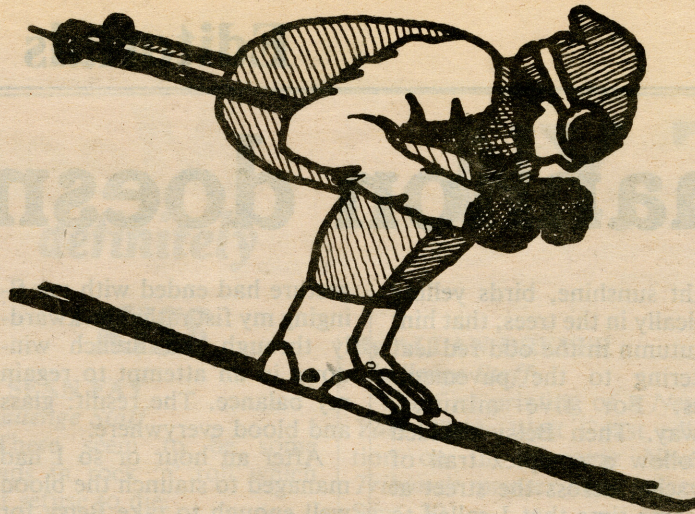


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CHALLENGE



# Challenge

Tacoma Community College, Tacoma, Wash.  
Vol. 22, No. 3 October 18, 1985



For fall  
sports  
info see  
pages  
4 and 5

## Honors class focuses on Vietnam—ten years later

By DOUGLAS BUELL  
*Challenge Staff*

"It is time for the public to go back to the war in Vietnam . . . Vietnam is the biggest tragedy since the Civil War, and is still with us," according to Giovanni Costigan, professor emeritus at the University of Washington. Prof. Costigan is a graduate of Oxford and author of books including *Makers of Modern England*. He is recognized worldwide as a leading authority on the Vietnam War.

Costigan spoke to a group of honor students and participants on Oct. 3 in the theater, starting off what promises to be an informative fall quarter honors colloquium.

"Among high school students and most college students, there is no memory, or little memory of the war," said Costigan, in an effort to increase awareness of a war once referred to as a "monumental blunder."

As he views it, the developments throughout this period in history can be broken down into stages:

- 1) 1945-54—nearly a decade of exploitive French rule;
- 2) 1954-63—the tyranny of President Diem, a communist-nationalist;
- 3) 1964-68—further movement into the war during the Johnson years;
- 4) 1968 the communist-launched TET offensive;
- 5) 1968-73 extension of the war into neighboring countries, and the eventual withdrawal of US troops during the Nixon years; and
- 6) 1975 the disastrous fall of Saigon.

Continued on page 7

## Help for ex-Asarco men

By SUSAN LLEWELLYN  
*Challenge Staff*

Working in a copper smelter used to be a well-paying job.

The workers were called "smelter rats" and proud of the name, according to Mark Goodsoe, a 22 year old ex-Asarco employee.

Asarco is a copper smelter that operated for 95 years in Tacoma until last spring. In March, economic ills beset Asarco and it closed down. Some 500 men lost their jobs.

When Goodsoe found himself out of work, he was forced to face the fact that job security in the heavy industries is becoming a thing of the past.

He and 21 other smelter rats are now students at Tacoma Community College.

One year ago none of them dreamed they would be taking subjects such as College Algebra and Business English in order to retrain for new careers in the computer field. For all these men, the last year has brought about major changes in their lives.

Lifestyle, work environment and salaries will never be the same. Going to school means living on unemployment benefits and trying to raise a family on tight budgets. It means lots of homework. Dennis Morse, 39, who worked at Asarco for 15 years, was an air pollution control tester. He said that without a regular paycheck there are "no extras. No movies."



Mark Goodsoe and Dennis

Morse in class at TCC

But the biggest challenge of all is in the nature of their work.

Students must now "re-orient themselves to the micro-industry," said Walt Nolte, the director of occupational education here at TCC. He pointed out that they were accustomed to working in a "dirty" environment using large muscles in tasks such as operating overhead cranes. In the future they will be working more in business atmospheres using small precision tools in the repair of delicate equipment.

Goodsoe can attest to the fact that it is a radical change. He was an overhead crane operator, wearing a hard hat, gloves, goggles, and getting plenty dirty. He also brought home a handsome paycheck. The average salaries at Asarco ranged from \$10 to \$14 per hour. As a computer repair technician

he can expect to make an entry-level salary of \$6.50 to \$10 per hour according to a survey performed by Employment Security.

Regardless of lower pay, Goodsoe says he looks forward to wearing a suit and tie to work.

"The service industry does not pay as well", Morse admitted, "but we are all tired of manual labor."

"Many of these men have not been to school for 20 years", said Joe Fletcher, the instructor hired to guide this group through their retraining. Since it is an accelerated program, the students are in class six hours per day. "They are hard working and serious," said Fletcher. "They are also using tutors, math lab, and every resource available."

Another advantage as far as Morse and Goodsoe are concerned is the fact that there is a 97 percent growth

rate in jobs forecast for computer repair technicians through 1995, according to Employment security. The 22 ex-Asarco workers hope to find new employment in installation, repair and testing of digital equipment such as mobile communications systems, computerized hospital machines, computerized gas station pumps and supermarket checkstand scanners. They believe that in these new jobs their careers will not be threatened by a dying industry.

Job placement services will be provided to the Asarco students upon graduation next May through the Asarco Workers Resource Center. It is staffed by Employment Security job counselors like Mari Green, who has been working with the Asarco closure victims since the beginning. Green stated that the TCC program is one of nine pilot projects of this kind in the nation. According to Green, in recent years Tacoma has lost 5,000 jobs directly due to lay-offs and closures. Some 500 of these were from Asarco. She was pleased that TCC responded to the needs of dislocated workers in the community. She said there will be a continuation of these kinds of lay-offs in heavy industries throughout the nation and educational institutions will play a major role in retraining programs.

# Why Shannon doesn't do windows



**SHANNON  
SAUL**

Weekends are something to look forward to, right? Wrong. At least they aren't when they consist of a series of charmingly unfunny incidents sandwiched between the usual laundry hassles, money worries and other paraphernalia of a typical student's life.

Take this weekend, for example.

"I'm going to go on a nice, relaxing walk after class," I told myself on Friday after an exhausting week of late nights in the *Challenge* office putting everything together for the week's issue of the paper. So, off my dog Betsy and I went.

Bright sunshine, birds yelling musically in the trees, that hint of autumn in the odd red leaf fluttering to the pavement. Bliss. For five minutes, anyway. Then Betsy decided to follow a complex trail of dog scent across the street at the same time that I called to her as a car came rushing around the corner.

Betsy, obedient as always, bounded into the middle of the street and underneath the car as it screeched to a halt.

"She's dead!" my mind wailed sickly as I rushed toward the car. But Betsy, on her fourth life, came from beneath the car looking decidedly pleased with herself. An oil stain on her back was the only sign of damage.

I got home to find my sister muttering dangerously about something to do with the family car. I responded equally dangerously in a very sisterly manner. If you happen to own a sister, you will know I don't mean lovingly. In seconds the fight had escalated to gargantuan proportions and I, in a most dramatic manner, decided to storm from the room. A move, it turned out, which was hampered by my bedspread which, for some unknown reason, was lying on the floor. Before I knew it, my grand

gesture had ended with me flinging my fist rather awkwardly through the French windows in an attempt to regain my balance. The result: glass and blood everywhere.

After an hour or so I had managed to staunch the blood well enough to take Betsy for another walk — this one to cool down. Unfortunately, by the time I got home, the bleeding had started again and I was feeling most definitely sick.

"To the hospital," was the general consensus, and despite my screams of protest I was forced to drive myself one-handed to the nearest emergency clinic where the doctor rushed me to the back room for a not-so-quick repair job.

After sticking needles in my hand, scrubbing my injuries with what felt like a nail file and burning a hole through my fingers in the name of cauterization, the doctor informed me that I was going to have to see a skin specialist in Lakewood.

"For what?" I wailed, only to hear the dreaded words, "A skin graft."

So, off to Lakewood I drove in search of the Emergency Hospital. And for all of you who shrug this incredibly

courageous move off as nothing I remind you that hospitals are to me as crowded elevators are to a claustrophobic. They loom in my mind as places peopled by white-robed killers and white-faced corpses, and haunted by the not-quit-ghosts of dying patients.

By the time I arrived there I was shaking so much that the doctor was convinced I was hiding a mini-motor in my jacket. Despite all this, the operation went well. Probably one of the main reasons for this was the introduction of a large reason into my arm. Result: oblivion. And presumably no more shaking.

The following evening I was relaxing at home when Betsy started giving me strange looks. Thinking she needed out, I took her for a walk. Half way home, she got violently sick. And again three-quarters of the way home. And again on the doorstep.

"Home perm," my friend Suzanne said, busily home-perming my sister's hair.

"Oh, no," I screeched, and shot out the door with Betsy enroute to the Animal Emergency Clinic. It turned out she had munched on rags soaked with home-perm solu-

tion.

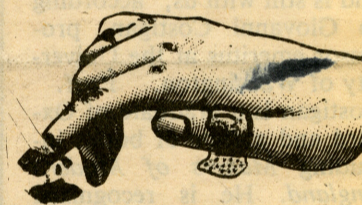
Betsy was lucky. Now on her fifth life she pulled through with some shots and an I.V.

"Luckily, she ate enough to make her sick right away," the vet told me as she handed me a bill for \$42.

Now I'm at school and everybody keeps telling me it's lucky it was only my left hand I destroyed. I keep assuring them that if I were right-handed I would be lucky.

"Oh," they say blankly as I maneuver my pen awkwardly over the page, my middle finger encased in a splint, adding, to cheer me up, "You could have cut your whole hand off!"

Maybe next weekend I'll have the chance to chop off my hand. I should have plenty of opportunity. Chopping wood, mowing the lawn, feeding hungry puppies . . . with me, anything could happen.



# Abortion: It's not excusable murder

By **MICHAEL CASEY**  
News Editor

If there were ever a subject in which ignorance is bliss, abortion would rank among the top five. There are too many people in our society who tend to ignore the slaughter of over 1.5 million babies a year. These people are either not well informed about the matter or do not wish to bother with it in their search for self-pleasing complacency.

Then there are those who are openly in favor of abortion, and will profess its "goodness" to all. Either they are also lacking in information, or their hearts have grown cold and hard and have lost the value of life. Both those who sit and do nothing and those who actively preach abortion are in support of outright murder.

The supporters of abortion, who I would tend to call the "Pro-death" activists, have buried the subject of death in a cloud of "rights." They say things like, "A woman has a 'right' to her own body," and

"People have the 'right' to choose." What they fail to understand is that a baby has a right to live. They are just trying to justify murder to save face. The choice of whether or not to have a child comes before jumping into bed with someone. No one has the right to decide that they don't want to have a baby when that baby is already on its way. Contraceptives should not have to exist. If you don't want to become a parent, sleep alone. If you find that you just can't do that, then your relationship must be primarily a physical one, subject to decay.

Although women have a right to their own body, they tend to include a developing baby as part of that body, when it really isn't. A developing baby has its own set of chromosomes and its own eternal spirit. That baby will not be a duplicate of its mother or its father, but will be an individual entity. He or she will have its own life to live. An abortion would therefore murder a living person. A

child cannot be "removed" from the mother's system as if it were just an extra kidney.

To understand and to feel the tragedy taking place, one must confront the truth. Thanks to modern technology, and a few sick minds, many different ways have been developed to kill innocent children — "accidents" that men and women alike just can't muster the responsibility for.

While still young inside the uterus, a baby can be cut up into pieces with a sharp instrument and scraped out from the uterine wall. The nurse must reassemble the baby's parts to insure that nothing was left behind that could cause infection.

Another procedure involves a strong vacuum, which inserted into the uterus, tears the baby limb from limb and deposits its remains into a jar.

After an unborn baby is four months old, and enough fluid has been accumulated in the sac around the baby, salt poisoning is used. A long nee-

dle is inserted into the mother's abdomen to remove some of the fluid in the sac and to inject a salt solution. The baby inside is literally burned alive by this solution, despite its desperate kicking and jerking. It takes over an hour for the baby to die by this method. The mother then gives birth to a dead child, its outer layer of skin completely burned off. But some babies can survive this method, only to be left unattended or directly killed.

In the last three months of a pregnancy, the baby can be removed by caesarian and would also be left unattended or killed directly.

These are just some of the methods used. Go to any abortion clinic and you will no doubt find such sights. But this is just the physical aspect. There is also a spiritual aspect that is just as equally important in this matter, if not more so.

How does God see abortion? In view that the Ten Commandments haven't been

revised, and won't be, I think it is safe to assume that God sees abortion as murder, or, in a term that everyone likes to avoid, SIN. God spoke to his prophet Jeremiah, saying, "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou cameth forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." (Jeremiah 1:5)

God knew this "fetus" as Jeremiah, a prophet which he sanctified before he was even born. How many prophets has this nation killed already? How many presidents, mailmen, artists, pilots, etc. have been thrown into buckets and incinerated, or simply thrown out with the rest of the trash?

Where does life begin? It begins at the beginning. If life doesn't start at the moment of conception, or even sooner, then who needs abortion? After nine months, the doctor could just stand there, knife in hand, awaiting the birth of his victim. We can't decide life.

Continued on page 8

# Can we set a legal age?

When does a child become an adult? At age 16 when he or she can be licensed to drive? At age 18 when he or she can vote, bear arms and possibly die for his or her country, see an X-rated movie and be tried in a court of law as an adult? Or at 21 when he can legally consume alcohol?

Our country makes arbitrary judgments of maturity based on archaic criteria. Does it take more maturity to drink than to operate two tons of metal on wheels?

Why does our country feel that "children" of 18 can join the Armed Forces where they are forced to be adults but cannot enjoy the pleasures of adult life?

Whether or not the adult community is aware of it, children as young as 10 and 11 are drinking. Newly licensed 16-year-olds are drinking and driving, not mature enough to handle either. A legal drinking age — statewide, nationwide or otherwise — of 21 does not now and will not in the future keep those under 21 from drinking.

Teenage alcoholism is one of our country's biggest and fastest-growing problems.

Would a legal drinking age of 18 help solve this dilemma? Perhaps not, but the higher drinking age of 21 isn't solving it, either. The higher age only makes criminals of those who drink.

Another, more reasonable solution is necessary.

## Choice

To the Editors

This is in response to Shannon Saul's commentary on the Pro-Life campaign (Challenge, Oct 4).

Having lived in a country of oppression for so long, Shannon, you have learned well the values America attempts to put forth. Pro-Life supporters have a valid point, however, in that any life, retarded or brought forth out of rape, is still a life, and life is precious. But freedom is, too; it was precious when Abraham Lincoln gave freedom to the blacks 160 years ago.

If an anti-abortion law was to be passed, America would be back on the road to oppression. And if taking away the right, or freedom, to choose is imminent, could a type of enslavement be far behind? Think about it, Pro-Lifers. This would affect your freedom as well.

Signed,  
Sydney Jackel

# Empathy

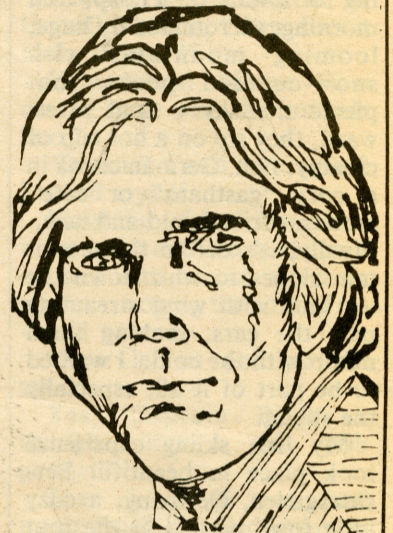
By STEFAN S.  
Special to the Challenge

Can't heal, or even  
understand.  
These brutalities are not  
my pasts, not my pains,  
And I wonder if I can even  
claim these tears.

Let my tears flow  
Let them run from their  
beds of  
Smothered blue.  
Let them wash, wash away  
The pain of so many pasts  
And cleanse my soul.

Let those salty waters slide  
Down my crack'd face  
And clear my eyes so that  
I may see  
The purity of my own heart,  
my own soul  
and view the dark stains  
from scattered blows  
that have reached their true  
mark!

My journey inwards is  
thrown awry by  
So many pasts, so many  
wounds,  
So much hurt that I can't  
touch,



# 48 HRS.

Distributed by Films Incorporated  
Released by Paramount Pictures Corporation  
Produced by Lawrence Gordon, Joel Silver Directed by Walter Hill  
Starring: Nick Nolte, Eddie Murphy, Annette O'Toole, James Remar,  
Sonny Landham, The Busboys  
Color Rated R

FILMS INCORPORATED  
© 1983 Films Incorporated All rights reserved

10/23 12:30

BLDG. 11A

## MODERN PROBLEMS



Distributed by Films Incorporated Released by Twentieth Century-Fox  
Produced by Alan Greisman and Michael Shamberg  
Directed by Ken Shapiro  
Cast: Chevy Chase, Patti D'Arbanville, Mary Kay Place, Dabney Coleman,  
Brian Doyle-Murray, Arthur Sellers, Nell Carter  
Color Rated PG

10/16/85

12:30

BLDG. 11A

## Skiing in the Bavarian Alps

BIANCA ALLEGRO  
Challenge Staff

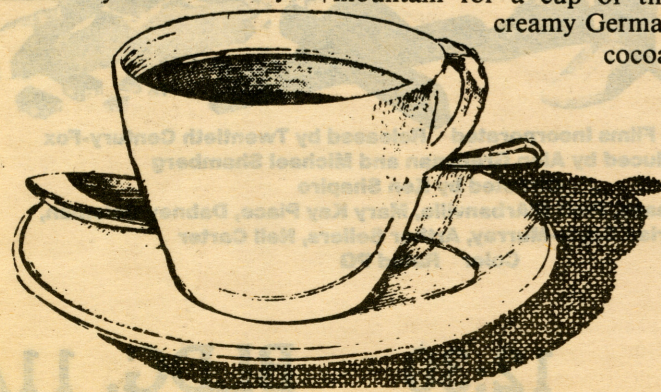
There is something special about wintertime in Germany. Perhaps it is the enjoyment of age-old traditions which are still practiced by the German people today. They enjoy going for a walk on a crisp, cold morning, surrounded by huge, looming mountains with snow-covered peaks that pierce the sky. And afterward, they sip on a hot cup of creamy, rich, German cocoa in a cozy "gasthaus" or cafe', amongst friends old and new. Finally, it's off to the mountain slopes to whiz down the icy hills with wind streaming past the ears, making them numb with the cold. I wanted to be part of it all, especially the skiing.

My first skiing experience took place in beautiful Berchtesgaden, Germany, a cozy little town nestled at the foot of the Bavarian Alps. It was a memorable experience, embarrassing at times, but at the time I was determined to be as graceful and powerful on the slopes as any Mahre brother could ever hope to be. How I ever dreamed that I'd stay alive on a slippery hill with six-foot boards attached to my feet, I'll never know.

I had gone on a group trip over Valentine's Day weekend in February of 1983. Most of my friends were experienced skiers, and I looked out at the hills with anticipation as I checked out my equipment.

The first challenge of the day was to occur before even reaching the slopes. Getting on the ski boots was a monumental task. I struggled with numerous clasps and buckles as passersby stared at my awkwardness. Whoever invented these must have had a twisted mind, I thought to myself. Finally, I was able to put them on and get out to the slopes where I snapped on my skis with a little less difficulty.

The hill loomed in front of me; a challenge waiting to be conquered, a huge mass of ice and snow which I would glide over with style and bravery.



The fact that it was a bunny slope made no difference.

Finally, I convinced myself I had to go down the hill. It was now or never. I pushed myself with my poles, grasping them tightly through the thick gloves. My skis aimed downward, and within seconds I was racing down the slope. I knew I had to slow down, but how? Shouts of, "Snowplow! Snowplow!", echoed behind me from my friends. At the time, I didn't know this was a skiing term for slowing down, and I looked about in horror for a large shoveling truck that perhaps was grinding towards me. As my speed increased, so did the volume of my screams. Suddenly, a snow bank appeared ahead of me. "Oh no," I thought, "How do I stop?" My answer came swiftly.



I lay a twisted mass in the snow bank, skis and poles buried somewhere in the powder. I was in the midst of locating my left leg when my companions skied up to me.

Did they ask me if I was alive or inquire about who was to receive my worldly possessions? No, they did not. Their enthusiastic words were, "What a great run! Hey, except for the stop, it was perfect! C'mon and get your skis out of the tree and we'll head for the advanced slope."

With a sigh of modesty I replied, "No, you all go on. (Heavy sigh). I think I've shown you up enough today."

As they skied away, I looked up toward the cozy little gasthaus, and headed up the mountain for a cup of that creamy German cocoa.

# Confessions of a tennis addict

## Or, How I kicked 'love' for good

By SCOTT GRANSE  
Challenge Staff

Dedicated tennis players and weekend "raquetees" alike are familiar with the name and face of Vic Braden. He never played on the pro-circuit, yet the pros new and old are aware of his contributions to the game. His TV shorts, entitled "Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future", appear regularly on cable TV's ESPN. He has been labeled by many to be the world's best tennis coach, and he brings this unique talent for teaching fundamentals to the multitudes via the Vic Braden tennis College.

The college, located in an enclosed compound of residences and recreation facilities called Coto De Caza (the equestrian competition in the 1984 summer Olympic Games was held here), is the ultimate tennis player's vacation spot. Neither the camp nor the adjacent condominiums are inexpensive, but the services more than compensate for the cost.

The following are excerpts from a journal that I kept during my five-day stay at the camp:

**Saturday, March 30, 1985**

Driving 22 hours in a motorhome with 16 other team members is interesting in the very least. I certainly got to know the other team members well.

We arrived at the security gate late this evening, but I could still see well enough to note that the homes inside the compound belonged to some very "well off" folk.

The home of world-famous Vic Braden lies somewhere in the thousands of square acres between the compound walls.

Once settled into the condominium, Jim and I grabbed our raquets and headed for the courts (two minutes by foot). About 10 of the facilities courts were lighted well enough to see clearly on the darkest of nights. By day the number of usable courts approached 100. The temperature was a perfect 65 degrees, and we played a few games of doubles before turning in.

**Monday, April 1, 1985**

The lack of entry was due to an exhausting day at Disneyland, which is a mere 30 minutes from the college.

Our first day of lessons was unbelievable. We all somehow managed to be ready by 8:30. Everyone (there were about 40 people attending this week's session) sat in a nice air-conditioned room in director's chairs, wondering what happened next, when Vic Braden himself walked in the side door, apologizing for being late. I really didn't expect to see him at all, but it turned out that this camp was his headquarters. He spoke to us for a half an hour, during which time I couldn't help but note the stout man's muscle structure was really impressive (he looks overweight on TV).

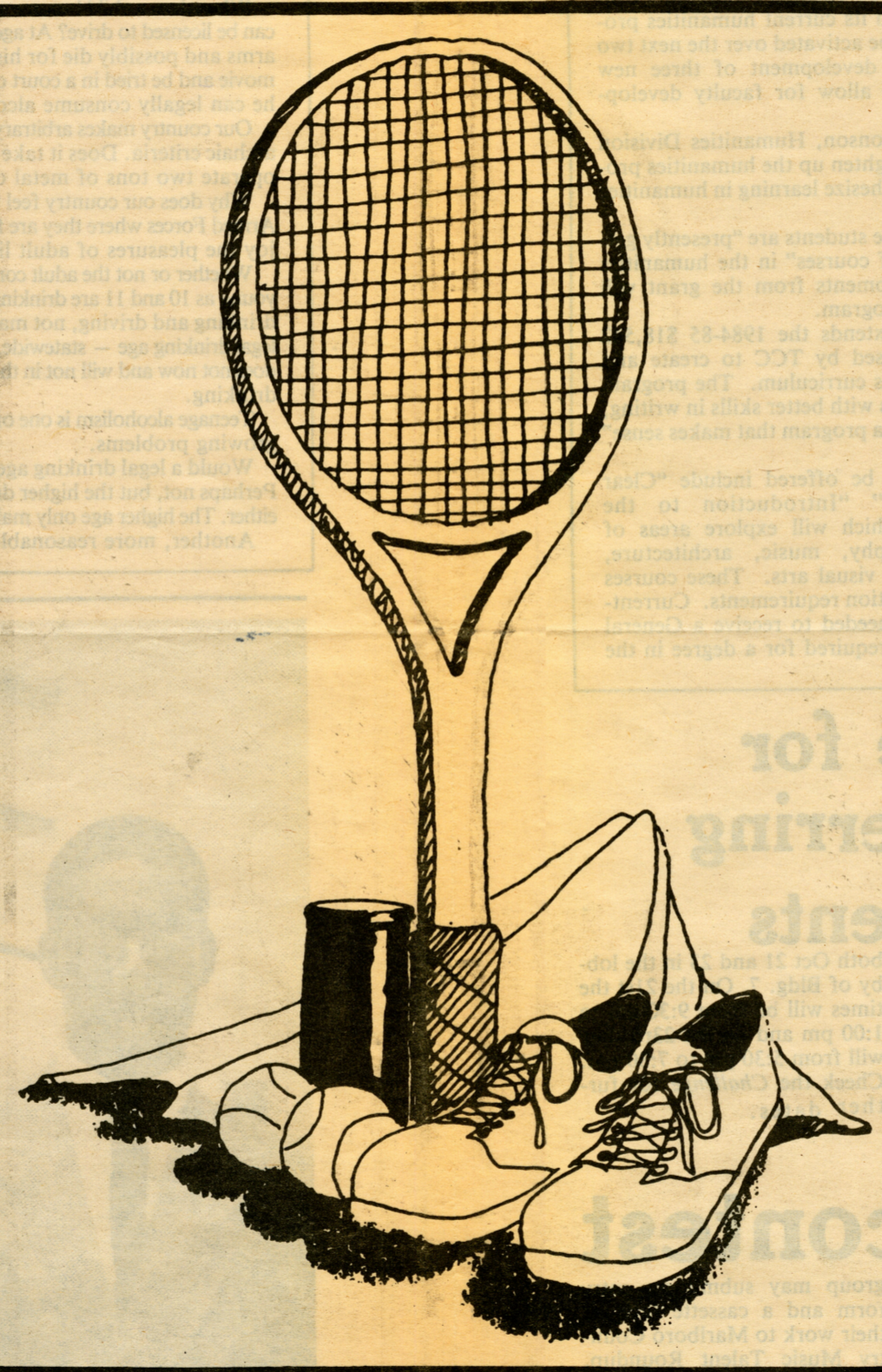
We went out to the courts at about 9:30, and it was already in the upper 70s. They split up into various ability levels (our coach was happy to note that most of our players predominated the higher skilled groups), and went to work on our forehands.

My group went to a court with a small camera mounted in the corner. The coach (Mike), set up the ball-feeding machine, and we just took some practice strokes. Mike then led us to a little room adjacent to the court, and we watched wide-eyed as we saw ourselves playing tennis on TV. It was nothing short of startling, but it gave me an unprecedented chance to pick out my own mistakes from a new perspective.

After taking an hour for lunch, we returned for a few more hours of work. By now it was in the high 90s. At about 3:00, the teaching was formally over for the day, but instructors were available until 7:00, if anyone wanted to keep at it. I, like most of the team, did.

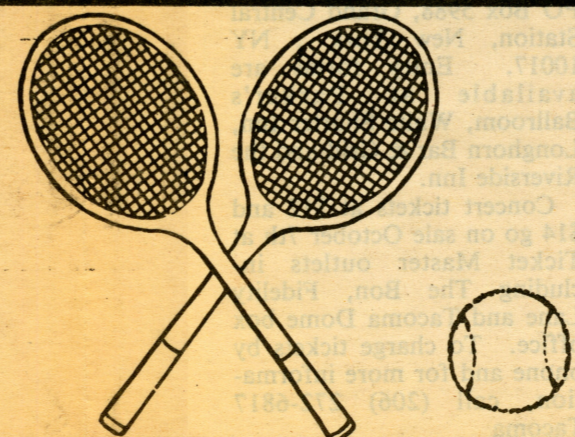
**Tuesday, April 2, 1985**

Vic was there again in the morning for half an hour. I began to notice that a lot of his jokes he used here were identical to those on his programs.



Again the weather was hot and dry. One of the instructors told us to add 10 degrees to the outside temperature for an approximation of the temperature on the courts. That made it 107. It was hard to believe that next week was Easter.

There was a large container of water on every court, and by this time it was well used. I drank at least four cans of pop a day, as



well, and yet rarely did I feel the need to relieve myself. The amount of liquid my body was absorbing was incredible.

I was told today that my backhand was all wrong, Nad showed the right way. The frustrating fact was that the coaches were right, and proved it. But that didn't make it any easier to change my old ways.

**Wednesday, April 3, 1985**

Another scorcher. Today we learned serving. Of course everything they told me about my serve made sense, and I improved incredibly in a matter of hours.

By now, Band-Aids had become a way of life for me, and many others. After spending 10 hours a day on the courts, my hands, fingers, and feet were rubbed raw. Suntan lotion also became a necessity.

The Pro-Shop here is outrageous. A lousy tennis vest for \$70! Just another clue that some very rich people dwell here.

## Good tennis

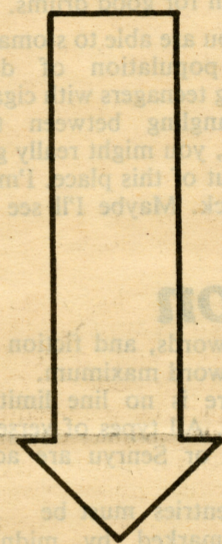
**Thursday, April 4, 1985**

There were considerably less people today, as many had come for a three day session. We worked on reviewing what we learned, and some strategies.

The instructors here contrasted our coach-completely. They were gentle, mild-mannered, and very apologetic when we got frustrated. After all, we're paying them, right? We found that they didn't actually make very good money. Most of them were there out of love for the game, which I thought was really impressive.

Between sessions, Jim and I checked out the Tennis Research Center. This is

where all the filming for Vic's TV shows is done. We were told that a lot of famous pros came here to examine their game. A lot of innovations in tennis were made at the Research Center, as well as studies of virtually all other sports.



## and good times

**Friday, April 5, 1985**

The final day was really fun. Everyone got together and had competitions. We got our diplomas and said good-bye to new friends.

Looking back on the past week, life doesn't quite feel real. To spend five days with nothing in particular to do but play tennis, eat, and sleep was like a private glimpse of heaven. We found out tonight that there were swimming pools, bowling alleys, ping-pong tables, golf courses, and hundreds of other things to do that we had overlooked during our overdose of the sport of princes. There are cheaper vacations by far, but none more fulfilling for a true lover of tennis.

## Sailing 'knot' for everybody

By ALLAN DREYER  
Challenge Staff

We were three days out of Olympia, on the 28-foot sailboat *Patience*. As we neared Smith Island in the middle of the Juan de Fuca Strait, large and powerful swells sliced beneath our hull. The *Patience* rose and mounted each swell, only to crash downward again sending out great sheets of white spray. Rising upward again, a rivulet of water would rush out her scuppers.

"Let's do some sailing. Bringing up the headsail," said the skipper.

I knew he must have been talking to me, for I was the only other person on board. The only thing was, I didn't know a headsail from a garage sale.

The skipper stared at me with one eyebrow raised. He could see by my quizzical look that I didn't have the slightest

idea of what he was talking about.

"It's in a green dacron bag, lying on the forward bunk."

Sounds easy, yes? Not! The forward bunk was our stowage area and it was piled high with gear. Of course the headsail was

ter yet, why not tie it like my shoe? Now there was a knot I knew.

I thought, let me see, oh yes, the rabbit comes out of the hole, around the tree and back down the hole. I've got it!

Holding up the tied end of the sail, I asked, "How does it look, skipper?"

He answered, "Great. Now do the same with the portside line."

"Damn." Can I do it again? I asked myself.

Finishing, I quickly made my way aft and dropped into a corner, with a cool breeze in my face, hoping the cold sweat would go away.

"Now let us pull up the sails."

Yes, Captain Bligh, I thought, but I said "Oh goody."

Then I found out "us" meant "me". I pulled and pulled, then

ed, then turned the winch until the sails were just right for the captain. Standing there with the tiller in one hand, a beer in the other, he said, "You did a fine

job of learning to sail under fire. I sure hope you didn't take my yelling at you personally."

"Oh, of course not," I answered. Though I was thinking, you S.O., well never mind what I thought.

With the engine off, the boat now leaned over to her side as the wind caught and snapped the sails, bending them into an airfoil. We were now speeding along at six knots.

Hours later, as we entered Friday Harbour, I mused, gad, only six more days of this.

Oh, the cold sweat? Three beers took care of that.



# Death rockers shoot the Breeze

By SCOTT GRANSE  
Challenge Staff

Last weekend, Larkin Cambell("The Mook") and I decided to go dancing. The last time this urge invaded me the nearest available site was "Skoochie's" in Seattle. It seems, however, that times are changing, and our beloved Tacoma is expanding its horizons. Lately, we had heard talk of a new dance spot here in our city and decided to give it a whirl.

The "Pacific Breeze" is located on Pacific (coincidence? I think not) Avenue, about three blocks down from Elmo's. (No, I've never been there.) We parked Bessie (my Datsun) at the Elephant Car Wash, if that'll help with location. It, like most other dance places, must have been a

warehouse or something of that sort.

It cost us four bucks each (not bad, really) to get in the door. The inside was impressively well done. Lighting effects that make one feel as if one is in a time warping wind tunnel have always turned me on. The dance floors weren't exactly "Grand Ballroom" capacity, but they were sufficient.

Easily the most startling factor was the people. The term that I've heard used lately is "death rockers," which fits the bill nicely. Everyone, and I mean EVERYONE looked like walking rigor mortis. Faces were painted ghost white and they all wore make-up (no, not just the girls) around the eyes to make them appear sunken. I wonder whether

those young boys and girls had "mommies."

The most important factor that will help you decide if you will give "The Breeze" a chunk of your paycheck is, of course, the music. It certainly had a beat. As a matter of fact, that was predominantly ALL it had. Add a few "rappin" phrases to this stuff and you have the basis for some great break dancing tunes. And yet, I really liked it. It was easy to dance to, and I happen to have a fetish for good drums.

If you are able to stomach a large population of dead-looking teenagers with cigarettes dangling between their fingers, you might really get a kick out of this place. I'm going back. Maybe I'll see you there.

## Literary competition

By DEBORAH LEVESQUE  
Challenge Staff

The Caddo Writing Center is sponsoring a fall literary competition.

The top prizes are \$200 in the poetry category, \$400 for essay, and \$500 for fiction. Second place winners will receive \$50 and third place winners will receive \$25 in each respective category.

Writers' names may be printed on their manuscripts. A cover card or cover sheet may be used. All entries remain the property of the writer, however, writers are advised to keep a copy of their work. Previously published material is acceptable.

There are no subject restrictions for any of the categories, but essays must be limited to

3,000 words, and fiction to a 4,500 word maximum.

There is no line limit for poetry. All types of verse but Haiku or Senryu are acceptable.

All entries must be post marked by midnight, Dec. 2, 1985.

Mail all entries to: Caddo Writing Center - Box 37679 Shreveport, L.A. 71133

## Glamour seeks top ten U.S. college women

By BARBARA COHEN  
Challenge Staff

To prove that glamour is still fashionable, *Glamour* magazine is searching for participants in its annual Top Ten College Women Competition.

Ten outstanding young women from colleges and universities throughout the country will be chosen based on academic achievements or their involvement in personal, campus or community activities.

A panel of judges will select the winners, who will be featured in the magazine's college issue next August. Winners also will receive expense-paid trips to New York City, and will participate in meetings with professionals in their areas of interest.

The judges will consider an essay written by each candidate describing college activities and experiences which she considers most meaningful in terms of her life goals.

Eligible candidates must be

enrolled in courses leading to an undergraduate degree at an accredited college or university. Applications must be approved and signed by the appropriate members of the school's faculty and administration.

Appropriate members may be a faculty advisor; Dan Small, the director of public relations, Bldg. 15; or Tom Keegan, director of student activities, Bldg. 6.

Rules require an entry form to be completed by each applicant. Each candidate should write a 500- to 700-word essay describing the most meaningful and stimulating achievements of her college career and relate those experiences to what she hopes to achieve as her life goals.

Each candidate must send a recent photograph no larger than 8 inches by 10 inches, either black and white or color. Color slides, video tapes and tape recordings are not ac-

ceptable. Costly or elaborate preparations will not influence the judges' decisions, according to the contest rules.

Candidates may enclose newspaper clippings or describe local recognition received in newspapers or on television or radio. An official transcript should be submitted as well as a spring term college calendar. All materials become the property of Conde Nast publications and will not be returned.

Entry forms must be completed by each applicant and sent to Career and Competitions Editor, *Glamour* magazine, Conde Nast Bldg., 350 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Deadline for entries is Dec. 13, 1985. There will be no extension.

Prizes include national recognition for the winner and her college in *Glamour* and in media throughout the country.

For more information, contact Barbara Cohen, Bldg. 14-13, 756-5042.

## TCC awarded grant for the Humanities

By BIANCA ALLEGRO  
Challenge Staff

A \$105,627 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities has been received by Tacoma Community College to update and strengthen its current humanities program. The grant, which will be activated over the next two years, will provide for the development of three new humanities classes, and also allow for faculty development.

According to Carolyn Simonson, Humanities Division chairperson, the grant will "tighten up the humanities program" and "integrate and synthesize learning in humanities for TCC students."

Simonson added that college students are "presently getting a hit-or-miss selection of courses" in the humanities curriculum, and that developments from the grant will "pull together" the current program.

The current NEH grant extends the 1984-85 \$18,542 planning grant which was used by TCC to create and develop the overall humanities curriculum. The program is designed to provide students with better skills in writing, thinking, and reasoning. "It's a program that makes sense" said Simonson.

The new classes that will be offered include "Clear Thought and Expression," "Introduction to the Humanities," and "City," which will explore areas of history, literature, philosophy, music, architecture, theater, religious beliefs, and visual arts. These courses will eventually become graduation requirements. Currently 10 humanities credits are needed to receive a General Studies Degree, while 20 are required for a degree in the Arts and Sciences.

## Note for transferring students

Representatives from area universities will be on campus in coming weeks to meet with students interested in transferring. UPS, PLU, WWU and Evergreen will be represented. PLU will be represented on

both Oct 21 and 23 in the lobby of Bldg. 7. On the 21st the times will be from 9:30 am to 1:00 pm and on the 23rd they will from 5:30 pm to 7:30 pm. Check the *Challenge* for further dates.

## Music contest

DOUGLAS BUELL  
Challenge Staff

Marlboro Country Music will arrive on November 16th in the Tacoma Dome. Kicking off the program is a Talent Roundup that will showcase local country music acts in popular Tacoma clubs as they vie for cash prizes; the overall winner will have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to perform as the opening act for Hank Williams, Jr., Merle Haggard, Ricky Skaggs, and The Judds on the night of the concert.

To enter the Talent Roundup, any local performer or

group may submit an entry form and a cassette tape of their work to Marlboro Country Music Talent Roundup, PO Box 5988, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017. Entry forms are available at Parker's Ballroom, White Shutter Inn, Longhorn Bar & Grill and the Riverside Inn.

Concert tickets at \$12 and \$14 go on sale October 7th at Ticket Master outlets including The Bon, Fidelity Lane and Tacoma Dome box office. To charge tickets by phone and for more information, call (206) 272-6817 Tacoma

# Bomb scare

By **BIANCA ALLEGRO**  
Challenge Staff

A string of bomb threats which occurred on Oct. 9, 14, and 15 disrupted classes and postponed scheduled exams for many Tacoma Community College students.

The first two threats were directed at building 22, with the most recent incident involving both buildings 22 and 19. According to TCC Director of Facilities and Grounds James Kautz, the first series of threats was apparently called in by a woman. The last two callers were male, but Kautz believed that they were not the same person.

The Tacoma Police Department was called in on each occasion to aid in searching and

clearing the building. No evidence of foul play was apparent.

Kautz stated that on each occasion, a test was scheduled for at least one class in the threatened buildings, but did not know if this fact was significant. "It's very difficult, very frustrating", Kautz said of the threats. He added that measures would be taken to deter further threats, such as locking the building doors at various times. Kautz hopes that this will deter the caller when a planted bomb becomes less of a possibility due to the locked doors. In addition, an attempt will be made to trace the calls.

If anyone has any information concerning the bomb threats, please contact James Kautz in Bldg 1, or call 5111.

# Back to Vietnam

Continued from page 1

Throughout the lecture, Costigan stressed the fact that at least three times during the course of events leading up to the conflict, Vietnam could easily have been prevented.

The costs of the war are staggering. An estimated \$140 billion dollars was spent, which sent the U.S. into soaring inflation and destroyed the entire economy in Vietnam.

And worse yet is the cost in lives; 58,000 American soldiers dead, 300,000 more wounded. The overall death toll reached between 2 and 4 million.

Truly we cannot afford another Vietnam, Costigan said.

But, Costigan fears, we are increasingly becoming involved in another Vietnam, only this time much closer to home: Central America. According to Costigan, Vietnamization ("de-Americanization" or the process of disengagement) has already begun in El Salvador, although the American press

has not been allowed to see what is happening. The only knowledge of events is relayed to the news media through astonishing stories told by Salvadoran refugees, of which 1 out of every 10 are presently being detained in relocation camps.

On the other hand, Nicaragua has been using the press to their advantage.

Either way the public must not be ignorant of the facts. In a frightening way, the turmoil in Central America is paralleling the events preceding the Vietnam War. Increasing awareness of the war may help to prevent another Vietnam from recurring.

For the purpose, further discussions are scheduled every other Thursday at 2 pm in the quiet lounge (11-A) this fall as part of the Honors Colloquium; however, the meetings are open to anyone interested. For more information contact Dr. Ho in bldg. 9.

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# KISS

By **SEAN FAY**  
Challenge Staff

There seem to be some bands in rock 'n' roll which just refuse to die.

Kiss is such a group.

Introduced in the early '70s, Kiss continues to capture the 13-year-old kid in all of us.

Their last album, "Anamelize," was a huge commercial success with songs such as "Lick It Up" and "Heaven Is on Fire."

"Asylum," their latest album, is definitely Kiss material. I really liked the lyrics in this album. They were a pervert's dream. Songs such as "Uh, All Night," don't leave much to the imagination. Overall, the songs were well-written and what we have come to expect from this group.

Two songs which I feel deserve special notice are "Tears are Falling" and "Who Wants to Be Lonely?" Both have good lyrics, flowing melodies and excellent guitar playing.

The only complaint I have about "Asylum" is its lack of guitar solos. Paul Stanley and Gene Simmons are both good guitarists and deserve to hammer the chords a little more often.

All in all, I liked "Asylum," and would give it a definite 7 out of a possible 10. It's raunchy, fast-paced and definitely Kiss. Need I say more?

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# NY Times

By **ALLAN DREYER**  
Challenge Staff

The first printing of a *New York Times* West Coast edition on the *Tacoma News Tribune's* presses took place Sept. 30.

A reception hosted by Tribune Publishing Company president and chief executive officer William Honeysett was held in the TNT's paper-roll-storage room the night of the first printing. *Times* executives and local political and business leaders attended.

As the buttons were pushed to start the presses to print the 56-page newspaper, more than a year's planning came to fruition. During that year, the TNT had negotiated with the *New York Times* for the contract to print their product. At the same time, the TNT had to negotiate with their unions to take on this added work, which meant more jobs for them. Even before negotiations were finished, work was under way to make room for the electronic receiving equipment which would pick up *Times* pages from satellite transmitters.

A 10-meter-diameter earth

station was erected on the southwest side of the TNT plant, which is located at 1950 S. State Street. The earth station receives data transmissions from Carlstaet, N.J., via the satellite Westar IV, orbiting some 22,300 miles above the earth. After being received by the earth station the signal travels through an electronic decompressor and into a laser scanner. Sheets of graphite-coated acetate are etched by the laser to produce a negative from which press plates are made.

Even while the local people were celebrating the new space-age technology, plans were under way to replace the present scanners in the *New York Times's* six satellite plants throughout the nation with new laser scanners now under construction. The scanners will only be companionable with one another. Robert Evans, TNT assistant production manager, said, "The new lasers will be installed either in March or April."

Allan Dreyer is a TCC journalism student and also works as a pressman for *The News Tribune*.

# EVOLUTION

HUMANISM AND SOCIETY

# CREATION

CHRISTIANITY AND  
SOCIETY



Come and hear prominent creation speaker, Mr. John Mackay and Head of History Dept., Mr. Harland Malyon debate the issues of the Evolution Creation Theories.

Time: 12:30

Place: Room 11A

(next to cafeteria)

Date: Monday, Oct. 21, 1985

A time of questions and answers will follow the Debate, moderated by Mr. Charles Summers, Communications Dept.

## Adoption-an option

Continued from page 2  
We can only live it.

Thousands and thousands of people stand in line to adopt a child, with their arms open wide. But the only things falling into those waiting arms are lifeless bodies, scorched and mutilated by selfishness. Don't just cry for the children, save them! Let God decide who lives and who dies.

"Deliver those who are being taken away to death, and those who are staggering to slaughter, O hold them back."

"If you say, 'See, we did not know this,' does He not consider it who weighs the hearts? And does He not know it who keeps your soul? And will He not render to man according to his work?" (Proverbs 24:11-12)

## Fall viewers TV

WAR: A COMMENTARY BY GWYNNE DYER—"The Deadly Game of Nations" Oct. 23, 9 p.m.; Oct. 26, 6 p.m.

In "The Deadly Game of Nations," Dyer explores some of the reasons why people, and the governments acting on their behalf, feel the need to keep armies and fight wars.

Wonderworks: "Happily Ever After" Oct. 21, 24, 27

Molly Conway is a lovable, carefree child with a colorful imagination and one big problem, her parents.

When they decide to divorce, Molly has her own plans to keep them together.

## Upcoming concerts

Oct. 30

Harry Anderson of *Night Court* — Fort Steilacoom Community College.

Nov. 11

Til Tuesday — Paramount.

Nov. 13

Thompson Twins — Seattle Center Arena.

Nov. 18

Supertramp/Motels — Seat-

tle Center Arena.

Nov. 20

Simple Minds — Paramount.

Nov. 21

Bill Cosby — Tacoma Dome.

Nov. 22

Motley Crue/Autograph — Tacoma Dome.

## The Collegiate Challenge

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# Measles outbreak

By SUSAN LLEWELLYN  
Challenge Staff

An outbreak of hard measles in South King County was reported in a bulletin issued by the Tacoma Pierce County Public Health Department last Friday, October 11. The health department is concerned that the spread of this highly infectious, viral disease, also known as rubeola, may also show up in the Tacoma area.

Twenty-five cases reported on October 10 involved five schools in the Federal Way and Auburn areas, according

to sources at the health department.

The disease is characterized by a rash, which is preceded by a high fever, cough, red and other cold-like symptoms. The victim is infectious approximately 5-7 days before the rash appears.

The health department must be notified in order that they can investigate cases and prepare the public. Recognition of an outbreak of measles in a community is of great importance, because babies between 6 to 15 months of age are very susceptible. If they

develop the disease, they may suffer from severe complications. Once it is determined that measles is in the community, the health department takes action to minimize the spread of an outbreak.

The health department does recommend that in an outbreak situation, small babies should be kept from crowds, where infection is potentially present.

If anyone has further questions, or suspects they may have measles, they can contact the Tacoma Pierce County Public Health Department.

## Sea-Tac and campus calendar for October 18-23

Oct. 18

Bodies in Light — Broadway Performance Hall, Seattle (through Oct. 19).

*Arms and the Man* — PLU (through Oct. 20).

*Luv* — 565 Broadway (through Oct. 19).

Pacific Northwest Ballet's Program No. 1 — Seattle Center (through Oct. 19).

*Chapter Two* — Narrows Dinner Theater (through Oct. 26).

Second City Chamber Series — Annie Wright School.

*Angel Street* — Tacoma Little Theater (through Nov. 2).

Melford-Brandis Duo — Evergreen State College Recital Hall.

Variations Dance Show — Chinook Center for the Performing Arts (North Fort Lewis; also on Oct. 19, 25, 26).

*Broadway Babes* — Avenue

Act I Dinner Theater, Auburn.

Tribute to Kenneth Callahan — Tacoma Art Museum (through Nov. 30).

*The Real Inspector Hound* and *Dogg's Hamlet* — Tacoma Actors Guild (through Oct. 20).

*The Legend of Goose Hollow* (for children) — Seattle Center House Stage (through Oct. 27).

The Hidden Job Market — TCC, Bldg. 7-11, 12:30-2:30 p.m.

Oct. 19

*The Friendly Sasquatch and Other Unlikely Legends* (for children) — Broadway Performance Hall, Seattle.

Backwood Trio — Tacoma YWCA.

TCC Soccer vs. Everett — home game, 1 p.m.

Oct. 20

TCC Chamber Orchestra — Curtis High School, 8 p.m.

A concert for the harp guitar — Broadway Performance Hall, Seattle.

Oct. 21

Arts in the Northwest — Broadway Performance Hall, Seattle.

Seattle Symphony — Seattle Center Opera House.

Oct. 22

*Love for Love* — Meany Studio, University of Washington.

Seattle Symphony — Seattle Center Opera House. Food Bank Information Center meeting — TCC Bldg. 12, 2:30 p.m.

Oct. 23

*48 Hours* — TCC Bldg. 11-A, 12:30 p.m.

## Challenge Classified Hotline

756-5042 Free to TCC Students

HELP WANTED. \$60.00 PER HUNDRED PAID for remailing letters from home! Send self-addressed, stamped envelope for information/application. Associates, Box 95-B, Roselle, NJ 07203

The Classified Ads in the *Challenge* are free to TCC students. Anyone outside TCC wishing to advertise in the classifieds is allowed 30 words for \$2.25. Each word beyond 30 is a 5 cent charge.

ASME ENGINEERING Club, meetings on Tuesdays, Bldg. 14-3, 12:30 p.m., brown bag lunch.

FOR SALE. Almost new Math Lab 101 Book. Also answer Booklet, etc. Call Shannon at 752-9192 evenings.



VOLUNTEERS needed for local Boys and Girls club. Degrees not necessary, only the desire to help. Any program, class or group can instruct or assist. We need help with our library, too. Some paid positions. You won't get rich, but the experience and gratification will be worth it. Call Sheila Bledsoe, 383-2731.

HAND-KNIT Mohair sweaters imported from England. Reasonable price. Contact Mr. Perkins in 1

Instructor needs sleeping room for fall-winter quarters—close to campus. Intend to use Mon.-Thurs. nights. Call Joe Fletcher at 756-5060 days.

PROFESSIONAL Resume Services: Susan Llewellyn (7 years experience). Typing, \$5 per page, includes formatting and correcting. Composing and typing, \$10 per page, includes interview, analysis and construction. Call 537-3619. 24-hour turnaround.