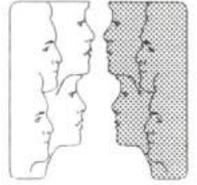


# Challenger



A Publication of the Harper College Honors Society

May 1996

Volume 7, No. 3

## Excuse me, can you spare an hour?

What do empty Smirnoff bottles, a Chevrolet gas cap, a canceled check to Eddie Bauer, and a soiled white collared shirt have in common? I'll give you a clue, it's not some kind of new age 'art'. Well if you said trash, you thought along the same lines as countless others who have driven down Algonquin Road in front of our school. But hopefully, that is

where the similarities between their thinking processes and yours differ, because the anonymous people to whom I'm referring also thought that Algonquin Road was as good a place as any to dispose of trash. And yes, as it has probably dawned on you by now, I am writing about our most recent efforts toward our program Adopt-A-Highway.

The turnout of our last Adopt-A-Highway get-together was a bit on the light side, yielding only five Honors Society members (Lavelle Velez, Josefina Campos-Rivera, Karen Shallcross, Kevin Murphy, and myself), and our esteemed coordinator and congressional

hopeful, Dr. Betty Hull.

After the initial discomfort from cold and wind, the activity proved most satisfying. In fact, we actually had some fun in our efforts to clean up a little piece of the world. Dr. Hull pointed out that our efforts were slightly akin to an archeologist studying the habits and lifestyles of a

people they never knew.

Some of the conclusions that sprung from our activity were: there seem to be more Coke than Pepsi drinkers and more hard drink than soft drink consumers, McDonalds is preferred over Wendys, and many smokers still feel the world in general is their ashtray. Of course, our ponderings were hardly scientific

and we didn't stop to analyze many different variables, only some simple (albeit slightly ludicrous) ones such as perhaps McDonald's patrons and alcohol drinkers are more likely to litter. (Continued on page 5)



Members of the Honors Society line up in front of their "collection." From left to right: Kevin Murphy, Karen Shallcross, Dr. Betty Hull, Lavelle Velez, and Timothy Brauer



*Dr. Betty Hull*

## *Role Models*

As I write this, I'm once again in a motel room in Michigan--this time early in the morning before the start of the second day of the Upper Midwest Honors Council. I'm reflecting on some of the recognitions I've received in the last year: I was named as one of their Women Making History by the Prairie Moon Bookstore in Arlington Heights during Women's History Month in 1995; I received the Award of Merit from the Northwestern University Alumni Association for contributions to my profession, scholarship, and writing; my biography appeared in Who's Who in America and Who's Who in the World; I had the privilege of attending the women's conferences in China last fall; I was asked by the Democratic Party to run for Congress in the 8th District--what more could I hope for?

As it happens, I received an honor last month that satisfied me even more: After my speech for their initiation ceremony, Phi Phi chapter of Phi Theta Kappa made me an honorary member. You have to understand that I was not considered eligible for Phi Theta Kappa in the 60's when I attended the Wilbur Wright branch of Chicago City Colleges, despite my 4.0 GPA. Thirty years ago, their membership was limited to full-time day students, and as a full-time supporter of two small children I could never take more than six hours, and only in the evenings. So I owe many thanks to Diane Novak and the other officers of Phi Phi chapter for allowing me at last to say I belong to their respected international society.

And actually, this week I received an honor to top all the others: I have been nominated by one of my peers and my division dean for the Distinguished Faculty Award, which honors one faculty member in the college each year. Considering the caliber of the faculty at Harper, this is an extremely high honor. Whether I will be the final choice of the selection committee or not, just to be nominated is something like making the Oscar ballot.

When I was originally invited to be one of the Women Making History last fall, I was asked who my role models and heroes (or heroines, although the connotations aren't the same) had been--and why. At first, I thought I didn't have any. I remember feeling quite like a pioneer blazing new trails in the 1960's when very few divorced women were able to return to college to complete their education. One older gentlemen with whom I worked took me aside one day to advise me to forget that "night school nonsense" and the American Dream of rising from poverty through education. "You'd do better to spend your time looking for a nice man who will take care of you and your children," he told me, all in the kindest way. There had to be some inspirations to help me overcome such logic. At last I decided on Wonder Woman, Eleanor Roosevelt, and Betty Friedan as my mentors.

Wonder Woman, even though she was only a comic book character, probably had the most powerful influence of all. She had all the virtues a young impressionable girl could admire. She was intelligent, beautiful, honest, loyal to her friends and her country, and virtuous in every way. When she got into trouble, she did not ask a man to rescue her; in fact she often rescued men who needed help. When she herself needed guidance, she prayed to Minerva and Athena for wisdom, and when she was in a real dilemma, she consulted her mother for advice on how to prioritize her values.

Eleanor Roosevelt was important to me in many ways. Most of them would be obvious to anyone who had the slightest knowledge of history in this century, but the one in which she was particularly special to me was in showing that a woman could be married to a powerful man and still keep her own identity.

Betty Friedan's Feminine Mystique came along at a time when I had temporarily forgotten how thankless a job being a homemaker can be. She spoke of the "complaint that has no name," which goes something like this: "If I'm 'just a housewife' and don't work, why am

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"You'd do better to spend your time looking for a nice man who will take care of you and your children," he told me, all in the kindest way.

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I so tired at the end of the day?" I came to realize that women have much in common, whether they work inside the home or outside it (or both, as is the case for the majority today).

Just recently I have recognized three more role models. The first is Hillary Rodham Clinton, who reinforces the lesson I learned from Eleanor Roosevelt, and adds a new one with her book *It Takes a Village*. I wish I had written that!

The second is Carol Moseley Braun, who didn't let herself become discouraged when all the political experts were guessing which of the "two Als" (Alan Dixon or Al Hofeld) would win the Senate race in 1992. Since I have been slated by the Democratic Party to run against Philip Crane in general election in November for Illinois' eighth Congressional district seat in the House of Representatives, I will cherish Carol's example.

The last model takes me full cycle. Many of you have heard that ten days after I returned from China last fall my mother underwent surgery to repair a ruptured aortic aneurysm. The survival rate for this surgery is

50% six months later. And many of the patients are much younger than my mother, at 83. Last week she had to go back to surgery to clear blockages in her intestines resulting from the original operation. I am happy to say that she's once again recovering nicely. Of course, she could take a turn for the worse at any moment, but as the sole survivor of fourteen children, my mother is a daily inspiration to me. She was the child of immigrant parents and she had to drop out of high school when her mother died in her teens. By the time she married my father, however, she had accumulated a nest egg of some \$3,000 to furnish their first home. She above all others taught me to be fiscally responsible and socially compassionate. If I'm elected, I plan to be as careful with the spending of public money as I am with my own. My mother says she's planning to see me take my oath of office in January. With such faith in me, how can I do any less than my best?

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## *Bowling Alone*

The Upper Midwest Honors Conference (UMHC) was recently held in Barrian Springs, Michigan. I attended this conference along with Dr. Hull and Karen Shallcross. I believe the theme of this year's UMHC conference, "Bowling Alone in an Integrating World" is particularly relevant at this time because it has academic, political, and personal relevance.

The theme was inspired by the writings of Mr. Robert D. Putnam, a Harvard University professor, who wrote an essay questioning American's declining sense of community. In this essay, Mr. Putnam notes that Americans are following a trend to join less and less groups and are exhibiting a dwindling "social trust."

The UMHC brings together honors programs from eight states, including Illinois. Each year, the conference has a new theme

and is held at a different school. To paraphrase, Andrews University hoped to give participants a "taste" of food, discussion, and experience. It was an opportunity to meet new people and learn about other Honors programs. They succeeded since I had never held a conversation with someone from South Dakota, the food was delicious, and the discussion of other Honors programs

was informative and interesting. I'm sorry I won't be here next semester to suggest and implement some of the great ideas I came back with. (I am transferring to Northern Illinois University -- unless I receive a scholarship from Georgetown University).

Dr. Blews, a speaker at the UMHC, read a cartoon that lampooned people who do not "get involved" but complain about "the system."

It was a good illustration  
*(Continued on page 5)*



*Josefina Campos-Rivera and Karen Shallcross at the UMHC*

# And the winner is ...



Phi Theta Kappa, Phi Phi Chapter conducted a campus-wide essay contest during this past semester. The topic was, "**Rights, Privileges, and Responsibilities - An Indelicate Balance.**" The contest was open to all spring 1996 credit and non-credit registered students, except Phi Phi Chapter

officers, which includes about 25,000 people. Six entries were received and we are pleased to print the winning entry, "*The Balance of Conscience*" submitted by F. Daniel Harbecke. We congratulate Daniel and the other entrants who took the time and initiative to submit an essay. The other entrants include (in alphabetical order): Sandra L. Doerr, Anne M. Gannon, Edward A. Gantt, Dion Marchese, and Cindy J. Praeger.

The topic was interpreted in many ways by these individuals, including gay rights as outlined in the U.S. Constitution; the struggle between society and the individual that changes somewhat from one generation to another; the indelicate, possibly unattainable, balance regarding civil rights; the definition of rights and privileges and subsequent responsibilities, the fulfilling of which builds self-



*Daniel receives his Harper Bookstore Gift Certificate from Phi Phi Chapter President, Diane Novak and Faculty Sponsor, Dr. Larry Kent*

esteem and confidence; a cursory view through history to the present, looking at these "three social contracts" and their relationship to each other; and a glimpse at the demands the 90's are placing on Motherhood.

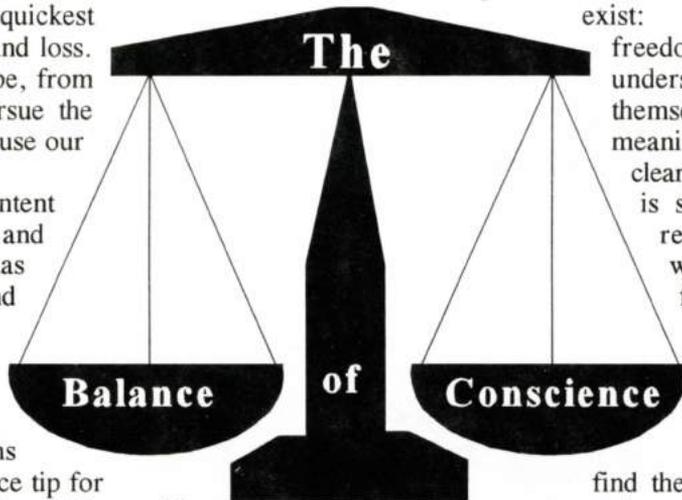
The meanings of privilege, right and responsibility seem to change with each generation. The constant struggle between society and individual raises questions that linger, whose quickest answers are often fear, strife, and loss. Yet, sometimes, we also find hope, from which we draw strength to pursue the truth of who we are, and to what use our lives should be applied.

Our society began with the intent to create a land of true peers and ensure their every voice. It has since become our test to find whether the barriers of identity can be acknowledged and respected; not simply to coexist, but to live together as unique human beings. The problems arise in the demand that the balance tip for one at the expense of another, when faith stumbles and is replaced with ignorance, apathy, and pettiness. It often seems this "indelicate balance" favors exceptionally evil people.

Because of the balance, we find what is our one

true responsibility: the personal dedication to excellence, for the promotion of a good and happy life, together. This is what allows the balance to exist: to permit people the freedom to choose, to understand the answer for themselves and discover the meaning of life. It becomes clear that what we call a right is secretly an extension of responsibility. As we would defend our own freedom within the balance, we must do so for each other. What we know as privilege is the reward of this freedom.

It is thus our duty to find the best ways to make the test succeed our time and continue for future generations. To accept this challenge in all facets of life is to dedicate our lives not only to ourselves but to everyone around us. The choice has always been ours to make.



*(Continued from page 1)*

The most prevalent article found, was newspapers. This was really disturbing to me because newspapers keep us in touch with the world in which we live, the ills and evils as well as some of what is good. Call me an idealist, but I found it slightly mind boggling that people who are in touch with the world could have such a disregard for it. But, that is the subject for another article.

If there is one idea I am trying to plant in your head, it is this: You should attempt to participate in our next outing. I know our silly games are not much of an attraction. The real attraction is the satisfaction of making a contribution. It requires only an hour or so of your weekend and by all means, bring a friend. We look forward to seeing you.

*- Timothy Brauer*

*(Continued from page 3)*

because in the United States, less than half the registered voters participate in elections. Many of those absentees profess disenchantment, yet they still do not vote. Hmn . . . ponder that. Elections are coming up. Ponder that.

"Bowling Alone" is not only a good intellectual topic; it applies here on our campus. Lavelle Velez, the Honors Society president, recently ran for Student Trustee, but I am sorry to say that she was not elected. Lavelle told me that she doesn't consider that she "lost" the race. And, I almost understand her meaning. I think that she's an individual who does not bowl alone; there are always other people and other challenges. I think she has learned that the avenues to personal success are only limited by her own self.

Through Honors, I have participated in some very interesting activities. On Sunday, April 14th, I helped clean up Algonquin Road, attended "The Libertine" at the Steppenwolf theater, and dined at Father and Son's Pizza. For some of us, that Sunday packed a wallop; we began at 11:00 a.m., and finished 10 hours later.

I still like "bowling alone," but less frequently. More and more, I enjoy participating and initiating group activities.

*- Josefina Campos-Rivera*

## *Honors Society*

# Adopt-A-Highway

## Clean up Algonquin Road

(the portion between Quentin and Roselle Roads)

**Sunday, June 30, 1996**  
**at 10:00 a.m.**

(Meet in Building "L" parking lot)



# The Guy on the "T"

My mom made a fart in church. It smelled bad. Nobody said nothin' when my mom farted, but I made a face and she pinched me. She pinched me hard.

I never been in church before. It's big ... real big. They got a organ with big gold pipes that go way up to the ceilin' by these big pictures of naked people. The organ makes loud, scary music, like ghostly, Halloween music. Mom pinched me for starin' at the naked pictures on the ceilin'.

There was a fat guy standin' behind us in church. He was singin' real loud. He must'a thought he singed good 'cause he was singin' so loud it hurt my ears. When I put my hands over my ears my mom pinched me again. My arm hurt on-a-count a she kept pinchin' me.

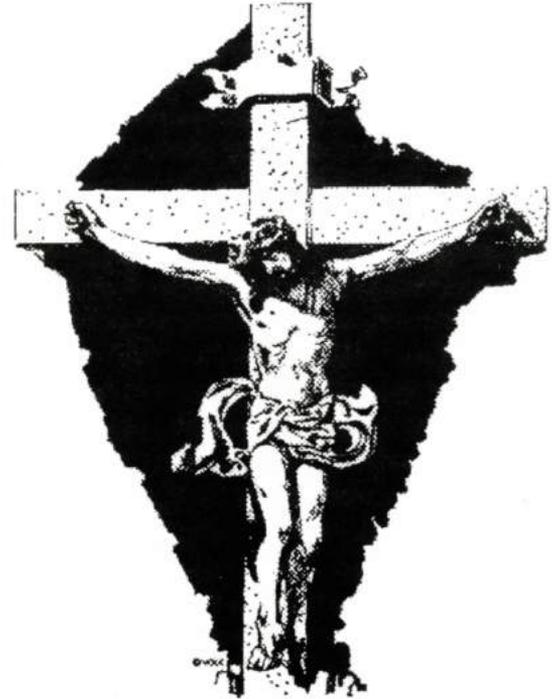
Lots'a people started walkin' like a parade up to this big table in front. This guy in pajamas was stickin' little white candy-lookin' things in everybody's mouth. Everybody just sticked their tongue out at him and they got one .. Free. I went up with mom and when the guy came I stuck my tongue out at him, too. Mom pinched me again ... real, real hard.

After everybody got a little, white, candy-lookin' thing, the pajama guy started sprinklin' water on everybody with this gold rattle. When I covered my face mom pinched me again.

There was this lady with a stupid hat standin' next to me. The hat was stupid 'cause it had a fake bird stuck on top. I knew the bird was fake 'cause when I screamed when my mom pinched me for makin' a face when she farted, the bird didn't fly away. A real bird would'a flied away. That hat was stupid. My mom pinched me for starin' at it.

They got this guy stuck on a big letter "T" in church. He got's nails stickin' in his hands and feet, and there's lots'a blood drippin' down his face 'cause he's wearin' this hat made out'a pinchy-lookin' sticks. I bet gettin' nails stuck in you hurts worser than gettin' pinched by my mom.

I was sittin' there wonderin' why they stuck that guy on the "T"? And how come he was wearin' a diaper? He must'a did somethin' real bad. But the guy on the "T" looked like a nice man. He had this kind'a smiley look, but he looked a little like he was cryin', too.



I kept thinkin' they should put Mr. Pitts up there instead'a that nice guy. Mr. Pitts keeps our baseballs when they go over his fence. They shouldn't put a nice man up there.

It felt kind'a creepy lookin' at the guy on the "T". It looked like he was lookin' down right at me ... like he was gonna start talkin' to me or somethin'. That would be neat. But it would be kind'a scary, too. But, then the guy could tell me why they sticked him up there. He must'a done somethin' really bad. Them nails would hurt. The pinchy hat, too.

I kind'a like goin' to church and lookin' at the guy on the "T". Lookin' at him makes it not so stupid to be in church with stupid hat ladies and loud, fat guys. And mom don't pinch me when I'm lookin' at the guy on the "T".

- Bill Weiss

*This is the third story in a series of eight which was written from a small boy's point of view. The story explores the boy's first exposure to religion, while stealing a peek at how the innocent mind flows from distraction to delicious distraction.*

# Reader Beware

As I read through the articles submitted for this issue of *The Challenger*, a common theme seemed to be expressed. This theme is also one that has been steadily evolving in my mind during the course of this semester. The theme is "getting involved."

Exactly what motivates people to get involved? I think the answer is as individual as we are. Something needs to strike an inner chord -- we all "follow the beat of a different drummer." What makes us respond to activities or requests?

When I first signed on as editor, it was with some trepidation, but it was a challenge. I looked at it as an opportunity to learn something and to make a contribution. To begin with, I sent a letter to all Honors Society members explaining the process and asking for ideas and input. *The Challenger* is the voice of all members of the Honors Society, not just Dr. Hull and the current editors of the newsletter. Well, I was disappointed in my request - there was no response. We did receive two submittals for the first issue, one from Bill Weiss and one from Timothy Brauer. I believe that Bill's submittal was the result of a conversation that he had with instructor, Mike Knudsen. Tim's submittal came as a result of a conversation that he and I had. Perhaps both submittals were partially as a result of the letter, but the final participation came as a result of direct conversation.

In the second issue of this semester's newsletter, we put forth a request for people to respond to the issue of responsibility. The response? None (as of yet, perhaps there is still hope). Why no response? Apathy? Too busy? Don't care? Someone else will - so why should I? I don't know the reasons for others, I can only speak for myself. When I mentioned my disappointment about the lack of response for articles to Dr. Hull, she asked me a couple of questions, "How long were you a member of the Honors Society before you became editor and did you submit anything to *The Challenger*?" Her questions were not the first time I thought about this, but I thought my situation was different (Don't we all?). I thought that people should respond to me because I took the time to write a letter and we asked direct questions in the newsletter. In the past, I only saw the standard box in *The Challenger* which states ". . . is the voice of the Harper College Honors Society. We welcome articles, ideas, and letters of interest appropriate for our members. We encourage contributions." Nobody had *directly* asked me to submit an article - I figured someone else would do it and I really was so busy...

I was wrong. Just because I wrote a letter, it was in essence a form letter, not a personal request. Looking back, when I made a phone call or stopped to talk to someone, they happily submitted articles (Bill Weiss, Tim Brauer, and Josefina Campos-Riviera). To get others involved, I need to become involved.

People today, myself included, are busy. Lives take many directions, sometimes all at the same time. Priorities need to be set, changed, and reset. When I read about the adopt-the-highway date, I thought about going. My first problem was that I didn't write it down, and to be honest, the day came and went and I had forgotten. Personally, I respond to telephone calls or personal requests that are face to face. I volunteer for the PADS homeless shelter through my church. I don't sign up on the schedule because it is too hard for me to know what is going to be happening at the time and I am slowly learning not to make commitments that I won't be able to keep, but when I am called, I help.

Maybe other people work the way I do. I don't think it's apathy - apathy does not seem to be a trait of the Honors student. We are all busy and moving in many directions - that is a trait of the Honors student. So beware, no more letters from me (I'll save the trees and the postage), but you may get a phone call asking for a submittal or for your opinion on a topic. A more personal approach -- it works on me, will it work on you?

- Cheryl Vaccarello



# HONORS PROGRAM

## WELCOME ...

*Please welcome these new members to the Honors Society!*

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### OFFICERS

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### EDITORIAL POLICY

The Challenger is the voice of the Harper College Honors Society. We welcome articles, ideas, and letters of interest appropriate for our members. We encourage contributions. Final editorial judgment is the sole responsibility of the editorial staff. For information on possible submissions, call x6323. Written materials should be placed in the Challenger box in the Journalism office, A379. Published by students in IDS-290 for class credit.

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