

4-17-2002

Banner News

Pam Snow

Luke Jennett

Nathaniel D. Hawkins

Heather Wargo

Theodore Herrick

See next page for additional authors

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Recommended Citation

Snow, Pam; Jennett, Luke; Hawkins, Nathaniel D.; Wargo, Heather; Herrick, Theodore; Maass, Robbie; and Berkenpas, Jay, "Banner News" (2002). *Banner News*. 283.
https://openspace.dmacc.edu/banner_news/283

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Authors

Pam Snow, Luke Jennett, Nathaniel D. Hawkins, Heather Wargo, Theodore Herrick, Robbie Maass, and Jay Berkenpas

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April 17, 2002

"Voices from the Boone Campus"

Volume 1, Issue 13

DMACC Boone Campus

BANNER

Boone Campus students take awards in writing contest

DMACC—Several Des Moines Area Community College (DMACC) students were recently honored for their writing talents in the annual DMACC Creative Writing Contest.

Tim VanDerKamp of Des Moines was named the Best Overall Writer. He received a \$900 scholarship for his efforts.

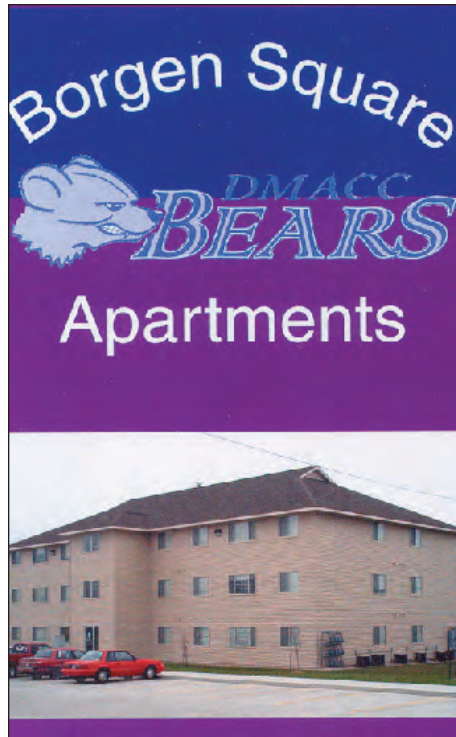
Heather Wargo of Boone was named the Runner-Up Best Overall Writer and received a \$450 scholarship.

Kady Holdefer of Mingo was named the Best Poem Writer and received a \$100 scholarship.

Vanessa Dauterive of Ames was named the Runner-Up Best Poem Writer and received a \$50 scholarship. Rosalie Blakesley of Ankeny was named the Best Story Writer and received a \$100 scholarship.

Elizabeth Scott of Carlisle was named the Runner-Up Best Story Writer and received a \$50 scholarship.

Kim Swanson also a Boone Campus



Borgen Square Apartments are located on the east side of the Boone Campus.

student won an honorable mention.

The scholarships came from the DMACC Student Activities Council and the Ankeny and Boone Campus Foundations.

See stories and poems Pages 4 - 5.

High Corporation names student housing complex

Pam Snow
Banner Staff

Almost a year after the first two student housing buildings were finished HIGH Corporation has named them. They will now be known as the Borgen Square Apartments.

Darryl High and Craig Harsmeyer, owners of HIGH Corporation, approved the name on January 3rd of this year and forwarded the information to Dr. England. They chose to name them after Dr. Borgen who was the 2nd president of DMACC.

He retired Oct. of 2001.

"They chose Dr. Borgen because he was an advocate to DMACC and worked with HIGH Corporation," said George Silberhorn one of the Boone DMACC counselors.

A dedication may be held during a fall directors meeting.

"It would be appropriate to do it then with all of the board there," said Bill Angsman. They do not know now if Dr. Borgen will attend.

Spring 2002 Final Exam Schedule

Monday, April 29 (Mon./Wed./Fri., or more classes)

Class Time	Exam Time
8:00 - 8:55 a.m.	8:00 - 10:15 a.m.
10:10 - 11:05 a.m.	10:30 a.m. - 12:45 p.m.
12:20 - 1:15 p.m.	1:00 - 3:15 p.m.
2:30 - 3:25 p.m.	3:30 - 5:45 p.m.

Tuesday, April 30 (Tues./Thurs. classes)

Class Time	Exam Time
6:30 - 7:55 a.m.	6:30 - 8:45 a.m.
9:40 - 11:05 a.m.	9:00 - 11:15 a.m.
12:50 - 2:15 p.m.	11:30 a.m. - 1:45 p.m.

Wednesday, May 1 (Mon./Wed./Fri., or more classes)

Class Time	Exam Time
6:55 - 7:50 a.m.	7:00 - 9:15 a.m.
9:05 - 10 a.m.	9:30 - 11:45 a.m.
11:15 a.m. - 12:10 p.m.	12:00 - 2:15 p.m.
1:25 - 2:20 p.m.	2:30 - 4:45 p.m.
3:35 - 4:30 p.m.	5:00 - 7:00 p.m.

Thursday, May 2 (Tues./Thurs. classes)

Class Time	Exam Time
8:05 - 9:30 a.m.	8:00 - 10:15 a.m.
11:15 a.m. - 12:40 p.m.	10:30 a.m. - 12:45 p.m.
2:25 - 3:50 p.m.	1:00 - 3:15 p.m.

Evening & Saturday exam schedule

Evening classes will have their finals at the day and time of the final regular class meeting.

Last Monday night classes	April 29
Last Tuesday night classes	April 23
Last Wednesday night classes	April 24
Last Thursday night classes	April 25
Last Mon./Wed. night classes	April 29
Last Tuesday/Thursday classes	April 25
Last Saturday classes	April 27



photo by Robbie Maass

Presenting a proclamation of congratulations to the DMACC men's basketball team from the city of Boone were Jeff Brittan, far left and Mayor Goerge Maybee, far right. The two men, representing the Boone Chamber Ambassadors, shown above, honored the Bears for their past two seasons.

Herrick running for Iowa Legislature

Luke Jennett
Chronicle Staff

I met Ted Herrick at the Capitol earlier this semester. I was there to cover the Ankeny SAC lobbying against the impending budget cuts which threatened to cripple DMACC if left unchecked.

Sadly, it seems that anymore much of the student body is somewhat unconcerned with what is happening in the legislature these days. Many feel powerless, I'm sure. Others cannot be bothered with that sort of nonsense. Some, like myself, are endlessly confused by the delicate workings of our lawmakers.

As author of the Boone *Banner's* political column Politalks, the 21 year old student makes it his business to keep informed on both the happenings in Iowa and the workings of the political nation in general. He's written on unicameralism (the unification of the house and senate in order for less confusion and faster accomplishments) as well as the Bush administration's war spending.

So when I heard earlier last month that Theodore Herrick was going to run for the Iowa Legislature, it wasn't that much of a surprise. Seeking the Democratic nomination for the Iowa House of Representatives in District 50, Herrick will be on the ballot in June.

I asked the future incumbent to answer several questions for the Chronicle. **What do you hope to accomplish by this? What sort of goals will your campaign have?**

I would like the opportunity to fight for the ideas and programs that are vital to my district, such as education, libraries, and fire protection. One goal my campaign will focus on is getting people out to the polls. When more people participate in our democracy, you have candidates who, when they win, have a stronger mandate to act on and represent the issues important to the district.

What is the process for running for office, and what step of that process are you currently in?

First of all, a candidate has to take out nomination petitions from the Iowa Secretary of State's office. For the Iowa House of



Theodore "Ted" Herrick

Representatives, a candidate is required to obtain 50 signatures of eligible electors of the district. After the 50 signature threshold is met, then you can file your papers with the Secretary of State's office. I have completed the filing procedure, so, therefore, I will be on the ballot in the June primary.

What do you figure your chances are?

I think I have a fairly good chance of winning. Of course, some days I am more confident than others, but generally I feel like I will connect with the voters and the issues they feel are important.

Who is your opponent, and why are you running against him/her?

My opponent is Shane Matthews from Paton. He is a younger person, like myself, although a little bit older. It is not so much I am running AGAINST him.. It is just that I decided to run before I even knew he was going to run. We are both contending for the Democratic nomination. The Republican ticket also has two primary candidates: Paul Iverson from Lake City, and David Tjepkes from Gowrie. The winner from the Democratic and Republican primary election will face the other in the general election in November.

What possessed you to do this?

I have wanted to run for some sort of political office ever since I can remember. I feel like I have a lot to give and that my perspective will definitely not be the norm from what currently exists at the statehouse. I guess when I won a seat on the Grand Junction City Council at age 19, I had aspirations of higher office. I think public office is a very honorable calling, not something only "crooks" seek out, as many cynics claim.

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April 17, 2002

ASSOCIATED COLLEGIATE PRESS

Volume 1, Issue 13

Boone Campus Banner is a student published bi-weekly at Des Moines Area Community College, 1125 Hancock Dr., Boone, Iowa 50036 (515)433-5092. *Boone Banner* is distributed free to all DMACC students, staff and alumni. Subscriptions can be purchased at the annual rate of \$10 to the general public. The editorial offices of *Boone Banner* are located in Room 210, on the second floor of the Boone Campus.

Editorial policy

Boone Banner welcomes all letters in an attempt to provide a forum for the many diverse views of the campus. The views expressed in *Boone Banner* are not necessarily the views or endorsements of Des Moines Area Community College or the *Boone Banner* editorial board. Letters should be no longer than 200 words, signed and brought to the editorial offices of *Boone Banner* or can be e-mailed to jrlaville@dmacc.org or mailed in care of the college. *Boone Banner* reserves the right to edit as necessary for libelous content, profanity, copy-fitting, grammatical and spelling errors or clarity.

Boone Banner staff:

Kelly Countryman kcc_2putts@yahoo.com, Nathaniel Hawkins nhawkins39@hotmail.com, Ted Herrick number1democrat@hotmail.com, Robbie Maass bobbymaass@hotmail.com, Pam Snow pam82_01@hotmail.com, Nicole Rock simongirlie@yahoo.com, Karol King mya_chica@msn.com, Ryan Makovsky skeetdogg@hotmail.com
Editor in chief: Jennie Yates sailor_mars1234@yahoo.com
Banner adviser: Jan LaVille jrlaville@dmacc.edu
Boone Campus Executive Dean: William Hitesman
Printer: *Boone News Republican*

Jackson performs in Ames

Pam Snow
Banner Staff

Four large semi-trucks pulled into Ames on Thursday the 11 to set up for the Alan Jackson concert that night. Fans showed up early to get in line for t-shirts and other memorabilia. From older adults to teenagers, and even to men who did a good job of looking like Alan Jackson himself, Jackson had an audience with one thing in common, we were all there just waiting to see him on stage.

Jackson is a county sensation that has been around for many years. From his earlier songs like "Midnight in Montgomery" to "Chattahoochee" and his latest song he wrote after the Sept. 11 tragedy "Where Were You," Jackson has been one of my favorite country singers.

My friends and I couldn't have asked for better seats, which with one-step down we were on the floor right next to the stage. Tickets for the concert went from \$47 for floor seats to \$30 for parquet.

Cindy Thomson, who sings "What I Really Meant To Say," was the opening act and did a great job. Thomson may be a new comer but she had that audience on their feet.

Jackson came on stage with his traditional faded blue jeans with holes in the knees, tan cowboy boots, a blue western shirt, and a cowboy hat. The crowd went crazy. Jackson signed autographs during and after his songs making sure not to leave out the younger kids.

When he started to sing he sounded just like his records. Not like other singers who need the extra help from the studio, Jackson came off strong and held it through the concert never once off key. His band consists of instruments from and electric guitar to a fiddle, banjo, and harmonica. The stage was small but just the right size for his performance. It came right up to the front row of the crowd and



photo from www.alanjackson.com

there was an incident where a fan had to be escorted off the stage after jumping onto it.

One of the main highlights of the evening was when he sang the song "Where I Come From." He had a large screen behind him and earlier that day his crew went around Ames and made a video and showed it during the song. If he hadn't won over anyone in the audience by then he sure had them now. From showing the Welcome to Ames sign to the storefronts of downtown to some local firemen waving, and not leaving out the Budweiser truck making a delivery, it was something no fan could have thought they would do.

When Jackson finished his last song almost two hours after he had started I didn't want the concert to end. He threw some of his guitar picks into the audience, signed some more autographs and said good night.

I'd rate this concert an A. It was a great show with no disappointments. I just can't wait until he decides to come back to Iowa. I will be there.

I HAVE BEEF-

Nathaniel D. Hawkins
Banner Staff



I can't believe that I have been ignorant enough to allow myself to sit here and criticize that which I believe is wrong in the world. I know I am entitled to my own beliefs, as is anyone else, but to subject others to reading those thoughts and beliefs is simply pompous and wrong. These perhaps misdirected views are in no way shape or form, the directions on a map that lays out the future for me. Even I must stop and ask for directions from a passerby. Yet, the faces and names of almost every passerby will eventually elude me and fade out. It is that light or perhaps darkness just beyond reach that drives me to the next faceless, nameless person on the side of the road that will once again fade out, yet direct me on down the beaten path that we call life.

To stray beyond, though, is the ultimate goal. Curiosity may have killed the cat, but I am not the cat. And not only does curiosity quench the thirst for life in my being, it also beats the path before me so that I never stray beyond. The endless battle to go just beyond, is always lost, as the struggle to understand something as immense, as the meaning of life. That will always lose something in the translation. So for me to sit and criticize others, is not only ignorant but also futile. I may think I know but I may in fact have no idea.

I will no longer be writing I HAVE BEEF. Who am I to sit and rip apart the little things that are the fabric of another's life? However, on the same note I will still allow myself to enjoy and dislike music. I may never know exactly what an artist is thinking but I will voice the best I can what my thoughts are of an album. Without the thoughts of others I believe that not even Thom York would be able to express his feelings adequately enough to write it down and then commit it to a record.

It may sound as if I am going back on what I said, but in no way is that the intention and I am always open to any thoughts and ideas about my reviews. I just feel that the world would be a better place if criticism took a back burner to THOUGHTS AND IDEAS.

John Mayer's Room for Squares

Nathaniel D. Hawkins
Banner Staff

Dave Mathews and David Gray better watch out. There's a new guy in town, by the name of John Mayer, who's taking the music world by storm with his new album, *Room for Squares*.

The title lifted from a Hank Mobley album called, *No Room for Squares*, and the change is telling. Twenty-three-year-old John Mayer is far too unassuming to share Mobley's ultra hip exclusiveness. Indeed, *Room for Squares*, Mayer's major label debut is instantly likeable and accessible.

These thirteen songs are a journey of love, identity, and meaning. Rather than



Picture from www.rollingstone.com

John Mayer

follow the pain of the aforementioned, Mayer seems to use his own wonder for inspiration. The songs, which are similar to that of Elvis Costello, are built around Mayer's guitar but with great freedom for rhythm. His vocals, very reminiscent of Dave Mathews and David Gray, take the listener on a comforting journey.

Room for Squares, by far is one of the greatest albums I have heard from an up-and-coming star and I look forward to hearing more of his work. If you are even slightly stirred by the music of Dave Mathews or David Gray, I suggest that you pick up a copy of *Room for Squares*, and let John Mayer take you on a breath-taking exploration of sense of self.

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DMACC Boone Campus Home of Creative Writers

For All the Britneys

By Vanessa Dauterive, Runner-up Best Poem

Is the concave slope of pre-mature abs rounded in to satisfaction? The satisfaction of who?

Sucking in through a pearly vent of white light reflecting teeth the shape suffices to the hoots of approval that stifle the hunger pain rolling along the concave edge

Is the mask coated to a thick aging crust so the outer glimmer is that of greasy embarrassment other than that sparkle of neon lights? There's a mask?

Pubescent pores open similar to flood gates when the heat lamp of a camera crew smooshes itself against an image that heeds to Oxy cleansing pads when the dressing room door is latched

Is the midriff a flauntable compliment to the clicking keys that invented the most popular beats today? That isn't their real voice?

Crisp breeze prompts the miniscule follicles to raise like tiny pins as crackles pop the speaker out-put that never carbon copies the digital shake of a mouse quite like the weak shake of the uvula

Is the whip-crack criticism slicing an ambivalent ego to a bloody river of thick crusting humility worth the publicity? Is it all about the benjamins?

Mascara dribbling into unblinking eyes that glazed never saw the pornography of their true innocence exploited only to be subjected to hungry mouths so stuffed with dollar bills they're in too deep to admit they're choking

Is the sweet young promise scented rosy enough to cover the nostril collapsing bombarding stench of a cha-ching-eyed lie? Who are you?

The bubblegum is maliciously sweet to a salty tongue that's offered a quick lick but once the gum is raunched to its final stale card-board thick chew the jaws are tight tired and smile automatic and the taste that of a melting pot brewed with a deceitful promise that's too revolting to swallow



photo by Dan Ivis

Vanessa Dauterive, Ames, accepts her award for Runner-Up Best Poem) "For All the Britneys" from Kenny Hively, Ankeny Campus Student Activities Council President.



photo by Dan Ivis

Heather Wargo, Boone, accepts her award for Runner-Up Overall Best Writer from Cheryl Spencer of the DMACC Foundation, during a recent luncheon honoring all winners. Wargo, a Boone Campus student, said she plans to use her monetary award to pay for a summer calculus class.

A Riddle for Dorothy

By Heather Wargo, Runner-up Best Overall Writer

I consist of three vowels and as many syllables,
A triangle on wheels,
A bull in a china shop,
Gallop with a dusty trail
Hunger drives my need.
I am a steam shovel,
A freight train
That disappears in the blink of an eye.

Answer: A Tornado

Andy Knew

FEATURE

By Heather Wargo
Runner-up BestOverall Writer

The summer sun reflected in an eye-watering glare off the cement sidewalk as Andy light-heartedly jogged to the park. It was the first week of summer vacation and he was eager to get to the Clearfield pool. This was the first summer he was allowed to be at the pool unsupervised, and no one had looked forward to June 3rd as much as Andy had...not for the presents and the birthday cake, but in anticipation of the summer freedom he would enjoy because of the nine candles he blew out. No more waiting for Mama have a day off from the cleaners, no more having to go with their neighbor, Mrs. Willis, and her bratty 5 year old twins when Mama was too tired after work. Mrs. Willis always expected Andy to entertain the girls the entire time at the pool, while she sat gossiping with her best friend Myra Tindale and scarfing down Ho-Ho's, widening her already substantial bottom.

Andy smiled in delight. *No sirree, just me, myself and I.* Not that he would've objected to his mother being there if she could. Andy loved his mother dearly and wished she didn't have to work so much. He just hated having to wait and hope that she wouldn't be so tired when she came home that she couldn't go to the pool. His father died when he was a baby, so Mama worked full-time to support them. Sometimes Andy indulged in fantasies where a black Ford Mustang (Andy's favorite car, he once almost got to *sit inside* of one at the Ford dealership when he went with Mama window shopping, but Ren refused to allow Andy to sit inside, saying Val spoiled the boy enough as it was), would pull up and park in front of their small house, which sat in the shade of two spindly maple saplings Mama planted last spring in hopes they would take attention away from the peeling paint and shabbiness of the half-attached shutters. A well-off, clean-cut man with blond hair, dazzling white teeth, and blue eyes like the Columbia River would emerge from behind the factory darkened windows—sprung from the leathery confines of the interior. In Andy's reverie, the man would march up their crooked front steps and say, "Valerie, please marry me! I love you, and I want to be Andy's daddy!" Mama would giggle and her pretty face would redden, which would only underscore the deep jade of her eyes and the fire of her hair. She would scoop Andy up in a hug, kissing his blond hair and looking into his eyes, mirrors of hers, and they would follow the handsome man to his Mustang, leaving the house and everything in it behind. *If I am patient, maybe something like that would happen one day... Not for now though... because of Ren.*

He scowled without knowing it when he thought of his mother's boyfriend. His jogging slowed to a walk. The man's name was Loren Dupree, and Andy despised him upon first sight. The feeling was mutual. Mama introduced him as "Loren, but call him 'Ren'." When Andy had asked why he wasn't called Loren, Ren gave him a piercing look and told him to ask ol' Dwight Perkins down at the Red-Checker Diner what happened to people who call him by that name. He then barked out a harsh, dry laugh to show Mama he was just kidding, and put a meaty hand on the back of Andy's neck, clamping down with a vise-like grip and squeezing it a touch harder than a friendly squeeze would warrant.

Ren worked as a debarker for Pacific Logging and Timber Company. His upper arms were as big around as Andy's waist, and his forearms looked as big as the hams hanging on the rack at Mr. Karl's butcher shop, corded with veins and tendons. He had teeth stained from Pall Malls and a headful of shaggy black hair. His eyes were the color and warmth of freshly mixed mud. Andy had no idea what his mother was doing with someone as loathsome and uncouth as Loren Dupree. One day after Ren had grounded Andy for walking in front of the TV while Ren was watching wrestling, he asked his mother why she stayed with the man. How frustrated he had felt! Standing with his hands balled into little, preadolescent fists, facing his mother

and seeing the sad resignation in her face while she explained away the rude manner in which Ren constantly treated him. Yes, Mama I know he doesn't hit us. Yes, Mama I know he helps out with the bills. Andy had nodded his head like the hula girl on Ren's truck dashboard, feeling smaller and smaller while a small pit of white heat in his belly wanted to shout, "HE HATES ME, Mama!!" How does a boy explain to his mother that the boyfriend who helps with money and is gracious enough not to hit them makes him feel like a mouse being watched avidly by a cat? How does a boy look into his mother's face, a face becoming prematurely worn by struggle and poverty, and tell her to make a choice?

Andy kept his mouth shut and stayed far out of the path of Ren. When Ren came over, Andy went to his room or outside, lest he stray in Ren's course and become a target. Though Ren had not laid a hand on Andy or his mother, the boy could sense it coming, could sense the violence in Ren like a buck senses a doe in heat. It was a vibe, an aura, *something* about Ren that warned of pain and pledged to be a personal deliverer. What puzzled Andy more was that Ren could be decent, even *nice*, to him at times. He sometimes would take Andy fishing and seem genuinely proud when Andy caught a fish. Once in a while, he would play catch with Andy on Saturday afternoons in their front yard and try to coach Andy on his pitching techniques. All these things warred with each other in doubtful, cynical ways inside of Andy, and the nice stuff would always be pushed clean away when Ren lost his temper. When Ren shouted, Andy could see the rhythmic pulse of Ren's overexcited circulatory system in the hollow of his thick neck and watch the flush of anger take over his face. Just the hint of this transformation, which reminded Andy of Bill Bixby's evolution from an ordinary man into the Incredible Hulk, terrified the boy into obedience. Ren's temper rarely, if ever, boiled over onto Valerie, and for this Andy was grateful, because usually it was because of her son that Valerie would argue with Ren.

"You *SPOIL* that boy Val! He is a pussy, a mama's boy! You give him too much goddamn attention. It isn't right!!!!" Ren would rage, and Valerie would tell him to back off in a voice of absolute ice. "If you don't like it, you can always leave, Ren. He is all I have, and I am all he has. This is the way it is going to be, so get out if you can't handle that," his mother would say in a frigid, unyielding tone. Ren would sulk, and then he would leave the house for a while, peeling down the street in his truck. In a few hours he would be back, usually with an apology and "a little something" for Valerie. The bed in his mother's room would creak in an excited, frenzied way for most of the night, and Ren would be genuinely nice to Andy for days afterwards. But most of the time Ren didn't say much in the way of meanness to Valerie. In fact, he seemed to be in awe of her. He was usually soft voiced when he spoke to her and always commented on her beauty. He made her sit and tell every detail of her day, of every person she saw or spoke to, and listened covetously with great interest.

Probably the dumbass doesn't know how he lucked into getting Mama's attention.

As Andy neared the park entrance, he thought excitedly of what his mother had said to him the night before. He had been sitting on the red beanbag chair in their living room, reading H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine* (his favorite), and Valerie had sat down beside him on the floor, staring at him so intently that he felt as though he was popping out with mysterious bumps all over his face, or something equally strange like that. He put his book down and smiled at her, asking her what was wrong. She sighed loudly and said nothing to him at first. She just stroked the blond waves away from his temples, like she did when he was sick, and stared sightlessly at

the cracked yellowed plaster on the walls. When she did speak, she asked Andy if he was happy. Yes, oh yes, I am Mama, sure. Like most boys in his position, Andy lied frequently to his mother so that she had less to worry about. After she studied his face in a manner that made Andy blush, for he knew she knew he was not being entirely truthful, she seemed to want to go on, but then abruptly switched gears. She told him in a cheerful voice that the both of them were "going to spend the entire day together on my day off—the day after tomorrow". Andy had blurted *No Ren??* and Mama had confirmed it. *Just you and me, my sweet*, she said with a wink and a nod.

Thinking about it now, Andy laughed aloud, startling a few gulls scavenging alongside the park gate. He couldn't wait until tomorrow! His mom was spending the whole day with him! Ren would just have to suck it up, Andy thought with glee for what must be the hundredth time. He walked up to the admission desk and paid the \$1 fee with the paper route money he had been hoarding all year in miserly eagerness for summer vacation. The clerk, clearly bored, took his money and stamped Andy's hand with a fluorescent waterproof ink stamp while yawning loudly. As soon as his hand was free of the stamper, Andy darted toward the pool, shucked his T-shirt and sneaks, and jumped in cannon-ball style. He swam and frolicked for two hours, his sun warmed body beginning to pink up, his strong arms and sturdy legs bobbing in and out of the greenish, chlorine scented water.

At last he exhausted himself and pulled his body reluctantly out of the pool. He glanced up at the big clock installed for the lap swimmers. *Crap, it's almost 5!* Andy hurriedly got his shoes on and pulled his T-shirt on over his damp skin. *Mama should be home any minute.* He hurried down the path and out the park gate. He jogged most the way home, forgetting his earlier exhaustion, hoping that Mama would be home when he got there. He wanted to plan their day with her, every minute of tomorrow. Andy also privately admitted that the eagerness was also in part because he wanted to know how she had appeased Ren, and how Ren handled being not wanted. Andy giggled. He wished he had the courage to walk up to Ren and say meanly, "I'm sorry Ren, you just aren't wanted here." Just as payback for all the times he had hurt Andy's feelings with his loves me, loves me not manner. He snickered fearfully at the thought of what Ren's face would look like. *He would probably surpass the Incredible Hulk on that one...* Andy smiled hugely.

His face still carrying the remnants of his humor, Andy rounded the corner that turned onto his street and began up the sidewalk. He glanced 3 blocks up toward his house and stopped dead in his tracks. His head snapped around, back to the street sign. *Yes, I am on the right street, Kennedy Avenue.* He stared at the sidewalk for a moment, willing his head to look up again. He slowly lifted his chin until it was parallel to the street, his eyes tightly screwed shut with his hands covering them. *Look again you idiot...you were just seeing things.* He inched his eyelids open into slits, and then wider, wider, until they were open so wide they ached. His hands dangled uselessly from his wrists.

Parked in front of his house was a black....Mustang!

Andy raced so fast up the street that he couldn't recall how he got to the front stoop. It was as though a gigantic hand propelled him, lifted him up there and placed him gently here. He stood studying the door, wondering whether he should go in or not, and it opened. A man with thick honey-blond hair and brilliant blue eyes stepped out of Andy's house. He was wearing a dark charcoal pinstriped suit, with shiny brown leather loafers and a red paisley print tie.

He was impressively built, with arms bigger than Ren's and a belly considerably smaller. He looked as though he should be surrounded by a halo of light, like the Greek gods in Andy's old picture books. Andy's heart leapt into his throat and he felt a wave of excitement so intense he almost fainted. *It was him!*

The man smiled tightlipped at Andy, so Andy couldn't see if his teeth were as white as he had dreamed they would be. Andy bet himself that *this* man didn't chain-smoke Pall Malls. Andy felt relief at this, because he knew Mama hated smoking, and she had always made Ren go outside. *Oh God, Ren!! How are we going to get rid of Ren??*

"Hi. I am John," the man said. His voice was a rich baritone that made Andy think of a radio DJ his mother listened to. "Who are you?" He studied Andy intently.

Andy frowned a little at this. *Surely he knows who I am.* "I'm Andy," the boy said expectantly.

"Is this your house, Andy?" John asked in a tense voice.

"Yes, it is...why?" Andy asked. Uncertainty flooded into him as he contemplated the man before him. *Why is he asking me all these questions?*

"Well, Andy, why don't we have a seat here for a few minutes?" John asked with another tight-lipped smile. "Does your mom and dad live here with you?"

Andy was getting a little nervous. "No, just me and my mom." John looked away for a moment, looked down at the pavement, and then looked again at Andy. His eyes seemed a little brighter and a little redder, like he had just sneezed or had taken a bite of a bitter lemon. Andy heard a siren wail from a distance. He shivered and realized he still had his wet swimming trunks on.

He jumped up onto the middle step of the stoop and said, "John, I'm going to go change into dry clothes. I'll be right back."

John jumped up like he had sat on a pin and shouted, "No!" He grabbed Andy's arm tightly. Andy winced and tried to get down off the steps, instinctively away from John.

John attempted a calmer demeanor, taking a deep breath and relaxing his grip on Andy's arm. Andy slowly pulled his arm back from John's hold, rubbing the area that was dotted deep red with John's fingerprints. He looked up at John with total confusion clear in his eyes. "Why not?"

"Uh, not right now, kid, ok?" he said without looking at Andy. "Just... not... right now," he repeated in a gruff voice. The siren sound came closer. John ran a hand through his thick crop of hair, ruffling it. He sighed and closed his eyes for a long moment.

Andy looked at John. John glanced at Andy. Andy knew.

Andy's throat felt hot, scratchy, and swollen. He coughed and coughed, but it wouldn't stop being scratchy. Tears welled up in green pools and spilled over onto his snowy cheeks.

Andy knew. Just like he was always knew... he knew that it there waiting... He looked down at his beat up sneaks for a moment, trying to dispel the dizziness engulfing him. The tears dripped steadily off his chin onto the concrete at his feet and, in the heat of the day, seemed to sizzle and hiss up at him. He looked up at the flashing lights silhouetted against John's Mustang. John gave him a gentle squeeze on the shoulder and opened the passenger side door. "Want to sit inside?"

Politalks

Theodore Herrick
Banner Staff



Traveling to Minneapolis this weekend only heightened my realization of Iowa's cultural shortcomings.

I was truly astonished to view so much in the way of culture and artistic advancement. The architecture and buildings were fantastic. Museums were the norm and dinner theatres abound the city. The name of the game in Minneapolis is grand and beautiful. The system of parks and recreational areas also impressed me, as did the utilization of such resources.

I anticipate returning to Minneapolis, hopefully next time viewing all I was unable to see this round. Unfortunately, I had only two days to see "everything."

After two brief days of sightseeing and attending two theatrical performances, I

had the opportunity to reflect on the day's happenings once I was back at the hotel. At first, I was so happy to have had such an experience. Then my thoughts turned ugly.

Of course, I shall not neglect to mention the miles and miles of dirt racetrack that many Iowans find culturally appealing.

For many Iowans, their idea of culture is the annual visit to the Iowa State Fair, seeing the legendary butter cow (only in Iowa) and riding the sky-lift. In special years, one can be privileged to view such fascinating butter creations as "butter Elvis" and "butter John Wayne." For some, the construction of an events center in Des Moines is their idea of culture (which obviously is too much culture for some, as evidenced by all the opposition to its construction.) Of course, I shall not

neglect to mention the miles and miles of dirt racetrack that many Iowans find culturally appealing. Although, there are several museums in the Hawkeye State and the State Library of Iowa (a great cultural and artistic repository of knowledge), the funding levels have been cut significantly due to the woes concerning the budget.

Why does Iowa not have as many areas for artistic expression and cultural attraction as does Minnesota? What is it about that practical (and dull) Iowa attitude that strictly stipulates that if it can't be used to plant corn or aid in feeding the hogs, it is useless? Not adhering to old and ineffective ways of conducting our state is not, in a larger sense, a violation of Iowa values.

What remedy can we find? Where is that middle ground between sound financial prudence and cultural awareness? How can Iowa attract people, younger people specifically into our great state? How can diversity enhance our state? These are some of the many questions Iowans must ask themselves if we are to survive; if we are to expand or even to "maintain." If we refuse to change with the changing times, we will decay into oblivion.

We must invest in education, universal healthcare for all Iowans, and cultural and artistic expression. If we are going to motivate others to join our ranks, we

must also become a more welcoming lot. I would be in favor of many policies to further that end. Let us first elect a woman to federal office. Iowa is the most populous state in the nation to have never had a Senator, Representative, or Governor who is a woman.

Why not allow gay marriage in Iowa? Why do people have such a problem with the concept anyway? Legalizing the marriage of same-sex partners would attract even more

people to Iowa. Do we really want to hold so steadfastly to our beliefs that we die in the process? For Iowa's sake, I hope not.

Again, the legislature is so beholden to the Farm Bureau that any cultural expenditure is seen as put forth by those "tax-and-spend" liberals. The status quo will not change unless the people demand otherwise.

We can look to parallels at home and abroad to demonstrate that refusing to change "the way things are," is dangerous and futile. We can only look to many farmers here in Iowa and their course of action during the farm crisis. Of course, is this the example we want for Iowa as a whole?

We must invest in education, universal healthcare for all Iowans, and cultural and artistic expression.

Wilder not worth it

Robbie Maass
Banner Staff

Women want him and men want to be him. No, I'm not talking about Austin Powers; I'm talking about Van Wilder, the star of the new film from National Lampoon. But let's not confuse or even compare Van with the international spy whose character and films are clever and funny. That's just not fair to Austin. Van and this film are anything but clever and funny.

Ryan Reynolds (ABC's Two Guys and a Girl) stars as Coolidge College's stud Van Wilder. Actually, legend might be a better word to describe Van. He is one of the few, or only, seventh-year students that isn't studying to be a doctor or a lawyer. When asked in the film if he had a major he replied nonchalantly, "Not really." He enjoys the college life so much he just plans to be a student forever or at least until his dad cuts off his funds.

Tara Reid stars as Gwen Person, an unappreciated school journalist who gets assigned to do a human-interest story on Van. Van's not known to do interviews, but he can't turn down the beautiful Tara

Reid, who truly is the only bright point of this dull movie. Every time her face, or her body, came on screen guys in the theater gushed and their girlfriend had to hit them in the arm to remind them of whom their date was. Unfortunately for me I had to sit next to another guy, who just hit me because he was so excited to see her.

But not even Tara Reid can save this wreck of a film. This is probably going to be the gross out comedy of the year, and I don't mean that in a good way. From over sized dog testicles to semen filled pastries, I was almost embarrassed to be in the theatre.

The cast of the film doesn't help these disgusting scenes either. As for Van Wilder, it's not that I disliked the character; I just didn't think he was funny. And as gorgeous as Tara Reid is, she doesn't make up for her obnoxious boyfriend Richard (Daniel Cosgrove) or any of Van's friends, which include newcomer Teck Holmes

from MTV's Real World: Hawaii. The fact that they're casting housemate from the Real World should say enough about

Of course, they enjoyed it and were a bit concerned when I said that I thought it was bad. One of them asked me if I laughed



photograph from movies.com

Ryan Reynolds stars as Van Wilder

the cast.

I had the pleasure of seeing this film with a couple of fellow DMACC students.

at any point in the film, and I said I did once or twice. He then proceeded by asking me why I didn't like the film if I laughed. First of all, laughing twice in an hour and half doesn't make the movie funny. Of course there is going to be a scene or two that makes me laugh; I am human after all.

Second, a good comedy requires a good story, just like any other film. This movie's story is boring, and the script sounds like it was written by a couple of drunken college flunk-outs. Let's hope they don't decide to pen a sequel about Van in graduate school. God knows they know nothing about that.



photo by Robbie Maass

Victor Duke rounds third after one of his two homeruns in a double header against Ellsworth.

Bears baseball at 14-16

Play at home Thursday afternoon

Jay Berkenpas
Contributing Writer

The DMACC Bears are off to a 14-16 record. According to sophomore pitcher Ryan Wellmann, "It's been an interesting beginning to the 2002 season. It has been an emotional roller coaster. One inning everything will be going our way, and the next it will be the complete opposite. It is still early in the season and our best ball is still to come."

The first conference double header was played against Marshalltown. DMACC opened the weekend by dropping the first two by the score of 1-8 and 5-8. Jay Berkenpas picked up the loss in the first game, while Dustin Eisenbraun got the loss in the second game.

The second double header was played on Saturday at DMACC, and the Bears got a split, losing the first game 3-6, with Mark Clarey getting the loss.

The second game of the day, DMACC turned things around picking up a 10-8 victory. Tim Peterson started out the game going three innings and striking out three. Then in the fourth inning, coach John Smith elected to bring in freshman pitcher Tim Wilke for three innings, and then slammed the door shut in the seventh with

Jeffrey Sperber.

After a long weekend of baseball, DMACC took on the likes of Morningside College, and took two from them 13-3, and 11-0. Jason Wilmes picked up the win in the first game, while Clarey got the win in the second.

The next opponent for DMACC was Ellsworth Community College, and DMACC salvaged a split, dropping the first game 2-14 and winning the second game in 6 innings 1-1. Justin Ancel was the winning pitcher going six innings, striking out three, and spacing three hits.

Going into the weekend conference double header against Muscatine, the Bears record was 9-9. The first game the Bears lost 2-13, and in the second game, Saturday, DMACC lost 6-7. On Sunday, however, DMACC managed to get a split, losing the first game 7-10 and winning the second 3-1.

The winning pitcher was Berkenpas, who went six and one-thirds innings, and gave up five hits. Wellmann came on in the seventh inning with two runners on and shut them down, picking up the save. Chris Duda went four for six on Sunday, with three homeruns and a double.

On Tuesday of this past week Iowa Lakes Community College came to Boone

for a double header and got swept by the Bears 5-2, and 13-12. The winning pitcher in the first game was Wilmes. The second game came down to the wire, going into extra innings. In the bottom of the eighth inning, Mike Peterson, a freshman from Atlantic, Iowa, stepped up to the plate and hit the game winning homerun.

Josh Matti came in to pinch hit in the fourth inning with two runners on, and hit a three run homerun to cut the deficit to two runs. The winning pitcher was Chris Weber in the second game. Victor Duke had a pair of hits.

This past weekend DMACC played Iowa Western Community College, which is ranked third in the nation in Division 1 JUCO baseball. Although the Bears played them tough, they ended up getting swept. The scores for the weekend were 4-6, 9-11, 8-13, and 2-4.

In the second game, DMACC had nine hits, including a homerun by Mike Peterson. In the 8-13 loss Craig DuPlantis added a homerun and a double. Wellmann went the distance on the hill in the final game allowing eight hits. Duda had a homerun, and Justin McKinley had a pair of hits.

DMACC is back in action on Thursday at home against Iowa Central at 2 p.m.



photo by Robbie Maass

Justin McKinley and Chris Young prepare to field the ball in a game against Iowa Lakes.

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FLIP SIDE

The Other Side of the Courter

Pictures and text by Robbie Maass

What do you want to be when you grow up?



Bethany Wilson

I want to be a singer. I'm Britney Spear's competition.



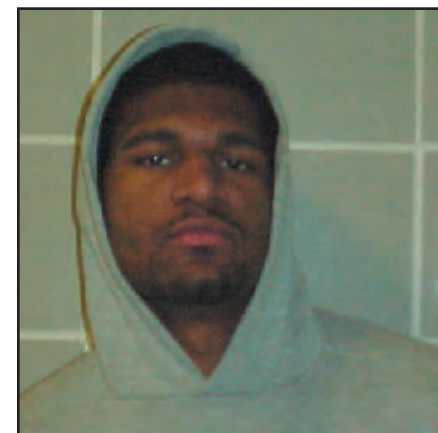
Mickey Heidgerken

I'd like to be president of the United States. I feel I can represent our country better than anyone else.



Jenny Staker

I would like to work in the marketing department for a major corporation. Oh, and be a mom.



Duquan Everett

I want to be a successful businessman. I want to own my own business and help out others who need jobs.



Horoscopes by Pam

Aquarius (Jan 20-Feb 18) You're likely to be very focused on some new goals at this time and might want to give a little thought to the best ways of going about accomplishing them. Romance: Good | Finance: Fair | Lucky Numbers: 3,12,15

Pisces (Feb 19-Mar 20) If you find yourself encountering some resistance from people at work just try to keep your confidence level high. Be careful that it doesn't get you into trouble. Romance: Poor | Finance: Good | Lucky Numbers: 1,8,12

Aries (Mar 21-Apr 19) Don't be surprised if you find yourself having to deal with a few difficult people around you. They might just be feeling a little stressed and ought to be back on track in a few days. Romance: Fair|Finance: Good | Lucky Numbers: 5,18,29

Taurus (Apr 20-May 20) Don't be surprised if your loved ones expect you to be spending a little money on them. Just try to show them that you're not a total pushover! Romance: Poor | Finance: Fair | Lucky Numbers: 11,13,15

Gemini (May 21-June 20) You could be feeling fairly charming and energetic, and should be feeling rather good right now. If there's anything that you need accomplished, this should be a good time to do it. Romance: Good | Finance: Poor | Lucky Numbers: 9,18,30

Cancer (June 21- July 22) Be very careful in your dealings with authority figures or some misunderstandings could easily develop. Just try to be as patient and understanding as possible. Romance: Good | Finance: Fair | Lucky Numbers: 10,23,28

Leo (July 23-Aug 22) You might find

yourself spending a little time pondering some particular subjects of interest. How you go about asserting yourself is all up to you. Romance: Fair | Finance: Poor | Lucky Numbers: 7,17,27

Virgo (Aug 23-Sept 22) If you're feeling tempted to spend a little more money right now, just remember to keep a close eye on your budget. Romance: Good | Finance: Fair | Lucky Numbers: 9,21,30

Libra (Sept 23-Oct 22) You could be experiencing some conflicts with your people around you today and you might be inclined to lose your temper. Be careful or you might end up undermining your own position. Romance: Fair | Finance: Good | Lucky Numbers: 8,15,45

Scorpio (Oct 23-Nov 21) If certain loved ones insist on giving you a hard time right now, try to find ways of relieving the tension Even if they seem to know how to get what they want from you. Romance: Good | Finance: Fair| Lucky Numbers: 1,5,34

Sagittarius (Nov 22-Dec 21) People in authority might require you to prove yourself right now. Any arguments today, particularly where your career is concerned will need compromising. Romance: Poor| Finance: Good | Lucky Numbers: 8,15,29

Capricorn (Dec 22-Jan 19) Conflicts and arguments with your partner may be lighting up a little more than usual right now. Things should be getting back to normal before long. Romance: Good | Finance: Fair | Lucky Numbers: 13,17,26

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