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Skunk River Review Fall 2000, Vol 12

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SKUNK RIVER REVIEW

Volume 12

Fall 2000

Skunk River Review is a celebration of student writing published once a year by

The Des Moines Area Community College

Edited by
Sharran S. Slinkard
Paula Yerty-Olmstead

A special thanks to Deb, April, Curt, and to all our colleagues and students whose input and contributions have been invaluable.

For the last three volumes, Laurie Mullen's photography has graced our cover. This year's photo was taken on the Skunk River just south of New Sharon, Iowa. Laurie is a May graduate of DMACC, and is attending Iowa State University.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	Page 4
WRITING SKILLS REVIEW	Page 5
Getting Good at Goodbye—Amanda King	6
Improving Essay Writing Skills—Gregg Bensick	11
The Perfect Career for Me—Jake DeMouth	14
Pure Luck—Shawn Larson	16
Balancing Act—Jeff Foreman	21
COMPOSITION I	Page 26
Shock Rock Wrongly Accused—Valerie Frazee	27
Who Will Butter My Bread?—Heidi Telepnev	31
Comparing Apples to Oranges—Michelle Handsaker	37
The Shoe Repairman—Jane Zantow	42
Gonzo—William Dean Hamilton	49
What Happens when You Swallow Metal Objects: A Cow's Story—Derek Sullivan	60
Victoria's Secret Garden—Dana Anderson	67
Will You Be My Mentor?—Joyce E. McIntire	70
A Battle Within—Amanda King and Dana Anderson	78
COMPOSITION II	Page 85
Causes of the Increase in the Snow Geese Population—Brad Meyer	86
The Magical Kingdom—Joseph Keiser	92
The Three Lessons—Jeremy Bassett	100
Witches and Maidens: Sexism in 19th-Century Folktales—David Cottrill	104
Saving the Wolf River—Jane Zantow	111
RELEASE FORM	Page 122

INTRODUCTION

Straight from the heart . . . that was the goal that we had for this, the 12th edition of the Skunk River Review. As editors, we envisioned a compilation of voices, diverse and unique but still representative of all DMACC writing students on all DMACC campuses. Sincere, honest voices that come straight from the hearts of our students as they tell their stories.

A novel idea? Hardly . . . we are simply carrying on the fine tradition of presenting and celebrating the dedication and efforts of our students. Twelve years ago, the editors of the very first edition of Skunk River Review introduced the student writings with these words:

"Most of all, these essays represent a voice, a collective voice. Reading these essays is an invitation to share in the lives and feelings of the writers. It is a unique voice, an evocation of a time and place, as particular as the Skunk River. A voice not easily ignored."

These words are as true today as they were in 1988.

In 2000, as in 1988, the selection process was not easy. We received so many wonderful, well-written essays; we only wish that we could have included them all. As we made our decision about which essays to publish, we looked at such elements as appropriateness of topic, adherence to format and assignment, clarity of purpose and audience, style of writing, and absence of mechanical, grammatical, and structural errors. We also chose essays that represented the scope of assignments given in the Writing 091, Composition I, and Composition II classes.

We tried to choose essays that were effective, interesting, and--dare we say it?--entertaining. We tried to choose essays that would inspire and stimulate next year's writing students. We also tried to include some unique writing situations, especially collaborative composition, creative non-fiction writing, and focused perspective analysis.

In 1988, the editors wrote that they hoped the Skunk River Review would be "used as a reader in writing classrooms, as a supplemental text, and perhaps most importantly, as the celebration it was intended to be." As composition instructors who know how important it is to have student writing recognized and published, to let the voices be heard, those are our sentiments exactly.

Sharran S. Slinkard
Paula Yerty-Olmstead

WRITING SKILLS REVIEW

Getting Good at Goodbye
Amanda King

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to write an essay about a significant event their lives.

It was a Friday morning in the summer of 1999, when I woke up and knew that my whole world was about to change. I knew that this day was coming, but I didn't want it to come so soon. This was the day my parents would move from Colorado to Phoenix, Arizona. My life was about to change in so many ways, and for so many reasons.

I slowly crawled out from underneath my blankets on June 25th, knowing that in less than twenty four hours I was going to be on my own. I would no longer be hovering under Mommy and Daddy's wing; I would now have to provide for myself. After I sat alone in my room for a little while, I went upstairs to see what my mom and dad were doing. I couldn't help but feel like I was going to cry. I pondered what I was going to do with myself in Colorado with no official place to call my home. I had plans to stay at my friend Joe's house, but I couldn't have possibly called that home. It was a nice place and a happy environment, but after living with my parents for eighteen years, it would be a while until I could call anywhere "home." My mom asked me if I wanted to sit outside on our porch swing as we had done so many times before; I of course accepted the offer. My mom and I sat together in the swing for a while and talked of the many

hopes we had for one another. She told me all the things a mother loves to say, such as how much she loved me, and how special she thought I was. We talked and talked until the sounds of our tears were drowning out the sound of our voices. This wasn't going to be an easy day. Millions of thoughts ran through our heads: when would we see each other again, exactly how many hours would it take for me to drive to Arizona, or how many hours would it take to go from Arizona to Iowa. We sat together and shared memories of many good and bad times. We finally forced ourselves to enter our virtually empty house. Oh, how I loved that house, all the memories I had there, and all the things I had learned in just the three years I had lived there. It seemed as if so much was all going to slip away from me in hours. I thought I would give anything just to have one more week. But wishing just wasn't going to do the trick. Mom and I cried a little more, then we hugged. Later on, we went outside to finish loading up the moving van.

There was my dad looking just as sweet as ever trying to get everything organized, and trying to cram a whole bunch of what to him was a bunch of junk, but to us was memories, into the back of the van. He turned around, smiled and winked at me then kept right on working. He has always been the hardest working man I've ever seen. He wanted to make sure it was done right the first time so he didn't have to go back and do it all

again. Once the van was packed as full as it would go, he loaded up the pick-up truck that was once mine, and told my younger sister to go back in the house and make sure nothing would be left behind. With a saddened face, she went back into the house and cleared out the phone and the few things that were left to go in the truck for the long haul to Phoenix. That was it; our beautiful mountain home was empty. Anything that wasn't going with them or with me was put in the garage to be thrown away. We walked through the house one last time together. Then, with eyes trying to hold back tears, I went in and out of my now "old" room, then left the house through the garage and locked the door behind me. Mom and Dad thought we should have lunch together before they left, so I went up to Subway and bought us all sandwiches. We sat together smelling the fresh Colorado air and talking together, then we went back to the moving grounds that was once our house.

Now came the time that I knew I was going to dread, time to say goodbye. I had never done this before, and to make matters worse, I wasn't too fond of good-byes. Before when I said goodbye I knew it would be for no longer than a few weeks, and here I was, saying goodbye for at least six months. First, I walked over to my mom and grabbed her to give her the tightest hug that I had ever given. Once we started to hug, the tears really started to flow. Here I was, making the biggest step of

my life, moving away from my parents, away from my protectors of the last eighteen years. My mom sobbed sorrowfully in my ear, as I did to her. We hugged a while longer then I went over to my thirteen-year-old sister and hugged her; we both, of course started to cry. I couldn't believe I was letting go of the one person in this world who truly looked up to me, and admired me. We stood together and told each other how much we would miss the other. I knew I would miss her coming into my room early in the morning before I had even awakened and asking me if she could wear some of my clothes, knowing that I was half asleep so I would say yes to anything. The thoughts running through my head were nothing but painfully sad. I knew what was next; I had to say goodbye to my dad. This was going to be hard considering that within the last year we had grown closer than ever. We referred to the other as "buddy." I put my arms around him and hugged him as if it would be an eternity until I would see him again. Once he thought the hug had ended and tried to release me, I couldn't let go. I felt like I was letting go of my family rather than moving away from them. Through all this I still knew what I had to do. I told myself to be strong, but I just couldn't. I finally finished giving out my hugs and pried myself away from them. I had to let them go.

My mom and sister climbed into the truck I had named "The Beast." I gave my mom a tape that I recorded for her to listen

to whenever she drove. Now she could think of her oldest daughter and know how much I loved her. I leaned in the window for one last hug from the person who created me, and then I sat in my car and watched the moving van and the truck pull away. I cried even harder to myself than I did with them since they wouldn't be able to see me. Hopefully, they would be less saddened by the situation, so it wouldn't hurt them anymore. I followed them to the stoplight, where I would have to turn. I looked up only to see my dad turn his head, look out the window, wave, and say, "Bye, Sweetie;" see you at Christmas!" Then after that moment, there I was: a true adult. I was on my own, terrified and humbly sad. The biggest event in my life so far had just come and gone. I was about to spread my wings and become the person my parents had spent the last eighteen years working hard to create.

Now, looking back on this event which happened only two and a half months ago, I realize that most people will experience this same kind of triumph at some point in their lives, and the effects can either make or break them. In my case, I am starting life in a new place, more satisfied than I've ever been.

Improving Essay Writing Skills
Gregg Bensink

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to write an essay in which they explained the necessary steps of a specific project.

Having to write an essay can be frustrating and sometimes difficult. If you do not follow the correct steps when writing an essay, it is almost certain that you will receive a low grade.

My first essay was of very poor quality. The easy part had been figuring out the subject that I wanted to write about. My first thought was to write about an unforgettable concert that my friends and I had been to at our friend Nate's house. Feeling the concert was something I could write extensively about, I chose it as the topic for the essay.

Unfortunately, I didn't know what to say in the essay. My planning of the essay had been very unorganized; although I did do a simple outline, I wasn't sure of the content. My overuse of extra information and failure to clarify my points kept the reader frustrated. I also thought that it would be easy to get a decent grade by just putting some words down on paper. The essay ended up lacking all the things a good essay needs. The sentences were choppy and the essay was full of useless information. The final draft received a D. Maybe if I would have

taken the time to do my essay correctly, those mistakes and errors would have been avoided.

When I received the assignment to write the second essay, I did some brainstorming on a piece of paper first. Brainstorming allowed me to generate ideas for the essay. I wanted to pick a topic that was familiar or of interest to me. I didn't want to be stupid and just put some words down on paper. After finding the topic for the second essay, which I decided would be my great-grandpa and his house, I thought it would be best to think about the purpose of the essay. I wanted to tell the reader of the essay a few simple things, such as who or what this essay was about. In addition to the subject, the second most important material in the essay was to provide the reader with action or information about what was happening to the subject.

First I gave the readers a topic and the general purpose of the essay and provided them with the information needed. The next action to take was to give them a time and a place; readers crave times and locations, which intensify their imagination and curiosity. I provided the reader with some helpful facts to make the times and places important and memorable. I also tried not to provide the reader with too many random useless dates and times because too much information exhausts the reader. Too many facts can cause a loss of attention.

When writing, you should try hard to not lose the attention of the reader. My first essay was guilty of having too much useless material in it. The overuse of pointless facts quickly lost the reader's interest in my essay. They were bound to quit reading; therefore, I knew the importance of keeping the reader's attention focused on the essay.

Revising, for me, meant several days of wondering if I worded my thoughts right and if I used correct grammar at all. Having my classmates or any available English instructor in the Academic Achievement Center read my essay and provides me with ideas was always helpful. I went back to my essay and made all the corrections and made sure the essay had a purpose and enough facts and examples. About this time I think it is also good to go back and add descriptive adjectives. A thesaurus is a good source for ear- and eye-pleasing words.

When I revised, I made corrections and I reread the essay, making mechanical and spelling changes at the same time. An instructor read my revised copy and I had to make a few little changes to it. Because I followed this process my writing went from a D essay to an A essay. I gave my essay a purpose, content, and a point of view, something I should have done on my first essay. Following the steps also greatly improved my overall grade in the class.

The Perfect Career for Me
By Jake DeMouth

For Bonne Doron's class, students were asked to describe the perfect career.

Just imagine waking up in the morning putting on a pair of jeans and a shirt and going to work. The building is the lake, the office is the boat, and the co-workers are the cameramen and sound technicians. Having my own fishing show would be the perfect career for me because I would be able to teach people how to fish better, explore the latest technologies in the sport, and it would be a vacation every time I went to work.

The first reason I want to have my own fishing show is that I will be able to spread the love of fishing to other people. I have gained a lot of knowledge from fishing shows, in particular general fishing knowledge; different types of lures and baits, and the way the fisherman use them to catch fish; and how to read the surrounding area to find fish. I also want to introduce fishing to other people by showing them how it can be easy, in other words teaching them the skills they need to get them started fishing. If I had my own fishing show I would be able to develop new techniques and different retrievals that no one has ever seen and teach them to other fishermen.

Another reason I would like to have my own fishing show is that I would be able to explore the latest fishing equipment. I

would be able to test new rods and reels that are not on the market yet, along with new boats and the latest boating equipment. Wanting my opinion on improving their product, manufacturers would come to me. I would also be able to fish with equipment that others would not have the money or the resources for because I would be one of the "experts" in my career.

The most important reason having my own fishing show is the perfect career for me is it would be a full-time vacation. I would be able to go to places that others would just dream about. I could do this because I would have to make the show interesting. No one wants to see the same location every time, so I would have to go to more exotic areas like South America or Africa, for example. I would also be able to work outside all the time. I am the kind of person who needs to be outside in the fresh air. I cannot be pent-up inside doing paper work. It would also be relaxing just fishing on a lake in Africa and just talking to the people watching at home.

Having my own fishing show would be the perfect career for me. I would be able to teach people how to fish, try out the new top of the line fishing equipment, and everyday would be a vacation. I know that many people hate their careers, but if they complained, I would say, "Sorry, I cannot stay and listen. I have to go fishing."

Pure Luck
Shawn Larson

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to describe a person or place based on interview and/or observation.

"It was a position with mothers' hours," exclaimed Reba Paschall, mother of three. As a freshman in college, Reba studied at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. She wanted to be an elementary teacher. With only one semester until she received her teaching degree, she dropped out. Her husband had just passed away due to a heart attack, and she was raising three young kids on her own. Reba needed a job that would allow her certain hours and pay her well enough to support her kids. "Trying to balance my life without my husband Mike, attempting to go to school, caring for my children, and working was nearly impossible," said Reba. She had to make the decision to drop out of school and start supporting her children. What Reba didn't know was that with hard work and dedication she would someday become a high paying chef.

Reba then went to the Des Moines Independent School District's application office and filled out an application to be a cook. Since the schools were in dire need of cooks, she was hired without a problem. Reba said, "Eight dollars and fifty cents an hour was not much, but it would pay the bills."

The first couple of weeks were a struggle for her. She was not used to standing on her feet all day long. Also, there were many stressors, such as deadlines and demands, that had to be met. Therefore, Reba had many job descriptions. She had to be cutting onions one second, then putting the roast beef in the oven, and filling the pop coolers. "I was constantly stressed and the only thing that kept me going were my children," stated Reba.

After her three years of work for the school, opportunity came knocking on Reba's door. That day Reba was the cook in charge of making the chicken noodle soup, her specialty. A couple of minutes later she was told that there was a gentleman who wanted to talk to her. She went out to the cafeteria and the gentlemen said, "That was the best soup that I have ever tasted." The guy then offered her a job working for a retirement home. Reba thought about the job, knowing she could not possibly let this opportunity pass. She took the job.

"There were many different things at the new job," spoke Reba. There was not much stress in the new job. She was the one in charge, the manager. She was pretty much on her own with the help of five people under her. That was a big step for Reba because she was always being told what to do. On the other hand, being a manager had its disadvantages. She could never fully trust her employees. They were always late and she was

stuck working until they showed up. She was tired of working 80 hours a week and only getting paid for 40 hours because her employees would never show up on time. Five years at the retirement home was enough for Reba and she quit.

This time opportunity came crashing through the door when she was offered a position at the Marriott Hotel as the manager of food service. She thought, "This is the exact job that I want." The pay was excellent and the benefits were outstanding. The hours were just what she needed. When the kids went to school she would be at work, and when the kids came home she would be home.

The first day of the job she received the news that the regional manager of Marriott's food services was stepping down. "They wanted me to fill his position," Reba said enthusiastically. This would mean that she would move out of her apartment and into a house. She took that position. "There was going to be more hours," she thought. But come to find out there was even less hours than before.

"One of the things that confused me, was the fact that I only had been a manager at the retirement home for five years and I was being promoted to one of the top managerial positions," expressed Reba. What Reba had done at the retirement home was good enough to impress the management at Marriott. They wanted Reba to try to do the same with their

food service. "I had never gone to college to become a manager, so all of the things I know are from other places I have worked," said Reba.

Reba then explained all of the benefits that came with the new job, which were worth close to \$15,000. She had full dental, medical, life insurance of \$250,000, 401K, profit sharing, and even a company car. Reba was making close to \$70,000 a year with benefits. "I was very pleased," Reba said smiling.

Eight years ago Reba started this career, uncertain where life was taking her. She was living paycheck to paycheck. "Things change," said Reba. "The first couple of years were a struggle. I remember going a very long time with the same underwear, or the same pair of shoes, or same pieces of clothing. I had to make sacrifices so that I could pay for school items for the kids, or clothes, or even the athletic fees." Due to Reba's hard work and patience, she is making enough money to support her children much better. "It is a big difference jumping from a small income to a much larger one," said Reba. I was told the only struggle she has is deciding what to wear when she goes out.

I asked Reba if she had any plans to return to college to finish her degree: "I am very happy where I am right now. I only have a semester to go until I receive my teaching degree.

I think when I retire from this career I will go back and get the degree from Drake. I still have a passion for teaching and I think teaching is an excellent choice for my retirement."

Reba did say that in a way she is teaching. She is the one whom everyone looks up to for advice or to tell him or her what to do or how to do something. Reba is the one who trains the supervisors, who then train the employees. When Reba teaches the supervisors the right way then she will have everything running the way she want it. I think Reba is teaching, but maybe not in the way that she once wanted to. In the future I think that Reba will end up doing the kind of teaching that she originally wanted to do: elementary teaching. With the hard work that Reba has done to get through her life struggles, I think her success is due to her strong will.

Balancing Act
Jeff Foreman

For Bonne Doron's course students were prompted to answer the question "Is it possible to balance a career and family life without one of them suffering?"

Working a full time job, being a part time student, and being a full-time single parent is a balancing act I wish upon no one. Satisfying the needs of work, the requirements of school, and the time it takes to be a GOOD parent is virtually impossible without any one of them suffering. The balance act comes into play when I have to decide which one will suffer this time. After all, with so much on my plate at one time on a day-to-day basis, something has to suffer. Will it be work today? Or that school assignment? Or maybe the PTA meeting I was to attend this afternoon? It is not possible for me to balance a career, school, parenting, and be successful at all three.

Work for me, is the United States Post Office where I am a four-three supervisor from 2:00-11:30 PM, with Thursday and Friday off. As a supervisor, I am expected to arrive at work at least a half-hour early, so I can take care of any sick calls and make out the day's automation schedule. Working for the Post Office, I make good money, but in order to move up the postal corporate ladder I will need to further my education.

When I began attending Des Moines Area Community College, (DMACC) my speech professor, Dr. Julie W. Simanski, said to

expect at least two hours of homework per every three-credit-hour class. For me, this formula would work out to around four hours of homework every Tuesday and Thursday. The Thursday homework is fine because I have until the following Tuesday to turn it in, but the Tuesday homework is killing me. I cannot find enough time between Tuesday's class and Thursday's class to do Tuesday's homework. I need and want to be involved in my children's education. Therefore,

As important as my own education is my children's education. I am single parent of two little girls, ages 10 and 7 who need a lot of my time, especially since I am a single parent. Finding the time I need for them is paramount. Typically, this time includes activities before school; my 10-year-old daughter has band practices twice a week, from 7:30 to 9:00AM. During school, I volunteer in the classroom for both my 1st grader and my 4th grader. I am also a PTA board member. After-school activities include roller blading, biking, intramural basketball and baseball, and the occasional school band concert, and school conferences. Every once in a while there's a twist that gets thrown in a typical week.

For example, this past Easter weekend my children's mother took them to Waterloo, IA, to visit their cousins who live on a farm. One day, the adults left the children with two, thirteen-year-old babysitters. My youngest daughter Olivia was playing

on a tractor, and on the tractor there was some kind of chemical residue. She got the residue on her hands and then rubbed her face and eyes. Within minutes, she was screaming due to the chemical burns all over her hands, face, arms, legs, and eyes. After the babysitter tried a few different phone numbers and could not reach anyone, my oldest daughter called my cell phone. As she was trying to explain to me what had happened to her sister, I could hear Olivia screaming in the background. I got one of the babysitters on the phone and instructed her to call 911 and have an ambulance come to the farm.

All of this is occurring while I'm at work here in Des Moines. I ran down to my boss, told her what was going on and that I had to go to Waterloo. As I was taking the two-hour drive to Waterloo, I was calling Saint Frances Medical Center in Cedar Falls, giving them permission to treat Olivia. Three calls later, after being assured that Olivia was going to be all right, I could slow down and start driving like a normal person. Then I remembered that this weekend I had to study for my final in psychology, essay #4 was due the next week, and I needed to study for the final in English 091. When I finally reached the hospital and was talking to the emergency-room physician, he said Olivia had chemical burns on her body, and without quick action she could have lost her vision.

It is important for my girls to know that I care about what they are, who they are, as well as that what they are doing is as important to me as it is to them. The girls' time has to be shared with time for work and school. Trying to balance the three of them, and get done what I need for work, school, and the girls is not easy. The hours I work for the Post Office get me home at around midnight. Trying to get up and get my 10-year-old daughter off to band practice at 7:30AM is a chore. Then I must return home to get my 7-year-old daughter ready for school, then get myself off to DMACC for a 9:40AM class. There are not enough hours in the day for me to accomplish what I need to accomplish for work, for school, and the things I need to do for my girls. I am beginning to doubt that it is possible for me to balance school, career, and single parenting without any of them suffering.

At school, I want to do the best I can. The only way to do this is to study hard, which includes doing homework, which includes time, time I don't really have, but time I need to find in order to keep up with the classes. So in order to get the homework finished, I take it to the roller rink, to the basketball court, or out to the baseball diamond where my girls are playing.

At my job, I have to be the best I can be. If one does not know someone up the ladder, (which I don't), he or she has to do

it better than all the other supervisors do in order to get noticed, which means putting in long hours, taking the jobs that no one else wants, and making those jobs turn out well. Doing this for work takes time--time I don't have, but have to find. So I have to be assessable when I'm not at work, which means, I talk on the cell phone a lot, do a lot of e-mailings, and take my girls down to work occasionally on my days off. (Thank God they really think its fun to go to daddy's work.)

So, can I balance all three at one time? NO. This past weekend, work and school have taken a beating. At work, I've had to work about 12 hours on Monday, attend school on Tuesday morning, and work afterwards for about another 12 hours. Work and school are very important to me, but not as important as my two little girls are to me. So far this quarter I'm carrying a 2.5 grade point average. I've missed Two PTA meetings and one of my daughter's concerts. Thank goodness for summer break!

COMPOSITION I

Shock Rock Wrongly Accused
Valerie Frazee

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to prepare a taking position essay. Because many subjects were off limits, students had to come up with more interesting, and perhaps unusual, controversies.

Shock rock means exactly what it says: it's shocking and extreme. The artists/performers put on an exciting and entertaining show, but many people are not open minded enough to understand that. However, shock rock still has many devoted fans even though it has a great deal of controversy surrounding it. Opposition, such as the news/media, religious groups, and overly concerned parents, protest against the shock rock performers and their beliefs.

One of today's most controversial artist/performers is Marilyn Manson who has been blamed for many teenagers' deaths and antisocial behaviors. Since the beginning of the band's career, Manson has been falsely linked to the Columbine High School shooting, and the Paducah High School shooting in Kentucky last year (American Family Association Report 3). What possessed these teenagers to do such a thing? The media, religious groups, and overly concerned parents seem to think Marilyn Manson is to blame for these tragic deaths.

Marilyn Manson (Brian Warner) grew up going to Catholic school. He made efforts to fit in, but the Catholic clergy wouldn't allow him to. For example, Manson once took a picture

to school that had been taken when his grandmother was in an airplane. It was his most prized possession at the time. The picture was of an angel appearing in the clouds. School officials scolded him and sent him home because they thought it was a hoax (Strauss 22). Their attitude upset him greatly, so he began to rebel against the Catholic school. He now believes, "You can't believe in the devil unless you believe in God" (Walkling 28). Manson decided to switch to a public school where he thought they would be more accepting of him and his beliefs.

Ironically many public schools today ban students from wearing anything promoting Marilyn Manson and his band. He is considered the Antichrist in America's eyes. He claims, "I don't sing about serial killers or Satan or any of it. I just sing about human emotion" (Walking 28).

Telling students what they can and cannot wear in school is nothing new. Ozzy Osborne/Black Sabbath, KISS, and other bands in their era experienced the same criticism. These Shock Rock bands also enraged the media, religious groups, and even other artists, but it didn't matter. The bands still kept performing despite this discrimination and opposition.

No matter how hard the opposition tries, Marilyn Manson's band still seems to do well. Marilyn Manson wants youth to make their own decisions, to not be model children, but be

individuals, and do what they want to do. He knows how teens feel and that is why he is so widely accepted. Manson takes things that are supposed to be unsaid and he talks about them, such as alcohol, drugs, and God forbid sex. We already see these things in the news and in TV programs, so why is it any different when Marilyn Manson sings about them?

Sure he is a little overwhelming at first maybe even a little scary. Manson usually dresses in tight-fitting clothing or in something barely covering him at all. He has even been mistaken for a girl. Then again once you really look at him, listen to his music, and find out about his background, he isn't much different than most people. Manson has had a rough childhood and he is trying to help guide the teens of today (in his own special way). Granted, some teens take his music the wrong way, but he is not trying to tell them to put a gun in their hand and kill themselves or shoot someone else. Just because those teens listen to his music and do bad things does not mean he is the one to blame. Manson was the scapegoat for many tragic deaths of the 90's and may be even in the year 2000. The media, religious groups, and overly concerned parents have no one else to blame. "Of course it isn't the parents fault." With hi unusual looks, Manson is such an easy target to use as a scapegoat for the deaths of many teens. These groups do not understand him and they don't take the time to understand him.

They just believe that teens that listen to his music do horrible things and break the laws. Marilyn Manson isn't the Antichrist; he is simply a Rock Star.

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Who Will Butter My Bread?
Heidi Telepnev

For Sharon Witty's class, students were asked to write a narrative on the overall topic of "Appearance, Age, and Abilities." Students were to consider purpose and audience as they composed their significant essay.

Driving through Newton on my way to start my volunteer work, I asked myself, "Why did I choose a nursing home?" Other places I could have chosen were my son's school, the hospital, or the YMCA. Why did I choose to work with a group of elderly people whom I felt I could not relate to? There is some difficulty in holding a conversation with a person in his or her eighties. Once an older person reaches a nursing home, he or she is incompetent. These were perceptions that I had carried around with me for most of my life. I also could not deal with the fact that some elderly are unable to control their bodily functions. Losing control could happen to me someday, and I did not want to face it now. Furthermore, what would be the point of helping the elderly? I know that volunteering can be a rewarding experience for people if they can overcome their apprehensions. Although I had many fears and questions, I was still willing to try. That only left one question in my mind, "How would I benefit from volunteering?"

My psychology instructor at Des Moines Area Community College (DMACC) requires her students to participate in a volunteer program called Service Learning. I am working toward

my nursing degree at DMACC, so I wanted to volunteer in the health-care field. Two places had come to mind: the hospital and the nursing home. After I submitted my choices for the Service Learning, my assignment came back: I would be volunteering at a nursing home. A surge of disappointment welled up inside of me. Although I had requested the nursing home, I was hoping there would be more need for me at the hospital. Then the feelings of disappointment were replaced with guilt. As a nurse, I will not be able to choose my patients anymore than they can choose me. I decided to confront my fears of the unknown and to try to help people.

The first day I walked into the nursing-home facility, I felt sick to my stomach. My mind was saying, "Just turn around and go home, Heidi." As I walked through the lobby area, my fears were realized. Old people sat in their chairs, slumped over, almost comatose. They had no expressions on their faces, their eyes staring at some distant place only they recognized. Feelings of sadness and fear overwhelmed me because these people seemed to have no idea where they were. The smell inside of the nursing home was peculiar; it was the familiar odor of a hospital combined with the faint stink of urine. The odors, the sights, and all the thoughts spinning through my mind made me want to walk out and never come back. I decided that if I could

make it through the day, I would ask to volunteer at another place.

The director of volunteers gave me a quick tour of the facility. She told me that I would be helping the nursing staff in the dining area during the lunch hour. My job consisted of assisting a group of four women with their lunches. Each lady at the table had some varying degree of a disability that prevented her from eating without assistance. As I was introduced to each of these women, I tried to smile politely so they would not see how nervous I was. To my left was Florence, and across from her was Evelyn, and next to her was Erma; the fourth lady had not arrived for lunch yet. The director explained to me that Evelyn could not see very well. Evelyn appeared to be in her mid- to late-eighties, and her 4'10" frame seemed to struggle holding up the little weight it had on it. I felt sorry and a little sad for Evelyn because she was so tiny and frail, and I felt I needed to do everything for her. But the elderly want assistance with their everyday living, not to be treated like children.

Turning my attention to Florence, I first noticed her towering 5'10" frame. Although she appeared to be strong, a monster called paralysis left her as frail as Evelyn. She is usually confined to a wheelchair, but the nursing staff helps her into the dining area with a walker. Both ladies seemed to

be somewhere else, although they were physically present in the room.

Erma was the third lady at the table that day. She had a stroke in December of 1998, and she had only been at the facility since May. Something about Erma drew me to her. I could not think of what it was when I first met her, but I knew I wanted to get to know her. She was more alert than the other ladies were, and she even smiled at me when I was introduced to her. Erma has a physical disability like the other ladies, but she still has her wits about her. The stroke has left her paralyzed on her left side. She can no longer walk, so she is confined to a wheelchair. She needs help with her meals because her left hand will not cooperate with her anymore. However, she likes to maintain some sort of independence.

When I began to help them with their meal, I noticed that these women could not do something as simple as butter their own bread. Hands would not cooperate in balancing bread, knife, and butter. Eyes could not see to locate the items on the plate. Minds could not command the task. I started to feel ashamed because I had not wanted to be there to help when I first arrived.

Each lady had a certain need that had to be met. Florence, because of her paralysis, needed help getting food onto her special, weighted utensils so that she can strengthen her arm

muscles. Erma would just like someone to move things over to her right side where she can reach them with her good hand. Evelyn needed to be told where the food was on her plate and on the table. Her poor eyesight prevents her from fully recognizing what she is eating until she tastes it. She gets very distressed during meals because of that limitation. I can see all of their frustrations when they are trying to accomplish the simple task of eating.

I felt needed and useful that first day. I was only obligated to volunteer for an hour, but I was there for nearly two. Listening to Erma reminisce about her family and growing up in the 1920s helped my fears of being in the nursing home dissipate. She reminded me so much of my grandma, who died thirteen years ago, that it was almost painful for me to leave that day. My grandma had been paralyzed by a stroke too, and both women had similar features. My grandma died so suddenly from complications from diabetes, that I did not get to say goodbye. What if Erma was gone when I came back the next week? I caught myself making plans to come back the next week to volunteer again. Something inside of me had changed. I had developed feelings for the ladies at the table, and they had affected me in a way that I thought was impossible. Less than two hours before I was forcing myself to walk into the door. Now I was dreading having to leave my new friends. Glancing at

my watch, I noticed that lunch was over and everyone had to go back to his or her rooms for naps. I said my good-byes to the ladies, and I left with a new perspective.

I had unfairly judged a group of people because of my own misconceptions. I had almost missed out on a wonderful opportunity to help some people with an everyday task that we all take for granted. The elderly can't help the fact that they are aging. Their bodies and sometimes their minds go through the process, and it may not be a pretty sight. Aging is an unstoppable fact of life for everyone on the planet. It will eventually happen to all of us, and when it does, we may find ourselves asking, "Who will butter my bread?"

Comparing Apples to Oranges
Michelle Handsaker

For this assignment, Tara Wendel asked students to write a comparison essay including sensory detail.

"It would be like trying to compare apples to oranges."

How many times have you heard this argument when you are strategically trying to argue a point? Let me take this expression one step further. Why is it one cannot compare apples to oranges? Both are fruit, both grow on trees, and both can be peeled. Most people feel that comparing the apple to the orange is a feat beyond the realm of possibility, not to mention the attempt has always remained an unspoken taboo.

Understanding that the attempt of comparing fruit is neither gospel, nor punishable in a court of law, I shall do the unthinkable.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto, Fred Astaire and Ginger, apples and oranges. These are all people and items automatically associated with each other. No? Well, if a fruit basket is a part of one's décor in a home, both the apple and the orange are present. If you question this, please refer to Miss Manner's Book of Etiquette. And let's see, what are the two fruits used when learning to juggle? That's right, the apple and/or the orange. You may wonder how I know this fact to be true. I learned by process of observation. After months of buying fresh, esthetically pleasing fruit, I found my apples and

oranges battered and bruised a day later. I questioned my daughter, and she informed me of her new hobby: juggling. What about the produce aisle in the grocery store? What sits immediately to either the left or the right of the apples? Bingo! Florida's best... oranges.

So with this background material aside, let us slice right to the core of the issue. As a mother, my immediate thought turns to fairy tales, folklore, and legends. The apple has been very popular with children's books, myths, and traditions. How many people have used the old brown-nose technique of offering the prized apple to the teacher? What about Isaac Newton? Where would we be right now had it not been for the apple? Gravity would still be an unknown I suppose. Johnny Appleseed would have remained unemployed. William Tell would have never gained self-confidence. The Apple Computer would have an identity crisis. Oh, and let's not forget some other important things. For instance, Snow White could have avoided a lot of pain and suffering not to mention seven dwarfs as well. Eve would have never been tempted had it not been for the apple (although, I'm sure her lack of willpower probably had much to do with Adam complaining about having the same old thing to eat, day after day). On the other hand, the closest association I could find in my research materials with oranges is a book about

a boy named James who travels in a giant peach. Okay, not even a close association, but the colors are similar.

Speaking of the palate, let's explore some of the uses of apples and oranges in creating culinary favorites. Carmel apples are always a favorite treat at Halloween. Peanut butter on sliced apples is an excellent stand-in for after-school snacks when you run out of cookies. Vanilla ice cream always tastes much better when accompanied by a warm slice of homemade apple pie. As for oranges, well there is orange yogurt, but it is actually made up of manufactured flavoring rather than real fruit. I believe there is such a thing as orange marmalade but I've never experienced it myself. I guess I have a hard time eating something with a name that reminds me of a Great Dane in a comic strip. I do have to mention orange cookies at this point. Not only are they wonderfully delicious, but my sister has the art of baking them perfectly. I've witnessed the actual fruit being incorporated into the recipe.

There are some famous people who actually show bias towards apples. I believe it was W.C. Fields who coined the term, "pork chops and applesauce." I am, however, a strong believer in the healing power the orange holds within its peel. Also, I love the scent an orange sprays when peeled. The apple, in no way, shape, or form, can compete with the vitamin C content of an orange, nor does it emit a pleasing odor when sliced. And of

course, in all honesty, I must give thumbs up to orange juice over apple juice, when it comes to beverages. This claim can be supported by a quick trip (running) to your local supermarket. I mean the orange juice aisle outweighs the apple juices ten to one.

Mentioning the physical activity of running to your local supermarket brings up another interesting area of comparison. Once again my motherhood shines through, as I tell you of the experiment I performed one afternoon. Why do we not bob for oranges? Is it purely for the reason that we assume they cannot float? They can! In a test kitchen, (actually it is my only kitchen), I experimented by filling a large plastic bowl with cool water. I then dropped two oranges and two apples into the water. I placed the bowl on the floor and got down on my knees. Carefully holding my hair back, I bobbed for both apples and oranges. While an orange does not surface as much above the water level as an apple does, it is possible to grab one with your teeth. In addition, let's take a moment to look at the advantages of having a stem. The psychic properties contained in the stem of an apple are not only amazing, but can save you a large sum of money otherwise wasted on Psychic Hotline calls. If you twist the stem while simultaneously saying the letters of the alphabet, the letter you are saying as the stem pulls off the apple uncovers the first initial in your future husband or

wife's name. Or you can count beginning at number one while turning the stem, and this will reveal how many children you will have. This knowledge of course comes in handy when purchasing your first home, because you will know how many bedrooms you will need. On the other hand, although the orange has no stem, the peel is a welcome answer to the stench that arises from my garbage disposal.

I write this piece light-heartedly, in hopes that I have not spoiled your fruit fetish one way or the other. I believe that because I am a mother, and am actively and consistently surrounded by apples in one way or another, via books, snacks, and/or games, I have been almost hypnotized through process of routine to lean towards the apple. I must confess, however, I enjoy the fragrance that accompanies the orange, and I am a strong believer in the vitamin C healing powers the orange contains. Yet in the end, I must admit my loyalty still lays with the apple. It may stem from my military upbringing, or maybe I'm just patriotic at heart. After all, how often do you hear someone say, "That's as American as Baseball, Mom, and Orange Julius"?

The Shoe Repairman
Jane Zantow

For Judy Hauser's course, students were asked to write a profile of a person, place, or activity. The purpose was to help readers visualize the subject and to introduce new information. In order to introduce new information, students could either present a novel or unique subject or they could get readers to look at a familiar subject in a new way. This assignment required incorporation of the following resources: direct observation, interview, and secondary research. All sources had to be documented using MLA format.

As a new, part-time employee for a huge department store, I've been experiencing a sense of overload like never before. These feelings just might be the result of a longing to slow down and simplify; but then again, they may be the result of something else. In July it appears to be Back-to-School time, in August it appears to be Halloween, and now that it is October, Christmas is upon us, (and never mind Thanksgiving; we might have to stop spending and simply give thanks for what we already have).

Here in Boone, Iowa, just down the street from me, sets the quintessential picture of purposeful, efficient living. At 1208 5th Street, Mr. Timm's shoe repair shop generates business of a different sort. The anxiety involved in pushing to acquire more stuff is absent, and present instead are the tools of a craftsman waiting to repair any mishap and get on with life. Mr. Dean Timm is a repairer of shoes, broken zippers, lost boot eyelets, rivets and snaps. He lives next door to his shop with

his wife; they've been in Boone for a little over five years. About twenty years ago this very same residence was occupied by a gentleman of the same trade who has since passed away. The little shop continues to stay busy; there is no end to the need for repairs. Recycling efforts are a given in the attempt to meet the needs of those who come in with their requests.

Outside, surrounding the shop is a white picket fence connecting home and work. In between the shop and house is a brick walkway winding through grass and flowers. The shop itself is small and no bigger than an average size living room. Both buildings are painted white, and bushes and flowers frame the windows. The simplicity of the white color and the basic contouring lines of the walkway and fence give it an inviting and appealing sense of comfort. The front of the shop has both a lamp stand and a sign stand. The lamp stand is reminiscent of Old English lanterns and holds a bold-faced address sign: 1208. Closer to the city sidewalk reads the other sign in Old English script on a scrolling metal pole: Shoe Shoppe. This is Mr. Dean Timm's place of business.

Stepping inside, I was greeted by familiar smells. The oil and lubricants gave the air a coat of distinction that spoke of work and order. Maybe, too, the nails and leather, the wooden shelves and tables, the wheels and machines gave off a scent that brought to mind a memory I hold dear and feel quite at home

with: my father, too, was a very organized and productive man. His garage held bottles of screws neatly set on shelves. The collections of items he found and broke down to use for fixing things around his house would gather into every corner. It was the atmosphere of "potential" that I was familiar with. In that shop was hope. Never mind the frustration of that broken zipper; Mr. Timm can help. Never mind the fact that one just bought that pair of shoes, and now one has a broken buckle; Mr. Timm can fix 'em.

Just to the right hung a blue nylon coat. The tag read: one zipper, \$12.00.

"There was a cheap nylon one in there." A minuscule flash of anger shot from his pale blue eyes. Obviously, that zipper didn't do it's job long enough. "I put a nice, heavy plastic one in."

Grayish-white hair and glasses thick enough to magnify his steady eyes tell of years of experience working with repairable boots and shoes. Mr. Timm is a lean man of average build. His face is clean-shaven and more oval than round with a steadfast expression of diligence, purpose and gentleness. His smile is a turn of the lip on each side: small, but sure. He talks contentedly about his life's work and confidently about his skill. He seems surprised at my interest in his occupation, yet there is a child-like sparkle in his eyes that reflect

spontaneity to share and the simple joy of restoration, repair, and of doing a job well.

About twenty years ago, at the age of forty-nine, Dean Timm experienced a lay off from his job at a John Deere Tractor factory in Waterloo, Iowa. About the same time, his wife's brother had a shoe repair business in Chuanute, Kansas, but because of poor health was unable to maintain it. Mr. Timm thought the timing couldn't be better, so he took the opportunity to both help his brother-in-law and to learn the shoe repair business. Several months later he bought out an entire business from a repair shop in Des Moines, Iowa. In the years following, he spent his time learning and working the craft.

"Oh, it's quite an art. To know how to do things, ya know. Lost art. The younger generation doesn't want to get into this kind of business. At one time there were over 200 repairmen in Iowa. Right today, there's less than 50 left. See what I mean? Where it's goin'?"

He spoke confidently, yet with resignation. "Back 50 years ago they were wearin' regular shoes, and they just repaired 'em. Walking shoes wore down so much. But Nikes last two or three years. Wear a long time.... I'm the only shoe repair left in Boone Co.; Jefferson closed up. Perry closed up."

With his minimum charge of \$2.00, renewal can be found at this friendly "Repair Shoppe." There is a sense of dignity to be found in restoration; a sense of waste not / want not, even gratitude. If insecurity lurks behind his statistics of dwindling shoe repairmen, it is well hidden beneath the face of Mr. Timm. As I watched him take an old boot in hand, I realized the very meekness of the act itself. His humility allowed for new strength to begin. Assured of his own ability, he proceeded from his machines to finally, his polisher. Put into motion before me were instruments that stood the test of time. The cowboy boot he was working with required the Landis Stitcher. Some of the other instruments were pulling for more of my attention: the Goodyear Finisher, the Schiver or Six-in-One, and the Patcher. The Patcher is a black treadle Singer sewing machine that has its place of honor in the front of the shop. Over sixty years old, its presence is known. The heavy looking, cast-iron body boldly states its purpose: work and restoration. As Mr. Timm sews on a buckle, his hands work slowly and knowingly while his foot presses down on the treadle. The thread must go exactly where the other thread once was. Perfectly. Lovely. Good as new.

In Mr. Timm's shop one can find an example of the efficiency of recycling. Usefulness doesn't end the moment something is rejected or suddenly put to the side to make room

for the latest and greatest. Usefulness can be redetermined, reassessed.

On November 15, America is celebrating its third year of America Recycles Day, a day to celebrate and inspire efforts of recycling and preservation. Last year, 1998, more than 2 million Americans participated in 4, 143 events in 44 states-- the biggest so far and further growth is obvious. According to *Recycler's World*, there are now 20 listings of options for those who see value in things once deemed useless. There are now 96 entries alone under the title: "Textiles and Leather Recycling." Open, creative options are available in a world too quick to throw away the unwanted. In this restless world, the push for acceptance leads us to hurry into our next day, our next year, our next accomplishment. We are told there is little time; we must rush. And just like the sales jab, "Buy Now!", we tie ourselves down with commitments to something unattainable: material joy. But there is joy to be had in the creative spirit of recycling. I've seen it.

"I've got oodles and oodles of shoe strings. Oh, gully, just about every kind you can think of. I've got every color, every style." Mr. Timm's shoestring collection sits inside the glass case at the front of his shop. It is on the top of the display case that holds buckles for belts and even more shoestring. Penny shoeshine, Lincoln stain-wax, and Cat's Paw

half-soles are stacked within reach on nearby shelves. On front of the display case is taped a child's illustration of Mr. Timm: "To Grandpa." Sitting on top is a coffee mug that boasts, #1 Grandpa. There is a sign that tells that in 1996-1997, Mr. Dean Timm was a member of the board in the state of Iowa for Habitat for Humanity; an organization helping the poor to build and own their own homes. More evidence of purposeful living. More solutions. More help. He told me that on Mondays he sings favorite hymns for some of the patients at Mercy hospital in Des Moines. Here too, is hope and encouragement. Here too, is joyful work that satisfies something unseen.

Through the steady and sparkling, blue eyes of Mr. Timm, is sight and vision for rescue. He is an individual who looks out for others as well as for himself. The day-to-day routine may be slowing, but the purpose of skill is solid and lasting. Mishaps and flaws, scuff marks and wear; the weathered, soft leather is held in the hands of a man who accepts and knows his own virtue; the creativity of restoration. The tiny white shop holds a treasure and strength that is timeless, the hope of renewal.

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Gonzo
William Dean Hamilton

For Rose Hoffman's course, students were asked to write a creative non-fiction piece about a job they once had.

When I took a job delivering two newspaper routes, it was probably one of the last nails in my marriage's coffin. We were trying to make due with the varying paychecks of a commission sales person and feed three children. We thought it would help to have a source of income that was steady and was large enough to almost pay rent. Sometimes, on my days off from selling appliances at Sears, I used to work for my wife's dad as a roofer or painter.

One summer night I was at the newspaper drop-off center sorting my papers. The drop-off center was a brightly-lit place filled with about fifteen people. In the front of it were grocery store carts. In the back were the pallets of papers and Steve--the man who distributed them. In between the carts and the pallets stood five rows of wooden tables; the tables had nails pounded in them, which people used to hang the plastic rain sacks on. I never put the papers in the rain sacks at the drop-off center. It took too much time; and besides that, when they were in the sacks, the papers would slip all over the place. Besides, I could stick the papers in the sacks in the time it took to walk between houses.

I stacked the papers in a grocery-store cart, pushed the cart to my car, and unloaded it in the front seat of my white '92 Topaz. It would be another boring night.

While I was doing getting organized, a man walked up to me and asked, "Do you have a wrench so's I can adjust the seat on my bike?" It was a 20-inch boy's bike, ridiculous to think he would be riding it. He was a greasy looking man, and he wasn't wearing a shirt. He had long, straggly, dark-brown hair, and a tattoo on his forehead. The tattoo was a dirt-blue color--like the cheaper tattoos--and it was geometrical in shape.

I wasn't sure if I had a wrench, but I looked in my trunk anyway. "No, sorry; I don't." He ended up borrowing the wrench from another carrier.

I was pushing a grocery cart filled with newspapers back to my car when he said, "Here's your wrench back."

"Remember, it wasn't mine. I didn't have one."

"Oh," he stated, and he went inside to find the person. After I was done loading the car, I returned the shopping cart. Inside of the center the man was explaining to Steve that he couldn't remember from whom he had borrowed the wrench. He asked him if he could return it to its proper owner. I turned to leave. He ran over to me and asked, "Could you give me a ride? I have to be across town for a job."

"Sure," I told him after figuring out in my head that I had about 20 extra minutes besides the odd hour and a half it would take to deliver my papers. He was kind of scary looking, but I knew, as a Christian, I should never judge people by appearances. I thought he might have a difficult time finding anyone else to provide transportation. I think another reason I gave him a ride was because my rationality doesn't wake up until at least 10:30 in the morning.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Bill. And yours?"

"Dave, but everyone who knows me calls me 'Gonzo.'"

"Oh, OK."

"Would it be okay if I hung out with you until six. I don't have to be at my job until then."

"I have to do my route now," I answered. He was putting his bike and a 12-pack of beer--which my keen powers of observation had overlooked until that time--in the back seat. He had it off to the side of the building like he was hiding it. I guess I would have still given him a ride anyway, but it bugged me the same.

Gonzo didn't hesitate, "I'll help you with it." So off we drove. "Thanks a lot. My aunt gave me that little bike to get around on, and I'm not sure how far it will get me." He changed the radio station without asking. I thought to myself, how rude.

I would never do that, but at least it's a station I like. How far am I going to have to drive? I have a set routine that was going to be disrupted by this man.

I drove west down Park Avenue. He was talking about something. I don't remember too much of the conversation. It sounded like some sort of drug thing. I said, "I don't use drugs."

Gonzo said, "I'm cool with that."

I pulled into my first customer's driveway. It was a big house on the west side of Fleur; the front yard was filled with trees, shadows, and moonlight.

Gonzo's eyes darted around. "Whose house is this? I've got busted pulling in driveways like this."

"We're not doing anything wrong. This is my first customer's house. Wait here while I deliver these two papers." I got out of the car and put the papers in rain-sacks as I went. When I was done putting the papers in the sacks, I turned to look back at the car. The car was stained blue from the night, and I couldn't see him very well, but I could tell he was doing something. I climbed in the car and saw he had put a few papers in rain sacks.

"I'll help you since you are helping me," he said and smiled. "I'll give you five bucks for gas."

"No, I don't want it." I meant it. I thought he could use the money more than I could.

"You're being real nice to me. If anybody asks me you're okay in my book. I'll get your papers all sacked up for you, just because you're helping me."

"I really do appreciate it."

Gonzo smiled. "Hell, I'll be honest with you. I just got out of prison. I won't lie to you; you're OK. I am doing a good job helping you put these papers in the sack, aren't I?" He reminded me of Becky, my daughter. When she helps set the table or clean her room, she always asks me if she did a good job.

"Yes, of course you are." I got out of the car and threw five papers at dark suburban porches.

I got back in the car and drove to the next house. Gonzo smelled like sweat, tobacco, and oil that you drain out of a car after an oil change. What is my wife going to say when I tell her I gave this man a ride? I know what she'll say; she'll call me stupid, or say I'm too nice for my own good.

Gonzo said, "The other day a lady asked me what this tattoo was on my head. I told her it was because I hate niggers."

I tried to hide the emotion on my face. I've heard about tattoos like that before from other stupid, racist, people.

"Could you give me twelve papers?" The papers were slippery and a few fell out of my carrier bag. I thought of how in the Bible

the forehead symbolizes a person's thoughts. Like in Revelations where it talks about the number of the beast being written on people's foreheads. I threw ten of the papers at what seemed a random pattern of doorsteps and returned to the car. Gonzo was concerned by the two extras. "I didn't count them right?"

It was force of habit, my grabbing 12 papers--a habit I had carried on two months now after the people had stopped taking the paper. "Um, I, um, forgot that those people were on vacation. So, um, how did you happen upon the name Gonzo?"

"They used to call my brother Gonzo, after Ted Nugent. He loved Ted Nugent; he always listened to him. Do you like him?"

"Yeah, he's pretty cool." I loved Ted Nugent. When I was in fourth grade I got to sit up on the monkey bars with the sixth-graders because my grandmother got me a Ted Nugent t-shirt. They all just loved Ted Nugent, and all I had to do to be cool was sit on the monkey bars and agree with them. (She works at the Iowa State Fair and got it there for free). OK, I didn't have any idea who Ted Nugent was then, but I do like him now.

"Yeah, I like him too," he paused. "My brother died when I was seventeen, so now everyone calls me Gonzo. He looked down for a second. "Look how many papers I got sacked for you. I'd feel better if you took five bucks from me for gas."

"OK," I said. I took the money and ten papers for the next row of houses. I delivered the paper to a house with big, white

pillars. I delivered the rest to mundane houses on both sides of the block. We drove up three long driveways, which were in a row. I cracked the door to the car and threw a paper at each of the huge houses at the end of them. I delivered the paper to three collections of gray townhouses. I grabbed five papers and went to the last cul-de-sac. The end of my route. I would be able to get Gonzo to where he needed to go and get home for some rest before I had to get up for work.

Mr. Noah lives in the third house on the cul-de-sac, the one who owns Noah's Dry Cleaners. My brother was the best man at his son's wedding. He doesn't know that. I've never met him. That doesn't seem right, in a way. It seems lonely.

I have met only eight people out of the odd hundred and twenty houses I deliver to. I have seen more deer on these streets than human beings. They seemed as out of place as I feel; I feel like a robber sometimes, sneaking through the night when no one is awake. No one wants to get up and see me; when I call for money, they leave a check taped to the door.

Sometimes it's peaceful, which is fine with me; but sometimes I get lonely and wish I had someone to talk to. Now I had someone with me, and all I wanted to do was get rid of him.

As soon I was done, I climbed in the car and asked Gonzo, "Where do you want me to drop you off?"

"Do you know where the Quiktrip is on North West 14th?"

Gonzo asked.

"Yeah, the one on the other side of town?"

"That's the one. I have to go there and call a guy I'm working for and have him meet me."

"Okay."

"Since you're being so nice to me, I'm going to be right up front with you. I stole that bike. It wasn't from anyone on the south side. It was from a house over in Norwalk." I stared at him. At least at five in the morning there aren't many cars to run into; otherwise, I would have gotten into an accident. I should have known the bike was stolen, but it never dawned on me. I felt angry and naive.

From that point on, all I could think of was how the boy would feel when he went outside to ride his bike the next morning. I thought of how much my bike meant to me when I was that age.

"You aren't a snitch are you?" My silence had spoken too loudly.

"No, I'm not." Perhaps it was the wrong thing to say. *My bike, my bike*, the child would cry. Somehow I must get the bike back from him. I knew he had no need for the bike, and there must be a police report.

Gonzo threw a cigarette out of the window. Sparks flew as it hit the ground. "Can I have the five bucks back while I call my boss? I'll give it right back to you when I'm done."

I didn't understand this at first, until I realized that he didn't think I would leave if he had the five bucks. *Dad, I'm sorry. I always remember to put it in the garage. I only left it out once.*

Gonzo got back in the car. "Thanks for staying. Here's your five bucks back. Can you drop me off at a bar over in downtown? My boss didn't want to do any work today."

I told him "Yeah, sure." How else was I to rid myself of him? However, I was forming a plan. It might have been pretty weak, but it was indeed a plan.

I wanted to start to talk about religion, specifically about the Psalms. I recently heard that the Psalms predict the future. Psalm 1 corresponds with 1901. I would tell him that the 93rd Psalm talks about floods and the year we here in Des Moines experienced the worst flood in recorded history. I would tell him that it also predicted WWII and its end, the Holocaust, and many other events. I would start with this, and then turn the conversation to the bike, which was absolutely useless to him. *How many weeks of my allowance will it be, Mommy?*

"Yeah, I can sell that bike for \$20, easy, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I suppose." *No, I can't go riding in the park with you. My bike got stolen.* How to bring it up. "I'm a Christian."

"Yeah, oh, I'm sorry man, I probably offended you."

"No, you didn't."

"I believe in the Bible and all of that. When I was in prison, I read about how stars will fall from heaven and burn a third of the Earth. Yeah. I do believe in all of that."

Yes, the trumpets, trumpets are referred to in a few of the psalms. That was a good way to derail my argument. "You believe more than some liberal ministers. Isn't that terrible?" After the words came out, I was sorry that I phrased it like that, but he didn't notice.

"Yeah, I know. This guy tried to tell me the Bible has contradictions in it. I told him that there was no way."

"That's right. The Bible is hard to understand, a lot of things are symbolic, but they never contradict."

"When I die, Jesus will be my savior."

He knew what to say to get Christians to shut up.

Gonzo said, "Drive careful now. There's a cop over there. He's a mean bastard, too. He's arrested me before. He looked nervous, too nervous. I hate to say it, but if I was a cop I think that nervous, greasy men with tattoos on their foreheads would probably look very suspicious to me. No wonder he was caught doing whatever he was doing to get sent to prison."

I drove him to the bar as the morning broke. "My aunt's gonna be mad that I didn't get to work today."

I pulled into the bar's parking lot and Gonzo gave me his phone number. "Call me sometime if you feel like talking. If you want, I'll go to church with you." He got out of the car and I opened the trunk.

"Okay, I'll call you." I helped him unload the bike, but I knew I never would call him. Gonzo stuck the twelve-pack in some bushes.

"That bike's worth \$20 all day long," Gonzo said. He tied the bike up with the dirty, yellow plastic ties that had held my papers together.

"I'll be seeing you later." I wished I had 20 bucks to offer him for the bike. I got back in the car and drove home. My heart felt large and empty. My legs and eyes and arms felt tired, like they had for months.

I went inside, lay down in my bed, one which I knew I couldn't get any sleep in because of what had happened. I lay next to my wife. And I knew I didn't feel close enough to her anymore to tell about Gonzo and me.

What Happens when You Swallow Metal Objects:
A Cow's Story
Derek Sullivan

For Mark Conley's course, students were asked to write a profile on a topic that people would find informative.

A cool, autumn brown truck pulls up to the white rock rural driveway. Inside the large, very expensive truck is a veterinarian from the State University. The farmer waits with a tiny, forced grin, ready to "lay out" some small-town charm.

"How was your trip?" the farmer asks.

"Good, thanks. So I hear you have a case of hardware disease?" the doctor replies.

Hardware disease occurs in grazing animals. In this instance, a grazing cow ate a sharp metal object. The metal object punctured its reticulum (the first of its four stomachs), then its diaphragm, and eventually infected the pericardial sac, which is a thin covering around the heart. When the sac becomes infected, it creates scar tissue, which puts large amounts of pressure on the weak, defenseless heart.

It is up to the farmer to recognize a problem. He must look for weight loss, fatigue, and overall grouchiness. Many farmers feed strong magnets to their cows, in order to trap the sharp, deadly object in the bottom of the reticulum to keep it from doing harm. If the farmer feels the cow is in danger of heart failure, he will be forced to call in an experienced

veterinarian or be faced with losing thousands of dollars on his investment.

The farmer cannot handle this procedure. The only possible remedy for this problem is to drain and remove the infected pericardial sac. He has no choice but to call on an experienced Doctor of Veterinary Medicine who must have years of intense study to perform this complicated procedure. While in school, the vet spends hundreds of hours studying each part of the patient, from the smallest cells to the largest organ. He is a skilled practitioner, and people rely on his knowledge.

During surgery, the large, sedated patient stands. The procedure is not usually done in a sterile animal hospital environment but on the owner's farm. The cow is too sick and too large to be transported to the veterinary hospital. The doctor only needs three tools, and there is no need for assistants: a scalpel, a protractor, and a bone saw. The vet also has very little time. The cow hid in the herd for weeks, and only two days ago did the farmer call the vet for assistance.

One major problem is "putting the cow under." General anesthesia would put the cow completely asleep, but at this point it is also a great health risk. Instead, the vet uses a local anesthesia on the side and lower body. On this day, the vet also gives the cow a sedative to make sure the unknowing,

frightened cow stands perfectly still. Using local anesthesia can take up to nine shots. The vet gives his patient eight shots in the shape of an upside-down "L" on its side, in effect, cutting off feeling to the area of skin and nerves around the heart. The vet knows that eight shots are enough.

Surprising to me, the cow does not scream or move after the first scalpel incision. The scalpel is a five-inch long tool, consisting of a metal handle with a small knife at the end, which is as sharp as a new razor blade. The skin and muscle are rough, but the scalpel cuts through them like a sharp knife through a ripe summer tomato. Blood is present, but it is not a problem for the skilled vet.

The vet is very costly, but very much worth the money. The farmer hopes for few complications. If everything goes as planned, the cost of the procedure could run under five hundred dollars. The farmer is, after all, still hoping for a profit. The vet works efficiently, with little concern of errors. He cuts through the muscle as though it is a red, ripe steak. The farmer does not seem worried, and stands in the back, watching, as if thinking, "I could do this."

Once the skin and muscle are cut, the protractor is now used to hold them back and fully open the incision. The protractor must be extremely strong, given the size of the patient. The two sharp hooks on either side of the instrument

must be buried into the flesh and pulled away to hold the skin and muscle. The vet needs to be able to look at the ribcage without anything moving.

Even if the cow lives, it will permanently lose its fifth rib. The vet first peels away the outer layer of the rib, called the periosteum. The periosteum is a tough and thick layer that covers all the bones in the body, and it is not easily separated from the bone. Next, a bone saw is used to saw off the rib. A bone saw is a wire saw that is very pliable and easily moved in tight spaces. The vet can work the saw behind the rib and cut through it, cutting back to front. There is just a touch of dark, ruby red blood on the dull, off-white surface of the rib bone. Little white shavings fall to the hard, autumn ground. The vet will work at this for a while. Even though the bone saw is convenient, it is not overly sharp. For instance, it is not nearly as sharp as the scalpel that had little trouble with either the skin or the muscle.

Halfway through cutting the rib bone, the vet stops to gather his thoughts and clear his mind. It is a weary job, as he must continuously concentrate. The vet looks into the cow's eyes, hoping that it is not as sick as it looks. It is a huge emotional disappointment when he is called on too late. Several times he has worked on similar cases, only to see the cow go into cardiac arrest midway through the operation. Finally, it

takes a total of 15 minutes to remove a five-inch piece of the fifth rib.

Although the first two-thirds of the procedure are very difficult and require tremendous skill, the remaining job is full of potential disasters. Once inside the cavity where the heart lies, the vet must be careful while touching the heart, so that it is not knocked off of its normal beat, which would be cause an arrhythmia. With all the pressure on the heart, the cow has become extremely weak and fragile. If the cow's heart loses its regular rhythm, cardiac arrest is very likely. He also must be careful of the lungs. They are surprisingly big and can be easily damaged.

The vet's well-trained hands remain very still, as if he were stacking playing cards. Blowing on his hands, he goes to work. He locates the puss-filled infected pericardial sac. The pericardial sac is normally as thin as paper, but has grown ten times its original thickness. It is literally squeezing the life out of the cow's heart. It has the appearance of two-week-old cherry gelatin. It is mushy and gives off a rustic, musky smell.

The vet has two choices at this point: drain the pericardial sac or remove it completely. The time aspect of drainage is a worry, and so he decides on complete and swift removal. Although the pericardial sac is a protective layer

around the heart, the cow can survive relatively well for a short while without it. The farmer only wants the cow to remain healthy until it can be butchered, so long-term prognosis is not a problem.

As the vet grabs for the sac, it is fibrous, like strands of celery. It is movable, but also very strong. Vision is also beginning to be a problem. Even with the metal protractor holding back the skin and muscle like a dam holding back powerful waters, the space is very small and the vet's eyes are beginning to strain. It is natural to want to rush, as he is close to finishing the job, but he must be precise. There is a danger of rupturing coronary vessels as the sac is peeled off the heart, so the vet must work slowly and patiently. The vet takes several breaks to catch his breath. Every time he stops, he looks in the cow's eyes, as if to say, "Just hang in there, partner."

After he finally gets the sac removed, he places it on the dusty ground next to the dull, dirtied rib bone. The heart's beat, which was barely visible before, is suddenly marked and strong. It becomes a dramatic red color as it engorges with blood, and empties, indicating that the heart has been saved. The vet continues to explore the area around the heart, searching for additional damage, or even the possible

perpetrator of the cow's medical problems. He finds what he is looking for.

"It is a nail," declares the vet.

"Usually is," the relieved farmer replies.

It is difficult to tell if the cow is 100%, because it is still quite lethargic from the sedative. The farmer does not worry, though. His gamble has paid off.

The vet finishes the job, by first re-attaching the periosteum. It will make a durable replacement for the lost rib bone. While sewing up the skin, the vet casually talks to the farmer about the fall harvest. The cow is okay for now, but only for a little while. In five weeks, it will be off to the slaughterhouse.

On the way back, the vet will stop at two more farms. He will look at a sick pig and a dog recovering from being hit by a car. A vet must know enough information to cure just about every animal. I guess the saying is true: "A vet is an M.D. not limited to one species."

Victoria's Secret Garden
Dana Anderson

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to write an evaluation. If the topic were unfamiliar to a general audience, students had to clarify their criteria.

Body lotion is a product that is in high demand by women across America. Among the most common brands bought are Victoria's Secret Garden, Bath & Body Works, Body Source, and national brands sold at department stores (such as Wal-Mart). These lotions are generally used for two purposes: fragrancng and moisturizing dry skin. In addition to fragrancng and moisturizing, there are some other considerations when choosing the right lotion: cost, texture, consistency, and how long the lotion will last.

The cost of lotion plays a large role in which brand to buy. Victoria's Secret Garden line of body lotion costs approximately nine dollars per eight-ounce bottle, so women are getting less for their money compared to most national brands. To make the costs more affordable, Victoria's Secret usually offers deals on its lotions and other body products; for example one can buy three bottles for a lower price than if one buys products individually. The expense of this brand of lotion is considerable for some, but for those who are more concerned with the quality of the lotion, they would be getting quite a bargain.

Those who buy Victoria's Secret Garden lotion would, in the long run, save more money than those who buy any other brand do. Even though there are lotions sold for less, it is not always a wise investment because generally the quality of the lotion is quite poor. For example, one purchasing Body Source lotion (sold at Kohl's department stores) should expect a lower price, but with that, the lotion does not last long, the lotion leaves a sticky residue on skin, and the fragrance lasts about an hour.

The texture of Victoria's Secret Garden body lotions is creamy, smooth, and of a thinner consistency. I find that I can use less of Victoria's Secret Garden lotion because it spreads over a vast area of skin, unlike Bath & Body Works brand lotion. Although the quality of Bath & Body Works lotion is quite similar to Victoria's Secret Garden lotion, Bath & Body Works lotion is thicker in consistency, so it does not cover a very large portion of skin. Because of the product's inability to cover much skin, one uses more and has to buy more, thus spending more money.

Along with the texture and consistency of a lotion, women must also consider how long a lotion will last. The fragrance and moisture from Victoria's Secret Garden line of body lotion lasts longer than any other brand. I once tested this theory by covering one arm with Victoria's Secret Garden lotion, and I covered the other arm with Bath & Body Works lotion. Both

moisturized and scented my skin, but after four hours, the arm that was covered with Bath & Body Works lotion was dry and unscented; the arm covered with Victoria's Secret Garden lotion remained moist and scented.

I have found that Victoria's Secret Garden body lotions are everything they advertise to be. On the back of every bottle of lotion there is an inscription:

In Victoria's Secret Garden, everything leaves your skin petal soft and wonderfully fragrant. Especially our Silking Body Lotion. Enriched with natural skin conditioners like primrose oil, chamomile, and meadowsweet extract, it smoothes on easily and absorbs quickly to leave your skin soft, silky, and delicately scented.

The above description fits Victoria's Secret Garden lotion exactly because it smoothes on easily and leaves skin soft and beautifully fragrant.

My advice on body lotion is that if you want to spend more money in the long run, continually reapply lotion, and all together use a less-effective lotion, then buy the national brand. For those who want the best quality lotion for the best bargain, buy Victoria's Secret Garden, the only brand that fragrances and moisturizes skin effectively.

Will You Be My Mentor?
Joyce E. McIntire

For Alan Hutchison's course, students were given the following prompt: Author Mike Rose believes that in order to "journey up through the top levels of the American educational system," students—especially those from depressed communities—will need "people to guide [them] into conversations that seem foreign and threatening." Students were asked to write an essay in which they show how they've been guided into those conversations. They were asked to use Rose's essay through quotation to define terms and provide a reader unfamiliar with Rose's essay enough context to understand their meaning.

Here I am surrounded by my new classmates, reading the first assignment, "Entering the Conversation," by Mike Rose. Rose's essay portrays his life in college, with particular attention to the guidance and support he received from professors during his years at Loyola University. The story caused me to wonder, "Has my life been affected by a 'Mentor'?" "What meaning does an 'Academic Conversation' have for me?" According To Webster II, the definition of Mentor is "a trusted counselor or guide." One of the many definitions offered by Webster II for Academic is "based on formal studies esp. at a college or university."

In the month of August 1976, I walked through a new door. I entered the land of college, where I found and came to appreciate those special people, commonly referred to as mentors, who could support and guide me through academic conversations that seemed foreign and threatening. Twenty plus years later I stepped through another new door into Composition

I, conducted by Alan Hutchison. I ask myself the same question I have been asking and answering since the first time I stepped into a college class. "Why am I here?" Then comes the obvious answer. "This is a required course." Since then I have accumulated various college course credits and the security of a job I enjoy and appreciate.

Did a particular individual influence my academic achievements, as teachers influenced Rose's academic achievements? There was a high school teacher named Jack MacFarland to guide Rose during his last year in high school and the initiation into college. Because of MacFarland's guidance and support, Rose applied to and was accepted by Loyola University. "This was the next step in Jack MacFarland's plan for me—and I did okay for a while" (Rose 24).

Rose did not enter college alone; a couple of his high school friends were also accepted. Rose and his friends continued to visit MacFarland regularly during their freshman year. During these visits, the boys were at ease to act out their feelings and thoughts regarding the classes and teachers they encountered at Loyola. Rose discovered that MacFarland was helping to direct his college life, for MacFarland "started making phone calls to some of his old teachers at Loyola—primarily to Dr. Frank Carothers, the chairman of the English Department. Dr. Carothers volunteered to look out for us—enable

us to read and write a lot under the close supervision of a faculty member" (Rose 27). However, Rose did not realize the full potential of MacFarland's guidance until many years later. MacFarland accepted Rose and encouraged him to continue into the strange new world of college education.

My high school years are just a blur to me now; only the light of dances, games of football won, and water balloon fights remain. High school was not a difficult time for me because it was in a small rural community that catered to family values and a basic education. When I decided to go to college, I did not venture far from the past; I chose the area community college in Webster City. The first year I entered college remains with me, particularly the first classroom I entered in this new and very strange arena. Heart pounding, short of breath, light headed, all just physical anxiety, I wondered "Is there an escape route?" Wild random thoughts were flowing through my mind on just how bad of a fool I could make of myself. It may be just pictures in my head, hiding in the background, yet visual in my mind's eye.

The first year of college, the first new class, the first time to ask, "Why am I here?" It was psychology, taught by Professor Tom Rogers. A middle-aged man, husky with slightly graying hair stood before the class and me. At first glance, I noted a non-intrusive type of fellow. When he spoke of

psychology, he became very alive, leaning into the class, excited, enthusiastic, with a lift in his otherwise soft voice. Rogers seemed always on the verge of discovery, as was one of Rose's college mentors, Don Johnson, the philosophy instructor. Rose described Johnson as a patient man, who was also finding his way in the area of writing, philosophy and Catholic religion. Johnson would reason through a philosophical issue presented by an author and then raise his own questions. "He was a working philosopher, and he was thinking out loud in front of us" (Rose 30). Through this process, Rose learned to question what he read. As Johnson was learning about himself, he was guiding Rose into breaking down his reading into sections and thoughts to gain a better view of the whole picture.

Psychology held no interest to me. I did not care for that type of class, as my focus was on math and accounting. Rogers had the ability to be excited about psychology. As he became more involved in the topic of the day, he would lean into the audience, make eye contact, and cause me to see the world of which he spoke. For the first time, I was inquisitive about a new area. Dr. Frank Carothers introduced Rose to neophyte English during Rose's sophomore year. Rose was encouraged by Carothers' fusion of "the joy he got from reading literature—poetry especially—with his deep pleasure in human community" (32). Rose realized an awareness of discovery from Carothers,

for "he spread English literary history out in slow time across the board, and I was introduced to people I'd never head of" (32). So it was for me with psychology; I found myself asking Rogers questions after class for "he started his best work once class was over" (32). I was taking notes and researching areas that were not required reading.

Rogers never turned away a student or a question. As Rose "was reading words but not understanding text" (30), so it was for my comprehension of psychology. Yet Rogers believed in listening to each student and having us listen to each other. Even when he was frowning at an impetuous thought from a student, there was no interruption. My outlook improved because of Rogers' show of patience and tolerance. He actively listened, rephrased the question back to us and applauded our failures as well as our accomplishments. Ted Erlandson influenced Rose this way, as he helped Rose develop his style of writing. Erlandson's technique was hands on, as "he rarely used grammatical terms, and he never got technical. He dealt with specific bits of language. Erlandson's linguistic parenting felt just right; a modeling of grace until it all slowly, slowly began to work itself into the way I shaped language" (Rose 35).

Rogers brought to me the "confidence that if I stayed with material long enough and kept asking questions, I would get it" (Rose 31). I ended with a good grade because I was interested

and it opened a whole new balance of what college offered. I learned the importance of looking toward each individual to see what he or she had to offer to our understanding of the information placed before us. As I came to see Rogers as a mentor, I also came to view the class around me as mentors. From Rogers I was able to gain the courage and insights to venture forward and continue to learn about myself and explore new areas of interest. Rose's instructors lead him on the path of self-awareness, and the challenges of academic life. The intervention gave Rose the courage to believe and ask questions, to break down the words so that they became true meaning with shape, form and purpose. "The kind longed for in the stream of blue-ribbon reports on the humanities that now cross my desk. I developed the ability to read closely, to persevere in the face of uncertainty and ask questions of what I was reading" (Rose 37).

Rose spent his adolescence in South LA, living in a trailer house with his mom, while my life had been on a farm in a small corner of Iowa. Although the surroundings were different, the atmosphere was the same for Rose and me. We were isolated from many possibilities of enrichment that education had to offer. With the assistance of the professors, Rose and I were able to realize the existence and possibilities of the world beyond the one we had known as children.

Today I am attending another required course, with a room full of new individuals. What do I see as I look around the room? Others in the same place I am, each bringing his or her own life history. I smile and they return the smile. I ask a question and they have an opinion. I tell a story; they have a story in return. They offer friendly faces, calm voices, steady tones, relaxed body language, various conversation, stories of their prior experiences, the ability to relate to the experiences in my life and apply it to the new situation.

Is there one particular person who shines above the rest? Who stands out from the crowd of new and familiar faces surrounding me each day? They seem to melt together in a collection of opinions, ideas, views, insights. I walk with the assurance that the new and familiar faces I encounter will look at the picture to behold a different aspect. By being aware that there is more than one side to every story, I can gain knowledge and understanding from all those around me.

I shall continue to step through new doors of education and search for a mentor, that special person to guide me with the relationship of words, listening and questioning. Only then can I become an active member of academic conversations through the process of learning individual meaning, taking the meanings then turning them back into complete thoughts. For today, my

classmates are mentors and the world around me speaks "the language of the academy" (Rose 33).

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A Battle Within
Amanda King & Dana Anderson

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to interpret one of three stories from Chapter 10 of *St. Martin's Guide to Writing*, 5th ed. They were given the opportunity to collaborate on the essay if they wished.

In a first reading of "The Use of Force," readers may see a struggle between a doctor and a child, assuming the only conflict is a power struggle between a high-class doctor and a poor, defiant child. But, at a deeper level, readers will see an internal battle within the doctor. As the doctor tries to uncover the child's secret, which will determine her illness, he not only hurts her, but betrays her as well. The child distrusts the doctor throughout the entire story. In this essay we will attempt to show these effects by considering Sigmund Freud's psychoanalytic theory of the Id, Ego, and Superego. As the doctor transcends from each of these states of mind, he uses force to diagnose the child's illness, to reason with the child, and reason with his own sexual urges. The concept of the Id, Ego, and Superego suggests a deeper meaning to the story and makes it clear to the reader that the situation involves more than a single reading can provide.

In the beginning of "The Use of Force," the doctor appears to be a nice man who is simply coming to take a throat culture of a young child who may have contracted diphtheria (a deadly disease that causes one's air passage to become blocked so

badly, one cannot breathe). The doctor is first introduced to the child's parents who appear to be confused about what has been wrong with their child for the past three days. The doctor, being the "nice" man he is, ponders why they had not called a doctor. Apparently, the family is poor and perhaps fearful of both their daughter's condition, but quite possibly of physicians in general. At a first glance, the doctor seems professional, but he later acts extremely improperly as his Id takes over.

During the doctor's examination of the child, the idea of the Id is apparent. The Id is the unconscious reservoir of drives, which are constantly active. Ruled by the pleasure principle, the Id demands immediate satisfaction of its urges, regardless of undesirable effects (Cohan). As soon as the doctor examines the child, he immediately has sexual thoughts running through his head. He describes the child as "an unusually attractive little thing, as strong as a heifer in appearance." These thoughts indicate that the doctor may be taking a more intimate look at the girl. Because he uses the word "heifer," which denotes a young "virgin" cow, he connects his thoughts of sexual intercourse with the child. The description, "her magnificent blonde hair" also points to the doctor's uncontrollable urge to have this child in some way. Though his Id is beginning to take over, the doctor still

manages to go on acting in what appears to be a professional manner.

As the doctor begins to examine the child (an innocent encounter with the girl), he starts to try to find out her "secret." When the doctor asks the parents if the girl had complained of a sore throat at all, they seem to be a little confused and both quickly reply: "No...no, she says her throat don't hurt her." This is where the Ego comes in. The Ego operates mainly in conscious and preconscious levels; it is evolved from the Id, and the Ego takes care of the inappropriate Id urges as soon as the adequate circumstance is found (Cohan). Because the parents are very concerned for their child, their questions refocus the doctor. But as the doctor tries to examine the child, he grows impatient and angry. The doctor is trying to look at the girl's throat and ask her questions, but with her expressionless face it is difficult for him to interpret the problem. At this point in the story, the doctor has already "fallen in love" with the picturesque child and is trying to coax her into opening her mouth so that he confirm what he already knows. In his frustration, but also out of his conflicted feelings, he will provoke the child to violence. He cannot completely repress his Id urges.

During the time the doctor is trying to assess the child's illness, she becomes enraged and lashes her hands across his

face in an attempt to keep him from finding out her "secret." At this point, the doctor returns to the Id state and begins to use force. He loses perspective for everything except attacking her to get what he desires: both her cooperation with his examination and satisfaction for his sexual urges. His anger rises and he wants to kill the parents for their apprehension and helplessness. The doctor's anger increases as he orders the father to "put her in front of you on your lap, and hold both her wrists." He forces the child's father to assist, thus gaining control of the situation. As the doctor's Id begins to take over, he grasps the child's head and forces the wooden tongue depressor between her teeth. The sexually suggestive description cannot go unnoticed.

The doctor then begins to feel guilty after behaving so irrationally, demonstrating the Superego state of mind. The Superego is only partially conscious and serves as a censor on the ego functions, compromising the individual's ideals derived from values of his family and society and is the source of guilty feelings and fears of punishment (Cohan). The doctor demonstrates the Superego state of mind when he says, "But now I also had grown furious--at a child. I tried to hold myself down but I couldn't. I know how to expose a throat for inspection. And I did my best." The doctor questions his feelings and his abilities to perform adequately and professionally. It is

apparent he adores children and feels guilty for acting inappropriately.

After that brief moment of guilt and attempt to reason with his feelings, the doctor once again returns to the Id state of mind. Even though the child bleeds after he forces the tongue depressor into her mouth, he still persists with "the use of force." Her wild hysterical shrieks do not distract him from his objective(s), although for a brief moment he experiences the Superego state of mind. The doctor realizes he has to do the professional job he came to perform: "But I have seen at least two children lying dead in bed of neglect in such cases, and feeling that I must get a diagnosis now or never I went at it again." At this point the doctor is moving from feelings of the Id to feelings of the Superego. At one moment he feels as though he could kill the child, and at the next moment he feels a certain adoration for her, but he is also rationalizing his inappropriate behavior and feelings.

The most significant sign of the Id is his apparent need for "muscular release." By now, he is beyond reason: "I could have torn the child apart in my own fury and enjoyed it. It was a pleasure to attack her. My face was burning with it." The doctor has reached his peak with anger and can no longer control it. Along with his anger there is a sexual suggestion: "But a blind fury, a feeling of adult shame, bred of a longing for

muscular release are the operatives." He is associating his anger with the child as a means of ejaculation. He is preparing to release his sexual urges and finish the battle with the child.

Furthermore, in the final assault the doctor overpowers the child's neck and jaws and forces the heavy metal spoon down her throat until she gags. The tonsils are covered with membrane; she had been hiding her sore throat for three days. The image of the doctor forcing the spoon down her throat once again displays a sexual suggestion—oral sex. The blood from the child's mouth is also sexually significant: symbolically, her hymen is broken. The child is more furious than before: "She had been on the defensive before but now she attacked. Tried to get off her father's lap and fly at me while tears of defeat blinded her eyes." Ultimately, the doctor wins his internal battle. He finally relieves himself, and at the same time, uncovers the child's secret. He can now be at ease with himself and properly diagnose the child.

In the Id state of mind, the doctor demonstrates violence and sexual thoughts toward the child. As he moves into the Ego state of mind, he finds himself able to temporarily control his sexual urges because the parents' concern brings him back to reality. The doctor moves from each state of mind as he tries

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to fight his internal battle. When in the Superego mind frame, the doctor experiences guilty feelings for his manic behavior.

By applying Freud's psychoanalytic theory of the Id, Ego, and Superego to "The Use of Force," we perceive the doctor's internal battle as he moves from each extreme state. Using both professional and inappropriate behavior, the doctor uses force to discover the child's secret, rationalize his behavior, but also to satisfy his sexual urges.

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COMPOSITION II

Causes of the Increase in the Snow Geese Population
Brad Meyer

For Judy Hauser's class, students were asked to write a four-page minimum research paper using at least four print and/or electronic sources in which they speculated about a cause. They were to consider some important or intriguing phenomenon or trend, and explain why it might have occurred. Students were required to describe their subject, demonstrate its existence if necessary, and propose possible causes for it. The purpose was to convince readers of the superiority of some causes over other causes.

The snow geese population in Canada has been increasing five percent every year since the 1960s. This overwhelming increase in the number of snow geese is having a devastating effect on Canada's old tundra landscapes. The optimum sustainable population was determined to be two hundred thousand snow geese (Reiger). The actual population has grown to six million snow geese; this is clearly well over the determined sustainability of the region (Ben-Ari).

Every year the geese flock to Hudson Bay in the spring to breed. Their main source of food there is the vegetation found on the old tundra during the summer. Millions of snow geese sharing vegetation has caused a great decline in the amount of vegetation found. In some areas the land has been reduced to desert-like conditions with a loss of one hundred percent of the vegetation. "When you remove...a square meter of vegetation in your backyard, within a couple of weeks you'll have plants growing again. When you remove it in the Arctic, it's 15 or 20

years before that happens," says Robert Rockwell, of the American Museum of Natural History (Ben-Ari).

An obvious cause to the population increase of the snow geese is the adaptation to increased crop production in the South. Specifically, increased rice production in such states as Texas, Arkansas, and Louisiana has created an almost unlimited food supply for the geese. The increase in rice production has created more than one million acres of abundant food for the snow geese (Rockwell). "Without the natural population control of limited food resources, the birds stored reserves, thereby increasing reproductive potential and breeding success" (Schultz). The snow geese are able to eat as much as they want for most of the year while they live in their winter retreat areas in Texas and Louisiana. This overabundance of food is allowing snow geese populations to soar. The rice also helps the geese obtain a lighter density through the high energy nutrient subsidy rice provides, so they can fly at higher altitudes and travel farther distances migrating without resting, resulting in much higher winter survival rates of the snow geese.

A second obvious cause to the increase in the snow geese population is the development of federal and state government wildlife refuges. These refuges are being established throughout the migration routes of the snow geese. These

preserves create a safe landing site for snow geese flocks migrating either north in the spring or south in the fall. These refuges also provide feeding grounds for the geese so that they can feed without being hunted. This is because federal and state wildlife refuges prohibit any form of hunting (Ben-Ari).

Every spring, the snow geese use these protected areas on their way to their breeding grounds in Canada. It is now legal to hunt snow geese in the spring and fall, but government refuges are excluded, an addition to the former law, which only allowed a fall hunting season. This amendment came about because the geese breed in the spring; therefore, hunting them during this time reduces the future population. However, it remains difficult to affect the population because so many of the geese rest on protected lands. In many cases, snow geese can travel far enough in one day to reach a refuge, in effect flying from refuge to refuge without being hunted. As a result, the snow geese numbers increase because there are more geese to breed than there would be if hunters were allowed to hunt on refuges. With restricted areas such as the government refuges, the snow geese population goes almost unaffected by the hunting seasons.

A hidden cause to the increase in the snow geese population is that the creatures are intelligent. This is due in part to their long life spans that allow them time to adapt to changes

in their environment. "Many have lived to old age--20 years or more--returning annually to the north frisky and ready to reproduce" (Fonda). The older birds learn how to pick out fake decoys and other tactics that were used against them previously. "A new technique may work for a while, but surviving birds soon catch on. That was true of snow goose kites in the 1970's, which now attract more gulls than geese" (Reiger). The simple kites would lure in snow geese so they could be shot, but now the geese don't even look at the kites.

Twenty-five years ago hunters used bleach bottles and white rags to lure small flocks of geese into shotgun range. Now professional guides employ at least a thousand or more high-quality decoys to attract and lure in huge flocks of snow geese (Reiger). As the geese get older, they experience different hunting techniques and learn from other geese in the flock. Many times, if some of the geese are not happy with what they see, the whole flock will not land and will continue on. A flock of one thousand geese has two thousand eyes looking for fake decoys or hunters dressed in camouflage outfits matching the surroundings. More advanced techniques keep being developed like moving decoys to simulate more realistic surroundings, but the geese will eventually figure out these new techniques.

Other waterfowl that is hunted, such as ducks, haven't learned these hunting techniques; but they take advantage of the

same food supplies and migration refuges and aren't increasing at comparable rates as the snow geese. Hunting techniques used for ducks have remained relatively unchanged since duck hunting has started and the population has not exploded, because the ducks aren't able to learn hunting techniques as the snow geese do.

A possible objection to the belief that snow geese are intelligent is that although some live over twenty years, the average lifespan for a snow goose is only seven years (Ben-Ari). In a seven-year lifespan the geese only experience seven hunting seasons that are relatively short, so there is not enough time for the geese to learn hunting techniques. Also, geese can communicate but not at the level of humans; therefore, they are not fully able to relay information on hunting techniques.

Although the average goose only lives seven years, there are a significant number of older geese in the flock that have experienced a variety of techniques and are, as a result, smarter. They have learned that rags are not geese, so they don't land; and if the older geese don't land, then the others won't either. The geese are cautious, and if there is any doubt, they will move on and look for a different landing area.

Thus, the five-percent annual increase in the snow geese population since the 1960s has been brought about by increased rice production, the creation of government refuges, and most

significantly: more intelligent geese. The snow geese population, unlike other waterfowl populations, is increasing because of smarter geese, not because of increased food supply and habitat.

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The Magical Kingdom
Joseph Keiser

For Sharran S. Slinkard's class, students were challenged to write a satirical commentary in the voice and style of Jonathan Swift's "Modest Proposal." They were directed to calmly propose an outrageous solution to a current social problem.

Let me begin this piece with a question. What makes us happy? In our modern, American society we need much more than the basics to satisfy us. It seems that we need bigger, better, faster, and more for us to be happy. But then again, that is what a capitalistic economy and society is all about. Americans want the best available, and it seems only one deity can provide that for us: Corporate America.

Corporate America knows what we want and need to be happy, and these businesses know how to give it all to us. For example, McDonald's supplies us with the All-American meal. Disney entertains us. Microsoft is becoming our lifeline. Wal-Mart offers us everything we wish to own. Without these wonderful establishments, we might not be able to find other ways to make us happy and satisfied.

What's even better about these companies is that sometimes they team up to give us numerous facets of happiness. For instance, the team of Anheuser-Busch and Major League Baseball. This relationship is good because now we can enjoy our favorite past time while under the influence. Every once in a while Disney offers toys and cardboard pictures in and on McDonald's

Happy Meals. Teamwork is so wonderful (and it brings in big bucks). As Americans, we should support these companies and be faithful to them because without them we might not be happy.

Let's look closer at Disney. This corporation presents slogans calling its amusement parks the "Happiest Place on Earth," "The Magical Kingdom." Wow! Who wouldn't want to go there? The best part, however, about Disney amusement parks is that there are two locations in America: sunny Florida and cheerful California. This means that anytime of the year Americans can load up the minivans--provided to us, at a considerable sum, by Ford or Chrysler--and drive across the country to see the famous human-stuffed Mickey Mouse. Why wouldn't we? Our favorite sports heroes announce on national television, just after winning that all-important championship, that they are going to Disneyland or Disneyworld. These athletes must think it's a great place, so we should too.

Money should be no object in dealing with Disney. It is, after all, the "happiest place in the world." It will be worth spending all the money for a trip there and back. We can spend our money on those famous ears; the ones that are black and look like Mickey Mouse. They will be worth the five dollars to wear for one day. Just think of the memories we will have after finding them in a dusty box in our back closets or attics 20 years from now. Since the parks are so big and the lines in

them are so long, we will have to attend for a few days, each day paying a hefty price to get in. But again think of the memories we will get from listening to that music all day repeatedly. That \$3 hotdog, \$3 French fries, and \$3 soda for everyone in the family will help pass the time waiting for those hour-long rides that last a minute and come with warnings and/or height restrictions. After walking around all day in hot weather, we can relax at the numerous Disney hotels located outside the parks. Sure it might be a little bit pricey but think about it: you're staying at a Disney hotel. Even more, there are Disney golf courses where the greens are shaped like the head of Mickey Mouse. Just think how great it would be to tell all your friends about getting a hole in one at (on?) Mickey!

There are so many attractions at the Disney parks to make us happy, especially our kids. Seeing the twinkle in their eyes after meeting Goofy--who sounds more like a sweaty teenager just doing a summer job than the actual Goofy--or after greeting Cinderella--whose skin is a fuzzy costume with fake hair--will be worth all the money in the world. Being able to see the castle, in the Disney logo, is worth it, even though it isn't really a castle and you can't go inside it at all.

Disney isn't just about theme parks either. Disney owns some of our favorite professional sports teams including the

Anaheim Mighty Ducks, which was given the name after a Disney movie. Quack quack! They also own Miramax Films. They made the movie Shakespeare in Love and that won an Oscar. But Disney does so much more for Americans than just provide us with movies about flying, elephants that talk, or rides that soak us in freezing, dirty water. They simply make us happy! It would be hard to imagine finding anything else that could provide us with so much entertainment.

Speaking of providing for us, let's move on to McDonald's. Everywhere you go you see a McDonald's. Thank heavens for that. So many times our daily lives get in such a rush that we need to just grab a quick meal. When we travel, those golden arches offer us a familiar place and setting to eat. Who knows where we might have to eat without McDonald's? Earlier I mentioned the All-American meal at this place. It is! We all love a greasy, somewhat fried hamburger. McDonald's burgers are as American as apple pie (which can also be found on the menu at participating locations).

It's not just the food we always come back for either. McDonald's offer a Happy Meal for the kids. Each comes with a dinner and a prize. The meal itself may not meet nutritional requirements for our kids, but hey, the prize will stop them from crying. Once a year, McDonald's puts Beanie Babies in the Happy Meals and then the business really comes in, and we get a

chance to feed our out-of-control urge to collect stuffed animals. We all love Beanie Babies and McDonald's has them. Isn't that great? Furthermore, McDonald's offers great job opportunities for anyone. This is the perfect place to earn your first paychecks as a teenager working the hectic lunch shift drive-through when lots of people come to eat. McDonald's also offers jobs for the handicapped, which is just wonderful. Sure we might have to repeat our order a few times and wait a little bit longer, but if we can just drive a little bit faster back to work, we won't be late.

Speaking of being in a hurry, certainly we can't forget one of the most important corporations of America: Wal-Mart. We can, in one quick stop, pick up American-made clothes for the entire family. We can pick up anything from tires to music cassettes to fishing poles to shampoo to cookies to furniture. We don't have to go anywhere else to buy things. And like McDonald's, Wal-Mart's are everywhere. How considerate. I don't know why anybody would want to go to one of those smaller competitors that offers better service and more knowledge about products when we can just go to Wal-Mart and purchase our stuff cheaper from some high-school kid who couldn't care less.

Like McDonald's, Wal-Mart also offers excellent job opportunities for the handicapped. It is good that they let people with helmets on in wheelchairs offer us shopping carts as

we pass through the entrance. I'm sure that makes them feel special. I always give them a smile and feel glad for them. I don't think it's demeaning or anything like that. Some other important features that Wal-Mart offers is a garden and nursery center for all the green thumbs out there, and some stores even include grocery stores. These special stores are called Super Wal-Marts. They often include an eatery and some now have McDonald's right inside! How thoughtful! We will never have to go anywhere else to buy anything ever again. They also sell guns and ammunition at some Wal-Mart locations. Everyone should own a gun. It's in the Constitution. The good people that buy Wal-Mart guns might someday stop a crime being committed by a real dangerous criminal who also carries a gun.

Last but not least, is one of the most important of all corporate America's doings, Microsoft. Look at where Bill Gates has taken us. It is because of Bill and his team that most citizens in this country need a computer, even poor school children. Schools require typed papers in certain formats. Without a home computer students won't be able to do the required work and hence receive lower grades, thus hurting their chances for higher education and future careers. Also, students might not be able to turn in homework assignments that are to be accepted only via e-mail. Well, Microsoft provides. Some businesses require resumes in the format that Microsoft has

created. Forget being the top dog or being creative and neat. If you don't follow structure created by Microsoft, then forget it. The Internet has come a long way because of Microsoft. Businesses not doing "e-business" are losing money and potential customers. E-mails are replacing the telephone and surfing the web is the trendiest way to do research. Personal contact and communication is being replaced with isolation and a 17-inch screen. Now we don't have to go out of our way to do business with a handshake, which was annoying anyway. We should be happy that Microsoft has all this structure for us to follow. Without structure, we can't get very far in life.

These are just a few of the number of companies that pretty much govern our lives. Some others include Ford Motor Company, which offers us any type of car we choose. We do choose them because they advertise more than anybody else does, and they are so American. We want American cars and trucks, even though foreign cars may be better. What about all the companies out there meeting our paper and lumber needs? Sure they are destroying precious forests, but they manufacture these products cheaply so we can purchase them for less. That's a great deal! We should also be happy that the Federal Communications Commission tells the radio stations what to play and how often to play certain songs. We can't get enough of Ricky Martin and Jennifer Lopez. They are such good role models. The way

Jennifer Lopez dresses will be plenty enough reason for young girls to try to be like her. The commission also cleans up the airwaves and makes sure nothing lewd is said. We hear and witness indecency all around us in real life and on television, but thankfully not on the radio. Let us also be happy that the previously mentioned Anheuser-Busch Company supports many professional sports leagues. Because most people watch sports, we will always see and hear their advertisements. Now we know what to drink when we are thirsty. A product of Anheuser-Busch, Budweiser, even sponsors an auto racing team. But don't drink and drive please!

All of these companies are providing us with services and products that we should be thankful for. Our great government allows this machine of corporate America to provide for us. Obviously we love them all. We keep coming back to them spending our money at these businesses and not standing up for any independent thoughts we might have about them. These businesses do so well because of us. We are lucky that they are not considered monopolies! All in all, I would have to say that these companies and corporate America succeed in making me happy. Let's continue our undying support.

The Three Lessons
Jeremy Bassett

For Sharon Witty's course, students were asked to write an editorial-styled informative essay.

Imagine that you are the police officer you talk about to your friends. It's that cop you say "spends all of his time in the coffee shop eating donuts." It's the same person who picked on you when he pulled you over and gave you a ticket for going forty-five in a thirty-five-mile-an-hour speed zone. It's the same cop who, someday, may save your life.

Imagine going to a job everyday, including weekends and holidays, just to be one of the most unappreciated persons in town. Today, your shift is the two-to-ten afternoon shift. You start your day by pulling over a vehicle that was traveling forty miles an hour in a thirty-five zone. The area you pull the car over is in a school zone, and it is five minutes after school has let out. Kids are running all over the area. When you approach the vehicle, the driver says "Why didn't you pull over the car next to me? He was going just as fast as I was. I always get picked on by cops." This is the first time you have ever met this person. The driver then yells, "Do you know how many real criminals you are letting go because you have nothing better to do than give me a ticket? All you cops do is hide behind your badges and pick on people with real lives." You

issue the driver a citation, but not without receiving your first lesson of the day.

After you have been re-educated on traffic stops, you are sent to a domestic abuse situation where a man is beating his girlfriend. You arrive on the scene at five o'clock, just four minutes after you received the call. Because you do not know what is happening on the inside of the home, you approach cautiously. You have no idea if any weapons are in the house or if you have any backup close to you. When you knock on the door and announce your presence, an intoxicated man answers the door. Once he sees you he tells you exactly "where to go." You see inside the home and find a woman who is bleeding from her nose and has a fat lip. She screams, "What took you so long? I'm getting beat on, and you take your time getting here!" You are able to calm the people long enough to get both sides of the story. After noticing the injuries to the female, you attempt to explain to her that her boyfriend is going to be placed under arrest. The woman now turns against you and screams, "I don't want him to be taken to jail! I am never calling you again because you obviously don't know what you are doing!" You attempt to explain that under Iowa law, it is mandatory for an arrest to be made if an injury exists. The woman is still crying and yelling, "You don't know what you are doing!" No longer trying to explain the law to her, you turn to her

boyfriend and place the handcuffs on him while reading him his rights. But she insists she is right and you have just learned your second lesson of the day from a citizen who knows more than you do.

At eight-thirty p.m., you receive information from an anonymous source about a carload of drug dealers going to make a deal with some high school kids in the town park. You locate the car and find probable cause--a broken brake light--to pull it over. Once the car stops, you call in your location to the dispatcher. You approach the car slowly, trying to keep all passengers in sight. It is dark outside, so this is difficult. As you pass by, you check to make sure the trunk is secure because you have been trained to know that dealers will hide in the trunk and pop out unexpectedly to kill police officers. The trunk is secure. Cautiously, you approach the driver's window. You are careful to make sure you can see everybody's hands in the vehicle. You want to make sure no one in the car has any weapons. You see the driver reaching into the glove box, hoping that he is reaching for the registration and not a gun. He produces the registration and the interviewing begins. The traffic stop ends up lasting forty-five minutes because you find the drugs in the vehicle and you arrest all of the suspects. You also locate a gun, in the glove box. A total of three police cars showed up throughout the traffic stop to assist you. The

next day the police chief receives numerous calls from residents and passersby (some of whom had kids in the park waiting to meet a carload of drug dealers) in that neighborhood, complaining that no traffic stop should take forty-five minutes and it certainly should not take three police cars. So the chief now puts out a memo to all officers, stating that there should be only one police car on each traffic stop. They all must be right. This is your third lesson during your shift.

It is time for the first break you are able to take all day. You are tired and hungry. You lean up against the local "Kum and Go," drinking a cup of coffee and eating a donut. In walks a guy who sees a cop doing what he perceives cops do best: drinking coffee and eating donuts. Don't cops ever do anything?

Witches and Maidens:
Sexism in 19th--Century Folktales
David Cottrill

For Sharran S. Slinkard's course, students were asked to argue for or against the idea that "Snow White," "Cinderella," and "Hansel and Gretel" represent sexist views of women within the family.

There is little need to inform the modern reader of the existence of gender inequality in the 19th century. As everyone with even a smattering of education in European history must surely know, a sexist attitude toward women not only existed but also abounded throughout most of history, and it was only in the first part of the 20th century that women gained a voice through the efforts of suffragists. Seldom considered, however, are the ways in which sexism was perpetuated in the minds of young people. Throughout history, stories have had a powerful effect on the beliefs and actions of people, and through the hearing of stories which employ stereotypical views of women, children learn to adopt those views as their own. Nowhere is this process of miseducation better exemplified than in the telling of folktales, which gained considerable popularity in the 19th century and maintain a similar status today. Women in folktales are presented with blatantly stereotypical characters which, with the repetition and variations provided by such stories, had and still have the potential to shape the beliefs and attitudes of young readers.

Among the myriad folktales of old, those compiled and edited by the brothers Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm in the earlier part of the 1800s have become the most popular. The Grimms' stories exemplify the view of women that was common in their time. In particular, these ideas can be seen throughout three of their best-known works: "Cinderella," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Snow White." These three stories demonstrate a common theme in male-dominated literature of the 19th century: women are polarized into two extreme categories, the evil, dominant stepmother and the pure, helpless maiden. In "Cinderella," the title character is a "good and pious" young woman who finds herself mercilessly abused by her stepmother and stepsisters (Grimm 183). Hansel and Gretel's shrewish stepmother convinces their father to leave them in the forest to die; and while there, they are captured by a "witch" who tries to eat them. Snow White, a child with an "innocent heart," suffers repeated attempts on her life by her stepmother, who envies her beauty (Grimm and Grimm 195). In all three stories, the female characters are presented in stark black-and-white; each is entirely pure or wholly evil.

The use of wording in these stories demonstrates just how blatantly the dichotomy is presented. The stepmothers and stepsisters are described as wicked and godless, while the heroines are labeled "good," "kind," and "pious." Even the name of the title character in "Snow White" suggests purity, although

the story associates it with her beauty instead. The word "witch" is applied to both Snow White's stepmother and the woman who captures and tries to eat Hansel and Gretel. This form of stereotyping is not only sexist but religiously prejudiced, for it buys into the notion, promoted by the Church for hundreds of years, that witches are evil and godless women. In fact, witches are both male and female, and their religion teaches them a very strict moral code prohibiting the harming of others.

It may be argued that such stereotyping is necessary to maintain simplicity in stories intended for children; after all, the male characters are stereotyped as well. But the male figures in these tales are of a much different variety. The male character of the prince in "Cinderella" and "Snow White" is a hero and a rescuer. The heroines may have magic or dwarves on their sides, but they are helpless to defend themselves from the dangers posed by their stepmothers until their princes come along to sweep them off their feet. Cinderella contrives to go to the wedding, but cannot escape the oppression of her stepfamily until the prince takes her away; Snow White falls for her stepmother's tricks three times before a prince finds her and saves her from the jaws of death. With the exception of Gretel, female characters in these stories do not take decisive action unless it is for some evil purpose, yet the meekness of these maidens is glorified with words like "pious," "innocent,"

and "pure." Note also that the males are ultimately in control even in the case of the dominant women; the evil step relations of Cinderella and Snow White met their just desserts while attending the weddings held by the princes.

The other males in these stories are the fathers. At first, these men present a puzzle: why, in a male-dominated society, would stories be allowed to flourish when they depict men as henpecked and controlled by their wives? We must remember, though, that in the 19th century and earlier men controlled the social sphere of existence while women were expected to control and maintain the home. Women were generally in charge of the household, including raising the daughters to be good and proper wives, and the men did not often interfere. This fact goes a long way toward explaining why the fathers in the Grimm brothers' stories overlook or excuse the treatment of their daughters.

It is worth noting that the husbands do not share in the punishments given to their wives. Cinderella's father, who allows her abuse and even excuses it, escapes the fate of having his eyes pecked out. Hansel and Gretel's father is actually rewarded by the safe return of his children and by the abundance of riches they bring with them. These elements of the stories say much about the view of women held by men in generations past; even when men abetted their wives or overlooked their

transgressions, only females felt the punishments.

It has been suggested that these stories are not really sexist, that we as modern readers apply our own set of prejudices to the texts and interpret them inappropriately. In fact, so the argument goes, these stories simply reflect a realistic view of life in the times of their creation; they are no more sexist than someone who writes in modern times about a woman who is paid less than a man for doing the same job. On the surface, this argument seems plausible, but one must consider that parents and educators, then as now, had a responsibility to encourage children to exceed the limitations of the previous generations and rise above the wrongs of their parents. There is a difference between the reflection of one's culture and the perpetuation of its wrongs, and these stories, intended as they are for young and impressionable children, clearly do the latter as well as the former.

The reader likely wonders whether these points have relevance in modern life, where in most countries women are protected from discrimination by law and in many countries can hold public office and become doctors, lawyers and CEOs. To be sure, our collective societal attitudes toward women have markedly improved. But the fact remains that, in our "advanced" society, a woman earns 70 cents for every dollar made by a man in the same position. For the most part, our culture overlooks the

gross abuses of women in Islam-dominated nations, where women are not allowed to drive cars, speak in public, or get a divorce for any reason if their husbands are not in agreement. In the Sudan and many other countries, women and young girls are sold into prostitution and kept literally as slaves. It should not be considered insignificant that the Grimm brothers' folktales have maintained their popularity nearly two hundred years after their initial publication. These stories are designed for youngsters whose life experience pales in comparison with their impressionability; they have no yardstick by which to measure the ideas taught in stories, or even the awareness that they are learning specific thought patterns from "entertainment." While we tend to view folktales in our modern society as harmless fun, we cannot escape the fact that such vivid stories continue to have a powerful impact even on those who are raised on Barney and Thomas the Tank Engine. It is far past time for our culture, and the cultures around us, to rediscover less biased mythologies such as those told by the ancient Celts and Native Americans. By improving the outlooks of our young people, we can make definite progress toward equality in the coming decades.

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Saving the Wolf River
Jane Zantow

For this assignment, Judy Hauser asked her students to argue one side of a controversial issue. Students were to choose a topic that could be argued from more than one side and conduct research to construct an argument that would persuade readers to adopt a claim that support's one side of the issue.

Nicolet Minerals Co., formally Crandon Mining Co., formally Rio Algom Limited, formally Exxon Coal and Minerals Co., have proposed to extract 55 million tons of zinc, copper, and lead ore from the Northern Wisconsin area of Crandon and Nashville. In so doing, the Nicolet Minerals will be overriding the democracy of the citizens who live in that area who do not want the mine and who have also uncovered evidence of supposed closed meetings between people of the old town board and Exxon. Now that a new town board has been elected, the conflict soars into sounds of political banter and environmental pleas. Economics for the community and big profits for company investors are the core issues surrounding the many concerns of the environmentalists and citizens of Wisconsin.

No one wants to see the natural beauty of the Wolf River destroyed by wastes from the proposed mine, yet consideration for previous and mismanaged mining expenditures from this very same company have been somewhat overlooked and slanted in the perspective of the large company. The zinc, copper, and lead ore are considered to be non-renewable resources by the

environmentalists. In other words, once it's gone, it's gone. So proper management and definitions of agreements need to be clarified and in order before the construction of the mine begins for both the people of the community and the multi-billion dollar company.

However, in light of past problems, I oppose construction of the mine in Northern Wisconsin. It is essential to consider the repercussions of such a claim for gain. The Wolf River in Northern Wisconsin (where Nicolet Minerals Co. is hoping to situate the mine) is a river said to be "one of America's best preserved waterways, flowing roughly 250 miles from its headwater lakes in Northern Wisconsin to Lake Michigan" (Federation of Fly Fishers). Without looking honestly at the effects of the mine, such as the pollution from the waste pouring into the surface waters from underground routings, there is the assured loss of future economic and aesthetic wealth. With the shortsightedness that looks only to immediate time preference--quick economic gain--there is the possible deprivation to future generations of people who would love to enjoy the unharnessed land and water in its natural beauty and grandeur.

There is a great chance that the natural beauty of this area will be destroyed or at least significantly altered by construction of the mine. I believe in the benefits of Earth's

natural beauty along with our individual responsibility to preserve it. There is presently a crisis on planet earth due to the rapid rate at which humans destroy the natural aesthetic resources entrusted to us (Owen, Chiras, Reganold 1).

Inevitably, the area of this proposed mine will be permanently changed and this beauty will be taken away. On February 13, 2000, the Des Moines Sunday Register reported on its front page the very worst scenario:

In what may be Europe's worst environmental disaster since Chernobyl, a Cyanide spill has contaminated a major river that flows through Hungary and Yugoslavia, destroying most of the life in the water...

where a dam at a gold mine over-flowed Jan.30 and caused cyanide to pour into streams. (1A)

The name of the mining company was not revealed in the Register's article. However, Rio Algom and Exxon Co. have their own displeasing reputations to consider. They have been known to be big, money-making companies who sometimes hastily destroy and scar the earth in order to gain the capital that is financial, rather than consider the riches of healthy land and environment (M.I.Coalition).

According to reports from the Mining Impact Coalition of Wisconsin, the track record of Rio Algom is questionable. The previous mining experiences, held out to the Department of

Natural Resources as examples to prove credibility, have in fact proven to be records of neglectful reasoning. The projects considered are controversial due to the perspective of both the company and the citizens of Nashville and Crandon:

Rio Algom was originally the Canadian arm of the world's largest mining firm... During the U.S. Nuclear weapons buildup of the 1950's-'60's there were 12 mines in the area, employing over 10,000 workers. These mines were combined under Rio Algom in 1960, and over the next 30 years were identified with one of the world's most notorious examples of radioactive contamination of the environment. (M.I.Coalition)

This is only one example. In a report, which refers to specific instances and a brief history (called "The Mining Track Record of Rio Algom, LTD"), the following examples of Rio Algom's work are reported: The Elliot Lake Uranium Mines, Ontario; Poirier Copper-Zinc Mine, Quebec; East Kemptville tin Mine, Nova Scotia; Libson Uranium Mine and Mill, Utah; Quivira Uranium Mine and Mill, New Mexico, and Smith Ranch Uranium, Wyoming.

With all of these illustrations at hand, there is still the neglected issue of the Mining Moratorium Law. This is a requirement put forth by the state of Wisconsin to help weigh the benefit from the problems. Seeking to compromise with the big company, and after debate upon debate, the Mining Moratorium

Law of 1997 attempts to put in place standards to uphold. However, there is the issue of what could be called insidious language in the moratorium. Currently, Democratic Senator Kevin Shibilski, a co-author of the Mining Moratorium Law, along with two tribal chairman and five citizens, have submitted a legal petition asking the Department of Natural Resources to "promulgate"--or proclaim certain phrases and words that are used within the moratorium (Citizens). The petitioners want to define the following phrases in hopes of preventing environmental damage due to any stretch or misuse of them. However, the petition was met with opposition by the DNR who feel they have spent enough time and energy over the issue:

- Significant environmental pollution, verified by the Department
- Net acid generating potential
- Relevant data
- Tailings and tailings site

The clarification of terms is not such a difficulty, but the Wisconsin DNR secretary, George Meyer is requesting that this be overlooked stating that this issue has already been "by far, the most extensively debated bill in the last session of the legislature" (Memo).

Still, another proof of rather slippery deception (phraseology included) would be the very fact that they've changed their name several times. Now, with the new and improved "Nicolet Minerals Co." They can appear to sound more like a refreshing drink than like an earth digging, water wasting mining company. This is clearly to their advantage. The battle for the Wolf River has been ongoing since 1969. The name Exxon has become synonymous with the Alaskan oil spill of March 22, 1989. Exxon needed this image-name change. The damage incurred by the eleven million gallons of crude oil dumped into the Alaskan waters have put a red flag up in the mind of environmentalists (Trescott).

The people of Northeastern Wisconsin have had mixed feelings since the onset of the Exxon discovery in 1969. Currently, however, a majority voice has been heard to prevent the mine and to preserve the land. Some have wanted the prosperity promised by the industry. Yet, as the debate rages, bringing forth environmentalist to educate and inform, the people of the surrounding area have organized a new town board to face the facts of future harm and not to simply indulge in immediate financial gain.

One citizen John J. Mutter Jr. of Shawano, Wisconsin speaks out against the intimidation of the large company. He argues that democracy isn't being practiced, and that if a big

corporation can force them into submission or bankruptcy, it could happen anywhere in the state. He is overwhelmed with the push of the money makers and hopes that the new town board of Nashville will contend with the previous closed meetings held with Exxon from years earlier (Witness).

Nicolet Minerals Co., on the other hand, believes that they will do justice by the people of the surrounding area. They believe it will benefit them economically. They say this because in the past they have brought about a flow of money into communities. With families being employed from the efforts of the mining industry, they can provide for them economic welfare. However, the past mines considered have a record (as shown earlier) of bringing quick gain, yet leaving behind ugly scars to the community. They are quoted as saying that in a modern economy, 30 years is not "boom and bust." They believe that an entire industry can come and go in that time frame. "Once the mine opens, it is planned to operate for about 30 years and employ about 400 people full time. For many people, that is an entire career. And during their career, the mine will add about \$1.5 billion to the economy of Wisconsin" (Nicolet).

However, this perspective is economical and short term. Most certainly the people of the community are willing to sacrifice some of the land and water for such a prosperous outlook. But they would do well to consider the long-term plan,

for them and for their children's children. It is documented well that the previous mines mentioned leave behind in their wake make much ado, but not about nothing:

In 1976, Ontario officials documented that all 55 miles of the Serpent River system, including more than a dozen lakes, were badly contaminated. The wastes from the Elliot Lake mines are acid generating due to sulfides, and highly-radioactive due to the inefficiency of uranium milling. (M.I.Coalition)

Once again, this report was just a singular example of the many example mines reported in the Track Record of Rio Algom, LTD.

Aspects involving clean-up costs of a mining project have been quoted as high as \$80 million over a period of ten years, and this is only to maintain the dump liner (Midwest)!

According to Rio Algom, they are fresh and new. They have within their reach an ever-expanding vision of environmental needs and concerns. (Could this be due to the ever-increasing volume of the environmentalists' voice?) Within their latest web site pages one will see evidence of their glossed over reasoning: "Nicolet Minerals company believes the most effective way to control environmental damage is to prevent it in the first place" (Nicolet). Sounds simple enough. Even looks simple enough on the web site. Included in their nearly poetic view of themselves is a serene photograph of wildlife stream and forest.

Next to the glossy text, The Northern Blue Butterfly is illustrated as well. Nevertheless, nothing can erase the past record no matter how they attempt to hide it.

Money is a powerful carrot before the eyes of the Crandon and Nashville community rabbits. Yet, the large company of Exxon and its many subsidiaries have been around long enough to perfect their game. Economic welfare needs to be considered right alongside environmental welfare. In jeopardy lies the fate of the Wolf River and the people of the nearby vicinity as well as ecosystems around the world. Allowing the company to mine near the top of this nearly 250-mile river could affect these areas substantially. Listening to the citizens of Crandon and Nashville as they speak boldly against the intimidating reputation of these large, powerful companies could stop the destruction of much of this countries natural and non-renewable beauty and wealth. Since the exploration put forth in 1969 by Exxon Coal and Minerals company, Northern Wisconsin has fought the hard battle for preservation. Somehow, I believe they will win this one.

Perhaps this long war for preservation and proper land management will be documented as a victory for those who care about this earth. In consideration of future generations, it would be the very best thing to happen.

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