

4-12-2000

Banner News

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BEAR



FACTS

Volume 45, Issue 13

"The Editorially Independent Voice of the DMACC Boone Campus"
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April 12, 2000

Star Award ★ Scholarship program established

By Patrice Harson
Bear Facts Staff

DMACC Boone Campus Athletic, Intramural and Fitness Director Terry Jamieson is resigning his position July 2, but not without leaving behind a legacy.

One might automatically, and quite naturally, believe Jamieson's legacy would involve sports. Two outstanding students involved in athletics will benefit from the birth of Jamieson's brainchild, as will twenty other students chosen from another ten DMACC Boone Campus departments. And through the years, the Star Award tradition will benefit many more outstanding students.

"The Boone Foundation unanimously approved the Star Award program at their last meeting," said Jamieson, "and as far as I am aware, it is the only program of its kind on any of the DMACC campuses."

The Boone Foundation--representing many local businesses, organizations and private individuals--allocated \$22,000 in scholarship funds to the Star Award program, plus another \$2,000 was set aside for an operational budget that will allow for marketing the program.

According to Jamieson, the Star Award will be awarded to two outstanding students from each department on the Boone Campus. The department leader and its faculty have established criteria for the selection of these individuals, and that criteria varies within each of these departments.

"Recruiting and retention (giving students an incentive to come back to DMACC for their second year) were my two biggest goals in putting this program together," said Jamieson.

The 2000-2001 Star Award application deadline is July 1, 2000. "The Boone Foundation has set a group of items to be adhered to by all departments involved in the (scholarship) selection process," said Jamieson.

To be eligible for a Star Award Scholarship, students must be enrolled at the DMACC Boone Campus for a minimum of 12 credit hours and carry a minimum G.P.A. of 3.00. Students awarded must remain in the area of study within the department that approved the award. "The awards are for \$500 per semester per student, for a total of \$1,000 per student per school year," said Jamieson. "The Star

Award is given per semester based on the student meeting all the requirements of both department and Boone Foundation criteria."

Until the program is more firmly established, Jamieson said he would be happy to assist students who wish to begin the application process immediately by directing them to the appropriate department leader.

Individuals approved may be incoming freshmen, transfer or returning students. According to Jamieson, unused funds in the Star Award program can not be allocated to another department. "Leaders of each department are responsible for getting the news out," continued Jamieson.

"This program is designed to locate the finest students in the various departments on the Boone Campus," said Jamieson. Boone Campus departments and department leaders participating in the Star Award Scholarship program are as follows:

- ★ Civil Engineering Technology, Steve Nelson
- ★ Computer/Management Support Systems, Mary Jane Green and Natural Sciences/Mathematics, Nancy Woods
- ★ Drama and Theatre, Kay Mueller
- ★ Communications, Jim Bittner
- ★ Journalism, Jan LaVille
- ★ Nursing, Connie Booth
- ★ Phi Beta Lambda, Linda Plueger
- ★ Phi Theta Kappa, Nancy Woods
- ★ Social Sciences and Arts, Jane Martino
- ★ Athletic Department as a whole, department coaches
- ★ Academic Achievement Center, Jinny Silberhorn

The Star Award program is unique in that students acquiring their GED who meet the previously stated criteria and minimum COMPASS scores in reading and math will also be eligible to receive scholarship funds through the AAC.

In the scholarship review process, each department will emphasize the importance of being an active community member. "Giving up free time to volunteer services says an awful lot about a person," said Jamieson. "These individuals are truly 'Stars.'"

Jamieson built a reputation on the Boone Campus for volunteering vast amounts of time and energy to a wide range of community programs; however,

Move Over, Mrs. Markham

Spring production hilarious



photo by Patrice Harson

Cast and crew of *Move Over, Mrs. Markham*, included (front row, left to right) Jaret Morlan, Director Kay Mueller, (2nd Row) Jay Cue, Emily Milani, Olivia Hoff, Dee McKnight (holding baby), (3rd Row) Brandon Thorson, Mike Chow, Mike Hiltgen, Melanie Anderson, Becky Perkovich, and Richard Fleming. Not pictured are Anne Downing, Carl McKnight and Greg Newsome. Please see play review on Page 9.

the Star Award Scholarship program has, by far, received the most enthusiastic thumbs up. "I've been overwhelmed by the support the program has received," said Jamieson. "Instructors were immediately receptive and equally excited when

they heard (the Star Award Scholarship program) was approved by the Boone Foundation.

"The Star Award allows our college to step into the arena of recruiting the elite."

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BEAR FACTS

April 12, 2000

Volume 45, Issue 13

Bear Facts is a student publication published bi-weekly at Des Moines Area Community College, 1125 Hancock Drive, Boone, Ia. 50036 (515)433-5092.

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Editorial Policy

Bear Facts welcomes all letters in an attempt to provide a forum for the many diverse views of the campus. The views expressed in *Bear Facts* are not necessarily the views or endorsements of Des Moines Area Community College or the *Bear Facts* editorial board.

Letters should be no longer than 200 words, signed and brought to the editorial offices of *Bear Facts* or can be e-mailed to jrlaville@dmacc.cc.ia.us or mailed in care of the college.

Bear Facts reserves the right to edit as necessary for libelous content, profanity, copy-fitting, grammatical and spelling errors or clarity.

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Publisher: Boone News-Republican

Summer registration underway

By Mandy Olson

Bear Facts Staff

It is registration time again. Summer class registration officially started Wednesday April 5, 2000, for DMACC students.

Boone Campus students had the opportunity to pre-register with their academic advisor or counselor. George Silberhorn, Academic Counselor, states, "We have had almost 200 students pre-register this year. Last summer we had more than 600 total students register. That puts us at about one-third of the way there, just at pre-registration."

Summer classes at DMACC begin May 31, 2000, and are ten weeks long, in-

stead of the normal 16 weeks for fall and spring semesters. For students wanting to be full time during the summer months, they need eight credit hours.

By taking classes this summer, students will save \$4 a credit hour. Kriss Philips, Executive Dean of Boone Campus, said, "A tuition increase for all Des Moines Area Community College campuses has been approved." Beginning in the fall of 2000, tuition will be \$61 per credit hour, plus \$6.40 per credit hour for the service fee and \$2 for a technology fee (new this fall) for in-state students. Out-of-state students will pay twice the resident rate as usual.

There are many new classes offered for the summer 2000 term. Elementary

French will be presented over the ICN for the first time this summer. Civil Engineering Technology (CET), and Theory of Coaching (a required course for the coaching endorsement degree) are also new offerings.

"The CET summer course has proven to be very popular with the Iowa State Students, as well as our own DMACC students," Silberhorn states. Computer Literature (COMS 181) and Interpersonal Speech (SPCH 117) are both being offered during the break between spring and summer term. Although students take up 4-6 hours per day, they can complete three hours of credit in a two-week period.

Student picks up DMACC credit while traveling around Europe

By Patrick Fleming

Bear Facts Staff

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to study abroad? Well here's your opportunity to take classes in Cambridge, England, live with a host family, spend a week in London, and visit area attractions, all from September 8 to November 18 this fall.

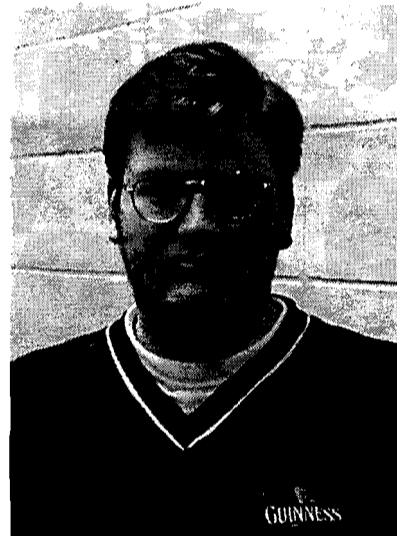
I know you're thinking this is too good to be true and cost way too much money, but you're wrong. The program fee is \$3,900. This isn't much for going to college for a semester compared to other schools, and you get a great vacation out of the deal.

Classes available are British Life and Culture, Orientation to Cambridge (both mandatory for the trip,) English Composition I and II, Intro to Literature, Creative Writing, Principles of Speech and Western Civilization I and II. All courses are worth three credits, except the two Western Civilization classes, which are worth four.

Owen Reese, a DMACC Boone Campus student from Huxley, studied in Cambridge/London through this program last fall. Reese said he wanted to study

abroad for a semester because "my mom grew up in England, and I have always wanted to go there."

Reese compared his Cambridge classes to his study on the Boone Campus. "I took the normally offered DMACC classes, but it's a lot different in England. For instance you have the same teacher all day. This is really nice because you get to know them really well. Another great thing about going to school in England is they only have classes three days a week, which gives you long weekends to travel."



Owen Reese

In Reese's four months abroad, he traveled to England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, the Netherlands, France, and Italy. "With my International Student Identity card, I could travel around Europe for 1/3 the price it would normally cost just because I was a student."

Reese thought the best part of his trip was the traveling. "We had two weeks off for Thanksgiving, and I hiked around Wales and Ireland by myself. It was just beautiful."

One thing that is important to Reese is to keep in contact with his host family and friends. "We write letters back and forth, and I hope to travel to see them again this fall."

All and all it sounds like a wonderful opportunity to spread your wings and fly. Get a good education, for a good price, in a great place. If you would like more information about the trip, please contact Maura Nelson, DMACC Global Education Chair at (515) 965-7032 on the Ankeny Campus.

Adventures in nursing school

By Katie Bents

Contributing Writer

Have you ever wondered about those students walking around campus in white uniforms? They look like medical staff, but what are they doing on campus? Well, let me tell you, it's amazing that they pay to do this stuff.

These uniformed groupies are the nursing students of DMACC, and, boy, do they have some stories to tell...not that they could give you details with that patient confidentiality thing hanging over their heads. But, if you asked them, they could tell you about their day at the nursing home or the adult day care center in Ames. They might mention the fact that they get up early enough to be at the hospital by 6:45 a.m. two days a week. If you could drag it out of them, they might elude to the fact that they get to do a lot of fun things like give shots, watch during surgeries, or help the nurses on the maternity ward care for the newborns. And this is only a portion of what they do each week.

What most of the really great nursing students wouldn't tell you is that they have some of the hardest jobs but they do them with smiles. Who of you would be able to continue caring for a patient who vomits on your shoes without tearing off your shoes and sprinting for the door? The big question would be if you could wear said shoes the next day...after washing them of course! Who would volunteer and pay tuition to do these jobs? The nursing students at DMACC do.

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BEAR FACTS

The Editorially Independent Voice of the DMACC Boone Campus

CAMPUS NEWS

April 12, 2000

ACCESS educates student body

Staff Photo

DMACC Boone Campus--Julie Wooden, Michelle Zinke, "Carol", and Jane Martino sit down to lunch after the ACCESS Forum. Wooden and Zinke talked to students and faculty about the signs of abuse, the ways to get help, and how to help others who are or have suffered from abuse. Wooden and Zinke are employed by ACCESS as counselors.



Staff Photo

DMACC Boone Campus—On Wednesday, April 5, "The Clothesline Project" was on display in the Courter Center. "The Clothesline Project" displays tee shirts describing sexual and physical abuse. A former DMACC student spoke to students and faculty in the auditorium, showing the shirt she designed describing the domestic violence she experienced for many years of her married life. Lacie Hoyle, freshman, had this to say about the forum, "I had always assumed that sexual assault was about the sex part and not the emotional part."

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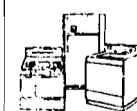
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Computer 'guru' to retire from Boone Campus this spring

By Arthur Davis
Bear Facts Staff

Dave Darling, Boone Campus computer instructor, will retire at the end of this semester. Dave has taught computers at DMACC since 1985. He originally started at the Urban campus in 1985 and transferred to the Boone campus in 1989.

Dave has also volunteered many hours working with the trains at the Boone Scenic Valley Railroad.

Dave was inspired to teach by a group of teachers he had at Carroll. He started teaching math and chemistry in 1963 at Cedar Falls and has taught throughout most of central Iowa. He was teaching geometry at Roosevelt High in Des Moines when he decided, in 1977, to go into Computer Programming for the State of Iowa.

In 1978 Dave went to work for the S&L Computer Trust for the Midwest. In '79 he started teaching at the American Institute of Business (AIB). He left AIB in 1980 and went to work for the West Central Coop in Ralston, Boone, and Jefferson. He then returned to AIB in 1981 for 4 years and ran the Computer Programming Department while also teaching there. After AIB he came to DMACC and has taught at DMACC for the last 15 years.

Gary Stasko, economics instructor and also a local railroad volunteer said, "He is a congenial guy, a joy to work with. I had



Dave Darling

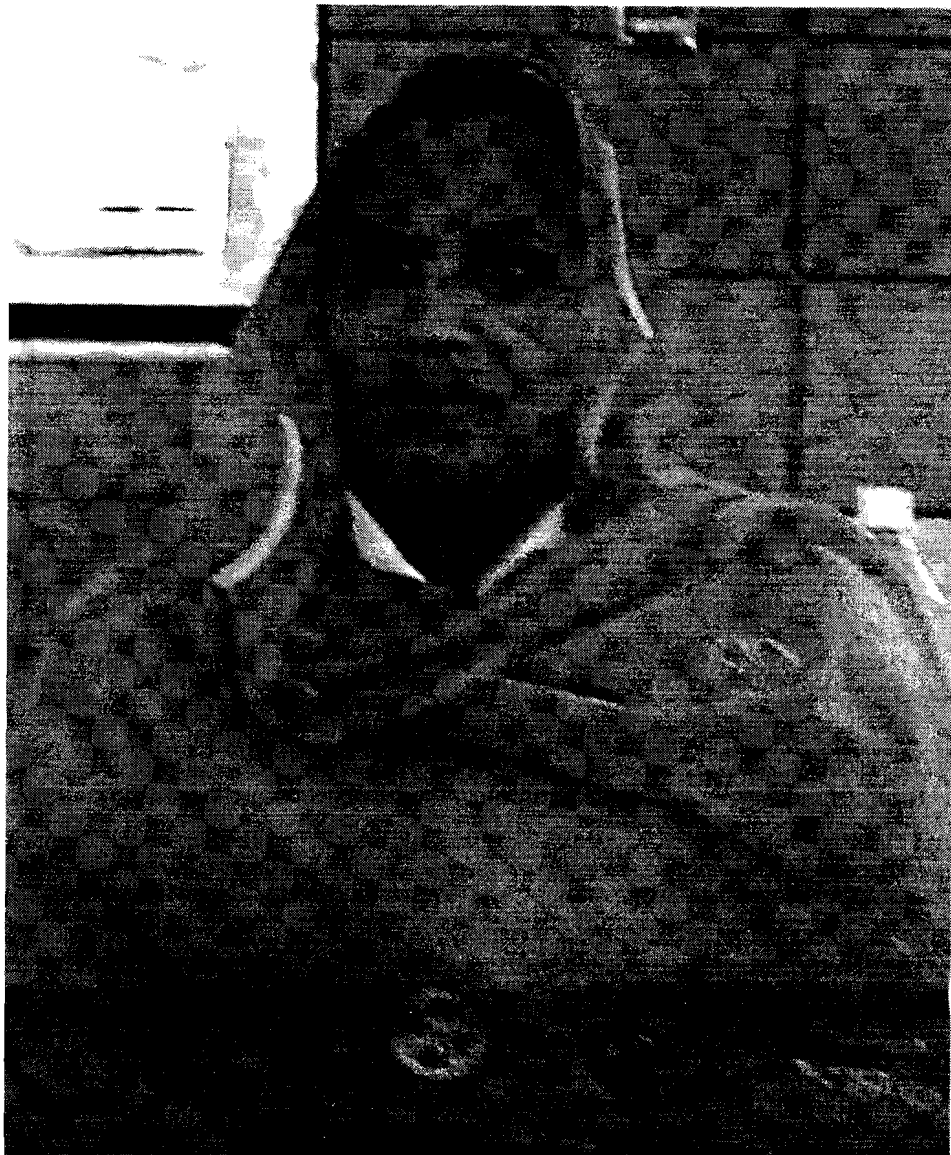
him for two courses, and he is intelligent and willing to help.

As for his plans after DMACC, Dave said, "I will wait until the day of my retirement to figure that out. I would like to find something that I'm good at and have wanted to do but have not been able to do because I have been teaching."

He also would like to do some Computer Consulting. He would also like to spend more time around trains, not the models, but the real thing. He found an interest in them from his family.

Mary Jane Green, business instructor, said, "He really knows his subject matter."

Dave's words of wisdom: "Learn how to learn."



Staff photo

DMACC BOONE CAMPUS--Fardos Shaeikh, DMACC Boone Campus student from Sudan, was one of the many guests who attended a recent dinner in the Lloyd Courter Center. Each year the Boone Rotary club invites students, faculty and staff to a dinner to acknowledge the international students studying in Boone.

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DMACC BOONE CAMPUS--PBL and PTK are both offering chances on many items donated by area businesses next week.

PHI BETA LAMBDA

Phi Beta Lambda, the campus business organization, will be selling tickets for an Easter raffle on April 18 and 19 in the hallway leading to the Courter Center. Members will be selling tickets from 8 a.m. until 1:30 p.m. on both days. Tickets sell for 50 cents each or three for one dollar.

The raffle is to help pay for students to attend the national conference in Long Beach, California, this summer. The cost for each student is approximately \$900.

Some of the prizes include Easter baskets, food, flowers, plants and gift certificates to area businesses.

PHI THETA KAPPA

Phi Theta Kappa, the honor society on campus, is also selling raffle tickets beginning today. Their tickets are for prizes also donated by area businesses and include everything from pizzas to facials. Names will be drawn and prizes awarded during the Earth Day Forum in the Courter Center beginning at 12:20 p.m. on Thursday, April 20. This forum is also sponsored by PTK.

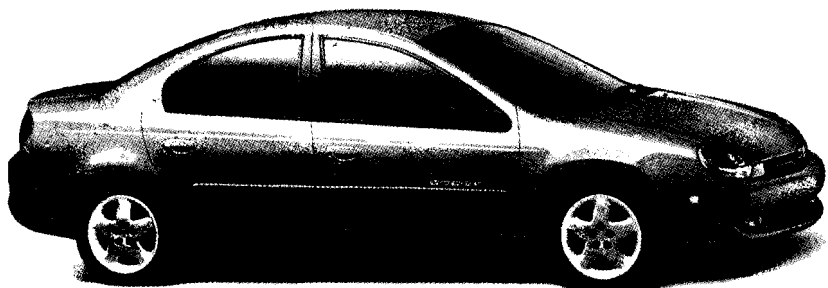
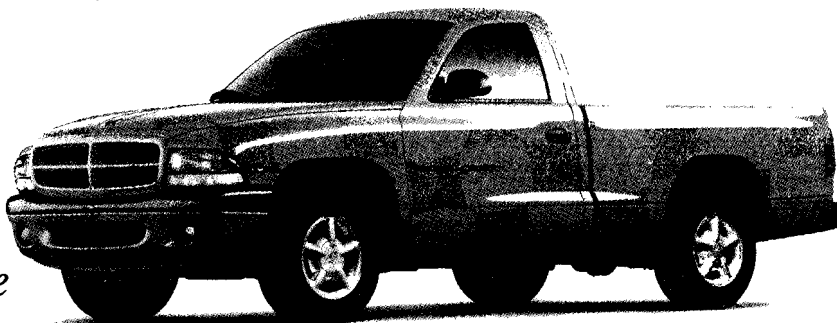
So, if the week of April 17-21 is your lucky week, you might go home loaded down with prizes from these two campus clubs. However, as the saying goes, "You can't win if you don't play."

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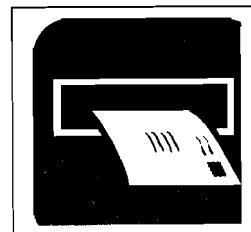


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To the Editor



Have you ever

tried to play tennis on the DMACC tennis courts? If so, you have probably run into the many problems they create. When two people are trying to play tennis and the ball hits any one of the numerous cracks on the surface, it goes flying in any direction, making it almost impossible return.

Terry Jamieson, DMACC Athletic Director, has submitted a proposal to resurface the tennis courts at least once a year since 1996. He commented, "I submitted it numerous times verbally and twice on paper." Every time he has been turned down mainly due to the cost, but sometimes without any reason.

There are three main reasons that the tennis courts should be resurfaced. One is that they look terrible. They don't leave a very good impression of our school when they are one of the first things seen when visitors visit our college. It also doesn't help that they are currently being used as a storage space for some equipment that's been sitting on them since winter! That probably isn't very good for the surface.

The second reason that they should be resurfaced is for the community and college students. Many people use those tennis courts including the Boone High School tennis teams. The community also uses them, especially when McHose Park is closed.

A third reason is that after resurfacing the tennis courts, it will be more possible to start up a tennis team or have intramural tennis. First-year student Jessica Jones said, "I would be interested in playing on a tennis team if DMACC offered one."

If DMACC were to start up a tennis team, it would give students more options for activities to participate in. After the student housing is built, this will also help give students more chances to have some fun on campus.

Leslie Howerton, first-year student, said, "It would be great to use the courts for the college students and maybe start up a tennis team. I'd be interested in playing on the team if we started one. The volleyball players I play with said that it would be a lot of fun if we got a tennis team together, too."

Resurfacing the tennis courts at DMACC will be well worth it in the long run. The college will look better and serve as a great means of exercise to both college students and the community. After resurfacing the tennis courts, a DMACC tennis team will seem more worth it and help give students more opportunities that they might have at other Iowa colleges.

Jodi Daigh
Boone Campus Freshman

Editor's note: This short story was written by Jay Cue for a Creative Writing Contest held on all DMACC campuses last December. Cue won the second place prize of \$50.

The peacefulness of space finally calmed his nerves. Clint had been up for nearly three days, worrying, wondering. Space had never bothered him before. Being an astronaut wasn't exactly the career he had always pictured himself in, but from the airforce came a job at NASA. After that, things just took off. Finally, here he was, at the prime of his life, hundreds of miles away from anyone important to him.

Clint was sure space travel was not the cause of his anxiety. He tried to convince himself he didn't know what could be the trouble, but in the deepest realms of his inner self, he knew; Rachel and Jeremy. He felt guilty even considering what he thought they could be doing.

Clint had known Rachel since the academy. The only female pilot in his squadron, he had plenty of competition in capturing her heart. The other guys treated it like a game, which one could break her in first. Clint didn't see it that way. He realized early there was nothing to gain from joining the competition. Actually, he didn't even care. His focus was on his work. After much convincing to himself, he began to believe it.

Rachel was nearly always in the back of his mind during that time though, he just wouldn't accept it. But how could he not? She was a ten. She had everything just where it belonged, and there was just something about how she fended off her snarling half-witted counterparts everytime they approached her for a date. She was never on the defensive, always took a stand. She could really dish it out.

But the night she came looking for him, he found himself hopelessly weak.

Clint knew better than to try anything. He couldn't see himself getting shot down like the rest of them, nor did he want to. He was content being a prime pilot, first class. He knew there would be plenty of chances to find someone when he finished serving. So a small smile or innocent glance was all the attention he ever paid to her, and a return glance was all she ever paid to him. "That's the way it should be," he'd convince himself.

Throughout, Clint was showing incredible self-control. But the night she came looking for him, he found himself hopelessly weak. It was the night before Clint was to complete his service. He was done. While the rest of his squadron partied the night away, Clint packed. He had been to the party for a couple of hours, but felt a little depressed. He knew

he'd be leaving many friends behind, and didn't want to put up with the good-byes knowing his last visions of his friends would be as a group of slobbering drunks.

As he placed his last pair of trousers in his leather suitcase, he heard a light patter on the door, and it slowly crept open. Standing half in the doorway, half in the swelling darkness outside was Rachel. Clint had never spoken to her. She had never spoken to him. Clint was overwhelmed with confusion, anxiety, anticipation and hopes.

Rachel slowly entered and glided within breathing space of Clint. Clint was in awe. He had no idea what to expect; what to do. He had seen steamy scenes like this in plenty of movies but figured that's what they were, just movies. What was he going to do? Had she treated all of the airmen this way? Was she particularly interested in him? Would they get caught? Was this even the reason she was here?

As she eyed him, an expression that gave the showed she was on a mission broke into a smile. She took Clint's hand and began to scold him, half motherly, half seductively.

...it had ignited and engulfed the both of them.

"You know," she began, "the guys tell me you bailed out early this evening. They really want you to come back, now."

Clint was intrigued. What on earth was going on? "They said that?"

"Yes," Rachel replied convincingly, before giving a little chuckle. "I told them if you didn't have to go, neither did I." She laughed.

Clint forced a chuckle, half-disappointed at her reason for showing up, half-relieved.

Together, Clint and Rachel went back to the get-together. They had fun. It was that night that a spark between them ignited. By the time the party ended the next morning, it had ignited and engulfed the both of them.

The two had left the crowd and had been talking for nearly four hours. The sun was peeking its bright eyes over the horizon, and both knew their little rendezvous would soon end. Clint was on his way home, but Rachel's service was not yet over.

Clint was on a one-man aircraft just outside the Earth's atmosphere.

The two shared breakfast and spent the remainder of the morning as if they'd been a couple for years. Each was comfortable with each other; neither wanted it to end. The two decided to keep in touch in hopes that they'd meet up again soon. As the sun crept further and further from the east, Clint returned for his stuff, and Rachel escorted him to the plane. A long kiss goodbye added a small amount of closure to their night, but opened the path for what was to become.

Time seemed to pass slowly in space. Although Clint's mission was only to orbit for seven days, the week seemed to creep by. He was now on day four, and the uneasiness would not go away. He just kept picturing what Rachel and Jeremy might be up to. Rachel had repeatedly assured him that the mission would be over in no time, and that there was nothing to worry about.

The mission seemed easy enough. Clint was on a one-man aircraft just outside the Earth's atmosphere. This part was no problem, Clint had been in space a few times before. The problem existed back on Earth. NASA was testing a new form of satellite communication laser that could be sent through one mile of the Earth's crust and through the atmosphere into the craft. It was a design that would supposedly travel through any element, unscaved.

The station that shot the satellite wave was placed underground where the two scientists in charge of the laser were to remain in solitude until the project was complete. The two scientists were Rachel and Jeremy. The only link anyone had to them was the laser that sent visual pictures to a monitor in Clint's craft. Clint had not seen the monitor transmit any picture since he left.

He was sure it was a technical problem, maybe positioning or laser strength. But he wished so much to hear from his wife and friend. He was lonely. Though there were other tests to be completed on the spacecraft, there was too much time to think. Thinking led to worries, which led to anticipation. Why isn't that monitor on? What's keeping them? Please hurry.

He hoped she'd still be available.

Clint tried to calm his uneasiness by shuffling through some memories. He remembered the first time he met Jeremy. Jeremy was Rachel's friend before Clint met him. It had been three months since Clint had left the service, and he hadn't seen Rachel since their little rendezvous. They had kept in touch via e-mail, phone

calls and even letters, but no physical contact.

It was mid-July. Rachel had a few days off, but not enough to travel home. Clint thought he'd take this opportunity to make a surprise visit to the base. He had a few weeks before his next NASA training session, so he packed his bags, hopped on the train, and traveled to see her.

He hoped she'd still be available. Rachel had not mentioned a boyfriend, though she did mention that she was still constantly in pursuit by a number of the flyboys. It was a thought that made Clint cringe with jealousy a little, but what could he do?

When Clint arrived at the base, he was informed that Rachel had gone to the beach to swim with a number of the other pilots. Clint threw on a pair of trunks and

"You don't find a creature like that just anywhere."

strode down the big hill towards the ocean. The whole way down he tried to spot Rachel, but it wasn't until he saw a group gawking that he found her. It was obvious the men were admiring Rachel's superb figure. Why not, Clint rather liked it himself.

He approached the group who ignored him completely, too entranced by the prize before them. Clint stood and listened to some of their comments; some crude, others humorous. Regardless, the comments were all directed right at Rachel. Clint wasn't to fond of this.

"Whoa," he blurted out, joining the hoots and howls. "Look at that. Damn! You don't find a creature like that just anywhere."

"Yeah man," one of the men replied, still fixed on the body, "she is primo."

"That's for sure," another added. "But don't get any ideas. She's turned every guy in this regimen down. Claims she'd got some stud boyfriend who lives a hundred miles away."

"Yeah but none of us has ever seem him though," a third man interrupted. "I figure, if he can stand to be so far away from that, he deserves a little competition."

"I hear ya," Clint replied. He could see he was going to have fun with this. "You say she's turned everyone down?"

"Man, everyone," the first man replied. Clint was amazed at how long the group had been staring at her. She was sunbathing, hadn't moved a muscle since he arrived. "I don't even know if she's with it. She's probably a lezbo or something," the man continued.

"Man," another added, "if that's the

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case, what a crying shame."

"I don't know," Clint said with a puzzled expression. "I think she looks mighty tasty, and I'm not leaving until she decides to come with me."

"Who do you think you are," one of the men interrupted. "Didn't you hear? If she turned us down, why in the hell would she go for you?"

Clint gave the group a smirk only James Dean could emulate. With smooth cool motions, he pulled a wad of twenty-dollar bills from a small pouch in the bag he had brought with him. He counted out five, one for every man in the group. "One hundred bucks says I get kiss from her, then we go back to my place."

"She then glanced at five jaws lingering just slightly over the sand."

The group roared with laughter. Between cackles of insults and disbelief, the five willingly accepted the bet. Clint gave the pile of cash to a near by soldier to watch over, and proceeded towards Rachel. As he came closer, she opened her eyes. She did a double take, and before letting out a burst of excitement, Clint put his finger to his lips, signaling for silence.

"Listen up," he muttered. "I bet your fan club over there that I could get a kiss from the most beautiful woman on the beach. What do you say we earn enough to have one hell of a night?"

Rachel's eyes were glowing with excitement. Clint could see she wanted to burst, but with great composure, she got up from the towel she had been lying on, eyed the group of men, strode over to Clint and plastered him with a long passionate kiss. She then glanced at five jaws lingering just slightly over the sand. Clint and Rachel shared a laugh and approached the group, still in awe.

"Rachel suggested a quaint but exclusive Italian restaurant..."

"Thanks guys," Clint said picking up his bag and retrieving his winnings from the soldier whom had been safeguarding the cash. "We're just going to get her stuff and head to my hotel room. You guy's take care." Rachel laughed loudly and excitedly as the two left the beach, one hundred dollars richer.

That evening, the two decided to throw on the formals and really have a night on

the town. Rachel suggested a quaint but exclusive Italian restaurant where a friend of hers waited tables to earn some extra cash. The friend was Jeremy.

Jeremy was a grad student at the area college. He had already become a licensed astronaut, but wanted to get some more schooling before becoming a full time NASA scientist. Waiting tables was a way for him to pay for his living expenses; NASA picked up the college tab.

When Clint and Rachel were seated, Jeremy approached to greet his friend and meet her date.

"Hey Rach," he said, eyeing Clint. "Who's your friend here?"

"Jeremy, this is Clint. He completed his service a few months ago and came back to say hi. Clint, this is my good friend Jeremy. We've known each other for..."

"Forever," Jeremy interrupted. "How do you do Clint?" Jeremy reached out a hand and Clint shook it. After taking the orders, Jeremy left the two while he continued to work.

The couple had a very pleasant meal, discussing what they've been doing the past few months, what their plans were, and the people they'd met. It was apparent that each had strong feelings for the other, and Clint began to wonder where this relationship would end. Would there be enough time in his life for her? Would she make time for him? How could they possibly make this long distance relationship work? Clint had no idea, but was determined to find a way. Rachel was worth it.

When the meal was over, Rachel motioned to Jeremy. When he approached the table, Rachel and Clint asked if he'd like to join them at the bar when he got off work. He accepted the invitation, and at eleven o'clock, the three met for a nightcap.

Jeremy and Clint hit it off extremely well. When they found out they shared the same interests and worked for the same organization, the conversation flourished. It almost seemed as if Rachel wasn't there at times. She didn't mind though, seeing her man and her friend hit it off so well made her quite content. It had been a while since she had engaged in a real conversation, even if she was doing all of the listening.

By the end of the night, Jeremy and Clint had become quite good acquaintances. Clint offered to help Jeremy get a position on the project he was training for as a communications technician. Rachel had only four months of service left, and agreed to move to the NASA base as well in order to be with her two favorite guys

The weekend seemed to fly. The three

"She's pure. Her mother taught her to be."

had an incredible time, and the bond they formed between them was one that could surely be lifelong. They talked mostly, discussing their pasts, their aspirations, dreams and wants. Rachel and Clint also joked about what would happen when they all settled at the NASA base. Rachel contemplated getting a communications job, but she said she'd have to find herself a good husband to make her want to come home every night. Clint jokingly offered to propose if it would make Rachel's life easier. Jeremy just watched in playful disgust.

"You kids are so cute, it makes me wanna puke. What do you say we all get dressed up and really enjoy our last night here? Clint, you can come dress in my bunk. Rach, we'll meet you back here in an hour."

Rachel and Clint agreed to the idea, and off they went to get ready. On the way to the bunk, Jeremy took the liberty to have a man to man talk with Clint, this being the first time the two had been alone all weekend.

Jeremy told Clint about the past he had shared with Rachel, about how he thought they were perfect for each other, and how they eventually broke up.

"Rachel just seemed so withdrawn," Jeremy explained. "I loved her, still do, as a sister. I wanted to get a piece as much as any other man, but as I got to know her, I respected her and honored her wishes."

"Whoa," Clint interrupted, "you mean to tell me Rachel wouldn't let you? Has she ever..."

"Nope," Clint replied, "she's pure. Her mother taught her to be. You know, the whole wait until you're married thing. It's respectable. I just wish all those other cadets agreed. It really bugs her, the whistles and comments. I tell you, I've been in many fights over that woman. But they were all worth it. She's quite a person. You're a lucky man, she really has a thing for you. I'm happy for her, you're a good guy."

Clint was in deep thought. It was a little disturbing to him that Rachel and Jeremy had been a thing. Not unbelievable, just weird. Jeremy had a solid twenty pounds over Clint, and could bench-press a small Volkswagen. But Clint trusted him, or so he thought.

Though space has no morning or night, Clint figured it must be in the A.M. He had fallen asleep and awoke to find his arm hadn't wakened yet. He shook it violently, trying to get the tingle out. It was the first time he had slept well all trip. Only two more days and he would be

back on Earth with his wife. He missed her. He stared at the monitor, still blank. He wondered if he'd ever see a picture. If not, they may ask him to stay in space longer until the problem was fixed.

He had a radio to call mission control, but those people there weren't Rachel. He needed her. He couldn't stand that he didn't get to see her but Jeremy did. He hated Jeremy. That bastard was with his wife and there was nothing Clint could do about it. They were one mile underground, away from anyone. He could do anything to her with no interference, no one to tell him not to.

"The pain splintered through his arm and into his elbow."

Clint slammed his fist against the wall in anger. The pain splintered through his arm and into his elbow, not a smart move. He cradled the sore appendage and began to feel guilty for thinking of Jeremy that way. Jeremy was his friend. They had known each other for over a year now, he trusted his friend. Jeremy was trustworthy.

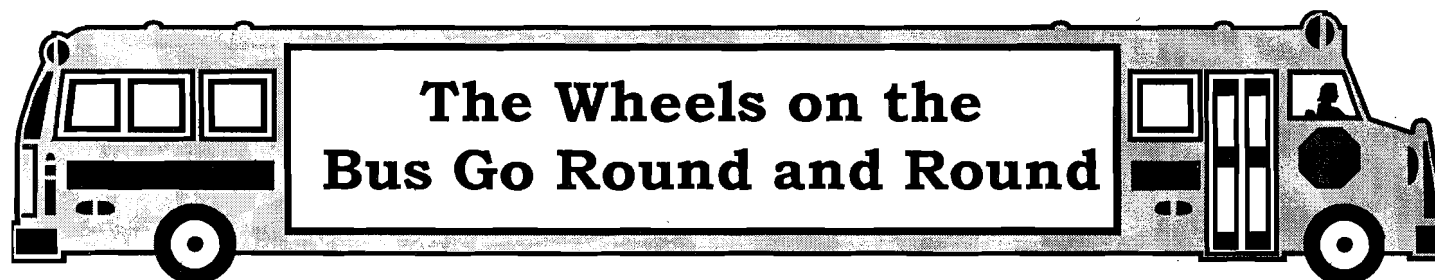
Clint just needed sleep. He had only slept for about five hours. It was midnight central time, so he had another seven hours before he had to do more experiments. He wondered what Rachel was doing. Was she in her bunk sleeping? Was she in Jeremy's? No, none of that. Clint needed sleep. He promised himself not to think about it any more. He had only two more days.

Clint trailed off easily. His body was so worn out that he absorbed the sleep like a sponge, his body yearned for it. He was suddenly awakened, however, by voices. He forced his eyes open and found his beautiful Rachel on the monitor. She was smiling and greeting Clint, asking for him to respond. Clint bolted to the camera he had in his spacecraft, flipped the switch, tuned on the microphone, and begged for Rachel to respond. She did. The two exchanged sentiments of love, and told of how each missed each other. Clint wanted to cry, he wanted to scream out with joy.

There was his Rachel, her face, her voice telling him how much she wanted him to return, how sorry she was that it took so long to make contact. He wanted to wrap his arms around the screen. He wanted to go home and see his love in person.

As the conversation bore on, a figure crept behind Rachel, and with one massive blow, it struck her in the back of the head with a forearm. Rachel's head

Continued on page 10



By Jessica Anderson
Contributing Writer

The gas price goes up again and you are running out of money to make the commute to Boone DMACC every day that you have class. Or perhaps you carpool with someone else and have to wait around until they are ready to go and they have to do the same thing for you, which means that you never seem to be able to get to those other places that you needed to get to. Then again may be that old lucky car finally decided to just give up right there in the middle of the intersection and now you have no way to get around.

One of the bigger factors in a college student's life is how to get from place to place. At Boone DMACC this problem seems especially big since most of the students don't live in Boone. Most students end up driving or getting a ride from someone in order to get to campus. For several years students and other people on campus have thought that it would be great to have a bus to travel between Boone DMACC and other towns, especially Ames. For many Boone-Ames commuters this solution seems logical because it would save time, money, and trouble.

There are many benefits to having some sort of bus transportation similar to Cy-Ride between Boone and Ames. First of all there is a large percentage of

students that travel between Ames and Boone. A very recent survey done at DMACC showed that "47% of the students surveyed traveled between the two towns 4-7 days a week and another 37% traveled 2-3 times a week."

The survey also showed that 48% of the students surveyed would ride the bus if there was one available. Second, commuting so much can get costly especially since the gas prices have gotten so high. Recently Mike Anderson, an engineer and commuter between Ames and Urbandale, stated, "When the price of gas, insurance, maintenance, and depreciation are added up they equal \$.37 a mile"(Feb.17). When this cost is added up the price to drive between Ames and Boone one way is \$7.40, \$14.80 for a round trip. Currently the most a bus ride would cost is \$3.50 one way and \$7.00 round trip, half of the cost to drive. There is also the possibility that this price would be dropped if enough students rode the bus.

Another benefit of riding a bus would be more time and less trouble. Although some students do not like to wait for the bus to get to the bus stop, once they get on the bus there is 20 - 30 minutes of free time to relax, study, or do whatever the student wants to do. As opposed to driving, where you have to in some cases hope that your car starts at all, make sure that you have enough gas, scrape the windshield, and watch the road instead of

having your hands and mind free to do other things.

In 1996 the DMACC campus staff attempted to get a bus route going between Boone and Ames because they recognized a need for transportation. K.W. Philips, the executive dean of the DMACC Boone campus, outlined this need in a letter he wrote to Boone County Transportation. "The DMACC Boone Campus has seen a need for student transportation to and from Ames for some time. Our largest number of students comes from Story County. Many of these students find it difficult to arrange dependable transportation from Ames to our campus."

At the beginning of that fall semester BCT (Boone County Transportation) began operating a commuter bus back and forth between Ames and Boone. Carol Lewiston, the director of BCT, said that it was a "very friendly route" meaning that the bus would come several times a day. At the beginning of that semester DMACC compiled a list of people who had said that they would ride the bus. But when it came time to actually ride the bus, only a handful of people did. Not long after that the BCT began to lose money and had to stop operating the route since they were not only not making money but they were losing money with so few people riding the bus. Ever since then the BCT has been ready to try the route again if the need was shown and there appeared to be a commitment from the students to buy the passes.

Today there are over a hundred more students at DMACC than there were in '96 and perhaps it's time to get a bus route started again. The only way that a bus will succeed is if DMACC students support it by riding it. According to Lewiston, one of the requirements for starting the route again would be that, at least for a while, they would only be able to sell semester passes. But even back in 1996, according to Mark H. Williams of the *Bear Facts Staff*, a monthly pass cost only \$50, which meant that in just one month you could "save over \$150".

Today's semester pass cost will likely be determined by the turnout of students. But either way anyone who buys a semester pass would be saving a lot on top of saving half of what a car would cost to drive. The recent commuter survey done at DMACC showed "48% of the students surveyed would ride a bus

service traveling between Boone and Ames" and "49% would be willing to commit to buying a semester pass."

Some ideas to promote buying semester passes might be that a student would get a discount on the purchase if they get a friend to get a pass with them. Another idea would be if a club or group would donate something to be in a drawing, then students could enter the drawing if they buy a semester pass. More students, higher gas and insurance prices, renewed interest by commuters, all seem to indicate the idea would now work.

There are alternative solutions that work well for some students, especially those who do not live in Ames. One of these solutions is of course to drive themselves. Driving can be very useful when the student has to go somewhere other than Boone or Ames, needs to get there fast, and the time happens to be in-between the bus schedule, and most people just want to be able to be in control of when they come and go. But as stated before, driving costs more, does not give you the extra free time, and can sometimes be a hassle. There is also the fact that fewer cars on the road would mean fewer accidents and would help to decrease the air pollution that the many cars would be creating. Another solution is carpooling. Carpooling also helps to decrease the number of cars on the road and creates a way for some students to get to DMACC when they have no other way. The only problem with carpooling is that many times it is hard to find someone with the same schedule, and the students are not able to have as much control of the times they come and go. They have to set a compromise time for everyone who is riding in the car.

So whether you want to save money by getting away from those high gas prices, are tired of carpooling, have no way to get around, or just want to win that possible drawing when you buy a bus pass, the presence of a bus service can benefit many people. We can overcome the problems of the past by supporting a bus service.

We can encourage students to help DMACC by helping themselves and saving money by riding the bus.

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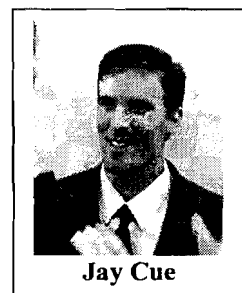
Opinion

Steamy farce provides hilarious entertainment

By Patrice Harson
Bear Facts Staff

Hilarious innuendoes, outright mayhem and vigorous performances energized the Boone Campus stage as the cold April snow fell last weekend.

Theatergoers had no complaints as the steamy DMACC drama department production of *Move Over, Mrs. Markham* melted the white stuff and provided the audience with an evening of



Jay Cue

unbridled pleasure.

Like the third movement of the London flat's doorbell, the initial delivery of certain opening lines dragged a bit; however, the pace of the British farce quickly improved as the actors' opening night jitters dissolved and the audience's imp-

ish laughter became downright uncontrollable.

Although playwrights Ray Cooney and John Chapman intended the audience be confused over the true sexual identity of London's latest interior designer with questionable taste, Alistair



Mike Hiltgen

Spenslow, DMACC student actor Mike Hiltgen's personification of the arty designer was unmistakably superb. Much to the roaring appreciation of the audience, Hiltgen held nothing back. Dawning a sparkling rhinestone scarf and spiking a tuft of glaring blond hair, then revealing a white necktie that astutely accented a white tee shirt and heart-studded boxer ensemble, Hiltgen blatantly and continuously revealed his devotion to the craft along with his incredible acting ability.

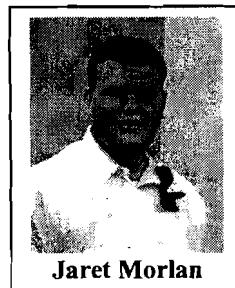
Money spent to attend a movie downtown could not have brought more enjoyment than the mischievous she-nanigans of veteran DMACC actors Jay Cue and Jaret Morlan who, in their final performance at DMACC, paired up one last time to supply their audience with an evening of pure delight. The combined talent of Cue and Morlan proved to be a comedic match made in heaven, as these energetic performers matched wits and talent to exquisitely display the clashing and hilarious personalities of the dashing, albeit womanizing, Henry Lodge (Cue) and the worrisome and sexually deprived Philip Markham (Morlan).

Although Master Markham erroneously viewed sexual interludes as necessary but once a year, and only then through a bedroom keyhole, his partner in life, Joanna Markham, held a different opinion, and that opinion could not have



Olivia Hoff

been empathized more forcibly nor with more believability than was expressed by Olivia Hoff. Although Hoff was new to acting when she enrolled at DMACC two years ago, she has since expertly performed in three Boone Campus plays, and, once more, Hoff successfully demonstrated a competent knowledge of the



Jaret Morlan

craft that will surely bring enjoyment to future audiences.

Emily Milani does not plan to pursue a career in theatre; however, she supplied an intelligent and thoroughly enjoyable performance as the vivacious yet intellectually emaciated Linda Lodge.

Dee McKnight, who played the flighty and forbidding children's author, Miss Olive Harriet Smythe, was an absolute delight, delivering her lines with a smoothness and clarity that contributed immensely to the evening's enjoyment.

McKnight was so natural in her role as a dog lover, that one became thoroughly convinced the woman must actually own at least twenty, maybe forty dogs who live grander, more wholesome lives than most humans.

Richard Fleming was just as obnoxious as he needed to be in his role as Walter Pangbourne, the empty-headed adulterer-to-be of Linda Lodge. As one of a number of characters escaping into

la-la land via the wet bar, Fleming was as frightfully and insanely convincing sober as he was drunk.

But no one was as frightened nor as upset by the goings-on of this adulterous madhouse than the Swiss au pair, Sylvie Hauser, played sweetly by Melanie Anderson. For her first appearance on stage, Anderson did an excellent job of convincing her audience that, outside her love of the questionable Alistair Spenslow, she was the sanest character on stage. And there was no braver character on stage than Miss Wilkinson, played by Anne Downing. Miss Wilkinson's on stage de-robing took guts, not to mention a great deal of finesse. Brava, Anne Downing, well done.

The complex action required of this energetic and demanding script was evidenced by a few misspoken lines and some difficulty with timing, but these errors were minimal. The many hours devoted to this production by these fine student actors and their director, Kay Mueller, definitely paid off.

Many DMACC students were admitted free, and 117 paying customers more than got their money's worth during the two-night run of this brilliant play.

A great deal of running, romping and door slamming took place on the energy-filled stage, and the set crew, consisting of all the cast members plus stage manager Becky Perkovich, Carl McKnight, Greg Newsome, Brandon Thorson and Mike Chow, are to be congratulated for the set's sturdy and highly functional construction. Chow did a wonderful job on lights and, with the exception of one ring too many during the opening act, Thorson managed the sound extremely well.

Two graduates from Iowa Western Community College in Council Bluffs and current interpreters for all five DMACC campuses, Tara Von Walden and Missy Vigasaa of Des Moines, signed the play in consideration of the hearing impaired.

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AM 1590 KWBG
BOONE, IA**

The Sounds of Music

By Patrick Fleming
Bear Facts Staff

So let's take a poll. How many of you are ready for summer. That what I thought. I thought this would be a great time for me to give you a list of the 10 best summer albums ever made. Even if it's a rainy day, the sun will still be shining through your speakers in stereo.

1. *The Beach Boys Greatest Hits* by the Beach Boys. Of course it would top the list. The sweet harmonies, the perfect song craftsmanship, and songs about love and surfing. What could be better? Stand out tracks, "Wouldn't it be Nice," "God Only Knows," "I Get Around."
2. *Weezer* by Weezer. Many know it as simply the blue album. But this fun, exciting breed of '90s power pop, along with clever videos made these college kids a huge success. Stand out tracks, "Holiday," "In the Garage," and "Buddy Holly."
3. *Slanted and Enchanted* by Pavement. This is a lo-fi classic recorded in a ga-

rage studio. Stephen Malkmus's quirky lyrics along with amazing sentiments of guitar fuzz make this a great summertime listen. Stand out tracks, "Summer Babe," "Trigger Cut," and "Lorreta's Scars."

4. *Revolver* by The Beatles. The album that inspired the Beach Boys, *Pet Sounds*. This album came smack in the middle of the Beatles' illustrious career as a group and may have been their finest album? Stand out tracks, "Good Day Sunshine," "Yellow Submarine," and "For No One."
5. *The Mama's and Papa's Greatest Hits* by The Mamas and the Papas. A wonderful summertime album from probably the most famous Southern California group ever. Not many people know but they organized the first ever large music festival, so we can thank them for all the summer festivals to follow. Stand out track, "Dedicated to the One I Love, California Dreaming," Monday Monday."
6. *Any Album* by the Apples (in Stereo). The Apples are probably the happiest

pop band of the '90s. Taking their influences of the Beach Boys and the Beatles one step further. Any of their five albums are remarkable. Standout tracks, "Benefits of Lying with Your Friends," "Seems So," and "Ruby."

7. *Spirit Of the '60s* by Various Artists. This, as seen on TV compilation, is full of flower power, hippie dancing, lovey dovey, amazing pop music. Perfect for family vacation sing-a-longs. Stand out tracks, "Whiter Shade of Pale," "Different Drum," "The Question."
8. *The Lovin' Spoonful's Greatest Hits* by the Lovin' Spoonful. The southern California pop band that had the most successful run of any American band trying to find a sound similar to the "British Invasion Sound" of the mid '60s, but what they created was a sound of their own. Stand out tracks, "Daydream," "Do You Believe in Magic," and "Summer in the City."
9. *40 Song Mix Tape* by Oval-teen: An underground indie pop band from Chicago, Oval-teen created a tape with some of the greatest summer songs of

the century. This is a must for any music fan. This album lyrics will blow your mind. The only way you can get it is through their web page, which can be reached if you type in Oval-teen at yahoo.com. Tell Brad that I told you about it, and he will most likely send you the tape for \$3. Stand out tracks, "Keep it Together," "Mr. Blake," "Smell Like Summer."

10. *Eponymous* by R.E.M. A great collection of R.E.M.'s early work. This album is the definition of alternative music. Kurt Cobain of Nirvana once said if there were no R.E.M. there would have been no Nirvana. Stand out track, "Fall on Me," "Radio Free Europe," "It's the End of the World As We Know It."

Well, all these albums can be purchased at cdnow.com or most record stores in the area except as otherwise noted. If you get a chance, check out a few of these albums; they will even make the rainiest of summer days full of sunshine. As always any questions or comments wheatlord1@yahoo.com.

From page 7

snapped to the side as she tumbled to the floor. The figure was Jeremy. He dug the heel of his shoe deep into Rachel's ribs, pressing so hard the veins in his neck were bulging. Clint leaped up in awe and outrage. His instinct was to attack, but how? He could no longer see Rachel; she was on the floor with Jeremy's heel still embedded into her.

Jeremy conveyed a smile Clint had never before seen the equal of. The smile was of domination, power and hate. Clint began to shout at the screen, begging for Jeremy to let go, threatening him if he didn't. Jeremy laughed. He had the upper hand. He had the power. Hundreds of miles away, there was nothing Clint could do but watch.

"Jeremy struck Rachel once more, sending a spurt of blood splattering on the camera lens."

Jeremy then picked up Rachel and struck her repeatedly, blood spurting from her mouth, her ears, and her nose. She was no longer conscious, but the rising and falling of her chest told Clint she was alive. Jeremy laid her upon the table where the camera had plain view of her. He laughed a wicked horrible laugh. Clint's ears swelled with this laugh. His teeth wore from rage. He screamed and begged, throwing equipment through the

gravityless air. He was shaking violently.

Jeremy grabbed Rachel's white overcoat, the collar now blood soaked and tore it open. He slid his hands to her pants and did the same. Rachel came too just as Jeremy was about to remove her clothing. Clint shuttered in fear and rage, Rachel screamed, Jeremy struck Rachel once more, sending a spurt of blood splattering on the camera lens. Clint no longer had a clear picture. All he could hear were the screams from Rachel and the hideous laughing of his once great friend.

Clint bawled and screamed in rage, he pleaded for Jeremy to stop. In a drastic effort, he even offered to take his own life if it would correct whatever Jeremy was after, but none of it worked. Clint was helpless, beaten down by a force hundreds of miles away. He could hear his love being violated, but he could not protect her. Jeremy turned off the camera. The screen was blank. Clint put his face in his hands and cried.

The next thing he knew, he had awakened. He was in bed with the covers pulled over him. He looked around startled. Everything was strewn about as it has been before. He hopped up to the monitor and looked. The screen was blank. Had it all been a dream? No, it was too real, but what if it was. Could his dearest be okay? Clint mind dashed beyond confusion. He began to break into a cold sweat. Had he gone into hysteria, or had his poor wife been violated. He didn't know.

Clint checked his watch. The time said six forty-three. Maybe it was a dream.

Detachment

Clint contacted mission control, but they told him Jeremy had reported no problems, and that everything was going as planned.

"Did you hear from Rachel?" Clint pleaded.

"No sir," was the reply.

Mission control informed Clint that Jeremy had been doing all of the communicating, and that they hadn't heard from his wife. Clint was worried. He was beyond worried, he was terrified. What happened the night before? It was so real, but things didn't seem to fit.

Clint began to cry in hysteria. What was going on? Clint shook violently in his anti-gravity spacecraft. He was helpless and ignorant. He was alone with no one, but he had everyone he could ever want back on earth. What if they weren't there? What if something had happened to them? Clint could not comprehend. He began hallucinating, seeing Jeremy. He tried to throw punches, but they connected with nothing. His mind was no longer his, it was a part of space, distant and untamable.

"He continued to exist motionless and infected, not by a virus or crippling illness, but by an inhumane and incurable form of detachment."

Soon his hysteria took control of his body. He needed Rachel. He needed to go home. He needed to get out. Clint looked frantically for the door. He had to leave the confusion. He couldn't take the hurt and the unknown. Where was his wife? How was his wife? Why hasn't he heard from his wife? He needed his wife.

The final day had passed. The mission was over. Mission control had been trying to contact Clint for the past sixty-four hours with no avail. The spacecraft still hovered above the Earth's atmosphere. There was no response and no one able to return it to earth. No one knew what had happened to Clint. Was he sick or delusional? Could he have suffered medical problems and died? Could something have gone wrong with the craft?

The only one who knew Clint's condition was Clint. He kept confined and afraid in a small corner of the spacecraft. He continued to hear mission control's pleas for an answer to their repeated calling. But Clint did not answer. He just stared at the speaker and the dark monitor with bloodshot eyes that had been open for nearly three days. He wept often, to afraid to answer the call, too afraid of what he'd find out. If his wife was not well, he couldn't bear to go home.

But was his wife well? Was his wife o.k.? Clint didn't know. So he continued to exist motionless and infected, not by a virus or crippling illness, but by an inhumane and incurable form of detachment.

Coach Smith to retire from teaching this year

By Chris Lambader
Contributing Writer

As John Smith pulls up to the DMACC baseball field in his white and pinkish-orange 1956 Ford, the players are eagerly awaiting his arrival. He steps out of the car in his faded blue Boone jacket, his faded DMACC baseball hat, his thick black-framed glasses and a pair of faded blue jeans. He jokes around with a few players for a couple of minutes. Then with his soft, yet demanding voice he says, "Alright, boys, lets get 'em goin'." Without a second of hesitation, the player head to the foul line and start running back and forth between the right and left field foul lines.

Most kids, when they are growing up, want to be a lawyer or a doctor, not John. He has always wanted to be a coach. He started coaching back in 1961. He coached for a few years then took some time off, then came back to coaching. He has been coaching now for thirty years; twenty-seven years of baseball (twenty-five at DMACC), and three years of basketball.

Today is just another day of practice in his 25 years of coaching at DMACC. As the practice is now underway, he jokes a little more. He instructs the player to stretch out and then run a few sprints from the left field foul line to second base. Then he makes them play catch for about 10-15 minutes. As he paces from one end of the throwing line to the other, he barks out instructions to different players, letting them know what they need to do to throw correctly.

"That's what I love about coaching," he explains in a calm voice, and as he takes a bite out of the apple fritter at Dutch Oven, later that day. "I am satisfied when we win, see players succeed and I love teaching and seeing how much a player improves in his two years here at DMACC. Plus, it keeps me young and physically fit."

Now the practice is in full swing. Today the team is split in half playing an inter-squad scrimmage. He stands along the backstop with his two partners in crime, Coach Schroeder and Coach Morrow. He mostly observes the players in game situations, but at any given moment can explode like a firecracker. He keeps his players into the game by barking out certain instructions to them. If he doesn't think that a player is playing to his potential, he will get on his case--not to be mean, but just to get him focused on the task at hand.

If you ever run into him at the DMACC campus during school hours, he is a totally different person. He is

dressed up in his finest clothes, wearing anything from his navy suit with a tie to his green and blue sweater vest with matching tie, wired frame glasses and his dress pants in an assortment of colors from purple to a hunter green.

As he sits in the Courter Center, he usually has a huge smile on his face. He is usually sitting at a table with a few of his friends, talking and having a cup of coffee. As he gets up and leaves, he can't walk more than ten feet without a student or faculty member stopping to say "hi." He doesn't have time to talk, he's got a class to teach or he has to get ready for baseball practice.

John is a busy man. Whether it's dancing on the weekends with his wife and friends, hunting, or watching sporting events on television, rarely will you ever catch John Smith without anything to do.

As I sit with him at Dutch Oven, there is a group of about eight older women talking, eating doughnuts, drinking coffee, and getting caught up on the past events of the week. As they are about to leave the bakery, John strikes up a conversation with one of the ladies. They were talking about why the lady wasn't dancing this past weekend. She explains to him, and then he strikes back with, "Well, I better see ya there soon!"

Sitting in his office at DMACC, which is littered from top to bottom with newspaper clippings, schedules, posters, and a bookshelf full of baseball books and plaques that he has obtained over his stay at DMACC, he is on the computer checking to see how his stocks are faring in the market. His favorite class at DMACC is accounting because he is interested in business operations.

When asked if he would leave DMACC to go coach or teach at a larger university. He quickly replied, "No! I am not a self-centered person; I don't need all the publicity. I really like the freedom that teachers have, not having to deal with parents as much as a high school teacher would."

He doesn't care how the team looks on the field in their outdated uniforms. All that he is worried about is what really matters to him--winning. "It's not how you look, it's how you play the game," he states to a player as we sit at a table at Dutch Oven.

Coach Smith is retiring from teaching at DMACC at the end of the school year. He says that he will be hanging around the school every once in a while. However, he will continue to coach the baseball team here at DMACC for another year or two.

"As a kid...I just wanted to be John Smith, I didn't really admire any one



Photo by Scott Anderson

particular person," he explained to me. So basically it's true, John Smith is one of a kind.

Editor's Note: Chris wrote this as a profile assignment in an ENGL 117 class. He also plays on the Bear's baseball team.

DMACC Bears show improvement

By Scott Anderson
Bear Facts Staff

The DMACC baseball team has improved greatly since the Bears annual spring trip. Following the spring trip, they crushed Buena Vista with scores of 10-0 and 22-0.

The Bears then played two doubleheaders against Indian Hills. In the first doubleheader, the Bears lost a close one in the first game 4-3. Indian Hills would complete the sweep with 13-4 in game two.

In the next doubleheader, the Bears won the first game 12-4, but dropped the second game 9-2.

Next up for the Bears was

Morningside. The Bears again lost a close one in the first game 9-6 and dropped the second game 11-1.

Grand View was next for the Bears. The Bears dominated this doubleheader, winning 13-3 and 15-5. The games against Simpson were "snowed" out.

The Bears next opponent was Marshalltown, and marking the home opener for the Bears. They celebrated it in style by sweeping Marshalltown, 13-1 and 15-1. So the Bears were on a four game winning streak when North Central Missouri came to town.

The Bears extended the streak to six by taking both games, 6-1 and 5-2. The Bears are 9-5 since the annual Spring Break trip and perfect at home. Their overall record improved to 12-13.

UPCOMING DMACC BASEBALL SCHEDULE

DATE	OPPONENT	SITE	TIME
Apr.13	Grand View	Boone	2:00
Apr.14*	Iowa Lakes	Boone	2:00
Apr.15	Creston	Away	1:00
Apr.16	Creston	Away	1:00
Apr.18	Simpson	Boone	2:00
Apr.20	Marshalltown	Away	1:00
Apr.22	Muscatine	Boone	1:00
Apr.23	Muscatine	Boone	Noon
Apr.25	Fort Dodge	Away	1:00

* Media Day



Talk Back



“What do you think about the new student housing?”



Tom Fitzgerald
DMACC Student

“It is a good idea for people who do not have cars, then I wouldn’t have to give my friend a ride everyday.”



Katie Howe
DMACC Student

“I’ll believe it when I see it!”



Seth Redmond
DMACC Student

“I like the idea of building apartments here in Boone, but the price is a little high for college students.”



Mahammed Ziblin
DMACC Student

“I think it sounds very affordable, and is a good idea.”

Horoscopes

Mandy Olson
Bear Facts Staff

Capricorn
Dec 22- Jan 20

Only three weeks left of classes! Keep your plans for the future in check; plan ahead for summer classes and summer jobs. Have fun by spending a little of that hard-earned money.

Aquarius
Jan 21-Feb 19

Being objective about your classes is good right now—you’re not in the clear yet. Study hard and you will be fine. Don’t let the springtime air fill your head. You can volunteer as a summer sports coach at your local parks and recreation department.

Pisces
Feb 20-Mar 20

Don’t let your brain get cluttered with trivial things—it will just make you stressed. Keep up with your spring workout regimen. The exercise will do your body good. The

time alone will do your brain and soul good. Good luck with the job searching!

Aries
Mar 21-Apr 20

You only have three weeks left until you can let your fire burn full force. Keep your brain cells stuck on schoolwork just a little bit longer. Be sure to hook up with that “cute” student in the library to help you concentrate.

Taurus
Apr 20-May 20

Be practical when studying, you can’t cram it all into one night—no matter how productive you are. Don’t hesitate to ask your teachers for your grades. I am sure they will be happy to look them up for you.

Gemini
May 21-Jun 21

Okay, you outdoors people, I know that the weather is incredibly nice, but you need to keep your brain on your studies. Besides, it is only for three more weeks. Give yourself variety by choosing different areas of study for your summer classes.

Cancer
Jun 22-Jul 22

Don’t be so sensitive. Not everything is meant as a personal attack. Take things that English teacher says with a grain of salt. She is just like everyone else; we all get a little crabby sometimes.

Leo
Jul 23-Aug 23

Let yourself be admired by that cutie in the library—it may turn into your “spring fling.” Don’t be hard on yourself for spending a little money on new summer attire; the current one leaves a lot to be desired!

Virgo
Aug 24-Sep 22

Don’t worry about your grades; if you study you will be fine. Work hard to concentrate these last three weeks of school. If you plan to take summer classes, you better get in gear! Classes are filling up quickly. Remember that summer classes are ten weeks instead of 16.

Libra
Sep 23-Oct 23

Okay brains, cool your jets. Your grades will be fine. Get a little emotional about your friend who is moving away. If you do, it will help the both of you say goodbye. Don’t be so talkative when listening—you can’t listen with your mouth open.

Scorpio
Oct 24-Nov 22

It’s good to be realistic right now; your grades have been slipping just a bit. If you study hard and go to class, you should be fine. Be intense on a summer class schedule. It only takes eight credit hours to be full time in the summer!

Sagittarius
Nov 23-Dec 21

There are only three weeks of classes left—be serious about your grades. Optimism won’t help if you don’t do the work. The spring air is filling your head; use this nice weather to get outside chores done. Maybe you will make a new friend in the process.

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