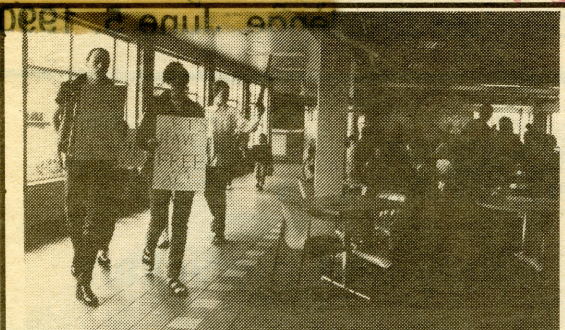


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Student Protest see page 7

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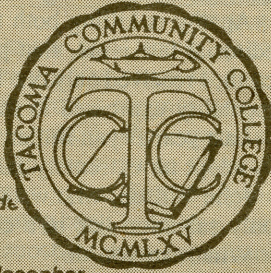
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FIND ME — before I find you !

The Collegiate Challenge

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A tradition of excellence in college journalism

June 5
1990

Volume XXVI, Issue 12

Tacoma Community College

June 5, 1990

Registration now mandatory for convicted sex offenders

Dolores K. Woods
Staff Reporter

Washington State has joined ranks with other states that are keeping tabs on the whereabouts of convicted sex offenders.

Early this year, the Washington Legislature passed Substitute House Bill 6259. This bill requires sex offenders to register with local law enforcement agencies.

Anyone convicted of a sex crime on or after Feb. 28, 1990 must comply with this new law. Anyone that is in custody for committing a sex crime, and anyone on supervision with The Department of Corrections (DOC), must also register regardless of when they were convicted.

This includes sex offenders who have moved here from other states. If Washington State accepts the person for supervision, they, too, must register.

A lot of transferees expect this registration because many have had to register in their home state. A parole officer (PO) in California said that they have been requiring sex offenders to register for twenty years or longer.

Kevin Bowers, a PO in Portland, said that Oregon started registering convicted sex offenders in July, 1989. Most of Bowers caseload consist of sex offenders.

"A lot of states are doing it (requiring registration) now," he said. "I know that they are doing it in California, New York, Michigan and Arizona. They have to do something with all of the serial murder cases that there are now," he added.

In Pierce County the Sheriff's Office is handling the registrations. Sex offenders are photographed and fingerprinted. They have to list their names, addresses, place of employment, etc.

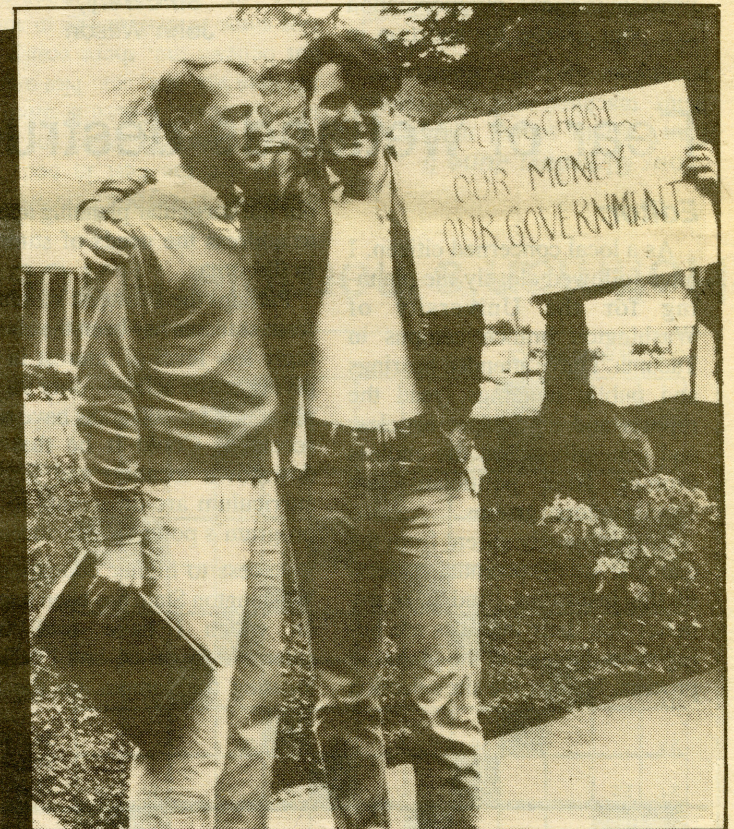
Whenever there is a move the new address has to be reported to the sheriff's office within ten days. Failure to comply with registration can result in new criminal charges.

The register will be available to law enforcement agencies when investigating sex crimes. The staff at The Pierce County Sheriff's Office seemed reluctant to talk about the registration process.

However, it was confirmed that there have been approximately seventy sex offenders signed up since May 2 this year. It was also confirmed that two of these were women.

The deputy prosecutors in the sex offenders unit were unavailable for comment. Tony Schall, a Community Corrections Officer (CCO) with DOC, said that he estimates there to be between 450 and 600 convicted sex

Please see sex, page 12



Protester-Roy Romans gives a hearty hug to protestee Jay Lloyd after both had a hard day on the job. See page 7 for story. Photo by Kevin Ladas

UFAF organizes against white supremacists

Patricia J. McLean
Managing Editor

The United Front Against Fascism (UFAF) has a message for white supremacy hate groups. According to Guerri Hodderson, founding member, "We outnumber you."

The UFAF is composed of a broad base of Americans, including labor unions. "The Klan was used to terrorize black laborers and keep the white laborers in line."

UFAF's objective is to counter-mobilize when hate groups hold gatherings. "We have a chance to be a part of stopping this movement which has come out of an economic crisis and social crisis, in spite of the feel-good Reagan years," Hodderson said.

"They are taking up arms to protect their 'privilege'. Can we defeat them? Yes we can. That is why we exist."

UFAF is planning three demonstrations over the next two months in response to recent activities by the Hayden Lake, Idaho based Aryan Nations group. Two members of that organization were recently arrested near Sea-Tac Airport. In their possession was a pipe bomb.

The FBI has charged them with conspiracy to maliciously damage and destroy Neighbors Disco in Seattle. Bars frequented by blacks and several Korean businesses in Tacoma, and a Jewish Synagogue in Seattle, were also targets according to the complaint which the FBI has filed against the two men.

A third man was arrested in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho in connection with the plot.

The first demonstration is scheduled for June 11 in Tacoma. Demonstrators will gather at 7 pm outside of James Sales Grange Hall at 612 S. 113th Street. A second demonstration will be held in Seattle on July 1. The third will be in Spokane on July 16.

Several organizations have joined UFAF in coordinating the demonstrations. In Tacoma the Committee to Protect Human Rights is one of the groups involved.

UFAF was behind a counter demonstration held on Whidbey Island in April 1989. Neo-nazis and skinheads gathered on Whidbey to recruit new members and commemorate Robert Matthews who was killed in a shoot-

out with law enforcement.

UFAF had only five days to organize and 400 people responded. The white supremacists numbered only 60. There were no reports of violence.

Hodderson said, "How you stop the fear is by mobilizing everyone on our side against the Nazis. The fear evaporates."

Referring to Klan member K.A. Badynski who is now living in Tacoma, Hodderson said, "Badynski's number is unlisted. Mine isn't. I'm out there. They hide because they're afraid. Because they know they are unpopular."

Hodderson added that she had received threats, "Threats are threats. We don't have to be helpless victims."

Luma Nichol, Coordinator of UFAF said, "It is a concern. Threats are issued. But there really isn't any choice. When you back down and cave into that fear, you lose."

"Hitler said it would have taken only a handful of people to stop him, when he started his rise to power," Nichol added.

She believes that the demonstrations UFAF plans will be well attended. "Each one builds on the last one. There were 400 at Whidbey and there were 1,000 in Coeur d'Alene."

UFAF may be contacted in Seattle at 722-2453.

Committee to Protect Human Rights in Tacoma may be reached at 572-7465.

JUN 07 1990

Letters . . .

Sieg Heil, Collegiate Challenge

Editor:

Move over, King Herod. Move over, Adolph Hitler. Here comes the *Collegiate Challenge*. It is amazing that the Editor-in-Chief of a newspaper that takes such a hard line against the Neo-Nazis and other hate-mongers can turn right around and print such twisted garbage as was seemingly presented in all seriousness in "Save the Earth . . . Kill the People."

Admitting the possibility that abortion may indeed be murder, the editorial proceeds to infer that it is okay to murder a few innocents if it will control the population. Since when is murder OK? If it is OK to murder these innocents, who are the next to go? The elderly? The handicapped? The gays? The blacks? The Jews?

It is apparent that Hitler's "Final Solution" is still alive and kicking. Okay, let us imagine a world with only a million people. Which million, which Master Race, will survive the carnage? (To reduce to 1 million, you have to do 1000 times better—or worse—than Hitler did.)

Overpopulation is not the main problem (besides, overpopulation is a poor excuse for abortion in

a country where population is *declining*). While there are some countries such as Mexico and India where population growth should be checked, the main problems are gross mismanagement and general apathy.

Whether 1 million or 5 billion, the problem is not the population, its (sic) the *people*. Since the beginning, man's inclination has been to "steal, kill and destroy." So we should save the planet by destroying ourselves? (This only proves what I've just said.)

Would you like to volunteer to be first? Surely a civilized society can come up with a better solution than that!

Man's only salvation lies in a change of heart and attitude. Only by returning to the right relationship with God, our fellow man, and the creation we are responsible for managing, can anything truly be done about the state of our world.

But the "Final Solution" is not and must not ever become the answer. We cannot allow this insane mentality to continue. God help us all if we do.

Sincerely,
John Wilson

Sex, sex, sex . . .

Lady Godiva, a gallon of honey and a chicken

Kevin Mikolashek

Editor-in-Chief

When I wrote my editorial, entitled "Save the earth, Kill the people" for the last issue, I remember one sad idea running through my mind: We don't have to kill all of the people because *they're already dead*.

People could care less if I published an article advising them to kill their unborn children. I felt that there was not a drop of blood running through the veins of America.

We cannot save anything, the earth or the people, if we do not care. And too many of us don't care what is printed in the papers, what is on the news, or what the lawmakers are doing to change our lives.

The problem is not the population. The problem is that not enough members of that population give a damn. We elect people to office to "take care of things" and hope that they do a good job. Only a small percentage of people vote in elections. And an even smaller percentage follow up on those they have elected, making sure they do what is expected.

Apathy is killing both the earth and the people. It can be seen both globally and locally. From my editorial last issue, that proclaimed that we need to kill a large amount of the population to save the earth, I received only one letter. No comments, no complaints. Hardly anyone took notice of the dangerous mentality expressed in that piece.

Last year Bryan Butler wrote an editorial entitled "Campbell fingers system" that called for America to adopt an extremely fascist judicial system. He received only one letter in reply.

John Wilson, who wrote the single reply to my last editorial in a letter to the editor, said that "Man's only salvation lies in a change of heart and attitude." We need to care.

What can you do?

Become informed and stay informed. Read the papers and write letters to the editor expressing your concerns. Be aware of what is happening—even the things that don't affect you directly. Chances are they will affect you in some way. Exercise your right to vote, your right to know what your elected officials are doing and your right to be heard if you do not think what they are doing is right.

By the way, about the headline — as you can probably tell by now this editorial has absolutely nothing to do with sex or naked honey-covered chickens, but I really needed to get your attention. Sorry.

Fear of wetlands destruction unfounded, says Tacoma resident

Editor:

As a local concerned citizen, I have followed closely the planning for the University of Washington branch campus in Tacoma. I have attended hearings and public meetings, read the reports and newspaper articles, and generally heard the endless droning from politicians and special interest groups.

Conspicuously absent from the dialogue are the potential students of the institution, and it is my belief that their interests are being shortchanged in the planning process. Neither the site selection

nor the curricular planning appear to address the needs of students in Tacoma.

Perhaps the strongest statement from students has been the shockingly low level of interest in applying to the school—only 98 applications for 400 spots have been received. Could it be that the downtown location and limited curriculum are deterrents to the program's potential for success?

Access to higher education in Washington State has been a topic on which I have done considerable research, and I believe locating the campus on the site

adjacent to TCC would have numerous advantages for students. Among these are:

1. Closer coordination between the two-year program and the upper division campus resulting in better service to students—acceptance of credits, ease of transfer, etc. (The University has no plans to add lower division courses to its branch programs.)
2. Development of a true campus environment, comparable to other state four-year institutions.
3. The convenience of transportation and parking at the

present site.

- a. Existence of the transit center.
- b. More parking than other sites being considered.
- c. Completion of Highway 16—improved access from all parts of Pierce, Kitsap, and South King Counties.

An added bonus that will result in more funds for programs or buildings is the \$6-8 million to be saved by using the TCC-owned property rather than acquiring expensive downtown land.

The concern over wetlands on the site is valid; however, there

are many among you who could assist the architects in designing ways to incorporate the ten acre wetlands habitat into the overall 75 acre campus.

It represents a wonderful opportunity to protect and perhaps enhance a natural educational resource. I strongly encourage you to get involved.

Sincerely,

Jordan M. Reifel, Jr., Ed.D.

Superintendent/School Board need to make students district's top priority

Deborah J. Ernst

Editor-in-Chief

I've lived in Tacoma all of my life. I attended school in the Tacoma School District No. 10. I expected to be proud of that district after my graduation. I'm disappointed.

The School Board, with the assistance of Lillian Barna, the new superintendent, has recently attempted to cut out the elementary school band and orchestra programs. Their reasoning is that it won't harm the middle school or high school programs. However, it is true that the younger a child learns an instrument—especially difficult ones—the easier it is. I cannot believe that the parents of Tacoma schoolchildren will let an action like this go unchecked. Music, an international language, is as important to a child's education as math or science or English. It teaches discipline, something that is often lacking in other areas of childrens' lives today.

And where do we expect Tacoma's musicians of tomorrow to come from? From the streets? From only the "privileged" homes that have enough money to afford private lessons? Are we to assume that only wealthy children have the right to fulfill their dreams?

There are also cuts planned in programs ranging from nurses to child care. Why? My guess would be that money has been mismanaged in a way that has never happened before.

Since it is the taxpayers' money that pays the School Board's and Barna's salaries, though, I think Tacoma citizens should have a few questions on their minds. What programs are next on the list to be cut? Who is next to be laid off from their job?

When election time comes around, those decisions made now should be remembered by the voting public. The old saying that you get what you pay for may be true, but not everything you pay through the nose for is worth the price. What administrators need to make their priority is the children—our future—and the education they get now.

The Collegiate Challenge . . .

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The *Collegiate Challenge* is an independent newspaper published by students at Tacoma Community College. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of *The Collegiate Challenge* or the college. The staff welcomes letters to the editor. See letters policy below for requirements. Ad policy and rates are available upon request. Call (206)566-5042. Mailing address: *The Collegiate Challenge*, Bldg. 14-13, Tacoma Community College, Tacoma, WA 98465.

Letters Policy: The *Collegiate Challenge* encourages letters to the editor. If you would like to reply to one of our stories or editorials, or express your opinion about something happening on or off campus, please follow these requirements: Letters must be typed and your name and phone number must accompany it for verification purposes. The editors reserve the right to accept or reject letters, and to edit letters based on content or length. Send letters to: Editor, *The Collegiate Challenge*, Bldg. 14-13, Tacoma Community College, Tacoma, WA 98465.

Lawyers should be sued

Patricia J. McLean
Managing Editor

We all know that the Exxon Valdez spilled millions of gallons of oil into the pristine waters of Prince William Sound, last year.

What most of us don't know is that ensuing litigation has severely hampered scientific assessment of the impact.

The world is being cheated of extremely important information because so many lawsuits have created a situation in which scientists are prevented from sharing their research with one another.

Claiming that such data would jeopardize one client or another, the lawyers have persuaded the courts to issue orders which restrict publication of material related to the disaster.

Must the entire world be held hostage? Is the truth going to damage anyone who is not guilty?

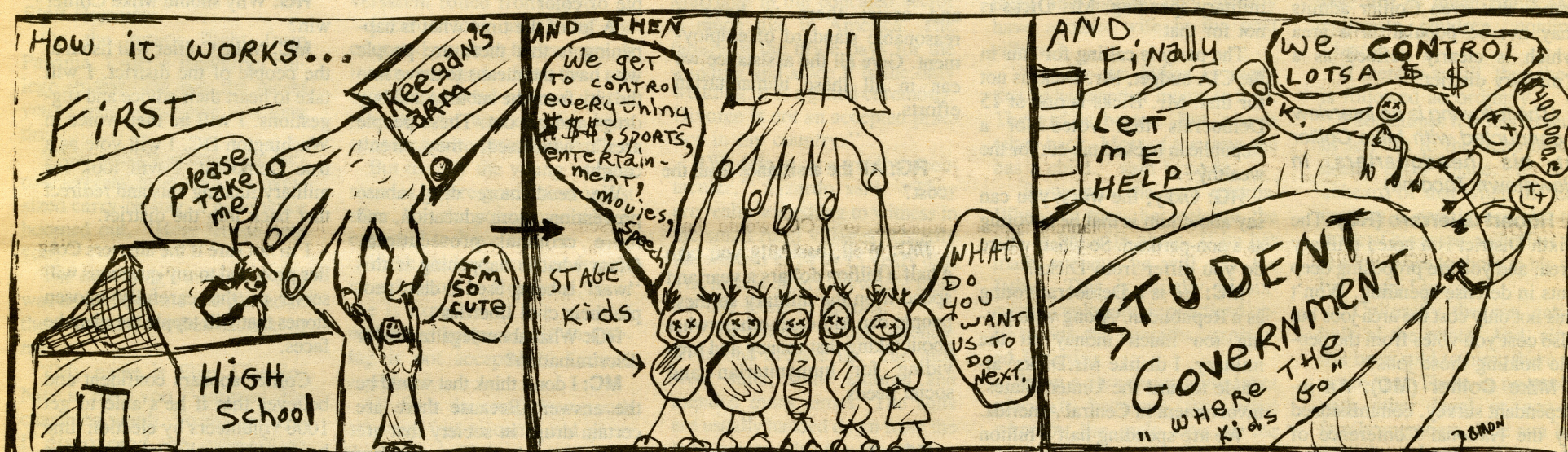
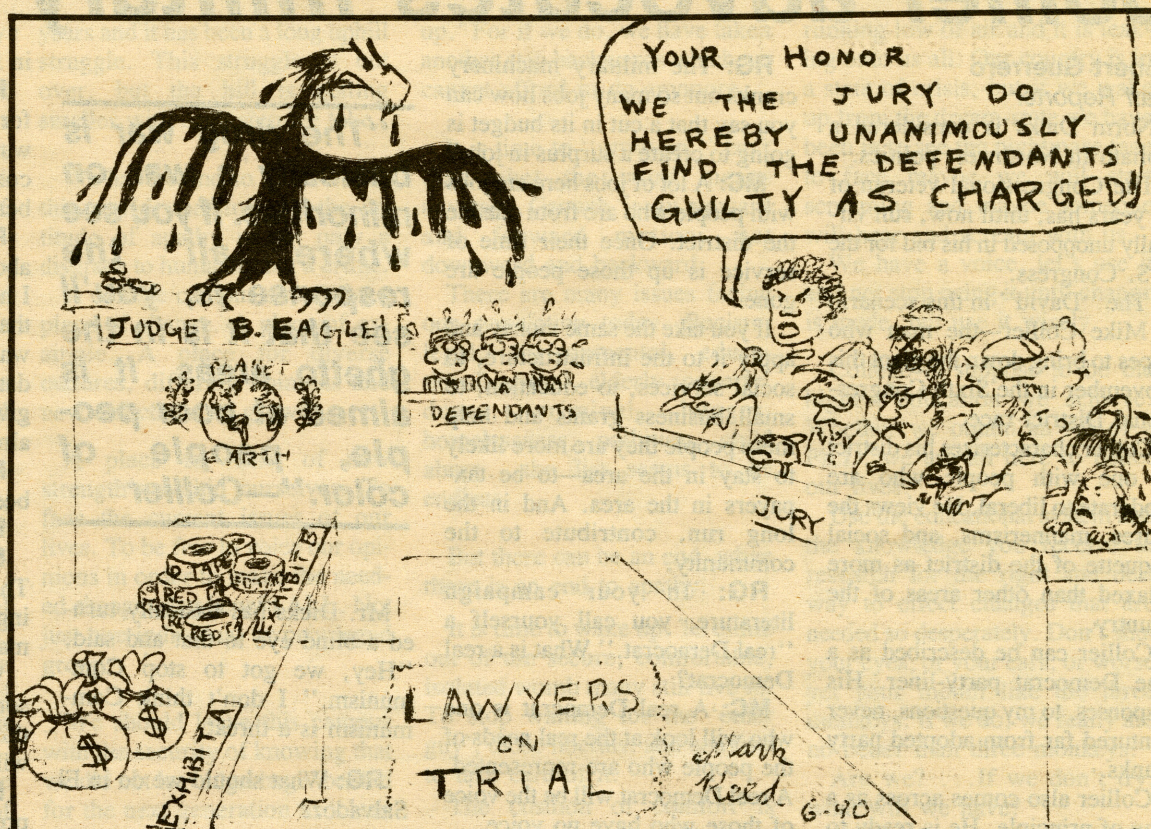
I say sue the lawyers. Let's find an attorney of our own and bring a class action suit on behalf of the people of the world against the lawyers and their clients for obstructing scientific research and for planet endangerment.

There is no law stating that lawyers are exempt from culpability. If a lawyer murders someone, he or she is brought to trial if caught. If they rob, assault, or embezzle they are held accountable.

They are stealing from us. They are stealing from the world.

At some point somewhere we have to say enough!

Defendants should be protected from prejudiced juries, but someone will have to explain to me how the sharing of scientific research amongst scientists jeopardizes the impartiality of a jury.



Faceoff: Owl vs. man

Timber titans terrorize man



Greed-not owls-culprit

Donna Jeffries
Staff Reporter

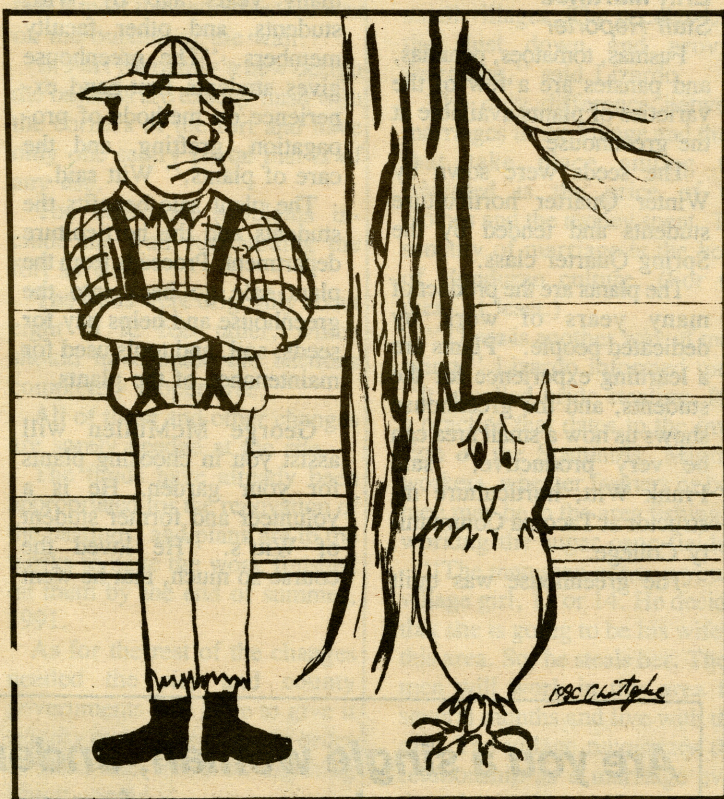
According to the news reports, President Bush wants to be known as an environmental President. But perhaps our President can tell us what is more important—the animal or the people who would view the animal?

We, as a nation of people, will be demolishing homes and lives if we put the northern spotted owl on the endangered species list. Many loggers will not be able to cut timbers in the areas where the owls exist.

That doesn't sound so bad until you take into consideration what has to be given up for those owls—incomes, homes, livelihoods. Not much to worry about, right?

Some families who have lived in the same areas, the same homes for years and years are being forced to pack up everything and leave just to find jobs to feed their families.

There are millions of owls in the world. Maybe not the northern spotted owl, but when do we stop making ridiculous choices? The owl or the man?



Somehow, this reporter can't realistically visualize the importance of this owl over the importance of a family's livelihood.

Sure, the President wants to

help the environment. But if we continue to back issues like this one, we'll soon be putting man on the endangered species list.

Patricia J. McLean
Managing Editor

The chance of President Bush becoming known as the environmental president is about as likely as his being known as the education president.

Animals do not exist for our pleasure. They exist because they exist. Human beings, through our massive capacity for arrogance are in the process of annihilating more species than have disappeared during any other catastrophic extinction in the history of the world.***

When the forests are clearcut and the hillsides have eroded away, where will the loggers work? Where will they live?

I grew up in a timber town. My family still lives there. It is said that the spotted owl has been seen in the Ochoco Forest which supplies the mills in Prineville, Oregon. The town is worried, they have failed to pass levies to support the schools. People are afraid that they can not afford more taxes.

In the meantime only a small percentage of the timber rolling out of the hills is being milled in Prineville or any other northwestern town. It has rolled right onto freighters and sailed to Japan.

The corporations which own timber leases and tracts of forest have been blithely selling the Pacific Northwest down the river to the sea for a long time.

The new legislation sets limits on the amount of raw logs cut on government land that can be exported. In Oregon the ban on such exports is complete. Washington timber companies will be allowed to export some logs.

If it were not for the environmentalist's concern over the northern spotted owl, which gave rise to this legislation, the loggers and their families would still find themselves out on the street one day. The number of timber fallers and log truck drivers are miniscule compared to millworkers, and unemployed millworkers. Banning or limiting the export of raw logs will benefit these people and their families far more than misguided reactionary rhetoric.

Collier advocates military spending cuts

Robert Guerrero
Staff Reporter

Norm Dicks is considered a Goliath in Northwest politics.

The Congressional veteran of 14 years has, until now, run virtually unopposed in his bid for the U.S. Congress.

The "David" in this scenario is Mike Collier—the man who hopes to bring down the giant this November in the Sixth Congressional District race.

Collier characterizes his district as one with people who are moderate to liberal. He views the mores, mannerisms, and social etiquette of the district as more relaxed than other areas of the country.

Collier can be described as a true Democrat party-liner. His responses, to my questions, never ventured far from adopted party planks.

Collier also comes across as a man of principle. He is ready to defend those principles however unpopular they may be.

He takes a hard line on military spending and is asking for deep cuts in the defense budget—a stance that even Collier admits may not be popular in a area which is clearly defined as a "military district."

(The following is an interview I conducted with Mike Collier at his headquarters in downtown Tacoma)

Robert Guerrero (RG): The Sixth District is a noted military area, and you are proposing deep cuts in defense spending. Won't this not only cost the area jobs but also cost you votes from the people holding those jobs?

Mike Collier (MC): An independent survey, commissioned by the National Conference of Governors, stated that for every one billion dollars shifted from the military there is a net gain of 6,600 jobs.

RG: The military machinery cranks out so many jobs how can you say that a cut in its budget is going to create a surplus in jobs?

MC: A lot of jobs here are jobs with people who are from outside the district. Once their time of service is up those people are gone.

If you take the same money and apply it to the infrastructure, to social services, to education, to small business grants and help these people they are more likely to stay in the area—to be taxpayers in the area. And in the long run, contribute to the community.

RG: In your campaign literature, you call yourself a "real Democrat." What is a real Democrat?

MC: A real Democrat is one who will look at the real needs of the people who are represented. A real Democrat will be the voice of those who have no voice.

RG: What are the "real" differences between you and Dicks?

MC: The Democratic platform calls for a 40 billion dollar cut, 10 percent, in real dollars, from military spending. Mr. Dicks is not for that.

The party is calling for cuts in the CIA budget, Mr. Dicks is not for that. Mr. Dicks is one of 15 Democrats that voted for a Republican backed tax cut for the wealthy...

RG: Okay, the worst you can say about him is that he is voting as a non-partisan. So what, where do you differ from Dicks?

MC: He is a Democrat voting as a Republican. Along with giving too much money to the military. I dislike Mr. Dicks' attitude toward the United States' involvement in Central America.

We are spending half a billion dollars a year in El Salvador while that government goes around and systematically kills its own people.

"The drug war is basically a war on minorities. If you see where all the response is, you'll see that it is in the ghetto areas. It is aimed at poor people, people of color."—Collier

Mr. Dicks has basically turned a blind eye to that and said, "Hey, we got to stop Communism." I don't think Communism is a threat.

RG: What should we do in El Salvador?

MC: Provide technical assistance and resource assistance and help provide for fair elections. Provide advisers to help those people grow their own food and assist them to have a reasonable standard of employment. Give all the assistance we can in all these humanitarian efforts.

RG: All the assistance at all the cost?

MC: Well, basically you take a half a billion dollars a year and spend it on the military so these people can kill each other, what about taking that money and providing for humanitarian and social needs.

RG: The cuts you propose have an impact on military personnel all over the nation. People, whether here or somewhere else

in the country, will lose jobs.

MC: No, because the cuts I call for come from technical hardware. I do not want those cut to come from cuts in troops, benefits, or military pensions.

RG: Changing subjects. What about the steep cuts in education? I heard a quote that pointed out that if someone wanted to declare war on the U.S. no greater damage could be done than to give us the educational system we already have.

MC: All the money that has been cut should be restored.

RG: Just restored?

MC: Restored and heightened. This is our priority if we are going to compete in the world market.

We are pricing the average person out of a quality education. At this rate universities and colleges will be just for the elite.

RG: Lets discuss another pressing issue—the "drug war."

MC: The drug war is basically a war on minorities. If you see where all the response is you'll see that it is in the ghetto areas. It is aimed at poor people, at people of color.

A lot of the time what is happening is that there are people who have the means to drive into the city from the suburbs and buy drugs and get out. These people aren't addressed, they aren't caught.

We need more drug abuse prevention, more education, and more criminal prosecutions. Often what is happening is this "war" is being used to deny people their civil liberties.

RG: What about legalization or discrimination?

MC: I don't think that would be the answer. Because there are certain drugs in society that are so potent, so dangerous, that they just can not be dispensed in the hands of the public.

RG: People can and do get

their hands on these drugs anyway. Could not the government regulate the dosage strength of all drugs. Through government control could we not eliminate the profit of drug lords? And, my God, the government may be able to generate tax revenue—what about these points?

MC: Those are strong arguments. I would still rest in not legalizing drugs.

RG: And what about people's free choice? In regulation we can keep safety at a maximum, prohibition never worked, neither has legislating morality.

MC: No, it hasn't. We have these laws for everything, people have the choice to speed, but it's against the law because it is detrimental to other people. I still rest with not legalizing drugs.

RG: This is a Dicks' stronghold, do you really think you can win this thing?

MC: Yes. Dicks' support is soft, there are quite a few people who are fed up with his arrogance, and fed up with him not listening to his constituents.

RG: Why should Mike Collier win?

MC: Mike Collier will listen to the people of the district. I will take to heart their advice and suggestions. I will be their voice in Washington DC. I will vote as a true Democrat. I will look for military funding cuts and redirect that back into the district.

I'm not sure if the answers Collier provided to my questions will serve as the carefully chosen stones that will topple the giant he faces.

Collier appears confident and believes that if he's able to get 1000 volunteers by election time he should prevail. Only the voters of the Sixth District know for sure, and they have until November to decide.

Student Showing

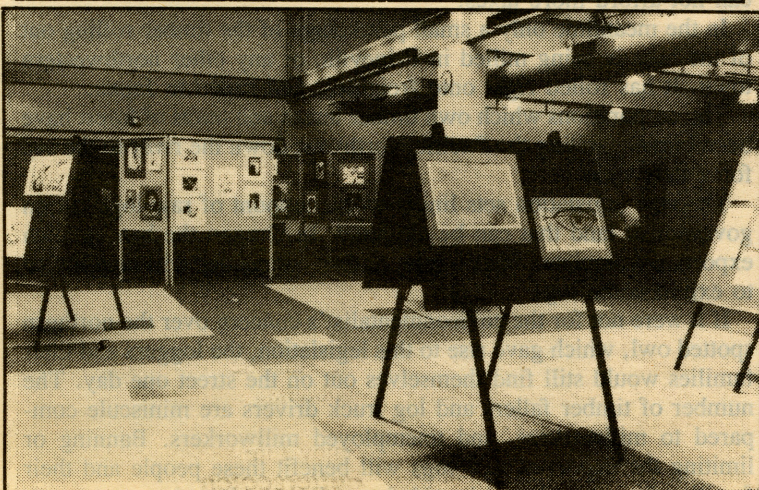
The TCC Art Club has organized two display locations for student work and will be accepting matted drawings, paintings, and hangable 3—D designs to show in the Student Center or in the Library for 14—day periods. **The more work* we get, the more we can hang**

We hope to be able to include sculpture and pottery soon

***Submit work to The Art Club (Bldg. 5-5) including name, telephone number, instructor, and course number the piece was done for with a short description of technique, and/or title. Include a business card, etc.**

Meetings—Tuesdays from 12:30—1:30 pm

Photo by Kevin Ladas



Students benefit from greenhouse

Erin Martinez
Staff Reporter

Fushias, tomatoes, petunias, and pansies are a few of the varieties of plants available at the greenhouse.

The seeds were sown by Winter Quarter horticulture students and tended by the Spring Quarter class.

The plants are the product of many years of work by dedicated people. "Plants are a learning experience for the students, and the greenhouse shows us how a small area can be very productive," said Frank Witt, horticulture instructor at Tacoma Community College.

The greenhouse was built

many years ago by Witt, students, and other faculty members. "The greenhouse gives students first-hand experience on methods of propagation, grafting, and the care of plants," Witt said.

The plant sale benefits the students and the horticulture department. Proceeds from the plant sale go back into the greenhouse and helps pay for seeds, soil, and tools used for maintenance of the plants.

George McMullen will assist you in choosing plants for your garden. He is a volunteer and former student of Witt's. "He loved the course so much, that he went

on to get a Master Gardeners certificate," said Witt.

McMullen will give personal tips and guidance for your growing needs.

Surrounding the greenhouse are grapes, apple trees, and cherry trees. Students prune and care for these as part of their horticulture lab.

The plant sale continues now until the end of this quarter and the hours are Monday through Friday; 8:30 to 11:30 am. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, it is open from 12:30 to 1:30 pm, and on Monday and Wednesday from 1:30 to 2:30 pm.

Are you a single woman, under age 40 who owns or carries a gun for self defense?

Classes are being offered by The Tacoma Sportsmen's Club. For more details, call 537-6151.

Executive character needs a lesson in PR

Albert B. Butler
Columnist

At the May 23 Senate elections an interesting thing happened.

I asked to speak on behalf of a presidential candidate, Kevin Skyles, and was denied by the acting chairman, Ray Richardson.

After being sequestered by Tom Keegan, Richardson reluctantly changed his mind.

I gave my speech:

"Well, this is my third year here at TCC, and I guess that's pretty sad — but I have seen a lot. One of the things I have noticed is that there is an institutional bias inside the the Senate (student programs and the executive council).

The average student is 28 years old, female, divorced, and has a kid. I do not see anybody here that fits that description. In addition something like five out of the last seven presidents have been STAGE members. I think that we have a problem of demographics here on campus."

At this point it is critical to note that I made a factual error. Only two out of the last five presidents were STAGE members, according to Jay Lloyd, who is probably just as reliable as the old issues of *The Collegiate Challenges* that I used to do my research.

I continued:

"In ancient civilizations Mesopotamia was the crossroads of the world. Why? That's where the food was. The crossroads of TCC is the TUB. Why? That's where the food is.

"The crossroads of socialization are where all the real exchange of ideas are taking place. That is where all of the clubs gather and it is the spirit of TCC.

"I think that Kevin Skyles represents the new spirit here at

TCC. He is involved in just about every single new club, and I swear to God he is here at school all day, everyday."

"Why? Because I think that Kevin is like myself. I think Kevin has a love for this school. He associates with all sorts of people, including night students. I think Kevin in many ways represents the typical TCC student and would make a good representative."

"He is like a traveller on the crossroads, and I think that he would make a fine representative here. He certainly wouldn't live in Bldg. 11A like a denizen in some sort of cave."

This is a pretty accurate representation of the essence of what I said, although I do not have a recording of it. The meeting was videotaped by Adrienne Loska, but access to it was denied to me in a political move out of the Richard Nixon press guide.

Ever feel a little closed out?

PR lesson -1 : When you are asked for documents come forward with them, it lets journalists be fairer in their interpretation of history.

So then President Lloyd took offense to what I said. He was out of order, but he took the floor anyway. He called me a liar, accused me of trying to "decieve these people," and attacked my credibility as a journalist.

He then accused me of being one of "them" outside (the democracy protesters), even though I had already said that I wasn't for democracy and I wasn't protesting.

He mentioned death threats and threatening phone calls that he

received and hinted that the press was responsible (or rather irresponsible) for them. He said, "I'm tired of it...You in the press..."

"Them!"

Said in the same way that a child points and says "Cookie!" The cry of a frustrated id and the muffle of a weak ego.

He then continued to say, "I don't care if you are an award winning columnist..."

Jealousy?

He continued to emotionally prattle, thinking that I accused the STAGE girls of not working hard. I feel contrary to this. Then he said that he was glad that I am leaving TCC. He said that it was going to be the best thing that happened in a long time.

Confused yet?

In addition to this, he insulted my candidate, who is President of the Gaming Club, by saying that "he couldn't help it if all he did all day was play games."

Interestingly enough, Skyles just recieved a \$200 thousand grant from a gaming company to publish his game.

You're right, Jay. All fun and games. Say. How much money did you make this year?

PR lesson -2 : Never, ever piss off a columnist. Columnists are not nearly as restricted in their writing as editorialists because they are personally accountable for what they say. When it comes to public figures they can say pretty much any damn thing they want.

Lloyd obviously already knows this. In the Jan. 23 issue of *the Collegiate Challenge*, he wrote an article called "New year's resolution: keep those polygraph

guys happy." He doesn't seem to have a problem with libeling major public figures such as former House of Representatives Speaker Jim Wright by resolving "to complete a sentence without telling a lie."

Strangely, it is on the same page as "Sleep well, South Africa."

Here is a guy (Lloyd) who is afraid to send us letters because he is afraid that we'll edit them.

Now I do confess, we are a biased group. It is an institutional bias. But we have done something about it. All year we have been reorganizing, and we have been growing. I can remember fighting tooth and nail with our adviser about certain issues.

If Lloyd doesn't trust the Editors, why doesn't he talk to our adviser? He went to the Media Review Board once to make a complaint and basically got shot down in flames.

I can remember at times defending Jay Lloyd, here at *The Collegiate Challenge*. If we did some of the things we thought about doing, especially Rosencutter's ideas, we would be in DEEP SHIT!

In fact, Lloyd was supposed to write a disciplinary article on human rights for tearing down posters, but he never did this. This was somehow mediated and hushed over.

Lloyd has managed, in one year's time, to alienate just about everybody. Why? Because he is immature.

He struts about campus with his blue power-suit on looking more like an administrator than a student. He moved the Senate meetings back in to the Binns Room and away from the students

where former President Kelly Forrer held the Senate meetings. He proudly displays a picture of George Bush on his office wall.

"Them!"

"Liberals!"

And that is the thing about Jay Lloyd: The ideology and the man are inseparable. He is so wrapped up in himself that he doesn't see other people and when he does he placates them with promises and good nature.

Jay's problem is not his mind. He is a pretty intelligent individual. He needs to learn some manners. He could use a little tact, humility, and maybe if he would admit that somebody else is right...

I recall hearing from a friend about Lloyd being in a philosophy class where a number of students were attacking the idea of nationalism. Reportedly, Lloyd became very distraught. He thought they were attacking him.

I bet he thought I was attacking him too.

Jay is a very political person, but he is not very diplomatic. In fact, he often interrupts people in class and in Senate meetings.

The icing on the cake, though, is this thing with the wig and moustache. He was seen by a few people wearing these items to make fun of Mark Reed and Damon "Mr. Bearded-head" Rosencutter who were protestors at the May 23 Senate meeting.

What if George Bush did this? How would he look politically? C'mon, Jay, this is your idol.

Lloyd wishes to pursue a political career, but he needs to learn to deal with people. As things are now, I wouldn't hire him to wash my car.

Butterscotch: Living life within a raindrop

James F. Wilson
Business Manager

Relating with past experiences is an occasion for advancement into the future. Distinctive characteristics are molded from perceptions of yesteryear, enrichment to secure forever.

Adapting to change is a vital role to portray in life. Matters come and go. Strangers have come, and friends have gone. An absurd but challenging cycle.

So now I must adapt to change and sacrifice. I have nobody to blame but Butthead. After all, it was he that self disclosed in his last column. He felt obligated to his readers to expose himself. Therefore, he encouraged that I do the same. Let the readers know what Butterscotch consists of.

Well to begin, I am a shy and self contained person. I try to be an honest man, a simple man who lives without fear. I want to be a successful man, but often I am muddled. Is success the quantity of my wallet, or is it the quality of my heart? I attempt not to let society draw the conclusion for me. At this point, I wish not to have the evil of wealth.

I really love the rain. I feel really blessed and secure when it

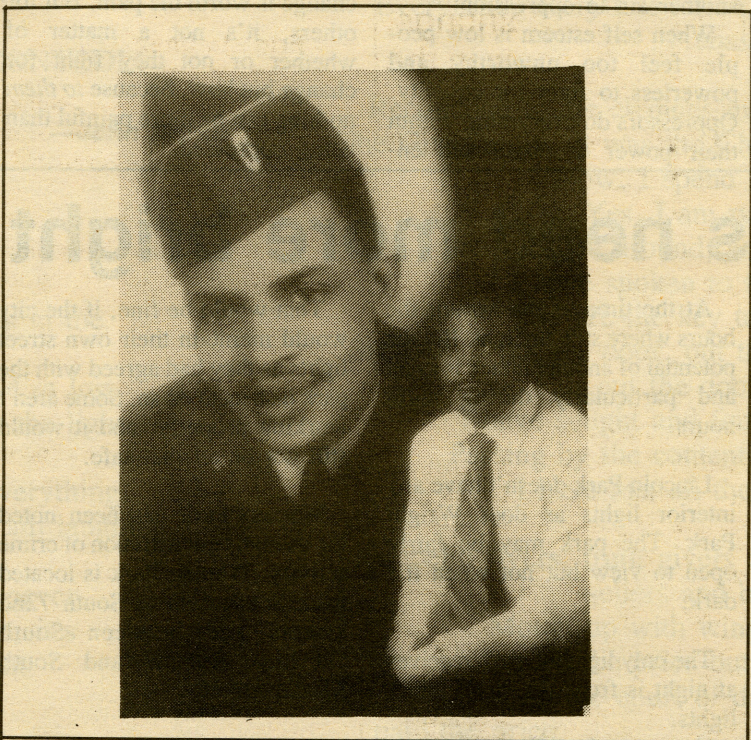
pours down. At times, I seem to be tumbling off the face of the earth. Pushed by the self destruction of fellow man. My soul weakens day by day. If it was not for God and those that I trust, my mind would be corrupted. My love would turn into lust. If Butterscotch had his way, it would rain forever.

There are a few sources that contribute to the thinking that I think and the beliefs that I believe. One is the environment in which I sprouted. I grew up in the Eastside of Tacoma. An atmosphere of black and white, rich and poor, good and bad. As a child, I was very curious and fervent to find what makes the world go around.

At an early age, I began my quest for answers to the enigma of life. I think that is the reason why I am who I am. And I am very thankful for that. This is why I cherish and adore children so much. Children are much more knowledgeable and cognizant than adults give them credit for.

The major explanation to what makes Butterscotch tick is my father, John Arthur Wilson. That's him in the picture with me. Many people think that it is me.

Butterscotch and Raindrop



And in many ways, it is. My father is and will always be my guiding force through the complexities of life. He taught me many ways of how life can operate. And also directed me into the right channels.

My father has been gone for

about ten years now, although we have not parted and never will. Within my heart, the soil is neither rich nor impoverished. The top layer is hard and thick, making penetration uneasy. The bottom layer is soft and delicate, absorbing fidelity. When he

perished, my left eye diffused a somber tear. But from my right eye, a tear of grace groomed my face. From that point, I have lived life within a falling raindrop.

I believe I know what life is all about. I have learned secrets from what I have experienced, and they are closely guarded. But sometimes, those secrets are not enough. And I am prepared, for my father rained on me to keep a vigorous soul.

So often I kneel for a prayer to help me deal with my internal pain. I keep God in my eyes to read a better story and in my heart to love a better way.

Well, you probably will never hear from Butterscotch again. But without being arrogant, you will hear the name John Arthur again. I often use my father's name when I write. It's kind of my way of saying thanks for my rain.

I believe this is enough self disclosure for Butterscotch. Hopefully you know or understand me better. Thanks for a nice year, I enjoyed writing and your attention. Take care and try walking in the rain without an umbrella.

Enjoy Life!!
Butterscotch

Students/parents beware of financial aid scams

Deborah J. Ernst
Editor-in-Chief

I don't think that I've met anyone in college yet who doesn't worry about having enough money to pay tuition. At least no one of the average TCC college age.

Unfortunately, there are people who enjoy preying on these students and their families, who often work hard to pay for their kids' education.

These "crooks"—for lack of a better word—come into the family's home, talk through their

spiel, and try to pressure the family into handing over their hard-earned money.

And what will you get? Maybe nothing, maybe some insurance. Certainly not the service you're paying for.

I'm not saying that all of the companies that claim to assist students in finding loans and scholarships are bogus. Some—many—are reputable. What I am saying is that students need to check into the business' backgrounds.

If they are on the up-and-up,

they won't mind this at all. It will show them that you are a discriminating consumer—not some schlep who's so desperate for college funds that you're willing to turn over your money to the first idiot who claims to have "many" sources of funds.

Be especially wary of those "businesses" that claim to have most of their associates in "the East." This is often—not always—a bogus claim. If you can get some of the addresses, write to them yourself. You'd be surprised at how many of these "businesses" eager to lend

college students money don't exist.

As I said, some of these companies are legitimate. But they aren't necessary. Contact your child's school counselor, who often has reams of scholarship applications waiting around unclaimed.

Another place to check is your child's prospective college. They, too, have access to much more money than many people think.

Let's face it, money is a problem for many college-age students today. There are many

reasons for this, but it's pointless to argue over who is at fault. The fact is, there are many methods of paying for college. These methods are available to the general public—it just takes some awareness on the consumer's part.

It isn't necessary to pay someone to find scholarships and loans and grants for your high school students ready to enter college. The money is there, and high school counselors and financial aid offices find that money for a living.

It's their job—let them do it.

Television images distort reality, confuse the senses

Jodell Starrett
Staff Reporter

There has been too much made of television's ability to show us history in the making.

There is too much of putting us in the middle of current events and of turning us all into eyewitnesses. We've seen the falling of the Berlin Wall, foreign countries holding hostages, firemen saving victims, protesters demanding a nuclear freeze.

It is as if we, as a nation, were passing by some accident. We stop, look at the commotion, and then move on.

There is nothing all-knowing in being an eyewitness. Usually, the one who sees an accident or crime isn't quite sure of what actually has happened. Often few eyewitnesses agree. We all see

what we want to see. Even instant replay doesn't help.

When a television camera takes us to an event, we really see nothing except pieces of the spectacle. Even the most dramatic events witnessed on television—the walk on the moon, the killing of Lee Harvey Oswald—are fleeting images. They tell us little about ourselves and our neighbors.

They may be spectacular images, but they are images nonetheless, imitations, visual impressions of something reflected. They are optical images converted to electronic images that are still empty reflections of a real world of which we know little.

At best the television camera sees only what the human eye can

see. Think of your own lives. How many significant things have happened to you in ways the camera or the eye could capture?

The important things that happen to us seldom happen for the eye or the camera to see and catch. They happen deep inside the darkest recesses of our hearts and minds. The important things that happen take place either inside people or before the camera arrives or after the camera leaves.

The camera is incapable of telling us about the real achievements and meaning of our neighbors. It deals with superficialities, with fleeting impressions. The photograph, whether it comes to us on film or videotape, is filled with misconceptions.

We watch a mother crying for

her son killed in a fire. The camera, or the eye, watches as her face fills with tears. All of our maternal instincts are with her. We know her grief and cry with her.

Two days later, she is arrested for arson. She was the one that set the fire. What? Just a few days ago she was grieving over the loss of her son.

What we did not know is the reality deep down inside of her, according to the psychotherapists, that she had planned to kill her son. She was glad she succeeded. We never knew that by looking at the image. We read into images whatever we want to.

What is bothersome is our continuing belief that what the camera catches is reality, is truth, is the way things are. That is the reason we believe what we see on television. It is how we buy our soap and our leaders of this nation.

Those who pay homage to the camera and win its support do very well in this country. We are a nation captivated by the pretty colors, the lights, and the shadows that the camera catches.

We confuse those glittering lights and colors with reality. We soak up this continuous, dizzying array of images. It is so easy to digest. It doesn't pain us. It soothes us. It replaces experience.

We don't listen anymore—we watch! No one hears what the television is saying, television has become the seducer of the senses. Words, verbal information, are

ignored. The sounds go into the air and are obscured by the noises surrounding our lives (traffic, phones, conversation, music) and our own addiction to image. When someone comes on camera to talk to us, are we really listening or just viewing?

Yet, don't we realize how ineffective sight alone is? In our own lives, we know. We see a smiling boss who may be planning to fire us tomorrow or an earnest-looking lover who may be thinking of a rendezvous with another. Few things are as they seem.

What we need is not a succession of disconnected images, but information, words, thoughts, ideas, discussion, reflection, and knowledge. We must listen to, not just watch, one another.

A picture of a soldier dying in battle is worth a thousand words. If, however, we are to understand why that soldier died and how he felt before death, we must do more than take his picture.

I once heard of "TV-ing". It consists of sitting in front of a TV set for hours and hours until all you can see on the screen are flickering lights and colors. The images disappear, the sound is lost and the screen becomes an abstract scanning device that is supposed to produce a wonderful high, or sedative, or pacifier.

TV should stimulate not pacify. But that may be the way the world ends—not with a bang, not a whimper, but with flickering lights and colors seducing a nation into oblivion.

Apathy freedom's stumbling block

Dolores K. Woods
Staff Reporter

It is easy to recognize oppression and injustice on a large scale, as in the case of Apartheid. But these culprits can be present in anyone's life on any level.

Analysis

Regardless of the extent, injustice is injustice and the damage the same. One of the reasons that injustices are allowed to continue is that they are usually concealed.

As long as injustice can be kept hidden it can be sustained. Once oppression is laid open it stirs

the consciousness of those who might demand change.

Fragmentation also fosters oppression. This is how a large number of people are controlled by a few. If there is no unity, there is no strength.

Therefore, controllers will instill fear into the weak and promise rewards to the ambitious, to maintain disunity.

An attitude of inferiority is another aid to oppression.

When self esteem is low people feel too unworthy and powerless to fight for equality. Oppressors do everything within their power to instill and en-

courage feelings of inadequacy in the oppressed.

Injustices do not have to be tolerated, but change doesn't come easily. It means setting aside apathy. It also means taking a chance and exploring the unknown. It could mean experiencing physical, mental or emotional pain.

Some people do not feel that change is worth the pain. But for others, it's not a matter of whether or not they fight for change but how, because to them nothing can be more painful than being oppressed.

Dark parks need more bright lights for protection

Scott Boucher
Assistant Editor

Throughout history criminal activities have, for the most part, been committed in areas that are dark and desolate.

Analysis

Criminals don't want to be too noticed. That's obvious.

So why is it that the Metropolitan Park District can't see to it that all their parks have sufficient lighting at night.

In the wake of the ballistic attack on the young boy in Lincoln High School Park at 7:30 pm on May 16, the concern must be raised.

Lincoln Park is located from South 34th to South 37th Streets and between South Thompson and South Park Avenues.

At the time of the assault the hours were still daylight. But the potential of another attack is great and particularly during night hours.

Lincoln Park doesn't have any interior lights as does Wright Park. The park may be fairly open to view but not when it's dark.

The only light the park receives at night is from the city's street lights.

Up to ten feet from the road-side is well lit. But the 200 feet inside the park is pitch black.

Park security would tell you to not walk through the park itself. Rather reserve yourself to the outside pathways where it would be "safe."

That would be fine, if the city would maintain their own street lights as they had agreed with the park district to do so. Some aren't working properly, and it would still not be all that safe.

Wapato Park has been noted for its high concentration of crime activity. Wapato Park is located from South 64th to South 72nd Streets and between South Sheridan Avenue and South Alaska Street.

The lighting in the park itself exists, in some areas. However the park is also known for its foliated environment. Shrubs, hedges, and trees encase the entire park. Beautiful in the day, dangerous at night.

On both Sheridan Avenue and

Alaska Street city street lights are not stationed in most areas. These areas are also where most of the plant life exists, and at night, where crime life can exist.

With the criminals (rapists, kidnapers, muggers, etc.) the minimal lighting there presently is just isn't sufficient. If there are no people to watch the park at say, 10 pm, then a criminal can strike, pull the victim into the shades of darkness, and in behind some nearby shrubs.

According to the park district, it has not been the district's policy to light public parks.

The reason: because people then utilize the parks at night. when they're not suppose to. And some also vandalize the ex-

isting lights in Wright Park.

These violators must realize the necessity of this lighting and stop violating, so that the park district wouldn't have to listen to angry citizens' complaints.

The district could pose heavier fines on those who decide to remain in the park after dusk and criminally prosecute those who vandalize the park's property.

The need is there. And not just in Lincoln and Wapato Parks either. Those were just two examples.

All nonluminous parks need their own set of interior lights, and citizens need to appreciate them more than they do.

As taxpayers, we deserve this lighting. As potential victims, we need them.

ASTCC elects officers, protesters demonstrate

Patricia J. McLean
Managing Editor

Behind closed doors and drawn curtains, the Associated Students of Tacoma Community College (ASTCC) Senate met May 23 to elect new officers.

Outside the Binns Room a band of 17 protesters marched, chanted, and carried handlettered signs proclaiming their displeasure at not being allowed to vote.

One sign read "Hear our voice, we want a choice" another, "In a free country, free people vote."

Protester Mark Reed said, "When I was a kid in school they told me America was a democracy. I'm real disappointed."

Students wandering through the plaza responded to invitations to join in the protest with, "I'll be late for classes," and "Oh no, I have to work."

At one point the protesters walked through the TUB and were greeted by applause and

laughter.

Student bystander Gregg Zylstra said, "I just found out what it was about... Why doesn't the whole student body get to vote?"

Although the protest proceeded without incident, Jim Kautz, Director of Facilities, warned the protesters, "As long as you don't disturb classes, you can demonstrate. But something is going to have to be done. Students are complaining."

However, no attempt was made to halt the protest which lasted until the Senate adjourned.

According to Tom Keegan, Associate Dean for Student Services, the present form of student government was instituted in 1984.

From 1979 until 1984 the student government was more restricted. An advisory board composed of six students, three faculty, and two administrators prioritized the Student Activities budget.

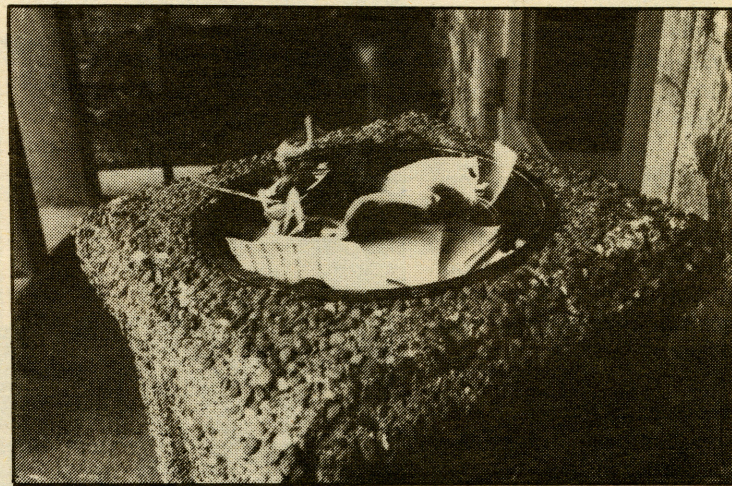
The Student Activities budget is the primary business of the ASTCC government. The budget is derived from fees of \$3.35/credit hour (up to \$33.50/student) that every student pays.

Before 1979 open elections were held. Keegan said that lack of voter turn-out was the stimulus for change. He indicated that if the students want to change the electoral process he would be agreeable. "What the students think is best," he added.

Prior to the protest, Keegan said that he did know it was planned and said, "It is part of the educational process. I think it is refreshing that there are students who want to speak. As long as it is honest and motives are true, it is a good thing."

Keegan agreed that there is a danger of cliques forming with the current system, "But not the same as with student body-wide elections," he asserted.

Keegan said that ASTCC offices are not limited to senators



ASTCC Constitution burns.

Photo by Kevin Ladas

and that any student may apply. He also said that although voting is limited to senate members any student may become a senator by attending three meetings.

Protester Roy Roman commented, "They call it representative because of the senate, but a lot of students can't (belong to the senate) because of schedules."

1990-91 ASB Officers
Term begins June 16, '90
President - Steven Spuck *
Vice-President of Finance -
Adrienne Loska *
Vice-President of Legislature
Cindy Noonan*
Secretary - Tami Davis
(* Members of STAGE)



Student demonstrators gathered in front of the TUB before launching their protest. The students said they were protesting because they were not allowed to participate in the election of student government officers. They claimed that the elections should be open to the entire student body regardless of voter turnout.

The ASTCC elections went on as planned. Photo by Kevin Ladas

Madame Guru says, "You better shop around."

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

Editor's Note: Trish is an assistant vice president for BN West CU and is the past president of the Credit Association of Pierce County.

"If you are an average American car buyer 21 years of age...you will purchase an average of 14 vehicles in your lifetime," said Paul Smith author of the Unofficial Car Buyers Rulebook.

Think of it. That could easily end up costing you over \$200,000 in your lifetime. You are big business to car lots. This is how they afford those daily full length ads in the local newspapers

Most young adults rely upon an older adult, dad or big brother, for guidance when cruising the car lots for the wheels they can afford.

Nowadays it is not the car of our dreams, but what our pocket-book will let us be seen in.

As an experienced car buyer (I have bought over 14, and I'm not

anywhere near the end of my lifetime) let me share with you advice that I give credit union car buyers when they come into my office.

Whether this is a used car or a new car, go to the library or your credit union and get a xerox copy of the blue book of the car you wish to purchase. The sticker price the dealer has on the auto window is not the real cost. It is only the suggested retail price.

One point I want to emphasize is that a dealer can sell his cars at the invoiced price and still make a good profit. The manufacturers' suggested retail price is anywhere from 13 percent to 18 percent mark up.

In addition, the manufacturer pays the dealer one percent to 3 percent of the invoiced amount quarterly.

The dealer can't lose.

According to Smith, this is why a dealer can sell a vehicle at \$100 over invoice and still earn money.

invoice cost.....	\$8500
hold back.....	\$250
Actual cost.....	\$8245

Madame Money Guru



Profit is supreme. Price can be juggled around. Let me point out that the salesperson does not receive an hourly wage. He survives on sales commissions. His wage is based on gross profit of total sales. If the sale is not made, there are no wages.

Now, this is not to make you get your hanky out and cry big tears for this person. This is to give you an overview so that you can bargain for the best deal.

When out shopping, do just that. The car you want to buy is not one of a kind. There are others just like it on other lots.

Believe me. Tell the salesperson

that you are going to purchase a vehicle in the next couple days.

Say up front that you want to comparison shop. Let them know that if they have the car you want at the price you find competitive, you will buy the car.

Get an estimate. Tell them you want the best deal. Refuse to sign any paperwork. Some salespeople insist that they have to have a firm commitment first before they will figure a price. That is just a sales push. Stand your ground.

I advise that a buyer go to three different lots for comparisons. In my own case, I was able to save \$850 by shopping around. This was on Hondas. I point blank asked the salesperson if he could beat my last estimate. Since \$100 profit was better to him than \$0, he made me an offer.

After you get a price that you feel good about, go home. Sleep on it. Let your emotions simmer down. A car salesperson knows

that his chances of selling you a car after you leave the first time are greatly reduced.

You are now playing his game.

I have been told by several car salesmen that the best time to buy a car is after the 28th of the month.

Do your looking around and comparing anytime...but negotiate the last day of the month for the best deal.

The reason for this is financial. Inventory must move. Salespeople have quotas. Sales meetings get very prodding towards the end of the month. Sales goals are premium.

Now you are ready. Good luck. The Unofficial Car Buyers Guide is available at Educational Employees Credit union and at all Pierce County Credit Unions. The cost is \$1.

Remodeled Main Branch Library opens doors to public

Scott Boucher
Assistant Editor

Tacoma's Main Library branch has been undergoing extensive remodeling since 1984. It reopened its doors on Saturday, April 28 at 11 am.

A look at the library's past puts into perspective its present.

In 1884 founder Grace Moore came to Tacoma from San Francisco. A public library wasn't in existence in Tacoma at the time.

So Moore gathered together eighteen women in 1886 to organize a circulation of their own personal books. Patrons could borrow a volume for 25 cents.

Eventually the 2,000 book inventory grew too large for Moore's home, and in 1893 the library was moved to the city hall.

In 1901, funds of \$75,000, provided by Andrew Carnegie, were donated to establish a public library.

The site chosen was on South 12th Street and Tacoma Avenue.

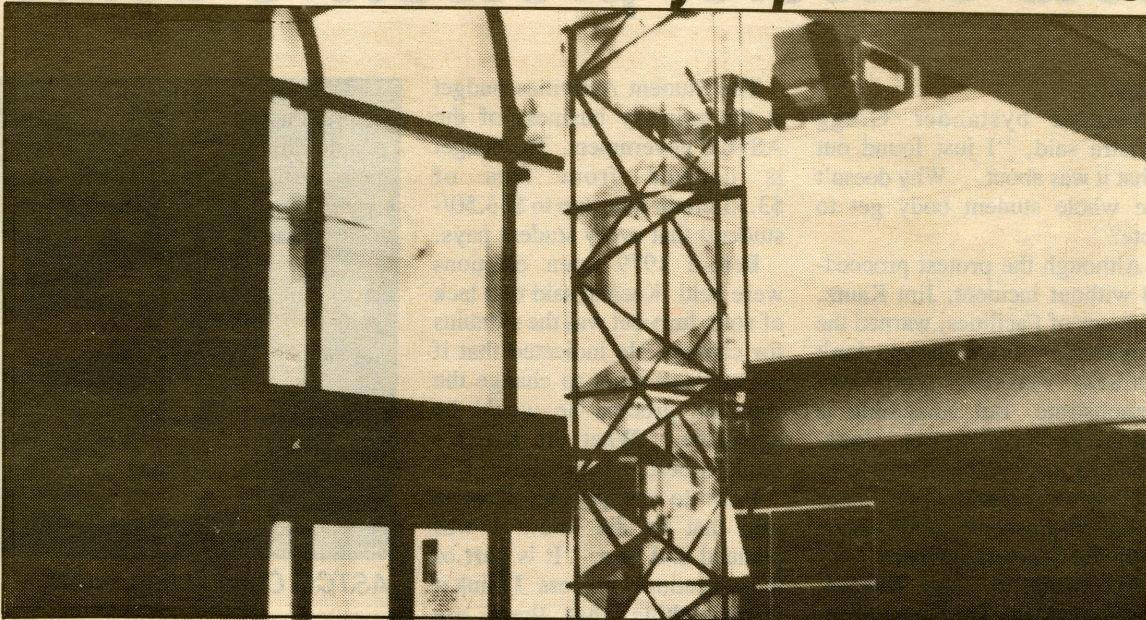


Photo by Deborah J. Ernst

It became the 85th Carnegie library in the U.S. and the first in Washington.

In 1952 an addition to the Carnegie library of 64,981 square feet was added at a cost of \$1,438,000.

Today the 1984 \$5.1 million

bond issue has brought 8,500 more square footage and aesthetic improvements

The original Carnegie library included a copper dome ceiling. The dome has been replaced with a hand-crafted glass dome.

Another attraction is the

"Leaves of Glass" statue. New York City's artist James Carpenter designed the artwork.

Light passing through the glass refracts into an array of spectral colors.

"See, the library's more than books," said David Domkowski,

Community Relations Officer for the Main Library.

"A library is really a place to go for ideas, to dream, to look for ways of doing things you might not have thought about," continued Domkowski.

The library has a summer reading program scheduled this summer for children. It's open to elementary and middle school students throughout Tacoma.

It's designed to have children read books under a time limit, from mid-June to mid-August.

Children are then awarded several different prizes for the books they read during the summer.

"We have an art gallery, we have free community meeting groups for clubs and organizations, and many other community events," added Domkowski.

"We're really a touchstone for the entire community's consciousness, so we do special events."

Champion typists flying fingers speed to reward

Doyle Lewellen
Staff Reporter

The flying fingers of the Speed and Accuracy Typing class have earned them Honor Roll status as typists.

During the winter quarter, Sharon Lisicich's class performed five five minute writing trials per student with an average of one mistake or less per student.

The students have learned the Cortez Peters Jr. method, which improves a typist's concentration.

Students are instructed to read and type single letters. This allows very strong concentration

that improves students' accuracy.

The students are rewarded by Lisicich with chocolate and gold stars, which she agrees seems elementary. But it provides motivation even for adult students.

This reward system is recommended by Peters who is a world record speed typist. According to Lisicich, Peters can type 260 words per minute with zero mistakes.

With credentials like this, Peters is a legitimate authority, and Lisicich is sold on his method.

Foster and Foote named TCC's outstanding athletes

Ezra Graham
Staff Reporter

Larry Foster and Bonnie Foote were not the best or most well known athletes in their high schools.

But in a vote by Tacoma Community College coaches they were named the 1989-90 athletes of the year.

In 1987 Larry Foster graduated from Foss high school, an unheralded basketball player. Things have changed a great deal over the last three years.

This season the sophomore small forward led his team as well as the entire NWACC in scoring, averaging 26 points per game. He also averaged 7 rebounds and 2.5 assists per game.

His statistics were impressive but according to Head Coach Ron Billings there was more to Foster's game.

"His scoring was obviously very important to our offense but his defense and court awareness were also very important.

The ability to succeed in the late moments of games highlighted Foster's season.

"He was a leader. In crunch time me and my teammates looked to Larry. We wanted to get the ball in his hands," said starting shooting guard Travis Warner.

Reserve shooting guard Byron Shamp believes the team relied heavily on Foster.

"When he was hot we won. When he was cold we lost."

Warner agreed, "He pretty much carried the team. There's no way we would have been in double figures in wins without him."

Foster has had offers from division one schools Arizona State and Utah but he will probably attend Central Washington.

Bonnie Foote is a perfect example of how hard work and desire can equal success.

At 5'5" she doesn't possess the ideal height to play volleyball and basketball but that is where hard-work pays dividends.

"It doesn't come easily for me. I have had to work really hard to be successful."

As a member of Auburn high school's volleyball, basketball and softball teams, Foote played for three teams that earned second place in state competition.

Winning became a habit for her and losing became unacceptable.

"I hate to lose. I'm a very intense person. In volleyball, if we are losing 14 to 1 I still feel like we can come back and win. I never quit because I love to compete."

When she learned she was female athlete of the year she was "really shocked. It's a great feeling. I feel like I've really accomplished something."

Annual wine fest set for fall

Mary Carmody
Staff Reporter

"When I returned to school several years ago to work on a business degree, I came to Tacoma Community College," said Robin Popich, events coordinator for the Tacoma Community College Foundation.

This brings her full circle in her career at TCC. As events coordinator, she is responsible for the 8th Annual Tacoma Wine Festival, a major Foundation fundraiser.

Popich was formerly president of the Junior League of Tacoma. The League is an organization that dedicates itself to serving the community through volunteer work.

She also wrote and produced public service announcements for the Junior League in cooperation with KSTW Washington-TV. During her term she was involved in six community projects. In addition, Popich has a background in sales and marketing and worked for Cellular One.

Last September, Popich assumed her new position at TCC. She is involved in fund raising campaigns for the Foundation and is a member of the Board of Directors.

Popich is married to Tacoma

orthopedic surgeon, Greg Popich, and has two children. Her son is a graphic arts major at the University of Washington. Her daughter will be attending the University in September.

"Having volunteered in the community, I was interested in finding a job that was interesting and that gave something back to the community," she said. As events coordinator for the festival, she is fulfilling that desire.

Popich works with a large steering committee of volunteers from the community and college to produce the festival. The 1990 student body president is also a member of the committee.

"The steering committee brings a lot of energy and enthusiasm to the project," Popich stated.

Wine festival co-chairs are Sara Lyon, St. Joseph Hospital, and Ron Powers, Bill Herdman Real Estate.

The Tacoma Wine Festival will be held on Sun., Nov. 18, from 2 to 6 pm in the Sheraton Tacoma Pavilion, 13th and Broadway.

The funds raised by this event directly benefit TCC students through scholarships, and child care, books and transportation for low-income students.

In 1989, 1,200 people attended the Festival and generated \$30,500. The committee hopes to exceed that figure in 1990.

The theme for this year's event is touring the Northwest wine country of Washington, Idaho and Oregon. Festival-goers will sample the "Best of the Northwest" premium wines.

In sampling wines, Popich suggests, "You should just sip the wine to taste its bouquet and flavor and dump the rest out." Besides the wine tasting, there will be an array of food specialties. An auction will round out the program.

The auction will feature items from entertainment, sports, art, vacation and travel, restaurants and merchandise certificate categories.

The other major source of funds generated for the festival is individual and corporate sponsors and patrons at various levels.

Tickets for the festival are \$22, \$25 at the door and includes a souvenir wine glass.

Students who are interested in volunteering time in setting up the festival should contact Robin Popich at 566-5257. The TCC Foundation office is located in Bldg. 9.

Golf team ends with eagle

Doyle Lewellen
Staff Reporter

The Titan golf team closed its 1989-90 season with a climactic finale. It won the 89-90 NWAACC State Golf Tournament.

The tournament was held at the Veterans Memorial Golf Club in Walla Walla May 21 and 22.

The Titans ended the tournament with 601 team points. Eight points ahead of Columbia Basin Community College.

Two Titans, Dan Gullikson and Darrin Tillotson, were

distinguished individually. They placed second and fourth respectively in the individual standings.

The team finished first in its conference with a 27-3 record. And they had two members nominated to the All-Conference team; they are Dan Gullikson and Mike Mullin.

Other awards the team has won include first at the Lower Columbia College Invitational, first at the Bellevue Community College Invitational and first at the Western Washington University Invitational.

Collegiate Classifieds

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Green horseradish brings out zip in mild oriental dishes

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

Tucked in a corner along the Oriental Strip in the 8600 block of South Tacoma Way is *OSAKA*, a Japanese restaurant.

Review

For those of you with a taste for Japanese food, this place offers authentic cuisine that seems to meet with local Japanese approval.

I was one of the few Westerners eating dinner this night. A sure sign of a good Japanese chef, in my opinion.

Dinner entrees include many varieties of various selections. Tempura Udon is made with noodles, prawns and vegetables, in a clear broth.

Nabeyaki Udon is a pot of noodles with vegetables, eggs and fishcake in clear soup. Oyako Donburi is chicken, vegetables and scrambled eggs served on steamed rice with a special sauce over all.

Sukiyaki, the traditional dish of thinly sliced meat and various sushi combinations add more delight to the taste buds.

My favorite is the sashimi combination. Sashimi is a combination of sliced raw fish wrapped in paper thin seaweed or vegetable coverings similar to sushi. Of course, this is the most expensive item on the menu, \$26.00.

Beware the green stuff that looks like harmless mashed green peas. It is a powerful horseradish that will smolder your socks and burn your head off if you take too much.

One bite and your eyes water, your nose runs and you end up not being able to eat for about 15 minutes. During this time the waitress looks on helplessly, suggesting you take a mouthful of sugar to take the burn out of your tongue.

For those who prefer to have their food broiled, breaded or in a batter, there is a menu page just for you of teriyaki, tempura, and tonkatsu styled cooking.

The chicken teriyaki, which is boned chicken broiled with teriyaki sauce comes with miso soup, salad, rice and green tea.

Tempura is a batter preparation. You can have vegetables, fish, meat and chicken served tempura style. There are several selections to choose from. Tonkatsu, the breaded pork loin deep fried, was very delicious.

In looking around at the other diners (something Japanese people don't do, only inquisitive reporters) I noticed several oriental people eating Yakitori. This is a meat dish, usually chicken, skewered on a bamboo stick and broiled with a special sauce.

Prices on the dinner menu range from \$5.95 to \$26.00. Only three items were above \$21.00. These included the large sashimi combination (a smaller one is also available) and the large sushi combinations.

In the corner is Kin Sang, the chef who is the master of the sushi and sashimi dishes. It is fun to watch him carve the fish and vegetables right in front of you and roll up your sumptuous sushi.

The other dishes are prepared in the kitchen.

This place is bright and cheer-

ful with soft background music. A bad day can evaporate just by walking through the doors into this colorful, clean hideaway. There are private screened booths, seats at the sushi bar and regular tables

I like to sit where I can watch the chef create my meal.

Lunch is served as a small variation of the evening meal. Lunch prices range from \$3.50 to \$6.95. Beverages include the regular line, domestic and imported wine and saki. Green tea ice cream is available as well as seasoned fruit for dessert.

My favorite part of the service is when the waitress brings the warm wet wash cloth. Such a civility. Why can't all restaurants provide this?

OSAKA is located at 8602 South Tacoma Way. For reservations call 588-0627.

Korean hot spot tingles tastebuds

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

On the same strip as Osaka at 8602 South Tacoma Way next to Mont Blac Bakery is the *O-BOK* restaurant specializing in Korean and Chinese cookery.

Review

This place is very dark. A big-screen TV dominates one corner of the room. It is on which makes it difficult to have an intimate conversation.

Although on this night, I was the only person of European descent in the restaurant, the waitress had no trouble understanding my requests.

The menu is in both English and Korean.

Korean food is similar to Chinese, but I thought it was

much spicier. For those who like mild food this is not the place for you. And those who like it hot may still want to bring their tums just in case. Whew!

The specialty here is sliced and roasted eel. The cost is \$15.95. It was the most expensive item on the menu.

Several small dishes of various vegetables sliced, diced, pickled and plain are served to warm up your palate. These were served in delightful, delicate white dishes. I was full just tasting all the yummy offerings.

It is fun to guess what the food is since it is served so creatively. Ask for a menu afterward to see if you were correct.

The BBQ short ribs came with rice and were enough to feed two or more people. In fact, there was no shortage of food. All dishes

were ample and very filling. The cost of the ribs was \$9.50.

It was my favorite dish.

I sampled fried, sliced octopus, \$8.50, very tender and delicious; shrimp fried rice, \$6.95; fried won tons, \$5.95, beef fried rice, \$6.60 and of course, Kimchee.

The secret is to go with three or four friends and have everyone order a dish then share it. Or, take the family. They welcome children here.

Prices ranged from \$5.95 to \$15.95. The tea, which was made out of ginseng root, was too strong for me. This place also had the green horseradish. However, the spices used on the dishes were more than hot enough for me.

For reservations call 582-6713.

SOAR meets architect

Patricia J. McLean
Managing Editor

Students Organized for Accessible Resources (SOAR) voiced their recommendations for improvements in Building 18.

Bruce McKean, an architect with Tsang Partnership Inc., heard their concerns on Friday, June 1.

SOAR member Mark Dickson expressed concern that the bathrooms be equipped with long handled faucets. He said that many handicapped students had to struggle to use the push faucets.

Other suggestions for the bathrooms included enlarging designated stalls so that a wheelchair could easily be maneuvered in and out. Chris

Courtwright said that many of special stalls at Tacoma Community College are far too small.

McKean said that automatic doors would be installed in at least one entrance. SOAR members pressed for one to be located on the Transit Center side.

Eric Featherstone said that the automatic doors should have "trip" sensors instead of electric eyes.

Most of the college was built in the sixties when access codes were not as strict as they are now, according to McKean.

Renovations of Building 18 are expected to be completed by fall, 1991.

British film visually rich

Jodell Starrett
Staff Reporter

"Violent, repulsive, sickening, wonderful, should be X-rated. Wow, great camera angles, color used extremely well, different, amusing" . . . these are comments you might hear from people leaving the movie *"A Cook, A Thief, A Woman and Her Lover"*.

Review

A masterpiece of visuals and barbaric nuances that control the senses.

Albert, a barbarian and the main character, and his wife, Georgina, are owners of a

restaurant set in England with French overtones in the decor and cuisine.

Georgina falls in love with another man, only to experience the wrath of her husband Albert. The end takes a pleasant twist with the cook and Georgina taking revenge upon Albert.

A film worth seeing if the viewer can look past the grotesque and vulgar mannerisms of Albert and his devoted followers, and appreciate the films attempt at plot and theme and the wonderful use of color, visuals and sound.

Rating ***

Beaches is a four—kleenex movie

Carla M. Golden
Staff Reporter

Your best friend calls you up on Friday night and asks what you're doing.

"Nothing," you reply.

"How would you like to go to the movies tonight?"

You've got yourself a date, and the two of you decide to go see *Beaches*, a fantastic, four-kleenex movie starring Bette Midler as "the one, the only--C.C. Bloom."

Barbara Hershey plays a "polished, well-groomed" San Francisco ("Well," she confesses, "I don't exactly live in San Francisco") native who meets the

eccentric New Yorker (Midler) on the shores of New Jersey when they are eleven years old.

The two girls hit it off right away and exchange home addresses.

"Write me in San Francisco, C.C.," begs Hilary (Hershey).

C.C. answers in her thick Bronx accent, "Sure. After all, we're friends, aren't we?"

They meet again as grown women with their own lives and careers. C.C. is a struggling performer in a New York bar where the clientele have cigarettes glued to their lips and three martinis for lunch. Hilary is now an attorney with the American Civil Liberties

Union having recently been freed from the control of her father.

They stay with each other through the roller-coaster ups and downs of marriage, divorce, their respective careers, as well as Hilary's single-handed raising of her daughter, Victoria, until finally, the tear-jerking end.

The Divine Miss M does a grand and glorious rendition of "The Wind Beneath My Wings". This is dedicated to a dying Hilary as she is consumed by a cardiac virus in a house at the very beach where the two met as children.

Please see review, page 13

'EVERYTHING BUT THE COUCH'

You are invited to the brightest, best and most important event of the year.

DROP EVERYTHING!!! A band of roving TCC theatrical students presents "EVERYTHING BUT THE COUCH" a wild romp of improv and scripted bits and pieces of earthshaking, mind altering, heartwarming drama. Join us for an intimate review of this years funnest and funniest theatrical moments.

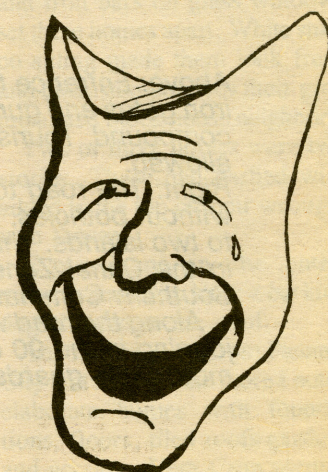
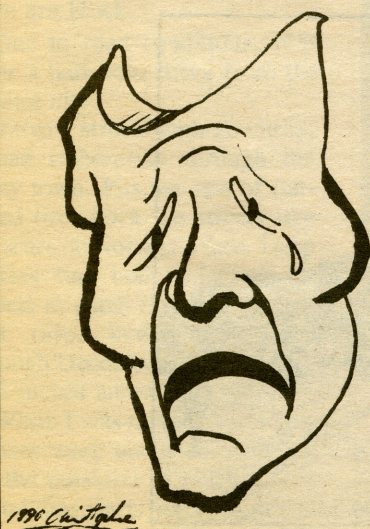
7pm, THURSDAY JUNE 7, AT TCC's THEATER (BLDG. 3).

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Panama

At Kobbe Beach, Panama May 1990

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

When humidity and temperature are the same, it isn't even a joy to go to the beach. Thoughts of staying inside an air-conditioned room far outweigh the lure of a sandy beach.

Curiosity overcame my need for comfort. The beach had to be more interesting than the small studio apartment I was staying in.

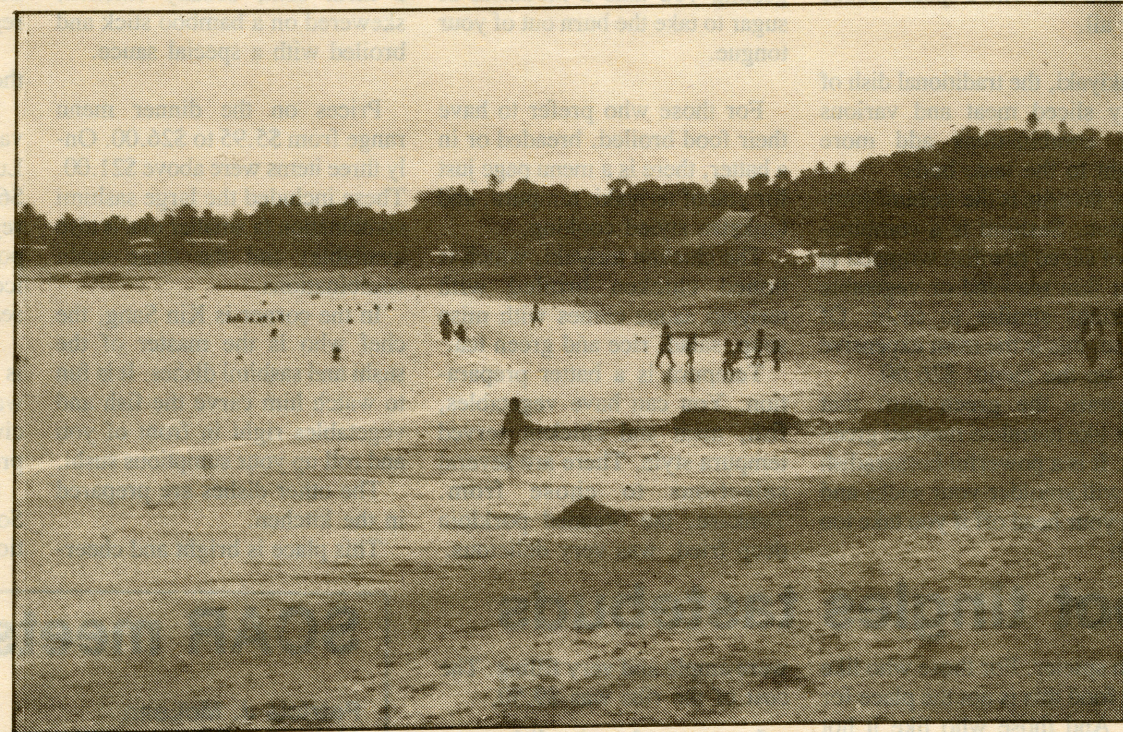
The instant a person leaves the sanctuary of an American establishment, driving becomes tricky. Cavernous potholes dot the Panama black-topped two lane highways. Kobbe Beach Road was no exception.

This narrow S-shaped road wound around and around the entire mile to the beach giving rise to the thought that Panamanians are paid by the length of the road not the job.

This was Saturday morning.

Friday night beer bottles were strewn along the side of the road. I desperately hoped none of the broken glass made its way inside the potholes.

Driving required great dodging skills. Panamanians drive like kamikaze pilots, using oncoming cars as targets. Actually they are avoiding potholes but to me, a stranger to these parts, it was like a Mario Brothers Nintendo game,



live. Dodge the potholes, miss the oncoming cars, thrill yourself to death.

The beach was filled with people who survived the drive. The tide was out. Although dark rain clouds were forming, no one was leaving. Rain is like an 85 degree shower. (Children don't take showers. When the afternoon rain comes, they take their clothes off

and stand outside, while mother nature cleanses their bodies.)

I had heard from the Howard Air Force Base librarian that the sewage treatment plant in Panama City had been shut down. Raw sewage has poured into this bay since December. I was reluctant to swim in the Kobbe water.

This fact did not seem to bother the local residents. Laughter and

shrill shrieks filled the air as children and adults bobbed neck deep in the warm Pacific Ocean.

With the storm coming, I headed back to Howard AFB.

Just before the entrance to the fort, was a Panamanian Police identity check. Six American Marines assisted an equal number of newly picked Panamanian police with the check.

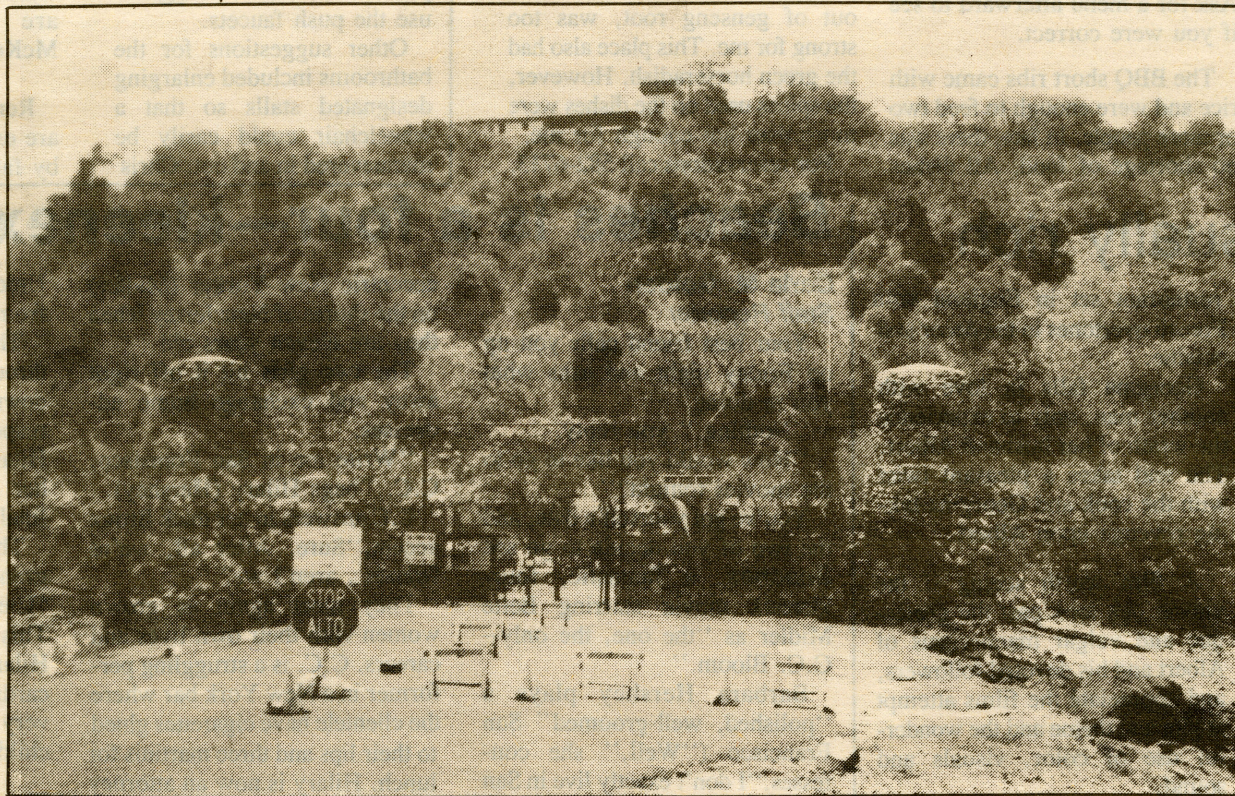
Since the invasion in December, all Panamanians have been subjected to the confirmation of their identity. ID cards were updated after Operation Just Cause (the name given the American invasion).

These ID cards are similar to American driver's licenses with name, address, place and date of birth. Most of the citizens do not drive so this is the acceptable form of ID. The people must have the cards available at all times.

The check point was about a 1000 feet from the entrance to the base. It was really strange to see two Marines up the side of the hill next to the road in a nest of reeds with machine guns pointed at the stopped vehicles. Even stranger was seeing short, thin, unsmiling Panamanian police with their guns stopping all vehicles re-entering the bases.

Keep in mind that these police have been recently hired and trained since December. The others were jailed when Noriega was captured.)

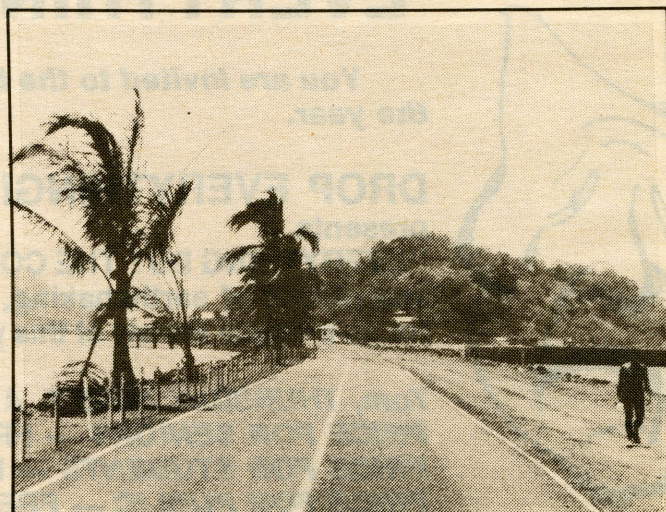
Fort Howard is not a closed base. The only road that connects the west side of this region to the east side goes through the base. Buses, taxis, and private cars make their way from Panama City on this road. It is also the only connection to the small village of Vera Cruz.



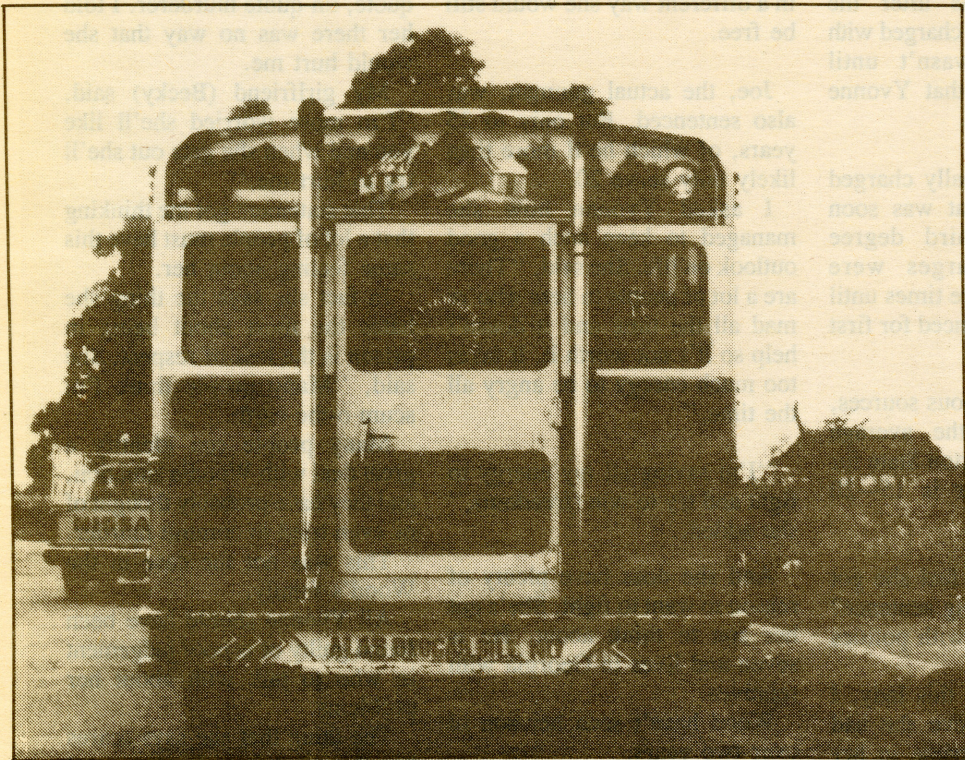
Above: Entrance to Noriega's compound is blocked with iron gates and gun turrets. An armed guard sat inside the compound. Tourists were not welcome. Photos were not allowed.

Right: The road to Noriega's compound, one of the few without potholes, is built upon fill and links the mainland to two islands. This road goes right through Fort Amador in the Canal Zone. Ft Amador is the US Naval force's Southern Command Post.

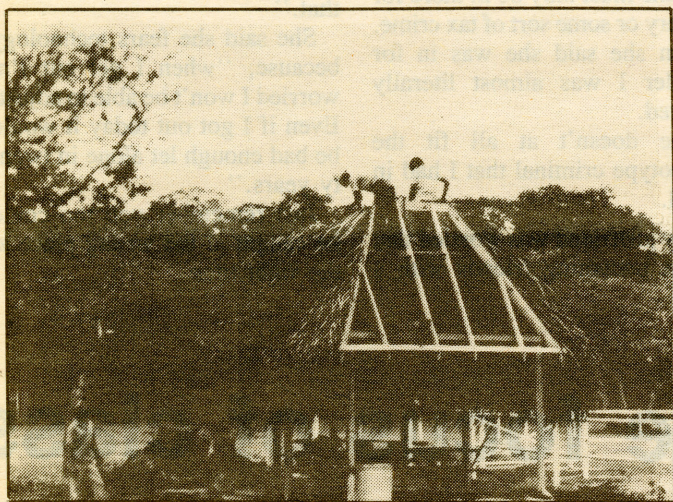
Along the road were young men (not pictured) in shorts jogging in the 90 degree heat. I was told that they were most likely guards.



Yesterday and Today



Editor's note: Collegiate Challenge reporter Trish Schwaier vacationed in Panama between April 25 and May 9. The following articles are vignettes of her travels. Photos on pages 10 and 11 by Trish Schwaier.



Vera Cruz houses don't hold much water

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

Vera Cruz is a lower income city, approximately five miles northwest of Panama City on the Gulf of Panama.

Houses in Vera Cruz are close together separated by fences of varying material, usually wire or wooden slats. Although in other villages, cement blocks are not a mainstay, almost all the houses here are block.

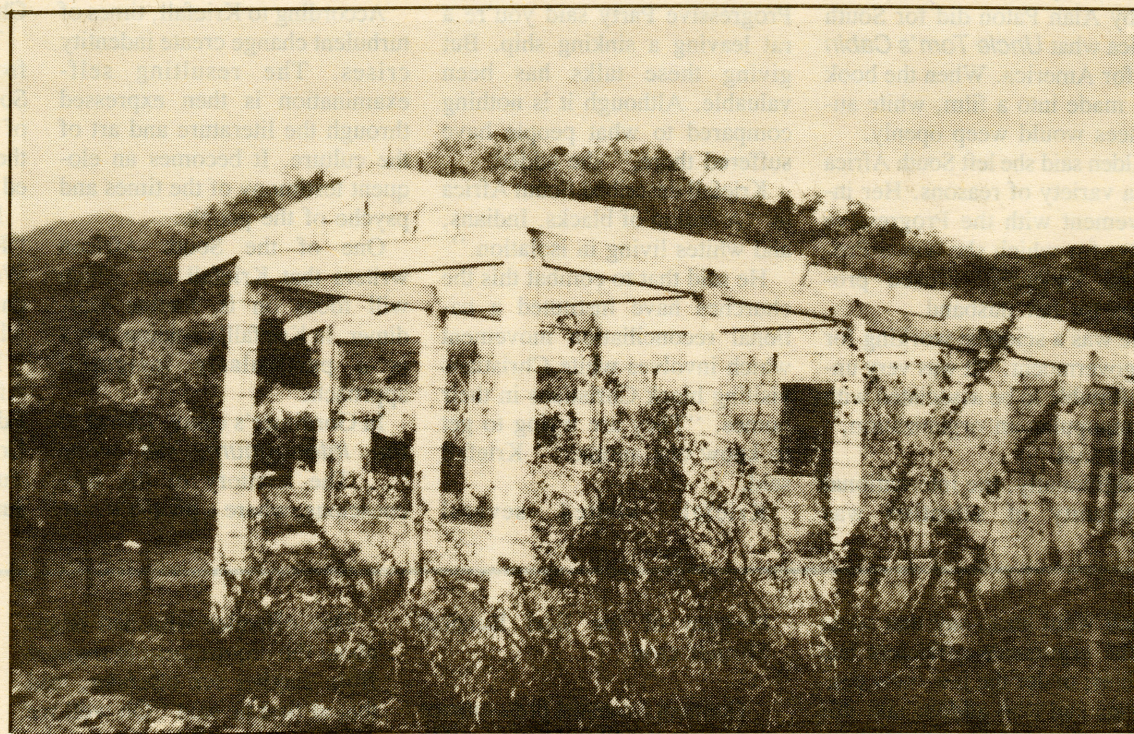
Due to road conditions, it is over a half hour drive from the capitol city.

Narrow streets with no curbs, thread ribbon-like through the dusty town. Pits the size of flattened tires pock the streets like the scars on Noriega's face. Deep gutters line both sides of the streets to catch rain water.

It rains every day—May through December—leaving over 105 inches annually.

While I was there several new houses were under construction on the outskirts of town.

Building starts with clearing all the brush and leveling a 300



square foot space by hand.

No foundation is made. The cement blocks are laid right on the ground.

For some homes, the ground will become the floor. Others will have cardboard. In the homes that I saw there was no framing, no

siding, no plaster, sheetrock or insulation.

Windows were open to the elements and critters like lizards,

frogs and anything that crawled. Some had ornamental block with sculpted openings. Other windows were just open spaces.

After the perimeter is complete, inside walls are built, giving tight, narrow rooms. When a height of seven feet is reached, a roof of palm leaves or corrugated metal is added.

About 10 or 11 homes had red tile roofs out of the few hundred that I saw. Wrought iron fences and iron bars on glass windows set these homes apart. White stucco siding made them look fresh and clean compared to their gray unpainted block house neighbors.

Two or three homes were two stories. These had barbed wire added to the top of their wrought iron fences.

Every home in the entire village seemed to have a barking dog chained in the yard.

The further away from Panama City that I drove, the more I noted elaborate homes with foundations, floors, tiled roofs gardens and acreage. Vera Cruz seemed poor by comparison.

Battered wife serves 46—year sentence

Wayne Larsen
Staff Reporter

Freedom is so precious yet so taken for granted. Like the old saying goes, "You don't know what you've got until it's gone."

Analysis

Yvonne Wood is a 5'11" blonde-haired, blue-eyed lady who calls herself a typical Californian. There is, however, a little bit of a difference. Yvonne is now serving a 46-year sentence in Washington Correctional Center for Women in Purdy.

I feel her case was a terrible miscarriage of justice.

Wood grew up in Fresno, California and attended Fresno High School. After graduating, she attended the University of Hawaii to study nursing. She successfully completed the program and graduated.

At the young age of 21 she got married to Richard Wood, a.k.a. Woody.

During the marriage she had visions of how life was supposed to be—"little house, white picket fence, a dog and 2.3 children."

However, her life was more of a struggle for her own being. As it turned out, good old Woody was more of a "Dick-tator" than he let on.

He craved as much control as he could get. Yvonne's son, Mathew John, was forced to go by the Wood name, and call Woody "Daddy."

To gain control over Yvonne, Woody, a career Army Captain, beat her unmercifully.

According to Wood, "He used a lot of military holds on me, he kicked me with military boots, I had to have corrective surgery on my ovary," because of a knife wound Wood's husband inflicted on her.

Wood tried to get help by seeking counseling off base but wound up in a "Catch 22."

"The place I went to off post said they wouldn't help me because I wasn't civilian so I should try on post.

But they said they couldn't help because I lived off post."

With no other alternative Yvonne turned to a mutual friend of her and her husband's.

The friend, Joe, was in the same Ranger battalion as Woody.

On May 17 or 18 she told Joe what had been going on. He got very angry with her and told her she had better get some help.

When she said she couldn't seek help Joe apparently decided to take matters into his own hands. Three days later Richard "Woody" Wood was dead.

For nine months after the shooting no one was charged with the murder. It wasn't until February 6, 1988 that Yvonne Wood was arrested.

Wood was originally charged with conspiracy that was soon bumped up to third degree murder. The charges were bumped up two more times until she finally got sentenced for first degree murder.

According to various sources, including Wood, the average sentence in Washington State for first degree murder is 15—20 years.

So why does she feel she got such an unusually big sentence? "It had a lot to do with politics within the Army."

After having met this lady, I find it hard to believe she had ever committed a crime in her life.

She is very pleasant rather attractive and seems like a very caring person. She's a girl many men would love as a girlfriend.

What sort of things does she fantasize about? "Going in the woods, laying down a blanket, stretching out, and reading a good book."

The kind of relationship she dreams of is "to always be held tight and loved."

It's really scary to think if only she'd had a friend to help her

in a different way she would still be free.

Joe, the actual gunman, was also sentenced. But only to 25 years, of which he'll more than likely only serve 20.

I asked Yvonne how she managed to keep such a good outlook on life. She said, "There are a lot of people in here who're mad all the time and it doesn't help so it's not worth it. It takes too much energy to be angry all the time."

"I'm saving all my energy to fight and try to win (freedom)," she added.

And she does have plenty of reason to want to fight. She's got her son to think about. He is seven and lives in Georgia with relatives.

Wood hasn't seen her son in over two years.

When I first met Yvonne Wood it was on a field trip for my Administration of Justice class which went to Purdy Prison.

My first thought of Wood was that she must only be in there for forgery or some sort of tax crime. When she said she was in for murder I was almost literally floored.

She doesn't at all fit the stereotype criminal that I had in mind.

My girlfriend was worried that I was becoming friends with a

quote, un-quote murderer. I told her there was no way that she would hurt me.

My girlfriend (Becky) said, "I'm more worried she'll like you and when she gets out she'll try to hurt me."

That statement got me thinking that a lot of people must have this same feeling about her.

In fact she says the thing she hates the most about being in prison is the loss of respect. She said, "Many people think I'm scum-o-the-earth."

Many people can identify a great deal with Wood's situation, and they have probably thought of or even tried to commit murder.

This was not the case in the Wood's family.

All Yvonne should have been found guilty of is poor judgement in who to talk with about her problems.

The thing that she says scares her the most is technology and believe it or not freedom itself.

She said she fears freedom because "when they release you from here they give you \$40, and you're gone. No help beyond that."

She said she fears technology because, "when I get out I'm worried I won't be able to adjust. Even if I got out today it would be bad enough let alone in twenty years."

Just remember you too could be caught at the wrong place at the right time.

New South African literature focus of class

Patricia J. McLean
Managing Editor

Contemporary South African literature reflects the rapid radical changes occurring in that country. Luther Kriefall, who traveled to South Africa last fall, will be teaching a class this summer entitled Literature of the New South Africa.

Kriefall will be assisted by Beatrice Alden, who was born, raised and educated in South Africa. Alden left South Africa nearly 30 years ago with her first husband. She returned after three years in the U.S. and stayed for five years before coming back to America in 1969.

For the past 13 years, Alden has been writing and speaking in opposition to apartheid.

When Alden was eleven years old she read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by Harriet Beecher Stowe. She remembers that she was riding on a bus reading and thinking how horrible it must have been to be

in the U.S. during the era of slavery.

Then she looked out her window and saw blacks dressed in rags toiling for white people. "It was like a light went on. I realized that South Africa was no different," Alden said.

According to Alden and Kriefall *Cry the Beloved Country* by Alan Paton did for South Africa what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for America. When the book was made into a film, white audiences would weep openly.

Alden said she left South Africa for a variety of reasons. Her involvement with the Progressive Party, for which she was a Provincial Delegate, caused problems for her husband.

He was a scientist working for the government. "It was very uncomfortable to be associated with so unpopular an organization," Alden said.

Additionally, the international community of scientists was

boycotting South African scientists and her husband was unable to publish abstracts or attend international scientific conferences.

"Everything seemed to indicate we should leave. It was very uncomfortable to be a white person if you did not agree with apartheid," Alden explained.

"When I left, members of the Progressive Party said you're a rat leaving a sinking ship. But giving these talks has been valuable. Although it is nothing compared to what people have suffered there," she added.

Kriefall described South Africa as "A nation of blacks, Indians, and whites living in isolation."

He said that to combat this the churches have instituted a national reconciliation movement which involves white Christians visiting black Christians in their homes. "They are trying to get to know one another," Kriefall said.

Kriefall visited several

literature teachers while in South Africa in Sept. and Oct., 1989. They talked about the change in South African literature.

Kriefall described it as being similar to the cultural renaissance in Russia before the Bolshevik Revolution. That period saw the emergence of such writers as Dostoevsky and Tolstoy.

According to Kriefall, times of turbulent change create identity crises. The resulting self-examination is then expressed through the literature and art of the culture. It becomes an eloquent testimony of the times and psyche of the people.

One of the South African writers that Kriefall and Alden will focus on is Nadine Gordimer. In Kriefall's opinion, her's is a particularly insightful approach.

In Gordimer's essay, *Living in the Interregnum*, she wrote "...The territory of the subconscious, where a people's own

particular way of making sense and dignity of life—the base of its culture, remains un-get-at-able. Writers, and not politicians, are its spokespeople."

Other South African literature that will be examined are works by Alan Paton, Steve Biko, Donald Woods, Desmond Tutu, Allan Boesak, and Frank Chicane.

The six sessions will progress from a historical overview of South Africa and the emergence of apartheid through the dream of the new South Africa as envisioned by Tutu, Boesak and Chicane.

Between these points "Resistance" literature (Biko, Woods, Paton), films, and the church struggle in south Africa will be explored.

Literature of the New South Africa is presented by Lifelong Education at TCC, 566-5018. Course fee is \$35. The class is on Tuesday evenings (7-9 pm) from June 19 through July 24.

Sex, from page 1

offenders in the state.

I took this to mean 'home grown' and not to include imports. Schall supervises sex offenders. He said that his clients reacted in different ways when they were told that they had to register.

"Some didn't care and some threatened to sue," he said.

Schall went on to say that some of the arguments offenders had such as; under the law, new conditions can't be added; and this means that we are branded (in some cases) for life; may be valid arguments.

Dianne Gohman, another CCO in Tacoma, said that she thinks that the registration law was pushed through, in part anyway,

because of the Earl Kenneth Shriner case.

Gohman wrote the pre-sentence report on the Shriner case. "He (Shriner) had made it very clear while he was still in prison that he would reoffend once he was released," Gohman said, "But DOC could not hold him any longer because he had completed his time."

One offender who had heard about the requirement to register from another sex offender, said that at first he said "Oh well we did the crime---." He went on the say that later when he received a letter from DOC informing him that he was required to register, he resented it.

Jann Ruggero, another PPO in Tacoma said that she had five sex offenders on her caseload. When

asked how they reacted to the news she replied, "They were not happy campers, let me tell you."

One guy signed the letter of notification and wrote down that he was signing under duress." She said, "Another guy talked about contacting his attorney, but he signed." They all complied she said. She also said that she got the feeling that most offenders are complying.

Cadillac Man dented

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

When the panoramic view of a cemetery came on the screen, I prepared myself for the rolls of laughter that the advertisers of Robin Williams' new film, *Cadillac Man*, promised.

Review

However, from the dreary beginning, throughout the middle and even at the end, I was waiting for the funny lines that would make my stomach ache from laughing so hard.

I waited and waited and waited. I waited the full 80 minutes. Cadillac man failed me.

Try as he did, Robin Williams could not carry this movie by himself.

After the semi-funny beginning the movie took a nose dive.

Williams was believable as a car salesman. So were the other actors.

That was the only believable part of the movie. Pamela Reed, the sexy, promiscuous wife of Tim Robbins, has an affair with one of the salesmen. If he had even one ounce of sex appeal or

even looked good, it might be believable.

But, my dog would not have even sniffed his foot. So, to have this tootsie sleep with him was totally incredulous.

After several scenes of Williams on the make and trying to sell cars, Tim Robbins jolts your senses for about a whole 5 seconds then you fall back to sleep.

There is the typical knock on cops and an atypical stab at Chinese restaurant owners and then a more unbelievable, boring ending. Don't waste your money.

Credit reports can harm job seekers

Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

If you believe that your credit standing only affects your ability to obtain credit, you are wrong.

Employers are using credit reports to determine your relationship to your obligations. If you have solid credit built upon dependable timely payments, those in hiring positions believe you will be dependable as an employee.

More and more, businesses of all sizes are using credit reports

in assisting with the sorting of job applicants. This is because of the limits placed on polygraph tests, according to *the Wall Street Journal*, May 30.

The idea is that if a job applicant pays his or her bills on time and handles his other financial obligations with responsibility, she or he is most likely not to steal, sell company secrets, or act irresponsibly on the job.

Jewelry companies who deal in loose diamonds, medical supply based companies, and department

stores were the first to use this service. This was because of the nature of their business, said the *Journal* article.

Those job applicants with delinquent student loans, delinquent taxes, and court judgments are most likely to be determined to be less reliable. And these people would be rejected for jobs.

Advice to job seekers... pay your accounts on time and double check with the credit bureaus in your city for file accuracy.

Audubon Society not just for birds

Jodell Starrett
Staff Reporter

The Audubon Society of the 1990's has evolved into a full-range environmental forum because, as Audubon emphasizes, all living things are inextricably linked.

Given Audubon's new direction, anyone is eligible to shape their efforts toward a peaceful coexistence of all species. Neighborhood groups may spice up their campaigns to limit growth by enlisting the appropriate expert from Audubon's Speakers Bureau.

Audubon carries the

organizational clout to help many fledgling environmental causes get off the ground.

In light of last January's floods, for instance, the fact that Audubon's suggestion to establish a storm-water retention program had gone unheeded is particularly poignant.

Experts in the organization had documented that more water runoff could be attributed to "underdesigned" housing developments than to clearcut forests.

Audubon had proposed

methods to avoid and retain water runoff from insensitive construction projects. Had the advice been taken, the flood's extensive damage to both private property and wildlife habitats might have been prevented.

For information on becoming a member and subscribing to the society's newsletter, *Earthcare*, which covers current issues and lists numerous intriguing field trips at home and abroad, contact the Seattle Audubon Society at (206) 622-6695.

Drummers disappoint



Erin Martinez
Staff Reporter

A steel drum band called "Toucans," played in the Titan Union Building on May 17. Sounds of erratic drum beats pounded into the heads of a few listeners.

They attempted to bring us the titillating tones from Trinidad, but the effect was amateurish.

Steel drum bands consist of percussion instruments fashioned from empty oil drums. Regrettably the "Toucans" drums were empty.

In the right hands, steel drums produce wild and exciting music. But in the wrong hands, such as the Toucans, it is chaotic. However, musicians do need a place to practice.

review, from page 9

Anyone who sits through this will need those Kleenex! Bette Midler's character, according to the critics, 'was written just for her. Midler gives a divine performance, and Barbara Hershey is excellent!'

I saw this movie four times, and I cried at the end of each on cue. I give *Beaches* four stars for its heart-touching story line and I heartily applaud its casting

of Bette and Barbara. These two actresses are worth their weight in the salt of the audience's tears.

Thoughts of graduation buoy spirits after TCC turbulence

Jennifer Conklin
Staff Reporter

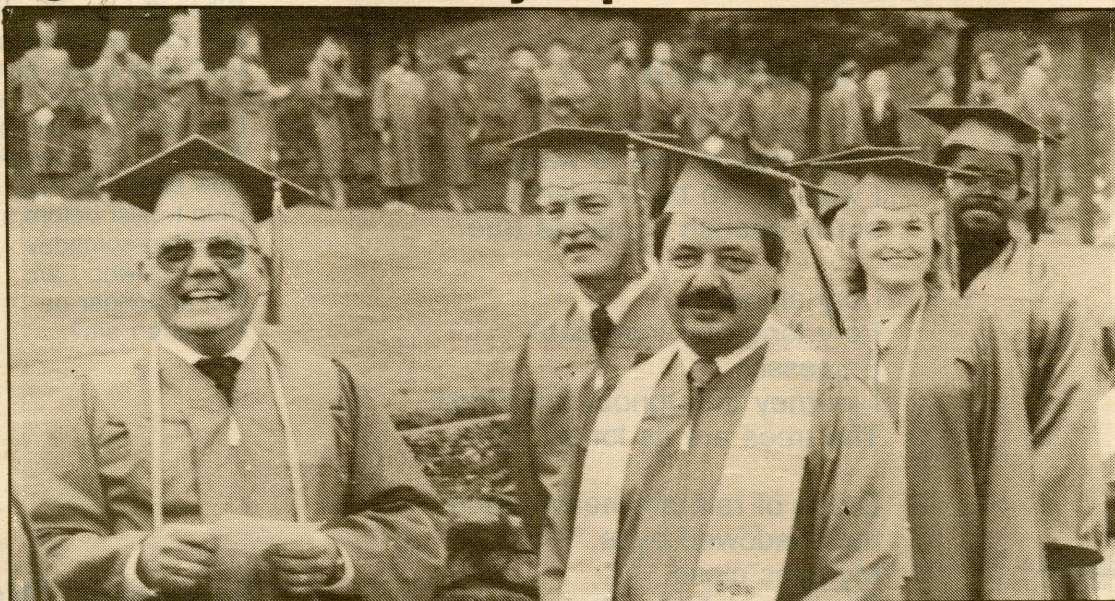
Well, kids, spring is bouncing toward that time when the industrious student may realize that their goals just may be attainable.

Analysis

Yes, graduation is once again at hand. Even for those students who are not graduating at 8 pm on June 14, 1990 in TCC's gym (Bldg. 21), the event signifies a time of pulling closer to those unreachable dreams.

For each student that is slowly crawling toward their objective, there is always that sinking feeling that...WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT.

Now, however, we can look around with pride at our fellow students that have finally made



the grade. These are the TCC 1990 graduates.

They confirm the fact that graduation is possible. This is

something that, at times, seems a ridiculous spaced out fantasy, some cruel joke that has been passed down by generations of

parents...THEY REALLY DID IT TO US DIDN'T THEY?

But then, just when we honestly are believing that this hoax is

reality and not just some wacked out type of brain-boggled paranoia, here comes this year's graduating class...THEY SURVIVED THE PERILS OF ENDLESS CLASSES.

After the ordeal of this ceremony these graduating students may progress to a new and better stage in life. They will finally be allowed the privilege and honor of entering...THE REAL WORLD.

I would like to take up some more of this printed space to congratulate those of you who made it to grad night.

FOR THOSE OF US LEFT HERE STRUGGLING ON, MY ONLY COMMENT IS...COWABUNGA, DUDE.

Thank you and enjoy your summer, no matter how much pizza you eat.

Come play with the Challenge

It's better than jamming a ball peen hammer into your ear



Drowning on Land

Bottles
without
messages
sink

—Jess D. McGowan

Shards of Ebony

Shadows
are
missing
pieces
of the
dark

scattered
across
sidewalks
streets
and
parks

waiting
for a
chance
to fit
into the
puzzle of
night

—Jess D. McGowan

Wing Your Arrows

Life
is the
bow
designed
to individual
specifications

The mind
is a
quiver
from which
to draw
poignant arrows

In the forest
the archer
becomes
visionary
or
assassin

—Jess D. McGowan

Walking Through the Woods on a Summer Morning

(Inspired by Joanne McCarthy)

Nit-picky gnats
fly over the fern;
Goading the toad
to action.
Robins flit among
the pines,
Crows dally over
worms.
Crocuses spring to
life among the
blades of new green grass.
Chilly china dolls
take tea on the
veranda.
WHACK!
A baseball shatters
The window.

—Deborah J. Ernst

MoonDream

The Indian,
as old as Time,
hunches over a
cold fire.
His feathers droop
forward, his back curves.
His visage blurs from
the passage of
Time. His image
cold as the grave.
But, still, he presides
over the
Earth from a silvery
orb.

—Deborah J. Ernst

Irrelevant

I do not want love.
I only desire love to want me.
I wish not to be cherished,
but to cherish someone true.

I cry alone.
I cry long and lost tears.
Endlessly,
I journey throughout the forest.
The trees are as lonely as I.

Drops of rain are heavy upon
my shadowed eyes.
My eyes close.
They close to touch my heart.
My heart of solitude forced
beyond pain.

Pain that should not be inflicted
on any man.
The hurting will never cease,
but this is a ghost of relevance
to me.
For without love,
I do not exist.

—John Arthur

CHILD

Jodell Starrett

When the child was a child
It walked with it's arms swinging
It wanted the stream to be a river
The river a torrent
And the puddle to be the sea

When the child was a child
It didn't know it was a child
Everything was full of life
And all life was one

When the child was a child
It had no opinions about anything
It had no habits
It sat cross-legged
Took off running
Had a cow-lick in it's hair
And made a face when photographed

When the child was a child
It was a time for these questions
Why am I me and not you
Why am I here and not there
When did time begin and when does space end
Isn't life under the sun just a dream
Isn't what I see, hear and smell
Only the illusion of a world before the world
Does evil actually exist
And are there people who are really evil
How can it be that I who am I
Didn't exist before I came to be
And that someday
The one who I am
Will no longer be
The one I am?

Teenage Discovery

Yank . . .
Yank, yank . . .
Yank, yank, yank . . .
Hmmm . . .
Yank, yank, yank, yank
yank, yank, yank, yank
yank, yank, yank, yank
yank, yank, yank, yank
Spit . . . aaag

—Butthead

BLOOD IS NOT ONLY RED

under our skin it is blue
and the dying do not always bleed
and never blue blood

in Kentucky there is a community of blue skinned people
inbred poor isolated

what it would be like to be blue
between curiosity and cruelty
boundaries of skin inescapable

not always is the sky blue nor stars white nor dreams possible
and blood is only red sometimes

—P. McLean

Flock

White birds with black beaks
white birds, white birds, white birds
dark sky, dark sky, dark sky
listen, listen, hear, hear
beating of white wings
press mouth
against air, against empty air
kiss sound, sound of white wings
white wings, black beaks
black, black, breaking beaks,
beaks breaking bones,
breathing beaks, bleating, beating white
wings, black beaks bleeding
birds, white birds, white white birds, with black black beaks

—P. Mclean

Confusion!

In the valley of the heart,
emotions swarm without color.

An invitation of death dances,
dances into your soul.

FLASHES of insecurity
POPS the mind.

Raging whispers are spoken
within.
Discontent burns your heart,
the plot of blood thickens.

Morality is held upon high
with fantasy notions.

Beliefs are scattered about.
Sister Fate breezes unpromising
promises to fill you with
FRIGHT!

Spirits and souls clash for
dominant preservation.

Blood of Confusion pumps
through a system untrue.

KISS life in the shadow of a
mysterious night.

A spontaneous PRAYER to
your CREATOR.

You have lost CONTROL!

—John Arthur †

Looking At A Sunset

I sat down on the rock
And kept my eyes on the artist's work.
He smothered the sky
In purple, pink, and yellow.
The strokes of his brush were heavy,
And the whole canvas almost sank
Into the calm of the sea.
He saw that it was good,
But he never saw me.

—Carla M. Golden

Chase

Everytime I find you . . .
It's allusive.

Everytime it's an inquisition,
out the door, out the door,
we go

I have yet to find my position,
often scared by disposition of your smile
and the composition.

Fantasies they're so intrusive . . .
Everytime, everytime I find you it's an allusive . . .
. . . chase.

Papers falling down from the skies,
subtle touches, forceful tries.

You give backward glances,
burning embers from your eyes.

Fairytale dances, what are my chances?

And the stallion as he prances,

Medieval Knights making advances,

toward the Castle Kingdom of your grace.

Fantasies they're so intrusive . . .

Everytime, everytime I find you its an allusive . . .
. . . chase.

Reconciled to the changes in the realm of the wild.
The Giver's gift, it was the Child that reconciled us all.
Now, I spend my time.

Yes, I am running,

around, and around, and around we go.

I have spoken to the decision.

You are the key to my prison.

Set free . . . out the door, out the door

out the door I go

I have sought and found my position.

Passing by the contentious dispositions.

I have met all the conditions.

Graceful flyers, truth givers and liars
sellers and buyers.

Mount up with wings as an eagle

I paid the price but was it legal?

In the court of dispositions,

paid the price,

met the conditions.

Am I the jester in the court of your grace?

Touches touch, endings end,

end the allusive . . .

. . . chase.

—Robert N. Guerrero

Here I Am

Silence shouts, the quiet screams, there's a stillness in the
noise, a quiet in the laughter and here I am . . .

The darkness is blinding; the shadows are glaring, I'm lost
in the sunlight I can't see my way . . . and here I am lonely in the light
of day.

The complex is child's play, the equations equal everything.
Humor confuses me, I am angered by the easy . . . and here I am laughing
as I cry.

Here I am and there you are, it was as if it never
were. Here I am and it's pale by comparison, it's
tawdry, parody, confusion and comedy. Silent
shouts and whisper and here I am.

Needless importance, the closed opened door, inexpensive
expense and high cost refuge. Give to me your huddled masses but don't
forget your proper passes and here I am . . . yes, here I am lonely in the
light of day.

If it makes no sense; I love you, my way to say, emotion.
It's fantasy and fact and by the way as a matter of fact I love you.

—Robert N. Guerrero

Thanks for the memories . . .



See no evil, hear no evil, let's say nothing

Jodell M. Starrett
Staff Reporter

The big A known as APATHY has invaded our lives. A common response is yeah, sure, but so what. Well, yeah sure is right! Because of apathy our world has become quite a mess, and sometimes (God forbid) it feels like apathy is winning.

Analysis

What! Did I say that? Better be careful, apathy is highly contagious you know.

So what do we do? Can 'positive talk' really help? Well, I'm not really sure, but I know it can't hurt. And I know that we, the people, (ouch, that sounds awfully political) we CAN help!

Believe it or not all you apathetic readers out there, it's true.

In recent history, this theory has been proven over and over. The best example - perhaps - is that of the so-called Vietnam peace movement. This movement began with a few individual voices being raised on some of our nations college campuses.

In time, as these individuals persuaded others, the movement became a kind of juggernaut. Eventually it was so powerful that a President of the United States—associated in people's minds with that unpopular war—found he could not be re-elected, in all probability.

Thus, what began as individual change became, in the end, systematic. We certainly do have a voice. Recent environmental concerns have illustrated that fact.

Society has been climbing the steps of change for hundreds of

years and it has been a long uphill struggle. This struggle is not over, but the hill is getting smaller with each step we take.

We have come so far to better this world, that to have the attitude of apathy is not only a disgrace to humanity but a crime.

A college campus should be a place of change. A place of example. A place for diverse cultures, differing opinions and new directions of growth.

A place to learn of new strength's within ourselves. To face the current issues of our lives. To be free to voice our opinions in order to make the needed changes that benefit ALL. Not just one individual or privileged group.

We should leave this campus with the security of knowing that we did not leave 'garbage' behind for the next generation to 'clean

up.' For if we do, we have taken another step backwards which we cannot afford to do anymore.

It is time to "grow-up." Isn't that what the word means anyway? Growth is an upward and forward motion, not downward and backward.

There are many issues facing our population today: Racism, legal, environmental, educational, sexual, elderly, poverty, drugs, criminal, hunger, homelessness, pollution, child abuse...the list seems to be endless.

But there can be an end, when there is an end to apathy.

It is time to wake up. To climb out of the secure, comfortable, isolated womb many still live in. To stop waiting for the 'other guy', those liberals, and activists to take care of it.

The cushion of comfort is

running low of air and it is leaking onto us all. Our country is in a state of crisis, but if we wake up from the dream-state we have been in to see the nightmare face to face maybe we will start screaming and maybe someone will hear and scream with us.

We have a voice, let's use it and not stop using it until change is made, but use it wisely.

College is suppose to be the highest education we achieve. Whether we obtain an AS or a Ph.D. we are all here to better our lives.

Use the educational system and the knowledge you receive to research for the right and best way to effect changes that are needed so desperately. Don't shut your eyes, or your ears, or worse yet your mouth like the three monkeys. If we do, we really are no better than three monkeys.

Are we? ...If we don't try, what will we have?

Honduran student sheds light on dynamic culture in transition

by Trish Schwaier
Staff Reporter

On the return flight from Panama, I met a Honduran college student. He was the nicest young man I have met in a long time.

While struggling down the narrow airplane aisle with my oversized carry-on bag, a male voice boomed out, "Here let me help you."

The next thing I knew, my bag was taken from me and placed in the overhead. He then sat next to me.

"My name is Elias Lizardo. Nice to meet you," grinned this charming youth. To my delight, I discovered he was from Honduras. He had just graduated from Columbia University in New York with an MBA and honors while on a Fulbright Scholarship.

He was on his way to school to pack up and head home to work for the Dole Corporation. I told

him I just left Panama. Our conversation rolled from there.

Lizardo told me about the educated youth in his country. It is encouraged that the son especially attend college. In the past decade, women have been encouraged to attend as well.

But usually the young woman marries before graduation or just after. It is the young man who is expected to have a career.

If the student, male or female attend school in Honduras, he or she is expected to live at home with his or her parents. Co-ed living is not acceptable, Lizardo explained.

He feels that American youth are very free to come and go as they please. If they should meet someone of the opposite sex and want to live together, it is accepted in America. In Honduras this is unacceptable in the educated sector," said Lizardo.

"There are two different cultures within a culture," he went on to explain. "There is the

educated and there is the peasant. Marriage in the educated sector is much like in America. The family of the bride pays for the wedding and since it is the only wedding, it is a grand ceremony. Divorce is not an accepted practice in my country."

"Weddings are really spectacular," Lizardo said. "They are really something to witness in the small rural villages. Usually the woman is 14 to 15 years old. The man is older, anywhere from his late teens to thirties."

"The entire village attends. Everyone dresses up. The men wear suits, some tattered and mended many times. The suits are usually handed down from the land owner who they work for. Everyone is in bright colors. This is great cause for celebration," Lizardo continued.

"The church is decorated with crepe paper and the floor is covered with fragrant pine needles. These needles are not as pretty as the ones I saw in California forests, but they are much more pungent. Usually the churches have dirt floors in these small villages. The needles keep the dust down and provide fragrance," said Lizardo.

The only difference between marriages in the village and those that take place among the educated is the price of the clothes and the money spent. The sanctity of marriage is the heart of Honduran culture. (For the men, at least.)

"There is another way of marrying," Lizardo informed me.

"It is called bride stealing. It is a practice that dates to the invasion of the Spaniards. Migrant workers, whether farmers or boat men may be in the area fishing or working the sugar cane fields."

"The man may notice a young village girl, 13 or 14. He decides that she is going to be his wife in this area. So, he steals her. These men will work in this area for several months and live with this girl. The village recognizes this relationship as a marriage even though no priest officiates."

"Then," Lizardo continued, "when the man moves on to the next area for harvesting or returns to his home after fishing, the girl goes back to her family." (They

cannot afford to take the girl with them and usually they already have another wife in the next village.)

"Usually the father is angry that he has another mouth to feed. The girl is beaten. But, she is taken back. Most of the time she has a child," said Lizardo.

Sometimes the man returns. When he does, he reclaims the girl as his wife again. If he has made money, he will pay the father. This is usually in six-month cycles and is practiced only among the peasants, explained Lizardo.

When a church wedding takes place it becomes the ritual whereby the male says to the woman he loves, "I give you my reputation, my heart."

We discussed infidelity. "Women who have been unfaithful are scorned. Men are not so much scorned, but if the wife finds out, he has a price to pay. She, in turn, gets a new diamond ring or a trip or some kind of pay off. Divorce is never discussed," Lizardo said.

"A man may have his wife and his mistress. It is a way of life. The marriage is more important. The wife is the mother. The mother is the stabilizer. Respect is given the mother at all times. Since the wife is the mother of your children, she is respected and honored," explained Lizardo.

"Business is transacted by the husband. But should his business fail, his creditors may come after his assets. This is why the husband will put the money in the wife's name. It is also the wife who maintains the line of credit. By having the family money in the wife's name, the creditor is not allowed to touch the money," said Lizardo.

Honduras is not a "community property marriage" country. Sometimes this can turn into a problem when the husband dies. If the husband dies without a will, the law has fixed a percentage rate on the estate. A certain amount goes to the children, legal and illegitimate since they are most important. Then a certain amount is left to the wife.

This is the only time a mistress benefits and only through her

children. Illegitimate children have just as much rights as the legitimate children, continued Lizardo.

If there is a will, then the will is followed accordingly.

"Sometimes it is less expensive to sell out to the heirs before a death takes place. It is not unheard of that when the father reaches a certain age, he takes stock of his assets and offers them at a low price to those in his family," said Lizardo.

"Culturally the son gets the bulk of the estate. And, since it has been sold to him, there is no estate tax. There is no problem with other legal or non-legal family members. The son is expected to take care of the mother as long as she lives," he explained.

Our discussion turned to women and work.

"Women in the workplace are an exception. Women are expected to care for the children, even if they have a college education. Now, what is happening in educated families where both the husband and wife have degrees, is that the wife has a business that she runs out of the home," Lizardo explained.

"She is watching the children and conducting business. Usually the business starts out slow like a laundry or dress making or a boutique. If the business grows, then the husband quits his job and helps the wife at home. It becomes a family enterprise," Lizardo said.

This is becoming more and more the trend in Honduras indicated Lizardo, because more and more young women are getting a college education.

Cable TV is also closing cultural differences. Cable TV is cheaper in Honduras than New York City, Lizardo explained, and there are far more channels to choose from. People are very up-to-date in Honduras and in every Central American country it reaches. This educates even the poor.

"Women see other women on TV as successful. They want this. Our country is changing and it is TV that is helping to change the old points of view," said Lizardo.

Renovations set for 1991

Wayne Larsen
Staff Reporter

Fort Nisqually, located atop a hill overlooking the Tacoma Narrows, is a picturesque little piece of American and, more importantly, Northwest history.

Though this site is significant to Washington's history it is now "badly in need of architectural improvements and repairs," according to Doreen Simpkins, curator at the Fort.

As it now stands the Fort is approximately 25 miles from its original site.

The move and restoration took place in 1935 as a result of a very high unemployment rate in the area at the time.

The original fort was built by the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Hudson's Bay Company is the company that led the way in fur trading in the years after the Lewis and Clark expedition.

The inconsistencies of the fort aren't only in the location but in the layout and re-construction.

For instance the bastions (the lookout points on the corners of the fort) are historically incorrect.

When researched it was found

that almost the entire bastion was on the outside of the wall.

In Fort Nisqually's new design the bastions are exactly flush with the corners of the fort and have only one sentry portal that is of any use.

The structural problems include the wall surrounding the fort as well.

The walls were originally about eight to 12 feet taller, which should have made the bastions completely inoperative.

All of these and other changes are sorely needed at the site.

The funds have already been appropriated for the renovation of the bastions, and plans are in the works to have the work finished on them by the end of summer, 1991.

As for the rest of the changes needed the city and county governments will have to give it priority over other things in order to make the fort look anything like it should.

"It (Nisqually) is really fascinating as it is but it could use a great deal of help, but help is expensive," according to Simpkins.

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Tax-Free Gift

Inside

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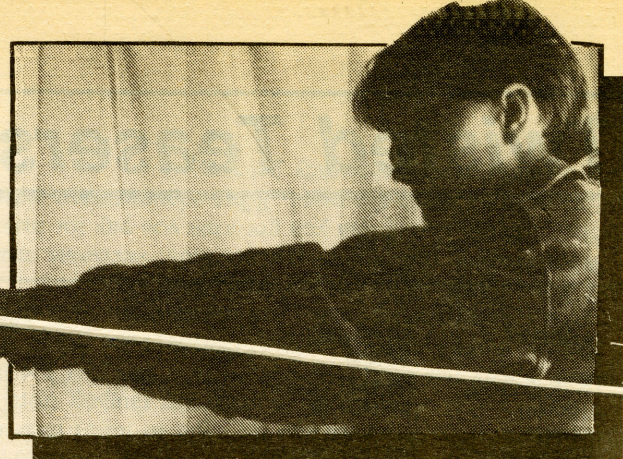
You asked for it—

Now you've got it—

THE ANNIHILATOR

A whole page of bone-shattering advice for you pathetic wimps that can't solve your own petty problems.

— see page 3 -Yew Nork Times



The New York Times

1990—1990

A Tradition of Offensiveness and Belligerence

Damon Possessed

Photo Editor has spirit of Abbie in his soul !!!

Buck Futts
Stiff Reporter

"Yup, he's in there alright...we're pretty sure that Abbie Hoffman's ghost is bouncing around the body of Damon Rosencutter," says Cristal Lite, parapsychologist at Miscatonic University.

Ethereal emissions suggest that there is, indeed some dead Yippie inhabiting Damon's body.

"We can tell it's a Yippie because his aura is tie-dyed," Lite added.

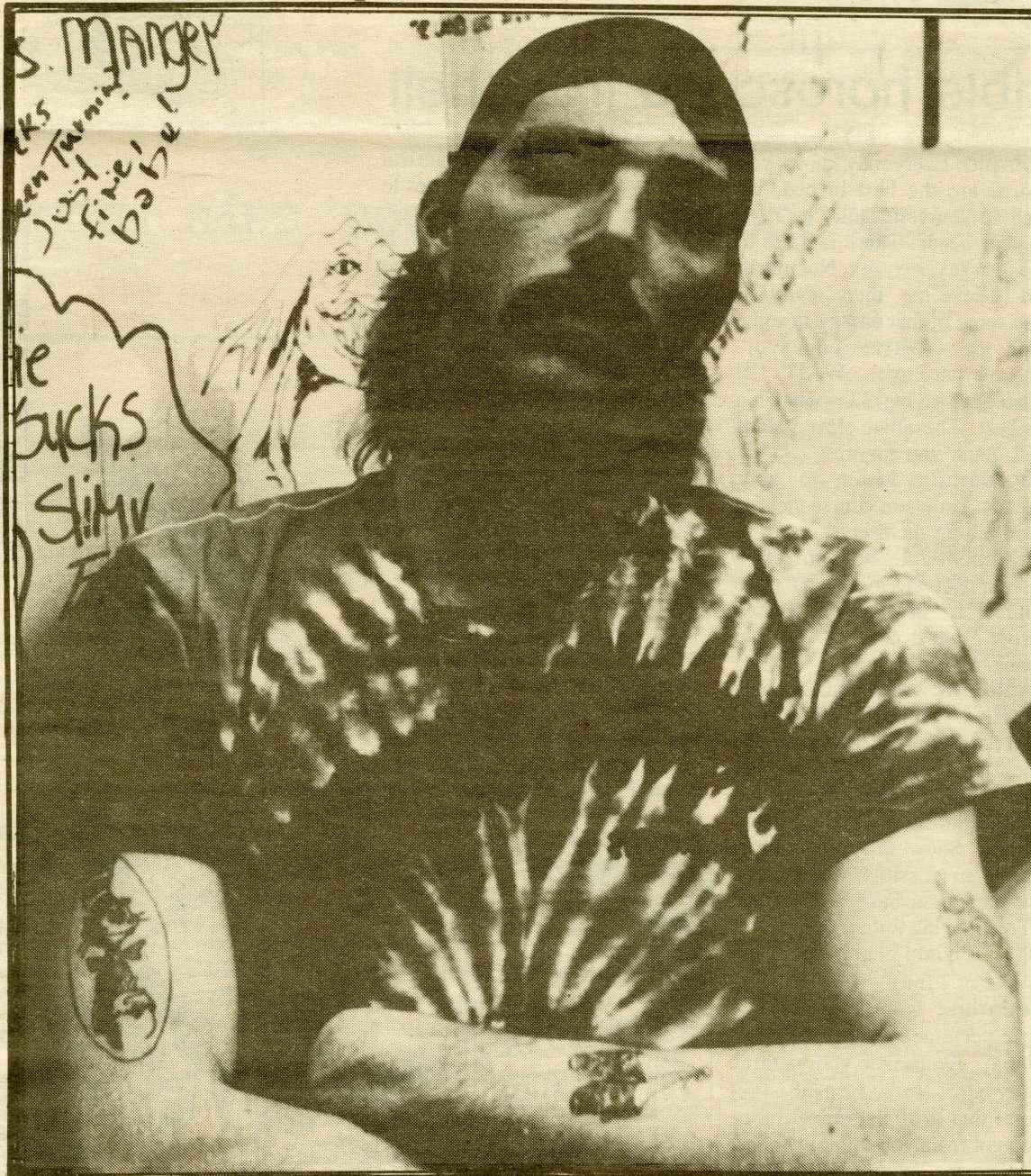
Rosencutter started noticing differences in himself about the time of Hoffman's death early last summer. "It's a constant struggle every morning, I don't know whether to shave or not. The 'Damon' part of me wants to shave, but the 'Abbie' part of myself won't let me. Sometimes I go days without shaving," says Rosencutter, who has been maliciously maligned as "Mr. Bearded-Head."

On the obstacles he now faces, Damon says, "People are calling me a radical now; impersonating me to make fun of me. TCC's student government is constantly persecuting me, Deans too. It was right around the time of Abbie's death that I started wanting to change things and get people off their apathetic asses. I feel used."

Rosencutter is coping with the presence of his new partner well. Though the possession came at a tough time in his life when he was recovering from a serious addiction to photographic chemicals and Elmer's school paste.

Hoffman was unavailable for comment. Apparently he's dead.

Rosencutter said his choice to go to Evergreen was heavily influenced by his spiritual counterpart, who should feel right at home at the home of the Geoduck.



The spirit of Abbie Hoffman finds its way into Damon's body only weeks after the radical journalist's recovery from a severe photo-chemical addiction.

Inside...

George Bush and Bobby Brown—Which twin has the Toni?

ACROSS

- 1 Part of circle
- 4 Narrow openings
- 9 Secret agent
- 12 Cheer
- 13 Part of flower
- 14 Tiny
- 15 Public storehouses
- 17 Newest
- 19 Vessel
- 20 Change
- 21 Winter vehicle
- 23 Symbol for silver
- 24 Rescues
- 27 Nothing
- 28 Lamb's pen name
- 30 Lease
- 31 Article
- 32 Colonizes
- 34 As far as

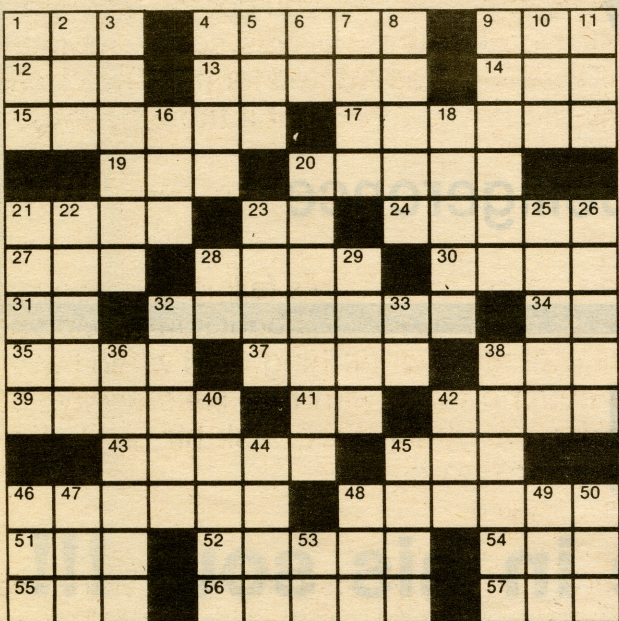
DOWN

- 35 Retain
- 37 Kiln
- 38 That woman
- 39 Mistake
- 41 Along with
- 42 Uninteresting person
- 43 Get up
- 45 Vandal
- 46 Jostle rudely
- 48 Instant
- 51 Saloon suds
- 52 Artist's stand
- 54 Stitch
- 55 Spread for drying
- 56 Strike
- 57 Also

DOWN

- 1 One of Guido's notes
- 2 Rodent
- 3 Small room for worship
- 4 Barracuda
- 5 French plural article
- 6 Pronoun
- 7 High

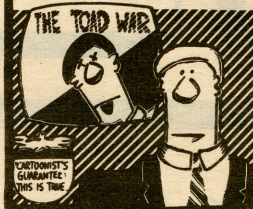
- 8 Narrow, flat boards
- 9 Veer
- 10 Footlike part
- 11 Still
- 16 Seed container
- 18 Rips
- 20 Stir up
- 21 Viper
- 22 Inside covering
- 23 Singing voice
- 25 Go in
- 26 Retail establishment
- 28 College degree
- 29 In addition
- 32 Pastime
- 33 Latin conjunction
- 36 Expunged
- 38 Upright
- 40 Irritates
- 42 Drunken loafer: slang
- 44 Juncture
- 45 Pit
- 46 Chapeau
- 47 Rubber tree
- 48 Encountered
- 49 Prefix: new
- 50 Couple
- 53 Spanish for "yes"



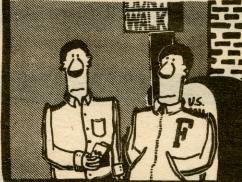
COLLEGE PRESS SERVICE

The Weekly Crossword Puzzle

IT STARTED IN FLORIDA - HIGH SCHOOL KIDS LICKING POISONOUS TOADS FOR THEIR HALLUCINOGENIC SECRECTIONS.



NOW THE TOAD SCOURGE IS EVERYWHERE. EVEN AS I SPEAK, YOUR KID COULD BE OUT SCORING SOME HIGH-POTENCY "GAINESVILLE GREEN!"



SOME PEOPLE THINK INTER-DUCTION IS THE ANSWER, BUT THESE ANURAN NARCOTICS ARE IN EVERY POND - AND THEY'VE TURNED OUR INNER CITIES INTO A BATTLEGROUND. EDUCATION IS THE SOLUTION.



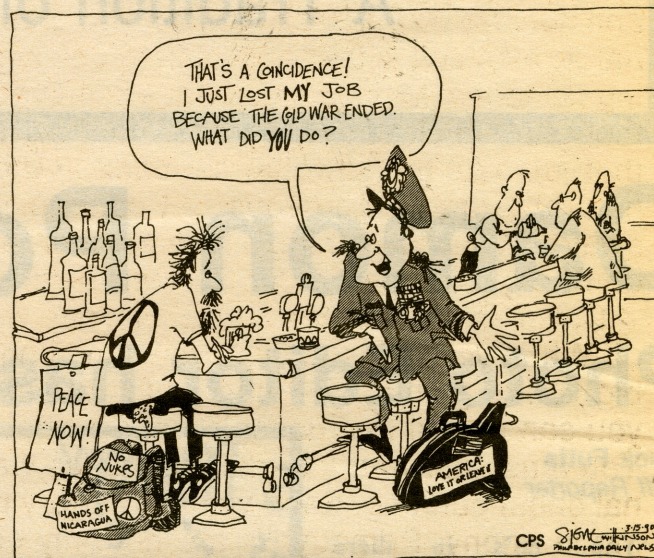
WHAT DRIVES A KID TO SEEK SOLACE FROM LIFE'S PROBLEMS IN THE GOOEY FLUIDS OF SOMETHING THAT EATS BUGS? BAD TASTE, MOSTLY. NOT TO MENTION BEING THE PRODUCT OF A BROKEN HOME.



BUT THESE ARE PROBLEMS WHICH WE HAVE NO DESIRE TO ADDRESS, EXCEPT TO GIVE YOU THIS FRIENDLY ADVICE: IF ANYONE OFFERS YOU A TEMPTING TOADY TREAT.



...JUST HOP AWAY.



Hoffman's horrible horoscope from hell

Your Birthday: June 5

Don't go to school tomorrow. Your teachers will understand about your hangover. Remember, they were once students themselves. In fact, take the rest of the week off. You deserve it!

Gemini: Beware! A distant enemies friend will bring himself into your life. Because of your dual personality you might find yourself deceived by promises of fame and fortune. But ask yourself, do you really want to be a porn star?

Cancer: Try not to nag your friends to death today, especially your mate. The shit gets old after awhile. Also, that thing you lost is under the you-know-what.

Leo: Today is your lucky day. Those repressed feelings you've stashed away in your subconscious are beginning to resurface, and a breakthrough is on it's way. Don't use any public restrooms today, unless of course you use one of those silly ass-gaskets. Call home!

Virgo: You are as sexy as you think you are. Because of your intrinsic qualities you have tons of admirers. But beware!! Some of them just want to get in your pants. If you don't mind this, give this person your phone number. If that doesn't work, throw a party, and invite that person. Forget to tell 'em they are the only guest. Play it off like this was quite unexpected and make 'em sorry for you. Sympathy works. Use it!

Libra: Oh don't be so wishy-washy. Take a chance on your hunches. Your not the only perverted person in the world. Go for it. Who cares if you go to jail? What better place to fulfill those really kinky fantasies. Life is too short. Ask for a long one.

Scorpio: Everybody knows you scorps are the best in bed, including yourself. Don't let it go to your heads. There is more to life than sex, sex, sex. Not much, but believe me, there really is. Use some of that energy in some type of creative endeavor. Become an artist. WAIT !!!! What am I saying?? Do what you do best. The other eleven signs will thank you for it.

Sagittarius: Listen to your friends. Unless of course they've been hiding themselves away in dark rooms. Lasso yourself a Pisces. Round-em-up and poke yourself a fish with your wicked arrow. You'll never go back to Rams.

Capricorn: While your sleeping tonight a winged creature will land on your chest. It won't wake you and it will be painless, but when you do wake you will find a large purple rash on your abdomen. Show this to as many people as possible. Somewhere out there you have a soul-mate who's looking for a purple lover. Oh... it might help if you listen to lots of Prince.

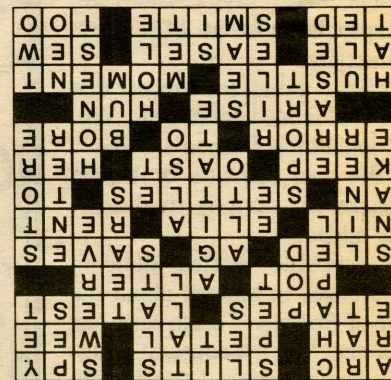
Aquarius: Is that a new cologne/perfume you're wearing? Whoa... go back to your natural body odor. It sure beats the Hell outta that artificial animal odor you got from you-know-who last Christmas. Today will be a bad day for popping that smart-ass instructor in the kisser. Wait until your grades have been turned in the ask the **ANNIHILATOR** for some helpful advice on how to even the score.

Pisces: See scorpion horoscope, then multiply times one and uh half. Pisces are so multi-talented that they succeed at everything, especially reproduction. But, beware of Scorpions. They can be

great friends, and beautiful playmates, but when it comes to a mate, find yourself a Cancer. Scorpions sting, Pisces spawn. If you're a right-winger change your sign.

Aries: Those horrible nightmares you've been having, have a spiritual meaning in your life. Don't disregard them. Also, change your beer, those extra pounds you've been putting on are really grossing us pretty people out. I suggest Miller Lite. And last, but not least, dump your boyfriend/girlfriend and find yourself a Leo.

Taurus: It's time someone was honest with you. Your flatulence is really getting out of control. Regardless of what you think, it does smell. High protein foods and bran muffins should be cut out of your diet. Also, if it breaks when it bends; you better not stick it in.



Ask Dr. Annihilator . . .

**You did want me
Now you need me
You will love me**

Dear Dr. Annihilator,

I'm a guy who just can't seem to get the women. I work out, buy rad clothes and I make sure to pop breath mints all the time and wear a lot of cologne. But still, I can't get the girls to talk to me much less go out with me. I must be doing something wrong ---what is it?

---Still a Putz

Dear Putz,

One can write books about how to make a person more attractive to the opposite sex. In fact, I'm in the works of one right now. But Putz, I know you, and it may take more than a book or two or twenty for you to improve. But let me try:

Let's start with your appearance; I've seen you around and not only do you look bad, but you dress impractically—hardly anything you wear is bulletproof or good for concealing weapons. Many a time I have seen you in the TUB and thought, "Look at that throat. . . look at that thin tank top that just lets the sternum set back in the rib cage like a natural target. . . gorgeous. . . I could pick him off a mile away." Wear something a little tougher; even if the chicks don't dig it it'll be harder for their boyfriends to kill you.

I also think that the focus of your work outs is way off. When you're in the gym, you can't concentrate on how big you're getting, you can't think about how many reps you can do. All that doesn't matter: what counts is PAIN. You must feel your internal organs (as well as your external ones) bursting. Each vein and artery must be screaming in agony. Primal yells are not only good for you, but they scare everybody out of the gym. For you advanced Annihilator disciples: try to make your eyes bleed (that's how you see red all the time).

Lose the breath mints, drink beer. The chicks don't mind a beer drinker, just a beer belly. A way to get rid of that unwanted gut is to park your car on a hill, have a friend take off the brake and see how long you can hold it in place. If you can't, not only your stomach, but your whole body will be flattened.

And by the way, never, ever use the word 'rad'.

Dear Dr. Annihilator,

There's this girl — we're sort of going out but nothing I do seems to impress her. I need something to put me over the top. Any advice?

---Really like her

Really,

I, as usual, got a plan. Explain your predicament to a friend — tell him you want to be a class A Stud. Have him break into your house while you and this bimbo are there doing whatever. Tell him that you just want to scare him off, and make sure he wears a mask. Now here's the good part: when he does his fake break-in, whip out your handy - dandy .357 and REALLY BLAST THE NOISE OUT OF HIM! Yep, who cares if he was your friend, you got the girl, right? And if the pigs ask, you thought he was some hoodlum burglar! Trust me. This scam has worked for me since I was nine. (Don't tell any of MY friends about it though, there's this girl I got my eye on. . .)

Dear Annihilator,

My son is a college student, sort of; he's failing almost every class. He's always bitching and yelling about something and starting arguments with me over nothing. And when I want to talk, he'll have nothing to do with me. He's always so moody. He never does anything that I ask him. . . I think he's losing it and I'm losing him.

---Mom in distress

Dear Mom,

Sounds like your son could be just plain stupid. Or you could be treating him to hard---could be some rebellion thingy or other psychological BS. But then again, some of the symptoms you have described to me (mood swings, forgetfulness, academic trouble, etc.) are indicative of an anterior cerebral lesion, possibly an epidural or subdural hematoma, or maybe a hemorrhage of the Pericollosal or even the anterior cerebral artery. (You see, neurosurgery is somewhat of a hobby of mine) Hematoma seems unlikely in that if it was widespread enough to induce mood swings I would also suspect voluntary motor difficulties (paresis, contralateral to the lesion of course) and possibly some somatic sensory problems - I won't even get into cranial nerve dysfunction. I would say that a tumor in the falx is possible, except that his age makes it unlikely. This would also cause visual problems --- anopsia of some sort as well as olfactory complications. Then again, maybe your son IS just stupid. If he keeps this up try a frontal lobotomy (it can't hurt) or just go ahead and kill him.

12 Steps to a darn good case of alcoholism

Step 1: Go ahead — take a drink.

Step 2: Start drinking one, two, maybe thirteen drinks a day; make rules and guidelines about when and how much you should drink — then break them.

Step 3: Develop problems in other, and if possible, all areas of your life (relationships, academic, professional, etc.).

Step 4: Mock the rules and guidelines made in step 2; set quotas for daily alcohol intake.

Step 5: Memorize beer, liquor and mixed drink prices. Ascertain where and when the best happy hours are; always find the sales for the cheapest beer and wine.

Step 6: Schedule your day around your alcohol intake. Make alcohol the largest and most essential part of your diet.

Step 7: Make excuses to drink and familiarize yourself with the point of view of yeast.

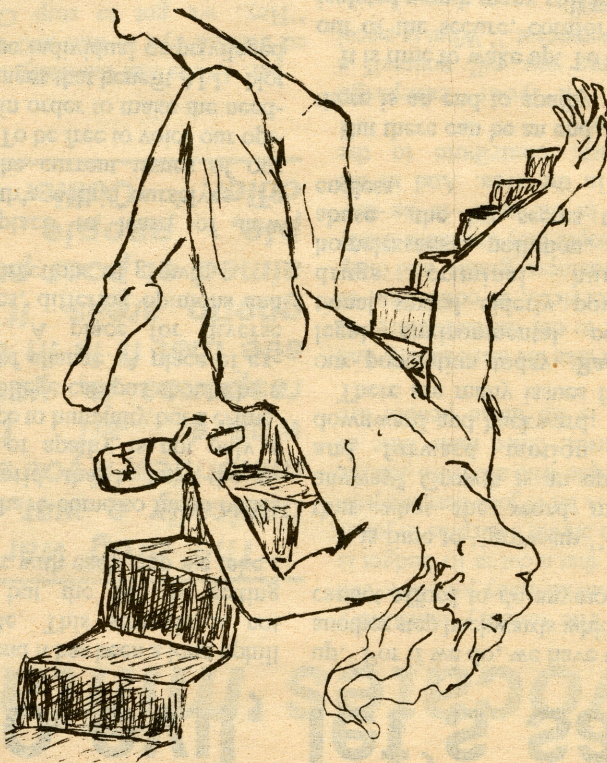
Step 8: If you subscribe to the theory that you are what you eat, then realize that you are a damn stinky bottle of gin.

Step 9: Recognize that not only are you able to partake in normal daily activities while drunk, but you are much more functionally efficient in your intoxicated state.

Step 10: Purchase a pre-paid funeral plot.

Step 11: When all of the problems in your life that you started in step 3 grow out of proportion, use them as more excuses to drink. But, remember to hold your head up high and be proud that you are an ALCOHOLIC; invincible, unstoppable, and stumbling just a bit.

Step 12: Feel sorry about yourself and about what a bum you have become, reflect momentarily (not too long, though) and go ahead — take a drink.



**Exclusive!
Exclusive!
Exclusive!
Exclusive!**

The stories on the last three pages of this issue are false. Please don't go out and get a case of alcoholism, Damon isn't really possessed (as far as we know), and the Annihilator isn't a real doctor. Have a great summer!

—the editors