

CHALLENGER

This month's issue

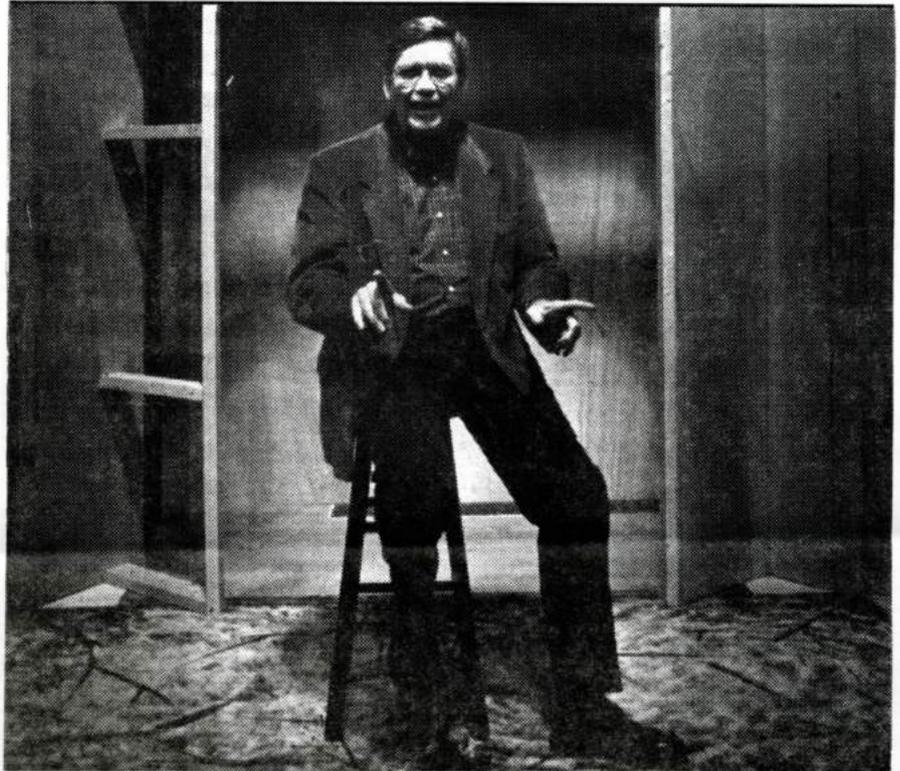
⊗ Challenging Crossword puzzle on page 4.

⊗ Creative Corner Presents:
The funny and heart warming essay by Richard Ellenfield's, *Drowning Worms*, on page 5.

⊗ "Unclose" the Honors Society? Read what Terri Ellis found about the open and closed door policy on page 7.

⊗ Honors Society and The Science Fiction Club team up to see *The Left Hand of Darkness*, see page 8 for more details.

A Publication
of the
Harper College
Honors Society



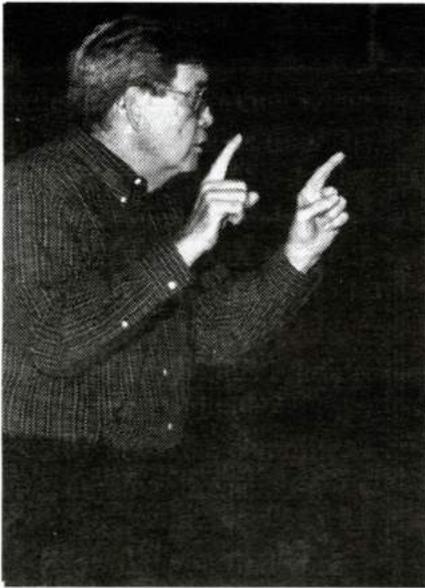
Profile of the Month Dr. John Muchmore

Dr. John Muchmore has been enlightening students lives at Harper College for nearly thirty years. Muchmore is an author, actor, professional speaker, and honored educator in *Who's Who in America*. Dr. Muchmore is not just a teacher, he's much more;

he's a legend.

Follow the beginnings of his career from central Illinois to his current position Harper in the interview we had with Dr. Muchmore. Experience the feelings and aspirations that Muchmore sees for the Honors students.

see Muchmore pg 2



Walking into Dr. John Muchmore's room, I immediately noticed the warmth of his office. The sun was shining brightly through the partially closed blinds, yet the glare was still enough that I found myself squinting to find a seat next to Muchmore's desk. Stuck back in a corner near the window was a desk filled with the typical cluster of papers that one would expect to find on a speech professor's desk. Among the collection of papers and manila folders on the desk, sat a two-tone tan and brown ceramic mug with the words "Rise and Shining" written on it and a large blue one-pound can of Maxwell House coffee.

Hi, John, how are you doing? "Fine," he said as he shuffled the papers around his desk, making himself comfortable before sitting into a black swivel chair. Settling before me was a man I have grown to admire, not only for his charming disposition, but also for the

genuine enthusiasm that he constantly exhibits toward everyone he comes in contact with. Wearing red tortoise-shell glasses, a black jacket, gray pants and white shirt with a matching Waterman pen and pencil set in the pocket, his pleasing smile encouraged the start of this interview.

Tell me about yourself, Dr. Muchmore. "Well okay Miss Peden, I'm 112 years old. No, I'm just kidding." I was going to say he looked good for his age. "This is my 37th year teaching. I started at Harper when it opened, in 1967. I grew up in central Illinois, in a town called Charleston. That's where Eastern is, in Charleston. I went to the laboratory school at Eastern from first grade all the way through high school, and continued on at Eastern to receive my Bachelor and Master's. So I was on the Eastern campus for seventeen years. I always liked school. I can still remember almost every teacher I ever had. While I was teaching at Crystal Lake High School I received a Certificate for Advanced Study in Rhetoric and Public Address from Northern. During the summer I received the National Defense Education Act Fellowship in Linguistics from Northwestern and was invited to apply for their Doctorate program. I really enjoyed Northwestern University.

I spent a lot of time with a wonderful man at Northern, Paul Crawford, but he died a year ago. He was a walking

collection of interesting bits of facts. At Northwestern I also had the experience of working with one of the most famous linguists, Thomas Pile."

What kind of student were you? "I was an okay student. I was a hot and cold student. Things I liked, I really worked hard on. Things I didn't care much for, I did not necessarily make the commitment to, and in retrospect I wish I had."

How did you find your niche? "I guess I liked to perform."

Were you in theater? "Oh yes, a lot. I was involved with the theater group in high school. I started as an elementary education major in college and switched to a speech theater

"An effective
communicator
has the likelihood
of being successful."

major in my sophomore year." What do you think was your best performance? "I could be smug and say that they were all good. But if I had to choose one then it would have to be *The Same Time Next Year*. It was performed about five years ago with the Countryside Players in Barrington."

Who is your favorite author, besides yourself? "My-

self is not my favorite author, that's one I can answer without hesitation. That depends on the subject. If you say casual or recreational, I'd have to say I like Robert Parker's detective stories." Can you give me the name of a book that really stands out in your mind? "I don't think I could. I do like Eddie Lee Harris' second book, *Stranger in a Native Land* or something like that." There's a rumor that you've written several books. "That's the way rumors spread. I have not written several books. I was the coauthor on a speech text."

You're an Honors professor, are you not? "I'm teaching an honors speech course." What important advice would you give to someone who is teaching an Honors course for the first time? "I'd probably say don't be afraid to enjoy it. I guess you could say, be ready for questions." Do you think honor students tend to ask more questions? "I don't mean to suggest that these differences are as clear-cut as that. I think what you do get is a higher percentage of a given class that will be interested in questioning. Give them a little room to roam."

How does your Honors speech course differ from your regular speech course? "The biggest difference is the smaller numbers in Honors classes. This allows for much more detailed criticism and response."

Do you believe that someone should be a good speaker if they want to succeed

in life? "An effective communicator has the likelihood of being successful. It depends on how one defines things. If you have nothing to communicate, there's no particular advantage to being a good communicator. But if you have things to communicate, that is if you know about things and you believe in things, then certainly your ability to affect others will be enhanced. History has demonstrated the power of effective speakers, or the impact that effective speakers have had on history."

Is it true that you're in the Who's Who in America? "Well that is true." How long have you been in the Who's Who? "I was nominated for the Who's Who in America's Teachers in 1994." That's a pretty prestigious honor to get into the Who's Who. How does one get nominated? "One is the product of student nominations."

Why do you think your students are so impressed with you?

"I don't know. I guess they can tell that I care about them and what they do."

The life of Dr. John Muchmore

Born:

- November 9, 1936, in Central Illinois

Personal:

- Married to Josephine for almost 35 years.
- Father of four; two adult sons and daughters, three of whom are also educators.
- Grandfather of three.

Education:

- Attended Eastern's Laboratory School grades 1st through High School, in Charleston, Ill.
- Bachelor's and Master's degrees at Eastern University, in Charleston Ill.
- Certificate of Advanced Study in Rhetoric and Public Address at Northern Illinois University, in DeKalb Ill.
- National Defense Education Act Fellowship in Linguistics, at Northwestern University, in Evanston Ill.
- Received PhD in 1974 from Northwestern University, in Evanston Ill..

Professional Career:

- **Educator**
 - 2 years Palatine Grade School
 - 2 years Crystal Lake High School
 - 1 year Lincoln Way High School (in Joliet)
 - 3 years Cary Grove High School
 - 28 years Harper College
- **Actor**
 - In High School and College Theater
 - Parts in approximately 20 plays including *The Cradle Song*, *Rainmaker* and *The Same Time Next Year*.
- **Author**
 - Coauthor on a speech text book.

-By Claudette Peden

NO DOUBT

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57					58						59			

ACROSS

- 1 Power source
- 5 Media member
- 10 North Carolina college
- 14 - la Douce
- 15 Adversary
- 16 Watery: prefix
- 17 Sure things
- 20 Banner
- 21 In miserable style
- 22 Secluded valley
- 23 Egg on
- 24 Did by oneself
- 27 Getting a whiff
- 31 Goodbye, to Juan
- 32 Clutch engagements
- 33 USIA's radio arm
- 34 Lash
- 35 Stadium features
- 36 Men in mufti: abbr.
- 37 Tote
- 38 Tower over
- 39 Succumb to Morpheus
- 40 Fullness of heart
- 42 Isolate
- 43 Part of CPA: abbr
- 44 Nerve-cell process

- 45 Greet
- 48 Attributed
- 52 Sure thing
- 54 Remainder
- 55 Certain catchalls
- 56 Put in chips
- 57 Before wyes
- 58 Paris' waterfront
- 59 Plumbum

DOWN

- 1 Feels 21 Across
- 2 Weight allowance
- 3 - Sharif
- 4 Succeeded
- 5 Coached
- 6 Mature
- 7 Eternally
- 8 Pouch
- 9 Boudoir wear
- 10 Accompany
- 11 Annealing chamber
- 12 City on the Oka
- 13 Inquisitive
- 18 Loses color

- 19 Certain words
- 23 Neckwear
- 24 Fine fur
- 25 Execration
- 26 Patois
- 27 One that sees
- 28 Climbing plants
- 29 Innovative
- 30 Canadian peninsula
- 32 California athlete
- 35 Small change
- 36 coolly dispassionate
- 38 Judicial opinions
- 39 Shot of booze
- 41 Gibes
- 42 Pardon
- 44 Colorless
- 45 Hurting
- 46 Uppermost point
- 47 - majesty
- 48 Sparkling wine
- 49 Noxious thing
- 50 This, to Juan
- 51 Exploit
- 53 Forest creature

-By Claudette Peden



Creative Corner Presents:

Drownin' Worms
By
Richard Eilenfield

I often felt sorry for our neighbors' son Mike, because he was usually without a male role model to aid him on his journey toward manhood. So much so in fact, that I assumed responsibility for this imposing task. Since it was necessary to spend some time alone with Mike, I thought a fishing trip might be the perfect opportunity to discuss the important things in life, like hunting, fishing, and how a man is expected to behave. Besides, it would be relaxing, and who knows, we might even get lucky and catch a fish or two.

We set out on a late summer morning with our bait and poles for the river bank. The half-hour walk to the river gave me the opportunity to explain the basics of proper fishing etiquette to my young student. My new pupil seemed to be interested in everything but what I was talking about, and while I enjoyed my role as "teacher" immensely, I didn't have much

appreciation for the elusiveness of Mike's young mind.

Mike's attitude was amazing. Most people don't have much use for snakes, but it is considered to be a bit "girlish" to react too squeamishly. Well, I would have to break him of that. But the annoyance I now felt was masking a deeper premonition, just a slightly uncomfortable feeling. I thought to myself, "What was I worried about? I mean, I was fourteen, a man.

There's nothing
I can't handle
in these
woods."

Focused on finding a suitable place on the bank to fish, we entered the shade of the trees, feeling with relief the cool damp air near the water. After being in the bright sun, it took some time for our eyes to adjust to the dark trail we now walked on. Here the path narrowed to a two-foot-wide track in the dark brown, sticky soil. The smell of decaying vegetation blended with the odor of the dark, brackish water at the bank. The tree branches hung well out over the water, draped in Spanish moss that reminded me of camouflaged tinsel. Reminding myself that these weren't Christmas trees, I warily eyed the limbs above us for any hazard. I

remembered the stories of water moccasins or "cottonmouths" as folks around here called them, falling out of trees onto people or into their boats.

We watched intently for any sign of fish in the still water surrounding the dark finger-like projections of the cypress knots that rose out of the water. I decided to move down the bank just a bit more. At that instant an ear splitting scream shattered the peace of the river bank. Building

and echoing
among the trees
and off of the
water, the cry of
anguish drove the
birds out of the
trees, and the
insects briefly
ceased their
buzzing.

His flight was
accompanied by
hysterical whim-
pering screams
that slowly began
to have meaning.
"Snnaa ... snnaa...
snnaaaake!"

The shriek that came from behind me, where Mike was walking in my foot-steps, made my heart skip a beat. I felt something slam into my back knocking me flat in the mud, and was vaguely aware of the burning sensation as a fishing pole whipped across my right ear. Mike ran straight up and over me to disappear into the gloom ahead. His flight was accompanied by hysterical whimpering screams that slowly began to have meaning. "Snnaa... snnaa... snnaaaake!"

Snake. I should have known. I never should have

mentioned them. Looking back along the path and seeing nothing, I turned back toward Mike and began my pursuit. The going got tougher as the path grew smaller and the trees lower. My anger was increasing with every step taken down the path when finally, I found him huddled and crying at the base of tree. Angry as I was, seeing the state of shock he was in unsettled me.



Realizing the path ended where we were, and seeing the trees and bushes so thick the sun couldn't shine through, left us only two choices. Either we swim with our poles, or go back the way we came. As I explained the options to Mike, his moans of despair increased in intensity as it became clear that I did not intend to get wet. Taking his hand, I led him back along the trail toward the place he feared so much. The closer we got, the more he wailed and resisted my pull. Weak with fear, he sat in the mud unwilling to go on.

Now my only option was to carry him. Mike agreed immediately to this solution, and promptly scaled my back like a cat climbing a tree. I carried Mike "piggy back" style, forcing him to hold the poles with one hand while clinging to my neck with the other. Moving more slowly now with the added weight, I could feel the fear in the small quivering body on my back. As we neared the place where Mike had knocked me down in the muck, I felt his grip tighten around my neck making it difficult to breath. Then as suddenly as the first, another terrified scream ripped through the woods. I was so concentrated on calming myself and loosening his death grip on my neck, that it took a few seconds to realize Mike was pointing at my feet. Stretched out about four feet, with its head not two inches from my boot, was the biggest cottonmouth I had ever seen. Thick as a motorcycle

tire and dark brown almost black in the shade of the trees, with eyes like shiny black bb's, the snake appeared to be sizing us up. Its dark tongue flicking in and out, sensed us there in its home. I jumped backward a step and nearly fell. The pressure on my neck made my pulse pound in my ears, and I thought ironically, "Hell, if I don't get bitten, I will soon be strangled." Deciding to run and jump over the spot on the path the snake guarded, I told Mike to hang on, a useless precaution since a crowbar couldn't have pried him off at that point. I backed up and sprinted toward the snake and timed my leap perfectly only to be brought suddenly back to earth as the poles Mike held caught in a tree branch. We landed exactly in front of the snake.

Time stood still as my feet moved ever so slowly in another attempt to escape the now open, cotton white, fanged mouth of the moccasin. A new sound assaulted my ears, the screams now added to those of my passenger were my own. Yes sir, sounded just like a girl.

fishing is
time that

all the
t h e i r
t i v e .
behav-

fashion, and getting close to nature. After our successful escape, Mike and I agreed on which version of the story we would tell. The agreement with him not to tell about the sounds I made lasted about as long as the walk home. My brother was the first person we met, and we left him in a fit of laughter and a welter of tears after Mike's all too accurate description of the events at the water's edge.

Mike and I didn't fish together for a long time, and as I recall we ate chicken for supper that night. As for the worms, well it seems they got lost in the shuffle.



Like I said,
a relaxing pas-
provides an
opportunity to put
events of life into
proper perspec-
Things like
ing in a manly

"Unclose"

The Honors Society

by Terri Ellis

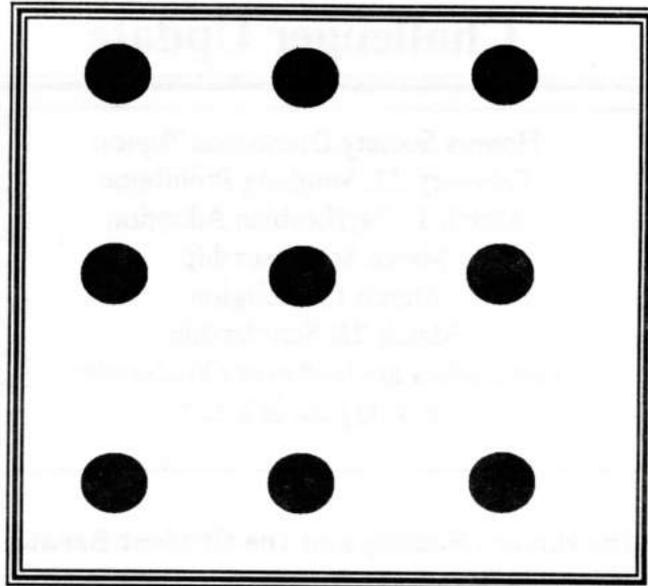
The Honors Society is complaining that it should be designated an "open" club. Currently, The Honors Society is considered a "closed" club, thus not receiving any money from Student Activities. This means that the membership is restricted to Honors program members. The club has always welcomed non-members to its meetings. However, they are not allowed to be members.

The Honors Society's Constitution states: "Students who qualify for the Honors Program may become members of the Honors Society." It also states: "A student who becomes ineligible for the Honors Program due to academic deficiency may be terminated from membership even though he or she continues taking courses at Harper."

Here is your problem. An "open" club is one that is open to anyone regardless of age, gender, religion, sexual orientation, or GPA. There is no statement in the Honors Society Constitution that allows for exceptions. Any exceptions made are left up to the discretion of the coordinator. Have you thought it through? Do you think that all of the great minds in the history of the human race have been honor students? I don't think so.

The Honors Society is separate from the Honors Program. It is a club. An open club works out of Student Activities, gets free use of the copy key (within reason) from Student Activities, gets assistance with publicity (if wanted) from Student Activities, and is eligible to apply for any grants available to supplement activities, trips, or events.

The amount of money an open club receives is not colossal, but it would identify the Honors Society to students looking for



I want to thank Valerie Weiskirch, the managing editor of the Harbinger, for showing me this mind-stretching puzzle.

There are many ways to connect the nine dots. Your challenge is to connect them using four joining lines. You may not lift your writing utensil. You may not trace a line. Your lines may intersect other lines.

The purpose of this game is not to preoccupy you. It is to let you experience having to think beyond what you are taught.

It is not obvious. You must think "outside" of the realm of childlike game playing.

Clue: It is not a box. That would leave out the middle dot.

stimulating, intelligent conversation as being open to them.

There are several ways other than the semester stipend to get money. Information is available for the asking in....Guess where?

Student Activities. Think about it!

It would be simple to fix the problem of being open or closed. Just think "outside" of the realm of childlike game playing.

Challenger Update

Honors Society Discussion Topics:

February 22: Smoking Prohibition

March 1: Gay/Lesbian Adoption

March 8: Censorship

March 15: Religion

March 22: Scholarship

Discussions are held every Wednesday

at 3:00 p.m. in L329

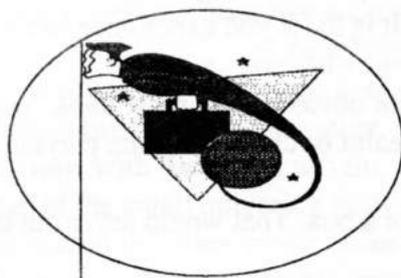
The Honors Society and The Science Fiction Club:

Invite you to join us to see *The Left Hand Of Darkness*, an original adaptation from the classic science fiction novel by Ursula K. Le Guin. This production will be performed at the Lifeline Theater, in Chicago, at 3.30 p.m. on Sunday, March 19. The van will be parked in front of Building B and will leave Harper at 2:p.m. The cost is \$7 per person, contact Hull for more information.

-By Claudette Peden

The Honors Society and The Student Senate: Are asking for your help to raise money for the Muscular Dystrophy Foundation. There are two ways in which you can help the MS Foundation. First, we will be selling large, green shamrocks for a \$1 Each shamrock has a space for your name. You can then tape the shamrocks up around school. Second, there will be a bowl-a-thon the second week of March. Pick up a sponsor sheet from Hull's office in L-334 and get people sponsor you. If someone sponsors you for 5 cents per pin and if you knock down 20 pins, then you have earned \$1 for the Muscular Dystrophy Foundation.

-By Claudette Peden



President: Heather Tollerson
 Vice-President: Stefan Poulson
 Treasurer: Claudette Peden
 Secretary: Norm Held

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-Thanks Skip Chidester
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