from the Challenge ranks. Here are my guesses who next quarter's editor will be:

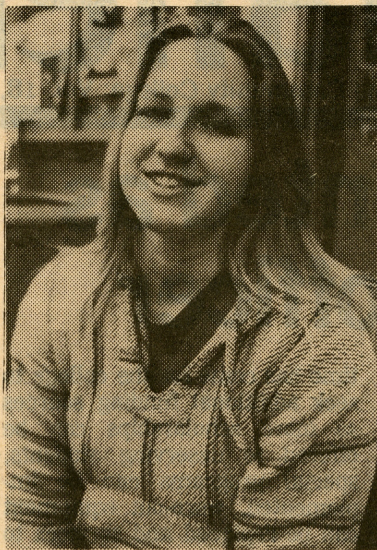
Dave Webster Dave has been on the staff for eons, and is presently the campus editor. He is experienced enough to do the job, and he is well-liked by the members of the staff. His only bad point might be that he is too quiet. This is not too serious a drawback because the editor never really has to talk to anyone to do an effective job. One merely has to write the week's assignment down on Challenge stationary and slip it into a reporter's box. Dave, in my opinion, would make the best editor.

Howard Harnett Howard is on his second year at the Challenge, and he is the copy editor (which is a classy name for a proofreader). Howard was last quarter's opinions editor. Apart from his work on the Challenge, he is head of the Budget Committee, which means that he is busy. Very busy. For this reason, Howard might not want to be the editor. Despite this, he would do a good job.

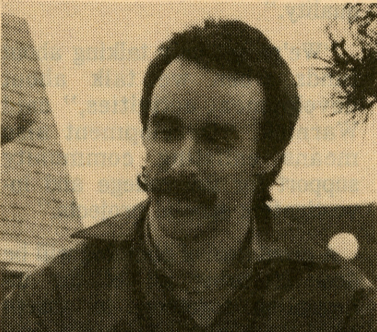
Scott Peterson Scott was last year's editor, and is the current arts and entertainment editor (which means that he gets to see plays for free). He is also the editor of this year's Trillium, an anthology of TCC students' writings. He will be busy with the Trillium, and most people would not be able to handle both positions. Scott, however, would be able to do both, and with a great deal of success in each



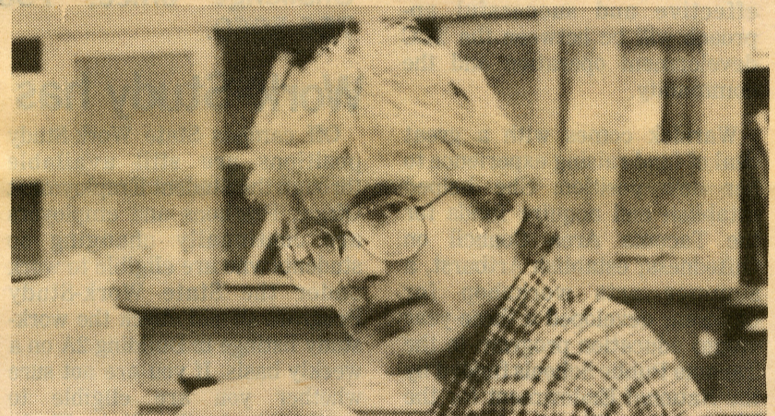
Dale Carter



Sue Sholin



Dave Webster



Scott Peterson



Rita Fleischmann



Howard Harnett

endeavor. However, this would kill Scott. Nobody wants to see Scott die, for everyone likes him. But Scott will probably take the job if nobody else wants to.

Sue Sholin Sue is this quarter's photo editor, and is usually writing sports stories. She has a good grasp of what the paper should be about, but it might be a little too much to ask of her for, like Dave Webster, she is too quiet. If she told somebody to do a story, and he said "No," she might say, "Well, alright, I'll do it myself. Don't bother." Rita, on the other hand, might whip out an exacto knife and remove a part of

his body. Sue would do a good job, though, and the photos in the paper would improve dramatically.

Dale Carter If anyone had to pick a person to be their boss, it would probably be Dale Carter, who is currently a photographer on the Challenge. Under Dale, the paper would become another *Rolling Stone* or *Mother Jones*. Not in the sense that it would suddenly stretch out to cover a wider range of topics, but that it would become a more fun place to work. Dale spends most of his hours in the Challenge office

spinning around and kicking things (I think he is practicing his karate). Last Wednesday, he kicked the light table so hard it stopped working. With Dale as editor, the paper would be sillier, but no doubt a happier place.

These are the major candidates. Other people like Loren Aikens, Sean Hummel, or Chris Stancich might be lured out of retirement and coaxed to apply for the job, but it is unlikely. John Ellison might leave his post at PLU, but I doubt it (John was last year's arts editor).

And there's always the

possibility that someone roaming out on the campus might have some journalistic abilities just waiting to be explored. He or she might come up out of the gloom and surprise the Media Review Board with his or her qualifications. This person might say to himself or herself, "Hmmm, for \$500 a quarter, I could do that job!"

As for me? I'm going to bide my time and take over this place at the beginning of fall quarter. You have now been warned: next year's Challenge will be under my control!

Words from Purdy

by Pati Wilson

our reporter not-at-large

I am having trouble relating in here. My crime is honorable enough, according to the status scale of the penal system and its unwilling inhabitants. But my head does not match my crime. I seem to be unable to learn from my experiences. My gentle upbringing was, perhaps, a hindrance. I should, I guess, have been thrown to a pack of Alsatians at age five to teach me all is not peace and love.

Someone asks me about the scar on my leg. I want so badly to tell them I got cut in a knife fight

in a tough, Puerto Rican neighborhood in Chicago in the early '60s, and I won. Instead, I tell the truth—I fell off my bicycle. But I do not reveal it only happened last year.

How will I be able to cope? I don't like this party, and I would like to go home now, please. But this time I can't call Dad and ask him to come and pick me up. It's much too far for him to drive.

I long to have a person to talk to who is real, who is genuine, and who doesn't want something from me. I think all those people went

to another party. Reality flash! I must abort my trusting nature, and become like everyone else. (You'll have to excuse me. It takes me awhile.) Ah, yes. There it is. I enter the gates a well-meaning, misunderstood, flower-giving little girl; and emerge a world-wise, tougher-than-nails ex-con, who eats electric vibrators for breakfast. S—t, who am I fooling? Not me, certainly. The problem is, I wouldn't fool anyone else, either. I am as transparent as cellophane. As vulnerable as Elmer Fudd. And I have about the same chance for survival as a quarter bag of dope in a house full of sick junkies.

So what do I do? I know—I'll make myself invisible. Gandalf, where are you when I need you? Wave your magic wand and

dispell my body into oblivion. But leave my eyes and my soul. I would like to sit back and watch. That is the ideal solution. But this is reality, my dear. You want to talk about reality? Okay. In reality, I would like to tell everyone to go f—k themselves. But alas, my outrageous temper cannot be backed up by my bones of glass. Someone already taught me that lesson; and I may be a fool, but I'm not a masochist. So, where's my shotgun? My gun is my equalizer, my nut sack. Without it, I am no longer Bonnie Parker, I am Pati Wilson. That won't do at all.

Thus, I have been stripped and stand naked to survive how I may. I only hope I can retain a portion of my soul. I'm still not convinced I'm wrong.

Letters

This letter needs no headline

Dear Editor;

The ex-captive air force officer exploded in a ball of light. Dying he continued his speech. He, was not he, but a collection of physical symbols and canned Amerikanisms. The god of the state, revisited. We all believe the same thing.

He said when he spoke in San Francisco he lost his voice. Here, on TCC campus, he almost lost it once, too. Not a drop of water did he take.

His most interesting stunts were: Poking holes above letters in the Bible's sacred texts to remind himself of days and keep a sort of diary. And, writing "SIT" in front of "Down w-Carter" in the john to read "Sit down with Carter." Not to mention the old T.V. "Get Smart" routine with a phony phone in his shoe. Playing the mime before disconnected cameras. So what is over?

Several student speakers tried to engage this poor fellow in a

sort of dialogue regarding the culture of Iran, which is a sort of Cote d'Azur, if you know. Not now, but back before and maybe a decade hence. He responded with the various tired out military cliches and the discussion wandered as far afield as certain South American republics on which he could not possibly be any authority.

A young American woman tried to explain to him that we, as citizens, do not always agree 100 percent with the decisions of our governing bodies. She was shouted down and dis-respected as the beleaguered speaker called for a more conventional question from the other side of the room.

This writer has no personal opinion. To me, it is a miracle when any one of us survives under a trial by fire, whatever it seems like, to those fired upon. "Afterwards, one has a rule."...

Ine' Fatimah Q

Don't take sides on unproveable

To the Editor:

In a recent letter to the Editor one Paul F. Mitchell objected to Skip Card's use of "fallacious logic" in his treatment of the Evolution Theory.

I have no wish to enter into what is for me a particularly silly and endless argument about a subject which is, quite simply, not proveable in either case. But I have been irritated by Paul Mitchell's smug arrogance regarding his position.

The main thrust of his argument centers on an intimidating array of figures, which I'm sure are quite correct in themselves. What is not correct is the conclusion drawn from these figures, and even their use in attempting to prove the unproveable.

In the first place the use of mathematical probability requires a number of examples of any phenomenon before it can be used to make any prediction of odds. The known Universe is a singular phenomenon therefore probability cannot be used to compute or conjecture upon its origins or conditions. To be able to apply probability validly there would require that there be at least two Universes.

Secondly, the design argument, which began with St. Thomas Aquinas, has occupied many great minds since his time. There is not enough space here to go into why it is not a good argument, but I would ask Paul Mitchell to seek out and read David Hume's "Dialogues Concerning Natural Religion," wherein he sets out his criticisms of the use of mathematical probability, and of the design argument. Such is the strength of his criticism that for two hundred years it has been enough to convince honest thinkers that Aquinas' argument for a designer is insupportable.

I would also point out that Paul is guilty of "putting the cart before the horse." That has been done before. William Paley put forward the ozone layer as being proof of God's great plan, since he thought it ridiculous to assume that such a protection for man

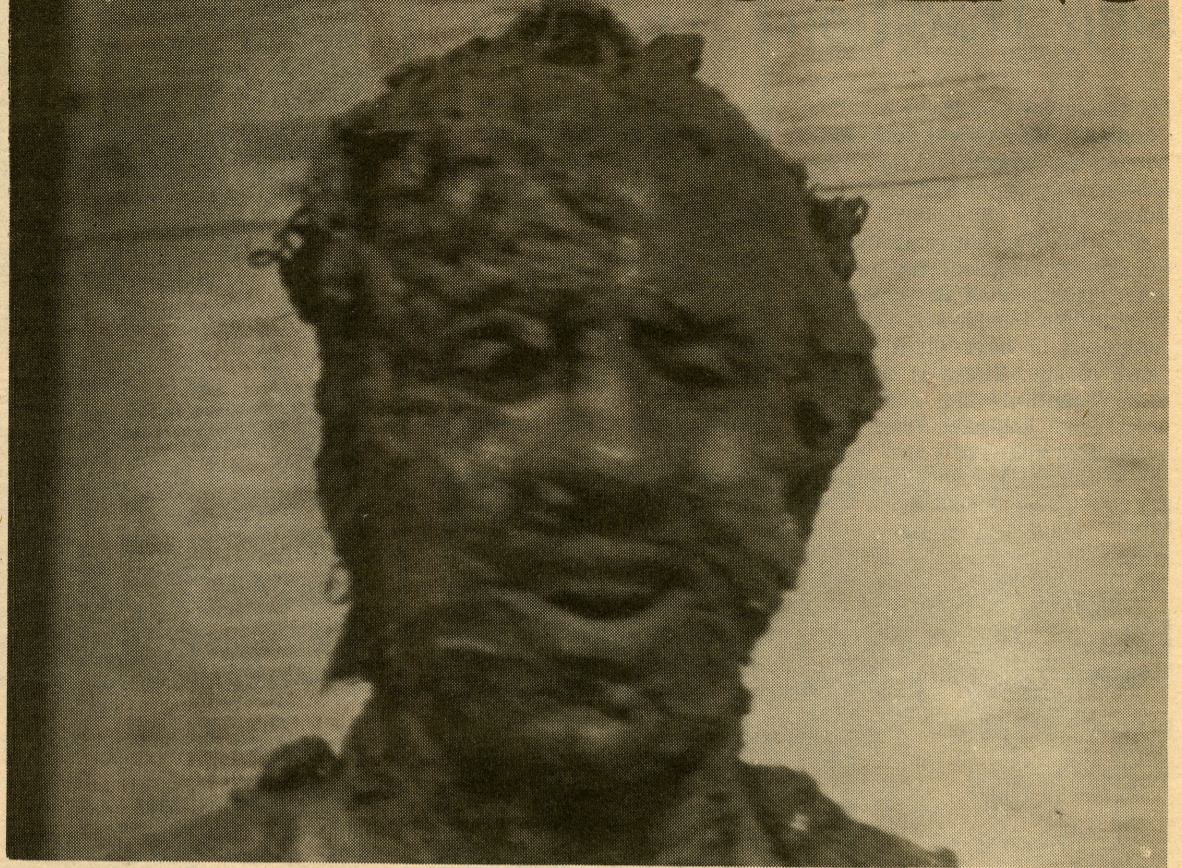
could be a chance phenomenon. The truth of course is easy to see; it is just as likely that man is here because the ozone layer preceded him, as it is that the ozone layer is there because such life forms required it. This is the fatal weakness of Paul's argument. It is surely obvious to everyone who is honest in this enquiry that it is perfectly likely that life on earth came about in its present form because of the circumstances, and that if the circumstances had been different than the life forms attendant upon those circumstances would also be different. As David Hume pointed out, there is bound to be an appearance of order since, for any "universe" system to continue to exist, the parts would, of necessity, be required to adapt to each other. If you inquire with honesty, Paul, you will see that your "logic" is not worthy of the word since it is not objective and logical. Apparent design in nature does not necessarily imply a designer, and even if it did, it is a large and unjustifiably aristocratic step to put forward only the Christian God as that designer.

No less a figure than Albert Einstein said that, "Propositions arrived at by purely logical means are completely empty of reality, and as far as the laws of mathematics refer to reality they are not certain, and as far as they are certain they do not refer to reality." So much for logic and your use of it.

I now wonder how long the pointless squabbling will continue on this subject? Better minds will, I'm sure, agree that our universe is capable of both a theistic and natural interpretations. There is no way to gain access to the ultimate truth on this side of life. There is no "simple truth" to be seen, as Paul Mitchell's final paragraph would have us believe. Why then will people persist in aligning themselves on one side of the fence, and from there proclaim to all that they, and only they, have priveleged access to the truth?

cont. pg.5

MUD WRESTLING



by Skip Card

It used to be seen only in the most filthy bars and meat markets up and down the eastern seaboard, where it was enjoyed by the nation's most disgusting deviates and sexual perverts. Then it moved uptown, and one could see respectable businessmen doing it as upperclass secretaries looked on while sipping' their banana dacquies at some of the more fancy bars and pubs. Now it has broken through so far as to be done by high school students. It is mud wrestling.

It was dark in the Wilson High School gym, and there was excitement in the air. I was mad because my press pass hadn't gotten me in for free as it usually does, and I had to pay the \$2.50 admission price. What the hell, I thought, I'll charge it to the paper.

The spotlight shown on a guy in a white tuxedo jacket who had a microphone and was announcing the names of the wrestlers (all of whom had been pre-selected). They had such names as "Master of Disaster," "Canvas Back," "Dr. Rockenstein," "Pinky," "Boom-Boom," and "Killer."

Two guys, both on the same tag team, were wearing polynesian straw hats. Two others, when their names were announced, tore up two paper bags. I didn't understand why. Nobody else did, either.

Then the spotlight revealed a ring in the middle of the gym's floor, about 20 feet in diameter. It had sandbags all around the edges, and a plastic covering. Inside the ring, there was about six inches of gray mud.

The rounds were three minutes long, and there would be two rounds to each match. There was a referee there who had a baseball bat and a black and white striped shirt. Some guy in blue shorts was holding up the cards which said what match or round it was.

The first two wrestlers came out, both guys. They started in at the sound of the ref, and they really put up a good fight. These guys were obviously on the wrestling team. One of them, when down on his stomach, kicked high into the air and

totally reversed the guy on top of him. It also sent mud flying all over the place.

After three minutes, they were already tired—and dirty. They couldn't get a foothold in the slippery mud, and they fell each time they tried to lift the other in order to slam him down again. The match ended in a tie.

As they left the ring, the crowd cheered, and the guy in the blue shorts handed each a towel. They went off to the showers.

"They're going to have to call Roto-Rooter for the drains in the f—g showers after this is done!" I heard behind me.

"Let's go dive in, eh?" came another voice.

Next was the first match between two girls, and the guys in the audience were ready for it. "Let's go, Boom-Boom!" yelled one of them.

But their match was a disappointment. These girls not only didn't know what to do once in the ring, they didn't want to get their hair dirty. By the end of the match, there were audible boos.

Next out came a guy, calling himself the "Juice Man," who was throwing something into the crowd as he entered the gym. I was too far away to see what it was. It didn't really matter, though, because whoever caught one threw it into the mud.

During their match, I went over by the door to the showers, and I saw each of the wrestlers as they left the gym. These people were really muddy. One guy looked like Dan Akroyd in the commercial for the movie "Neighbors." There was mud in their eyes, in their teeth, and all over their hands. One had to have me open the door to the shower room because he couldn't get a grip on the knob.

Although most of the wrestlers were laughing, it was clear that they had not had an easy time. All were breathing hard, and some were hard-pressed even to smile. They were dirty, out of breath, and probably sore.

The matches went on, tag teams, more girls, two big guys who flipped each other all around the ring. Then there was an intermission before the final match. It was going to be between two two-man teams.

When they turned the lights on

for the intermission, you could see how the gym had filled up with dust. It was like a rock concert where everybody has been smoking something, and when they turn on the lights the smoke is so thick that it looks like a fog.

The guy in the blue shorts came into the ring with a hose and soaked down the mud. A girl raked it up.

The guy in the tux jacket, who by now had his mic to work again, called back all the people, and the lights were turned off once more. It was time for the final match.

The first team entered the gym; both were wearing paper sacks over their heads (Ah, I thought, that's why those two guys were tearing up those sacks at the beginning. Pretty stupid). They walked over to where this guy had a stool, and one of them sat down and the guy who had been sitting there started to rub down his shoulders. I get it, I thought to myself: this guy is supposed to be his manager.

The next team, though, had a great entrance.

Someone opened up a curtain at the back of the gym, and two car lights peered out. Then this blue sports car came driving out, circled the ring, and dropped off the two wrestlers. Pretty sharp.

The match started, and as usual in tag team matches, it got a little out of control. One guy from the team would jump in before he was tagged, and the ref would have to go into the ring and pull him out. Finally, all four wrestlers were in the ring going at it, and the ref watched hopelessly.

Then each team's manager jumped in and started wrestling. Then two guys from the audience jumped in. For a minute, everyone thought that it would be a dog-pile in the mud, but the craze just didn't catch on. Mud, after all, is mud.

When time was finally called, the guy in the tux read off the name of each match's winner. Some matches were pins, some were decisions, many were ties.

Then the guy made some remark about there being a dance after this for \$2.50.

I didn't think the paper would pick up the tab on that one, so I decided to skip it.

Vienna Choir Boys sing tradition

by Florence Lahey-Krillich

Sailor suits, soldier uniforms, bonnets and dresses all figure in an evening with the Vienna Choir Boys.

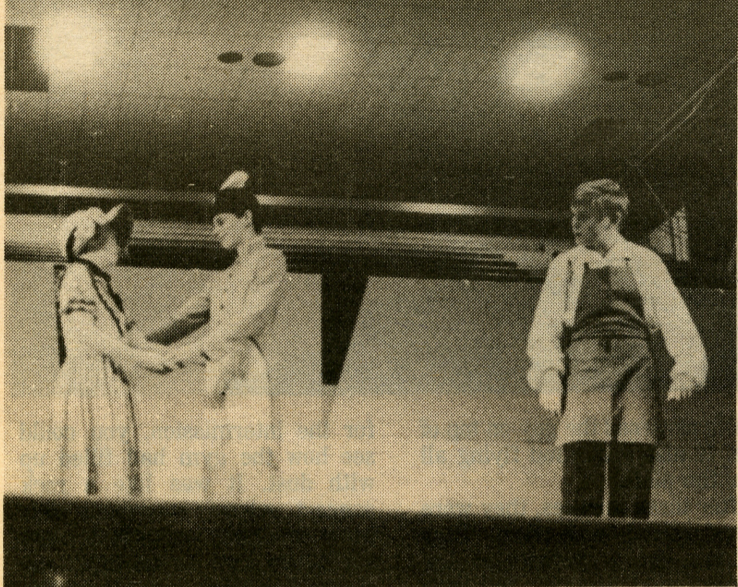
The "Wiener Sängerknaben," founded in the year 1498 by the imperial decree of the emperor Maximilian I, is today, as then composed of boys eight to 14 years of age. There is nothing more beautiful than the pure tones that emanate from the unchanged voices of young boys.

Every note was sung in perfect pitch with bell-like clarity.

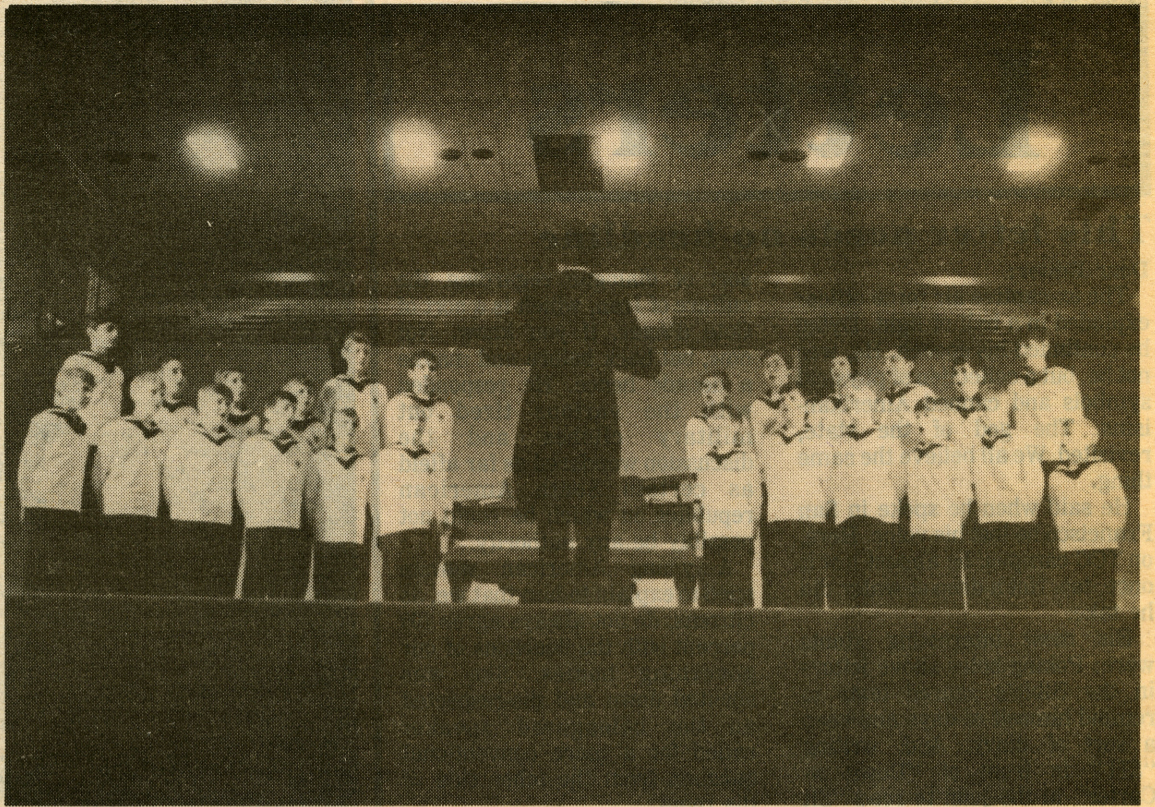
The program was composed of a broad range of vocal music, each number executed with equal dexterity.

The official uniform of this world renowned choir is a sailor's white midly blouse and black trousers which they wore for most of the evenings performance.

That these young boys enjoy what they are doing was never



Three members of the Vienna Choir Boys perform the one-act opera, "Tales of the Vienna Woods." The boys are playing the parts of the heroine, the hero, and the cobbler.



photos by Paul Petrinovich

The Vienna Choir Boys sang their hearts out at the University of Puget Sound Fieldhouse.

more evident than in the operetta, "G'schichten aus alt Wien" ("Tales from the Vienna Woods") by Johann Strauss. The story is the usual one with a soldier hero, a fair damsel, a villain, the damsel's father who wants her to marry the blackguard and (in this case) a kindly cobbler who helps to straighten out the whole affair.

The boys are born actors and take all roles, including the village people and the troop of

soldiers (who executed an intricate marching pattern), as well as the leads. The costumes were superb and all of the boys excellent in their various roles.

While the musical parts of the libretto were sung in German, the speaking lines were all in English interspersed with such colloquialisms as "pipsqueek" and "kiddo." The damsel and the cobbler stole the show. Although the damsel's curtsies brought down the house, the cobbler could be upstaged by no one.

The final portion of the program was devoted mainly to

Austrian folk songs. The first few notes of their final number, "Edelweiss," brought such thunderous applause from the crowd that the choir was forced to start over again. As the audience filed out, you could hear the strains of "Edelweiss" being sung or hummed from all parts of the auditorium.

Although there are other choirs in various parts of the world, there are none as well trained or more disciplined as the Vienna Choir Boys. They truly deserve the title of "Austria's most successful ambassadors."

Music Dept. presents 2 operas

Sophisticated comedy and tragic folk opera will share the bill when the TCC Music Department presents Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Telephone" and Kurt Weill's "Down in the Valley," March 11, 12 and 13. The one-act operas will be staged in the TCC theater, Bldg. 3, beginning at 8 p.m. Admission at the door is \$2 for adults, \$1 for students and senior citizens.

Performing in "The Telephone," a two-person comic dialogue with the telephone as third party, will be Heidi Kankaanpaa as Lucy and Gerry Rapp as Ben.

Playing lead roles in "Down in the Valley," a tragic folk opera featuring well-known folk tunes, will be Cecilia Storwick as Jennie, John Church and Jim Thomas as Brack, Dale West

and Paul Bishop as Thomas Bouche, Doyle Smith as "The Leader" and Gene Nelson as Jennie's father.

Director of the production is TCC music instructor Gene Nelson. Light technician is Lew Hamel, and accompanists are Margaret Lobberegt and Jan Ball in "The Telephone" and Jan Ball and Kim Lewman in "Down in the Valley."

Student art displayed in library

The works of TCC art students are currently being shown in the library through the end of winter quarter.

The special exhibit includes student class work in basic drawing, oils, watercolor, two and three-dimensional design, sculpture in wood and ceramic, portraits and pottery.

The work is casual, with some incredible pieces, exceptional pieces standing out. It is refreshing to see, and well worth a visit.



Town gossips (from left) Joane Smith, Karen McMillan, Sarah Murray and Suzanne Bronoske spread rumors in the TCC Music Dept. opera, "Down in the Valley," opening March 11 in Bldg. 3 at 8 p.m. Also presented will be "The Telephone."

Trillium '82: A collection of

poetry
photography
essays
fiction
art

gathered and published by the students of TCC.

Submissions from students, faculty and staff accepted until April 9.

Submit work to Joanne McCarthy or Paul Clee, Bldg. 20.

Written work should be typed, with name and address; self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want work returned.

'Chariots' runs with glory

by Scott Peterson

"Chariots of Fire," clearly one of the critics' favorites, has been talked about so much that it is now called a "pop" film. Too bad. What it is is "art."

And what makes the distinction between "pop" and "art" is a combination of delicate writing, elegant filming and haunting electronic symphonies.

David Puttnam, producer, presents us with a subdued but glorious look into the lives of four sleek young Cambridge students which are selected to run for Britain in the 1924 Paris Olympics.

These four are not only England's fastest, but seem to represent the most honest and innocent, even to the point of seeming artificial.

The acting has the style of repertory theatre rather than film. The cast includes such great character actors as Ian Holm, Sir John Gielgud.

The writing in the beginning is somewhat awkward and silly, but is soon forgotten and it becomes a

pleasure to watch the competition develop. You become involved.

Your legs tense, your breathing increases. It takes you up in its all-or-nothingness, and you have a personal stake in the outcome of every race.

The story first introduces us to Aubrey Montague (Nick Farrell), a gentle and naive listener in which it seems no spirit of competition exists.

Aubrey soon meets with Harold Abrahams played by Ben Cross, a fiery Jew with the need to conquer and win at everything. Caius college is where we also meet the dashing Andrew Lord Lindsey (Nigel Havers), a reckless, self-styled hurler.

Meanwhile in the Scottish highlands, we find Eric Liddell (Ian Charleston), who runs for God. Eric compares faith to running: it is a concentration of will, a power that comes from inside.

These characters are eventually drawn together, and we are introduced to the stalwart establishment of the college, Sir John Gielgud as the Provost of Trinity College, and Lindsay Anderson as the Master of Caius College.

Ian Holm stars as Harold's trainer, Sam Mussabini, a colorful and well-played character.

But it is the two most dynamic characters who are here to win, spurred on by ideologies that somehow push them beyond human capacity. Eric is attempting to prove to God that he can win, and Harold is using his victory as a means of overcoming English anti-semitism.

As the runners arrive in Paris for the games, it is a curious thing to see Americans as fierce machines of competition.

"Chariots" was not made for runners only, of course, but for everyone: this is a nervous sport, and the relentless tension created before the races is well worked. It is the most passionate treatment



of the sport that I have experienced.

And no grand truths are revealed. No burning bushes.

It is plain and simple — and true. It is colorful and touching and philosophical without getting sticky. It is wonderful.

The Collegiate Challenge

Rita C. Fleischmann
Editor

Ila Zbaraschuk

Advisor

The Collegiate Challenge is published weekly except during scheduled vacations and final examinations week by the Associated Students of Tacoma Community College. Editors are responsible for all news policies. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Challenge nor are they necessarily the official position of Tacoma Community College. Advertising does not reflect Challenge endorsement.

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Letters from pg.3

My attack here has not been against anyone's beliefs. It has been against what I saw as an overly pedantic letter derived from a quite mistaken superior attitude. I would earnestly hope that the writer of that letter would spend some time and intelligence in honest inquiry before committing himself to print again in such a way.

It appears to me that those who advocate evolution at least progress from a point of ignorance, and apparently pursue their enquiry in an objective and reasonable manner. The creationist seems to me to have the conclusion before any investigation is taken up; they then proceed to "steer" all their facts toward what they have already decided is the case. I wonder if that is objective, reasonable, intelligent or even honest. Believe me, I take no side in this dispute. To take up a firm "belief" is, to my mind, a confining attitude which negates growth. My contention is that the worst elements of both sides confine themselves and arrogantly attempt to confine everyone else also. Don't we have enough of that in other aspects of life?

In the final analysis we just do not know. Perhaps, as one great mind once put it, "The world is not only stranger than we think, it is stranger than we are capable of thinking."

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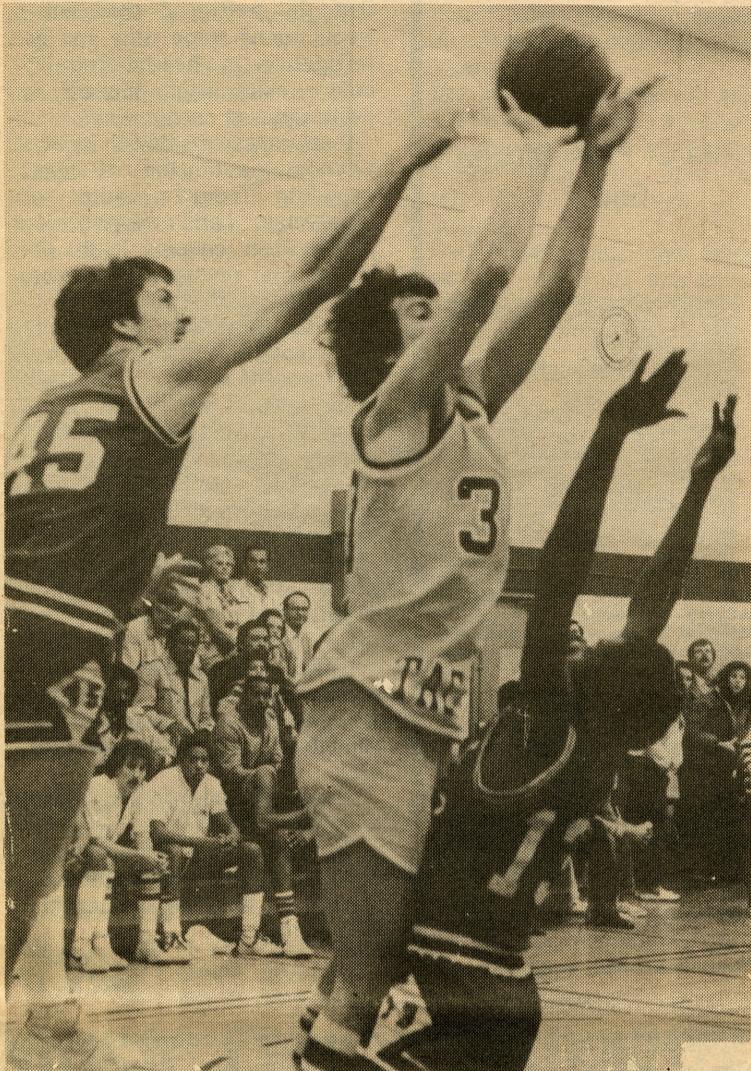
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Titans advance in playoffs

David defeats Goliath again



by Terry Ross

As far as TCC was concerned they may as well have faced Goliath Saturday instead of the Everett Trojans.

Everett started a lineup that was 6-feet-8-inches, 6-feet-5-inches and 6-feet-6-inches tall. However, just like David they slew the giant, in this case Everett, 80-69 to advance to state community college playoff action.

Tacoma's Daryl Logue (30) lets one fly in TCC's first playoff game. The Titans won at home against Everett, 80-69. The win advances TCC to the finals in Walla Walla this Friday and Saturday.

photo by Dale Carter

As a consequence of the win, the Titans will face Highline, a 119-96 winner over Green River, tonight in Walla Walla. Highline and TCC have already met once this season with Highline coming out on top, although coach Ron Billings doesn't think that means a whole lot since TCC was minus Jeff Blakeslee, Jon Carr was coming off an injury and Ron Billings, the player, sprained his ankle during the game. In fact coach Billings is looking forward to playing them again.

If the Everett team is any indication as to what Highline was waiting for them, then indeed TCC will present problems for them.

The Trojans were almost out of the game before it even got started. By the time the first half was about half over TCC was ahead by 11 points 20-9. Unfortunately Everett was just getting warmed up.

After a basket by Jim Shaw gave TCC their biggest lead of the game at 23-11, the Trojans found the hoop and Wendell McDowell found that he was taller than anyone else on the court. With that discovery the Trojans ripped off 9 unanswered points and closed the gap to only three. That was the closest Everett got in the first half, but it was a sign of things to come.

By the time the second half was ready to begin it looked as if what Billings was afraid was going to happen, was going to happen. Everett came out of the locker room and put their size to use and in less than five minutes had tied the game at 42, and outscored TCC 13-5. But the Titans were not through yet.

The two teams played the game even up until Paul Koessler put in a lay-up with 7:00 left in the game to give TCC a 55-53 lead. From that point it was downhill for the visitors.

With only 5:15 left in the game Jon Carr and Ron Billings teamed up to emphasize the point. Everett had the ball and a chance to close to within two points, when Carr batted the shot away and Billings picked the ball from the air, drove the length of the court, juked two Everett players and layed the ball in to give TCC a six point lead.

That was also the point where Billings scored most of his 25 points as he scored 12 out of the next 14 points for TCC to go along with his assists.

Other double figure scorers were: Shaw with 14 points, Blakeslee 16 points and 10 rebounds, and Carr had 13 points and 10 rebounds.

Heuer and Brock: a funny, funny pair

by Terry Ross

When the person to be interviewed shows up in a good mood, the interviewer knows all is going to go well.

With Marleen Heuer and Kim Brock they both came in the room laughing before we even got started. But then Heuer admitted that she laughed "at everything." Brock said that "I didn't (laugh so much) until I moved in with her." (That made both of them laugh.)

Laughing a lot isn't the only thing that the two former residents of Tenino, a town of 1,500 residents, have in common however. Both of them lettered 11 times at the four year-high-school, both played basketball (the sport they play at TCC), were in track (both high jumped and ran in the relays), both were cheerleaders with Heuer doing it for four years and Brock for two years. They also share an apartment together with Brock the cook and Heuer the dishwasher. (More laughter.)

For a time though it didn't appear as if either one of them was going to end up in Tacoma. Brock was headed for Clark and Heuer was attending a school in Olympia. (An experience she laughs about.) However, their high school coach arranged for Brock, who is one year younger than Heuer, to come on up here and talk to Hezzie Baines, the TCC coach. Brock then passed the good word on about Heuer, and Baines had himself a package deal.



Marleen Heuer and ... Kim Brock

photos by Dale Carter

'I didn't laugh so much until I moved in with her.'

— Kim Brock

Heuer, when asked about whether she is a shooter or not will say "Yeah. I guess when I want to." However she will also complain about being inconsistent. But, she was the leading scorer on her high school team with a 13 point average. She says that's because "Nobody else shot except me. They gave me the ball." She also said the team as a whole didn't score many points.

Even though Brock was around a coach (her dad coaches the boy's team at Tenino), she is not sure if she would want to coach. She says she might enjoy "helping out." Heuer meanwhile, said "No coaching. I'm too impatient." (The thought of Heuer as a coach makes both of them laugh.)

Brock, who wants to go to nursing school, and Heuer, who has no idea what she will do, both indicate that they will like to play at a university, "If everything goes well," Heuer said. To which Brock answered, "Ditto."

While Heuer is a small forward, and she will admit maybe even too small at 5-feet-6-inches tall, Brock plays the other forward spot. Brock is 5-feet-10-inches tall and considers herself more of a rebounder than a shooter even though she averaged 10 points a game in high school. Brock, who has the nickname of Duey, while Heuer is known as Huey, in honor of Donald Duck's famous nephew says she prefers shooting from the middle "Since the shots are easier."

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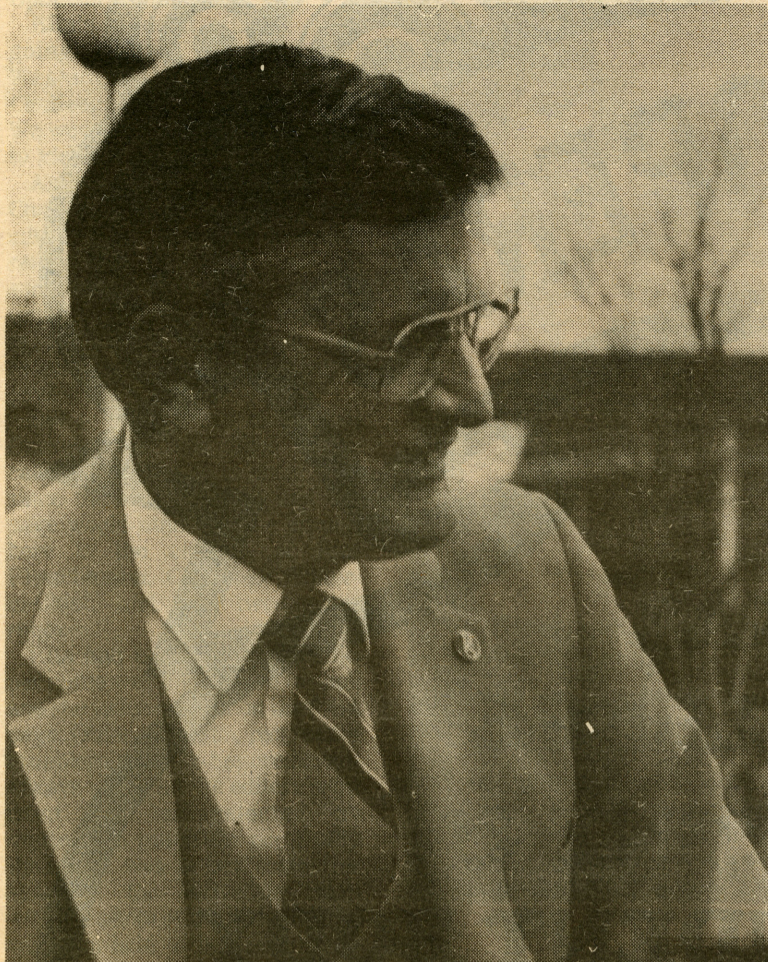


photo by Sue Sholin

by David Webster

The Rotary Club has chosen Robert Hunt Jr. as its "Man of the Year."

Hunt is the Chairman of the TCC Board of Trustees and a man who enjoys getting involved with his community. His life is the contrast of a peaceful home life on Fox Island and the cluttered world of business and finance he deals with as a vice president of Puget Sound National Bank.

As a resident of Fox Island, Hunt is actively involved with the growth of the peninsula area by serving as president of the Gig Harbor Peninsula Area Chamber of Commerce. He and his wife Anne have watched their four children grow up in the area and advance through the Peninsula School system.

Born in Tacoma, Hunt is a graduate of Stadium High and the University of Puget Sound.

His stay at the University of Puget Sound was interrupted by a hitch in the navy and one quarter where he drifted off to the University of Washington.

Majoring in Business Administration with a minor in Economics, he landed a job after graduation as the first full-time Alumni Director at U.P.S. His job was to create a two-way relationship between former students and the university.

After a few jobs that were public relations and sale related, Hunt began to work for Peninsula State Bank. From a starting job in advertising and marketing, 11 years later he became the vice president. As a result of Peninsula State Banks merger with Puget Sound National Bank in 1981, Hunt became the vice president of public affairs.

Hunt's involvement with TCC began in January 1980 when former Gov. Dixy Lee Ray appointed him to the seat left vacant by Mildred Jeynes on the TCC Board of Trustees. Chairman since June 1981, Hunt was reappointed to a five-year term by Gov. John Spellman.

The five member board was formed to "write all the rules," and decide the mission of the school.

When asked about what he has accomplished on the board, Hunt points out that all accomplishments should be credited to the board of trustees as a whole. He says that he feels that the board members have really begun to align themselves together and have arrived at a style to show the campus that they really do "give a damn."

Traxx to the Max

Student Activities will highlight March's on-campus events with a dance, Friday the 5th. TCC's very own band, TRAXX will be playing the tunes for you to groove, in the cafeteria.

TRAXX will be playing "jammin" tunes as well as mellow rock. So guys pull out

your "chick lists" and girls get your hunk to make TRAXX with you to TCC's Boogie Night, March 5.

Doors open at 8:30 p.m. Be there or be square. Bring a friend to hold you down.

The dance will be open to the public with tickets available to TCC students at \$1.50 and general admission at \$3.00.



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TCC discussing use of land

Tacoma Community College President Dr. Larry Stevens is currently discussing with Tacoma School District 10 officials the possibility of utilizing undeveloped college land for construction of the proposed L.H. Bates Vocational-Technical Institute annex.

The TCC Board of Trustees recently authorized Stevens to begin the discussions.

The college administration and the Board expressed their belief that "both schools could benefit from a relationship which would place a new vocational-technical facility on the same property with TCC."

Tacoma voters will be asked March 9 to approve a bond issue which would provide funds to construct the Bates annex at the currently proposed site at 40th and Orchard.



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