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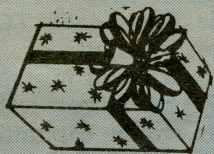
Student
awards

Page 6

June 6, 1986. Vol. 22, No. 19-21

Tacoma Community College, Tacoma, Wa.

Special birthday issue



Four pages of TCC birthday memories--see pages 12 to 15

Phoenix takes wings--see pages 7 to 11 for supplement

ASTCC officers: Farler, Snelling

By MAXINE WADE

Challenge Staff

CONGRATULATIONS
NEW OFFICERS OF
ASTCC!

The ASTCC held elections on June 3 to vote in the new officers.

Congratulations to Chris Farler, president; Amy Snelling, secretary; Ravuth Tuy, vice-president of finance; Brian Myers, vice-president of personnel.

There was no new vice-president of legislative to fill Chris Farler's old office.

All of the new officers have been members or officers of ASTCC with the exception of Amy Snelling.

Snelling will be graduating from Peninsula High School

on June 8, and will soon be joining us here at TCC. Snelling is the present captain of the girl's swim team at Peninsula High. She has also been voted Manager of the Year for the boy's swim team 1985-86.

Snelling is the pool supervisor, and is responsible for everything that goes out to the public. Welcome to TCC Amy.

A special thanks to Bobby Barnette, former president, for an outstanding job.

That special thanks also goes to the following ASTCC officers who are leaving as well...Kathy Picinich, Pam Austin, and Richard Rabe. The combined efforts of each of them is greatly appreciated by the student body.

The sexual hassles at TCC

Will this new policy help silent victims speak up?

By DOUGLAS BUELL

News Editor

Though no grievance has been filed at TCC since 1981 in a case involving a night school teacher, sexual harassment still exists on campus.

One woman who wished to remain anonymous because she may return to TCC in the future, reluctantly gave an account of her brief stay here that ended in her withdrawal from school.

"I tried not to let it bother me at first, I just guessed he was always that way," she said.

According to the woman, one day he just came up behind her, put his arms around her, and then moved his hands up to rub her neck. "I just had to get out of there."

This unwarranted approach by a TCC faculty member towards a new student abruptly ended nearly six weeks of sexual harassment, which according to the victim, began with suggestions of dinner or evenings out to discuss her studies and an "unusual" amount of touching, and eventually led to the final violation mentioned previously.

The student would like to return to school, but she said it may be quite sometime before she forgets an experience that led to confusion, sleepless nights, below her average grades on tests, and her eventual drop out of school.

"I didn't really know people on campus, I didn't know what to say, or who to talk to. I want to go to school, but I really don't want to think about it right now."

In another incident, a

woman who gave her initials, B.C., and is still a student at TCC, described an advance by a teacher in one of the labs.

"I didn't like the touching," she said, "sometimes he'd walk behind my chair, pat my shoulder, or pinch my neck."

Finally one day, she'd just had it with the touching. She said "he was standing in front of my chair, and he pushed me so I had to sit down...next I kicked off away from him in the chair and he said something like, 'so you like games, huh?'"

B.C. had also known of a 21-year old woman which was enrolled at TCC last year during spring quarter who had never had to handle sexual advance of this nature before.

According to B.C., the girl was so distraught, it affected her grades. The girl told an older student, who felt certain the instructor wouldn't jeopardize his job by carrying on with the behavior. This was later verified by the woman, but she wished not to be questioned.

As has happened in many cases, the teacher had his hands on her and made it clear that she "wouldn't have to worry about her grades if they became more than friends."

Not long after, she dropped out of school.

For whatever reasons these violations have gone unnoticed. Granted, prevention of sexual harassment on campus is an issue that's time has come.

The definition of sexual harassment varies from person to person. One may regard suggestive comments or over-emphasis on sexuality as cause

for action, others may limit the definition to physical contact, or pinching.

Staff members at TCC have recently drawn up a new policy to be included in a brochure that is now available to all students, faculty and staff.

In the pamphlet, sexual harassment is defined as "unwelcome sexual advances, requests for sexual favors, or other verbal or physical conduct of a sexual nature" which offends the recipient, causes discomfort or humiliation, or interferes with job or school performance.

"That is a broad definition," said Priscilla Bell, associate dean for student development. "The recipient of the behavior is the key."

Often college women have no idea what to do when a teacher makes sexual advances towards them.

According to Grace Hechirgen, author of articles on sexual harassment and education, the likely way to put an abrupt end to the advances is face-to-face confrontation with the offender and clearly making it known that his behavior is upsetting, unwanted, and should be stopped at once.

"Many times [teachers] don't realize something is uncomfortable, or many don't realize they're doing it," said Bell, "...it's in the eyes of the beholder."

She also said that once the behavior is brought to their attention, they would refrain from that further conduct.

However, the best course of action, to keep privacy between
Continued on page 5

Campus crime

By DOUGLAS BUELL

News Editor

In broad daylight, the faculty section of the parking lot west of Bldg. 8 was the scene of a two car break-in on Thursday, May 29.

Sometime between 5:30 and 7:40 p.m., a 1984 brown Saab 900 belonging to night school student Mike Horne was stripped of \$800 of stereo equipment, including a Sony stereo and an Alpine EQ. The burglars shattered the back side window on the passenger side to enter the vehicle.

Another car, parked beside the Saab, was also victimized in the same way. It was a 1978 orange Ford Fiesta with black striping belonging

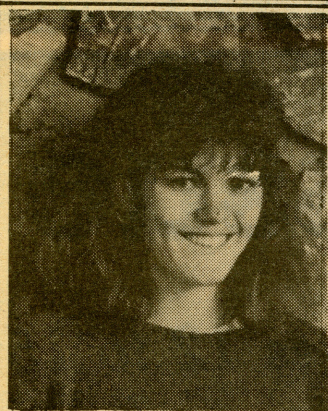
to a TCC student who wished that his name be withheld. The burglar broke in through the driver's wing window and made off with four speakers.

Officials suspect a large rock may have been used to smash the windows, although no rock was found in either of the vehicles.

According to Chuck Knauf, evening security officer at TCC, "This is the first time in quite a while this has happened on my shift." The last automobile break-ins occurred on May 14 and May 19.

Knauf said authorities may be able to get fingerprints which were left on the door handle in order to identify the party involved.

Editor says goodbye



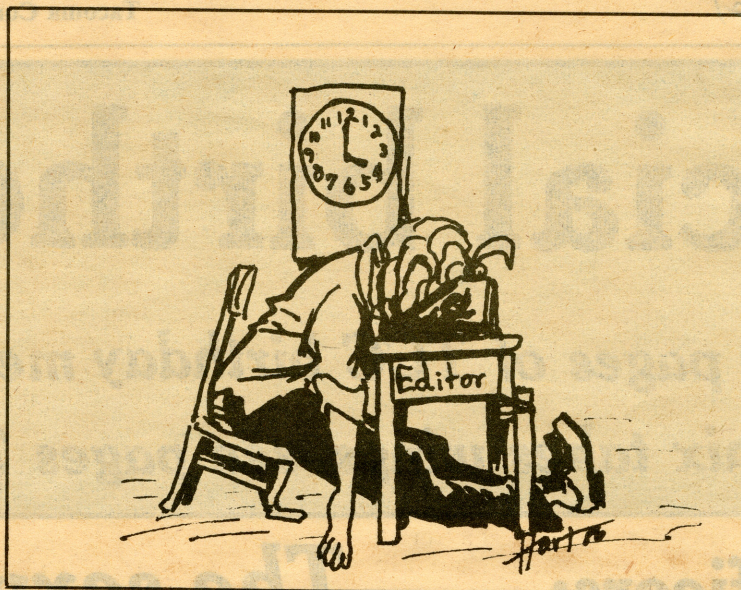
**SHANNON
SAUL**

This last issue of the *Challenge* is also the last in which I will order around those poor pecked-on reporters, yell at unprepared photographers and generally tyrannize the office. It's even the last time I will rush around campus accosting everyone who looks like they know anything about everything

remotely of interest to the readers of that campus treasure, the *Challenge*.

It's true. I'm leaving to move on to "higher" things, and I'm probably making the biggest mistake of my life! I just know I should stay here where people are used to my strange ideas. On the other hand the soon-to-be managing editor Joe Contris needs to try his hand at manipulation, tyranny and hysteria, which is, after all, what editing is all about, isn't it?

Leaving the *Challenge* office, which has become somewhat of a second home over the last year and a half, is going to be harder than I expected. I thought I'd just breeze out and leave with a last cheery wave to those poor souls left to struggle on with the four o'clock in the morning binges, the last minute, must-go-in stories and those nasty letters that arrive at just the right time to tear your already deflated ego into a



million tiny shreds and dump it in the trashcan.

That's not so. I'm already starting to feel sorry at the thought of leaving behind two years of friends, of fun and of uncertainty. TCC made school a possibility for me. Back in Ireland I could never have

redeemed myself as a scholar. I threw my last chance away when I failed the Leaving Certificate. Without a good show in the last school exams held four long years ago I was destined to become yet another school leaver standing in the Dole line. Coming to

America, and eventually to TCC, changed all that. TCC gave me the chance I never would have got in Ireland.

There are many people who don't seem to recognize the value of these two-year colleges. I do. I know from first hand experience what they can do to turn your life around and I'll always be grateful to the people who made TCC such a pleasure to attend.

I've made a lot of mistakes as *Challenge* editor. I've okayed ads without expiration dates. I've put stories that are not as relevant as they could be and forgotten stories that were necessary. I've allowed inappropriate headlines to make their way onto the paper, much to people's annoyance! But I've learned a lot and the *Challenge* made that learning possible.

I just hope I find a job in the "real" world that's as enjoyable and educational as being editor of the *Challenge* has been.

What's in a name?

By **LARKIN CAMPBELL**
Sports Editor

If you are lucky enough to have cable and are also lucky enough to get ESPN (the Entire Sports Network), then you have undoubtedly heard of ESPN's own Chris Berman. I have been watching Berman for over five years now, and I have become a big fan of his and his famous nicknames. Unlike many of the nicknames given to famous athletes, Berman is more concerned with the names themselves rather than with how the nickname sounds. During the Sportscenter (an hour long show capping the day's sporting events), Berman goes through each baseball game of the day dishing out every nickname he can think of. With his nicknames being amusing, instead of offending, he has made many fans. Some of Berman's most popularized nicknames are these: Jose (can you see?) Cruz, Julio (won't you take me on a sea?) Cruz and Jose (Blame it on) Rio. With all this in mind I decided to do a little "nicknaming" myself. Keeping good taste in mind, I thought of some popular sports figures to label that Berman has neglected.



**LARKIN
CAMPBELL**

Some of the nicknames I came up with are the following. In baseball: Jim (Uncle Ben's) Rice, George (she wore a raspberry) Brett, Jack (I'm not finicky) Morris, Brett (who did it) Butler, Tim (when it pours it) Raines, and Dwight (Mmm Mmm) Gooden. Or how about some basketball players? Norm (I am not a crook) Nixon, Spud (Charlotte's) Webb, and Bill (Haas and Little Joe) Cartwright.

When it came to football, I could only think of two originals. Warren (By the

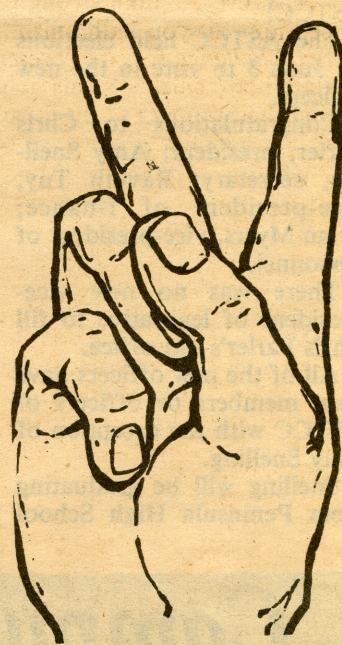
Light of the Silvery) Moon, and Curt (she doesn't know that, we better) Warner. Other nicknames for some other sports and a few TV commentators are these: Brent (hold the pickles and mayo) Musberger, Bryant (ever so) Gumble, Larry (Better) Holmes (and Gardens), and Tom (it's elementary) Watson. And one more I would like to throw in was everybody's favorite Thursday night friend, Bill (Stills and Nash) Cosby.

Not letting the madness end there, I decided to bestow a few nicknames on our own beloved teachers right here at TCC.

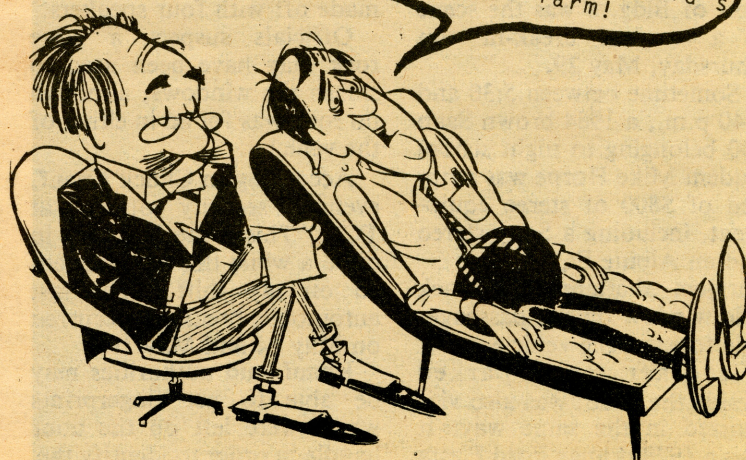
I started with our well-known president, Mr. Carl (I wasn't ready, you caught me) Opgaard. Then came Kim (it's as good as there) Emery, Stephen (Helpo I can't getto) Grippo, John R. Heinrich (maneuver), Dr. Yun-yl (not a rake, but a) Ho, Andrea Jewell (of the Nile), James (Need a sofa? How about a) Kautz, Karl (not a McGroom, but a) McBride, Richard (forget Denny's try) Perkins, Rosemarie (through the tulips) Tipton, Marion (welcome to) Miller (time), Leonard (I can't

see but I'll keep) Lukin, and finally Ralph (you doesn't have to call me) Johnson.

I would like to stress to all readers that I thought of these nicknames with no intent or desire to offend anyone. Let's not forget my own nickname Larkin (soup is good food) Campbell. After all, what's in a name?



Larkin is one of those Estes Park names, you know, the home of the world's largest trout farm!



TCC students voice concern

Paper not propagandist

To Someone who never saw *Rambo*,

I would not normally respond a second time to a newspaper concerning the same issue, but your letter of May 16, 1986, opposing my letter to the editor made me change my mind.

Debating our differing viewpoints through the use of this newspaper would surely provide some amusement to the readers, but it is beneath my dignity. You know my position on the president's decision to bomb Libya, and I believe it was the correct decision. Anything I could add to my previous letter would just be redundant.

I also respect your right to strongly disagree with me concerning this decision. It is one of the benefits of a free press.

However, I take strong exception to you admonishing the *Challenge* for not "presenting both sides of this issue and their echoing of the 'love it or leave it' attitude of the propagandist American media," as you put it.

Perhaps you should note that my letter to the editor was just that: a letter to the editor. The editor is in no position to actively search out someone who will write another opposing letter to be included in the same issue. Nor is it her place to respond to my letter with a

viewpoint of her own.

Note too that this specimen of "propagandist American media" you call the *Challenge* printed your letter as a counterpoint to mine in the next edition. The fact they did so is to their credit, is to be expected, and is hardly the practice of a propaganda tool.

I have worked for three years as a journalist, and have never seen a journalist change or delete the facts of a story to grease the wheels of a propaganda machine. True, there are some disreputable characters out there, but they are by far the minority, not the majority. And those who do change or delete facts usually find themselves in a libel suit before long. And unable to find a job as a journalist after.

A journalist *does* delete facts not important to the story as he writes from his notes. There is little need to know what the weather was like during the Libyan air strike, when the last plane left the aircraft carrier's deck, which direction they were launched, or the fact that the squadron commander is from Hometown, U.S.A. Yet, I would not be surprised to find these facts in the notes a journalist took during the confrontation. The fact that unimportant notes are left out of the article is not sufficient enough

to condemn him (or her). It is the journalist's job to condense a multitude of facts into an understandable, concise informative article that tells us what we will in all likelihood need to know. The only alternative is to photocopy his notes and arrange them under generic headlines so that we get *all* the facts, no matter how trivial or mundane. This would certainly be dull reading.

If you still doubt the objectivity of journalists, then I suggest you spend a day with one at a major newspaper. If you still are convinced that American media are propaganda tools, then spend some time in Central America, Iran or the Soviet Union. Then, come back here and with "detached objectivity" (your words) demonstrate the bias of the American media.

By the way, it may interest you to know that I think we do agree on one thing: I think Sylvester Stallone and his "Rambo" character are jerks. I haven't seen any of the *Rambo* movies, except for *First Blood* on a video machine at a party, and was equally disgusted. However, movies such as this are the price we have to pay for having free media that allows such drivel.

Sincerely,
Albert C. Vogel

Student admits to sexual advances from TCC teacher

To the Editor

The recent sexual harassment workshop on campus prompted me to write to the *Challenge* and relate my own experience with the issue.

A couple of quarters ago I took a class at TCC and was sexually harassed. Unfortunately at the time I was so confused that I accepted the fact and did nothing about it. It did cause me a lot of sleepless nights however. The person was a man that I liked as a teacher and when he started touching me and calling me "dear" I thought he was just being friendly. I was uncomfortable from it but didn't think that it was "sexual harassment" as such. I thought he was just a very demonstrative sort of guy.

Then he asked me out and I didn't know what to say. I was afraid that if I said "no" he would resent me and say I had been leading him on because I didn't comment when he touched me. But I was also afraid that if I did go I would be put in a compromising position and be expected to be more than "friends."

Eventually I got the courage to say "no". The instructor was very accepting about it. He didn't lower my grade in the class and didn't seem upset that I wouldn't respond. That made me think that maybe he is just a very friendly kind of person and not really a "sexual harasser," but the discomfort and confusion I felt while having to deal with his "intimacy" is still a fact.

If instructors could realize that any touching or over-friendliness is a cause for discomfort and may be misinterpreted it would really help a lot of students. I went through a lot of fear during that time and almost quit school because of it. My work in my other classes suffered, and I became snappy with my family and friends. I didn't know who to go to. I hope other students who are going through this can find comfort from the fact that people are finally starting to realize that women students are a target for these people. I am glad something is being done.

Anonymous

Congratulations! Graduates

English 101 students not satisfied with teacher

By JOE CONTRIS
Opinions Editor

A letter registering dissatisfaction with the teaching methods of Jerry McCourt, TCC English teacher, was presented last week to Carolyn Simonson, head of the Humanities Division. A copy of the letter was also given to the *Challenge* staff.

McCourt denied the allegations in the letter.

The letter was signed by eight out of the nine students presently in McCourt's English 101 class. A total of 15 students have dropped out of the class since the beginning of

spring quarter.

In the letter, the students expressed the feeling that the expectations of the 19-year veteran teacher are "too high and inappropriate for a freshman-level composition class." The letter also said he was "severe in tone, often condescending and sarcastic in his attitude toward his students."

When contacted by the *Challenge* staff and questioned about the high dropout rate in his class, McCourt said that he felt that many of the students simply were not ready for the class.

"They should not have been

in English 101 in the first place," he maintained.

The letter stated that McCourt "gives the impression that he has little or no concern for his students as people."

McCourt took sharp issue with this.

"I do care about my students," he insisted. "If I offended any student, I apologize. I had no intention of demeaning anybody."

McCourt admitted that his expectations of students might be higher than other teachers.

"My goal," he said, "is to put everyone in a class he or she will succeed in."

The Collegiate Challenge

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Timely workshop

By DOUGLAS BUELL
News Editor

"This is not a woman's issue...a man's issue... it's for all on campus."

Robert Sanford, leader of the May 27 workshop on sexual harassment addressed a crowd of just under 100, making use of an hour and a half session to "plow the ground."

Sanford, who has helped raise awareness among staff, faculty, and administrators at more than 25 schools including the University of Washington, Western Washington University, and community colleges throughout the Northwest, suggested the bringing in of specialists as a way to deal with the problem.

"Bringing in specialists, counselors, using role-playing are all valuable and helpful to a school's program," he said, adding that "some of the information is difficult to understand and painful."

"We're dealing with cultural attitudes that support imbalances of power across gender lines."

Sanford briefly took a few moments to ask the audience a powerful, serious question:

"What is the most sexually transmitted disease?"

Hint: "Ten percent of all high school and college students will get it; half say it's the worst ever."

"It's not herpes...it's acquaintance rape."

Sanford said, "Thirty to forty percent of all undergraduate women experience a similar situation before graduation."

According to Sanford,

researchers have come across some of the more popular excuses by men who have taken liberties with a woman. Some of the more common are "I spent lots of money," "She aroused me past my limit," "She was drunk or stoned," and "We'd been dating for a long time."

Sanford stated that sexual harassment stems (in part) from "power differentiation." He went on to say that people think that "men workout to get stronger...women go to be more attractive...one is functional, the other decorative," and added that this is a fallacy that needs to be changed.

In order to become aware of sex differentiation, we need to look at language, movies, role models, and even the act of telling dirty jokes which begins around the junior high school age. At this point acceptance is gained by telling dirty jokes that help to establish a boy's masculinity.

Next Sanford described how people learn things from watching movies. For example, a man leans a woman over to passionately kiss her. "The information is, it's okay to push women, they love it. If it's okay in the movies, it's part of culture...These are powerful, destructive images."

To draw attention to role models and the changes which have occurred in them, Sanford talked about that popular girl's toy, the Barbie doll.

"Before, there was a nurse Barbie...now they have the new, executive Barbie, complete with a briefcase and a reversible coat."

Sanford pointed out that if

Barbie's dimensions were proportionately increased, "she'd be over seven feet tall, with a figure of 51-22-34!"

Sanford then discussed personality differences and their role in sexual harassment.

"Personality differences are based on power differentiation, more than race or gender," he commented.

"We must deal across groups and gender lines."

He also added, "A lot of traditional damage has been done against women."

Sanford assured the audience that setting up a sexual harassment program is difficult, and tough on men. "You need the men's input in discussions and meetings so you don't go overboard."

Priscilla Bell, associate dean for student development, asked Sanford about faculty and administrators who are reluctant or hesitant to describe instances of sexual harassment.

He answered, "We all get gun-shy, careful, nervous."

He also encouraged those at the workshops to bring in another person to these types of workshops.

Awareness of the issue is important because, according to Sanford, "The issue of sexual harassment hasn't peaked yet, but it's coming into the maelstrom, as many of today's issues are. It is becoming institutionalized."

Sanford said he is certain there is a definite increasing awareness of the problem. Thus workshops such as his are providing the necessary platform needed to "get all parties talking."

Counselor's Corner

On self-esteem

By DICK PATTERSON
Special to the Challenge

When a student asks me why he or she can't seem to make any progress, I feel like the football coach does when the team asks the question: "Why aren't we winning?". The answer isn't the solution. You know perfectly well that you can make more progress by raising your self-esteem and you can play better football if you improve your execution of basic blocking and tackling. Why then, are you not achieving the expected results? To tell the anxious students and football players that they are not motivated, is not enough. Well then, how do we approach the valuable, what do we do to promote it?

What does "back to basics" and "practice fundamentals" mean to a person wanting to improve their self-esteem? Remember **self-acceptance** (where we are--who we are) right now is the main factor in building self-esteem. Know that we are valuable, changing, imperfect and growing individuals.

Dennis Waitley, in his book "Seeds of Greatness" gives us ten action steps to help us build our self-esteem.

1. Always greet the people you meet with a smile.
 2. In your telephone communications at work or at home, answer the telephone pleasantly, immediately giving your own name to the caller, before you ask who's calling.
 3. When driving in your automobile, listen to inspirational radio or cassette tape programs. Automobiles are the best rolling universities in the world. Listen to self-development programs of an educational nature.
 4. Invest in your own knowledge. You are doing this by attending Tacoma Community College.
 5. Always say "Thank you," when you are paid any compliment, by any one, for any reason. Neither play down, nor try to play up value that is bestowed. The ability to accept is the universal mark of an individual with solid self-esteem.
 6. Don't brag! People who trumpet their exploits and shout for service are actually calling for help. The showoffs, braggarts, and blowhards are desperate for attention.
 7. Don't tell your problems to people unless they're directly involved with the solutions. And don't make excuses.
 8. Find successful "role models" that you can pattern yourself after. When you meet a "mastermind," become a "master mime" and learn all you can about how he or she succeeded.
 9. When you make a mistake or get ridiculed or rejected, look at mistakes as learning experiences, and ridicule as ignorance.
 10. Spend this Saturday doing something you really want to do. I don't mean next month. THIS Saturday. Enjoy being alive and being able to do it. You deserve it. There will never be another you. This Saturday **will be spent**. Why not spend at least one day a week on You!
- How can a person marvel at the power of the sea, the beauty of the flower and the magnificence of a sunset, while at the same time downgrading themselves? Are we not products of the same creator?

Summer adventures

Bicycle touring, family hikes, and river rafting (both scenic floats and whitewater runs) will be explored this summer at TCC's Office of Continuing Education.

"Bicycle Maintenance and Touring" is a six-week class covering bicycling skills--from adjusting equipment to riding techniques. The class will meet 7-9 p.m., Wednesdays beginning June 25, and will feature three bike ride/field trips. Fee is \$35.

A special two-hour seminar, "Walks and Hikes for Families," will meet at 7 p.m. on June 30. Included will be a survey of Western Washington areas well-suited to family walks, as well as tips on help-

ing children get the most out of the hiking experience. Fee is \$5.

Whitewater excitement is the aim of a rafting excursion down the Suiattle River. Participants can choose one of two trip dates--July 12 or 13--which will include experienced river guides, equipment and a lunch along the river. The \$49 fee includes an on-campus orientation 6:30-7:30 p.m., July 8.

For those who prefer a slower-paced, more scenic rafting experience, there will be a raft trip down the Olympic Rain Forest's Hoh River. Ideal for the entire family, this trip offers a choice of August 2 or 3. Fee of \$49 includes lunch,

equipment, guides and an on-campus orientation session at 6:30 p.m., July 8.

Register at the TCC Admissions Center, Bldg 18. For information call 756-5000.

Video tape courses offered

According to a news release from Director of Information and Publications Dan Small, TCC will offer two three-credit videotape courses augmented by scheduled in-class seminars.

The courses are: "Planet Earth" (Geology 168), covering the revolution in earth sciences during the past 25

years; and "Brain, Mind and Behavior" (Psychology 210), an introduction to the functions and mysteries of the human brain.

The Gig Harbor/Peninsula College Center will host three additional five credit video courses: "America: An Overview of United States History"

(History 164); "History of Washington and the Pacific Northwest" (History 264); and "The Constitution: That Delicate Balance" (Political Science 204).

Registration may be completed at the TCC Admissions Office or at the Gig Harbor Center. For information call 756-5000.

Help for illiterate Summer fun is just next door at concerts, parks, and the zoo

By ALISA WILDER
Entertainment Editor

After discovering that many of her college students couldn't read well, Dr. Ann Sundgren, a sociology professor here at TCC, decided to volunteer her time and talents at Goodwill Literacy in Seattle. There, volunteers tutor people who can't read. The program is free and part of Seattle's Goodwill Industries.

Dr. Sundgren tutors a 21 year old man who has an eighth grade education and can't read. They meet twice a week for an hour and a half session where they work on phonics, spelling, and reading.

"When we began in December, Andrew couldn't even read 'cat' and 'dog'," said Sundgren.

According to a Goodwill Industries pamphlet, one person in seven in Washington state is functionally illiterate. These people can't read a newspaper, fill out a job application, or understand a driver's license test.

Programs such as Goodwill Literacy are trying to help these people help themselves by giving them the opportunity to learn the skills they need to function in society.

"It's a neat program," said Sundgren. She encourages people to give donations, which are tax deductible, to Goodwill Literacy.

Also, if you would like to be a volunteer tutor or want to refer a student who needs help, call Goodwill Literacy at 1-329-1000.

By ALISA WILDER
Entertainment Editor

If you have some spare time this summer but not much spare change, the parks are a great place to have some summer fun.

This summer, the Metropolitan Park District of Tacoma has once again planned activities and scheduled concerts in many of the parks. "Music in the Parks Summer Pops" concert series will begin on July 8 at the Portland Avenue Park. The rest of the concerts will rotate between Wapato and Wright Parks. The concerts are free and begin at 7:00 p.m. every Tuesday and Thursday in July.

day and Thursday in July.

Point Defiance Park will be the site of "Zoosounds" once again this summer. "Zoosounds" is a family concert series that is free with regular zoo admission. It will be held every Wednesday in July. An informal animal demonstration featuring zoo animals will precede each concert.

The Point Defiance Zoo and Aquarium are world class and feature wildlife from the Pacific Rim Region. They provide an area called "The Farm" where children can pet and feed several of the animals.

The zoo is open from 10:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. daily. Admission is \$2.50 general, \$1.50 for juniors (13-17) and seniors, \$1.00 for children 5-12, and free for children under 4.

At Point Defiance you can step into the past with a visit to Fort Nisqually. The Fort used to be a trading post of the Hudson Bay Company.

A museum there houses

many artifacts from the Fort's "trading post days".

On July 4 the Fort will be transformed into an American Military Camp. Staff will be dressed in outfits from that period. They will demonstrate cannon shots and musket volleys. Admission for this event is \$1.00 for adults, \$.50 for children, and seniors are free.

Never Never Land is next door to Fort Nisqually. Characters from many fairytales live here. Never Never Land is sure to delight young children with not only the storybook characters, but two fun slides for lots of thrills.

At Camp 6, you can ride an authentic logging train and visit the museum which is filled with logging and train relics.

Owens Beach is the place for people watchers and sun worshipers. It's also great for picnics and barbecues.

TCC's policy on harassment

Continued from page 1

ween student and offender and spare the victim any emotional distress or embarrassment, is writing a letter.

Kathy Acker, a counselor at TCC, agrees that a letter is one way to confront an ardent teacher. "But it is still useful to talk to someone first to decide what to say," adding that a student has to make certain her writing is assertive.

But letters are limited in their accomplishments. While good in reducing public exposure, they also do little to convince the public that sexual harassment is a real problem.

Again, it is important to stress that letters and confrontations are steps to take, but first you should talk with someone, such as a counselor, like Acker.

"I'll listen to them," she said, "and we'll decide on the appropriate next move," encouraging informal means to start with.

One of the major reasons incidents of sexual harassment go unreported is because students, faculty, staff, and administrators are unaware of their rights to file a grievance. It is at this point the formal process begins.

If no resolution is brought about through informal means, the victim can file a formal written grievance that gives times, dates and circumstances surrounding the incident. Next, procedures are followed such as written notification to the respondent of the nature of the complaint, meeting of a hearing panel to review the charges, and dismissal of charges or

measures which may lead to hearing procedures. Non-college options are also available, and organizations to contact are listed under off-campus resources in TCC's sexual harassment brochure.

Carl Brown, affirmative action officer at TCC, said, "The board has approved this policy."

Brown, assuring that it is "policy" that hasn't fully been used at TCC by a complainant, added, "The affirmative action office has been here since the early '70s, and we haven't had an incident yet."

If a complaint reaches formal levels, Brown said that research would have to be done. "Next, we'd contact the assistant attorney general to go through the initial incident...we'd need guidance."

All in all, one of the best ways to thwart a suspected sexual advance by an instructor is to look for early warning signs.

According to Linda Weiner and Billie Wright Dziech, Ph.D., authors of *The Lecherous Professor: Sexual Harassment on Campus*, "between 20 and 30 percent of all college students—more than 100,000 each year—experience some form of sexual harassment."

Some of those incidents (including those at TCC) could have been prevented, write the authors in their book, if students only knew what to look for that may indicate a potential harasser. Do any of your instructors fit one of these descriptions?

The counselor-helper: If a

student feels lonely or anonymous, she may be receptive to a professor's flattery and sympathy. For instance, an instructor may ask questions about troubles with a boyfriend in order to find out more about the student's attitudes about sex.

The "intellectual" seducer: Sometimes called "intellectual intercourse," this involves the instructor's ability to impress a student with his knowledge. If he knows much about books, film or art, he may lead conversations into erotic topics.

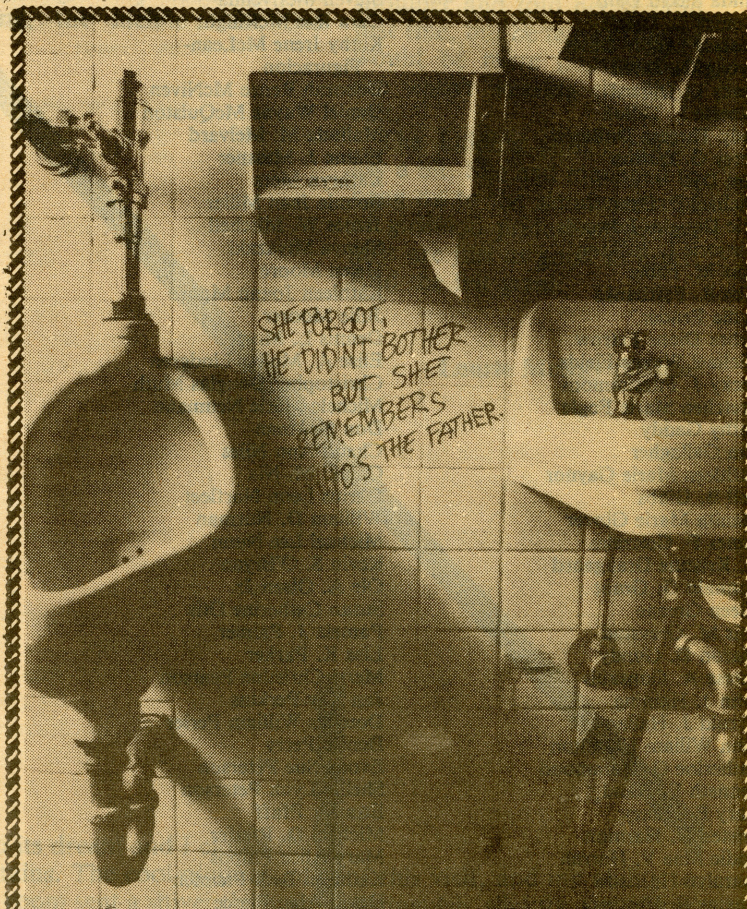
The power broker: Probably the best known type of harasser is the teacher who trades on his ability to control grades, recommendations, or jobs.

Following a sexual harassment workshop led by Robert Sanford on May 27, a brochure which defines sexual harassment and outlines grievance procedures was distributed to areas around campus.

Frank Garratt, executive dean of academic and student affairs, and presently acting president for vacationing Dr. Carleton Opgaard, was on the affirmative action committee that adopted the "specific" policy.

"We need to take a position of responsibility," he said, "students need to know there's recourse for victims of sexual harassment...and be aware they need not be subjected to sexual harassment."


The message is straightforward: TCC will not tolerate sexual harassment.



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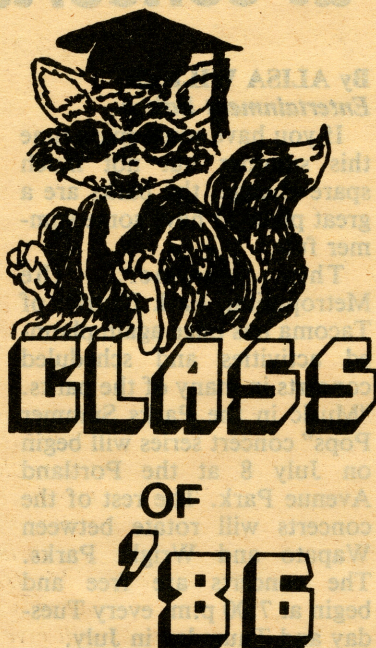
 **Planned Parenthood**
of Pierce County

Toss your tassles, grads

Congratulations to the following spring quarter graduates earning Associate Degrees:

John M. Alfonso
Jim E. Anderson
Gina B. Archer
Georgette M. Armstrong
Terry Lynn Arnold
Charlotte Ann Kirsch Ash
Suzanne Marie Auburg
Dara K. Aune
Raymond Bagley Jr.
James E. Baker
Robert Anthony Barnette
Anita E. Bartz
Constance Rhae Beauvais
Kathleen Beckendorf
Janet M. Blaylock
Lloyd L. Bovee
Linda S. Bowman
Samantha Ann Bowman
Rita Rae Brager
Debra Lynne Brining
Denise Renee Brouillet
Paul Edwin Brown
Sharon Kay Brown
Theresa Grace Bruenn
Charlene L. Brummett
Douglas M. Buell
Elizabeth L. Campbell
Jill B. Carlson-Balmer
Patricia A. Carman
Scott Carpenter
Lyn Rae Cayton
Karen Chandler
William Todd Combs
Sharon Mallia Cooper
Mark Costanti
Marvin Alan Cox Jr.
Brian G. Cunningham
Linda Susan Dahl
Monica L. Daigle
Kealani Lenore Davis
Kyong Ok Davis
Tracy L. Dillard
Lynette L. Dillon
Jody Theresa DuBay
Terry G. Dutton
Kim Dye
Michael E. Dyer
Eric Douglas Edwards
Marjorie L. Erikson
Jana M. Faber
Rich R. Fairbanks
Lydia Fender
Debra Diane Fetrow
Michael Wayne Fields
Becky J. Fitzsimmons
Gretchen Marie Fogle
Cathy Gaddy
Tim Gallagher
Kathleen Marie Gaynor
Dell B. Gibbs
Juanita Marie Glover
James P. Gonzales
M. Kristine Grangaard
Ronald G. Grant
Eileen Greene
Lois M. Grevstad
Sharon D. Gundy
Teresa A. Gunsauls
John J. Haining
Jerrold J. Hallam
John William Hamilton
Catherine G. Hammond
Kenneth E. Hand
Mary E. Haney
Kristen D. Harmon
Addie Mae V. Harrah
Sharalyn Harrison
Maxine B. Hastings
Donald Patrick Hawley
Betty Jane Hayes
Kerry B. Hayne
Linda Jo Hein
Deborah Ann Helaire
Kim Marie Henke
Debra A. Henry
Elizabeth H. Holifield
Lennett R. Hinkle
Hollandsworth
Miyong HongNora A.
Hood-Ramos
Christopher M. Horak
Michael A. Horne

Blanche Jane Hoskin
Holly Ann Hovey
Rebecca A. Howison
Masahiko Inoue
Joel Duane Ittner
Cheri Kay Jackson
David D. Jackson
Penny L. Jacobson
Forrest W. Johnson
Stephanie Johnson
Deborah L. Johnston
Michelle Jones
Roy S. Kamisugi
Rose Marie Klaassen
Kim Marie Kleindl
Kimberly Lee Klett
Sally Jo Knight
Karen Lee LaBarr
Melissa Lynn Ladenburg
Nancy Carol Lamb
Barbara K. Lasky
Andrew R. Lathrop
Karen Renee Lauterlein
Lori L. Lee
Sandra Anne Libby
Chantana Lim
James Lockhart
Andre Michelle Lowe
Nancy E. Lulay
Kristine Ann Lundeen
Sandra F. Lynn
Steven M. Madsen
Dawnmarie Martin
Linda Lou Martin
Terry Jean Martin
Patricia McCabe
Kimberly Ann McCaw
Paula Kay McClintock
D'Ann Cattanach McCurdy
Marye Mardell McDonald
Shirley Jean McFaddin
Steven McIlvenna
Cara Rae McKnight
Kathy Irene McLean-
Figuracion
Deborah Renee McNiven
Daniel Wayne McQuiston
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Elaine J. Messner
Kathryn Metz
Bonnie Jean Miller
James W. Mitchell
Shinya Miyazaki
Helen Moore
Kathleen Joann Moore
Julie Moorer
Dennis L. Morse
Elise A. Muller-Lindgren
Christopher Douglas Muth
Michele Marie Neumann
Don Newman
Cheryl Ann Niles
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William D. Norman
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Ole A. Olsen Jr.
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Pamela J. Palmer
Lisa K. Parker
Merri Christine Pearson
Jan Kay Perkins
Douglas William Perler
Denise Perry
Evona Sue Peterson
Shellie Lynn Peterson
Etta M. Pfaff
Michael D. Pfeifer
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Kathleen Beth Picinich
David Alan Pierce
Gail Marie Pizzo
John Anthony Prater
Steven F. Price
Becky Jean Prideaux
Dale W. Puckett
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Mignon Marie Rabstoffs
Sherry Race
Karen M. Rainey
Tamara Lynn Rancore
Michael L. Rathbun
Yvonne S. Renz
Dewayne Sterling Reynolds
Kimberly Ann Rideout



Lisa Joanne Rigdon
Juanita Grace
Morgan Rinehart
Diana J. Robinson
Mary M. Robinson
Robert Allan Rose
Danielle K. Ross
Nancy Ann
Armbruster Rowe
Marie Renee Rubert
Connie Jo Sandusky
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James J. Scanlon
Martha Jane Scavo
Michael R. Schlieve
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Linda Kay Schroedl
Nickolas Jay Sears
Romona Kay Shaffer
Phillip T. Sharp Sr.
Julia E. Shearer
Helen Mary Sheppard
Laura L. Slavens
Denise Dawn Slorey
Deborah Ann Stockman
Nancy Rebecca Stonack
Jane R. Stone
Craig Y. Sugai
Audrey Roberta Summerhill
Cynthia A. Sundquist
Hitomi Suzuki
Stacie Mund Sweeney
Ronald L. Swenson Sr.
Robert C. Talbot
Kenneth Everett Thiel
Will J. Thompson
Robert Shively Tice
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KarlaJo Olson Tupper
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Dennis Lee Vercillo Jr.
David R. Vineyard
Tri Minh Vo
Sharon Lee Vogt
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Tetsuaki Wada
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Cornelius Williams Jr.
Gregory Anthony Williams
Lisa K. Williams
Elaine K. Wilson
Patti Chiyomi-Hanabusa
Wong
Gregory Wooten
Janice A. Wyman

Barnette is very excited

By MAXINE WADE
Challenge Staff

Bobby Barnette was presented with the "Outstanding Student of the Year" award, and he was so excited that all he could say was "I'm so excited."

When asked if he had any parting words for TCC he said, "well, I've got a lot out of being here...but then I've put a lot into it...I guess."

Only Barnette knows what he is taking with him from
Continued on page 16

Helton to speak

Jack Helton, Vice-President and General Manager of Sea-Land Service, Inc. will present the 21st annual Tacoma Community College commencement address.

Helton will be speaking to an audience of more than 1,000 graduates, parents, faculty and special guests.

Approximately 480 associate degrees and 35 high

school completion certificates were earned during the 1985-86 school year. Diplomas will be awarded by TCC President Dr. Carl Opgaard and Board of Trustees Chairman Robert Hunt, Jr.

Commencement ceremonies begin at 8 p.m., June 12 in the TCC gymnasium, Bldg. 21. A reception will follow in Bldg. 11.

TCC Division award winners

Mathematics and Sciences Division:

Chemistry ————— Jan Perkins
Geology ————— Jeff Hogaboam
Engineering ————— Steve Rhea
Math ————— Dang Nguyen, Nga Tran, Hieu Nguyen

Social/Behavior Sciences and Business Division:

Business Administration ————— Robert Allen
Data Processing ————— Michele Tuong, Janis Rudolph
Behavioral Science ————— Eva Woodruff
History ————— Paul Joyce
Human Services ————— Alyce Daisley, Sharon Stark
Secretarial Office Skills ————— Margaret Lopez, Ann Gobbatto
Word Processing ————— Violet Wright
Service Representative ————— Charlene Brummett

Allied Health and Physical Education Division:

Athletics ————— Ruth Ann Rufener, Bill Pethick, Robert Barnette
Medical Records ————— Georgette Armstrong
Medical Secretary ————— Kimberly Klett
Nursing ————— Linda Bowman
Paramedics ————— Lloyd Christianson

Counseling ————— Chantana Lim

Humanities Division:

English as a Second Language ————— Hiroko Ohashi
English ————— Shannon Saul
Honors ————— Kris Grangaard
Journalism ————— Shannon Saul
Languages ————— Barbara Jacobson
Philosophy ————— Pauline Schafer
Music ————— Sonja Bucknell

Special Presentations:

Musical Excellence ————— Byron Bittner, Vicki Jensen, Mary Delaney
Richard B. Collier Scholarship ————— Ruthann Austinhirst
Washington Assoc. for Vocational Education —————
Martha Skavo, Wanda Shirreff

P · H · O · E · N · I · X ·

A Challenge Literary Supplement

Co-edited by Lance
and Shannon Saul
Layout by Lance Weller

Seeds

*I am just a seed
in the garden of the world
Being watered every day
finally to sprout, then to blossom
one weed among all the flowers*

Brad Hart

Mr. Poke

Are you self-conscious about your nose? -Too big and red and crooked, with blackheads and broken blood vessels? I have a friend who'll comment on these qualities, to your horror, and go on to compare your nose with a pomegranate.

Are you self-conscious because your feet smell, or you're too fat or too stupid? My friend will notice your problems and discuss them in an unsettling way. -How the stale, musty odor of your feet can fill an entire house and make it unlivable. How your rolls of fat are made particularly repulsive by the sickly, opaque quality of your skin. -How you rarely make a word in Scrabble that's more than three letters in length.

My friend is a tease, an electric eel named Mr. Poke, and actually, you'll be surprised, I like him quite a lot. Mr. Poke will give you a stiff shock without hesitation, but he expects you'll shock him back. This is Mr. Poke's game called "I'm alive. Are you alive?" He only plays it with people he likes.

You should shock Mr. Poke, really make him jump. It's almost as if Mr. Poke's body produces more electricity than it can handle, so it has to let some out, while Mr. Poke's mind is always hungry for that very same stuff. If you don't respond when Mr. Poke shocks you, he'll shock you harder again.

Do it to him. And don't take it personally when he does it to you. A pinch to grow an inch. One spank for each year of your age, and one to grow on. "I'm alive. Are you alive?" That's Mr. Poke.

You should shock Mr. Poke. Enlighten him. He's struggling with a vision, I suspect, a vision of connectedness like an arcing electric current--to feel alive without feeling out of control. I suspect that the vision itself is mostly red and yellow and that, within the vision, forgiveness plays a principal part.

Let Mr. Poke shock you. Shock him back.

Richard Gold

Dawn of the Living Drip

*He descends from a fall, far from above;
to land on a green land to absolve;
"His sin?" you may ask.
"To be free," I answer.
To break away from a solidarity in the sky,
making a sacrifice to escape to a new land to die,
even if freedom is experienced for a minute's duration.*

Sky B. Busk

Punk

Round the smog-shrouded table
loom midnight silhouettes
in exotic array.

Somber masks with plumes askew
purple, red, coal black
Draped chains
and metal crosses
grave eyes
watch and wait.

Frieda Swindler

Day Before Finals

(With apologies to William Wordsworth and
Edna St. Vincent Millay)

Euclid, you should be living at this hour!
I need your insight and your expertise;
I don't dig digits to the seventh power,
I can't unscramble X's, Y's and Z's.

The pressure in my blood and on my brain
Is rising to an exponential high;
No one has walked upon this darkling plain
Of algebra, as innocent as I.

Come back, O Euclid, leave your hallowed rest!
Come be my tutor, help me to prepare
The proper answers to tomorrow's test,
To recognize a polynomial square.

Then let the foolish geese gabble and hiss!
I'll share your Beauty if you grant me this.

John J. Haining

**Waiting for the Morning**

I awoke early on the dark, cold morning. Listening carefully, I could hear the radio playing softly downstairs. I knew Mom was up and my heart leaped in anticipation of the time we would enjoy together before I left for school. Shivering in the darkness, I dressed in a flash and tiptoed down the stairs. As I turned the doorknob, the burning shingles crackled in the trash burner, their fire filling the room with warmth. I peeked around the refrigerator to see her sitting at the kitchen table, her threadbare flannel robe wrapped snugly around her plump body. Her eyes lit up and her face glowed with joy as she saw my mischievous grin. My bare feet leapt across the icy floor and I perched myself on her lap as she held me tightly against her warm body. On the stove, the blue flame licked the bottom of the cornmeal pot as the golden porridge plopped gently against the lid. Together we listened to the robin's songs and watched them through the window as they plucked their wriggling breakfasts from the frosted ground.

While I sat spellbound on her lap, her soothing voice weaved a tale from her North Dakota childhood, of frigid winters when the snow covered all trace of man's presence on the barren wheat fields and the children crowded around the hot stove, watching the glowing chunks of coal through the isinglass. I relished my safe nest in her lap as I cautiously swallowed the scalding porridge, letting its heat warm my tummy. In the corner the clock ticked, a warning that the

school bus would soon be coming. I ignored its threats, desiring only to stay in my mother's arms, protected from the world beyond.

The time rushed by and I knew that I must leave my comfortable nest. Leaning close to her cheek, I licked it as she protested against my wet kiss. She scolded me, saying, "Not again, E.T.," then squeezed me one last time. I crawled from my nest, grabbed my coat and solemnly shuffled to the door. Suddenly, a chill gripped my body as I heard the rustling of a paper bag. My mind envisioned her trembling hand gripping the neck of the wine bottle as she filled the tin cup with the wick-juce. I cried inside as she perched the cup on her lap, thus filling the warn nest I had just left. I fled the room, yelling over my shoulder, "Bye,

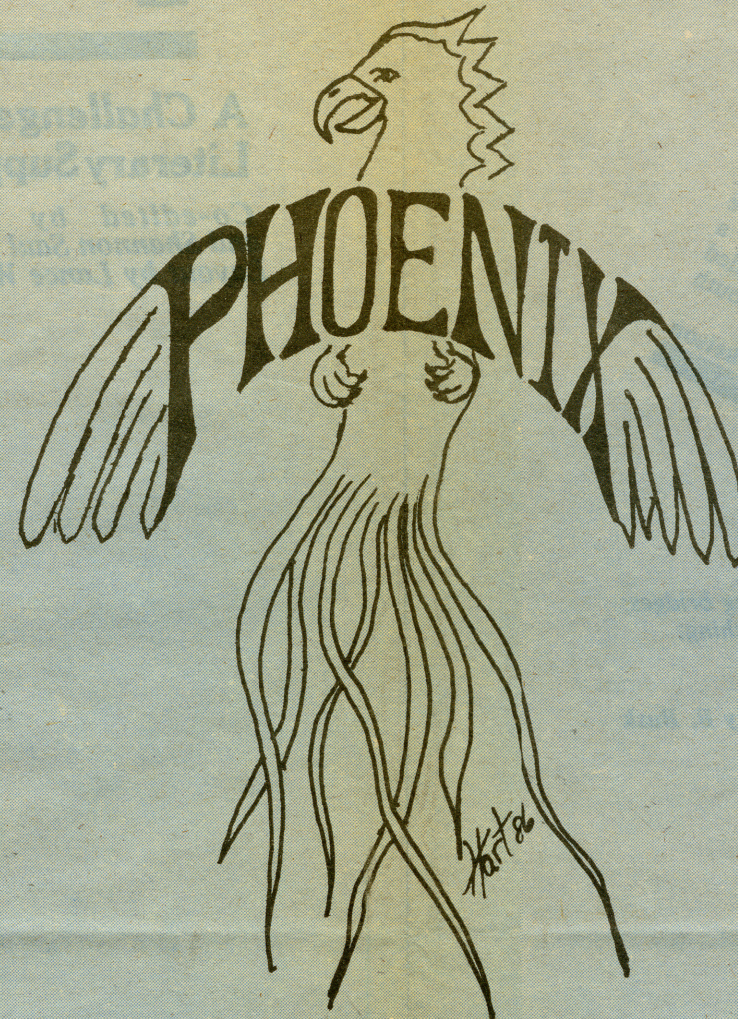
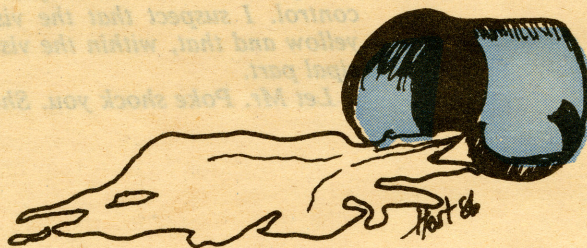
Mom, have a good day. I love you."

Trudging through the freezing rain, I made my way home from the bus stop, dreading what I would find there. Quaking with fear, I opened the kitchen door. My heart sunk in despair as I viewed the scene before me. An acrid stench stung my nostrils as the cookstove's blue flame burned the cornmeal pot. The flooded floor was strewn with broken dishes. Hundreds of bleeding raspberries floated in the water that streamed down from the overflowing sink. A bone-chilling wind blew through the shattered window and the radio blasted my ears with its obnoxious tunes. My senses stunned, I stumbled across the room in search of my mother. When I reached the living room doorway I saw her bruised, nude body

Untitled

In an evasive sea, you are lost.
Everything is suspended in
mystery; directness, the truth,
even reality. A stranger to
the shore.

Sky B. Busk

**Visions of Color**

Half moons rest
on a billowy white cloud
The vibrant show begins
Magenta in a sea of black
a kaleidoscope ever changing

Frieda Swindler

**Preposterous
Hypothesis**

Boy, do I hate fighting, especially with my mom. I can't stand fighting with my mom. We have had only a few fights in my lifetime, but when we do fight, they're downright nasty. I remember a particular incident (I was in third grade at the time) coming home from school excited to share my phenomenal discovery with my mom. I told her that I had learned at school that it was possible to turn water into little cubes of ice by placing a tray filled with water into the freezer. My mother laughed at me.

"That's absurd," she said. "Who told you that preposterous hypothesis?" "My teacher at school, Mom," I replied.

"Well, your teacher must be some type of solidifimaniac communist who gets his kicks by telling innocent children fantasies about science," she angrily exclaimed. "I'll tell you

right now, this family will have nothing to do with such an idiotic notion. So, just erase that fantasy about ice making right now!"

That night I was unable to sleep, for I knew my teacher was right and my mom was just being old fashioned. I had to prove my teacher was not a communist. I got out of bed, quietly went downstairs to the kitchen, and looked for a small container in the shape of a cube. Next, I filled it with water and placed it in the freezer. In the morning I would prove my mom wrong.

I will never forget that morning, or that day, for that matter. My mom became furious when I showed her the block of ice. She acted as if it was some kind of demon. We began to argue. Then, things got out of hand. Having the physical edge at the time, she picked me up and took me to the garage. I hate the garage. Inside, she sat me in a gigantic barrel of butterscotch pudding, put a rubber surgical glove on my head, and made me listen to a recording of fingernails scratching a chalkboard. There I sat for hours, looking like a chicken squirming in butterscotch pudding.

The fights were usually not quite that hideous. Most of the time it was just vanilla pud-

ding. After our fights there was always a contest between the two of us. Usually, neither of us would admit the other was right, so, in a protesting manner, we would give each other the silent treatment. Additionally, we would do things that we hoped would irritate the other.

That morning at the breakfast table we had our first encounter. My mother had made a wonderful breakfast: bacon and eggs, hash browns, fruit salad, and orange juice. I attacked by making toast with peanut butter and jelly on it. She said nothing. But that wasn't all. When I applied the peanut butter and jelly I used only one knife instead of two. My mother always told us to use two knives, one for the peanut butter and one for the jelly. This way the peanut butter can't get in the jelly. She hates it when that happens. So do I, but this was war and the sacrifice was well worth it. Again, she said nothing. I then went into the room where eating is forbidden, the living room. Usually, I wouldn't think about going in there, but when we get into these little games, if you act upset or yell, it's as if you're giving in, and my mom wasn't going to give in.

My mom could be devious in her retaliation. Later that day I was in the T.V. room watching a baseball game. My favorite team, the Yankees, were playing the Red Sox and I was really into the game, when my mom came in and began vacuuming. The room obviously did not need vacuuming so I knew what she was up to. It was strange how the patch of rug in front of the

T.V. was dirtier than the rest of the rug. She kept going over and over it. I only smiled at her; smiling was alright in the silent game. She then made a strong offensive move. Slowly, she began to approach me. I was sitting on the couch with my feet exposed to any carpet creatures. It was going to be a challenge. My feet against the vacuum. I quickly began to think.

"If I move my feet I'll score a point for being polite," I thought. "But, she will think she scored a point for getting me to move my feet. I better stand my ground and keep my feet there. Besides, if she runs into my feet, I'll score a point for her rudeness."

The vacuum began creeping in. Then, seeing that I was not going to move, my mom made a wise move and went around. No one won that battle and the score remained even.

Probably because of all the energy it takes to play the silent game, by dinner time interest in it began to fade. Ending the silent game is always fun. This time it ended because my sister wanted a sno-cone. She told my mom that we could make them out of the ice block that I had made. My mom thought it was a great idea. Because I had made the block, my mom asked if I wanted a sno-cone. That was her way of saying the game was over, and because I didn't want to lose the game I said yes. By the way, if you thought I didn't get my mom back for putting me in that barrel of butterscotch pudding, you're wrong. A month later I emptied her perfume bottles and refilled them with the sweat from thirty midgets.

Paul Ross



'Twas the Night Before Christmas and I Didn't Even Know It

My wife had left me, taking my kids with her. My car, my dog, my house, actually almost everything I owned was gone. All I had left was my apartment (rent due), an 8" TV (black and white), alimony payments (\$625.00), a couple bottles of whiskey, and a dresser full of miscellaneous junk.

The night was dragging on, and my whiskey was running low. I stumbled to the bedroom and collapsed on a lone mattress. As I was about to fall asleep I heard a noise in

the front room. The first thing that came to my mind was the dog; then I remembered I no longer had a dog. I sat up and listened--klank, klank. Slowly, I got up and walked to the dresser. Rummaging through the junk in the top drawer, I found the crusty old

All I could think about as I left the bedroom was my TV. As I entered the front room I thought to myself, "No way, buddy. That's all I got left."

A large figure stood silhouetted against the window, holding a TV set. It had to be mine. "Don't move, or I'll blow you to hell," I said slowly, trying to sound like Clint Eastwood.

The figure set down the TV, turned towards me with

something in hand, and started laughing.

"Ho, ho..."

"Laugh at me, will you?" I mumbled as I took aim. Boom! The force of the blast knocked me down and my head started spinning.

I blacked out. "It's the worst Christmas in history..." The sound of the 6:00 news awoke me. "Stock-ings empty, trees naked--no one can explain it."

I stopped listening. I had just noticed that the anchor man was coming in on a 20" color set. My head throbbed as I stood and walked toward the fat man in the red suit lying on the floor. He was lying on his back, surrounded by the debris of broken ornaments.

His snowy white beard was tainted with traces of blood. As I knelt, a single tear fell from my chin and I held his head in my lap. He was barely breathing as I looked into his brilliant crystal eyes. Whispering, "You'll have to do it now..." he died. His body faded into a pale mist and he was gone. Not quite understanding what he meant I sat there for what must have been hours. Finally I left and headed for the rooftop. There they were, Comet, Cupid, Vixen, and the others anxious to leave. I climbed into the half loaded sleigh and with a jolt we were airborne. Gliding through a lightly falling snow we headed south. He did live at the South Pole, didn't he?

C.M. Ricketson

River

River flowing down,
shallow, deep, passing bridges;
trees overhead watching.

Sky B. Busk

Concentration

Among the blades of silence
snaky whispers
slither through my thoughts
demanding to be heard

Frieda Swindler

How I discipline my words

I'll pluck from my mouth
like silly putty
roll in a ball
toss through the air
to let the clutter fall.
Catch, stomp, twist
and spank
to make behave.
Baby, coddle, caress
then tuck away.
Next, I'll work on my stomach.

Frieda Swindler

The Child Who Contemplates A Heroic Act

Murder is a dirty job, but somebody has to do it.
In the foreign countries where he lives (but can't be heard),
the hero feels the urge to break people open and pour his words inside. There seems little difference between wanting to rip the lid off of things and wanting to skin people alive.

The hero is someone who acts when words won't work. He functions best outside a committee. Love has already failed. The hero puts knives and bullets in people because intercourse is deadly.

In the foreign countries where he lives, the hero is a secret because rage works best in isolation. He contemplates going home, but cannot leave until the deaf are dead. It's the sacrifice he makes.

The hero is a bomb.

Richard Gold

Girlhood Pride

The crisp, clear autumn day had inspired a flurry of activity on the farm: a fence was repaired, the chicken coops were cleaned, and the lawn furniture retired for the season. To her frustration, Dodie had been relegated some unpleasant household chores that kept her indoors most of the day.

When her brother, Paul, breezed in and asked her along for a ride on the three-wheelers, she accepted before her father could assign dish duty or salad detail. Dodie ran for her coat, knowing if she was quick enough she could beat Paul to the good equipment.

Going out the door, Paul yelled, "The goof-suit is in the hall closet. I'll meet you at the barn." He was gone before she could protest.

As much as she hated the goof-suit, Dodie decided to wear the awful thing because she was fearful of being hurt on a motorcycle. She trudged down the hall and pulled on the heavy oversized denim jacket that doubled as her mom's "barn coat." She put on the many-sizes-too-large canvas work gloves that protected her hands from the little ridges on the handlebar grips then slipped a pair of welding goggles over her glasses. The transformation from normal person into geek was nearly complete. Now, the pièce de résistance: a fluorescent orange hard-hat, to which had been attached a frayed length of wide elastic that acted as a chin-strap. Weeks before, Paul had added his own comic touch by drawing a large lightning bolt on each

side of the helmet.

Passing her in the hall, Dodie's dad said, "You look pretty good in the goof-suit. Are you going for a ride?"

"No, Dad. I have a date," she snapped, dashing out before the heavy-duty teasing started.

Walking across the sun-splashed barnyard, she could see Paul squirreling around on his three-wheeler out in the field. He looked great. Being the first one to the cycles had landed him the leather bike gloves and the sleek jet black helmet with an attached eye shield. He was wearing a leather jacket and looked like a professional racer.

Dodie lugged the other cycle out of the barn and fired it up as Paul came careening in and slid to an impressive stop. They agreed to ride to the beaver pond.

"Honk if I go too fast for you," Paul yelled. He popped a wheelie and sped off.

Dodie was miffed; what did he think she was—a wimp? She gave the bike so much gas that she popped a wheelie, too. The shock was considerable, but it was almost fun. She went flying down the dirt road behind him, turning her head slightly so as not to get his dust directly in her face.

He was waiting for her when she got to the bottom of the

main drive. They started up the Weyerhaeuser road riding side by side. She didn't usually go more than 25 mph on the winding gravel road, but she was up to 40 and still struggling to keep up with him. Even on the curves, Paul didn't slow down. Dodie was scared but didn't say so, knowing that serious name-calling would surely follow.

She was relieved when they made it to the pond without mishap. They got off their bikes and stretched out on the

soft, cool grass near the water's edge. Dodie took a couple of swigs of the pop Paul had thought to bring. Her throat was caked with dust, and the cold drink washed away the uncomfortable tightness that came from the rough ride on the dry, dusty road.

Before they left the pond, Paul said there was something he wanted to do on the way back, and that for her own safety, Dodie should stay on the main drive. She shrugged but said nothing. She was tired of being treated like a "girl."

They started back down the Weyerhaeuser road at top speed. Paul took the lead, but Dodie managed to scramble ahead so he could get a taste of the dust, too. They both slid in the loose gravel as they rounded a curve. Paul got slapped by a low-hanging branch but waved that he was okay; it slowed him down a little, and for that Dodie was grateful.

Riding up the main drive, Dodie scanned the road ahead, curious about the stunt Paul had in mind. Suddenly, he veered up a bumpy old cattle path. She wondered what he planned to do on the flats. Then it struck her. At the end of the flats was the spring and just beyond that a steep incline that led to the house. Although only about 12 feet long, the incline was at a

frightening 75 degree angle. At the base the black earth was thick and soggy. If Paul didn't spin out there, he'd surely tip over backward trying to scale the hill.

Dodie raced up the drive to a spot that allowed her to pass safely onto the flats. She could see her dad in the yard above the spring. He had stopped his gardening and was watching as Paul gunned his engine, leaned low on the bike, and roared up the incline effortlessly.

Dodie gripped the handlebars tightly and headed straight for the spring. Knowing that she had not ridden off-trail before, her father and Paul would never expect her to take the hill. But she couldn't resist the challenge.

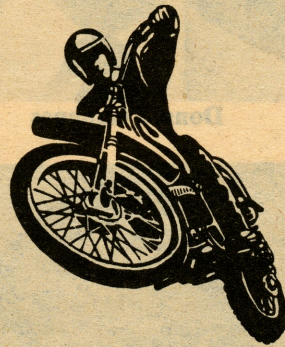
Her heart racing, her teeth clenched and her arms now devoid of feeling, Dodie reached the spring. She gave a terrified whoop, crouched low on the bike and sped up the hill. Her dad scampered out of the way as she barrelled into the yard. He and Paul were laughing like mad. Paul rolled off his bike and collapsed on the grass, holding his stomach. "I can't believe you did that," he gasped between howls.

She couldn't believe it either, but didn't say so.

Her father gave her a congratulatory pat on the shoulder and told her she did just fine, but he teased that he would be more impressed if she wasn't wearing the goof-suit.

The kidding didn't bother her a bit. She had managed to hang on to the slender thread of girlhood pride that proves girls are just as good as boys. And she felt great.

Laurie McKay Nelson



Riddle of a Blank Page

*I see the blank page
staring out at me,
reminding me of me
so quickly I cover the page
with words to read and
thoughts to feel.*

*The problem is, the words
again remind me of me
so I wrinkle the paper
and toss it in the can,
thrown away dreams and
lost beginnings, and stare
at the blank page before me.*

Brad Hart

The cold steel bars of the cage that held the evil in, held it at bay. Gripping a bar in each hand for strength I slowly pulled myself closer to the opening to peer inside.

The horror I face each night gazed back. The stench of evil oozed from the tentacled mass that writhed in the heart of the pit. I stared in fascination at the creature, wondering why I was chosen to view this horror nightly. Suddenly a tentacle reached out toward me and I screamed.

The creature retreated back

into its dream and I closed the curtains. The cool night air of my room sent a shiver through my sweat drenched body. The high pitched wail of a scream still echoed through my mind in a vanishing memory of horror too terrifying to remember.

Just a dream. I close my eyes again and walk along a frozen ledge toward the curtains of the window. I run my hand along the familiar stone and I wonder at the brightness

of this visit, and my ability to distinguish slightly the shape of the stone that I hold on to for security and balance. Here, here is the window. I feel its ledge and I slowly reach up and feel the familiar bars of the cell that contains the beast. But, the curtains? A scream wells up in my chest as the truth encompasses me. The Curtains Are On The Other Side.

Brad Hart

The Lair

Cold, so cold. I knew that the other side held warmth, but no, I could not even ponder such things. My nightshirt did little to block out the cold that seeped from the stone that I clung to. And my barefeet on the ledge added to my discomfort. The darkness encompassed me, drawing on my body's warmth even more. I slowly crept along the edge feeling along

the stone searching for the window that I knew was there.

My fingertips brushed the curtain as my hand swept by and I backtracked until I found the opening. I grasped both curtains with my hands and slowly opened them. A low reddish light glowed from the center of the room into which I peered. The warmth washed over me with a familiar rush and I felt for the bars I knew to be on the other side of the opening. There.

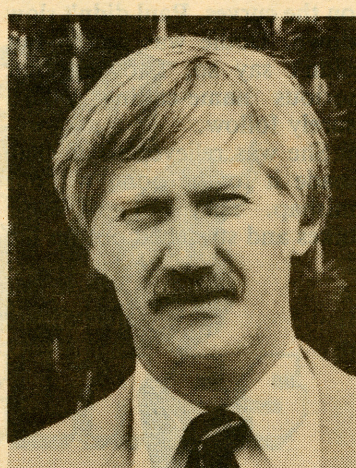
Commemorating 20 years of TCC



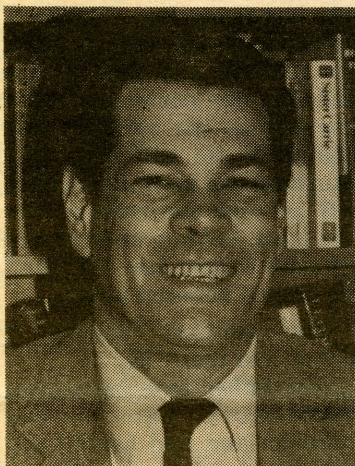
Thornton Ford



Carleton Opgaard



Donald Gangnes



Frank Garratt



John Terrey



Richard Falk

TCC celebration will be June 7 at Fircrest Club

Saturday, June 7, from 7 p.m. to 9:30 p.m. friends of Tacoma Community College, past and present, will gather at the Fircrest Golf Club to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the college. The committee has mailed invitations to present and past employees, local political and educational dignitaries, past student presidents, past members of the Board of Trustees, and the first nine graduates of the college.

For special recognition the college will honor four people who led the establishment of Tacoma Community College in 1965: Dr. Angelo Giaudrone, retired superintendent of Tacoma Schools; Thornton M. Ford, the first president of TCC; John Terrey, the first academic dean of the college; and Richard Falk, the first dean of students. The occasion will be informal with a brief program with few speeches. Dave Whisner and his string ensemble will furnish the entertainment. There will also be a hors d'oeuvres buffet.

Tom Ford

Carl Opgaard

We are a product of our past. It is appropriate after 20 years of service for Tacoma Community College to thank all of those who worked to create this college. We look forward to seeing many of you at our birthday bash on June 7.

Thousands of local residents have benefited from the opportunities and challenges



Angelo Giaudrone

we are to provide educational opportunity for all our citizens. Though many members of the TCC staff, the Board of Trustees, and the Foundation, as well as other friends of the college, have given the college generous support in the past, our fundraising effort in conjunction with the Twentieth Birthday Bash is our first campaign within the college 'family.'

The occasion of the twentieth anniversary of Tacoma Community College is certainly a time for celebration as well as a time to give recognition to the many dedicated individuals whose talents and skills have so richly contributed to the development of this fine institution. The occasion also offers a timely opportunity to reflect on the contributions of the college to its community.

Has the college, we may ask, really made a difference? During its first twenty years of operation, has the college made significant and meaningful contributions to the quality of life in Tacoma? And, in terms of individuals, has the college helped any significant number of persons to grow intellectually and to direct their own lives in more meaningful ways? We can proudly answer these questions in the affirmative.

With its diverse academic and service programs, the college has, in my view greatly enhanced the quality of life in the community. Through the efforts of an exceptionally qualified faculty and staff, the college has directly and indirectly influenced the work of almost every business, professional, and service group in the Tacoma area.

Twenty-five years ago, we promised the community that this would be an open-door college; we can all be justly proud of that early promise. During its first twenty years, Tacoma Community College has indeed opened doors of hope and personal opportunity for countless thousands of individuals. During the next twenty years, let us keep it that way.

Richard Falk

Remembering TCC's first year

Thornton Ford

None of us possessed sufficient wisdom to contemplate the awe which is supposed to accompany the opening of a brand new college. There were no traditions to bind us to formality so we exerted little effort to maintain any. A couple portables had been dragged up to the southwest corner of the building site, just below building 14. The faculty filled one of them up to the brim and the other held a dean's desk or two and one for me. We hadn't yet hired a full time business manager so we split up whatever paper work couldn't wait and stayed late each night to count the tuition money collected for the day.

But we had been three years in planning and raising money and building and hiring and ordering things and getting the word around and students showed up just like we predicted--more than 900 of them. We had a temporary library filled with books which had been gathered and catalogued in the playroom of a nearby elementary school during the summer by a thankfully optimistic library staff which wrought no small

miracle to be sure things would be ready for opening day.

We made most of the rules up as we went along and relied on our bright personalities to see us through a first quarter crammed into a handfull of classrooms and a couple lecture halls. Teachers and students discussed literature and history and mathematics in competition with the regular noises carpenters and plumbers and electricians make at their trades.

There were muddy places to park and to walk, and a common sense of thrill which accompanies the first time through for any great endeavor. That sense of thrill has somehow been sustained over twenty long years of budget crunches, different faces at most of the desks, and a good many crises around the globe which required an endless supply of men and women with the education and skills to work out solutions and redesigned attitudes.

When TCC opened its doors they were never meant to be closed--to anyone. There are some traditions now, and a lot of rules written down in the big policy book. As long as

they're all connected to opportunity and excellence the next twenty years should be just as exciting as the first. Keep up the good work.

Tom Ford

Carl Opgaard

We are a product of our past. It is appropriate after 20 years of service for Tacoma Community College to thank all of those who worked to create this college. We look forward to seeing many of you at our birthday bash on June 7.

Thousands of local residents have benefited from the opportunities and challenges



Angelo Giaudrone

The humble beginnings of TCC

From barren soil and seas of mud grew seeds of education

People and places. They cannot be separated in the telling of the story of Tacoma Community College. This collection of 22 buildings with 75 classrooms, located on 144 acres of land between South 12th and South 19th, Pearl and Mildred Streets, has become an important place in the city. It is a place that admirably serves the educational needs of the graduates of five high schools in Tacoma, 17 high schools in Pierce County and an increasing number of adults. But TCC is more than just a place. It is also people.

There were approximately 54 personnel on the staff of TCC when it opened its doors to 1,090 students on Sept. 27, 1965. These were the people who mothered TCC into existence. Today there are 371 employees including the faculty, administrative staff and the classified personnel. Thirteen of these present employees are from the original staff of 20 years ago and much of the information for this history has been collected from interviews with many of these "old timers" on campus.

Lorraine Hildebrand is one of the original staff who remembers TCC's formative years with great delight.

"For two years there was instant building going on," she said, "you could watch them lay the frames for whole walls and then lift them up into place by cranes."

Maurice Skagen, the chairman of the library/media department, was also at TCC in the beginning.

"Everybody remembers tremendous enthusiasm."

Twenty years ago, community colleges were still an innovation in higher education. Up to 1965, only 16 community colleges existed in the state of Washington. Now there are 27. They were primarily conceived for the purpose of providing less costly education to the many young people coming out of local high schools who desired to go to college.

Students in Tacoma were particularly burdened with financial hardships if they



Citizens committee chairmen who helped "legalize" TCC were, from left, Sally Lewis, Lincoln; Joyce Engelland, Wilson; John Lobland, Tahoma; Ken Kessler, Wilson; Lee Brooke, Stadium; and Steve Sorenson, Stadium.

needed to go to college close to home because the only options were the more expensive private schools, the University of Puget Sound and Pacific Lutheran University. Otherwise would-be college students had to leave Tacoma, not a choice that was always preferable.

In order to make higher education more accessible, it was critical for Tacoma to have a community college (it was due to happen, but not without a battle).

A prominent feature of the school in the first few years that was neither pleasant nor pretty was the "sea of mud" that generously landscaped the campus during the rainy seasons. For more than two years during the construction phase, TCC was barren of shrubs, trees, plants and grass. In essence, the college rested on a dirt mound, dusty during the summer and muddy during the winter. The roadways on campus were hard to drive, full of ruts and mudholes. The administration heard many complaints, like "why are the sidewalks being held afloat by pontoons?" and snickers about a popular class entitled "Frog Hunting 103."

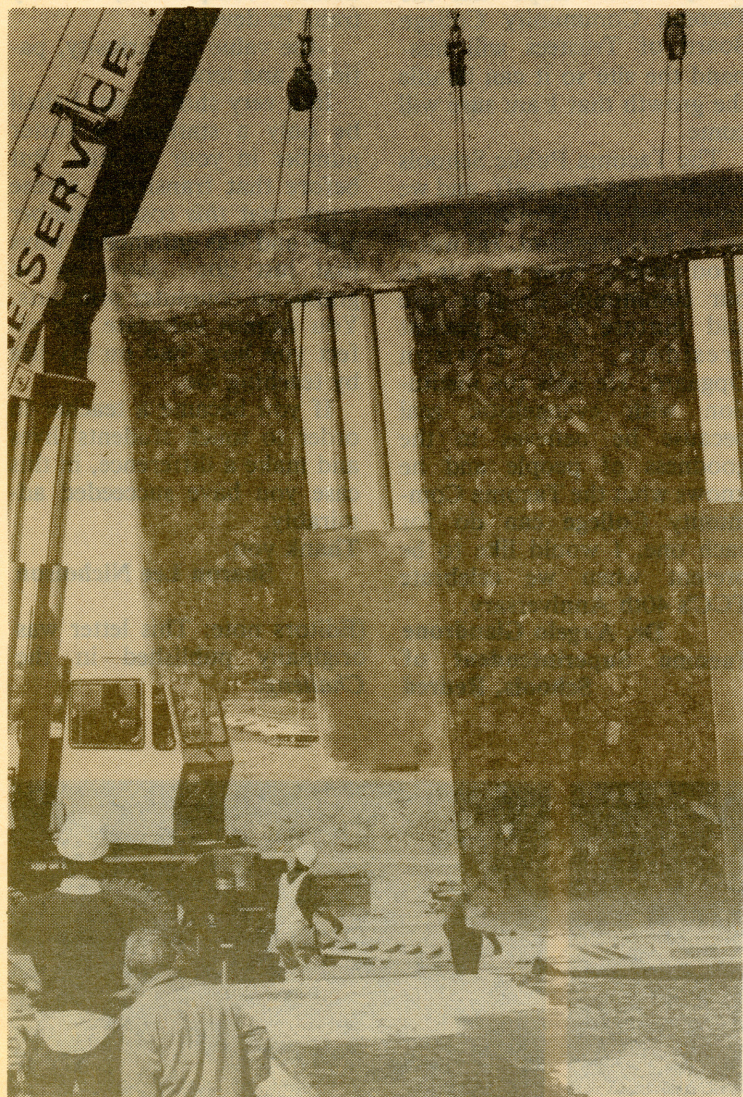
According to Pat Loth, who is now secretary to the president of the college but at that time assisted the newspaper staff, one of the students

broke the axle of his car trying to navigate it through one of the larger mud holes. Lorraine Hildebrand recalled that when it was necessary they put planks down to cross over from dry land to the doorway of Bldg. 18.

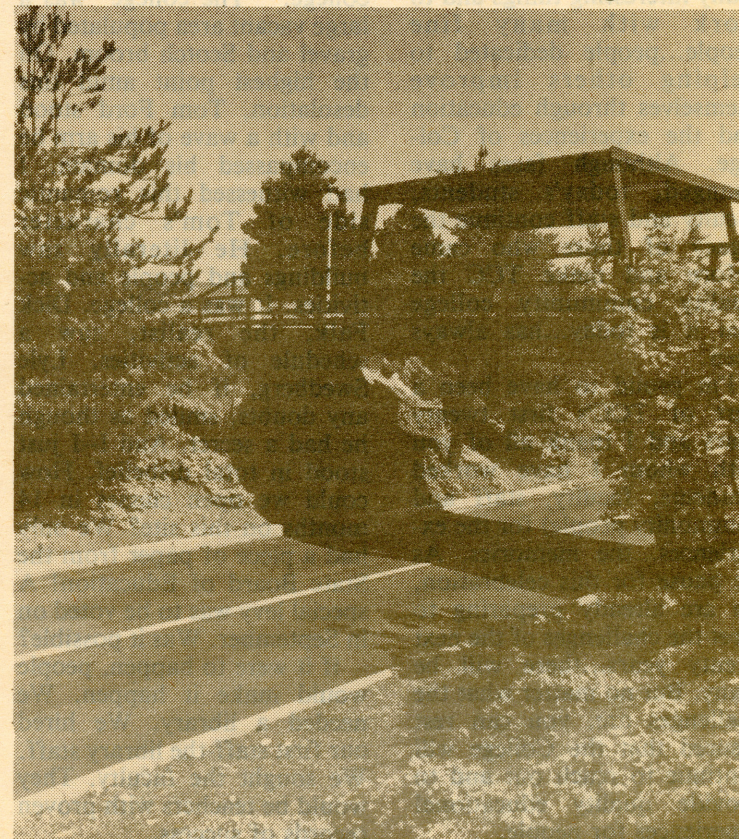
Every event in the first two years at TCC was exciting

because it was happening for the first time. The election of the first student body president, Mike Fuller, was news. The creation of the first ASTCC constitution was important news. Clubs were forming. Athletic teams, musical bands, and theatrical presentations were developing quickly.

Continued on page 15



Precase walls were "tilted up" into position.



The bridge was always a landmark.

Year end pride

Continued from page 12

which TCC has provided since 1965. Now, the responsibility to reach new goals rests with current faculty, staff, and administrators. We will not be tempted to use shortages of resources as an excuse for the College to perpetuate the status quo. Instead, we intend to build upon past successes and to move forward in providing greater service while improving the quality of all that we do.

It is good to work with people whom you respect, dedicated to the same high principles as those who had the vision to create TCC.

I am confident that the College will continue to be an integral part of the community.

Carl Opgaard
President

Donald R. Gangnes

Warm greetings to TCC's past and present as we celebrate our twentieth anniversary. In twenty years we have had the opportunity to reach out and touch a lot of people. Although it seems like only yesterday that I started at TCC as a chemistry instructor (1967), the realities of time (i.e. the children have grown up, the hair has greyed, the faces of colleagues have changed, etc.) tell me it really wasn't. It has gone fast though hasn't it? Wow, 20 years!

It's been a challenging, enjoyable and rewarding experience for me...for all of us. I've had the opportunity to do many interesting things and to work with many fine people...people dedicated to helping others improve themselves through education and the experiences of College. Although faces have changed, today's students, faculty and staff continue the legacy of those who came before and make TCC the quality community college that it is today...has always been.

I'm proud to have been a part of TCC's first twenty years and I thank all of you with whom I have worked (students, faculty, staff and community people) for the experiences...the memories. As we pause for this celebration, we are already preparing to meet the challenges of the next twenty years...there will be many. But no matter what the challenges are, you can rest assured that the College will continue to reach out and to provide quality educational experiences for people.

Donald R. Gangnes

Frank Garratt

I am looking forward to enjoying TCC's 20th year celebration with all those who have helped the college serve Tacoma-Pierce County residents since 1965.

Rather than become complacent about its achievements during the last twenty years, the college has continued to make new efforts to improve.

TCC is more actively involved with outreach efforts in business, industry, health care, and local agencies than ever. Additionally, the college has begun four important occupational programs in the last two years. Further, a major effort to review and improve the requirements for all degrees the college offers is nearing completion.

TCC has continued to progress since 1965. Its comprehensive commitment to education has never been greater. Its future has never been brighter.

Frank Garratt

John N. Terrey

The poet Samuel Taylor Coleridge concluded that a work of art required the willing suspension of disbelief. My moment, as it relates to Tacoma Community College, came on my first day on the job in the summer of 1964. Lyle Swedberg, the architect; Tom Ford, the president; Dick Falk, the dean of students; and I--an outsider--took the trip from downtown to "the college." "The college" was a large vacant area populated by gravel and Scotch broom. On the highest point amid this desolation, Tom Ford stood and with a wave of his arm he encompassed his domain. I had witnessed this romantic side of Tom's character before. He literally saw buildings and people and activities. It was a college. Dick Falk, the realist, saw a schedule of activities. Lyle Swedberg, if he entertained any doubts, smiled as though he had a secret. And I--I just stood in total disbelief. How could we open classes in 14 months on this site? We only had a piece of paper from the State Board of Education! A special levy was to be voted on in September. Was it possible?

If it were to happen, people would make it happen. We needed a library. We hired our first staff--the library staff. We sought the faculty. They would be teachers with proven records of success.

One day, months later, with



TCC's first Board of Trustees, from left: Charles Edmunds, Dewey Tuggle, Maxine Meyers, John Binns and Lewis Hatfield.

a special levy passed and construction underway, I discovered that I, too, believed it was going to happen. It did.

As I reflect on those events of more than 20 years ago, I now realize that they represent the greatest moment in a long and happy professional career. Amid the doubts I concluded that people with talent and commitment would be the real college. The years have justified my willing suspension of disbelief.

John N. Terrey

Angelo Giaudrone

I have heard Ron Magden say that I came to Tacoma back in 1956 with 2 agenda items in my black brief case: (1) the establishment of a community college in Tacoma, and (2) the desegregation of the Tacoma Public Schools. Both items took time, effort, and persistence, but were eventually accomplished. The establishment of TCC was finally a reality, and in the years since its beginning it has changed and grown.

Before we could make application for a community college it was necessary to lobby the legislature to change the law which at that time did not permit a community college in a county that already had a 4 year institution. The next step was for the legislature to decide how many new ones to be allocated. When it was announced that two would be allowed the Tacoma Public Schools made an immediate application feeling certain that

we would be selected because the need here was so great.

Community colleges have proved themselves and it is still important that we nurture ours. Except for the maintenance building and a few portable-size wooden structures, no new buildings have been erected on the Tacoma Community College campus in 20 years. I have made my peace with the fact that the community colleges are now under the jurisdiction of the state, but I am glad that the Tacoma Public Schools were given the privilege of seeing it come to life. The college is still where it belongs. In my opinion the site is excellent and will take care of our needs until the year 2000 or 2025. It is my fervent hope that the Tacoma Community College Board of Trustees will husband the site so it can handle the growth that I am sure will come.

The Tacoma Public Schools selected that first staff, and we appointed Dr. Thornton Ford as the first president. He was a good choice. Now it is up to our community to give care and nurture to the present president, Dr. Carlton Opgaard. He sells the institution with evangelistic zeal because he believes in the goodness of people and he knows what the Tacoma Community College can do for each one. I would like to be present when we celebrate TCC's 40th Anniversary.

Dr. Angelo Giaudrone
Tacoma Superintendent of Schools, Retired

An open letter to my teachers:

It's been four quarters. Perhaps not the greatest year of my life, but certainly one I shall remember.

Before leaving your sphere, I must take time to say thank you. And not just for teaching me the prescribed curricula. Oh sure, you've taught me psychology, history and philosophy (though not without mental pain). To my surprise, you've even taught me science and math.

That is important. Yet along with the academic subjects, you've taught me a great deal more:

--there is no one way things REALLY are...

--intellectual generosity and human compassion, worthy traits to develop...

--the value of curiosity, patience and tenacity.

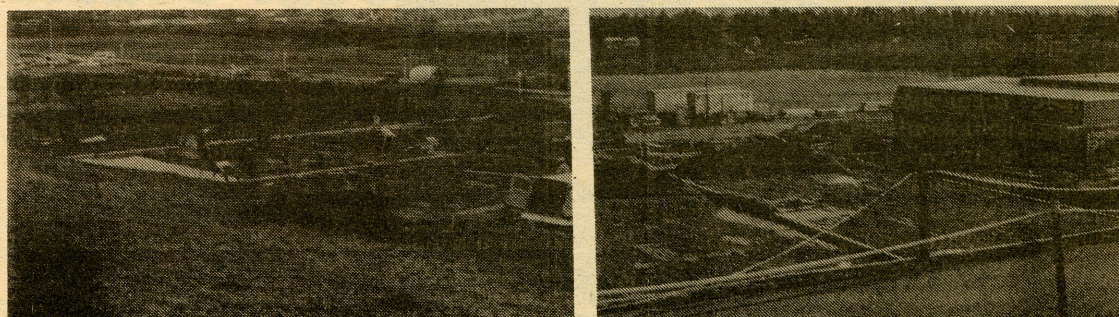
In a very short time, I shall be only a statistic, a roster number in your records. But before that transition, please know that *this* roster number grew and was enriched in ways that just don't show up on graphs or computer printouts. You cannot calculate the effect you have had on my life by teaching me.

If you became a teacher in order to touch students' lives and make a difference, in this case you have succeeded admirably.

Thank you,

Sharon Lee Nicholson

(Editors note: This letter was originally published in the *Challenge*



TCC campus looked like this under construction



"The Rock" - scene of many campus protest speeches.

The early days at TCC were a 'world of hi-jinx'

Continued from page 13

Every new project was watched and worried over by staff and students alike for signs of failure or marks of progress.

There was a lot of hilarity in those days. But there was also seriousness. It was the era of the Vietnam War and it had just begun to disturb consciences of many young people.

The early days were also characterized by one faculty member as a "world of hi-jinx!"

In the summer of 1966, the first Campus Days festival was held. The big event was a tricycle race down the middle of the campus. Professors and students alike pedaled tiny trikes while their knees hit their chins as they raced toward the finish line.

One unplanned event that Lorraine really laughs about now was no joke then. Students had a spontaneous water balloon fight...in the halls of Bldg. 18! Lorraine

said the staff spent hours afterward mopping up the water.

The first issue of the campus newspaper was called the *Campus Reporter*, and was published 20 years ago. A contest was staged to come up with an official name for the newspaper. Some of the titles suggested were: The Stone and the Chisel, The Titan Issue, and The Gladiator.

But the Collegiate Challenge was the decided favorite and it was published for the first time on the masthead in the April 13, 1966 issue.

The first commencement at TCC had a lot of people a little misty-eyed and proud of the accomplishment. Only nine students graduated from TCC in its first commencement on June 3, 1967. Most of the students that had enrolled in September were freshmen. In 1967, 134 graduates received their diplomas from TCC.

13 of original 35 faculty members still teach at TCC

Of the original crew, there remain only 13 on the TCC campus. Following are the names of the 35 original full-time faculty: Dr. Thornton M. Ford, Dr. John Terrey, Dr. Richard C. Falk, William Anderson, Doris Bennett, Russell Clark, Robert Dezell, Rolland Evans, Doreen Faure, Mario Faye, Frank Garratt, Sheldon Gilman, John R. Heinrich, Dr. Jack Hyde, Luther Jansen, Monty Jones, Dr. Robert Lathrop, Dr. Ronald Magden, Harry Markowicz, Arthur Martinson, Paul Michaels, Mary Palo, Loyd Percy, Dr. Richard Perkins, Dr. Robert Rhule, Henry Schafer, Howard Shull, Carolyn Simonson, Morris Skagen, J. Paul Steadman, Morris Summers, Phyllis Templin, Margrit Von Bredow, Mary Anne West, and Regene Ragsdale.

The first graduating class of nine students were: Virginia Tamayo, Dennis Evans, Diana Cole, Sharon Arneson, Marie E. Rolstad, Patricia Stokes, Donna Dupea, Bill Evenson, and Shirley Ostenson.

The first year secretarial staff was: Sonya Anderson (Drowley), Betty Bolinsky (deceased), Lorraine (Hildy) Hildebrand, Genny Huber, Nora Jensen, Carole Miller (Rucker), Diane Polier, Mildred (Millie) Rohrs, Bon-



The first nine TCC graduates in academic procession.



The faculty and administration in academic procession.

nie Waggoner, Margaret Streng, Mary Pattee, Kathy Williams. First year Myron, and Hazel Woodbury. secretarial additions were: Dee

Happy Birthday!

Racial tensions escalate to riot

During the summer of 1968, while most students were vacationing, members of the OBI Society were quietly meeting on campus and hammering out a strategy to bring about a change. The change OBI wanted would create the biggest cultural shock individuals at TCC had yet to encounter. It was a confrontation most white people were not prepared to understand.

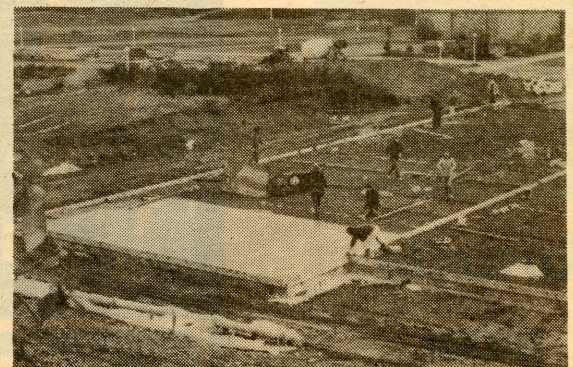
Frederick Lowe, a black journalism student and the society's minister of information in 1968, wrote in the first fall issue of the *Challenge* that the OBI philosophy was to "tell America of the injustices done to the black man in

America, and to remedy these injustices by any means necessary."

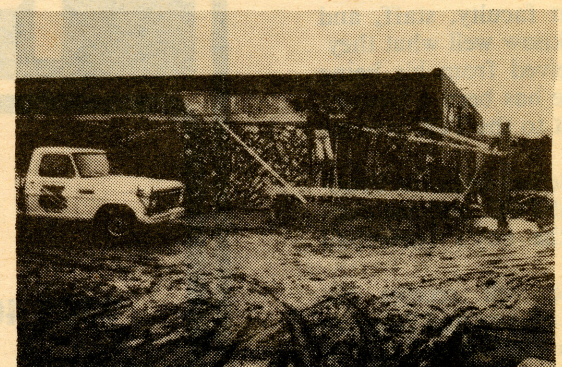
The focal point of many outdoor rallies was at "the rock." It was a multi-ton, glacial boulder that loomed up on the grass lawn by Bldg. 18. It was approximately five feet high. In 1969 the rock was permanently removed. It had become the center of too many disturbances. Prior to the protest year, the rock had been a source of campus frivolity. By 1969, it had been painted 40 different times by various campus clubs in their favorite club colors. Painting it red, green, or blue, with sayings on it that identified the club, was seen as a joke.

The rock was the stage of rallies. Black speakers stood on it and shouted. They often hurled insults at white "racists." Ultimately, an incident erupted, bringing the tension to a climax on May 8. Fists started swinging and a fight broke out. The blacks were outnumbered by over 200 whites.

The police were called to the campus "riot", armed with guns and clubs. As they approached the fighting crowd with clubs in hand, a man jumped in the crowd of students and stopped the fighting with his yells and shouts. They stopped, and students walked away that day from potential bloodshed.



TCC under construction



TCC under construction

Class'ads

ROYAL manual typewriter in good condition. \$25 or best offer. Call 474-4543, ask for Ron.

BABYSITTER available. Kids wanted all ages. Will babysit in my own home. Prices to fit your income. Call now while openings are available. Excellent references upon request. 535-6066.

79 HONDA 750, metal flake burgundy red with matching helmet. Very low miles. \$875. 475-3365. Leave message if not in.

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ATTENTION MUSICIANS Experienced drummer and guitarist are looking for a good bass player and singer. Music styles range from Led Zeppelin to the Power Station. Would like to be playing gigs by this summer. If you or anybody you know are interested, call Greg Halford at 759-5222 anytime after 3 p.m.

For Sale: Older Adler manual typewriter. Works good. \$25.00. Call Stacy after 3 p.m. at 841-4175.

For Sale: '65 Dodge van needs motor work, \$250. or best offer. Also books: Engineering, Humanities 100, Anatomy and Physiology, and two acting books for Drama 151. Call Marcia, 272-1798 eves.

To Regina: With our deepest sympathies, from the Challenge staff (minus Soup is Good Food Campbell)

Barnette wins

Continued from page 6

TCC. But faculty, staff, and students know well what they have received from his being here as he has been a tremendous asset to the TCC student body.

Barnette has been the President of ASTCC, and the captain of the boy's basketball team.

Barnette will receive his Associate of Arts and Sciences Degree on June 12, and will be transferring to PLU on a basketball scholarship. He will be majoring in Education.



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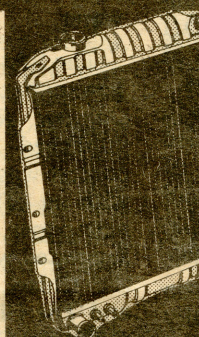
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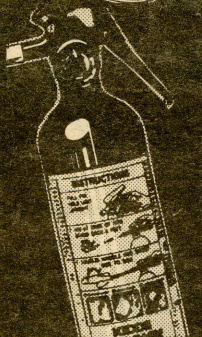
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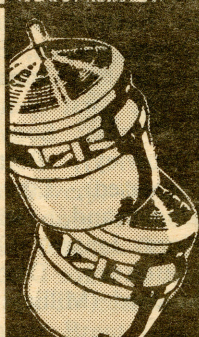
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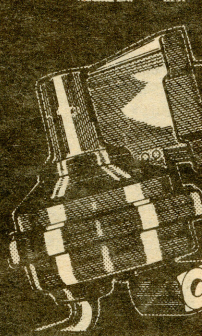
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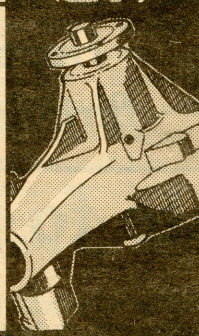
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