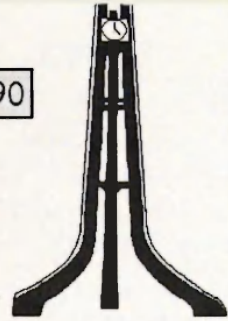


# THE CLOCKTOWER



## Reverse Weekend

by Garcie Monthie

### In the News...

On October 3, the two Germanys were reunited after 45 years of division. The Western Allies lowered their flags and ceded their occupation powers on the previous day.

Last week President George Bush took his 5-year, \$500 billion deficit cut plan to the American people.

The United States imports 290,000,000 barrels of oil from Iraq and Kuwait annually. The Safe Energy Communication Council estimates that raising U.S. auto-efficiency standards by 2.75 miles per gallon could save that much.

On September 30, the Soviet Union and South Korea agreed to set up diplomatic ties, ending decades of hostility between the two nations.

David Souter has been confirmed by a 90-9 Senate vote as the 105th justice to the Supreme Court.

In 1975, 32% of Americans thought men had a better life than women. Today that figure has risen to 49%.

The opportunity for girls to ask and plan a fun date came to be here at Union College last weekend as the Associated Student Body sponsored Reverse Weekend, other wise known as GPA (Girls Pay Only), or Saddle Hawkins. To some students, the event was eventless, but to those with courage it was a fun filled weekend.

Comments about the weekend ranged from, "What is it?" by Denny Sexton to "It was a nice idea," by Lincoln Underwood.

Melody Kramer felt the situation was too high pressured. "Guys on this campus get freaked out. Just because a girl asks a guy out doesn't mean you want to marry him, but we need to have reverse weekend because guys just don't ask girls out."

Along the same line, Rick Gruesbeck claims, "It is made up to be such a big deal, which sometimes ruins friendships." His opinion was that it is more acceptable in some parts of the country than others.

To the extreme, Jeff Scoggins thinks, "They should make every weekend reverse weekend. Girls should always ask the guys out. It makes it easier on the guys."

Jandra Koenke, known to be more conservative still likes the old fashioned methods of dating where the guys ask out the girls. "I don't like this so called women's liberation bit."

Overall the feeling on campus is positive about the reverse weekend, as shown by Jim Christen's comment, "It should be encouraged to be done more often. It is kind of nice to have the shoe on the other foot for a change."



Clocktower Survey

Results page 4 & 5

"And So It Goes"

Rebuttal page 2

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The Fudgevine .... 8

## Editorial

Leland Krum

Can you believe it's already time for mid-term break?! This year is almost one-fourth over. Hold on to your seat, the roller coaster has just crested the first hill and it's all downhill from here. There are no brakes on this roller coaster. (The 'C' starts a mystery message. You won't find the answer after page 3.)

There's always a risk you take when dealing with ethical issues, or anything that is controversial. To some people that controversial issue is "frOm what side should the toilet paper hang?" Other people couldn't care a hoot. It all depends on where your hot spots are.

I'd like to share with you some possible hot spots. Here is one of the com-

ments that we received from the Clocktower Survey concernNing the Middle East situation.

"What relevance does our opinion have? We don't/can't know the many complex factors involved with our current Middle Easter conflict. These opinion surveys have no credibility because the opinions we have now are based solely on the interpretations of the largely liberal media.

"We shouldn't try to impress ourselves by reGurgitation the opinions of others in the news. Why couldn't you ask the opinion of an expert/professional or maybe a UN military advisor? If this occurred, your 'survey' *might* carry some worthwhile information."

Turn to page 4 & 5 for chaRts graphing the range of student responses.



## Calendar

- Oct 8-10 Midterm Exams
- Oct 8 ASB Senate - 3rd Session
- Oct 10-16 Midterm Break
- Oct 17 Classes Resume
- Oct 19 Vespers - Bonfire  
CABL Cafe  
UFC Movie
- Oct 20 FES "Frankly, Ben Franklin"
- Oct 21 ASB - Sale of the Century
- Oct 22 ASB Senate - 4th Session
- Oct 24 Next CLOCKTOWER

Dear Editor:

*Thankyou for the well-written and thoughtful articles on the Persian Gulf crisis in the last issue. They almost make a pacifist of me.*

*I do wonder, however, what our own society would be like if there were no policemen/women, and what the world would be like if no one played the policeman's part on the international level.*

Ralph Neall

## THE CLOCKTOWER

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THE CLOCKTOWER is a bi-monthly publication of the ASB. It is a forum for student-oriented news and opinion. All letters, personals, stories, poems, kingsize Snicker bars, large \$ bills, and loose change should be in our mailbox by Thurs. at noon for inclusion the following week. All unsigned editorials are the opinion of THE CLOCKTOWER and will be written by the editors. All other opinions expressed are those of the author and must bear his or her name. THE CLOCKTOWER reserves the right to edit and/or paraphrase letters for reasons of clarity and space.

## Rebuttal to Editorial "And So It Goes", Sept. 26, 1990

My friends and I hold the same moral standards as you, but we do not normally put it in published form. But since your article appeAred, we see that there needs to be a re-evaluation of this subject.

Sex is not the "be-all-end-all of existence." However, God did create it to be an important part of our lives. The choice that each of us has to make about when to first have sex should be between God and ourselves. Sex is not an issue that you as an individual can analyze and make general staTements about. The attitudes on the Union College campus have been pathetically generalized. "Judging from the amount of sleeping around that takes place here..." You cannot speak for over 700 people and their personal standards.

The aspects of college that we were shown in high school were not for obtaining a life-long partner, but for a higher education. If attending Union College is only for acquiring a Christian partner, it is a very high price to pay. College is not the only place to find a Christian partner.

If you are remaining chaste for the souPurpose of gaining respect from others, you need to reexamine your Christian

values. Your decision about chastity is between God and you, not the rest of the world.

We agree with you about the need for more caring on this campus, but this shouLd not only cover this subject. In your article you said, "We can change what we do. We cannot change what others do, but we can change what we think about what they do." We should care for people and accept them as they are even if we don't agree with the choices they are making.

In closing, we feel thAt you exhibited your right of freedom of the press. However, a subject of this magnitude and influence should not be published in a paper that is read by boardmembers and parents of this school without proper educated information. The generalization of this subject can cause a negative image to be imposed. Other channels that could help make a difference should have been used.

Sincerely, Lisa Osborne & Corleen Gillham



# ASB Fund Raising Blitz

by Craig H. Carr, ASB President

“Fund raising is just not my thing,” said one student when asked if they would help with projects this year. Well, I’ll tell ya’, it can be fun. Okay, stop laughing, I’m trying to be serious here.

Sunday, October 21, from 12:00 noon to 5:00 p.m., the A.S.B. will be hosting the largest garage sale of the century ever to hit the Union College campus (well, to our knowledge anyway). Here’s how it works: people from all over Lincoln are donating items to be sold or auctioned off. All the profits go to the student center reNovation fund.

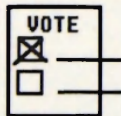
Now you’re sitting there saying, Oh, that’s nice; hope they make some money out of it.” Well, in order to make this thing a real success, we’ve got to have your support. You can become involved by signing up in Student Services to help during the day of the sale; or better yet, bring some things back from break that neither mom, dad, or you can use anymore (you know, garage sale stuff). Items are being stored in the student center auditorium-to-be.

Get involved in this year’s A.S.B.! Our future depends on each one of us, and the sooner we raise the rest of this money, the sooner we have our new student center.

Have a terrific break!



## Voting Registration



October 17, 1990, from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. there will be voter registration in the lobby of the Dick building. Students who consider themselves residents of Lancaster County will be able to register.

Remember to exercise your voting right by registering now.

Confirm information with *Linda Skinner* or *Steve Gibson*.



## UC’s Own “Married With Children...”

by Todd Hoyt

On September 13, Michelle and Brian Kittleson welcomed their 6 pound 8 ounce Son—Devon Michael Kittleson. They awaited Devon for 61 hours at St. Elizabeth Hospital.

When asked what it’s like being a full-time student and a full-time parent Brian exclaimed, “Cowabunga, dude!” “Every spare minute is filled with studies, a baby, and a wife,” says Brian, “and that’s not including the hours from mid-night to four in the morning when Michelle feeds Devon.”

Brian is currently studying to be a Secondary Education teacher, and his emphasis is in Physical Education and Business. Michelle’s field of study is in Early Childhood.

Brian and Michelle would like to thank all the people who visited and gave support to them. They would also like to thank the people who kept them in their prayers.

Union College would like to congratulate to the Kittleson’s new arrival.



Continued from September 26 issue. Dan McShane writes from Korea.

Dear U.C. Students, Faculty, and Fans,

Westward ho! was the cry as I boarded my plane bound for LAX—going west to get to the East is a bit strange. At LAX I changed planes and sat next to a Thai-American en route to Thailand to study the language more. During our talk I found out she was from the University of California. She was on the brink of Christianity. When we parted I gave her my copy of the little green Bible the Gideons had passed out at the school, receiving a promise it would be read during her stay in Thailand. God blesses. Backing up a bit, while on layover in Hawaii I met some of her friends. They hit me with some pretty hard questions, mostly doctrinal and philosophical. Always be prepared to give an answer, ok?

I arrived BACK in Seoul on June 20, where the Lord blessed me with the meeting of some new friends and reacquainting with old ones also. After a short orientation I was off with my new family to the southeast corner of Korea to the city of Pusan, my new home until they move me or I return home, June 1991. Since then I have been from Pusan to Seoul to Tai Chon Beach (west coast in the middle) and back to Pusan. Do I like to travel? You bet I do!

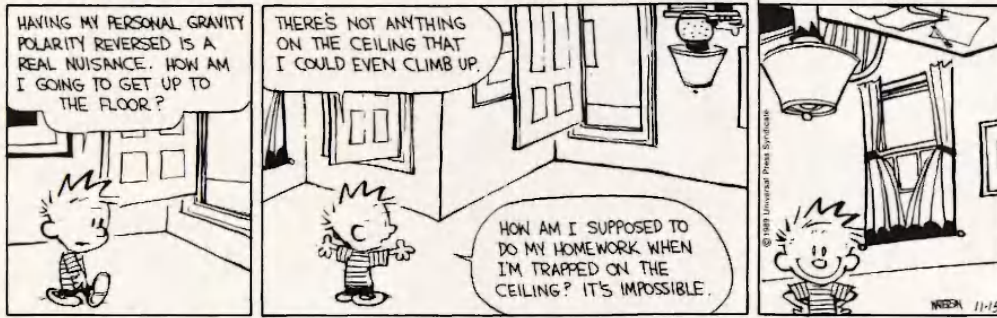
So what am I doing in Korea? Good question. I’ll let you know the answer when I find out...Oh wait a minute...wrong answer! Where to begin? I’m continuing to develop the academic excellence of the Korean nationals which shall afford them the opportunity to join those who will receive a golden crown—or maybe a mansion or at least be able to see the city whose builder and maker is God. I’m teaching Bible and on the side English (those who have been here do tell!)

In my Bible class the first term there was a young woman who decided to be baptized. She studied with the pastor and on July 28 she joined our family along with one other student. Both are still studying with the pastor and attend church, vespers, and mid-week meetings with that first love passion that I hope and pray all of you are experiencing. We should

continued on page 7

**Calvin and Hobbes**

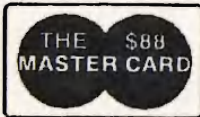
by Bill Watterson



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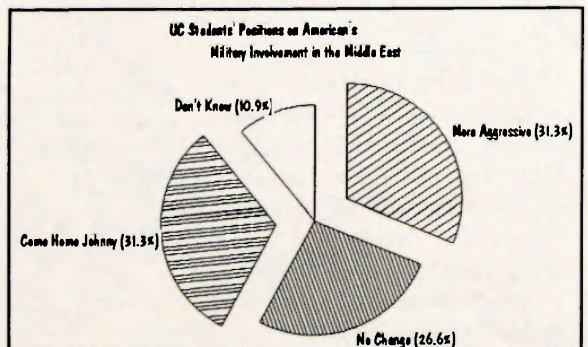
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# Survey Comments

The student survey contained three possible responses to the following request: "Please state your position on America's involvement in the Middle East." (1) America should be more aggressive. (2) Keep up the good word boys. (3) Johnny should come marching home. A place was also provided for comments; here are some of them.

I'm sick of this issue! What does campus opinion have to do with the situation? If each student and faculty and staff member would take time to write to his or her congress person, then perhaps campus opinion could make a difference.

Instead of beating the issue of America's involvement in the Middle East into the ground, why not hit something closer to campus events—the Nebraska AIDS Conference. And instead of asking "Joe" or "Jane" student his or her opinion, ask a student whose life is or will be affected by the subject of the issue.

If you, *The Clocktower*, do decide to approach the issue of AIDS, I would hope you would ask nursing students, premed students, and other students (perhaps social workers), about their opinions on this issue. This is just my personal opinion, and reiterates what I've heard other stu-

dents say. If I want to know about world events, I'll go to the library and read a news magazine or newspaper.

**W**ait and see. We need to show Hussein that we mean business and are not going to "wimp" out. I hope that the rest of the world, together with the U.S., lets him know that such actions will not be tolerated.

On the other hand, we need to depend less on the Middle East

for our oil supply. We need to tap more crude oil out of Alaska, Texas, and Louisiana to make up for the oil lost from the Middle East.

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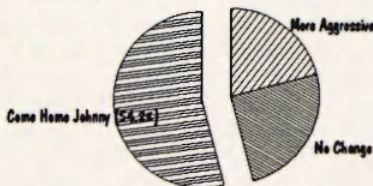
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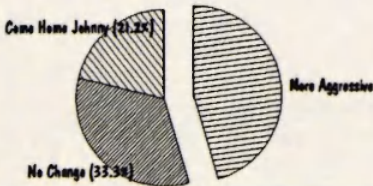
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\* 18 years old and under or full-time college students

UC Women's Position on American's Military Involvement in the Middle East



UC Men's Position on American's Military Involvement in the Middle East



by Garry Trefl

## THE FAR SIDE

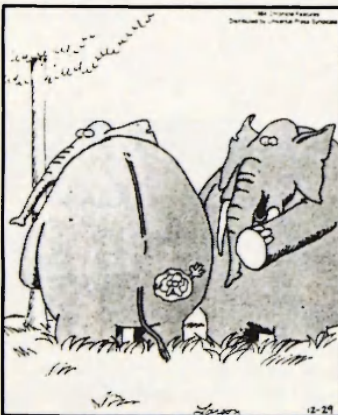
By GARY LARSON



Laboratory peer pressure.

## THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Whoa, Frank... Guess what youuuuuuu sat in!"

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Mischief, humor, a school prank and pranksters. Did they exist at Union College during the early years? Yes. I have discovered other humorous anecdotes, besides the one shared last issue, that have made our history interesting.

Here is another one of them. It involves a "feast" several of the boys had since normally the students were served only two meals a day, though many students with farm backgrounds were used to eating three hearty meals every day. (Please remember this was before students were allowed to have microwave ovens and refrigerators in their rooms.) Thus begins the tale of "Mock Chicken" or a Perplexed Preceptor.

"The College Building was constructed with a flat lead trough around the top floor. It was built of lumber covered with tin, forming a trough about eighteen inches in width which passed along in front of the attic windows. It was possible for a daring fellow to crawl out of his window and walk along to a room down the hall, but this sort of promenade on that narrow path some seventy feet above the ground was not recommended. The windows were not very high but extended almost the entire width of the narrow room making it possible to hand something out of the window, set it in the trough, and push it out of sight to the window of the neighboring room.

"Four of the noble knights occupying adjacent rooms decided to have a third meal celebration and at the same time escape the routine of 'mock' chicken soup. They would feast upon the genuine article. Procuring a fat hen by means unknown one cold winter evening, they prepared her for the pot down on the campus below and, putting the fowl in a bucket, carried it up to fifth floor. Removing a plug in the high pressure steam radiator of the times, they attached a small tube to it. Setting the bucket containing water and chicken upon a chair,

they ran a small rubber hose from the pipe to the bottom of the water and draped a blanket over it for a cover. Soon the hot steam passing through the water caused it to boil vigorously. Unfortunately, for the pranksters, the blanket did not hold the odors, and soon the savory aroma of boiling chicken was wafted down the long hallway and came to the nostrils of that ever watchful guardian of the study period, the preceptor. Sniffing as he went, like a good hunting dog, he traced the

odor right to the door of the room where the stew was simmering away.

"The four boys, knowing that they dare not be caught outside their room during study period and fearing possible detection, stayed in their own rooms with the doors locked. Hearing that familiar step, they prepared for the worst. In response to the rap they opened the window, hoisted the bucket out into the trough, and pushed it out of sight just in front of the window

next door. When the professor was admitted, the boys feigned great innocence and tremendous industry, when in reality they were licking their chops in anticipation of the savory food simmering so beautifully at hand. Looking about the room carefully, the preceptor, finding nothing, concluded that he had come to the wrong room and, taking his leave, went to the room next door where the boys, upon hearing his knock, pushed the bucket back down the trough to the first room and admitted their guest. After a careful search, the preceptor concluded that his olfactory senses had been playing tricks upon him and went down the long hall wondering about the whole episode. After a period of waiting, one of the four, acting as a scout, gave the all-clear signal. After the lights went out, the boys went ahead with the original plans for the banquet, enjoying their feast from the bucket that had traveled."

This humorous event in the life of Union College is taken from pages 68, 69 from *Union College of the Golden Cords*, by Dr. Everett Dick.

## "Mock Chicken" or a Perplexed Preceptor

Kelly V. Schmitt

Recently a good friend of mine left town to start a new life as a graduate of Union College. The world out there is cold, very cold, but she knew it was time to move on. I got to know her this last summer when we were both left on this campus and all of our other friends had gone. We became personal friends of several of the clerks at Blockbuster because we have watched more videos in the last few months than most people have seen in their lifetime. While we watched, she cross-stitched and colored, and I cross-stitched and paint-by-numbered, and we both ate restaurant chips with mild salsa. We played *Trivial Pursuit* until 3:30 in the morning. We shared Harry Connick, Jr. and Alexandre Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*. We went to Issues class and fumed and cheered while others fought out the abortion issue. We gave one another weekly updates of *General Hospital*. We bemoaned our single status until we realized that for now we liked it better. We laughed and cried as we shared personal crises. I did all this with a person that a year ago I rarely spoke to and in fact did not even like. When I discovered that she was my sister's friend, I simply could not understand the relationship.

I lost a lot of valuable time because of this attitude. My life has been enriched because of my friendship with Jodi McKellip, and through her I have gained new friends and new attitudes. I discovered again that people are not always who they seem to be, and they are not always perceived as they might want to be.

My first discovery of this principle occurred when I was a sophomore in academy. Near the end of a story too long to tell here, I found myself on a residential street in Columbia, Missouri on my way to a theater to find some absent-without-leave-from-the-administration friends. With me was a classmate in whom I had found much to disregard, but as we walked I discovered things about him I never knew before, things that made him a real person who had an interesting life, rather than the shallow existence I had previously

## Pictures of God

perceived. Instead of a swaggering demeanor, I saw someone who preferred romantic movies over *Rocky*. I saw the gentle side of an admitted BMOC. The epiphany of that instant was one of the great growing up moments of my adolescence, and one that I am continually rediscovering.

Often the only way I can do this is by viewing a person through someone else's eyes. I might see a male who seems haughty and insolent, but when I imagine that his girlfriend must see a world traveller who has interesting stories to share, and moreover cares for her very much, the haughtiness and insolence falls away and I have made a new friend. When a good friend's boyfriend treats her like the dust of the

*"We are who we pretend to be, so we must be careful who we pretend to be."*

earth and she still loves him, I see a twistedly humorous and creative person with bad habits. I do not have perfect vision, so I must borrow the eyes of others to find a different perspective.

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. writes, "We are who we pretend to be, so we must be careful who we pretend to be." Sometimes I catch a rare glimpse of the inside of someone from the person himself. In Sabbath School a few weeks ago, a lesson teacher who is a senior expressed the uncertainty that most seniors face as they try to peer into the future. This came from someone whom I thought ought to have no doubts about the future. He will be entering a field with a comparatively high entry-level salary and is almost certain to find a job

before graduation. I, on the other hand, have no such thing to look forward to. I have plans, but they are not of the career type. Without that flash of insight, I would not have any idea of the reality of his apprehensions.

With God it is no different. I often get out of touch, and it is only with another's eyesight that I can gain a clear picture of Him. New perspectives force themselves on me everywhere I look. I learn that my friends who drink are not bad people, but people who drink who may be looking for something better. I learn that some of my friends who go dancing do it because it is fun, and not to get drunk or pick someone up. I learn that pride prevents some people from being who they really want to be. I learn that all of these people come to my church. I learn that Christianity is for sinners, and not for saints, and that Christ did indeed come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. I learn that it is not so easy to condemn people when God Himself will not do it.

I learned all this from my friends. All this I have read in my Bible, but my friends have shown me the principles. To all people there is more than the surface, and because God sees what is below, it becomes more difficult to criticize what we can see.

And I must thank my friends for giving me this picture of God. They remind me of His grace and His mercy, and allow the same grace and mercy to open my mind and see others with a new perspective.

Dan McShane from page 5

count our blessings and rejoice with heaven over the repentant sinners. God is good to us, we only need to look around to see just how good.

Please keep us in your prayers—we need it and we keep you in our prayers. My letter writing time is over now. Time to be a teacher again. The Lord bless you and keep you all...until we meet again or Jesus comes. More to come.

Daniel McShane

P.S. Thanks for writing everyone. I'll try to write you all back, ok?



Gathered and Edited by Tim Chapman

What do you know, Is this an article from Tim? Here in the Clocktower, after such a lengthy hiatus? I would like to tell you that it is true, but due to both the amount of time, and the general state of my creative abilities, this piece of literature might just not approach the level of Article and stay down in the area of Clocktower Writing.

Oh well. After sitting out the first few weeks of the Clocktower season due to managerial and wage disputes, I finally decided to blow the dust off the ol' keyboard and write what I like to call, "I So Wish It Went..." Well, actually I just had no desire to write earlier, but now I'm rearing to go.

Well, I wonder if anyone got around to writing The Grapevine for this issue. Probably not, but just in case, the next part of my article shall be called, "The Fudgevine."

Judy Glass thinks that A fudgevine is what fudgesicles grow on, or so I have been told. I was pleased to receive many complements on the grapevine last issue, my only regrets is that I didn't write it. (Actually I'm quite pleased to not have written it, but don't tell Carl that.) I would hate to offend anyone in The Fudgevine, so I will take a suggestion from ASB presidents of the past, and have the "Inanimate Objects Fudgevine."

Did you here that The Rockpile and the bush in front of Rees have been seen getting quite friendly out on front campus? We hear that soon wedding bells may ring for the speed bump in the parking lot and the nets on the tennis courts. Could it be that Yoda's three fingers have flown off and scratched Luke's face of their own free will, thus ending the Star Wars saga? Note: If you have no idea who this is referring to, good.

Enough of this. Instead, we go on to, "Weevils and You", the article of mystifying questions. This is the first question: What cataclysm caused the earthquake damage behind Rees Hall? This is not the first question: Do you approve of George Bush's actions in Saudi Arabia? (I don't know, in fact I didn't know he was there.)

## Acid, Bitter, and Sad

Is there life after almost anything goes? Can Tanga Taffy really be considered food by the Bookstore? Is Barry Forbes really an 18 year old in a cheap tie? And why hasn't any-

one else on this campus read James and the Giant Peach by Roland Dahl? Can't we get some culture around here? I am appalled.

Well, that's all I have for ya, being that I had 5 hours of time to think, produce and type this piece before it went to press. I feel I have let my reading audience down, but what's new? Never fear, though, for highly amusing things are going on here at the school. What, you ask, well...

Santa is on his way. So is Zebbee. Everyone's favorite mention in the Clocktower is back: Shayne's Mustang. Elvis had been sighted once again, the clocks are going a bit haywire, Trevor has a new friend named Damon Bob, and Byard is still a-smilin'.

What else can you ask for? See ya next time.

## Sports facts

### Record fighting fish



■ The longest recorded attempt by an angler to bring in a fish:

**33 hours, 5 minutes**

■ Donal Heatley of New Zealand fought a black marlin off Mayor Island, New Zealand, on Jan. 21 and 22, 1968.

■ The fish – estimated at 20 feet long and 1,500 pounds – towed Heatley's 12-ton boat 50 miles before breaking the line.

SOURCE: Guinness Sports Record Book

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