



Shelve under former title:  
COLLEGIATE CHALLENGE

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The student newspaper of  
Tacoma Community College

# The "Collegiate Challenge

## 'The struggle continues'

# Abernathy fights apathy

by Sue L. Sholin

Rev. Dr. Ralph David Abernathy told his "blue-eyed and brown-eyed soul brothers and sisters," May 19 in TCC's theatre, how "the struggle continues."

Abernathy, successor to Martin Luther King Jr., president emeritus "for life" of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and founder and president of the Foundation for Economic Enterprise Development (FEED), blasted the complacency of the young, the old, the black, and the white during his hour long speech. He peppered his lively anecdotes with a booming religious fervor that would subside to a quiet tone, then rise again when he delivered the essence of his message.

Abernathy jovially thanked TCC's president, Dr. Larry Stevens, for "ordering good weather," before he launched into his speech.

Abernathy began with familiar references to crossing over Jordan and reaching downtown Canaan, alluding to early civil rights struggles. Calling racism "the number one cancer that is eating away at the heart of America," he told the audience, "God helps those who help themselves. Get up off your knees and help God answer your prayers. There is a powerful force in this nation that does not intend to do right." He told the blacks in the audience, "This is our country and our land. I mean we are a part of this country of ours."

Abernathy said that blacks have to "become producers rather than consumers." He said that America's blacks, with a total input of \$150 million into the system, would rank ninth as a nation. "Those of us who climb up on the backs of our brothers and sisters should invest and produce. There is too much apathy in the black community and the white community of goodwill. We ought to do something in the 80's," he said.

During a dinnertime interview, Abernathy had pointed out an integrated family at a nearby table. He said integration had made people apathetic about civil rights.

"A little freedom is a dangerous thing because it makes you think you've won. People think it's all over but we know it's not."

In his speech he said, "A lot of people will read that (integration) as freedom." But, he added, "There wasn't any freedom (for us) till the bill was paid."

Abernathy told of a letter he received offering him \$3,000 to "go back to Africa where he came from." The letter was signed "Whitey". Abernathy told the audience that if any one of them saw "Whitey", to "tell Whitey . . . one, you can't go back where you never been, two, that is not enough money . . . three, until the English go back to England, the French go back to France, the Italians back to Italy, the Irish back to Ireland, the Germans back to Germany, the Jews back to Israel, the Arabs back to Lebanon and Jordan, and the white man gives America back to the Indians, I'm not goin' anywhere."

Abernathy had harsh words for the church. He said the church has never fully assumed its responsibility. "If the church would be the church . . . there would be no need for social services now. God has no hands but our hands." He said church members must support it with their tithes. "I'm not talking about an Easter breakfast," he said, referring to help for the poor.

He spoke of our "white male dominated, chauvinistic society" and derided what he called "subsidized socialism for the rich and rugged free enterprise for the poor."

He again spoke of the resurgence of the Ku Klux Klan, the rise of the American nazis, poor people's loss of land, and unemployment, which he had mentioned at an afternoon press conference at Sea-Tac airport, and said, "Someone is seeking to turn back the clock of history."

Abernathy reiterated his general support for President Reagan, but said that he does not endorse Reagan's social cuts or increases in military spending. "We can not take pride in the arms race," he said. He called Reagan courageous for taking

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Photo by Sue Sholin

"There is too much apathy in the black community and the white community of goodwill," says the Rev. Ralph David Abernathy.

## Spellman to address 1982 TCC graduates



Gov. John Spellman

office in many and varied capacities since 1969.

Governor Spellman is a graduate of Seattle University where he received a bachelor's degree in political science and was class valedictorian. He is also a graduate of Georgetown University Law School in Washington D.C. He was a practicing attorney in Seattle for 13 years prior to assuming public office.

In 1969 Spellman was elected as the first King County Executive and was re-elected to that position in 1973 and 1977. He has also served as Chairman, President and Vice-President on many committees and area civic and service organizations.

An audience of more than 1,000 graduates, parents, faculty and special guests is expected for Spellman's commencement address.

During the 1981-82 school year, 519 two-year associate degrees and 61 high school completion certificates were earned at TCC by persons of all ages and backgrounds. Diplomas will be awarded by college president Dr. Larry Stevens and Board of Trustees Chairman Robert Hunt, Jr. A reception will follow the ceremony.

This year's lumenary presenting the Tacoma Community College commencement address will be Washington Gov. John Spellman. With a yet undisclosed topic, Governor Spellman will present the seventeenth annual address June 10 at 8 p.m. in the TCC gymnasium.

Spellman is a Washington native and has been the state's governor since January 1981. He has served in public

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June 4  
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# Well, gang, thanks and so long

by Phil Musickant

Since only a few days of this trip remain, I'd like to say goodbye. Immediately after graduation I'll be leaving for my native Wisconsin, and then to the University of Wisconsin, this fall. Therefore, I'm taking this opportunity to write out a short diary of my six quarters at TCC.

As I mentioned in my first column this quarter, I moved out here from New York City just a couple of weeks before winter quarter '81 started. At that time I intended to take one or two courses, just to see if I could handle it. So, it is with much surprise that eighteen months later I'm graduating with two degrees.

In between that hesitant beginning, and this satisfying ending, I received a lot of help, especially from my teachers. That first quarter I had Don Moseid, Michiko Freeman, Jerry McCourt, and Harland Malyon. Each had a unique style: Moseid, with his open shirts, measured drawl, and admiration for Harry Truman; Freeman, with her Old World firmness balanced by an understated sense of humor; McCourt, with his rumpled raincoat that spawned a Columbo-like appearance; and, Malyon, a fuzzy-haired father-figure whose ramrod posture seemed incongruous with his braces and leftist political analysis.

Spring quarter '81 I had McCourt and Malyon again, as well as Bob Adams. Adams was something else, with his constant pleas for relief from his troublesome in-laws and daughter, and his mercurial temperament. By the time this second quarter was over I was exhausted, but managed to return home for my sister's wedding and some hugging and kissing with an old girlfriend. Then it was back for summer quarter.

I thought summer quarter would be easy, it being summer and all, but I was wrong in a big way. I took two biology classes, one with Bill Muse, and one with Layne Nordgren. While they both laughed a lot, they also dished out a lot of work. Then there was Chuck Summers. He looked and sounded like Walter Matthau, and his classroom manner was suitably entertaining, but his tests were damned hard. Finally, I had Richard Aiken. He

was quiet, funny, and helpful, but was as unyielding as a stone.

I had a great time fall quarter, mainly because I was a part of two groups. First there was the Honors Program, with Devon Edrington, Dick Lewis, and Tom McLaughlin. Those three are all great teachers, and in many respects displayed attributes of two other famous threesomes, namely, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, and Groucho, Chico, and Harpo. My mentor for the program was Leonard Lukin. Lukin was good, for after dealing with those other three, I could talk things out with him, thus reassuring myself that I wasn't going crazy.

The second group I was a part of fall quarter was The Challenge staff, led by Ila Zbaraschuk. Mrs. Z. was honest, flexible, and extremely patient, all essential qualities for her position, since too often that class degenerated into a monkey house.

Winter quarter went well, too, except I felt like I was living in the twilight zone. Since I had all the same teachers, meeting in the same rooms as fall quarter, I had this eerie feeling every day. Sometimes I forgot which quarter I was in.

Finally (thank goodness), I come to this, my final quarter at TCC. Besides having Malyon and Zbaraschuk again, I also have John Kinerk and Carolyn Simonson. Kinerk is one of those teachers you love to hate. You know, the kind who laugh a lot, then give monster tests. Then there is Simonson. In her own firm, succinct, and always humorous way, she has guided me toward the goal of clear and stylish writing.

Well, that was a little about how things went for me here and a little about the teachers I had. For the time, effort, and patience they showed me, I give my heartfelt appreciation in return.

My teachers were not the only ones to help me, though, so let me say thanks to everyone at admissions, financial aid, the bookstore, the library, the cafeteria, and to Trudy and Virginia, for putting up with me as you have.

So, that's it. To everyone I've mentioned, and to all my friends, goodbye and good luck, and thanks again.



photo by Sue Sholin

On the road again. Phil Musickant bids a fond farewell to TCC.

# The president's corner

We have had a "bittersweet" year. The College has experienced a positive and productive year despite the external forces of the state and federal governments that have imposed severe sanctions on us.

I prefer to dwell on the positive aspects of the past year. The College's transition to a reorganized and slimmed-down administrative organization took place with a minimum of problems. Both newly appointed Executive Deans, David Habura and Donald Gangnes, organized their areas of responsibility in operating the College positively and competently. As a result, the College functioned internally better than it had for many years.

The new music instructional area is a "showpiece" in Wannamaker LRC (Building 7); bright new art and photography classrooms became a reality in the Gaudrone Fine Arts Building (Building 5); the "main walk" was modified to accommodate handicapped students; and our new heating, ventilation and air conditioning system (Phase I) was completed.

A major benefit to Pierce County citizens in general, and TCC students specifically, has been that TCC was designated as a Pierce Transit major terminal. Through our Board's support and approval, the College provided land to the City of Tacoma for the Disabled Citizens' Center.

Student government was most effective this year. The opening of the TCC Child Care Center and outstanding student programs and activities, under the leadership of Tom Keegan, along with the successful Titan athletic teams indicate a healthy, vigorous, and enthusiastic interest toward the College by our students. ASTCC President Dave Johnson, working with the Student Senate, should be proud of a highly successful year.

The faculty and staff of the College demonstrated both "class" and "courage" when this year's fiscal reductions hit the College. In 18 months, the College budget was reduced \$840,000, a cut of nearly 15 percent in funding. The potential of a further 5 percent reduction, approximately \$330,000, this summer hangs over our heads. Still, students have crowded our on and off-campus classes during day and evening and remain enthused about the quality of teaching they're experiencing. Many of our students have shared with me their positive feelings about their instructors, counselors, library staff, and other college persons who've gone out of their way to assist them in achieving success at the College.

The College showed its resiliency. As funds were reduced, the Board, working with the administrative staff, faculty and student leadership, modified and restructured previously adopted plans to continue to meet the needs of students, all the while maintaining a positive attitude about the future.

In an effort to plan for impending cuts in student aid for next year, the College has established, under Lilly Warnick's leadership, a development office to attempt to restore as much money as possible through local sources for our student aid programs. Grants, scholarships, loans, and other gifts to the College will supplant those sources of lost funding.

I used the term "bittersweet" in my opening sentence to describe the past year.

It's been "bitter" because of the tough decisions we've had to make based upon budgetary constraints.

It's been "sweet" because the College, through effective operations and the work of many individuals who care, has been able to achieve its overall purpose: to assist students in fulfilling their educational goals.

TCC President, Larry Stevens

# Notes from Purdy

by Pati Wilson

Bored, bored, bored. I'm bored, the girl next door is bored, everybody is bored. And why? Because there's nothing to do. Nothing but talk. And what is there to talk about? Well, since we are engulfed in a tiny world which consists of endless nothingness, void of everything that makes life real, the only thing there is to talk about is . . . each other.

Ah, yes. Gossip. The celestial music to a housewife's ears; milk and honey that slides easily down the throats of the life-starved; and, the stuff that dreams are made of for those empty souls who don't have any dreams of their own. It is a disease all its own, and very catching. Almost everyone here comes down with it sooner or later, and it is rather interesting to watch the metamorphosis.

The word "gossip" usually conjures up images of two or three dilapidated hags in furry slippers and hair curlers fervently whispering over a back fence. We do have a back fence here, but we can't get that close to it, and even if we could there's nobody on the other side to exchange anything with. But we do have a dining room and it is a veritable Casbah for tale-bearers, any one of whom could put Rona Barrett to shame. Mouths full of mashed potatoes and peas flop continuously in an effort to convey all the grimy details in one

short hour, aided by the gesticulations of a fork-clutching hand. The recipients of these noon-time recitations listen attentively, their built-in tape players switched to RECORD to be played back later, probably many times. At 7 o'clock the storm is over, and the janitorial crew comes in to mop up the venom.

Some people are merely interested parties; they catch most of what is going on and repeat little of it because devious discourse has not yet become their staff of life. I guess we could call them "passive gossips." Then there are those who play this game as if it were a full-time job—a highly paid position which they must diligently pursue or be fired. These would be "chronic gossips." I'm sure you know the type; they have a permanent crease in their chins from supporting a telephone receiver, and when their minister is coming over for a visit they hurriedly put out the National Enquirer on the coffee table.

Now, the only trouble with all this is that most of this confidential exchange of information consists of pure, unadulterated bullshit. Either the stories are complete fabrications from beginning to end, or they are based on something that was true in the morning and by 5 o'clock has become distorted to the point of being almost unrecognizable. This comes partially from

a lust for sensationalism, and most definitely from a dire need to alleviate boredom.

I could not honestly sit here and say that I myself have never indulged at this party. I, too, have sinned and come short of the glory of silence. However, I choose my stories carefully, and unless there is some evidence to support the information, I don't disclose it, especially when it's really none of my concern. But when it is my concern, and I do have hard evidence, that's a python of a different color. This is where the chronic gossips are useful. For instance, a few months ago one of our older inmates wrote a love-note to my friend. I read the perfumed proposal and found it to be quite amusing, and I wanted to share what I had read with the other women here. So I mentioned the incident to a couple of the "chronics" and that's all that was necessary. It's rather like having your own little PA system, or a flock of pigeons.

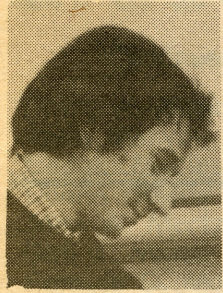
So, as you can see, gossip can be useful. It can also be purposefully damaging. In any case, it is alive and well at Purdy. Well, what the hell. Besides time, it's all we have plenty of. If gossip were heroin we'd all be on the nod.

Editor's note:

Pati Wilson is a former Challenge reporter now serving time at Purdy Correctional Institute.



# From the editor



Howard Harnett

Many students it seems, on coming to TCC have found a group or activity at which they spend most of their time. Be it athletics, honors program, drama, or belonging to one of the few clubs on campus, people feel comfortable and happy with such surroundings and have become enriched because of them.

I too have found a place, two in fact, although it took a while for me to realize it. They are the school paper and student government. Both of which I entered into more by accident than by choice.

I remember back in the summer of 1980 searching through a TCC catalog and stumbling upon the newspaper workshop class. I thought it might prove interesting to learn a little of what sorts of tools and equipment are used in a newspaper office.

I walked in the classroom and the next thing I knew I had an assignment on parking violations due a week after school began. I was scared to death . . . almost. Never had I written a news article, and here I was a reporter.

I sweated over that first story for hours and, with the help of a friend, came up with a finished project. I was overjoyed when my story made the front page, and probably would have been ecstatic had I not discovered my algebra book missing the same day.

My first experience with layout was incredible. There were people (editors and reporters) racing back and forth with exacto knives in hand cutting and placing copy. Others were creating boxes with line tape, and still others were doing some outrageous dance

called the Time Warp to a song from Rocky Horror Picture Show album.

After almost an hour with my hands in my pockets, trying to look semi-intelligent, I was given my first assignment: design a box with line tape. It took me about 40 minutes to design that box, something that most of the others could have done in five. I only attended two more layouts the whole year.

The next year was equally as exciting. I was experiencing my first year as an editor, opinions editor, and I had no idea what to expect. But fortunately I figured things out and two quarters later I became editor along with Dave Webster.

The other institution I've been involved with, student government, began a little differently. In September of 1980, I walked into Bldg. 15 to start a drama club and walked out a senator. The drama club failed miserably.

Last winter I was promoted to assistant presiding officer, following the leave of fall quarter's presiding officer, and I became in charge of the Student Services and Activities (S&A) Budget Committee.

This combined with my work on the Challenge, taught me some things that can only be fully understood through experience such as: laying out a paper and developing a proper budget.

I have also gained insight into myself. I learned some of my strengths, and some of my many weaknesses. I developed leadership qualities and increased my confidence.

For these I thank not only the Challenge newspaper and student government but also TCC. I have discovered things I probably never would have attempted or known how to go about attempting to discover had I gone directly to a four-year university.

I graduate this year and will transfer to Western Washington University, and like many others, I carry with myself the knowledge and experience that I have gained from a couple of the student funded programs on campus.

# From the editor



David Webster

The end of the year at the Challenge is a time to reflect back on the chaos we all affectionately call "getting out the paper."

A lot of it was just a blur. Especially the Wednesday nights we stumbled out of the office at 2:00 a.m. after laying out the week's paper.

Running around the campus trying to find people we were supposed to get information from was great exercise.

Looking for information that was newsworthy or important enough to fill the front page was like getting blood from the proverbial stone.

The empty "Stories In" box when deadlines were approaching could turn hairs gray instantly.

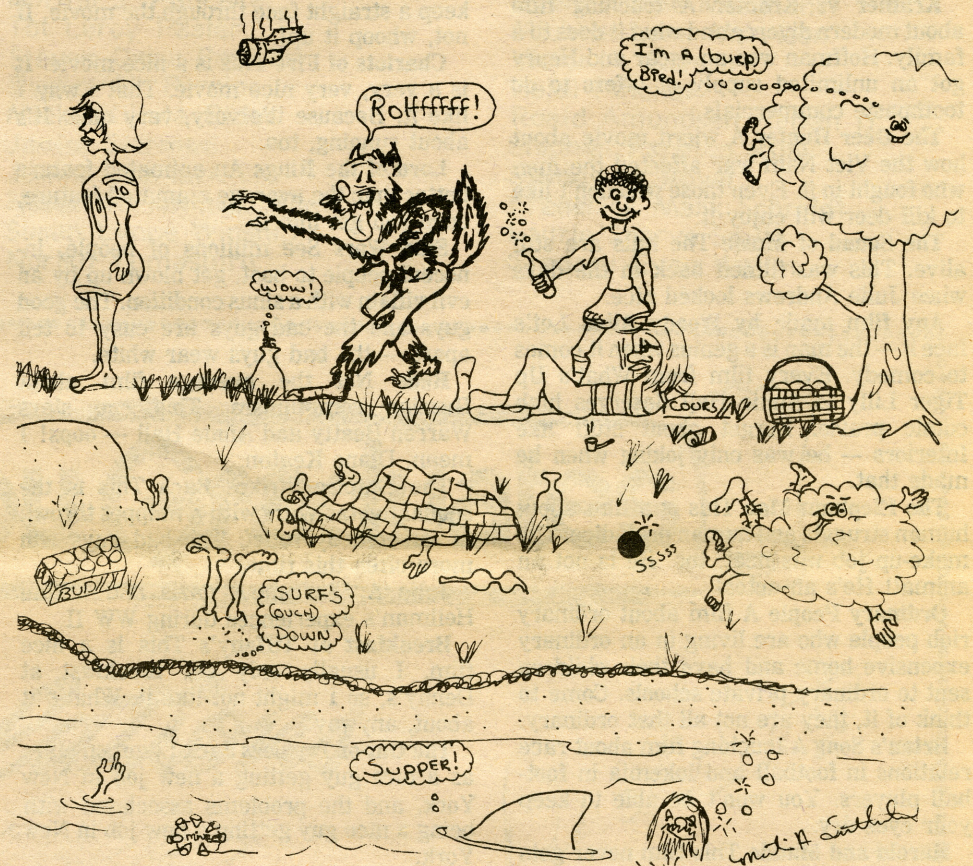
But then the rewards were often greater than the pain.

Recognition by other students is a feeling that's hard to explain but can definitely brighten one's day.

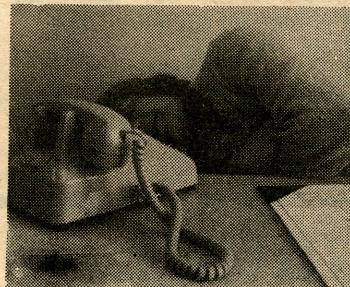
In most of my classes all I have to show

for my efforts are letter grades. The only people who know about them are my instructors and myself. But every Friday my work is judged by all who care to pick up a paper and read. This takes a certain combination of ego and the ability to take criticism. The best reporter is someone with the ability to not let one out weigh the other.

Was it all worth it? We got a paper out each Friday. We made our deadlines (eventually). And we got to work with some great people who always tried to do the best they could. And above all we made some very good friends. Was it worth it? You bet it was.



*lot-fun in the summertime!*



## Dave Johnson at Large

by ASTCC President Dave Johnson

Author's note: This is the story of a man named Mike Begert (Tough Guy to his friends). Any resemblance to any short stories by Mike Begert is purely intentional.

The air caressed my nostrils as I inhaled the pungent night air. I thought about my mission; to arrest the dreaded master criminal, Lork Linguini.

I started my search by looking around the dirty alleys. Suddenly this bum, shoddily dressed and reeking of alcohol, said "Spare any change sir?" My nightstick whistled through the air and hit the man with a thud. I said, "Dad, get a job".

I continued through the streets till I met my narc, Satin Sam. I said, "Hey, baby what's shaking". He pulled a clear plastic bag from his shorts and handed me a straw. I asked where Lork Linguini is. He said, "Medford Hotel, room 436."

When I regained consciousness two hours later, I proceeded to the Medford Hotel. I went up to the fourth floor, room 436. I pounded on the door and yelled, "Hey pasta face, are you in there?" I cringed

from the ensuing blows. "Sorry Mam", I wheezed. I proceeded to room 436 (I don't know why they number them so close). I pounded on the door and said, "Lork, open up or I'll kick the door down." After I kicked the door down, Lork said, "The door was open." I then said "Mike Begert, Tough Guy to his friends, is here to arrest you."

Just then, I noticed two 300 lb. gorillas eyeing me like a piece of hamburger. I yelled, "I know karate, King Fu and other Oriental fighting tactics." They weren't impressed. I ran out of the hotel at full speed and down to the phone booth below. I hopped into the booth and changed into my paper kimono that I got at Joe's Chinese restaurant. I burst from the booth yelling, "Hah, yah chee-ah." I flailed my legs at the thugs for ten minutes; they still weren't impressed.

I crawled away, beaten to a bloody pulp. I yelled, "You're under arrest pasta face. This is Mike Begert, Tough Guy to his friends, talking — so freeze." Lork just walked away. I'll get him yet.

## LETTER!

Dear Editor:

The Pinto family wishes to thank the Tacoma Community College community for the many kindnesses extended to us during our recent bereavement. Your thoughtfulness is greatly appreciated.

Sincerely,  
Ellen Pinto

## THE CHALLENGE

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# Movies

## the best and the worst

**Dark Star** This is the space film parody to end all space film parodies. If you haven't seen it, like Howard hasn't, you should.

**Monty Python and the Holy Grail** This is without question the funniest film ever made in the history of the cinema. It is and will forever be without parallel in the cinematic world. I have personally seen it 24 times. But then, what do I know.

**Kramer vs Kramer** A touching film about modern divorce and what it does to a family. Hoffman won an oscar and Henry got an unlimited supply of offers to do toothpaste commercials.

**The Deer Hunter** A wierd movie about how the Viet Nam war affected the men who fought in it. Even those who don't like to kill deer will enjoy it.

**The Sound of Music** The hills are still alive. This was filmed back in the days when Julie Andrews looked nice.

**Any film made by Woody Allen** Let's face it — the man is a genius when it comes to comedy. Every film from *What's Up Tiger Lilly* to *Annie Hall* deserves high comic praise. Forget about stuff like *Interiors* — he was only joking when he made that.

**The Elephant Man** This is a film about human struggle and human prejudice. The make-up job was neat, too. He is not an animal! He's an actor!

**Ordinary People** A film about ordinary rich people who are living in an ordinary expensive home and have their children sent to ordinary private schools. Come to think of it, they are not all that ordinary.

**Brian's Song** A touching film about race relations in football and leukemia in football players. You won't be able to keep your eyes dry.

**Harold and Maude** This film never gets the appreciation it deserves. It is a wonderful film about living one's own life and breaking free of thoughts which hold one down. If you want to be free, be free . . .

**Bambi Meets Godzilla** Squish.

**Young Frankenstein** A take-off on the old films about the horrible monster modeled by the evil scientist. Apart from *The Producers*, this is Brookes' greatest work.

**The Producers** Mel Brookes' greatest work.

**The Rocky Horror Picture Show** This is a movie with the message: Don't dream it, be it! If you go, bring an assortment of things to throw at others in the audience.

**Raiders of the Lost Ark** Romp with Indiana Jones as he searches for the ark of the covenant. Excitement! Thrills! Adventure!

**Excalibur** If you haven't seen Monty Python's version, you might be able to keep a straight face through the movie. If not, whoop it up!

**Chariots of Fire** This is a nice movie. It is a very, very nice movie. That's why I like it. Because it's very, very nice. It's about running, too.

**Lord of the Rings** An animated feature better than the average animated feature, once you get into it.

**Star Wars** See millions of people, innocent people to boot, get blown up by an evil villain with a sinus condition. The good guys and the bad guys are easy to tell apart — the bad guys wear white.

**Reds** Not the average film about Russian communism. This one stars Warren Beatty and Annie Hall — oops! I mean, Diane Keaton.

**The Empire Strikes Back** This is the sequel to *Star Wars* with a muppet thrown in for comedy relief. The bad guys win more often this time.

**Julia** A film about nazis and Lillian Hellman's experiences during WW II.

**Breakfast at Tiffany's** This is a nice film. I usually only eat breakfast at Denny's, so I might not like it. What's it about, anyway?

**The Out-of-Towners** Jack Lemmon stars as a nice guy getting a new job in New York, and the problems associated with being a nice guy getting a new job in New York.

**Smokey and the Bandit** Truly the ultimate movie for people of little or no social class.

**Rocky** Makes you want to fight your heart out to win the love of a not-so-beautiful woman. Howard says that when she took her glasses off she wasn't so bad.

**Rocky II** He wins this time. Oops, I probably shouldn't have said that.

**Silent Running** A space film about man and plants and droids. It was a sad film.

**Any movie with Brooke Shields, Lief Garret, Jimmy McNichol, or other unknown teenage actors** Someone should pass a law against making movies with the words "graduation," "summer," "beach," "cheerleaders," or "girls" in the title. Someone should also pass a law forbidding people with three or more pictures in magazines such as "Sixteen Magazine" from appearing in movies.

**Bedtime for Bonzo** Ronald Reagan as a concerned college prof. has to be terrible.

**Sargeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band** Starring the (gag) BeeGees and (Wretch) Peter Frampton. People who rip off the Beatles should be castrated.

**Pirhana** I know of no one who stays awake nights because they are afraid of fish with big teeth. You have to be scared to begin with to be scared in a movie theater.

**Tarzan** Bad, but not too bad. I suggest you take five-year-old Johnny and explain to him the meaning of the word "beastiality." Get 'em, Bo!

**First Family** Bob Newhart should have never left the couch. Madeline Kahn should have never left Mel Brookes, and Gilda Radner should have never left late-night television.

**The Wiz** No one liked the music.

**Scanners** You are eating popcorn, about to make a move on the girl sitting next to you, when all of a sudden a man's head explodes and you wet your pants. Not what I go to the theater for!

**Making Love** I didn't see it, and if Kate Jackson didn't take her clothes off, it wasn't worth it.

**The Van Sequel** (sort of) to *The Car*, sort of a *Son of Car* or *Car II*. I didn't see it, either.

**Any Gidget Movie** Who wants to see the flying nun in a bathing suit. Okay, I do, but what the heck, Sally's cute.

**The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia** Anything with Kristie McNichol is trash. Except when it is written by someone who can write, like Neil Simon, who isn't too good but at least knows what plot is.

**Paradise** This sucks scum.

**The Car** Cheap horror flick about a mad car which drives around the countryside terrorizing Datsun owners, or something like that.

**Over the Edge** There has been much talk about how this film is so bad it's good. They are wrong. This film is so bad it's very, very bad. It's about jr. high school kids who lock their parents up in the school and take drugs; stuff like that.

**Gator (sic) Bait** Someone suggested this movie as the worst of all time. No one has seen it besides him, and he's not around anymore. It is probably about the south, which is reason enough to be bad.

**Prophecy** This movie about a sort of bear which is deformed because of mercury poisoning is silly and amateurish. But when the guy hopping around in his sleeping bag gets slapped against the rock, it gets funny.

**Phantasm** This movie is one to see when you have taken a lot of drugs and want a good laugh. There is nothing scary about it. The best part is when someone explains that the wierd people have been taking the corpses and sending them to another planet to work as slaves, and someone else says, "Yeah, it all makes sense now!"

**Car Wash** No one liked the music.

**The Hand** A horror movie about a hand. I haven't seen it. The hand is probably real cold and keeps touching people's bare legs, or something.

**The History of the World Part I** Mel Brooks really screwed up this time. It wasn't all that funny and it looked like it had been shot in about three days.

Choices for the best and worst movies of all time were made by the *Challenge* staff. Synopses of movies by Skip Card.

### One of year's worst

## Not much right with 'Wrong is Right'

by Scott Peterson

**What makes "Wrong Is Right" so bad?** Anyone can say that it's the actors, and they'd be correct. From Sean Connery on down, the actors are misused. This is supposed to be a comedy. Sean Connery is not funny.

It could also be the action that's wrong. The special effects are second-rate without exception, and everything else is confusing.

The political satire is only slightly witty and dangerously incomprehensible to viewers who don't know the purposes of government.

"Wrong is Right" is as funny as poking a starving man with a plastic pork chop and saying, "Did you hear the one about the

starving man . . . ha, ha," (all that's missing is a laugh box).

Sean Connery is a finely graying TV journalist of the future. On any day he may be covering a war in the mid-east, interviewing the President, or visiting an Arab friend in North Africa.

This guy is so popular that a Lois Lane-type journalist wants a story about him: Katharine Ross plays Sally Blake, a CIA-press association-Israeli secret agent. She's the only one that apparently can think, but gets killed off quickly.

Let's see, there's General Wombat (Robert Conrad), the bomb-crazy secretary of state, there's the Reverend Billy Bob who preaches political salvation,

there's the black woman vice-president who is only a symbol for equality. The President of the United States is a confused wimp who rides an exercise bike while working.

Besides running around mindlessly and spewing inane exclamations, these guys arrange killings and bid on atom bombs from an international arms salesman.

Meanwhile, Connery runs around hauling a 16-mm motion picture camera and getting more confused all the time.

This would be all right and normal in many cases, but this movie revolves around too many political symbols and imitations that are real. This movie, if anyone takes it seriously, is a great crime

against many people, many nations, against a tremendous lot of political ideals, none of which are explained.

And what's worse is that "Wrong Is Right" is the reflection of an ever-increasing idea that politics is for infants and that war is in the hands of wimps.

There are so many bad accents, so much bad acting, so many bad imitations that I felt shell-shocked and camera-shy afterward. I expected silly satire, not serious silliness.

In fact, I'd be willing to chair a campaign nominating "Wrong Is Right" as the worst, most pretentious movie of the season.



# Dead men don't make the audience laugh

by Brian Overland

Steve Martin: such a wild and crazy guy. The truth, however, is that he is hardly wild or crazy at all, but deliberate and calculated. His entire act is a series of gimmicks. This is just fine when he is performing a Saturday Night Live sketch, or doing a film like *The Jerk*, which is a series of Saturday Night Live sketches. But when he tries to rise to the level of satire, as he tries to do with the detective-film noir genre in *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, something is lacking. We need more than gimmicks.

Comedy is funny only when it exploits character. (Say it again, Sam.) Moliere's comedies are deeply grounded in character; so are the films of Charlie Chaplin and Laurel and Hardy. Even *The Jerk* had a character of sorts.

woman — played by Rachel Ward — who serves as the love interest. Anyone who appreciates Jacqueline Bisset or Leslie-Anne Down will certainly appreciate Ms. Ward, for she looks precisely like a cross between the two. Unfortunately, the writers (Steve Martin, Carl Reiner, George Gipe) have left her with nothing to do but look gorgeous.

A word about the use of old film clips, the only gimmick in the film that is at all in-

teresting. *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* has been filmed in black-and-white, so that old film clips of stars in the classics could be interspersed with scenes of Martin. Doubles are used and dialogue is cleverly arranged to give the impression of Steve Martin talking to such luminaries as Bogart, Jimmy Cagney, and (yuck) Joan Crawford. While this might have been a great ego trip for Martin, the effect on the film is terrible. The novelty of the gim-

mick wears off quickly, and the plot is rendered incomprehensible. The writers had to contrive and manipulate the script to make it fit a couple of dozen scenes from old movies.

Gee whiz . . . if I convince you to not see this innovative movie, you'll never see that great gimmick of using old film clips. Don't worry — the stuff you'll see staying at home and watching, *Saturday Night* re-runs, is a lot better.

## REVIEW

But *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*, like so many other comedies coming out of Hollywood these days, is just a series of calculated jokes. Martin plays a 1940's detective, Rigby Reardon, who is a bland amalgamation of Sam Spade, Philip Marlowe, and all the other hard-boiled detectives you can name. Such a character could have been the basis of some hilarious satire; occasionally it was. When the Nazi villain (Carl Reiner) confronts Martin with "There's nine of us and only six bullets in that gun," Martin twirls his weapon in the air and retorts: "But who's going to win — and who's going to lose — the lottery?"

Unfortunately, for most of the movie the tough-talking detective has been fused with the naive moron in *The Jerk*. You can make fun of Bogie by spoofing his cockiness or aloofness, but when you combine Bogie with a six-year-old pea-brain, the result is a character without focus. And a movie with very few laughs.

Naturally, there is a mysterious dark

## Who writes all those headlines?

The headlines for articles are not necessarily written by the authors of the story. Headlines are written by either the proofreaders (copy editors) or by the editors of the individual sections.

The headline "Paradise' a lousy scum-sucking ripoff," which the *Challenge* has received several complaints about, was not written by the writer of the story, Brian Overland.

The *Challenge* greatly appreciates all student feedback it receives.

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A BATTLE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN.  
A BATTLE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL, BETWEEN A WARRIOR AND A MADMAN,  
BETWEEN THE AWESOME POWER OF THE STARSHIP ENTERPRISE  
AND THE WRATH OF KHAN.  
FOR SOME IT WILL BE THEIR FIRST MISSION, FOR OTHERS IT WILL BE THE LAST.



**STAR TREK II  
THE WRATH  
OF KHAN**

PARAMOUNT PICTURES presents STAR TREK: THE WRATH OF KHAN. Starring WILLIAM SHATNER, LEONARD NIMOY, also Starring BIBI BESCH and PAUL WINFIELD as TERRELL introducing KRISTIE ALLEY as SAAVIK and Starring RICARDO MONTALBAN as KHAN. Executive Consultant GENE RODDENBERRY. Based on STAR TREK Created by GENE RODDENBERRY. Executive Producer HARVE BENNETT. Screenplay by JACK B. SOWARDS. Story by HARVE BENNETT and JACK B. SOWARDS. Produced by ROBERT SALLIN. Directed by NICHOLAS MEYER. PANAVISION. A PARAMOUNT PICTURE.



# Abernathy

Continued from page 1

such bold steps, but added, "I don't want any one group to have to bear the burden." He said today's economic problems "date far back," further back than any of the recent presidents.

Abernathy chided and advised the students in the audience. "It's one thing to get a degree, another to get an education. Learn all there is to learn . . . milk your professors dry . . . then ask God to give you some plain, practical knowledge and sense. Your voice must be heard. How can you sit idly by and do nothing?"

During a dinnertime interview, Abernathy had criticized students' awareness. "They don't even know what the issues are today." He pointed out the importance of students in early civil rights efforts. "The students filled the jailhouses . . . and brought about the voting rights bill . . . (and) brought an end to America's involvement in the Viet Nam war."

He attributed the current troubles of the SCLC, NAACP, the Urban League, and other black organizations to apathy. "The nation is in a very, very apathetic mood." He also said, "Where there is good leadership there is good fellowship," but added that a central figure is not vital to the movement because, "Leadership is not

as important as people committed to an ideal. The power structure may be wiped from the scene, but the movement continues." He said that as people turned away from King, King realized what was coming. King told him, "Let violence run its course." Abernathy said, "Had he (King) lived, he would be as troubled as we are today."

Abernathy said the television docudrama "King" should not be shown because it does not show the role of students. He added that both his and King's roles are underplayed.

During the interview, Abernathy kidded a reporter on how to get an "A" in journalism. Between helpings of green jello on saltine crackers, he began the story, "The handsome, mild spoken successor to Martin Luther King Jr. . . . president of the poor of America . . . finally made his journey to TCC . . ."

Abernathy said he plans to keep "peppin' up, steppin' up" because he's "too young to do otherwise." The 56-year-old senior pastor of West Hunter Street Baptist Church said he's writing three books at once, and he's been speaking at campuses across the country. He is also an advisor to President Reagan.

Abernathy also has plans to get one million students to go to Washington D.C. to protest the cuts in educational grants, sometime during the 1982-83 school year.

Photo by Sue Sholin

The Rev. Ralph Abernathy during the May 19 taping of KSTW's "Probe"



## Actor, director and light designer

# 'Who is James Allyn?'

by Howard Harnett

James Allyn who works by day as a tutor in the TCC dial center, takes on a completely different role at night. He works as an actor, light designer, and director at the Performance Circle in Gig Harbor.

As might be expected Allyn lives a busy life. Explaining an average day, which he says begins at 8 a.m., Allyn says he gets out of bed wondering why he stayed up so late the night before. He then stumbles around his apartment trying to wake up through coffee "and other stimulating liquids."

At noon he eats breakfast, or lunch, depending on how he feels. He then leaves to "play the tutor game at TCC." At 3 p.m. he wanders back to Gig Harbor to his house, gets a beer, and works over whichever script he happens to be involved with at the time. Between 4:30 and 5 p.m. he closes the script, throws the beer can away and drives off to the theater. On arriving he first makes coffee and then works on whatever needs it. "There is always something that has to be done," says Allyn.

Between 10:30 and 11 p.m. the actors go home, but Allyn stays until two or three in the morning, at which time he turns off the coffee pot, gets in his Mustang and drives home. After making it home "I hit the couch and sleep fast," says Allyn.

Although it depends on the show, he says his biggest responsibility is probably that of light designer. He feels picking a mood for the show and picking colors that gel with the actors' costumes is important. "You can put color on a costume and make it look like shit . . . hell . . . really bad."

Although he feels his biggest responsibility is that of lighting designer, Allyn says he is most serious about acting. But he feels all actors should be involved with some of the technical aspects of theater, as well as acting.

Allyn claims he spends approximately 20 percent of his theater time directing, 40 percent acting, and 40 percent on lighting design. He says that 90 percent of his "conscious" life involves theater in some way. When he is not actively working on something he is going over it in his mind.

"You can't escape from it (theater)," says Allyn.

Asked to comment on the social, mental, and physical aspects of theater, Allyn hesitates a moment to gather his thoughts and then begins.

The social aspect is "bliss and somewhat stressful," he says. "It's hard to work in theater without stepping on someone's ego," he includes, explaining that egos are going to get hurt and those involved with theater who cannot handle this are in the wrong profession.

Allyn admits that he never thinks about the mental aspects of what he does. "If I have I've talked myself out of it," he says. After careful thought he could only come up with a one word definition: "constant." "I'm dying of exhaustion," he says, "I can't imagine why."

Addressing the physical aspect of theater, Allyn says, "Theater is a place of extremes. You start off rehearsing in a space that is 20 degrees below zero. You drink coffee strong enough to stop a bullmoose in season at a full run, at 50 yards." As if this isn't enough, he says that

by the time of the performance, the stage the actors are supposed to work on is 180 degrees, and their costumes probably don't fit them anymore.

In his first year in professional theater, Allyn made \$6.32 for the entire year. By his second year, this increased to \$85, and last year, which was his third, he made about \$250. He has no idea what his total for this year will be.

According to Allyn, he's been an active member in every show at the Performance Circle this year. He has designed lights for nine shows, performed in five, and is currently directing his second show, Neil Simon's Chapter Two, which opened last week.

Asked about advancement in theater, Allyn said he saw Robby Benson asked a similar question on a talk show and liked his answer so he has incorporated into his own: "There are five steps in theater. 1) Who is James Allyn?, 2) Get me James Allyn, 3) Get me a James Allyn type, 4) Get me a young James Allyn type, 5) Who is James Allyn?" He says he is still at the first "Who is James Allyn?" stage.

Answering a question about a future in theater for people trying to break in, Allyn said that theater will always be there but "it's gonna get tougher." People like to act because they like to dream, he said. "Some do it (dream) better than others, hence some are better actors than others."

Are there any other fields related to acting that budding actors might consider? "Prostitution is always a good one to hop right into," Allyn says, "no pun intended." He said that people always say that prostitution is the oldest profession but that is not true because all prostitutes are actors, so acting is the oldest profession.

Allyn says that there are basic terms that all actors must know. He talks of a time when he joined a play late and the director told him that one of the actors would take him into a back room and block him into the scene. Allyn thought they were discussing costuming and that he would have to wear bricks, or something shaped like a block, in the play.

"Theater is orgasmic too," Allyn says. He explains himself saying "physical energy and sexual energy make it orgasmic. Theater explodes! It gives you a nice tingling feeling all over."

He feels that to be in theater, "You have to be mellow, easy going, and in tune with yourself. But, and however, you also have to be highly energetic and sure of yourself, slightly paranoid, and slightly insane. And this is the formula for your basic theater person."

Allyn feels that the advantage of being in theater is, "You make yourself supremely happy. You get to do stuff that fulfills your whatever." Some of the disadvantages he said are, "You make yourself unhappy because you are starving and loving theater. You think heroin is bad, stay away from theater. You can kick the heroin addiction. You can't kick the theater addiction."

Like most actors Allyn hopes to make a lot of money acting. He says that the ones who do it for art are in the community theaters and doing it well. "I'm in it for art, but mostly money."

What would Allyn change in his life if he had the chance? "I would be rich!" he says. "Filthy, disgustingly rich!"



photo by Lalou Myatt

"It's hard to work in theater without stepping on someone's ego" — James Allyn



# A campus day in the life of . . .

by Skip Card

I finally took up the offer to spend the weekend at the University of Washington. The offer was from my friend, Steve, who lives in a dorm called Landor on the U.W. campus.

I guess the reason I accepted the offer was, well, the weekends in Tacoma are pretty boring. Community colleges are dead on the weekends — nothing is going on, ever. And if all your high school friends are away at the universities, then it's even worse. This was going to be a nice change of pace.

Driving to the U was fairly easy. The exit is clearly marked and the campus is so big you would have to be blind not to see it. Once I got the Landor Dormitory, though, parking was the problem. After driving in circles for 10 minutes, I finally decided to waste 25 cents in a Seattle parking meter. This gave me at least one hour and 45 minutes before they would tow me away. Maybe, I hoped, the police get a little lenient on the weekends. They probably don't want to infuriate the father of someone who is already mad enough at having to pay such an enormous amount for tuition, and would raise hell if he had to pay a fine because the university didn't think to put in visitor parking.

I found Steve's room, and the two of us decided, after reviewing all the college's recreational facilities, to go to McMahon dorm and find a party.

The first party was "generic" — all the girls in that particular cluster were wearing white and black clothing. Everything was labeled — the ceiling had a large banner marked "ceiling," the wall had another marked "wall," and each person who went in the party was given a slip of white paper with either "boy" or "girl" written on it. This was to prove he or she had paid.

The first thing to strike me was the music — loud new-wave being pumped out of unseen stereo speakers. It bounced off the walls and floated out windows and open doors. It turned conversation into shouting. But it was nice, too.

Then I noticed the people — college people. They weren't the middle-aged community college students who were taking courses because they had hit mid-life crisis and wanted to do something

meaningful before they died. These people were there to get educated in order to become wealthy. They were under age 20, and in college. They weren't dancing to the music, either. They were standing around, shoulder to shoulder, packed in this tiny space, talking about college things. They were, dare I say it, intellectuals!

And no two were the same. One girl was wearing a cowboy hat and tried the entire time I was there to convince me that she was a Polish spy. Another girl looked as if she had just been crying or beaten up — something was definitely wrong with her eyes. One tall black guy wandered around the room for 10 minutes looking for a cup until someone told him they were kept by the door.

Then there was the punch. The girl in the cowboy hat, speaking in an Eastern European accent, said that it was a mix of lemon juice, vodka, and beer. It sat in a large metal bowl accompanied by a sackful of ice and a large driftwood stick (presumably to stir it with). There was no ladle. People, like prisoners, dipped their cups into the greenish liquid and thirstily drank.

Steve and I stayed for about three cupfuls and then left. We headed for another party on the floor below.

This party was being thrown by a men's cluster, so there was Beatles on the stereo and women were allowed in for free. Steve knew the guy at the door taking the money so he and I got in for free, too. Steve knew a lot of people at the party, and he introduced me. There was Mutti (short for Helmut) who had let us in. There was Dave who once punched out a guy in a bar in Sun Valley while on a ski trip. There was Mike who had gotten a D out of English class but knew every episode of "Great White North" by memory. There were about five others whose names I can't remember. They all had assumed the classic college dorm party pose: beer in the right hand, left hand in jeans pocket, back against the wall, left foot propped up against the radiator.

When each finished his beer, he would toss the empty bottle into a large metal trash can, and the room would echo the sound of breaking glass. Then he would get another.

We stayed there for a long time, until the beer ran out, and we decided to leave. Before going, we stopped at the room of a guy named Tony who we had become friends with when we all attended Lincoln High School. He was sitting up in bed, listening to Beatles, reading a book for English 181. We talked for awhile, about what we planned to do when we graduate, the Russian Revolution of 1917, and how Tony's cluster's party had gone the night before. When it became clear that Tony was about to fall asleep, Steve and I left.

We walked out of McMahon and headed across the campus toward Landor. Steve and I were probably drunk, in fact I'm sure we were. We both started to sing as we walked; it was a song called "Do you wanna dance?" by Bobby Freeman. The chorus went "Dooyuh dooyuh dooyuh dooyuh wanna dance?" on and on like that. We were screaming this over and over at the top of our lungs. Until the cop came.

He wasn't actually a cop, he was one of the campus police. Steve acted pretty straight with him, as if he was a real cop. But I thought he was like one of the security people at TCC who are there to make sure no one breaks into the buildings, not there to arrest anyone for making noise. So I started to do this Steve Martin impersonation, leaning on one foot and then the other, pointing my fingers at the ground, and moving my shoulders back and forth, acting like I thought I was cool. After the campus police got through talking to Steve, he looked at me. I squinted back at him, pointed at him, and said, "Heeeeeeyyyyyy, are you stoned?" He wasn't impressed, and he took us to the campus jail.

The jail wasn't really a jail at all, it was only a place where they took the drunk and disorderly students so they could write something down on their records. Steve was mad at me all the way there in the campus police car, but when we got to the place the cop made Steve promise that he wouldn't do it again and said he could go. He took me inside.

The place looked like the school office in my old grammar school — there was this industrial green paint on the walls and the

desks were all wooden and there was this big wooden counter separating the secretaries from the students who were sitting on a small bench on the other side of the counter. By this time, I realized that these people had the authority to do something to me, to lock me up or something.

I straightened up and told the guy who had picked me up that I was only a visitor and that I was sorry I had caused him all the trouble; that I had misunderstood what his job was and was only joking around, and was truly sorry about the whole thing. He told me that I was only sorry because I had been caught, which was true. He said that because I wasn't a student he would have to call the city police who would come and pick me up. I told him that I was a student at TCC and that I was visiting a friend at the U who I knew from high school, and that if they called the police I would be in a lot of trouble with my parents and that I was honestly, truly sorry that I had done it, and by this time I was honestly, truly sorry that I had done it.

He let me go on my word of honor that I would remember this incident and not come over to the campus simply to get drunk with old high school friends; that I realize that this campus was home to many people and not some place for out-of-towners to come in order to run around singing Bobby Freeman songs so poorly. And as I stood there on the linoleum with this big guy in a uniform shouting at me, feeling as if it was my first day in the army and I was a bald recruit being scolded by a drill sergeant, it hit me pretty hard that the U was home to many people and that it was some type of injustice for people to come up here to get drunk. I promised the guy I would remember.

Steve was waiting outside. We hurried to his dorm.

I threw my sleeping bag on the floor of Steve's room, right between Steve's and his roommate's beds. After awhile, we were all asleep.

The next morning I checked out the window to see if my car had been towed. It hadn't. I thanked Steve for the nice time and left. Except for the cop, it was a nice time.

Someday soon, I'm going back.

# Another day in the life of . . .

by Lalou Myatt

Where can one go, in this day and age, for a safe and marginally digestible midnight snack if not to the friendly Denny's on the corner?

After a hard night building sets, covered with paint, bruises and bits of other people's psyches, some friends and I decided to stop and wait for a fourth friend. Innocently, we chose the Denny's near my house in that fast disappearing last-bastion of Suburbia: University Place. Ah, the scene is set (cackle, cackle). Naive plebeians partaking of processed mush; plate-glass windows reflecting smiles of cheerful goodwill and coffee induced bright-eyed and bushy-tailedness; waitresses dressed up to look like brown legged Denny-birds.

But hark, upon the midnight air the sound of a VW playing pin-ball with the bumpers of the Coupe de Grilles and Trans Ams in the parking-lot: not your ordinary midnight at the Oasis. Some kook under the influence can't find his way out of the corral of expensive cars and our '62 Ford. But I fear not; I didn't drive, no fool I . . . A few macho-dudes trot out to protect their fastly depreciating fiberglass investments (and our '62 Ford). We chortle with glee. I've never seen a rumble in Denny's parking-lot (actually I've never seen one anywhere). The macho-dudes pull the kook's wires and cordon him off with their cars: it must have been the guy with the black Corvette who pushed the wire-pulling idea.

We get a little bored and figure the

rumble has been postponed. We turn back to our mush. One of my more bizarre friends starts giggling and says the guy probably has a gun and we're all going to die. Then we get into the spirit of things and outline this whole scenario where we die dramatically and our missing friend that was miraculously spared writes a book that is a runaway bestseller about the tragic demise of these young aspiring performers: pathos, violence and a very little sex. He sells the movie rights and adapts it for Broadway which in turn is a hit and runs for ten years.

We strum our harps and look pissed because we won't be able to share in the royalties.

We laugh some more at the absurdity of anything so real-life and gruesome as someone shooting anyone at Bridgeport Denny's, and return again to our mush and cold tea. Then a wild-eyed and terrified-looking person runs through the door announcing to all of us fools peeping through the not bullet-proof windows that the kook is a GEN-U-INE kook and has a 45 single-action revolver with a scope. Oh horrors! Could this be a case of Life imitating Art (or rather, Pulp, because it would definitely be a B grade movie)? We look dumbly at each other and then descend into gales of hysterical laughter: some people don't know enough to come in out of the gunfire . . . but we are enjoying the show so much that we stay in range and watch the five police cars flashing blue gaily descend like rabid dogs upon our prodigal kook. Never have I seen the

Pierce County P.D. respond so promptly: I feel proud to be a resident of U.P. of P.C. of WA.

Our intrepid enforcers catch the kook, paste him against the side of his VW and start unloading his personal arsenal from his person. "Hey, that's a grenade!" someone shouts. "No" I reply calmly, "the cop just threw it on the ground so I'm hoping its not a grenade." It was an artillery smoke grenade. They peel a cowboy-style holster off his waist; its equipped with many, many bullets as long as my little finger. A very large Bowie knife clatters to the ground; I blanch and my friends stop giggling; this is not a very pretty scene.

The poor man is cuffed and sequestered in the back of a police car. I go back to my now cold pile of french fries. The world is still weird but we are in less danger of leaving it abruptly. The blue lights still flash as my friends and I talk in lowered tones and comment about the vagaries of life . . . or vulgarities.

I play the budding reporter and whip out my address book with the drawings of fuzzy baby animals and borrow a pen from a friend. I trout out, teetering on my dressed-up-for-Denny's heels, and looking oh, so competent, collar an unsuspecting sheriff. I tell him in my most supercilious tones that I am a reporter for the Challenge (he chaws his gum and refuses to look impressed) and start asking him questions about the aforementioned flake. I discretely cover the baby animals on the cover with my hand. I nod sagely as the

policeman rattles off the make and model of the gun and accouterments etc. I ask if the man was under the influence. No, says the cop, he's a kook. Terrific, I think, one more candidate for a quilted room, one less life not being ruined by "Dame Druggie". Then I ask him in my best Lois Lane manner if I could have his name. He grins, says no, swaggers off and I feel like a fool. My first investigative reporter refusal. I swallow my self-amusement and teeter back into Denny's trying to stride purposefully. I give my friends the scoop and find out they have eaten all of my french fries. It is 1:13 a.m. The police cars slip off, dragging their tails behind them. It is time to pack up the party. Our waitress with Denny-bird legs is giving us meaningful glances . . . I have seen that look too many times before not to know it means in shorthand, "get lost."

It is now 1:15 a.m. There is a strange anti-climatic air prevailing the place. We file out, not talking, eyes glazed as we glance inward at our mortality and contemplate the strange machinations of the universe and existence. We speak in Italics; whispering softly as the cold air of night envelops us. I ponder the transcendence of life as we walk back to our car, wondering if my career as an investigative reporter would have been helped by the Dick Tracy's Crimestoppers book I sent away for when I was nine. I grieve. They stole my dime and now I am without a reference volume to guide me on this strange night.

Dick Tracy, whereforartthou?



# Who are these people?

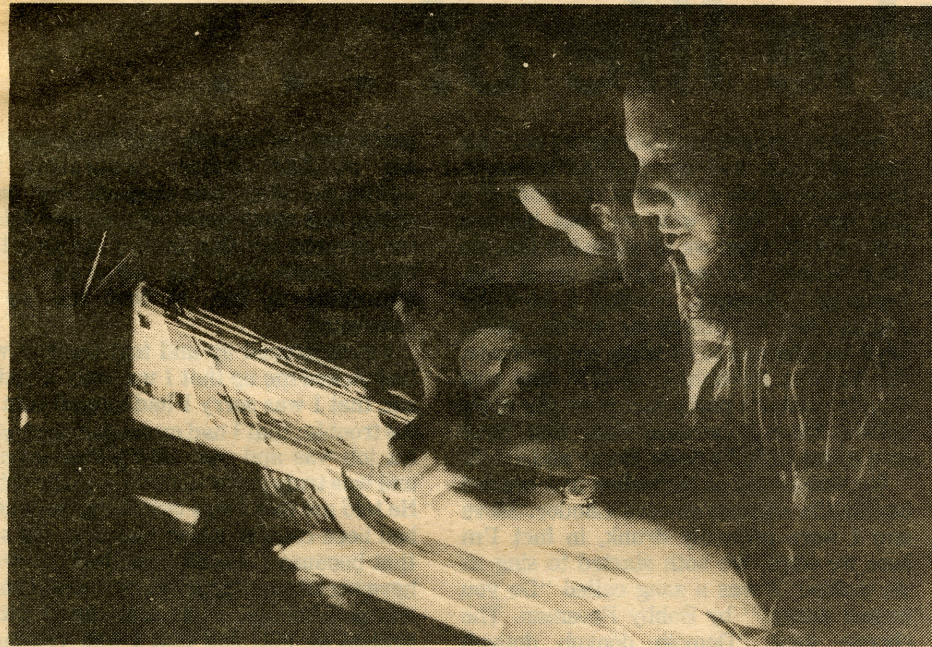


photo by Sue Sholin

Working in the dark is neat. Taking pictures of people working in the dark is neat, too.

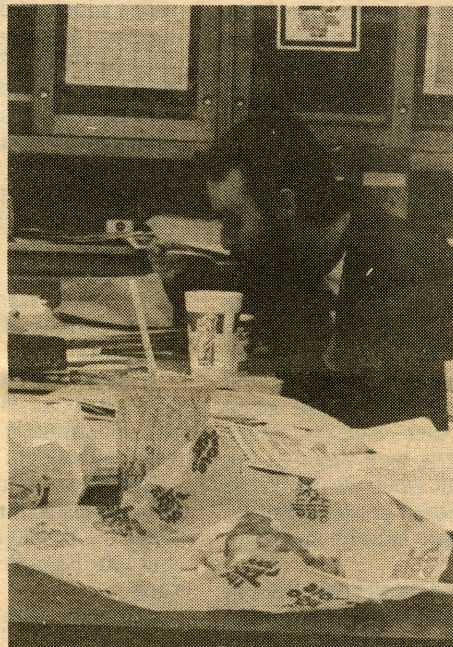


Photo by Sue Sholin

Like truckers, journalists know where all the good places to eat are located. Co-editor and intrepid diner, Dave Webster, samples a seafood dish in the background.

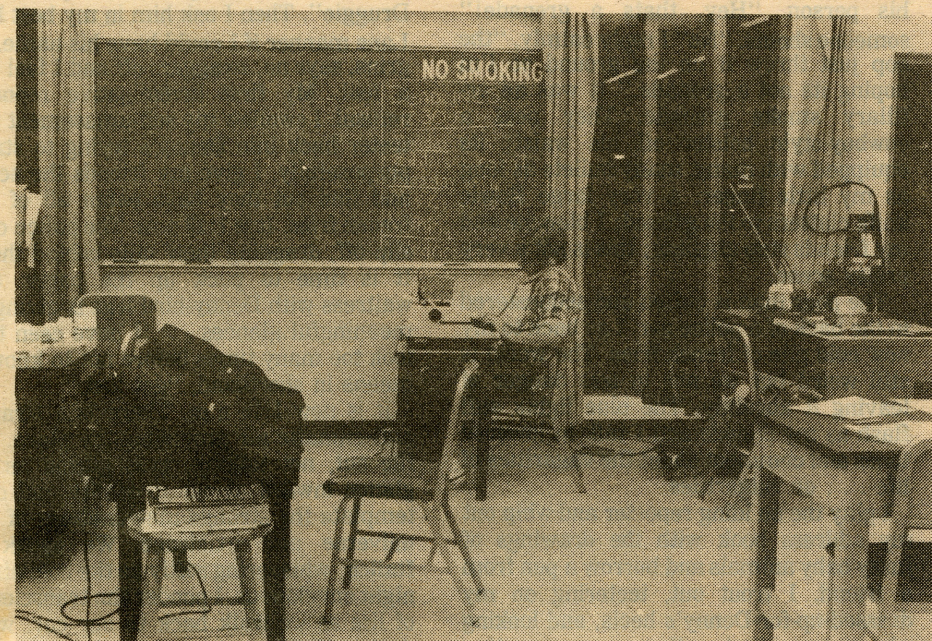


Photo by Sue Sholin

The life of a journalist is a lonely life, a life of late nights spent calling tape recordings just to hear another human voice.



Photo by Dale Carter

Marty's mom dressed him today. That's why Marty looks so nice. His full name is Martin Sutherland.



Photo by Sue Sholin

You're probably wondering why there have been so many photos of Phil this quarter. Frankly, we've been wondering about this ourselves. He probably "knows" someone.



photo by Dale Carter

Challenge staffers like to laugh. That's one of the things they do best whether they have a reason or not. Some are also extremely camera shy.



Photo by Dale Carter

Rock lobster; a status symbol at the Challenge office.



Photo by Dale Carter

Challenge staff from left to right: (top) Maria Fleischmann Paul, Petrinovich, Howard Harnett (holding Rock lobster), Skip Card, Dave Webster, and Marty Sutherland. (Bottom) advisor Ila Zbarschuk, Bruce Kelly, Scott Peterson, Hobo, Tim Christensen, and Phil Musickant.

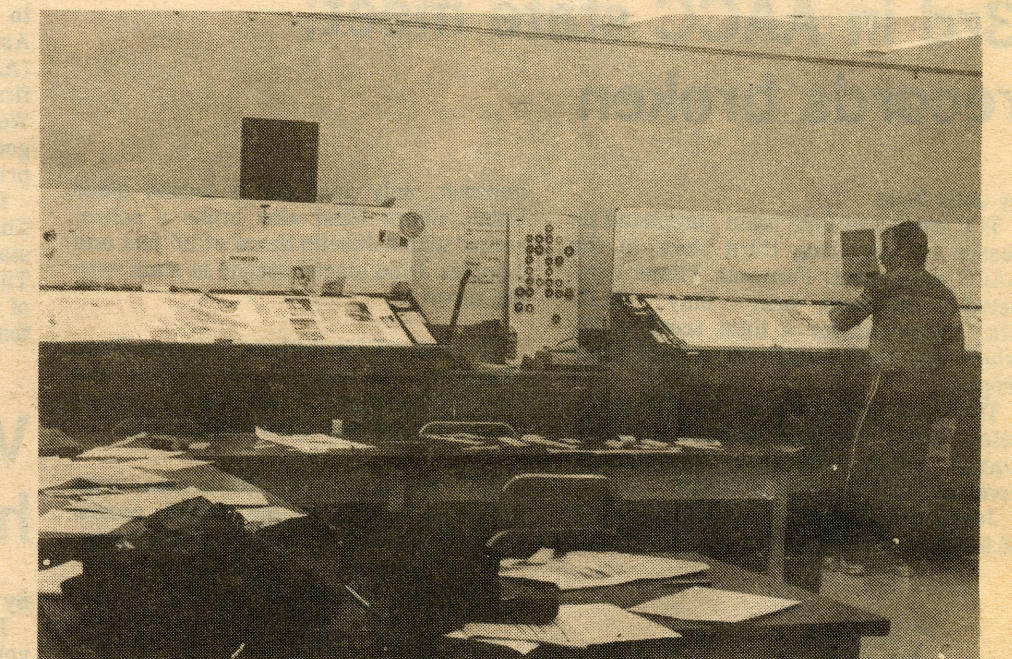


Photo by Sue Sholin

The Challenge staff arrives early and sets right down to the business of "laying-out" the newspaper.



## 'Outstanding' golfer Fossum state medalist

by John Song

Though his teammates did not qualify to participate with him, TCC freshman golfer, Randy Fossum, represented the college honorably by becoming this year's AACC second medalist in the state.

From his accomplishments, Fossum was named to the all-state team.

On May 16, the AACC state golf tournament was held on Royal Oaks Golf Course in Vancouver. The top two teams forming each division were invited to participate, along with other qualifying medalists from the non-qualifying schools. TCC finished third behind Clark and Lower Columbia; therefore, missing the tournament as a team. Fossum qualified by his individual performances during the year.

Forty golfers each played 36 holes during the tournament. Jeff Coad of Clark was the only athlete to play better golf than Fossum in the event. Fossum was the lone golfer to win a spot on the all-state team from a non-qualifying team. The four men honored to the all-state squad were Coad, Fossum, Mike Toll of Bellevue, and Todd Quigley of Clark.

"Randy is a very outstanding golfer," praised his coach, Bob Dezell, who recruited Fossum from North Mason High School. "He keeps his head together and doesn't get upset over a bad shot. He doesn't get thrown off by mistakes. He's the best we've had in the last few years. He's also a fine young man."



photo by Dan Small

Golf team from left to right: coach Bob Dezell, Paul Sponenburg, Steve Leonard, Randy Fossum, and Terry Alkofer.

## Golf team misses state by 1 game

The golf team has the misfortune of being distinguished as the lone TCC spring sports team which failed to qualify for state competition this year.

Randy Fossum qualified by his own merits, but the team missed the state tournament by one game.

TCC golfers finished third in league with

a 3-3 record. The top two teams from the league qualified.

This has been the first time in many years that the TCC golf team has failed to qualify for state. However, with returning medalist Fossum, TCC hopes to jump back into post season play next year.

## Track and field team captures 3rd in AACC state meet; records broken

by John Song

TCC track and field team completed its season by capturing third place in the AACC state meet. Fourteen Titans competed in the event held May 20-23. They combined for a total score of 76, which was good enough for a third place trophy.

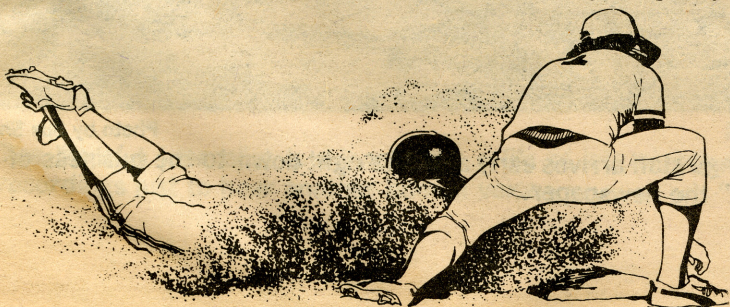
TCC took first place in the 1600-meter relay. Steve Gunkel, Richard Jackson, David Head, and Dean Jaegerman combined for the time of 3:20.1.

Jaegerman broke a school record with a 48.0 run in the 400 meter. The time was,

however, only good for a second place finish. Chuck Rind also broke a school record with a Javelin throw of 197 feet and 0 inches. Rind placed second in state with the throw.

TCC was solid in the long jumps as Owen Chambers (23 feet and 4½ inches) and Lonnie McKinney (23 feet and 3½ inches) placed second and third respectively.

TCC concluded the '82 season with numerous marks in the school record books, indicating the quality of the team.



# A Sports View

by Frank Summers

It always seems to happen, when spring arrives almost everyone wants to get into shape, so that they can enjoy the summer fun. For most people jogging will seem like the answer. But before you take off on that first long run, they're a few things you should know.

The first thing you should know is that you will not be alone on the streets, almost anytime of the day you will see someone jogging. Once you begin jogging and start to enjoy it, that will be the time that you will want to start participating in community races.

Before you take the giant step towards jogging, you might want a few helpful hints. The first thing you should know is that they're more dogs out there that want to have a piece of your leg than anything else. I have jogged at some strange hours, such as one o'clock in the morning when somebody has left their nice little dog out side. Most of the time you won't even see him, but he is waiting to scare the blank out of you. Some dogs are on chains that reach about a inch away from your leg, so that when you see this dog charge after you, you have to move fifteen feet out of your running course. The thing that bothers me is that it always seems like the small mutts cause the most trouble. So remember that dogs are not always a joggers best friend.

If you have lots of money, you might want to look your best while on that nice five mile run, but for most of us a simple sweat suit is just fine. The reason I say don't worry about the sweat suit is because what you save on the sweat suit, you'll spend on shoes. The shoes are the most important part of a joggers equipment. The shoe can spare you a lot of injury from the back to the bottom of your feet. If you have never jogged before, it would be wise to spend some time reading some outstanding books on running and learn what they have to say about shoes.

As for a sweat suit, shorts or shirt,

anything will do and they don't cost that much.

It is also wise to see a doctor, and have a complete physical and find out what kind of shape you're in. Most everyone thinks that they are in better shape then they really are. After you find out your physical condition set out on a jogging course and don't over do it. If you haven't run in awhile don't try to run ten miles on your first outing. Set up a short run and then work up into a long run.

If you have wondered where to run, the best places are on tracks at any school, or five mile drive at Point Defiance, or any of the bike routes in the city. I would recommend staying off the busy streets, because some of the motorists are a bit crazy when it comes to joggers.

The main things to remember is that if you jog in the city beware of small dogs and wild motorists. When you jog, you might think about taking a friend. It should not bother you as to what your shape is, because when you're out jogging you will see all kinds of people. Some people will be in great shape and others will have a belly full of jelly.

When you begin your jogging, keep at it, and don't give up if you don't lose a pound a day. If you keep up with your jogging you can eat just about anything and still maintain the same weight. To lose weight, just jog and cut down on the eating. Once you begin jogging and if you enjoy it the next step is community races.

Throughout the summer there will be more races than you can ever begin to participate in. But if you enjoy the races, you could end up with a room full of T-shirts from the races. And that will make your summer a bit more fun.

I hope this has helped you in your decision to begin jogging. It can become one of the best moments of the day. And if you take it seriously it can be a race for a great time, and a complete marathon finish will be your reward.

## Titans finish season with playoff berth

by Frank Summers

The 1982 TCC baseball team had a lot to be proud of this year, as they put together the most successful season in their history.

The Titans finished the season with just an 18-15 win-loss record, but it was enough to get the team into the Athletic Association of Community College (AACC) state baseball tournament for the first time. According to coach Norm Webstad, the team's success was based on good defense, good pitching, and team pride.

But, if it was a team effort that got the Titans into the AACC tournament, outstanding individual performances by three Titan players surely helped. The three, all of whom were selected for the All-state team, are Troy Hanson, Bret Lovely, and

Pete Bajema. Hanson, the Titan's second baseman and a graduate of Tahoma High School, hit for a .347 average. Lovely, a South Kitsap High School graduate, compiled a .430 batting average, and Bajema, a graduate of Schome High School, batted .325.

Another indication of how the season went was the comment made by a scout for the Kansas City Royals major league baseball team. He called the Titans the most improved community college team in the state of Washington.

So, with a great year just completed, and all current freshmen expected back, the outlook for next season is very positive, according to Webstad.

## Volleyball camp to be held on campus

by Frank Summers

If you're interested in improving your volleyball skills, TCC will host a volleyball camp, beginning June 21 at TCC.

The camp is open to everyone who would like to learn more about volleyball or sharpen their volleyball skills for next year.

There will be two sessions, the first session will begin June 21 and end June 25,

the second session will begin June 28 and end July 2. TCC Varsity Womens Volleyball coach Tina Kailimai will be the instructor for the camp.

It will cost \$35 for each session. Checks or money orders should be sent to TCC with the entry form.

For more information contact TCC Athletic office at 756-5097.



# A fan's view

by John Song

Like the All-American father and son team, a man and a boy were playing catch in their front yard.

For the man, this little exercise with his son brought back many enjoyable childhood memories. He recalled the importance that he had felt from having played catch with his busy dad. He had tried to show off by throwing the ball as hard as he could. However, no matter how hard he tried, his father always threw it back with more velocity by the mere flick of his wrist. He was awed by this, infact, he was awed by everything his father did. His father was Superman to him. Naturally, he had other idols also. Don Drysdale, Jerry West, and Jimmy Brown were like gods to him in his young age. These men were special, they were the examples whom he had looked up to.

"Son, who's your favorite baseball player," the man asked, thinking his boy would say someone like Steve Garvey or Pete Rose.

"Reggie Jackson or Dave Winfield," the boy replied.

"Why?"

"Because they make over a million dollars a year," the boy answered.

What! The man could not believe his own ears. He never knew how much money any athlete made when he was younger. It wasn't important because the pros played sports for the fun of it. Sure that he had misunderstood his son, he asked, "You mean that you like them because they're good players and you like the Yankees, right?"

"Nope. Reggie never batted over .300 and I hate the Yankees. Besides, I don't especially like any single team. All the players keep hopping teams to get more money so if you like one team, it could be a completely different one the next year."

The man knew the boy was right. With the free agency rule, it would be impossible for a little boy to get attached to a team as he had once done. He felt sorry for his son, for the boy was robbed of the experience of being obsessed by a particular team. Back in the "good old days," the players had stuck with a team by sheer loyalty. The man had learned to respect loyalty by the athletes' examples.

"Well, who's your favorite basketball player?"

"Oh that's easy, Magic Johnson. He's getting a million dollars a year for the next

"Wait a minute!" "Wait a minute!" The man was upset now. "Do you grade all players by their salaries?"

"Dad, please don't use the word grade!" the boy pleaded.

Remembering his son's last report card, the man sympathized and said, "Okay, is money all you care about in professional sports?"

"No, not really. I like Magic because he is so important. I mean, he complains about the coach and poof, the coach is fired the next day. I wish that could happen with the teachers in school."

The man was lost for words. What kind of examples were these modern athletes setting for his son? Not willing to give up, the man asked, "Don't you like a player because he hustles, or because he has a lot of team spirit?"

"Oh dad, athletes only hustle if they aren't good enough to make it with their physical skills alone."

Geez, where did the kid pick up a line like that the man thought. He must have been reading the sports section of the paper an awful lot. The man was tempted to cancel his subscription right then.

Now, football's problems with the free agency or the million dollar players weren't quite as severe. Therefore, the man took a big swallow, crossed his fingers, and asked, "Who's your favorite football player?"

"Ah, umm, heck I don't know. No wait, it's Joe Namath."

Joe Namath! He was before the boy's time. Why would Broadway Joe be his idol? It couldn't be because he was the first famous playboy athlete. No way, the boy didn't even like girls yet. Afraid to ask, but driven by curiosity, the man bit his lips and asked, "Why him?"

"Because he was the first football player to really brag. He lived up to his brags too."

"You don't like humble players?"

"Nope. They don't ever get famous or make any money."

"Is there anything else you like about Namath?"

"Yea, I heard he was suppose to have quite a night life."

Now, what is that supposed to mean?" the man asked, trying to see what his son knew.

"I don't know. I guess it means that he gets to stay up late during the night. He doesn't have a nine o'clock bedtime like I do. Dad, why do I have to go to bed by nine? Joe Namath never did and look what happened to him."

"Talk to your mother about that later," the man shrugged off. "How did you get to know about Joe Namath anyways?"

"Oh, I saw a special on him on ESPN."

If the man was going to cancel the subscription to the daily paper, then he was going to have to cancel his subscription to the sports cable television also.

The man felt defeated. His son had not given one answer to his liking. What was he going to do? He wasn't going to ask who his son's favorite tennis player is, and hear the boy praise John McEnroe's temper tantrums. He was scared to ask anything about womens' sports, with all the publicity about Lesbian affairs in them. Professional sports has evolved a great deal since he was a boy (not necessarily for the better). The problem is that the young fans have not changed with the times. They are still the vulnerable little kids who idolize the big time athletes. They are greatly affected by the actions and attitudes of the athletes. Thus, the athletes have the responsibility of having to be examples for these kids, whether they like it or not.

The man looked at his son caringly and asked, "Who's your favorite sports personality?"

"Howard Slusher."

The man wasn't even surprised. Why shouldn't a player's agent be a boy's favorite sports personality? After all, that's all professional sports appeared to be now — money.

"Who's your favorite idol?" the man asked.

"Oh, that's easy, it's you dad," the boy answered with a smile.

Thank goodness some things haven't changed!

# Tennis team enjoys successful season



The womens tennis team had a successful season this year placing fourth overall in state. The doubles team of Suzie Myskens and Helena Hauge placed second, and everyone on the team qualified for state in the singles. Pictured from left: Jana Tucker, Suzie Myskens, Helen Hauge, Gail Schultz, Coach Joan Torgerson (in back), Jana Kosenski, asst. Coach Cindy Buland, and Jan Sierman.

"That cocky grin is typical Tom. That's how he looked when I told him he'd made the varsity his first year at Annapolis. Then we learned Tom had 3 months to live. That was 5 years ago."

George Welsh  
Head Coach, USNA Football

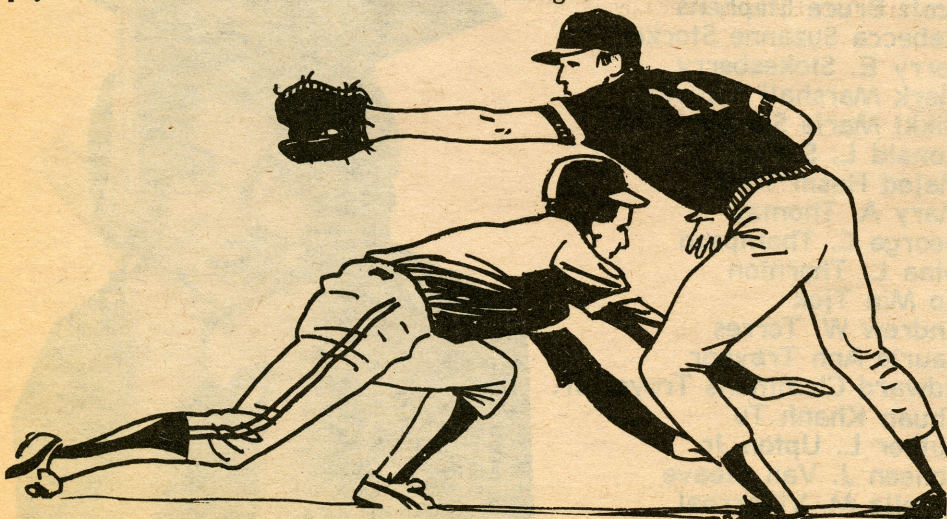


It was hard to believe a boy like Tom Harper could be so desperately ill. Or that anyone could fight so hard to live. When he was under treatment and so weak he could hardly walk, Tom still came to practice. He'd marked out his own program for survival. To get back in shape and somehow speed the recovery he never lost hope would come.

For Tom it wasn't too late. Something new called combination chemotherapy was just beginning to be used. There are almost 2 million Americans like Tom who've beaten cancer.

But for many patients just as determined and hopeful, the treatments that could save them have not yet been found. That's why the American Cancer Society is asking for your support. Through research, rehabilitation and education, they're making your contributions count.

# CANCER CAN BE BEAT





# 1982 spring quarter graduates



## ASSOCIATE IN ARTS AND SCIENCES

Abdulaziz A. Abahessain  
Ali Mesfer Abdullah  
William E. Affholter  
Abdelaziz Mohamed Al-Arefey  
Abdullah Ali Al-Barakat  
Abdulaziz Abadulla Al-Ghorairi  
Yousef Mohammad Al-Jawlo  
Mesfer Ali Al-Kahtani  
Saleh A.M. Al-Kahtani  
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Jamal Y. Al-Shammari  
Basim Al-Shbraweshi  
Mohammed Ali Al-Sherhri  
Doreen Ann Amato  
Dorothy Jean Andersen  
Linda Louise Appleman  
William Joseph Archer  
Fahad H. Athl  
Herriett McCumber Baker  
Alma Jenise Ballard  
Enrico Vicot Baroga  
Steven Anton Barrow  
Michael Gerard Betz  
Yousef Moh'd Bilal  
Bernard R. Blackburn Jr.  
Denise M. Blankenkemper  
Claude E. Brice  
Howard Michael Brinkman  
Deborah E. Brown  
Vann Clinton Brown  
Lawrence John Brubach  
David R. Burgess  
Donna Jean Carlton  
Gail Jean Carlton  
Gail Lynn Clark  
Michael G. Clemens  
Julie Ann Collier  
Michael Harold Cooper  
Fumiko Correa  
Corey Evan Darlington

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Judith A. Darrow  
Dave Richard Davison  
Douglas Leon Dean  
Kelly Kathleen Dietz  
Sutjipto Djingga  
Mailan Thi Do  
Richard McLeod Donohoe  
Philippe Edouard Drice  
David Roque Dye  
Alawy El-Alawy  
Deborah Elliott-Olsen  
Cathy Ann Elly  
John C. Emery  
Kim Rene' Fabre'  
Sally J. Falcone  
Julie A. Fitchitt  
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Terence R. Fox  
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Douglas Francis Gale  
Brenda J. Gaston  
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Jack Godsey  
Louise M. Goff  
Luis R. Montes Gonzalez  
Steven Eugene Gunkel  
Linda K. Hagen  
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Darrell Lee Hamlin  
Lori Lynn Hansen  
Tracy S. Harkness  
Howard Leo Harnett  
Susan A. Harrison  
Tanya Hartness  
Donald Whitefield Haskell  
Karin L. Heskett  
Steven Kenneth Hewkin  
Rita Hillesland  
Penny Rae Hinders  
Kathlene Angela Hoover  
Ronald R. Hopkins  
Helen Hansen Horak  
Charles Frederick Huneycutt Jr.

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Shinjiro Inoue  
Yoko Ishii  
Katsuhiko Ishikawa  
LaDonna B. Jahns  
Lori Lynn Johanneck  
Annie Johnson  
Karen Ann Johnson  
Thomas R. Karpenski  
Kristy Gail Kennedy  
George Kocsis  
David Joseph Kruzic  
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Rob Larson  
Robin Ann LaVelle  
Daryl Arthur Logue  
Patricia Lynn  
Cynthia Dianne MacMahon  
Marie Teresa Mahon  
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Mary Kay Manion  
Janet K. Marcan  
Jimmie Dean Matson  
Shinzo Matsuo  
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Linda Jean McDonald  
William Roswell McLain  
Ali A. Mehdizadehkashi  
Bradley J. Miner  
Teri Christine Mitchels  
Heidi Kirsten Moseid  
Mansour M.H. Moumina  
Scott Bradley Mower  
Phil Musickant  
Michael Wayne Nagley  
Michiyo Nakanishi  
Brian K. Nelson  
Ailien Thi Nguyen  
Anh Tuyet Nguyen  
Charles Ellis Nicholson  
Ronda V. Niemann  
Kelly Elizabeth Oberg  
William C. Oliver  
Pacita Balansay Ongoco  
Michael R. O'Rourke  
Phillip Gregory Orozco  
Michael James Page  
Ricardo Louis Parr  
Scott Peterson  
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Trieu Tan Phan  
Jeffrey L. Prouty  
James Rafferty  
Curtis Renfro  
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Diane Louise Siegrist  
Theresa Simmons  
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Viki L. Smith  
Colleen Elaine Souza  
Steve E. Squires  
Linda Ann Steele  
Scott Bruce Stephens  
Rebecca Suzanne Stocker  
Jerry E. Stokesberry  
Mark Marshall Sullivan  
Nikki Marie Sundsmo  
Ronald L. Suslick  
Majed Husni Taha  
Mary A. Thomas  
George C. Thompson  
Gina L. Thornton  
Ko Min Tjok  
Andrew W. Torres  
Laurie Ann Traynor  
Edward Clemmens Troyer Jr.  
Thuan Khanh Tu  
Luther L. Upton Jr.  
Colleen J. Van Cleave  
Cecelia M. Villarreal

Kathleen Wheaton  
Theresa A. Wolff  
Richard C. Wolters  
Noriko Yamashiro  
Mee Lane Yap  
Frederick David Yastrum  
Nureddin Yousef

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Martin Bradley Loft  
Ann Marie Long  
Joyce Elaine Lovgren  
Mary K. Loy  
Susan E. Lust  
Mary-Lynn Mac Duff  
Marie Teresa Mahon

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## Graduates

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Diane A. Manning  
 Anna Marvik  
 Nadine Marie McCall  
 Donna Helene McFarland  
 John W. Mertz  
 Gail J. Miller  
 Pamela G. Montgomery  
 Lorraine C. Moore  
 Sheri Leigh Moore  
 Mary Anne Nagy  
 Anne Marie Nelson  
 David Newman  
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 William C. Oliver  
 Roger W. Palmer  
 Thomas Edward Paquin  
 JoAnn Penny  
 Russell David Presgraves  
 Carol H. Raby  
 Linda C. Randazzo  
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 Lisa L. Pittman Richardson  
 Yung J. Roberts  
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 Carol Lea S. Short  
 Kareem Gassim Sibeik

Diane D. Simmons  
 Marilyn P. Skinner  
 Gabrielle L. Sleet  
 Jeanne Anne Strycharski  
 Linda M. Swift  
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 Margaret A. Taylor  
 Marie A. Taylor  
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 Gary Alan Thomas  
 Sarah Virginia Upchurch  
 Cecelia M. Villarreal  
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 Mubarak Faraj Dawi  
 Bahram (Jahromi) Derekhshan  
 Valerio S. Eclipse

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 Cathy Ann Elly  
 Jessie E. Fitzgerald  
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 Gillian E. Goucher  
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 Katsuyuki Motomura  
 Phil Musickant  
 Michiyo Nakanishi  
 Ronda V. Niemann  
 William C. Oliver  
 Norma J. Pancake  
 Tot Leroy Paster  
 Steven Drew Perkins  
 Evelyn M. Perrino  
 Mieko Kikuta Rider  
 Janice Sierman  
 James Southern Sr.  
 Naser Mohammed Tileh  
 Susan Lynne Winship  
 Noriko Yamashiro

### ADULT HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMAS

LeShirl M. Alexander  
 David Lee Bachand  
 Mario C. Brown  
 Alice Lorraine Brynteson  
 Teri A. Conner  
 James E. Eberhardt  
 Hsiu Chu Gordon  
 Cindy L. Hanson  
 Nick Harkness  
 Patrice Michelle Harris  
 Susan Kay Harris  
 J. Dave Hendrix  
 Colleen Annette Hickey  
 George A. Hoghaug  
 Janis Lee Ingram  
 Dennis Leo Kainz  
 Julie L. Kennedy  
 John Joseph Lawrence  
 Alexandra Lady Loneia  
 Janeen Marie Magnussen  
 David Alan McElroy  
 Jayne E. McKenney  
 Debra Marie Merchant  
 Michele Lynn Morrison  
 Victor A. Nelson  
 Heidi Pinchak  
 Roald Amundsen Reitan II  
 Stephen Parman Riley  
 Melody A. Royer  
 Frederick Mark Schmidt  
 Laurie Sherve Smith  
 Gregory Evan Wallin



*Congratulations*

*Edward Bennett*

*Phil Musickant*

*David Webster*

#### TACOMA COMMUNITY COLLEGE FINAL EXAMINATION SCHEDULE ON CAMPUS - SPRING 1982

The Spring Quarter, 1982 final examination schedule is shown below. As in the past, it is expected that all courses will hold examinations during the final examination period. Requests for exceptions must be submitted in writing and approved in advance by the appropriate Division Chairman.

Grades are due in the Records Office no later than 5 p.m. on June 14. Considerable student and staff inconvenience occurs when grades are not turned in on time, so please be expeditious as possible.

#### MONDAY, JUNE 7

Regular Class Starting Time:  
 8:00 or 8:30 a.m. Daily MW, MWF, MTWTh, MTThF  
 11:30 a.m. Daily  
 1:30 or 1:40 p.m. Daily MTWTh, MWF, MW, TTh

Test Period:  
 8:30 - 10:30 a.m.  
 11:30 - 1:30 p.m.  
 1:30 - 3:30 p.m.

#### TUESDAY, JUNE 8

Regular Class Starting Time:  
 9:30 a.m. Daily or MWF, TWThF  
 12:30 Daily or MWF

Test Period:  
 9:30 - 11:30 a.m.  
 12:30 - 2:30 p.m.

#### WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9

Regular Class Starting Time:  
 8:30 a.m. TTh  
 10:30 a.m. Daily, MWF, MW  
 12:30 TTh or 1:00 p.m. Daily

Test Period:  
 8:30 - 10:30 a.m.  
 10:30 - 12:30 p.m.  
 12:30 - 2:30 p.m.

NOTE:  
 Radio, TV and newspaper courses, EMC, Energy Management, Health Technology, Insurance, Medical Records, Nursing, Radiologic Technology, Respiratory Therapy, will schedule their own examinations. All Physical Education classes, and other credit classes (MUSIC) will have their finals during the regular class period.

The Math Lab will be open from Monday, June 7, through Thursday, June 10, for instruction and testing.

#### EVENING AND SATURDAY SCHEDULE

Final examinations for evening and Saturday classes will be held the 1st class session finals week and shall be scheduled for the period of time of the normal class session unless alternate arrangements are approved by the Division Chairman.

## Summer days and summer nights at Saint Martin's College.

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# Some hang over, some around, a few hang back — but all hang cute

by Bruce Kelly

Where do the most enthusiastic, most energized and most anxious-to-learn pupils hang out at TCC? Consider TCC's Child Care Center as a viable contender.

Besides hanging out, this group hangs on too, hangs around, hangs over, hangs off of. Some hang upside down, a few hang back, but all hang cute.

In the morning after washing their hands, the children sit down at tables and on chairs sized for mini-people and partake in a breakfast snack. The kids go about the business of eating their snack seriously, starting with fresh fruit topped off with an apple muffin, cornbread or pancake depending on what appears on the morning menu. Plenty of milk is available complimenting the snack.

The children begin and finish their snack under the watchful eyes of part-time assistants, insuring proper etiquette is observed at all times. (Etiquette for 2½-5 year olds is slightly more lenient than for adults).

Michael Fritz says he loves oranges, and his plate piled high with spent orange sections testifies to that fact. LaWon Merritt squirts orange juice in his eye attempting to separate the fruit from the peel, but the orange didn't stand a chance against Merritt's tenacity.

3½-year-old Skye Parrish contributes to the morning breakfast dialogue, showing a friend five fingers and proclaiming she is 8 years old.

Finishing his snack, each little person picks up his plate, glass and napkin and carefully returns them to the kitchen. A few of the kids make two trips to the kitchen, not risking the carrying of a plate and glass on one trip.

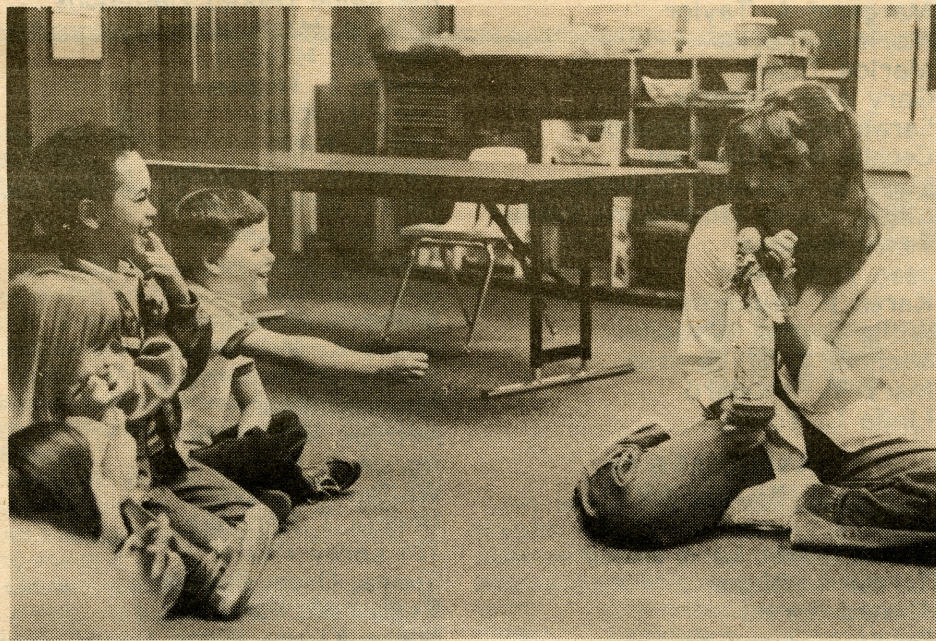
Child Care Center director Patricia Heidlebaugh says, "We teach the children self-help. Parents think they have to clean up after them, when in fact they (the children) want very much to please their parents."

The children are segregated into two basic groups: four years of age and under and over four. The daily program includes group time, music time, story time, nap, art room and self-selection.

Children are left for varying time periods, but the child care center has a four-hour minimum charge. The current fee is \$.85 an hour; a small increase in the hourly rate is expected in the near future. If a parent can assist in supervision for an hour a day, the parent can obtain a reduced hourly charge.

Says Heidlebaugh, "The children adapt very quickly to the center and new found friends." The only trauma she has noticed is in a few departing parents.

Heidlebaugh said since the Child Care Center recently moved on campus the enrollment of children has increased, convenience cited as the primary reason. Current enrollment is 58 children.



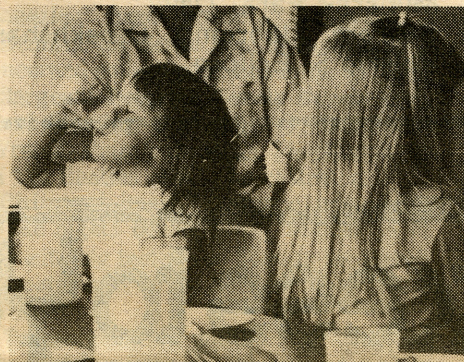
Fort Steilacoom CC student Krista Bott entertains some children at the child care center.



Sarah takes time out to try the center's slide.

Heidlebaugh is ecstatic over the new facility and bubbles, "It's beautiful, we just love it!"

Heidlebaugh explained the center does not accept drop-in child care. Intermittent or sporadic child care is equally as hard on the children as the staff, she said. The center's services are available only to families of TCC students, staff, faculty, or administrators.



A little milk never hurt anybody.

Photos by

Sue L. Sholin

The Child Care Center is certified by the State of Washington Department of Social and Health Services for children 2½ to 8 years of age.

Child Care teacher Amy Heyaman says the group times are used to introduce the pre-kindergartners to the alphabet and teach them to identify colors, shapes, seasons of the year and other basic educational information. "Although the responses vary," says Heyaman, "the children really enjoy it and in fact, when it comes time for the kids to leave, some of

the parents have to drag their children out of here. They (the children) don't want to leave."

The center's outside playground hosts a "Jungle Jim" constructed of Big Toys logs, a firepole, and a slide, all of which is based and surrounded by a sandy play area. The rest of the yard is green grass for romping and playing yard games such as "Farmer in the Dell." The kids do not have to participate in the group yard games, but if they elect not to, they are instructed to sit on the lawn until the game is completed.

Rachel Ingram captured a lively black beetle much to the envy of two friends. She said it tickled as it crawled around the inside of her cupped hands. Since she would only allow glimpses of the beetle to her friends, they began sifting intently through the sand in search of their very own bug. Asked what she was going to do with the new discovery, Rachel said, "I am going to keep it and take it home to mom."

Romance does not escape this age group, as a young lad and young lass struggle, each attempting to claim the top of a one-foot high pile of sand.

The children bring their own lunches and require little assistance as little hands pop open Mickey Mouse lunch boxes or brown paper bags. The kids happily and politely eat their peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and other assorted lunch goodies, from a chicken leg to a small thermos containing noodles. If a glass of milk is spilled a staff member quickly wipes it up and comforts the "spiller" saying, "It's okay."

The children take one last drink of milk, close their lunch boxes and put them away in their very own two-foot square lockers. They are then treated to an eye widening story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" or other enlightening stories to the curious minds of wonderment.

Then it's nap time! Some children may need some prodding. Once asleep some kids sleep into and through playtime with exciting blocks, trains and other fun toys.

The afternoon offers a snack of crackers, a vegetable dip of carrot sticks and broccoli, and milk or juice to drink.

Science major Mary Knackstedt's 2½-year-old daughter Cami has been a student of the Child Care Center since the spring quarter. Knackstedt said, "Cami enjoys the center, it gives her ideas on how other people do things, not just her mother."

Knackstedt responded to the question of any negative comments saying, "Cami has picked up some bathroom language." Sounds serious. A 2½ year old with bathroom language? "Yep," says Knackstedt, "She learned 'pooh pooh!'"

The Child Care Center is open weekdays from 7:45 a.m. until 4:00 p.m. For additional information regarding TCC's Child Care Center, dial 756-5180.

## TCC presents outstanding student awards

by Skip Card

Cynthia Strepke has been chosen as the Outstanding Student of the Year by the TCC Board of Trustees. The two other finalists for the award were Howard Harnett and Phil Musickant.

The award recognizes outstanding academic achievement, positive rapport with others and service to the college and to the community. Students were nominated by faculty and staff members, after which the Student Awards Committee, consisting of a representative from each division, two students, the coordinator for student activities, Tom Keegan, and the associate dean for student

development, Priscilla Bell, selected three finalists. The TCC Board of Trustees made the final selection.

Strepke is in her third year at TCC in the pre-chiropractic curriculum, and will transfer to the Pasadena College of Chiropractic in October. She is a former senator on the TCC student senate as well as president of the Human Service Workers Club. She has been involved in the counseling dept., new student orientation, new student testing, and student independent study. Strepke has two daughters enrolled in the TCC daycare center and will work as a chiropractic assistant to Dr. Robert Bangs this summer.

Other awards presented at the June 2 awards ceremony are as follows:

**Outstanding students in allied health and physical education:** Nursing, Mary Anne Nagy. Medical records, Laura L. Kingsbury. Best male athlete, Dean I. Jaegerman. Best female athlete, Eraina M. Spice.

**Outstanding student in continuing education:** Linda Fay Knapper.

**Outstanding student in counseling:** Mary B. Wahlstrom.

**Outstanding students in humanities:** Art, Karen S. Namani. English, Phil Musickant. Languages, Christina P. Johnson. Music, Phillip G. Orozco. Philosophy, Phil Musickant.

**Outstanding students in mathematics and science:** Biology, Debra Grant. Energy management, Elaine A. Curtice. Mathematics, Bradley J. Miner. Physical science, Jeff K. Hansen.

**Outstanding students in social sciences:** Administration of justice, Linda S. Rector. Human services, Connie N. Dempsey. Social science, Marie J. Stanley.

**Student Government Award:** David L. Johnson.

All recognized students were presented with certificates at the awards dinner held in the TCC cafeteria.



# Summer fun: How to kill a vampire

by Martin Sutherland

Many years ago, a young boy was walking down an old dirt road when he came upon a dead man. As a matter of fact, he was dead as a door knob. Unknown to the boy, this dead man was a vampire. The boy, like many other boys, wanted a pet, so he took this dead man home to be used as a pet. Well, many days later he disappeared, never to be seen again. In fact the whole town disappeared! All of them became vampires. But, you don't have to worry about a vampire getting you one night, because you can easily learn to kill a vampire. All you have to do is follow the easy instructions. So, grab your stakes, hammer, and sneakers, and let's go kill a vampire.

The first step is to find a vampire that you want to kill. The best place to look for one is in a castle. If there is no castle near you, then an old haunted house will do. Make sure you are going bright and early in the morning. Never go at night, or your parents might be getting an early Christmas present: your insurance money. When you enter the castle, or haunted house, make sure you knock on the door and say, "Avon calling!" If this does not get anybody's, or anything's attention then say you are from the I.R.S. If no one, or thing, answers the door, then you may enter the house. Remember vampires sleep during the day, so look for a casket. The best place to look is a bathtub, because

if you slept for twelve hours you'd have to use the bathroom too. If you search the bathroom and find no casket, search the bedrooms. If you find a casket, knock on it three times. If there is no answer, then he is sound asleep.

The next step is to open the casket. Depending on the make and year of the casket there are many ways to open it. If the year is before 1910 then all you have to do is take out the nails with a hammer. If it is between the years 1910 and 1975, all you have to do is unlock the locks. If you have no keys your mother's bobby pins will do. But if it is after the year 1975, then you must cut the wires to the alarms and blow it open with dynamite. Once the casket is open, you should notice the vampire sound asleep.

After you have opened the casket, then you can grab your hammer and stakes. This is done by simply reaching into the bag and pulling them out.

When you have gotten your hammer and stakes, you are then ready to hammer the stake into the vampire's heart. You first must find his heart. To do this, all you do is put your ear to his chest. If you hear something like a herd of horses running, then you have found it. Now put the stake over the heart, and hammer away. Be very careful not to hit your finger with the hammer.

After hammering the stake in the vampire's heart, then you are ready to



leave the stake in place. This is simply done: stop hammering. If you forget to stop, you may begin hammering your hand by accident.

The next step is to close the casket. This is done by putting it back on the way you took it off.

The final step, after putting the lid back on, is to run like !?&& To do this all you do is tie your sneakers in about twelve knots. Then say a quick prayer,

and run like a rabbit. Be very careful not to tie your shoes together, or you may be in big trouble.

So, now, you have killed your first vampire! And wasn't it fun to do? About the only thing left for you to do is go out searching for another vampire, or take the one you killed to a taxidermist. Here he will be stuffed. After he is stuffed, you can put him in your room. It will bring years and years of family enjoyment.

## 'Board Day' draws one student

by Leo Dell' Amico

Wednesday, May 26, TCC's Board of Trustees met in Bldg. 15 for a "Board Day on Campus" designed to answer questions directed by students. Only one student attended.

The student, Howard Harnett, who originally went only to report on the meeting, found himself taking an active role in the discussion.

The issues addressed were student involvement in school affairs, the S&A budget, Veterans benefit reductions, the re-writing of the constitution, and smoking in the halls of the school buildings.

After approximately 10 minutes, when no other students showed up, the Board began discussion on student involvement in the affairs of TCC.

Board member Alan Vandeventer felt that there may not be much for students to worry about. He said he was sure that if student gov't. were to impose sanctions in some form, such as an S&A fees increase,

student participation would grow.

"When things are going good no one shows up," said Board member Larry Faulk. He suggested that to get more participation in the open Board meetings they could go into classes and announce when the meeting is. Faulk also said that for their next open Board meeting they could walk around the school talking to students instead of waiting for the students to come to them.

Said Board member Ellen Pinto, "I feel everyone is happy or they would be storming the gates. I've been here when they've stormed the gates."

The next item discussed was the S&A budget, but it was the Board who addressed this issue to Harnett who has been involved with the budget committee.

Pinto asked how much of the student tuition went to pay for S&A fees, on which Harnett replied \$18. She then asked him what would happen if these fees ceased to exist. He told her it would cause the

elimination of services to students including student gov't., a student help fund, the Challenge, the Trillium, and a large portion of the tutoring program, among others.

The Board chatted on personal matters for a while before Harnett asked about the benefit reductions plaguing veterans. Carl Brown, dean of support services and not a member of the Board spoke on this issue. He said that TCC has no option, the cuts are being implemented by the state. He did acknowledge that the cuts were rather drastic though, saying that three years ago benefits for TCC veterans totaled about \$30,000, last year they fell to about \$20,000, and this year benefits totaled approximately \$11,000. He said that Frank Brown, in charge of veterans affairs at TCC, has urged all veterans to write their local representatives, and has more accurate figures on benefit reductions.

Harnett next asked the Board their feelings on a campus wide vote for ASTCC

president, one of the amendments the current student body president Dave Johnson has included in his re-writing of the student gov't. constitution, which is currently under review in the senate.

Brown said that in 1970-71 that approach was in operation. "I thought it was successful," he said mentioning that 800 students voted. In 1976-77 student participation went down, he said.

Despite this the majority of the Board favored student voting over the current form of selection by an advisory board. "I believe that that's a good idea," Faulk commented.

Harnett also brought up the subject of smoking in the TCC buildings' hallways, but the Board said that was a state matter that they had no control over.

This was the last "Board Day on Campus" of this year. The next meeting of this kind will be held fall quarter.

## Board selects executive officers

James Martin was selected the new president of the Associated Students of Tacoma Community College by an advisory board of six students, three faculty members and two administration representatives.

The advisory board also selected Kurt Martinsen to the student activities manager post. Dale Komsmo was selected ASTCC treasurer and his sister Dawn Komsmo was named secretary.

All of the positions were filled by current members of the senate except Dawn Komsmo who is new at the job.

Out-going ASTCC president Dave Johnson says "We have a really outstanding group of leaders and they will be maintaining continuity since only one member of the executive officer branch is new and the rest have been involved in the senate."

Martin served as a senator this year and is active on campus and is the head of the Libertarian party. The president is the spokesman for the ASTCC and presents the official position of the ASTCC to the college. He is also responsible for bringing what he feels is appropriate information to the attention of the senate.

Martinsen is the current student activities manager and will be responsible for coordinating and assisting Tom Keegan, TCC's student activities coordinator, with events planned at the college.

Treasurer Komsmo is also returning to the position he has held this year. Reporting the budget status and assisting in the development of the ASTCC budget will be his primary responsibilities.

Secretary Komsmo will be preparing agendas and keeping track of senate minutes as well as using her various secretarial skills typing and keeping the office work organized.

"I hope the new executive officers will continue toward my goal of getting maximum student input to all phases of the operation of the college," says Johnson.

Johnson feels that the road may be rough next year and that the biggest challenge will be "to continue making inroads into increasing student input while being concerned with the various crises that arise such as budget cuts and financial aid cuts."

## Scholarships awarded by Exchange Club

Three area high school students enrolling in the Tacoma Community College Honors Program next year will be able to attend TCC courtesy of the Exchange Club of Tacoma.

The club recently presented the college with \$1,800 to establish the 1982-83 "Exchange Club of Tacoma Scholarships." According to Lilly Warnick of the TCC Development Office, the scholarships will cover a year's tuition and books for three honors scholars.

The Exchange Club has long been a supporter of TCC activities including summer arts workshop scholarships and college athletics.



# 'Super Special' barbecue goes over big

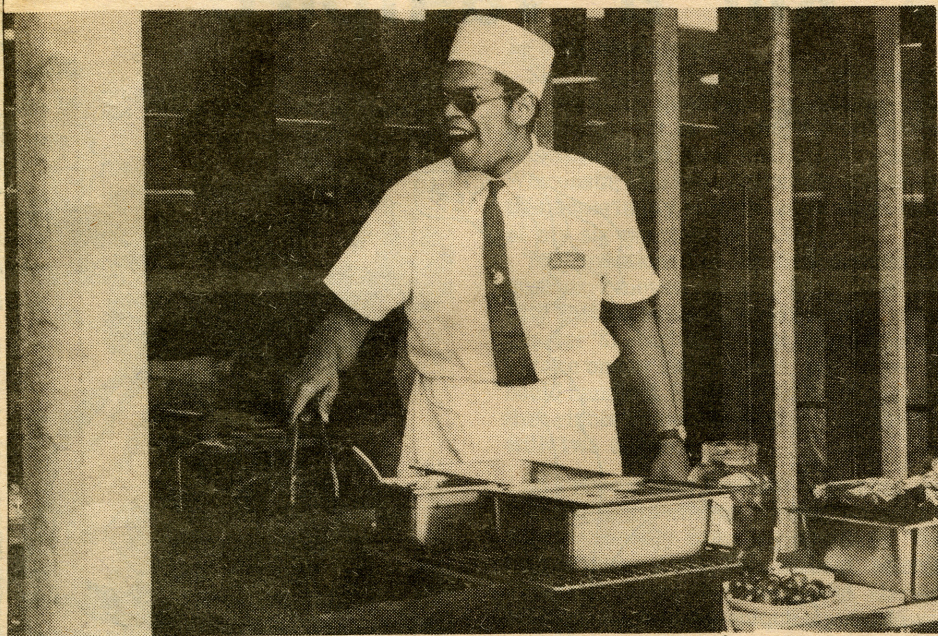


photo by Maria Fleischmann

Preparing to serve up another barbecue 'super special' is Marc Wynn, cafeteria food service worker.

by Phil Musickant

Holy Cow! Chicken barbecuing right outside the cafeteria.

That seemed to be the response as TCC students lined up for the last Super Special of the spring quarter. The specials are a

way to promote the cafeteria and give the students a good deal, too.

According to Vee, the cafeteria manager, "We have agreed to hold three Super Specials every quarter, and to break even or lose money. This is the last this quarter. Next quarter we will have three more Super Specials, in addition to our daily and weekly specials."

And how was business? Said Marc Wynn, a cafeteria food service worker who acted as chef, "pretty brisk, it really picked up around 12:30. The band (the Elvis Presley act going on simultaneously in Bldg. 11A) must be attracting them."

The \$2 lunch included corn on the cob, potato salad, baked beans, and roll, but of course the chicken was the star attraction.

Said Nancy Mabrey, who works in Bldg. 7, and who was accompanied by fellow worker Jo Dobin, "I got the sauce all over my face. It was delicious and well worth it." Added TCC student Lorne Ritter, "I like barbecued chicken, and this chicken is first class. It is very nice and tender."

With that, this reporter could stand no more, dropped his notebook and pen, then rushed over to get his own piece of this quarter's last Super Special. Holy Cow! That chicken was good.

## Classifieds

WANTED: Lead vocalist for TRAXX 584-7241.

Summer jobs for students. Pay up to \$6.75. Must be 18. Work in local area. Call 1-242-3550 between 9-4.

ROOMATE WANTED. Female with same. Across from TCC, call 565-8413.

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Free to good homes. Shepard/Lab pups. 6 weeks old. Available finals week and after. Call Denise at 756-5074 after 2 p.m.

TWO BEDROOM APT. available to rent through the end of June. Female to share with same. Non-smoking. Across the street from TCC. 565-8413.

# Honors retreat fosters togetherness

by Phil Musickant

Coming together and letting go. That was an essential premise of the Honors Program Retreat held May 21-22 at Camp Berachah in Black Diamond, and judging by the comments made by retreat participants, that premise was completely fulfilled.

Over and over, similar sentiments were expressed about the retreat's atmosphere and activities, which included a silent walk through the night (Japanese looking party), daytime trustwalk, numerous games, and much free time.

Representative of the thoughts produced by the retreat were Todd Parks' comments: "I thought it was a very good and moralizing experience. I liked the personal aspects, the communications, the honesty, and the breaking down of barriers."

Debbie Easterday added that "I had a wonderful time, I did a lot of things I hadn't done before." For Terry Coe it was "The intimacy, the getting to know people in a way I usually wouldn't let myself."

Hearing these comments gratified program member Elisa Tissot, who played a large role in the planning of the retreat, and Dr. Richard Lewis, current program head and faculty guide on the retreat.

Said Tissot, "I really enjoyed seeing the group come together. That was the whole purpose for having it. Working together and playing together. When I saw that happening, I was pretty tickled."

In the end, with such consistently enthusiastic responses, Lewis could not help but be pleased: "I was impressed with the maturity of the students. That was evident in the way they seriously participated in the activities, and even in the fun. I was also impressed with the organization; there was free time and plenty of activities. It would have been nice, though, if more faculty members had been there."

The goal of the Honors retreat was to get the participants together so they could relax, and let down their defenses.

Judging by the comments, it was a great success.



Photo by Phil Musickant

Contemplating form and balance in the composition of their centerpiece, one of the many activities of the honors program retreat held near Black Diamond May 21-22, are (l-r) program members Elisa Tissot, Cynthia McMahon, John Gaul, Todd Parks, and Terry Coe.

## Students invited to TCC cruise; make reservations by Tuesday

by Bruce Kelly

For the low cost of \$15, TCC students can dance the night away on TCC's Celebration Cruise departing Tacoma's Old Town Dock on Friday, June 11.

Celebration Cruise invites all TCC students, faculty, staff and administrators to celebrate the end of a school year and to say hello to summer aboard the cruise ship Goodtime II.

The \$15 price includes live music for listening or dancing pleasure by "Madridal" (the bass player is a former member of the Jackson Five), delectable hors d'ouvres, a complimentary cocktail or soft drink. A no-host bar will be aboard to help keep the evening afloat.

Co-director Susan Webstad indicates response from the faculty, staff and administrators has been good, but says students' requests for tickets are low, not from lack of interest but because of not being aware of the event.

Says Webstad, "I think this is a great opportunity for the students and staff to meet on a relaxed basis and have a good time together."

Men need not wear ties, but Celebration Cruise dress code suggests attire be of a cocktail flavor.

Webstad said Tuesday, June 8, is the cut-off day for ticket purchases.

For reservations or more information, contact Webstad in Bldg. 15, or telephone 576-5115.

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NOTICE  
The cafeteria will be closed June 10.  
Summer hours: 7a.m. to 1:30p.m.