



CLOCK TOWER

OCTOBER 28, 1993

THE UNION COLLEGE STUDENT NEWSPAPER

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA



Bruce Pulcin and Kenneth Dick stretch to tie a red ribbon on a tree.

Ribbons tie up campus trees

By JESSICA GREER

Red ribbons were tied around Union College campus trees, light poles, and even around the clock tower during Alcohol Awareness Week, Oct. 18-22. Throughout the week, several attempts were made to reinforce good choices. A display booth in the Dick Building lobby offered pamphlets and flyers highlighting such facts as alcohol abuse, reasons for abstaining, and no alcoholic party punch recipes. Mr. Otto Schultz, a counselor at Lincoln General Hospital and a recovering alcoholic, spoke at a special Wednesday night joint worship titled "Flashing Your Brights."

"Something new this year," says Donna Brasuell, Collegiate Adventists for Better Living (CABL) director,

"was to have students tie red ribbons on campus trees instead of Campus Ministry staff doing it." This is symbolic of Union's statement against alcohol. Hopefully students will become more conscious of their actions by participating in this challenge.

The red ribbons symbolize our refusal as a school and a nation to tolerate the loss of one more life due to the abuse of drugs and alcohol. The "Red Ribbon" campaign is intended to inspire groups and individuals to make a commitment to actively combat the abuse of drugs and alcohol, not for just one week, but for a lifetime.

Brasuell says, "I think we have a problem with alcohol if only one person is 'experimenting.' Those are the people we want to target for awareness. It may start pretty innocently, but it doesn't end up that way. If seeing the ribbons reinforces one person's decision to not drink, or makes someone think about what they are doing, our efforts have been successful."

Every year, 10,000 youth in the United States ages 15-24 are killed due to alcohol. Make a difference — take a stand. ♦ See Ribbon...page 7

No home for thousands

By KIMBERLY JENSEN
Staff Writer

Approximately five to six hundred thousand homeless people live in the U. S. According to *The Homeless in Contemporary Society*, a collection of recent essays written on homelessness, large metropolitan areas have an average of 13 homeless people for every ten thousand people. The homeless come from many walks of life, and some end up in gangs, prostitution rings, shelters, and various other places. Not all homeless people are adult males. Nearly 50 percent are families and children.

Today, many of the homeless are only temporarily homeless. Older people may live in a hotel when they have money and on the street when their funds are depleted. Younger people may live on the streets when their home conditions become too bad to live in. Unemployed or severely indebted families may live in a car until a family member can find a job or debts are paid.

Homelessness has been a

problem in the U.S. since the mid-eighteenth century and is usually brought on by declining economic conditions. The homeless were once thought of as wards that should be cared for by their community, but as poverty came to be known as a moral failure, and as industry increased, the amount of wandering poor also increased.

Shortly before World War I,

people finally realized that homelessness was not the homeless people's fault and set out several government programs to aid them. Though these programs have done much, many homeless people still find themselves unaided or minimally helped by government programs. This is where we, as Christians and conscien-

See Homeless...page 7

Involved students make Week of Prayer strong

By SOPHIE ANDERSON

Under the glow of soft lights, students' voices hushed as the evening ushered in a half hour of worship and praise for the student Week of Prayer on October 4-8.

Corey Hasenauer, Union for Christ director and program organizer, felt not only that the meetings gave the students a refreshing study break, but offered the chance to reflect again on the true purpose of Christian education, Christ. The soft lights gave a more comfortable atmosphere to the scene. "It was like a family

get-together with the soft lights," Jeremy Cornforth, a freshman, said. He agreed that it gave students a real break from school work.

How is a week of prayer produced by students' peers different from having an experienced speaker fly in? Senior Casi Nesmith said that since students were in charge, she knew the meetings would be shorter and more applicable to her. Short meetings appeal more to students because of their hectic schedules. If non-students had planned it, she reflected, there

See WOP...page 3

Cashless society ahead for UC

By BECKY LANE

Few announcements could have been more earthshaking to Union College. Students and faculty are all talking about it. The unbelievable has happened.

"I'm astounded," said one student.

Others have made similar comments.

"I had no idea what was going on."

"When did this happen? Why didn't anyone tell me?"

"What are we going to do next year? Union College won't be the same."

Indeed, Union College will never be quite the same again. No, we're not demolishing Culver Hall (yet). Our friendly tribe of squirrels is not migrating to Iowa. College administration has not decided to return to segregated seating at vespers. But in the eyes of hundreds of students, something more disturbing is happening.

Bernelda Cash is leaving.

The much-loved business professor is moving to California next year after 26 years of teaching and advising at the College of the Golden Cords. While her departure is unfortunate, the reason for her decision has also caused reactions of delight among the students and faculty: Mrs. Cash is getting married.

The lucky man is Donald Barksdale, an independent insurance agent in northern California. "We've been



Mrs. Cash listens to her class.

friends for 33 years," says Mrs. Cash. "We were business students together at Union College. We were thick as thieves, but we never dated."

During the past year, Mrs. Cash and Mr. Barksdale have been getting better acquainted, although it has not been easy. "This long distance is the pits," she admits. "But one person asked if he treats me good. Does he ever! A letter every day, phone calls every day, sometimes twice a day, gifts every time I see him. . . ." Evidently, we do not need to worry that she is not being treated well.

Mr. Barksdale actually asked the big question several weeks ago at Yosemite National Park. The two of them had attended a nature lecture on Sabbath evening, and later they decided to take a walk on a nearby trail. They came to a picnic table, and he said, "Let's sit down." Details get fuzzy here, but they did sit down, he asked the

See Cashless...page 3

Index

Opinions	2-3
On campus	4
Feature	5
Arts	
& Entertainment	6
Life Style	7
Sports	8

EDITORIAL

I go to prepare a place for you...



By SOPHIE ANDERSON

"grocery" shopping one meal at a time to see how far a budget of 60 cents can go.

But homelessness is not just something that happens to someone we don't know. It comes in just as many forms as there are misplaced, lonely people. You may see it in the face of a classmate or friend or feel its unseen, iron grip on your own heart.

Everyone has something better than I. This and similar thoughts range from the poorest, the average middle-class, and the upper-class soul. Someone usually has more money, more clothes, or more love at home. Even if one has a home, the feeling of enduring a lesser standard of living is a harsh reality to confront. Regardless of economic status, many are, in the true spirit of the word, homeless.

Students here may feel the alienation resulting from not knowing where they live. With a divorced home, a family grown apart, or a home relationship gone sour, many students, though having an

address on their financial statement, have no home they can call sweet. While most long for school breaks, some dread the thought of going home to a dark, constantly messy house, bare cupboards, or indifferent parents. While some homes may offer all of life's comforts, a hole may remain where love runs unexpressed. The isolation and loneliness that aches in some hearts is not much less than that felt by homeless people on the street.

As Christ was, Christians too are homeless. Wandering, we like prophets of old search for a city, a home to which we always belong, whose builder and maker is God. Since our home is not this earth, we should truly sympathize with those less fortunate. While Christ prepares beautiful homes for us, He bids us to care for the homeless of all kinds, external and internal, to invite them to our hearths and welcome them in our hearts. ❖

Why don't they just get a job? They could do something about their situation if they wanted to. I've worked for my living standard, why shouldn't they? If they'd learn how to manage money....

It's not that easy. Without a car or gas money, no address to list on an application, no phone to be reached, no place to shower, with little or nothing in the pocket, with no resources or references, it's next to impossible to kick the stigma of being a bum.

Imagine feeling your teeth rot because you can't afford a dentist or going without eyeglasses. Try

Divorce: Where do I belong?

By KIM WHITE
Staff Writer

This is the story of a person close to me. He did not tell me his story in these exact words, but he could have. It is easy to tell that someone is homeless when we see him or her living on the streets, but there are many others around us who aren't so easy to notice who

may feel homeless in their hearts.

"When I was fifteen I experienced homelessness for the first time. It wasn't the homelessness like most people think; I still had a roof over my head and food to eat. But I often felt that I was without a home.

My parents got divorced when I was almost nine. I was the oldest with two younger sisters, ages six and two. Being the only boy, it seemed natural for me to live with my dad after the split while my sisters lived with my mom.

Dad and I moved to a different state, and I attended a new school. Making friends was not hard, and I liked our new house. It really wasn't bad with just Dad and me. I visited Mom on holidays, and she would buy me lots of neat things even though she didn't have much money.

Most of my time was spent with Dad. We did fun things together like playing catch, going to football games, mowing the lawn, working on the car, and other activities. It was actually pretty cool to have so much of Dad's attention all to myself. I did not realize at the time that it would not continue forever.

Less than four years after my parents had divorced, Dad started dating a lady who had a daughter about six years younger than me. Dad got married to this lady about a year later, and I gained a stepmother.

Things were fine at first. My stepmom was extremely nice

to me. She really wanted me to like her, but that didn't last either. After a while, she got tired of being constantly pleasant toward me. She began to think that I was spoiled and that she had contributed to my "spoiling." Her concentration shifted to my stepsister, and I was, of course, filled with resentment over the whole situation.

Things gradually became worse between my stepmom and me. She and Dad would fight about how to discipline me. Obviously she felt threatened by me and my negative attitude toward the relationship that she and my dad had. I guess she did have a reason to be upset, since I told several of my friends' parents about the fights that she had with my dad.

I finally graduated from eighth grade, and began preparing for boarding academy. I was looking forward to being away from my stepmom for a while. Little did I know that I would never again live at home. My mom didn't have the money to support me during the summers. Where she lived, it was difficult for a kid my age to get a summer job. I spent the summers at my best friend's home until I graduated from academy. After that, I lived with my dad's sister and her husband for a few years, until I was able to support myself and move out on my own.

My best friend's parents were terrific for their generosity, and I am indebted to my

See Divorce...page 7.

And So It Went



DOUG NESMITH

"They see the ads asking for any food they can spare, but they turn off the TV to go eat a pear. They feel bad for the homeless and say it's unfair, yet wonder why others are so selfish and unwilling to share. What's wrong with them, do they even care?"

"Hey." As a general rule, I try to keep "And So It Went" a light, humorous, monologue-type article, loosely tied into the Clock Tower theme for the particular issue. This is an incredibly difficult feat for me this week, as the issue is "homelessness." I don't really find this topic either light or humorous. However, I have delved into the deepest recesses of my memory and have found a story that if not funny, may be thought-provoking.

One cold, windy, Nebraska winter day, I was driving down Highway 2 in a southerly direction when I spotted a lone figure ahead and to the right of the road with his thumb protruding in a familiar hitchhike manner. Knowing what it is like to be alone on the side of a highway on a cold, windy, Nebraska winter day with my thumb protruding in a familiar hitchhike manner, I pulled over to give my new friend a ride.

His name was Scott. He was 33 years old and on his way to Indiana from California. It had taken him seven days to get this far, and he had not antici-

pated the Nebraska snow. I turned up the heat full-blast in my faithful Buick as Scott shivered in his thin wind-breaker jacket and t-shirt. Then I prepared to exchange traveling stories with my passenger.

Surprisingly enough, he had none. He wasn't hitchhiking because he liked to hitchhike. He was just recently homeless, jobless, and flat broke. He said he had a brother in Indiana whom he might be able to crash with for a while, but wasn't sure.

As my monetary finances were low at the time (and the Joe Mertz center wasn't around yet for support), I offered to give him a meal at McDonald's. He said he'd rather have a drink. So I provided money for food, which he used to buy a fifth, left him on the side of the road, and promised to check up on him later. I did, but he was gone. I went back to my heated room,

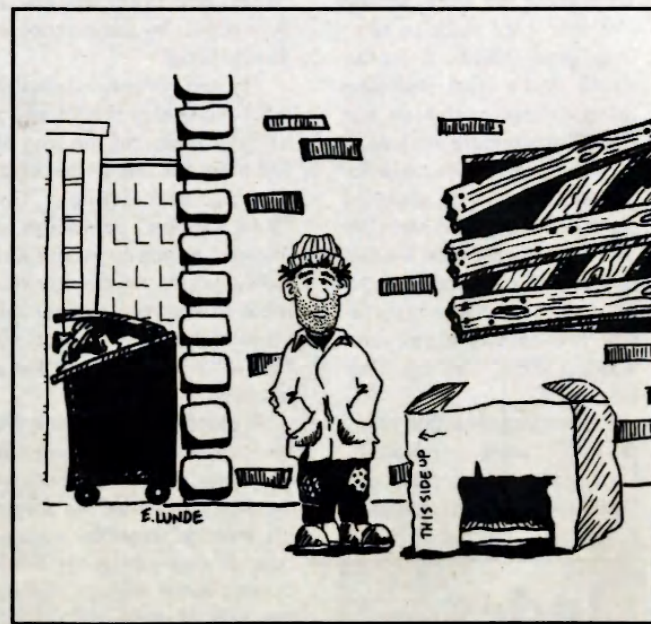
I went to bed in my own personal room and conveniently forgot about him.

used my Union College I.D. card to buy a full meal, took a hot shower, and went to bed in my own personal room and conveniently forgot about Scott, so I wouldn't feel too guilty about not doing more. Hmhmhm. I wonder what I should have done.

"...We all turn our back, we say there's no time, but listen, the problem is yours and mine. If everyone says 'they,' but nobody says 'me,' nothing will get done, the homeless will never be free..." ❖

Poetry selections from "Face in the Mirror" by Laura Rumsey

Doug Nesmith has cable television.



OUR COMMITMENT TO QUALITY

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12
CLOCK TOWER

Vol. 68, No. 5
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The Clock Tower is a bi-weekly publication of the Union College Associated Student Body. Letters, personals and submissions must be received in the mail or put under the Clock Tower door by noon on the Thursday prior to publication. Editorials are opinions of the Clock Tower. All other opinions expressed are those of the author and must bear his or her name. The Clock Tower reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of space or clarity.



Deception of strength

By JAY WASHAM

Recently much attention has been given to the United States' lackluster handling of foreign crises. Bosnia is now convulsed in anarchy, Haiti is receiving U.S. troops involved in another glorious U.N. mission, and finally the debacle in Somalia is frustrating both political camps.

Pressure on the United States to reach a conclusion is greatest concerning the fiasco in Somalia. Many citizens cry for retreat, while others push for increased military involvement and the assassination of Somali warlord Mohamed

It's time for the U.S. to reevaluate its role in Somalia.

Farrah Aidid. President Clinton and his staff are content with what appears to be an orderly, face-saving withdrawal.

Throughout the course of civilization, powerful nations have sought to intervene in the affairs of other nations that have not achieved the internal stability and harmony of more civilized countries. Almost without exception these efforts have ended in tragedy. The French learned this lesson when they were humiliated and embarrassed in Vietnam and Algeria, but the United States is slow to learn the ultimate lesson that was demonstrated in Vietnam and Lebanon. The United States cannot succeed when it violates the sovereignty of another nation without a real knowledge of that nation's history and a clearly defined and attainable goal. It is time

for the United States to seriously reevaluate its role in Somalia.

The United States' problem is rooted in the fact that it has never had any real military or political goal in Somalia. What once seemed to be a peaceful mission to supply food to a starving people has become a manhunt marked by uncertainty and confusion.

Like Vietnam, the environment in which the U.S. soldiers operate is itself an enemy. On numerous occasions Aidid could have been captured or killed, but the bustle of a hostile population in Mogadishu prevented this.

Also, the United States has extremely poor military intelligence in Somalia. The military has been unable to correctly predict the size of Aidid's forces, the extent of his power, and the fighting capabilities of his men. Further, the U.S. political and military hierarchy refuses to acknowledge the skill with which Somalis conduct warfare. A military domination of the population is an impossibility.

Somalia is a tribal society. The mental processes and world perspectives are completely different than those in the West. The Somalis' attitude towards U.S. intervention is guarded at best and loathsome at worst. The United States cannot continue to make decisions that shape the future of Somalia without the Somali people having a strong influence in the decision-making process.

The United States must realize that complete military superiority is deceptive. Modern war is very political, and political power rests with the people. Hence, ultimate superiority is possessed by a nation's citizens. It is not time to pull out of Somalia, nor is it time to commit to stronger military involvement. It is time to clearly set up goals in conjunction with the hopes of Somalia's people, even if they do not necessarily coincide with Western ideals. Most of all, the United States needs to realize that it cannot coerce nations into stability. Stability must originate within the citizenry, and the U.S. can only mediate this process. ❖

When fame and fortune fail

By KRISTA BRUNESKE

Unless you live on Mars, you probably know who Michael Jordan is. One doesn't even have to be a sports fan to know that this man is hotter than a summer Nebraska day. But being a sports fan, I have come to appreciate Michael's superb athletic abilities and last-minute heroics. He will truly go down in history as one of the greatest basketball players of all time.

Until a couple of months ago, Michael was merely a form of entertainment for me. I cheered for him and his Chicago Bulls teammates as they won their third straight NBA championship and was amused at his numerous TV commercials. I enjoyed watching him play and even imagined for a brief moment what it would be like to be Michael Jordan. I always viewed him from a distance—nobody I could really identify with. And how could I? He is a superstar; I am not. He makes

millions of dollars a year, while I continue to take out loan after loan.

But when I heard that Michael's dad had been murdered, I was shocked. I honestly couldn't believe it. For some strange reason the news got me to thinking, and I found myself identifying with Michael Jordan a little more closely.

If there was one thing Michael and I had in common it was that, until two and a half months ago, we both had a dad we love very much. It was a known fact that Michael and his dad were very close. James Jordan even appeared with Michael in one of his commercials. So even if you don't like the multi-million dollar, larger-than-life, commercialized, occasionally gambling basketball player, you have to feel for him as he struggles with perhaps the deepest pain he has even known.

No one can doubt that this was part of the reason Michael Jordan literally stunned the

world when he retired from basketball on October 6. Although he left the door open to return to the game, his own words were, "The desire just isn't there."

So maybe in an ironic, twisted sort of way, the rest of us can find comfort in the fact that while awesome athletic abilities, million-dollar contracts, and two Olympic appearances may be nice, they can't ease the pain of the loss of a loved one. That kind of comfort can only come from a much greater and higher source of power, one who does not measure a person's worth in the amount of worldly fame and possessions he or she has accumulated.

I think Paul summed it up when he said, "Praise be to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of compassion and the God of all comfort, who comforts us in all our troubles, so that we can comfort those in any trouble with the comfort we ourselves have received from God" (II Cor. 1:3, 4 NIV). ❖



Maria Dick and Tiffany Parker contemplate Andrews graduate programs during Career Fair.

Cashless...from page 1.

question, and she said yes.

"Then began the parade of wild animals," says Mrs. Cash. First they saw deer, then coyotes, and later some raccoons. It was a perfect starry night, and even the animals were cooperating. How did Mr. Barksdale get the creatures to perform like that? "That was the hardest part," he admitted to Mrs. Cash.

Of course Mrs. Cash agreed to the idea of marriage, but she says that the full realization swept over her only later. She says, "I asked myself, *What*

are you going to do? How can you leave this school?" She cried many nights while deciding. "I will miss the people so very much," she says. "This school has been my life, and that's not a lie. It's been my family. The only way I can do this is to imagine this as a new chapter in my life. It's something completely new."

She has appreciated the encouragement Union gave from the start. "I'm actually feeling better since Monday when I told everyone," she says. "I felt all these wonderful people around me holding me up. I saw my support system begin to kick in." People frequently stop to tell her that they are sorry to lose her, but excited about her new plans.

Some people have expressed a few concerns. Students want to know more about this gentleman who is stealing their beloved professor. One class actually asked her, "Will he be able to support you?"

"They're taking care of me," says Mrs. Cash.

So far, the courtship is proceeding in a very traditional manner. Last week, she took her fiance home to meet her parents. "Yes," she says, "he even asked my dad for permission."

Next came the announcement to the UC family. Barry Forbes was the first to find out when he arrived in the business division early Monday morning. Later came the Intro to Business class, where Mrs. Cash was presented with flowers, entertained by a skit about her romance, and embarrassed with one of those typical evening wear gifts (actually a tasteful black garment, which could have been much worse, she says). The disclosure of her engagement was closely fol-

lowed by Kim McElvain's U-TV camera.

The wedding will be in May or June, although an exact date has not been set. Barry has already volunteered as Bible boy, and several ladies, including Mrs. Cash's niece Sara Swanson, are competing for the maid of honor title.

Mrs. Cash is considering several options for her own career in California. She may work in business and industry, join a consulting team to conduct seminars, or continue teaching, possibly at Pacific Union College. Whatever her choice, she wants her students to know, "I will miss them all very much."

And they will miss her. They will miss her amazing energy, her witty jokes, and her honest opinions. "She's one of the happier teachers at Union," says Doug Colburn. "But she's going for a good cause."

Students say her departure will leave an empty hole at Union. Elliot Smith says, "It's like the clock tower being torn down."

It is true that Union's farewell to Mrs. Cash will be bittersweet. She cannot be replaced. But students still have one semester to take one of her classes (sign up soon). And the campus is mostly overjoyed at her new happiness. The prayers of students and faculty will go with her as she leaves for California next spring. And one of Union's golden cords will always be hers. ❖

Silence is the barrier that comes between friends.
Honesty is the bridge that brings friends together.
Trust is the rope that hangs between friends.
Love is the inseparable bond that holds friends together...forever.
Melissa E. McCrory

WOP...from page 1.

might not have been the people involved that there were. "There's so much talent here that we shouldn't have to pull out of somewhere else," senior Laurel McClelland believes.

Sophomore Ginger Wipf felt that it was more relaxed than a regular week of prayer. "It was good to have a change," junior Janelle Wolfe emphasized. Not alone in her thinking, she believes that there ought to be more student weeks of prayer. "It's appealing. It's personal. It's us."

The meetings affected the audience in positive ways.

Sometimes students get so caught up in their hectic college lives that they get behind in their spiritual lives, Nesmith said. "It's also helpful to see where others are at, to see other people struggle with their spiritual life as well," she admitted. "Many students may not make the time to have devotions on their own," explained junior Janna Pike. "Having meetings every night can bring their focus back on God."

"It was good to see that people my age are excited about the Lord," freshman Tanya Spilovoy interjected. "It's good to see what others believe and that they're not fearful to share

it." "Sometimes you don't know if anybody believes the same as you do," McClelland confessed. "This testifies to it, even if in a small way, that we're all heading in the same direction."

Students would like to see more student weeks of prayer in the future. They appreciate short worship services, outdoors when possible, the original, even to the point of being bizarre, themes relevant to their student lives. "A meeting should reach out, grab me, and leave me wanting more," Nesmith envisions. Another student week of prayer is planned for next semester. ❖

Sleepless in Spain

By TAMMY CALDWELL

"Despiertate, te tienes que ir." I sat up in my sleeping bag and tried to focus my blurry eyes on the stern police officer standing in front of me. "What? I don't understand," I mumbled.

"Wake up. You can't sleep there," he repeated in English. "The station is closing for the night. Leave."

I could have cried. It was two days before Christmas, and I was stuck in Madrid, Spain, for the night due to a missed connection. I crawled out of my sleeping bag and hoisted my backpack to my back. As I stepped out of the station, a blast of cold air hit me along with the realization that it was going to be a long, cold night. It was well after midnight, and everything was locked up tight. I had nowhere to go.

By then, several other tired, grumpy travelers had joined me outside. As the lock on the station door behind me clanked shut, I felt like a social outcast who would not be missed if I froze to a park bench that night. One of my fellow outcasts said he knew of a park nearby that had benches. Upon reaching our "bedroom," we each chose our park bench and lay down. That night was at least three years long. Even though Spain is in southern Europe, it was

cold. I got up about every half hour to stomp around and warm myself up. I have seldom been so glad to see the sun come up.

That was only one of the nights I spent outside either on a park bench or on a window sill during the year I spent in Europe. I thought a lot on those nights I was too cold or too scared to sleep. I thought about hot chocolate and hot showers and hot food. I thought about feeling safe enough to lay my pack down beside me instead of sleeping on top of it. And I thought about being able to take my shoes off at night and know that they would still be there in the morning.

That year changed my perspective a great deal. As a "street person," I was an outcast at the mercy of the street cops. But there are two things I had that real street people don't have. I had my parents on the other end of the phone assuring me I was loved and prayed for, and I had the knowledge that I had a warm bed and nice home waiting for me back in America. That knowledge kept me going. I only wish the homeless people on the streets of Lincoln, Denver, New York, and other cities had that same assurance. ❖



Lorianne Weidell and Bryan Breeden check out a Career Day booth. David Kaiser

Poverty: the millstone around the neck

By HUGH BARLOW

Staff Writer

When I was eleven, our first house burned. My father had just started his own business and was not yet financially secure. The fire happened just before winter, and I remember that we (Mom, Dad and seven children) spent many cold nights sleeping in a 36-foot cabin-cruiser that my father had bartered for. The boat was in dry-dock and my father had run an electric cord into the boat to power a small electric heater. I remember walking in the middle of the night, frozen to the bone, and hearing the heater in its vain attempt to heat the boat's little cabin. Later that winter my grandmother visited relatives in "The City," and we moved into her apartment. My grandmother's landlady, an eccentric old woman, complained of water dripping down her walls

every time we bathed. We tried very hard not to annoy her, but it rarely worked. When the worst of the winter passed we moved into tents on our land and began to build our new house.

Around 23, I moved to Long Island because I could not find work that paid well at home. I got a job working at a gas station, and my father and I lived rent-free in the basement of a decrepit apartment building to keep the drug dealers out. When my father left I had no desire to stay there (I didn't want to die), so I moved into the back of a moving van in a friend's junkyard that had been broken into several times. My friend felt that I was cheap security. I worked in a rich neighborhood, but I couldn't afford rent. No one knew where I was staying, so the stigma of being homeless did not follow me.

A couple years ago, I moved to Rapid City, South Dakota.

My father, my brother and I stayed at the Rescue Mission. My brother and I went job hunting, and after a month we moved out. It took three people to get enough money to pay deposits on the apartment and the utilities and pay the first month's rent in advance.

Poverty is like a millstone around your neck. It drags you down until every effort is used for existing. There is little room in a homeless person's life for frivolity. Being homeless leads to a despair that is very difficult to overcome. As Christians, we need to take pity on the homeless and help them in any way we can. There will be those who take advantage of kindness. There will be those who will be truly grateful and use the help provided to do the best they can to be self-sufficient. ❖

Oct. 29 is SleepOut for homeless



By KRISTINE ELVING

Staff Writer

Homelessness is usually not a choice. However, during the second annual Great Plains Winter SleepOut on October 29, participants will experience one night of voluntary homelessness to raise funds for shelters that pro-

vide services to homeless people.

According to Helen Cassidy, director of the Joe Mertz Center, the evening will begin at 7 p.m. at Centennial Mall with an address by Lincoln Mayor Mike Johanns and a program of music and information to increase awareness about the issue of homelessness.

Participants will raise money through donations and pledges. They will be expected to provide their own means of keeping warm, such as sleeping bags, blankets, newspaper, and cardboard. Sandwiches and hot beverages will be provided by the Salvation Army, and those who endure until 6:30 a.m. will be served hot drinks and rolls.

The rewards of perseverance go beyond food, however. Craig Hagelgantz, a senior who

attended last year's SleepOut, says, "Even though I could leave after midnight, I didn't because it was for a good cause. I woke up, and there was frost all over my sleeping bag. Later I cranked up the heater in my car and in my room and jumped into a warm shower. Then I thought, *I can do this, and these homeless people can't.* It made me think about what I have."

Cassidy says that she expects approximately 50 to 75 students to get involved this year. She also needs 40 people to volunteer from 5 p.m. to 1 a.m. to help set up the area, direct people, and pick up trash. She encourages everyone to participate in this event to "make a difference. Overnight." ❖

Looks deceive many

By DIONNE DAMES

Staff Writer

The room was crowded with many people. They laughed with cheerful voices. Everyone seemed happy and filled with joy. I only saw the imperfections of the cracked wall and the stains on the slightly worn carpet. I only saw a girl with the end of her skirt tucked into her pantyhose and the not-so-perfect decorations. This party was a time for celebration, friendship, and bonding...so why did I feel so alone? Why did I feel so isolated and as if I did not belong?

I endured the party with a fake smile glued to my lips. Life seemed so meaningless. Many people milled around me constantly, but not one of them could fill the empty space in my soul. *Why am I lonely? Why does it feel like no one cares? Maybe I'm not good enough. Maybe I'm too short, too fat, too dark, or too ugly.*

It took me a while, but I realized that I was not too short, fat, dark, or ugly. I was simply craving friendship. Friendship was what I really wanted and needed. It was pointless convincing myself that I was self-sufficient. Everyone needs someone. When someone is depressed, angry or hurt, a friend can help lift one's spirit, soothe one's temper or help heal one's hurt.

Loneliness is a state of mind as well as physical pain. A lonely person is like one surrounded by life jackets and still sinking to a watery grave. Even the person who seems happy can be the lonely.

I have always wondered if loneliness can be caused by fear within us, fear of rejection and of being hurt. Maybe it is this fear that keeps us from

See Fear...page 7

Loneliness comes from within

By MIRAGE PATTERSON

"Hi, Mirage!" "What's up, Mirage?" "Yo, Massage!" These calls ring in my ears every day. My gloomy, desolate days are made somewhat brighter by the many friends who surround me on campus. The outer shell that encloses my emotions is lightly tapped by the dozens of friends that warmly accept me.

Oftentimes, when one looks in my direction, what is seen is a careless smile, or loud, senseless laughter. Many of my jokes travel to Mirage-humor ignorant ears. "Your mama is sooo fat, that they wouldn't let her have an X (Malcom) jacket because helicopters kept trying to land on her back." (Insert laughter here.)

Although most of the time blank stares greet my jokes, many forced laughs are also a reply. These are my friends.

"Well, well Mirage, uh, your mother is so, uh, s-soo stupid, uh, that she m-m-made a D-on her last Calculus test." Oh. Good one. My reply is usually a blank stare. No laughter. You see, though, that I understand their eccentric humor. These are my friends.

These people surround me daily. Sometimes I feel as if they are the crutch on which I depend to stand. Other times I feel as if they are the pillow that smothers my individuality; and although I never have to sit

alone, or study alone, or be alone. I many times feel lonely. This dreaded, painful, feeling of loneliness doesn't come from my being alone at all. I never have had to be alone because I have a huge family and I always seem to make many friends wherever I go. This loneliness comes from within.

The many faces blurred in my memory that smile, laugh, and greet, only slightly scratch the surface of my suffocating shell of pain. This loneliness stabs my heart because it is hidden, quietly, in a dark place inside which no one can reach. Each day I struggle violently to escape from this invisible shell; only in vain.

I sometimes feel as though I am thirsting on a boat floating mockingly on the sea. There is water surrounding me, but none that can quench my deathly thirst. This hopeless sensation seems to fill my body with sadness until this sadness reaches my eyes and it materializes into a solitary tear.

If only one would care enough to catch this tear, to take a caring look into the emotion of water that is now running through their hand, they would find my answer. Jesus. His chisel can tear away my tough shell. If I would only stop struggling and ask Him to fill the void in my heart and take the pain away, I believe that He will lovingly reply: "It's about time you asked." ❖



Kamy Smith performs her own original country music for Career Fair.

Credit cards aren't money in the bank

By DOUGLAS COLBURN
Staff Writer

Spending through the use of revolving credit (credit cards) is reaching an all-time high. In June of this year, revolving credit spending was up by 16 percent. In July this spending was up 13 percent. It seems that credit spending is escalating out of control. What can be done to curb the plastic money era?

My first impression is that nothing can or should be done to reduce the plastic era of money. I am sure that in the near future, check writing will be obsolete, and paper money flow will be at a minimum. Cash transactions will be replaced with faster, more economical, and easier-to-use electronic methods. However, one must be very careful how often and for what reasons this mode of spending is used.

Many people, especially col-

Many students are in debt for years because of credit card spending.

lege students, find themselves in debt for years to come because of out-of-control credit card spending. How can you wisely use credit cards? Credit card spending is not wrong. Applying a few basic principles to this method of money management, though, will ward off financial disaster.

Do NOT use a credit card like a loan. Credit card money is a very expensive kind of money. The interest on most credit cards is over 18 percent annually (although some can be as low as 8 percent).

Do NOT use credit cards with annual fees. Many credit cards can be obtained that have no annual fees. Throw away all credit card applications whose cards have annual fees! (American Express is the biggest offender with an annual fee of \$55.00! I am personally an advocate of Discover Card. With no annual fee, it pays the cardholder a cash bonus of up to 1 percent depending on annual purchas-

es, and has an interest rate as low as 14.9 percent.)

Make sure that your credit card has at least a 25-day grace period. This means that you have 25 days from the current billing period's closing date to pay of the credit card without incurring any finance charges.

Charge purchases only if the FULL balance can be paid off each month. All purchases should be paid off in a maximum of three months.

Use a credit card like cash only if the cash is ALREADY in the bank (or will be very soon).

Do use your credit card to build-up a good credit history. If used properly, credit cards can be a great asset. Your credit card can be used as a very efficient tool to build up a good credit history if you pay off the balance each month.

Remember that credit cards are a terrible temptation. If you find that you cannot control your spending with credit cards, by all means cut them up and throw them away! If you find that you are spending more than 20 percent of your gross income on revolving credit with no real attempt to pay the monthly balance, or you are taking out cash advances to pay off other credit card minimums, you are in real trouble. Either get rid of your credit cards (this is highly recommended) or seek help from **Consumer Credit Counseling Service**. Consumer Credit Counseling Service is a non-profit counseling service that will help you with your credit card spending habit. Please call them at (402)345-3110.

Although credit cards have many negative aspects, they are certainly necessary in our complex and high-tech financial world. Credit cards are required when paying for certain things such as car rentals. Credit cards add to the ease of mail-order purchases, which are becoming more and more prevalent. I recommend using a credit card only for purchases that you can easily pay for even if you didn't have a credit card. Just remember that credit cards are NOT money in the bank! ❖

Man's quest for fulfillment

By JEREMY CORNFORTH

Riches, no matter how extensive they are, cannot banish the frigid isolation of loneliness, the gnawing emptiness of unhappiness, or the piercing spiritual homelessness that clutches so many people today. Wealth, riches, belongings—throughout the ages men have grasped for all of these only to find their sought-after peace slip through their toil-scarred fingers like minutes in the hourglass of life. Through the experiences of three men we can see the dangers of trying to gain peace through possessions instead of by focusing on inner wealth.

Doug Bachelor lacked nothing growing up in New York. His father, a millionaire airline executive, provided Doug and his younger brother with palatial houses, plush yachts, and expensive vacations. In fact, his father sent him to an elite school based aboard a plush yacht. The yacht with its school on board sailed to cities around the world. If money brought happiness, Doug had no shortage of contentment.

Contrary to all earthly expectations, beneath the facade of ease and pleasure lay a frightened, isolated child. Doug was expelled for disciplinary reasons from every school that he entered. His parents divorced, so he never saw his father. As a final blow, his mother taught him to do drugs. Doug felt himself being sucked into the swirling vortex of self-destruction.

All of his turmoil boiled to the surface one day as he sat on a dirty couch smoking marijuana in the midst of his mother's needle-strewn apartment in Boston. He rose from the couch and struggled into the bathroom. Clutching the porcelain sink with both hands, he slowly raised his head and stared at the visage that greeted him. That couldn't be he! The mirror must have been taken down,

and he must be viewing someone through the wall. That yellowed paper-thin skin that covered his rounded cheekbones, that midnight-blue circle around his deeply set eyes, that unshaven face — this could not be he! Standing in that filthy bathroom, Doug Bachelor realized that he had to shift the focus of his life from the destructive hedonism of materialism to the inner character that he needed. The path that

rows he had seen. In Ecclesiastes he listed all of his accomplishments and belongings. With a cynical hand, he shredded the value of the things of this life, leaving their carcasses lying strewn throughout the pages of his book. At the very end, he told what he believed held the secret to happiness and fulfillment: "Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

Even in mythology exist tales of the futility of living for riches. King Midas helped the god Dionysus' teacher Silenus. In return, Dionysus gave the king a particular gift. Everything that the king touched would turn to gold. At first Midas was elated and rushed around the palace touching things. Trees, furniture, stones—everything he touched turned to gold.

After some time, Midas discovered one small drawback that attended his gift: even his food turned to gold. The king could not slip so much as a grape down his throat without it turning to gold and choking him. Sadly he paced the floor in his all-gold palace as he wrestled to resolve the problem. The palace echoed with the rhythm of his golden shoes click-click-clicking on the golden floor as he paced up and down, up and down. After awhile, he realized that he would have to return the gift. What would good would all the riches imaginable do for him if he slowly died of starvation? He sadly asked Dionysus to remove the gift. Midas lost his gift, but he found his life again.

In each of these stories, the man had to learn to value life for more than the possessions he could accumulate. His clutching for belongings left him empty and isolated, far from family and friends and the simple pleasures of life. Each of them discovered, as we need to realize, that the things that give lasting satisfaction come from inside. ❖

He felt sucked into the swirling vortex of self-destruction.

led from that small apartment to a life as an evangelist was long and arduous, but Doug set his face to find a happiness that neither storm nor bankruptcy could take away.

Man's quest for happiness and fulfillment in riches is no different in the past. After receiving the gift of wisdom from God, Solomon multiplied his wealth many times. The royal coffers overflowed, and it was a common saying that silver was as plentiful as stones in Jerusalem. Solomon built an immense palace and filled it with wives and concubines from around the world.

Over the years as Solomon looked off his cedar-tiled rooftop across the city filled with palms that swayed their slow dance in the breeze, the rewards of riches began to blind his wise eyes. He forsook God and dove headlong into fulfilling what he perceived as his needs. Statues of other gods sprouted around the countryside, and Solomon descended into the long, black, bottomless tunnel of debauchery.

Many years later, he emerged from that shaft, but this time with his eyes weakened by age and the many sor-

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Leatherman's TOP TEN

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9. Dean's staff unworried about late entries into dorm (Oops! That's for Prescott Hall).
8. At least five different pyramid-scheme facial plans available on each floor for \$49 a month.
7. You don't have to worry about someone leaving the toilet seat up.
6. All those beautiful flower bouquets left for everyone else really brighten your day.
5. Kitchen on first floor is convenient and romantic dinner spot for you and your cheapskate boyfriend.
4. No elevator means free aerobic workouts daily.
3. Couples' behavior in lobby less nauseating now that bell-bottom pants are back in style.
2. No ugly gaping hole in basement where your hot tub and sauna used to be.
1. Cheerful, grinning 16-year-old Dominoes delivery boy always refuses your tip.

Video Review: A River Runs Through It

By DOUGLAS COLBURN

Running time: 123 minutes. Classified: PG.

Here's a movie worth seeing. It is hard to say exactly what this movie is about, but it is clear that "A River Runs Through It" is about life. This movie is about the things that happen to us and not the things that we make happen. There is, after all, little that we make happen. For the most part, life is what happens to us and how we deal with it.

Paul, played by Brad Pitt, portrays the carefree younger son who just takes life for what it is. Norman, played by Craig Sheffer, is the older son who sees life as it is and attempts to change it.

Both Paul and Norman are taught to fly-fish in the Montana rivers by their father Reverend Maclean. The Reverend teaches many of his lessons about life to the cast of his fishing rod and not from the pulpit. It is hard to say which boy understands the lessons of the river, but it is clear that the younger carefree Paul masters trout fishing, and to him it becomes life itself. It is through Norman's eyes that we are guided through the lessons of "A River Runs Through It."

This movie is bigger than the characters in it or the plot itself. I recommend seeing "A River Runs Through It." It will leave you with a warm feeling, and that is something not many movies do anymore. ❖

- NOVEMBER
LITTLE-KNOWN HOLIDAYS
- 1 National author's day
National Fig Week
 - 2 Broadcast Journalists Day
General Election Day
 - 5 World Community Day
 - 7 Hug-a-bear Sunday
International Week of Science and Peace
National Chemistry Week
 - 8 National Split Pea Soup Week
 - 10 "Sesame Street's" 24th B-Day

VINE

On midterm break, while Ann Swanson was having fun changing her tire in Hickville, her boyfriend was popping wheelies on his bike and broke his arm. What a break! Let's see how many people we can tell about Bernelda Cash's engagement in one hour! Career Day seemed to be a real hit! I hoped everyone enjoyed somebody else's winnings, huh Tangie? "Where is [Corey] going to live when [he] gets home?" Mary P. and Kari F. seem to have a great time running up and down their hall getting OTHERS in trouble. Way to go! Janelle seems to think the sun only shines in one certain place lately, directly in front of Culver Hall. The Chat's latest groupie is Greg Grytc. Did he ever get his breath back from last Friday night? Too bad Otto got to "flash his brights" at only about twelve people during joint worship. Deedra, do you want a wish "granted?" Where has Unetta C. been with the opinion polls lately anyway? "So when's your favorite time to shower?" Craig J's been complaining about a hurt ankle lately, but perhaps he just wants to spend more time with Jennifer. Toss ups for Culver Hall lobby King and Queen are Jim

To right column



Nurturing Thoughts

By CHRISTIAN STUART

If they had Gatorade back in the time of Alexander the Great, I bet just when he was watching his troops defeat the last of the Persians, a couple of his lieutenants would sneak up behind him and pour a whole bucket of orange Gatorade all over him.

I have often wondered if when it rains, the Man in the Moon is crying. I wonder what's going on when it snows.

Sloppy Bart, the hobo who secretly lived in our basement when I was a little tyke, once told me I should never presume. I asked him why and he said: "Well, Chrissy, if you presume, you make a Pre out of Sue and Me." I don't know Sue and have never seen her, but let me tell you, if she's a friend of Sloppy's, I love her dearly.

When I go to the beach I always make sure I drink just a little sun tan oil. This might sound strange to you because you are a victim of materialistic society. Sure I put sun tan oil on my back and legs, but that is outside appearance. What is inside is much more important and I certainly don't want that getting sunburned. ❖

Vine continued

Baysinger and Melinda Giem or Roger Beckermeyer and Jennifer Haley. Speaking of Culver Hall, they'd really like to adjust their OWN shower temperature.

Some couples we forgot to mention last vine are Julie Rimer and Justin Sanders, Kristine Nickell and Donald Huff, and T-Rock and Brad Bohl. Is it Sherrie Follet or

Sheila Chase? Eric Lunde went a little overboard with announcing yearbook portraits. But we got the picture! It seems to be the macho thing to get stitches lately. Just ask Sheldon, Greg F., Craig J. or Dallas. Don't be discouraged if your name hasn't appeared in the Vine. Unfortunately, it's not omniscient. Tell next time! Oh, 'til next time...❖

Haunted House

By JENNIFER NESTELL

I took a chance, a shot in the dark and ventured forward into your heart.

You didn't let me get very far...not because you didn't want me to know you, but rather know myself -- first. I gingerly complicit, thankful of your hand and asked you to come along.

After we had gone through the impressive entryway, and I had wrestled with the locks that kept doors shut tight...

I didn't like what we saw. It hurt and I was ashamed. I asked you to leave...because it wasn't pretty.

Quietly, patiently, you asked me to go further still...and said you wouldn't leave.

Embarrassed at the sketches and compilations of memories I had clung to, I tried to tear them down when you weren't looking. Gently you pasted them back up and said, "I love you."

Further into the scarred interior of my heart, instead of getting better, it got worse...again, I asked you go. There wasn't anything else to see...You held me tight, then without a word, walked forward.

We came to the farthest part and this time I couldn't take it. You were seeing things, dark parts that even I couldn't bear to look at.

There was 'shame' and 'innocence lost' spray painted in big mocking letters, painful incidents in my life playing over and over again like a CD stuck on repeat with the volume turned up...and a frightened, quivering little child —timelessly frozen in discarded dusty portraits, broken on the floor.

Sobs convulsed me and I beat on your chest, begging you to leave. I hadn't wanted to see this. This was too far, too much, too close to the inside of me.

Turning away, I covered my face with my hands, afraid to see rejection in your eyes. But instead...ever so slowly, you knelt and tenderly gathered the pictures together. Wiping an escaped tear from your eye, you held them, me, close to your heart, and with head bowed you prayed...and thanked Him for me.

I took a chance, a shot in the dark... I risked loving you and found acceptance in myself.

Thank you for being a gift from God.

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



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Home safe, predictable home

By JANNA PIKE

Home. To me that word has always referred to the same idea and the same place—security and a cozy little farm nestled in between the beautiful rolling hills of northeastern South Dakota. It was a great place to grow up. Little ever changed, and changes that did come were very gradual and nearly unnoticeable.

I went to a small country school with my cousins and siblings where my grandmother taught. These cousins and siblings were about the only friends and playmates I had, but it was a good life—very safe and predictable. In my tinted view, the whole world revolved around us or was us.

I never went to academy because I was satisfied with the way things were, and because I had become afraid of change. My circle of friends broadened in high school as my school size was quadrupled to a whopping forty, but things as a whole remained much the same.

Then I graduated and had to move on to college. It seemed that the secure little life that had been mine was crumbling all around me. I had to leave the places, people, and things that had been familiar to me all of my life and move into a new world where no one knew me and where I knew no one. I felt like a deer who had run out of the safe cover of a cornfield

right smack in front of a speeding automobile with blinding headlights.

This experience, although it was terrifying at first, has turned out to be the best time of my life. I have met so many wonderful new people, and I have learned an incredible amount of new things. I have

Tumbleweed house makes "home" elusive

By UNETTA CAMPBELL

Change is a strange thing. For some people, change is good. It means adventure—experiencing the new and different things life has to offer. These valiant souls meet change bravely—forging ever onward with smiles of anticipation lighting their faces. "Rah! Rah!" for all the movers and shakers in the world. I truly admire the questing spirit. Oh, that I could be akin with them!

Alas, change has dealt harshly with me. I feel like a tumbleweed pausing briefly here and there only to blow away to some unknown destination at a moment's notice. Sometimes I feel that change slams into me so quickly I don't even have time to catch my breath.

For me it is unimaginable to picture "home" as an animate object. Instead, because of moving so many times in my short life, "home" to me is a feeling. I think I voice the thoughts of many denominational workers' children, as

since regained my feeling of security—just in time for it to be ripped away from me when I graduate and get scooted in front of that car again. But I've learned that we can gain much from having our securities taken away from us and hopefully it won't be as difficult the next time around. ❖

well as children of those who are in the armed forces and others whose parents' lifestyles demand moving often. I feel homeless. When asked where my home is, I never know what to say. My heart is in Minnesota, my driver's license says I reside in Wisconsin, and my checks have a Lincoln address.

"Home" to me is a feeling.

One of my friends lived in the SAME state, in the SAME town, in the SAME neighborhood, in the SAME house for the first eighteen years of her life. It was actually hard to deal with my feelings of jealousy toward her at times. It's not fair that some lucky people grow up thinking "home" consists of not only the physical structure but also of childhood memories, neighbors, and a dog in the backyard.

I'm unsure what "home" is, although I do know what a



Chris Gorton and Lisa Boyd struggle to comprehend one of Mr. Senecal jokes.

Fear...from page 4.

opening up, learning to trust and developing friendships. Maybe it's this fear that keeps us from loving others enough to give unselfishly of ourselves.

Loneliness is caused by the fear in one's heart. This fear consumes who we are and hides the love we feel. There is no need to be lonely in a world surrounded by loving, caring individuals. In order to bridge the gap of loneliness, it is important that a hand of friendship be extended. Loneliness hurts, but who wants to live the rest of their life in a shell? ❖

Homeless...from page 1.

tious neighbors need to take action and realize that our neighbors are like ourselves. ❖

Divorce...from page 2.

aunt and uncle for giving me a place to live after academy. Visiting Mom is also nice, and I know I am always welcome, but I can't help feeling somewhat "homeless" at times.... ❖

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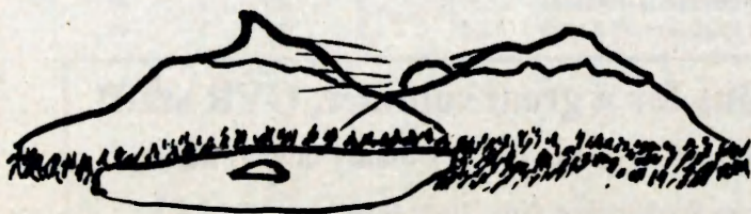
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Witness Team Ready to Rumble



WESLEY PHIPATANAKUL
Sports Editor

Colorado vs. Nebraska

It's time to put up or shut up
Folsom Field in Boulder, CO: It's that time of year again when the temperature drops, freezing drizzle rains on the parade, and probably the **MOST IMPORTANT EVENT ON THE NEBRASKA CALENDAR** takes place Oct. 30. That's right, the epic football battle between the University of Nebraska Cornhuskers and the University of Colorado Buffaloes. The Cornhuskers are ranked #3 in the *USA Today*/CNN coaches' poll and #5 in the AP poll, while the Buffaloes are ranked #16 in both polls. A win by Nebraska would solidify their chances at a National Championship showdown with the winner of the Florida St. Notre Dame game in November. It's been quite some time since whispers of a national championship opportunity for the Cornhuskers have been heard. In fact, they haven't won the national championship since 1971, so there's plenty at stake for Nebraska.

Colorado, on the other hand, has virtually no shot at being #1 at the end of the year. Of course they hope to salvage the season by defeating Nebraska and winning the Big Eight championship. Then they could finish with an Orange Bowl victory, so they will be pumped up as well.

Both teams look great on offense. Nebraska is #1 in the nation at scoring offense at 43.2 pts/game and 3rd at rushing, which is always a strong spot for the Cornhuskers. Colorado is #5 in total offense and 10th in rushing. However, both defenses are suspect. Nebraska is prone to giving up huge chunks of yardage passing, as was seen by Kansas State's 489 yards passing against them. In the meantime Colorado has been giving up yardage left and right both running and passing. Yet, I feel Nebraska has the better defense because they can at least stop the run. Colorado hasn't shown much ability to stop the run or pass except for one good game played against Oklahoma, where they rushed Oklahoma QB Cale Gundy so well that they knocked him unconscious and sent him to the hospital.

Overall, I think Colorado has a slightly better offense because they can both run and pass the football, whereas Nebraska mostly runs. How-

UC Thunderdome-The Union College basketball team has been practicing hard in anticipation of their first game. Practices have gone well with excellent team spirit and encouragement demonstrated by all players. Emphasis has been added this year on conditioning, as can be seen by the exponential increase in killer spring running than in years past. Look for this year's team

to get stronger as the game goes on rather than wearing out. Captains for varsity are **Doug Hardt** and **Randy Reinke**, and junior varsity captains are **Wesley Phipatanakul** and **Matt Satterlee**. Tuesday, Nov. 2, both teams travel to Doane College to scrimmage with the Doane team, and the varsity opening game will be November 11. It is a home

game, but since the gymnastics clinic will be using the Thunderdome, the game will be played at Lincoln Christian High School on 84th street. Look for directions in the near future. Go out and support this first game and let's rock that high school gym as if the game were here in the UC Thunderdome. The true home opener is Tuesday, Nov. 30, as both JV and varsity will take

on arch rival Nebraska Wesleyan. Our team can certainly use the support against those guys.

In addition to basketball, the basketball team will participate in a Halloween party for children of the community on October 31 immediately following practice. It's nice to see the basketball team continue the tradition of reaching out into the community. ♦

Volleyball dashes out of starting gate

UC Thunderdome-Coed 6 person volleyball started with a bang; well, maybe a couple spikes and a forfeit or two. However, we are underway and the dome is rocking. **Chris Wall's Walruses** and **Beth Woodruff's Woodchucks** are off to a quick start. The **Valley Girls**, **Wise Guys**, **Minneso-**

tans, and **Hagen's Heroes** are giving frantic chase. Keep reading to find out who makes UC Sportswriter's (UCSW) All-Star Team. To win a match, a team needs to win two out of three games. Here are the coed V-ball standings with team number in parentheses through Oct. 20. ♦



David Kaiser

Oops! The ball flies out of Loralee Blanchfield's control. ever, I give Nebraska the edge defensively. I expect a high scoring game and pick Nebraska to win. **Nebraska 31 Colorado 24.**

OTHER PREDICTIONS

"I don't think Colorado has a prayer. Nebraska 36 Colorado 24."

ANGIE GUYTON

"Nebraska will kick it up a notch against Colorado. Nebraska 27 Colorado 21."

RON DODDS

"Nebraska's going all the way to the Orange Bowl. Who's going to stop them? Nebraska 35 Colorado 28."

DAVID FOSTER

"Nebraska is totally overrated and so is Colorado, but Colorado will still thrash Nebraska. Colorado 31 Nebraska 20."

BRET SCHLISNER

"Nebraska will outgun the Buffs. Nebraska 41 Colorado 31."

BRYAN NICKELL

"Nebraska has the superior talent. Nebraska 31 Colorado 22."

TRAVIS SAGER

"Ralphie will run over Herbie Husker. Colorado 21 Nebraska 17." **JASON HAND**

STANDINGS	Games		Matches	
	W	L	W	L
1. Walruses (4)	6	0	2	0
2. Woodchucks (5)	8	1	3	0
3. Valley Girls (1)	6	3	2	1
4. Wise Guys (9)	4	2	2	0
5. Minnesotans (10)	4	2	1	1
6. Hagen's Heroes (7)	5	4	2	1
7. Hart Stoppers (2)	1	5	0	2
8. Rockies (6)	1	5	0	2
9. Wolfe Pack (3)	1	8	0	3
10. Dave's Dozen (8)	0	6	0	2



Jeff Boyd bumps the ball to his teammates. David Kaiser

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



Sportsmanship Awards

Larson Lifestyle Center - Intramural director **Ric Spalding** decided this past summer that the UC athletic department would sponsor a trophy that would go to the team that exhibited the best sportsmanship on the football

field. All eight captains and a committee of referees were allowed one ballot to give 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place votes with 1st place = 10 pts, 2nd = 7 pts, and 3rd = 3 pts. Last Tuesday in chapel the winning teams were announced

and the captains received a trophy to keep. The men's sportsmanship award went to **Wesley Phipatanakul's Nebraska Cornhuskers**, and the ladies sportsmanship award went to **Jennifer Hallock's Blueberries**. ♦

SPORTSMANSHIP AWARD VOTING RESULTS

MEN'S VOTING RESULTS				
	1	2	3	pts
1. NEBRASKA CORNHUSKERS (Wes)	3	4	0	58
2. Colorado Buffaloes (J. Hand)	4	1	1	50
3. Michigan Wolverines (C. Wise)	2	3	2	47
WOMEN'S VOTING RESULTS				
	1	2	3	pts
1. BLUEBERRIES (J. Hallock)	2	3	1	44
2. Maroon Mayflowers (T. Cross)	2	2	2	40

Thanks for a great summer, GVR staff!

Pastor Ron invites you to a dinner in your honor

on Wednesday, Nov. 10 at Spaghetti Works.

All old staff welcome!!!

Meet at 6 p.m. at Spaghetti Works. Hope to see you there!