

**OTC
HONORS
PROGRAM**

{ THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN }

**2013
2014**

{Nam et ipsa scientia potestas est.}

{ VOL. 4 }

THE
HONORS PROGRAM PROVIDES
ACADEMICALLY EXCEPTIONAL STUDENTS
AN OPPORTUNITY TO DEVELOP THEIR FULL
POTENTIAL THROUGH THE ENHANCED LEARNING
ENVIRONMENT OF A DESIGNATED COMMUNITY
OF SCHOLARS

sketch by Tina Ballard

A Tall Tale of the Ozarks

In Good Company

Art by Honors

Mental Break

Aesop's Fables

*Notes from HSC
Officers*

**WIN
\$25!**

See page 5 for details.



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ART BY HONORS

I Wait

by John Brice

I wait.

For what, I do not know.

They placed me here on this front porch some two years ago.

When I sat in the hardware store I am sure that I looked fetching with my bright striped cushions and painted steel frame.

Many people passed me by.

Some stopped to rest upon my comfortable cushions for a few minutes.

Children found great pleasure in my ability to swing to and fro.

They giggled with glee as they felt the wind in their hair. The stock boys kept me clean and moved me from time to time to put me in a more sellable location.

Finally, a family took me home.

At last, a real home.

They have children and grandchildren.

I will get to be of use to someone.

I wait.

The parents seem too busy to take time to enjoy a front porch swing.

The children follow in Mom and Dad's footsteps.

I wait.

When the weather is nice, they are too busy to rest and watch life go by.

When the weather is bitter cold, they rush past me from the car and into the warmth of the house.

I wait.

The grandchildren touch me as they pass me.

Why am I here?

I wait.

Had I a voice I would shout, "Slow down!"

Or perhaps I would whisper, "Please, come enjoy a moment of peace and rest".

Had I arms, I would reach out to the children as they pass by and beckon them to see how life is to be enjoyed, not merely endured.

I wait.

Had I feet, I might run after them and catch them before they got into their comfortable car to offer myself as an alternative to their hectic schedule.

I wait.

Perhaps tomorrow?

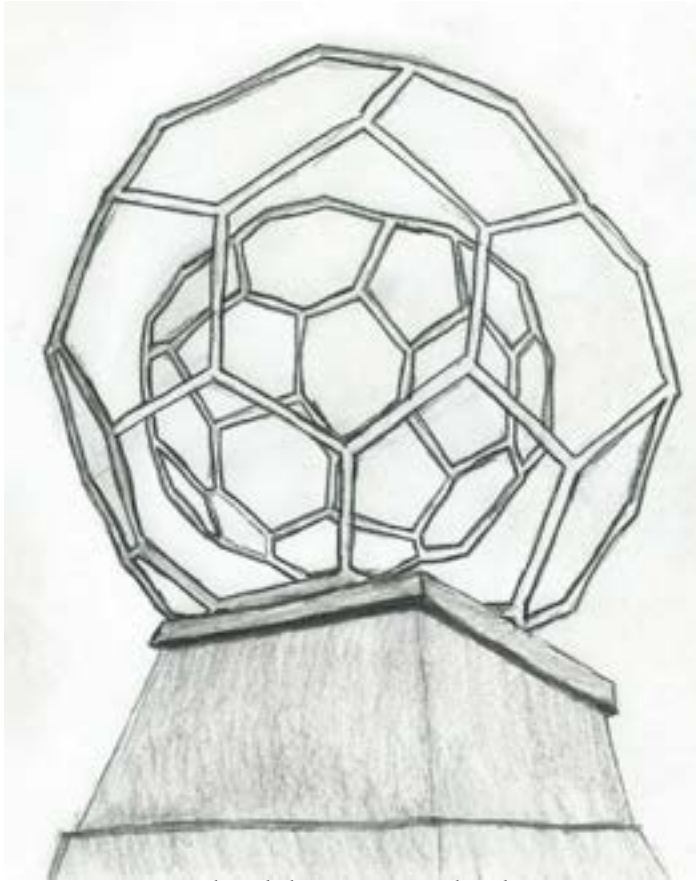
Please don't wait too late.

Editor's Note: Thanks to Eric Lawson for all the help with design ideas, letting me bounce my ideas off him and for being that other set of eyes! Made all the difference!



Editor in Chief: Kat Sheldahl

ART BY HONORS



Sketch by Craig Ragland

The Alchemy of Aphrodite By Brandon Perkins

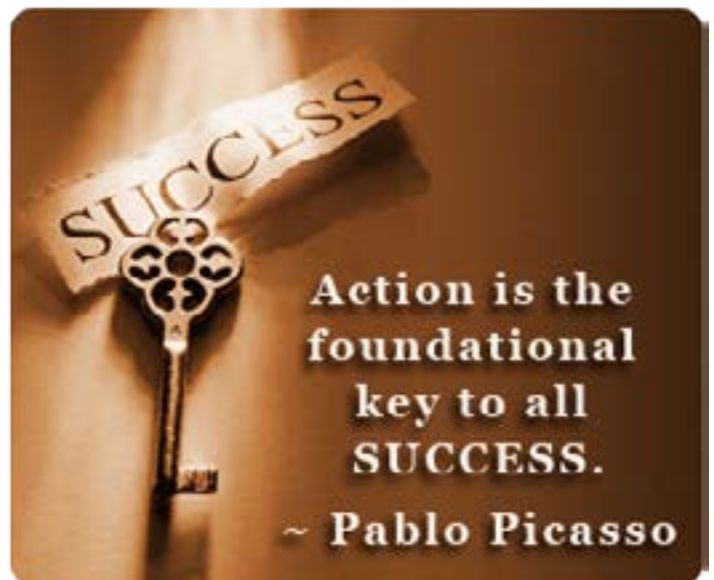
Beauty personified enters my life, shattering the monotonous gloom with her lucid radiance. Entranced, I cannot help but stare at her wistfully, a moth to her shrill, singular flame. She draws close and I ignite, burning from the intensity of her presence: I stammer, unable to clothe thought into the flesh of words. Like the sun, all else dims by comparison to this luminous, ephemeral beauty of the ages. My mind tells me she must be Eve, Helen of Troy, or one of the muses; this woman is no mere mortal. Molten, my palms sweat and I am fevered. Through the haze of rising air, I imagine that she graces me with a smile. She lays a finger on my arm, now a conflagration of emotion scours my mind of all but her. She turns and exits the room, now dismal, a dungeon where I but exist. However, an image, crystal pure and glass-sharp of her is indelibly etched into the surface of my mind. I contemplate a fiery goddess that simply cannot logically exist.



The Name of Love

Her soft, lilting voice sounds no more in my ears
And her tender, loving hands no longer soften my tears
But I know who she is. I have known love, and she was good.
To try to hold her was to hold the sun. If I could again, I would.
She is gone, yet remains. I miss Her. Yet I know her name.

Brandon Joel Perkins
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THE RAVEN AND THE SERPENT



A hungry Raven, searching for prey, came across a Snake lying at full length on a sunny bank. He seized him in his horny beak and would have devoured him, but the Snake, twisting and turning about, bit the Raven with his venomous fangs, so that he died in great pain. "I am justly served," gasped the dying bird, "for trying to profit by injuring another."

Have regard for the rights of others.

~Aesop's Illustrated Fables

Submitted by Craig Ragland
Honors Program IT



Mental Break

Submit your solutions to Wade Southwell or Kat Sheldahl in the Honors Office ICE352 by January 31, 2014 to be entered in the drawing.

WORD OF THE MONTH

Zwitterion: [TSVIT'-er-ahy-uhn] n.

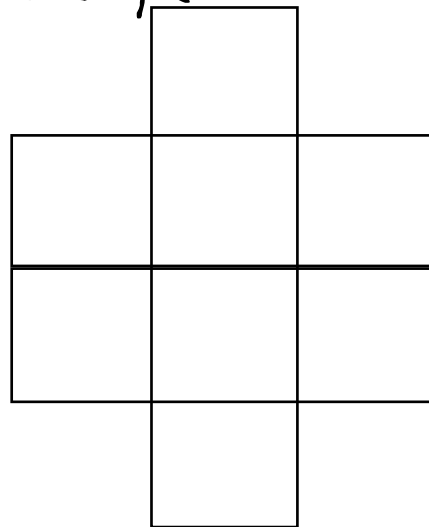
An ion with both a positive and a negative charge. *Origin:* German, equivalent to Zwitter hybrid, hermaphrodite + ion.

Example: Today in Chemistry class we learned about an interesting type of ion called a zwitterion.

**

Solve this number puzzle for a chance to win a \$25 gift card!

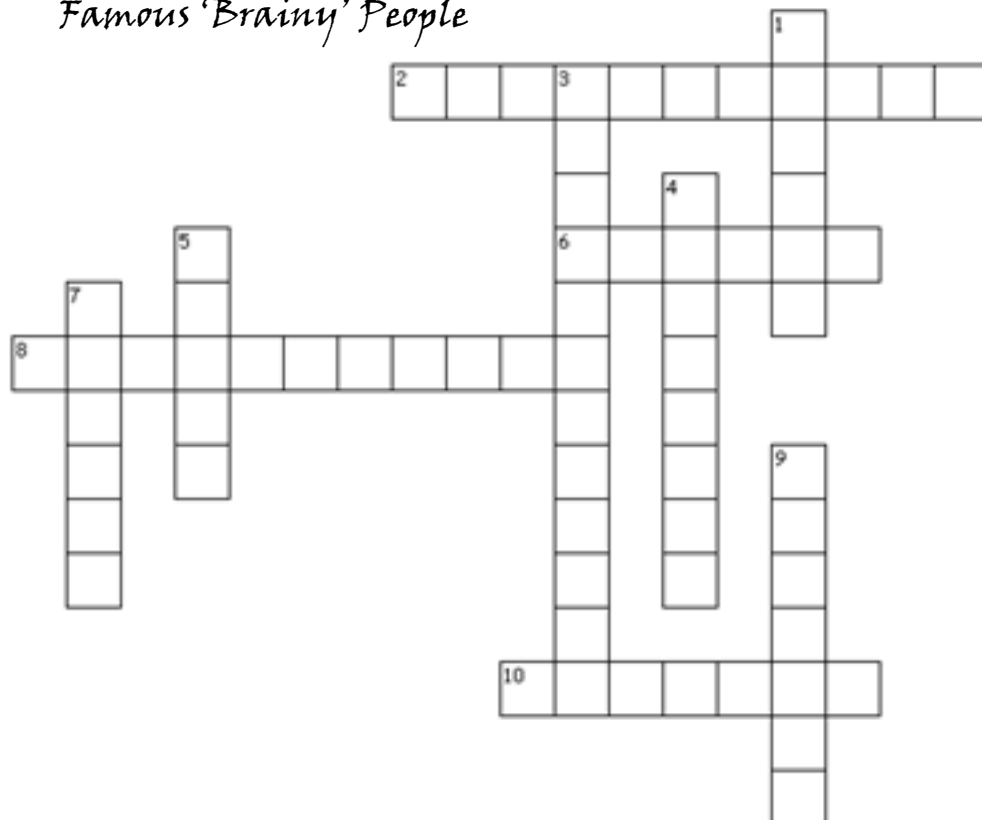
**



Use the numbers 1 through 8. Put one number in each square. Squares with consecutive numbers cannot touch, including diagonally.

(Submitted by Eric Lawson)

Famous 'Brainy' People



Across

2. Playwright and poet
6. Prolific Russian-born American author
8. Famous female scientist(2 wds)
10. Quantum gravity and cosmology

Down

1. Gravity
3. Female Russian Mathematician
4. Best known for $E = mc^2$
5. Classical Greek Philosopher
7. Evolution
9. Italian painter, Renaissance Man

In Good Company

By Wade Southwell

This column features community college graduates who have become successful in their life's endeavors, hopefully serving to inspire today's community college student.



In 1970, Denis Hayes was National Coordinator of the first Earth Day, which is often credited with launching the modern environmental movement. He was International Chair of Earth Day 1990, and chaired Earth Day 2000.

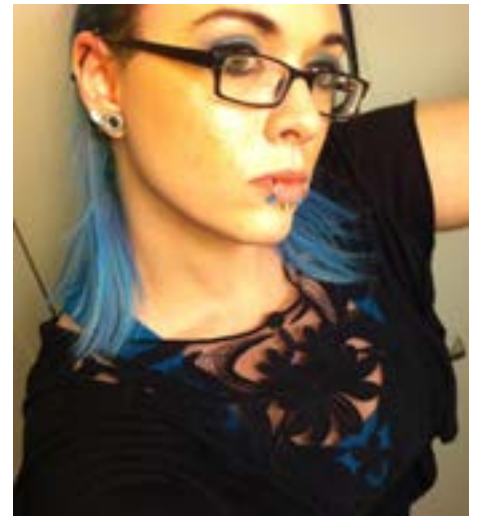
An environmental lawyer by training, he headed the federal government's Solar Energy Research Institute during the Carter Administration and has taught engineering at Stanford University. He is now President and CEO of the Bullitt Foundation, a \$100-million Seattle-based environmental foundation. He is also Chairman of the Board of the Energy Foundation and serves on the boards of other environmental groups. Denis has been honored by the Sierra Club, the National Wildlife Federation, the American Solar Energy Society, the Humane Society of the United States, and the Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility,

and was selected by Look magazine as one of the 100 most influential Americans of the 20th Century. He got his start at his local community college, Clark College, in Vancouver, Washington.

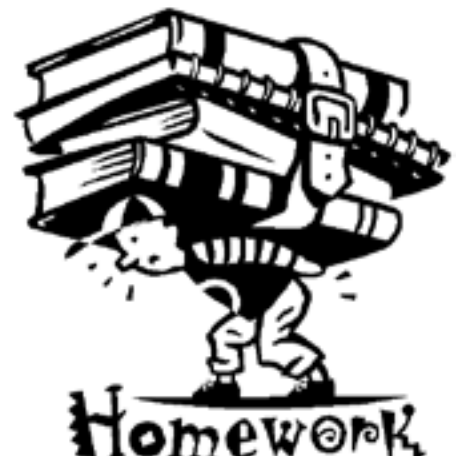


Eileen Marie Collins is a NASA astronaut and first woman Space shuttle Commander. With four space flights, she's logged more than 872 hours in space. Eileen received an Associate Science degree in mathematics and science from Corning Community college before continuing her education at Syracuse, Stanford and Webster University.

NOTES FROM THE VP OF ACTIVITIES: HEATHER MORGAN



¡Hola! I am very excited about the activities this year. We have such a wonderful group of honor students; I'm so happy to be working with you all. In October we enjoyed the Party of the Living Dead event. November held the Blake Mycoskie speech. I look forward to our end of the semester event. This has been a great semester so far, and I am sure the coming semester will just as amazing. I hope you all enjoy your winter break.



A Tall Tale of the Ozarks

Based on real events

By Brandon Perkins

What follows is the final journal entry of Elliot Hays, found by his fiancée Elise Gilenwaters in his apartment after his disappearance on or around October 25, 2004.

October 23, 2004:

No one believes me. No one but my ex-fiancé and her best friend, Amaranth; they believe me because they were there.

I spent five years as a security guard. I saw some weird things during that time, and had a brush with death once or twice; it went with the job. In general I was safe, paid decent and got to help people. I managed to save 6 lives in my career and that is why I did the work, to make a small difference.

Nothing had prepared me for what happened at the Lodge.

It happened back in May. I had just reconciled with Elise after being gone for over a year. She and her friend Amaranth had a hobby of going to places they thought were spooky. At my job, I had run across an old manor. Local legend has it that some girl scouts were killed there, but my friend, a history major, had told me that was just an urban legend. It was built on Native American land; I thought that was too stereotypical, that he was kidding me, but he assured me that it was the truth.

He told me the land was purchased by the county in 1903, and a huge manor-style house was built there, which was sold in 1916 to the Schwietzer family. To his knowledge they never stayed there over night and in 1932, they stopped going there altogether. In the 70s, some drunken college kids accidentally burned the place down; the roads that were on the property were so badly tended the fire department couldn't get down to the

house. The three major structures on the property were lost. Sometime in the 80s the urban legends started. The lady who owned the place would never speak to my buddy; she hung up on him. But he managed to find out that her children wanted to split the land up and turn it into a housing development. But the old bag wouldn't let them. She even had a clause in her will stating they had to keep the property, unbroken and untenanted if they wanted any of her fortune.

Even with the "No Trespassing" signs up, people went down to the Lodge all the time. I had been down to the property a few times, myself. It was a little creepy, but nothing seemed dangerous about the place, other than it was eerily quiet as close as it was to the highway.

After nightfall, that all changed. You could feel eyes on you, and would get the distinct impression you were not welcome. There were strange noises, and occasionally laughter. I hated going down into that valley at night. It got to the point I started skipping that part of my route, whenever I could.

So here I was, genius that I am, taking the love of my life and her best friend down into that accursed place when they asked me if they could see it. I hate myself for agreeing. They do, too.

My first mistake: letting them talk me into it. My second: the time we arrived, right about sunset. If it had been a horror film, people in the audience would have been screaming at me.

You have to go down into the small valley on foot. As we started down, we were laughing and teasing each other. I would soon be crying and carrying my girl up that steep incline, listening to her friend's screams.

I told them about the urban legend, and all the stuff my buddy had told me on the way down. For a while everything was fine. There are a few

beautiful sights, such as the footbridge that spans the lake just 6 inches above the surface. The concrete structures of the buildings and the old swimming pool are still intact, and it gives you a good idea of the size and majesty the manor once had.

We were about to start heading back up when it started. The sun was a splash of peach and orange paint behind the tree line, and the shadows were long. We had just left one of the tiny block concrete homes for the servants on the property, when a rustling in the brush started. I thought it was just some animal, but it followed us rather than moving away. The temperature had dropped sharply and I knew that shouldn't happen for another hour; I chalked it up to the valley floor and the lake. When the shadows started moving strangely and the girls both looked at each other, I knew we were in trouble.

We would have left gladly, but the trails were suddenly gone. I knew my way around the place; I had been there many times. It was as if they never had been there. I had been offered a second job with the local game warden, I knew my way around that particular piece of country so well. I was not lost.

The shadows grew longer as we ascended; the branches reached like claws for our throats. The laughter I was familiar with started up, along with a new sound: weeping, like that of a small child, could be heard in the darkness. I broke through the brush, just trying to get us all out safely.

Halfway up, a trail came out of nowhere. I didn't like it; I had never seen it before and there was something about it that set my hair standing up. I approached it carefully. I couldn't see into the dark woods; it was pitch black. As we neared the trail, I could feel a palpable presence waiting, watching, wanting us to turn down the path. I knew if I took one more step...

To be continued...

CRYSTAL BRIDGES

by Kat Sheldahl

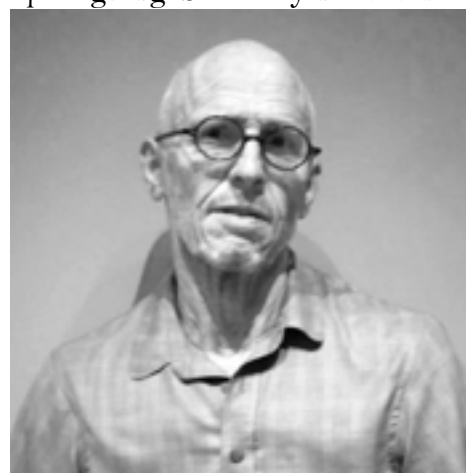


Our trip to Crystal Bridges Art Museum in Bentonville Arkansas on October 12 was amazing, even aside from the fact we didn't have to leave OTC until 9:00 a.m. vs. the 7:00 a.m. departure time for the Atkins-Nelson Museum trip last year! My day, however, started out rather inauspiciously; I chose the only seat that was wet and ended up looking like I couldn't wait to use the restroom! After drying off as well as I could and changing seats, things went better. The ride itself was uneventful and we arrived in good time at the Museum. It was a bit overcast outside and since many of the works of art are outdoors, it was perfect weather for walking the trails. No matter whether you go outside or stay inside there is a lot of walking.

The first thing was riding the glass elevator up to the main level, (the area is perfect Ozarks terrain; hilly) and the view was beautiful. At the top we were deposited to a courtyard, of sorts, surrounded by doors to the museum and the gift shop, which, by the way, had some really unique wares. Inside the museum is a café called Eleven, where some of us ate lunch and the prices really weren't bad compared to many such places I've been to, and the food was delicious.

After lunch everyone split up, either in small groups or individually
{8} {THE PINNACLE: DESTINATION KNOWN}

ally, to peruse whatever caught our interest. I went up to the library first thing and was amazed at how many books there could be about art. From Michelangelo to Warhol, and some of the books were so old that they were tied with ribbon to keep them from falling apart. After browsing for a while, I decided to go down the outer hall and check out the exhibits there. Many of them brought back childhood memories; little Red Flyer wagons, Buck Rogers laser guns and comic books, black and white TV shows, Elvis Presley and others. After wandering around several minutes, I finally arrived at the paintings; ah, beautiful art from centuries past. I was particularly fascinated with the portraits; the thought that these people actually lived hundreds of years ago. One little bright-eyed girl caught my fancy and I was struck with how well the artist caught the life and sparkle in her eyes. As I mused about what her life might have been like and the fact that she was long dead, sadness took over and I began to wonder about life and why we're even here. Just as I began feeling rather maudlin, and was about to give in to depression, I saw a painting that cheered me up; it was a chimpanzee sitting at a table in a very human manner and I cracked up laughing. So totally needed that



right then!

Another art form that truly riveted me was the three-dimensional sculptures of life-like humans, one of which was a bust of a man, which was over-sized, the other was the complete figure of an old man sitting on a bench. I had to do a double take on the latter, because it looked like a real person sitting there and I couldn't figure out why he was behind the rope barrier!

Back to the outdoors; I enjoyed walking the trails with, finding the source of the springs, which came right out from under a shelf of rock in the hillside. Even though we were there a bit late in the season, there were still a lot of flowers and greenery on site. I am sure I didn't see everything there was to see and am planning on going back and taking my family. All in all, it was a superb experience and I would definitely recommend it to anyone who appreciates beauty and talent; human or nature.



NOTES FROM THE PRESIDENT: ERIC LAWSON

My fellow Honor Students, it has been a great honor to serve as your president for the past semester. I have learned a lot about leadership and will continue to learn more as my presidency continues. I would like to see all of you succeed in your endeavors. Especially those ventures you undertake here at OTC. I would like to see more team work among Honor Students. College is more than just learning new skills and how to think critically, it is about learning to work well with other brilliant minds. We all experience turmoil in life, the one college students experience more than other people, is the lack of time to complete their school work. As some of the most brilliant minds in the school we should be working together to minimize this problem. Next semester if not sooner, I would like to see Honor Students forming study groups, even if it's two or three people. Above all other goals as president, I would like to see an entire class working together from the first day of the semester to finals. The days of individual success in college will come to an end as you progress in your college careers; however success is inevitable if determination and team work are mixed together. Thank you all for your hard work and dedication to this great organization.



A WORD FROM AN HONORS GRADUATE

by Meagan Rippee

Well, my transition from OTC to MSU was rather difficult. Not course transfer, but just trying to feel like I fit in. Naturally, I knew it would be hard for me because I am shy, and there are so many more people in my courses and so many more people around me on campus. But, recently, I have discovered for me, that your academic advisor makes all the difference in the world. Here at MSU, you have two advisors instead of just one. Scott Handley has been so helpful with selecting honors courses that I have left (only 3 after transferring from OTC --which is not bad). But you also have a departmental academic advisor --one who can answer questions about your major. Now, make sure you are picky about this one because I learned that if you have one who will help you along the way, will make time for you, and reassure your capabilities, it really makes your experience at MSU better.

Now that I have been here for almost a semester, I really enjoy it. It took time to get here, but I am glad I decided to be in the Honors Program at OTC. It has prepared me for the work load here, and to have the independence and motivation to keep my grades up. One more thing --get involved. It will make you feel like you have a place here at MSU. Be friendly, be courteous, and be yourself! You will find those people whom you 'click' with!



NOTES FROM THE VP OF COMMUNITY INVOLVEMENT: SHAYNE JACOPIAN

What I've enjoyed most about being the Vice President of Community Involvement for the Honors Program is that I've had the opportunity to meet prospective Honors Program students, and talk to them about the program. At the Springfield Public Schools College Fair, I got to discuss the program with potential students who were academically qualified to go to school elsewhere, but who chose OTC to save money or to stay closer to home. That's a decision that a lot of us make these days. Community college is no longer just for non-traditional or technical students. All kinds



of people are choosing community colleges for all kinds of reasons, and the Honors Program gives a home to those who want to go the extra mile in their academic careers. Taking to students at a local high school's A+ orientation presented me with the opportunity to talk to students, many of whom likely saw OTC as a "back-up plan," as someone who had also seen

OTC as a "back-up plan" as a senior in high school, and who, at this point, is very satisfied with OTC, the Honors Program, and everything that each has to offer. My favorite part of the position so far, then, has been talking to people who are currently in the same position that I was just a couple of years ago, and sharing with them all of the things that OTC and the Honors Program have to offer.

CAMPUS RESOURCES

Carol Jones Writing Center – IC200

Monday – Thursday - 8:30 am to 6:30 pm

Friday – 8:30 am to 2:30 pm

Speckman Tutoring Center -

Monday – Thursday - 7:30am to 7:30 pm

Friday - 7:30 am to 3:30 pm

Saturday – 10:00 am to 2:00 pm

FREE RESOURCES:

Websites:

www.quizlet.com – flashcards & games

www.wolfram.com – mathematics assistance

www.studystack.com – flashcards & games

www.KhanAcademy.com – educational videos

www.studyblue.com – flashcards & games

www.box.com – online storage for documents

www.dropbox.com – online storage

www.desmos.com – online graphing calculator

Android Apps:

Mathway

CmScanner

Flashcards+

Khan Academy

School Assistant

School Helper

MindJet

Apple Apps:

Edmodo

HMH Fuse Algebra I

Springpad

iStudies Lite

NOTES FROM THE VP OF

FUNDRAISING:

WADE SOUTHWELL

It's been a busy and productive semester for the fundraising committee! Our numerous bake sales have delivered a sizable income for our HSC funds, and we're looking forward to an even more productive Spring 2014 semester! Speaking of Spring, if you're an Honors student interested in some fundraising experience, be sure to email me about setting up an

appointment to talk about what you can do to get involved. You might consider becoming an Honors Representative with the Fundraising



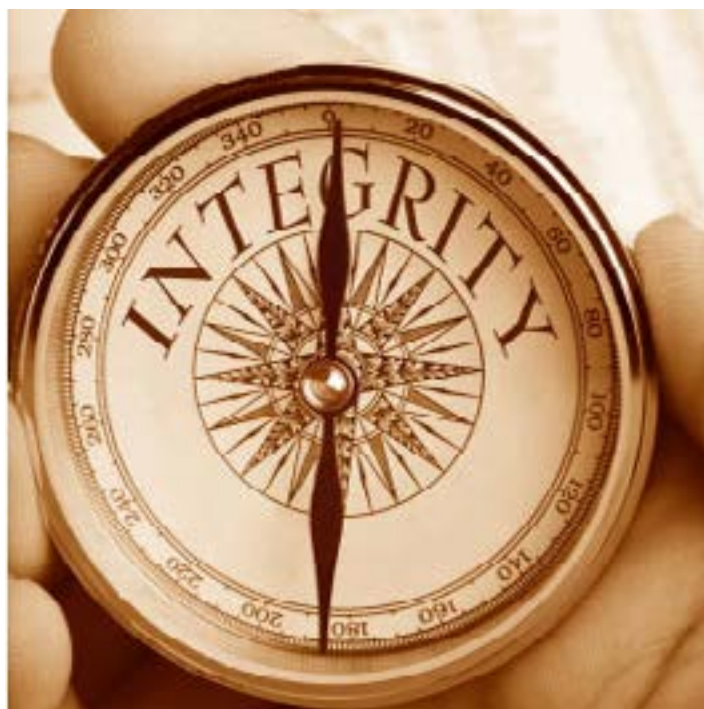
Committee! It looks great on a resume, and you get to have a direct impact of the happenings of our HSC! Good luck with finals!

How to Freeze Water by Boiling It

Eric Lawson

I know what you're thinking and no it's not dry ice, nor is it liquid nitrogen, it's physics! The reason why so many people will raise an eyebrow when you say "you froze water by boiling it" is because most people do not know what boiling is. You don't place a pot of water on the stove to boil it, you put it on the stove to heat it up, then it begins to boil. This is because matter resists change. The water is cooling itself off by air bubbles expanding and rising to the surface. So, you must ask yourself "if I can cool water at 100°C, how do I cool water down to 0°C?" You guessed it, physics! The answer begins with Newton's 3rd Law. For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction. Before you add heat to the water the microscopic air bubbles in the water cannot make it to the surface due to the equal, but opposite pressure on the water. You guessed it, this is the atmospheric pressure. Before you read further, take a second and guess how you can get water to boil without heat.

If you guessed lower the atmospheric pressure, then you're correct! The easiest way to do this is by removing all the matter (except the water) from the environment. This can be done with a vacuum chamber. Once the atmospheric pressure gets to the point where the air bubbles can expand and reach the surface the water will begin to cool. Lower the pressure enough so that the water will boil off enough heat that it freezes. Physics!



NOTES FROM THE VP OF ACADEMIC INTEGRITY: BRANDON PERKINS

My name is Brandon Perkins, and I am your current Vice President of Academic Integrity. My term is for a year, so I will be serving as your for Fall 2013 and the Spring 2014 semester. I am enrolled at OTC in the Associate of Arts Program and I have two more semesters left to complete before I am eligible to graduate. My office involves pushing forward toward Academic Excellence. I also research academic travel opportunities as well as conference submission opportunities for students. Additionally, I try to assist other Honors members in understanding and making use of the Service Hours tracking forms and the various categories and limitations of Service Hours.

I am currently at work researching various exit tests that might be made use of by HSC students on a voluntary basis to aid them in the job market, as well as moving on with the various programs that you may be interested in. There are no particular events upcoming in relation to my office, though be on the lookout for an e-mail detailing various cultural experiences in the community soon.

*Knowledge is
Power!*



sketch by
Brandon Perkins