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Banner News

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Bear Facts

Vol. 27 Issue

DES MOINES AREA COMMUNITY COLLEGE, BOONE CAMPUS

April 7, 1993

Vinchattle elected to office

Members of the Boone Campus of DMACC chapter of Phi Beta Lambda sent delegates to the 47th annual Iowa Phi Beta Lambda State Leadership Conference which was held on March 5-6, 1993 on the campus of the University of Northern Iowa in Cedar Falls. Members from the Boone chapter joined over 200 business students from across the state of Iowa on competition for the chance to represent the state at the National Leadership Conference in Washington D.C. in July.

There were chapter, team, and individual events held at this Leadership Conference. Competitive Chapter events included Local Chapter Annual Business Report, Community Service Project, American Enterprise Project, Partnership with Business Project, and the Lloyd V. Douglas Chapter of the Year.

Members from the Boone chapter who competed in these events are: Teresa Gregerson, Lorie Ealy, Jennifer Larson, Amy Carlson, Duanna Vinchattle, Michele Kline, Stacy Anderson, Jennifer Dufelmeier, Cheryl Lindgelbach, Ev Leasure, Ann Vandermartin, and Dave Grecco.

Teresa Gregerson took first place in Telecommunications; Lorie Ealy was second in Word Processing Fundamentals; Jennifer Larson and Amy Carlson placed second and fourth, respectively, in Advanced Word Processing; Duanna Vinchattle was fourth in Business Communications.

Duanna Vinchattle was selected as State President, and Teresa Gregerson was elected State Vice President.



Duanna Vinchattle

Campbell to visit DMACC

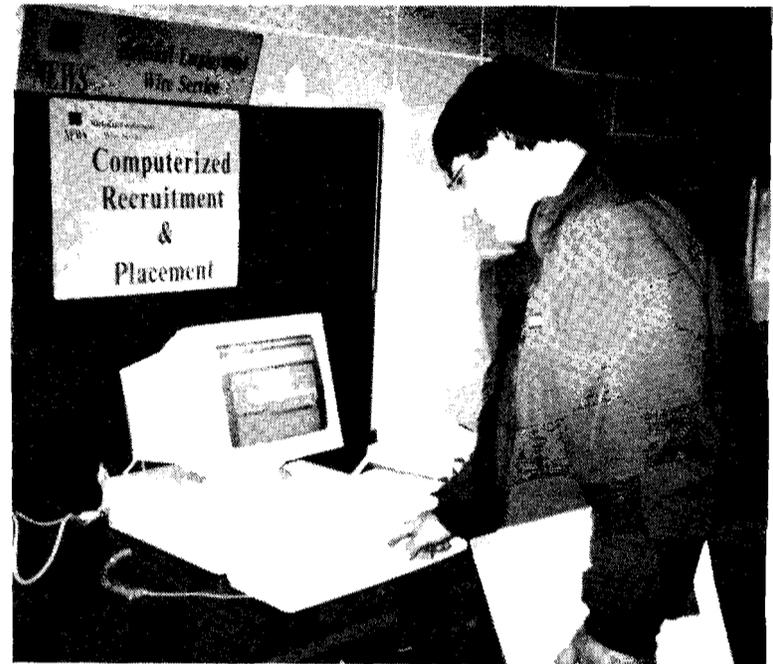
By Jennifer Kellen
Staff Writer

On Thursday, April 8, students of DMACC will have the opportunity to listen to Attorney General Bonnie Campbell discuss the widespread problem of campus rape. Campbell will hold her presentation in the Boone DMACC auditorium at 9:30 a.m. and again at 11:45 a.m.

Campbell's appearance at the Boone DMACC campus is just one of many forums that she is holding around the state of Iowa to discuss attitudes about rape and campus

security systems that are involved in preventing rape. Campbell will be joined by representatives of local law enforcement.

In a recent news release from the Department of Justice, Campbell was quoted as saying that campus rapes occur in surprisingly large numbers. "Rape is the most common violent crime that is committed on college campuses in America," Campbell said. "In a nation wide survey, one out of six college women reported having been a victim of rape, or attempted rape, during the preceding year."



David Greco, Boone Campus sophomore, checks out computerized employment service. Job Fair was held on the Boome Campus March 31.

Photo by Linda Smith

SAB recommends increase in activity monies

By Linda Smith
Staff Writer

In response to so many students who have no idea where their activity money goes after they are required to pay it; the following is the first in a series of articles designed to inform and enlighten.

To understand where student money goes, maybe the first step is to see where it comes from. Each student currently pays \$.95 per credit hour, up to 15 credit hours. That translates to a maximum of \$14.25 per student, per semester.

Activity fees at DMACC have not been raised since 1984. On October 9, 1992, at the Student Action Board Fall Leadership Retreat, Student Action Board members from all four campuses voted and recommended to the DMACC board of directors that the activity fee be raised to \$1.25 per credit hour with a maximum of \$18.75 per student, according to minutes from that meeting. These price increases were recommended to begin with the Fall '94 semester. Signing the recommendation for the Boone campus was Duanna Vinchattle, president of S.A.B.

The collaborative S.A.B. has not yet received the approval of the board of directors, who could choose to accept that recommendation as it stands or make a compromising suggestion. In comparing DMACC with other community colleges, our fees are on the inexpensive end of the spectrum. (Note that in the following table some of the higher-priced schools include graduation and other arts and sciences money in their fees.)

In the next issue, Bear Facts will look at how much money is spent on the Boone Campus and what these fees have been used for this past semester. Are the current expenditures serving the majority of the student population? What suggestions did students make in the recent Bear Facts opinion poll?

ACTIVITY FEE COMPARISON
IOWA COMMUNITY COLLEGES
OCTOBER 1992

Community College	Enrollment	Fee Per Credit Hour
Clinton	1,000	\$2.50
DMACC	10,500	.95
Hawkeye	2,200	1.50
Indian Hills	2,700	1.75
ICCC	2,109	4.00
Iowa Lakes	1,664	2.25
Iowa Western	2,739	2.00
Kirkwood	6,300	1.00
Marshalltown	1,301	2.00
Muscatine	950	2.50
North IA	2,770	2.00
Northeast IA	1,081	8.25
Northwest IA	500	1.00
Scott	3,500	2.25
Southeastern	2,103	1.25
Southwestern	790	7.00
Western IA Tech	1,482	2.25



Photo by Rose Zimmerle

Former Governor Robert Ray, now C.E.O. of Blue Cross and Blue Shield, takes time to answer questions for Bear Facts reporters Jennifer Kellen and Marsh Gibb. Ray was on the first of three panels of the forum. He discussed what insurance companies could do to help contain the health care costs in order to make health care available to everyone.

Dignitaries visit DMACC



Photo by Marsh Gibb

Hillary Rodham Clinton and President of the Johnson Health Foundation, Steve Schroeder, listen to the members of a health care forum. The Robert Wood Foundation and Mrs. Clinton were on the Ankeny DMACC campus on March 10 to listen to the health care needs of the midwest and possible solutions to current health care problems. The Foundation and Mrs. Clinton chose DMACC as one of only four places to hold her forum in the Nation.

Drop it...OR ELSE!!

By Rose Zimmerle
Staff Writer

Having a little bit of trouble with one or two classes? What the heck, you already told the instructor you are going to drop the class, so why sweat?

Not so! In order for a class to be dropped off your schedule, you must officially drop. To do this you go to the office and complete an official Drop Form. "Drops" are not effective or valid until a drop notice or written notification is received in the Students Record Office.

George Silberhorn, DMACC counselor, stated, "April 14 is the last day to drop a class without penalty. After that date, the penalty is the failing grade."

Many students don't realize that if they don't go by the book when they drop a class, they may be in for major headaches. If a class is not officially dropped, you are still "in" that class. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to understand that if your butt is not in that chair, and the instructor thinks it should be (because he has not been notified of an official drop), you are not going to be getting a passing grade in that class.

Beyond the hassle of getting an F (which your parents/spouse/children won't appreciate), you have the monumental chore of trying to get it changed to a drop. This is not the easiest thing in the world to do! The procedure is long, involved, and a pain!

All this can be averted by just going to the office, asking for an official drop form, and filling it out. **REMEMBER**, this must be done by April 14.

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Boone Campus students honored



Boone Campus students Linda Smith (left) and Deb Sloss (right) accept creative writing awards from Rick Chapman, English/Humanities instructor on the Ankeny Campus.

Rick Chapman, Coordinator of DMACC's Creative Writing Contest has announced winners in the recent contest. Deb Sloss and Linda Smith, Boone Campus students, have both been named as winners. Sloss, a freshman from Perry, Iowa, majoring in human services, was named Runner-up Overall Best Writer. One of Sloss' pieces considered by the judges was published in *Bear Facts* last semester. It was a true story about her sleep walking antics.

Smith, a sophomore from Grand Junction, majoring in journalism, was awarded an Honorable Mention for her piece, "A Tale of Places," published last spring in *Bear Facts*. This piece takes a look at the student lounges on our campus in a creative way.

Sloss wins a half-time scholarship for her entries. Both women were honored at an awards luncheon held on March 17, on the Ankeny campus.



April 12-16, 1993

By Rose Zimmerle
Staff Writer

The desire to understand other cultures around the world gave birth to the first International Week at DMACC in 1985. Since that time, a different country has been featured during this event. This year, the Americas are being highlighted during International Week. Throughout this celebration, DMACC focuses on, not one, but all 37 countries that make up "The Americas."

International Week kicks off Tuesday, April 13 at 10 a.m. with "Arts and Crafts from the Americas." Roger Clason from Global Gifts, Inc. will be displaying various artifacts and crafts from throughout the Americas. The display will be in Building 5 at the Ankeny campus.

Wednesday, April 14, at noon, you will be able to enjoy a "Mexican Fiesta" on the Carroll campus. Then back to Urban at 1:25 p.m. for "Native Americans." The speaker will be Eugene D. Fracek of the Twin Rivers Inter-Tribal Council, Inc. and an educator at Harding Middle School in Des Moines.

Thursday, April 15, Dr. Wayne Osborn, Assistant Professor of History at Iowa State University will speak at the DMACC Auditorium in Boone. Dr. Osborn's lecture, "The Peace Process in Central America," will begin at 10 a.m. and conclude at 11 a.m.

"International Students Day" wraps up the week with a luncheon for DMACC international students at noon on Friday, April 16.

The logo for this year's International Week was designed by Deborah Rogers-Dobson, a commercial art student at the DMACC Ankeny campus.

The Old Codger

The one that got away



So, there I was sitting under this bridge on the river just south of Adel, Iowa with my new pole, new line, new hooks, some fermented frozen worms, and my close friend, Brewski.

All of a sudden my pole bent almost into a circle! I grabbed for the handle of the pole I had under a heavy rock to hold it securely. "Thar' She Blows!" I yelled. Even though the reel was on "lock" it sang in a high-pitched whine as the line was being pulled down the river!

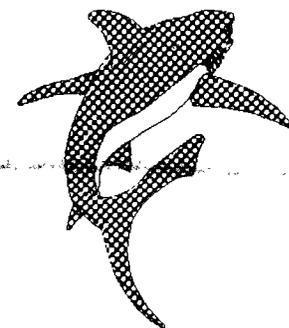
With the butt of the pole wedged in the pit of my ample stomach, I jerked back on the rod, hoping to sink the hook deeper into my prey. I wasn't worried about the twenty pound line snapping, nor about the pole breaking...My only concern was "ME," being pulled into the river!

I traced the length of my line stretching before me about 100 yards, measuring the size of the quarry by the force of the pull. Unbelievable as it may seem, the dorsal fin of my opponent appeared above the waves he was making on his journey down the river. My eyes almost came out of their sockets with disbelief! This was a monster! This was the "MUTHA' of all fishes!

I sure could've used another hand with this Leviathan...All the tugging, the jerking, the sweat running from under my

arm pits were of no help. My knuckles were going white with the strain of holding on to the pole and winding the reel! My arms and shoulders screamed with pain at the force being exerted against them! The next thing I knew I was sitting flat on my butt, and the line flowed flacidly on the water.

The reeling was effortless now as I recovered the full length of the line. I gazed in disbelief at the end of the twenty pound line to see the partial remains of my hook. It had been bitten in half! I leaned back on the rocks and mumbled to myself, "Nobody is gonna believe this, you know!"



The picture above is a close rendering of what was at the end of my line...It really is. I'm telling you, as soon as I got home, I sat down and drew the dorsal on a sheet of paper! Since 99% or more was under the dark water, fast flowing water, I had to estimate everything from the dorsal on...But, since there were no witnesses...Y'all jus' haf' ta go wi' me aon this!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

"Rape Awareness"

Everyone should be well informed about this extremely disturbing subject. I am sure most of us would agree.

On Thursday April 8th, the Boone DMACC Campus is honored to have speaking on this very subject Bonnie Cambell, Iowa's Attorney General.

Are DMACC students aware of the times she is speaking? Until 11:00 April 6th the answer would have been NO. On the few posters that had a time on them, the time was incorrect. Perhaps this campus' problem is not apathy, but ignorance.

Donna Sloss, DMACC student



TODD
TREGANZA
432-7519

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JIM
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"I was stalked and raped"

Editor' note:

The following article was written by a young woman who was raped. She wishes to remain anonymous, and we are complying with her wishes.

I am a victim of rape. It has taken me five years to say those words. Although I am remaining anonymous, this is a big step for me. In the past five years since I was raped, it has taken me over four years to tell anyone about this horrible, violent crime that happened to me.

I am writing this for two reasons. One, because it is time for me to start healing and I know that I can do this through sharing my story. Secondly, I hope that when other people read this, it will effect their lives in some way. Perhaps I can encourage other silent rape victims to come forward or make people understand that rape is not the victims fault. And just maybe, by telling my story I can stop a future rape from happening.

I was a sophomore in high school when I was raped. It happened in my high school parking lot after I returned from an away basketball game. I had gone into the school with my coach to get my stats from the that night's game and when I returned to the parking lot to find my car, everyone had already left. When I reached my car, my ex-boyfriend was waiting for me. Although he attended college out of state on a football scholarship, I was not surprised to see him. For the past four months since I had been seeing someone new, my ex-boyfriend had been getting deeply involved in drugs and harassing me. By harassing me I mean he was leaving threatening notes on my car telling me that he had been watching and following me. Although I never saw him during this time, he wrote comments about where I had been that day, what I was wearing, or who I was talking to.

In one note he told me he knew that my new boyfriend and I discussed having sex one night while making out in a park; we thought that we were alone. We were whispering when we had that conversation, that meant that my ex-

boyfriend had to be close enough to us in order to hear. He made it very clear that he hated me and that by wanting to have sex with my boyfriend, he thought I was a whore. He also wrote that no one would ever have sex with me again, except for himself. It now makes me shudder just thinking of all the places he probably followed me to without my knowing.

"He knew every step I made."

After I received that note I started becoming worried, but I didn't like being scared so I didn't take any of the notes too seriously. After all, I was only sixteen years old. I knew nothing about drugs, how they effected people, nor did I realize at that time what he was doing was considered stalking and was illegal. This was a guy that I had loved and shared everything with. I thought he had loved me too and when he told me he would never hurt me, I believed him. Even when he was leaving these threatening notes. I was young and still saw the world through rose-colored glasses, I thought that I was invincible.

I wasn't scared when I first saw him. After all, I am a very strong willed individual and I thought to myself, "Why be scared, I'll just get in my car and drive away. What can he do?" But when I realized no one else was in the parking lot, the streets around the school were motionless because it was late, and my car was hidden behind a hill, my heart started racing. At that moment a realization hit me; he was twice my size. Before I could get a grip on my heart or speak a word, I saw his fist flying towards me. In a split second, I was sprawled across the cold, wet pavement. My face was throbbing and the taste of rust started seeping through my mouth.

As I tried to collect myself, I could feel little pebbles from the parking lot's surface fall from my skin where they had been embedded from my impact. Before I got too far in getting myself together, I received a heavy, strong kick in the center of my stomach. For what seemed like hours, I couldn't breathe or move. My head was spinning and my whole body was the target of sharp arrows of pain all over.

"I can still hear him hissing at me."

I must have been pleading with him to stop because he kept hissing at me, "What's wrong you little bitch? You were strong enough to break up with me, aren't you strong enough to handle me?"

He kept hissing and whispering obscenities at me while I just laid there trying to talk all of my body parts into working together to get me the hell out of there. For a few minutes I heard nothing. Thinking that he had left, I opened my eyes and pulled myself off of the pavement to my feet. I felt nauseous and dizzy, I could hardly stay standing. As my car started to come into focus, so did he. He had not left, he was standing against my car crying.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, oh God, I am so sorry," he kept saying.

For a brief second, I felt sorry for him, and before I knew it we were in each other's arms crying. I didn't know what else to do. My body wouldn't move and the tears wouldn't stop falling. I kept telling myself that it was over and that everything was O.K. But when his crying all-of-the-sudden stopped and I looked up at him, I could see rage boiling in his eyes. I didn't understand his quick change of moods at that time, but now I know

that he was trippin' on acid that night.

Before I could even think to start running he had grabbed my arms and slammed me against the car and then against the ground. I don't know how long he raped me, or how many times. I blocked it out without even realizing it. I just remember seeing the soles of his boots walking away and then putting my keys in the ignition of my car to drive home. When I woke up the next morning, my aching ribs, stomach, and face were the first reminders of what happened the night before. I don't think that I even cried or got upset, I just blocked everything out of my mind and acted like nothing had happened. I was a star athlete, involved in school activities, and a good student. It was easy to lie to people about where the huge bruise across my jaw came from. "I got an elbow while fighting for a rebound," is all that I had to say. No questions were ever asked.

"I will never be able to confront my rapist."

Five years later, the man that raped me is dead from a drug overdose, but the effects of the rape still interfere with every part of my life. It wasn't until recently that I have begun to deal with my rape. It took me this long to find the strength back that I needed, the strength that had been with-in me since that night.

Everyone needs to realize that just because I didn't try to run from my ex-boyfriend doesn't mean that the rape was my fault or that I was asking for it. If I wanted to, I could stand naked on my front porch and NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO RAPE ME. What was my fault was the fact that I was too

stubborn to walk away from a situation that I knew might be dangerous and that I did not notify the police after the first threatening note. But that is where my blame ends. The violence, the intrusion, the physical, and mental pain, that was all the fault of the man that raped me.

I now am very paranoid at night to go to my car alone, to use a public rest room without someone

that I know with me, and it is very hard for me to trust people or be in an intimate relationship with a man. And no matter how much love and support I get from my friends and family, or how much counseling I go through, I will always have the shadow of being raped lurking behind me. And although I try to walk with my face to the sun so as not to see those shadows, I can still feel them nipping at my heels everyday. I am a victim of rape.

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