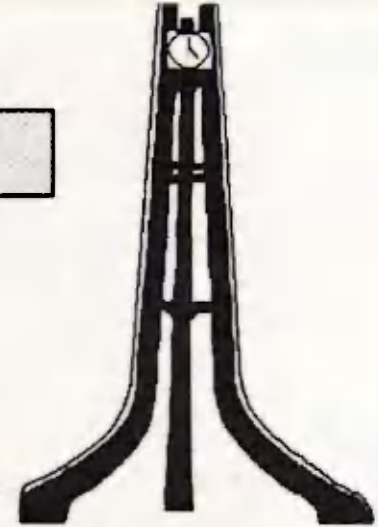


THE CLOCKTOWER



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Farewell!

by Leland Krum

"Goodness! How did I get into this position," I ask myself as I stare into the screen of a very familiar-looking McIntosh computer. Thinking back to last year, I can remember asking God a certain request.

I have always been enamored with new software packages for computers. When desktop publishing programs started becoming more popular, I couldn't wait to get my hands on one. Claiming the verse that says God will give us the desires of our heart, I

placed this desire in His hands and forgot about it. Little did I know what He had in store.

A friend of mine suggested that I take the position as editor. I didn't realize that this job would be the answer to my prayer. God wanted to answer my prayer but He wanted to take the opportunity to teach me so much more. Looking back on this year, I have learned that God has so much more in store for my life than I ever could imagine. Realizing how much involved God was in planning this job, I made a decided effort to dedicate each issue to Him and His glory.

Many lessons have been learned by being responsible for a student newspaper. Just like parents study the responses their children give in interacting with them, in the same way, I have learned quite a few things about the personality of the student body this year. You, the student body of UC, enjoy highly controversial topics in a student newspaper. You prefer that there be a familiar face of a friend on the front cover and would like it best if the person was wearing a big smile. You don't really like news unless it's spiced up with some personal reaction to the event. If this doesn't describe you, sorry.

I have also learned a little about leadership (just the tip of the iceberg, believe me). Working as a team-leader involves delegation, a requirement that sounds obvious but is learned slowly by choleric perfectionists who must have things done their way, or else.

Being a leader requires that you know what motivates people. Encouragement does that trick. People need to know that they are a **valuable** part of the team.

Farewell! Thank you for this chance to serve you, the student body. I think I should thank God as well; He had it all planned out in advance. Don't forget to commit your desires to Him everyday. Who knows, you may be the next editor (after Mark)! ☺

THE CLOCKTOWER

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Leland Krum

Copy Editor

Brenda Dickerson

News Editor

Amy Baugher

Advertising Editor

Arlin Blood

Photo Editor

Erik Stenbakken

Sponsor

Greg Rumsey

Printer

Graphic Masters

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In the News...

Amtrack is adding a non-refundable restriction to its lowest fares—at least for the next two months. They are also requiring reservations on some trains and are imposing cancellation fees. This at a time when travel on Amtrack was increasing because of soaring airline prices.

A Japanese soil researcher has found a way to pickle garlic that gives you all the garlic taste without all that garlic breath.

The disposable plates and cups Americans throw away every year (1.1 million tons) are enough to serve a picnic to everyone in the world six times a year. Environmental Protection Agency

NEWSWEEK reports that a California-based company, Wisdom Tree, Inc., is now selling a religious Nintendo-style game called Bible Adventures. It retails for \$39.95; and includes: Noah's Ark, David Meets Goliath, and Save Baby Moses.

Lake Ontario is so polluted with chemicals you can actually develop photographs in it, according to the Los Angeles Times.

You may actually think 20 percent faster on your feet. Researchers at the University of Southern California say this is because your heart beats faster and your brain gets more blood.

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photo by Erik Stenbakken

Jason Hand (playing Boaz) sings to Karen Hawkins (playing Ruth) in Mile High's epic length *Melodies of Love* performed at CVC for vespers on the 26th.



photo by Susan Zimmermann

Randy and Stephanie Stickney attempt to stay warm on the Educational Club campout.

**Blessed is he who
expects nothing, for
he is never
disappointed.**

Confucius (551-479 B.C.)

Price's Increase Value of Union Family

by Roberta Clausen

Does the name "Price" make you think, "Didn't I just hear or read about someone with that name in the last four or five months?" If it does, you may have read the article by Michael Jaquez in the December 1990 issue of the Outlook. The article featured Dr. Sandra Price, and displayed a

picture of her and her husband, Clifford.

Thursday, April 18, 1991, Dr. Sandra Frederick Price accepted Union College's invitation to become the new Vice-President Dean. At the same time, Clifford E. Price accepted an invitation to become the new Vice-President for Advancement.

So, who are the Prices? They are two individuals who are planning to use their special talents to serve the best interests of Union College. The following is a run-down of their background experiences and accomplishments:

Sandra Price is one of Union's "own." Although she did not graduate from Union, she took classes here while Clifford Price studied at Union from 1956-1960. Sandra received her Ed.D in 1982 from the University of Tennessee. Her major fields of study were Business Education, Management, Office Systems, and Communication.

The list of Sandra's achievements, honors, and responsibilities fills five pages, and draws a picture of an indi-

"Parting Thoughts"

by Craig Carr, A.S.B. President

Have you noticed how friendly some of the seniors have been lately? Maybe it's just me, but over the last couple of years there seems to be a sudden change in the attitudes of graduating seniors. What causes this awakening of benevolence?

During my four year reprieve at Union College, I have sat through many a lecture, studied (probably not enough), and gotten involved in the cluttered collage of college. I've seen people, from freshmen to graduates, demonstrate their desire to get out "there" and make it big. Money and fame seem to be the central theme when talking about the subject of careers.

College has been filled with stress, pressure, headaches, homework, and stress (yes, I mentioned it twice). There will always be worries in life, whether they concern money, friends, family, or wondering when your life will all fit together. College is simply the place where you learn that "you ain't seen nuthin' yet!"

Back to the generalization of the seniors. Let's break through the frivolousness of life and realize that all the hub-bub of this earth is pointless without God. Yes, another generalization. But if you think about it, nothing in life—no matter the effort—will amount to anything if God is not involved. He must be the focal point and the example we follow. Sure, it's a change in attitude, a different

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Up All Night?

by Julie Allardyce

Up all night again? Like many other students, you've spent many sleepless nights in the dorm-but what are you doing?

Sure, lots of people stay up late to just gab and socialize, but after the masses drift off to bed, the commotion that develops in those hours before dawn can be shocking.

Trevor Mahlum recalls, "When I lived in Culver my freshman year, people used to shoot bottle rockets down the hall at three or four, once everybody was good and asleep." Since then, similar pranks have occurred in the form of bombs around Rees, and set off many fire alarms in Prescott.

Other middle of the night pranks just might transpire in the Smith's suite. "We lock other people out of their rooms," Meechi said, if they're not having a water fight. But their favorite night activity is by far, "coming into the dorm," he said.

After a fun-filled night of no sleep, how are the "Allnighters" affected? John Cardwell, night worker of Prescott desk, said, "It makes me cleaner, very intolerant of things not in their place." Lookout, Prescott, this might be a wave of organization.

Fortunately, no hallucinations result, just the feeling of being thrashed all day, according to Shelly Otto. Although a documented result could explain the morning-after feeling, the reason why "Allnighters" loose the battle of alertness in class is that "When

continued on bottom of next column

My Leap of Faith

by Eric Galvez

"Go ahead, try it," he said. This sadist actually wanted ME to jump in 13 feet of water, all the while knowing I couldn't swim or tread water, and that my fear of the water just barely allows me to flush a toilet without feeling faint. I slowly got out of the water and stood with him at the pool's edge, fully intending not to comply with his barbaric request. I must have been noping that just in the nick of time there'd be a fire drill or some such miracle, and my life would be spared.

I'm a little under six feet tall. You don't have to be a math major to realize that 13 feet is room enough for me - all of me - to drown not once, but twice, and then some. As for the amount of water in the pool, I don't know how many thousands of gallons of water it held, but I am sure my lungs can't hold much more than a gallon each. I therefore saw the potential to drown several thousands of times over. On top of all this, the only person in the whole pool area besides me was Dr. Fleming. Now, Dr. Fleming is obviously in good physical condition, but he's no spring chicken. I understand that he is the only surviving student from Union College's inaugural year. So how was I to know that he wouldn't have a heart attack a split second after I jumped into the water? Suffice it to say that here was a situation with great potential for disaster.

Beginning Swimming has been quite an ordeal for me. I'm hoping my class-induced nightmares will

deprived of sleep, or quite fatigued, your eyelids fall shut of themselves," according to Edmund Jacobsen, author on the effects of sleep. Students do try to stay awake-they just can't!

soon cease. One such nightmare involves me sinking to the bottom of the pool. I'm then sucked into a large hole at the bottom. I go into the hole, through a long tunnel, and end up in Omaha doing the elementary backstroke in a sewage treatment facility with Dr. Fleming yelling "Come on, Eric, if you can swim in this stuff you can swim anywhere!"

Another such nightmare involves swimming class meeting out on the front of the campus because too many students had recently drowned in the pool. We practice diving off the clocktower into a net held by Dr. Fleming. When my turn comes, he yells up to me "Come on, Eric, I'm holding the net." I dive off the clocktower, and at the last minute Dr. Fleming jerks the net back. I hit the ground at 120 mph and break every bone in my body. He then tells the rest of the class, "Now let this be a lesson to you - never trust anyone but God!" This nightmare has a happy ending, however, as all my pens and pencils escape unharmed, thanks to my trusty pocket protector.

Upon realizing that my swimming skills did not quite match those of Jacques Cousteau, Dr. Fleming and his assistant Heidi did start slowly with me. The first two weeks of class, while everyone else in the class was in the pool doing 2,500 laps of incredibly sophisticated swimming strokes, I sat outside the pool on the floor while Heidi stood over me with an eyedropper with a fraction of an ounce of pool water in it. Drop by drop she attempted to help me get over my fear of the water.

You have to hand it to Dr. Fleming for putting up with a feeble swimmer like me. Virtually all the other students in the class swim rings around me. It's embarrassing. To make matters worse the little kids from Helen Hyatt Elementary put me to shame when they use the pool before my class on Tuesdays. Children no longer have any respect for their elders, not to mention for deacons. They show me up by swimming so well it makes me want to pull them out of the water and scream in their faces "Oh yeah, well I bet you can't find the first and

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My Leap...

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second derivatives of 35x3, and I'll bet you don't know what Martin Luther's response was to John Eck when asked why, if Luther wanted to follow the Bible only, he kept Sunday like the Catholics. So there!!!"

I must admit, however, that the way those kids show me up doesn't make me nearly as mad as what they do to the pool water. I entered the pool at the beginning of class one day and commented to Sean Nolan regarding the apparent malodorous nature of the water. He agreed and speculated that perhaps this was the result of the fact that there had just been 70 little kids in the water before we got in. The rancid water makes one wonder if, prior to their open swim time at the college pool, all 70 kids don't march in unison down to the Qwik Shop, each get a 2 liter bottle of Coke Classic, guzzle the pop before reaching the pool, and then let nature take its course 10 minutes before it's time for my class. Of course, I realize that kids make mistakes, but haven't those teachers at Helen Hyatt ever read Galatians 5? Don't they make any effort to instill any fruits of the Spirit in these kids, like love, joy, peace, patience, SELF-CONTROL?

Now for some genuine information about Dr. Fleming. He's actually an amiable fellow. He has a friendly disposition and a warm smile. One can tell he cares for his students. As he stood there encouraging me to jump, I was overwhelmed with the numerous obvious spiritual parallels that I could see inherent in this bona fide leap of faith. Seven characteristics, each hav-

ing biblical implications of the way Dr. Fleming handled my pathetic aquatic ineptitude and unwarranted fears later impressed me.

1) He sought me out, not the other way around. As the class finished I was about to leave the pool with everyone else when he sought me (me - one of very few lost sheep in the class) out and asked me to try a few things with him.

2) He was patient with me. During the time that elapsed from the moment we first stood there together overlooking the water until the moment I actually jumped in Dr. Fleming could have earned another doctorate, but instead he waited patiently.

3) He assured me that he was not going to let me get hurt. "I'll be right here," he said. There was no way he was going to let me drown. I'll bet he'd still have been concerned about my safety even if the college did have adequate life insurance coverage.

4) He offered help. "I'll hold your hand if you want me to," he offered. I was not alone.

5) He was understanding and not at all condemnatory. Earlier in the class period I'd told him that I have 29 years of fear of the water to overcome. "I know," he said sympathetically. I was literally about to start crying as I stood there with him contemplating this plunge into utter oblivion. He was telling me to do something that I'd never done in 29 years.

6) He took a personal interest in me. Class was long since over and no one else at all was in the pool.

7) He went beyond what he was required to do. He stayed after to give me special help. He didn't have to do that.

I finally did jump into the water. Down, down, further down I went. I was scared. If ever there was a time to have an accident of an incontinent nature, this was it. But I trusted that Dr. Fleming would save me, if need be, as he had promised. He'd told me that I'd go down but that I'd come up again for sure. I came up just like he said I would and started treading water for the first time in my life. I'm not sure who was prouder, him or me. Later, in the hospital, he impressed me further with his dedication when he came to visit me after I'd arrived to have my lungs pumped.

Life is indeed a challenge. Often we wish it were a never-ending succession of triumphs, but it's not. Sometimes our circumstances in life leave us frightened so badly that we can't for the life of us see the face of our heavenly Father. Sometimes, however, we can catch a glimpse of it in the ministry of a brother like Dr. Fleming.

I hope I never run into him in Omaha, however.

"Parting Thoughts"

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lifestyle that might not be comfortable at first. But He's assured us that it is worth the effort.

Life gives us more questions than answers. But the sooner we realize that Christ has all the answers, the better life will be for us, and the better we can help others to see this same thing.

Christ made the difference by dying on the cross; the least we can do is show others that He is the way.

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



It is not well for a man to pray, cream; and live, skim milk.

Henry Ward Beecher (1813-1887)

Price's

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vidual who is full of energy, life, and ability. From 1967 to the present, she has taught at Oakwood College in Huntsville, Alabama. While there she has filled several administrative positions which include heading up two departments.

Sandra has served as Office Systems Management Consultant for a number of enterprises including Andrews University and Southern College. She is currently active in two national/international associations in the area of Data Processing Management.

Sandra has received recognition from a number of sources. She was given the Tenneco Excellence in Teaching Award in 1989. She was awarded Teacher of the Year from Oakwood College for the school year of 1982-1983. She has authored and co-authored publications including some texts materials. Sandra has been in demand as a speaker and/or moderator at professional meetings. She has conducted, and is currently involved in research projects. Obviously, the above examples barely skim the experience and expertise which Dr. Price will bring to Union.

Clifford Price also presents a history of achievements and recognition. He graduated from Union in 1960 with a B.A. in Physics. He did post-graduate work in Mechanical Engineers and Public Administration. He holds an MBA in Management.

Clifford has been working as a Management Consultant from 1984 to the present. Before that he was an MSFC Technical Manager for nearly ten years at NASA. For several years he was Project Manager for the Apollo/Soyuz experiments. He also spent nearly ten years as an MSFC Propulsion & Vehicle Aerospace Engineer.

Clifford has been presented with seven achievement and awards for his work at NASA. Union College has not over-looked him either; in 1985 he received the Distinguished Alumnus Award. You can read his name on a plaque on the first floor of the Dick Building.

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And So It Goes Education

by Kelly V. Schmitt

Graduation makes one think about **G**one's past education. I have learned many things over my eighteen years of formal education (kindergarten counts; that's where I learned about shapes and math and kissing unwilling boys on the play ground).

I have learned that very often kisses don't mean anything. They are simply a response to the surging hormonal urges of both parties. Understand that I am not downplaying the role of hormonal urges.

I have learned that I am getting old. Last week I made the shocking discovery that I am very much like my father in some ways. I doubt that I will ever have the courage to share that with him, because it is a sign of aging.

I have learned the validity of a statement made by Dr. Simmons in Developmental Psych. I took the class as an eighteen-year-old freshman, and she told us that after the age of twenty, the body goes downhill. This is true. Wrinkles begin forming. The recovery period from a late night of study is longer. Sleep becomes more important.

I have learned that the importance of Saturday night decreases proportionately with age. It is all right to stay at home and read *The Three Musketeers*. It is acceptable to cross stitch while watching *A Room with a View*. It is all right to play *Trivial Pursuit* while listening to *Harry Connick Jr.'s We Are in Love*.

I have learned that life does not have to be lived fast and furiously. There is only so much that one person can accomplish in a lifetime, and I will be capable of accomplishing more if I stop.

And so I will.

**Blessed are the
young, for they shall
inherit the national
debt.**

Herbert Hoover (1874-1964)

Summer Bonus Increases!

You Could Earn Big Bucks

by Becky Lane, Admissions Office

What? Becky is not working at K-mart this summer?

That's right, I've abandoned my skyrocketing career in retail business. Why would I do such a thing? My reasons are as follows:

3) Continuous exposure to flashing blue lights was harming my eyesight and fading my suntan.

2) I'm allergic to polyester clothing.

1) And the number one reason is... The Union College Summer Bonus is increasing. I'm going to be rich!

You can earn Big Bucks too. In only three short months working at Union, you could earn enough to wallpaper your dorm room, eat at the Deli for six years, buy lifetime tickets to the Family Entertainment Series, tour every major city in Iowa, and pay off your entire tuition bill.

Here's how the plan works:

According to the old plan, students received a \$440 bonus for working 440 hours at Union College during the summer. Now you will receive a \$600 bonus for 440 hours of work. If you normally make \$3.65 per hour on campus, this plan will raise your effective wage to \$5.01 per hour for a summer total of \$2,206! Even better, if you work 520 hours, you will now receive a \$750 bonus for a total of \$2,648! Students enrolled in summer school will receive a slightly lower bonus if they work 400 hours. And remember that dorm housing rates are reduced during the summer. You can't lose with this new bonus plan.

Smart students are flocking to take advantage of this opportunity. Lucky for you, there is still time to get your share of the bonanza.


"We do have campus jobs available," says Job Services Coordinator Cheryl Crawford. "If you need one, come see me and I can help you." She reports that work is available at Kiddie Kollege, plant services, the

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Bonus

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Lifestyle Center, custodial services, and some campus offices.

Flashing blue lights and golden arches are totally uncool this summer. Union's summer bonus plan is the profitable way to go. 

Price's

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As you can see, the Prices have a diverse and full background. Not the least of their accomplishments is raising two daughters, and being the proud grandparents of several grandchildren. Union College has two things to be thankful for—first, that two vacant positions are filled, and, second, that those vacancies have been filled with Sandra and Clifford Price. 



photo by Erik Stenbakken

Troy Wood did not beat the throw, but got the base. Ric Spaulding stopped the soft ball (now passing Troy from behind) but dropped it, giving Troy a base hit.

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And So I'm Gone

by Matt Pfeiffer

I've slung my ink, and I've pushed that ol' pen across a plethora of pages, and now I must leave. Somehow, it doesn't seem remotely possible that it's over. I'm out of here! Most of the time when I think of that a very large and malicious grin spreads itself upon my face and a maniacal laugh begins to bubble up from deep down in my soul. No more long boring lectures and seemingly endless amounts of trivial busywork. No more staring bug eyed at a text book at 1:45 in the morning cursing myself for not opening it at least once during the semester. No longer will I have the pleasure of griping about the cafe and deli prices and food. No longer will I have to stare in ceaseless wonder at the stupidity of someone defacing the Prescott elevator. I'm history, dude. I'm gone.

Then there are a few whispers of sentimentality that breeze across my memory and causes me to feel the excited and terrified emotions of that 19 year old freshmen laying wide awake the first night before that first 7:30 class. Jeepers Mister I'm in college! Can I handle it? Will I be able to live up to the expectations of the professors and be able to fill the shoes of those who have passed through? Will the major I have chosen be the right one or will I find out too late that I hate it? Should I have gone to a different school, I mean that school song is really corny.

Those are just memories now. The prestigious feeling of being in college faded by the end of the first 7:30 class and I realized that those shoes weren't all that big and that I really didn't want to live up to most professors expectations. I finally realized that if I couldn't find a job I could come back and get a nursing degree and that any college will have something corny about it even if it isn't a song, I mean look at UNL, the Cornhuskers? Give me a break! Who wants to be known for husking corn?

It's gone too fast. One day I'm confused, lost, and sweaty running around the gym trying to register (o.k. that

happened this year too but I'm using that just to make a point), and the next I'm confused, lost, and sweaty trying to type a resume' that will supposedly get me a job. Way back in 1986 I thought I had forever to become an adult and get a job. Now it's here and I thankfully have a job, but I'm not so sure about the adult part, oh well. Somehow I get the feeling that now's when I really start to learn. These last 4 or 5 years were just a testing ground. If I did o.k. here I'd more than likely do o.k. on the outside. Do I feel like I've done o.k.? I have a job in my area of study, does that mean anything? Would I be writing this with a slightly different attitude if I didn't have a job. Oh yeah. So was it Union that enabled me to get that job? Did I really learn something since the Fall of '86 that allowed me to get a job? I think yes and no. Yes because being here put me in places that I could not have gotten into had I not been here that are a result of me getting the job and no because I didn't use any of the book-skills that I was taught to get the job.

Anyway, it's over. It doesn't matter now what I learned or didn't learn. IT...IS...OVER. I can't say that I'll miss this place for a long while but I'd be lying if I said I never will. I'll miss some of the faculty. Mr. and Mrs. Mac for being super patient and kind. (You'd better think of me when you're

half naked on a beach in the Bahamas this summer!) I'll miss Dr. Wagner and imitating that bass Kermit-the-Frog voice. I'll miss Dr. Lilya and those organ jams she cranked out. Mr. Hall do you realize that I've gone to the same school with you for over eight years? Do you feel old? You should. Then there's Joltin Joe Parmele, that wild short German-type professor, Karl Heinz, Dr. I-talk-about-my-relatives all-the-time, Gibson, Dr. let's-see-if-I-can-get-this-VCR-to-work, Hill. Those are a few I'll miss. I'll miss solving all the worlds problems and creating many new ones with Trevor, Aaron and Mark those many early mornings. That's about all I'll miss from the dorm I suppose. Good luck to the rest of the seniors. I imagine we all have a lot of the same things bumming around inside our heads about now. Good luck to rest of you, too. Many of you won't make it. That's an unavoidable fact of this place. Many of my friends didn't make it. Maybe they will later. I hope so.

And so Union College in Lincoln, Nebraska, I bid thee farewell. Thank you for the times, it's been real. May you live long and all that rot. It's been a hundred years! Happy Birthday, too. I've slung my ink and I've pushed that ol' pen across a plethora of pages. And now I must leave.

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson

