

Clocktower.

(the union college student newspaper)

monday
november 3,
1997

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October Avalanche

abner fuentes

guest writer



It began innocently enough--sure, it was pretty, but no one had any idea what was in store when the first few flakes began to fall Saturday, October 25. Granted, it is unusual to get snowfall so early in the year, but it was not supposed to amount to much.

The snow was coming down pretty aggressively by the time the modest showing at ASB's barn party began to break up. Still, not too many students seemed concerned and most continued with their post-barn party plans. The first signs that this was to be an unusual storm came by way of rumblings of thunder and brief flashes of lightning. Most at this point were perplexed, but not too worried. The storm intensified shortly before curfew and climaxed with an awesome display of brilliant colors when lightning struck about thirty electrical transformers, shoving at least forty percent of Lincoln into complete darkness. Computer terminals and televisions flashed brightly, glowed eerily, then fell unrecognizable into the surrounding darkness. Concern began to set in.

Depending on whom one asks the power outage occurred somewhere between 12:30 a.m. and 1:30 a.m. (it would be safe to assume that the end of daylight-savings time scheduled for that night has something to do with the difference).

For the most part, the lack of power did not seem to affect too many people. At least for the first night. On Sunday though, students awoke to a campus levelled by the combination of tree leaves and heavy, wet snow. Fallen tree limbs peppered the college campus. Students reactions ranged from, "It [the campus] is so trashed," to "it is so sad," to "I feel so bad for the trees." Perhaps Dr. Friedline summed up the irony best when he said, "Usually fall is marked by the falling of the leaves, not the falling of the trees." This fall has certainly exceeded expectations.

By Sunday afternoon, most students were going stir-crazy. Some like Junior Dan Rickard, took it in stride, threw on an extra blanket and "used the opportunity to procrastinate on homework." Upon further reflection Dan added, "I hope Dr. Novack isn't reading this." Well no promises, Dan. Some other students stretched their creativity to the limits.

Whitney Tate and a group of friends, after huddling around the televisions at Target, split up into two teams, picked out fifteen items, exchanged carts and raced to be the first team to replace the items."

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October 26, 1997

by eduardo mejia
guest writer

A terrible storm is bombarding the trees outside, tossing limbs and branches that obstruct traffic and make the Taco Bell drive-thru downright impossible. People outside are scurrying everywhere padded like football players.

I had just returned to my room from a fun-filled night of TV screen watching, when suddenly without warning, the lights went out. I don't know what time it is right now because of this gross weather catastrophe that has ravaged our little Nebraskan campus. Some of the stranded souls huddling bravely in chairs and warming their hands on the last flickering candle they own say it's close to 2:00 a.m. Actually, daylight savings time makes it 1:00 a.m. Luckily for the deans, the mountains of white stuff won't let me frolic for that extra hour I had been planning to take advantage of. Anyway, I'm writing this by candlelight and I can't help but feel like I should be using a big, feathered quill pen. I feel like a William Miller-type, 1800's writer, minus the inspiration and the bushy sideburns.

Is this Minnesota? Will I have to eat my suitemate in a desperate attempt to survive this monster blizzard? Ivan is a big boy, but I'm having a hard time imagining a slab of his beautiful girth on my plate.

This reminds me of that movie "Alive." You know, the one about that plane full of soccer players from Uruguay who ate their dead friends when they

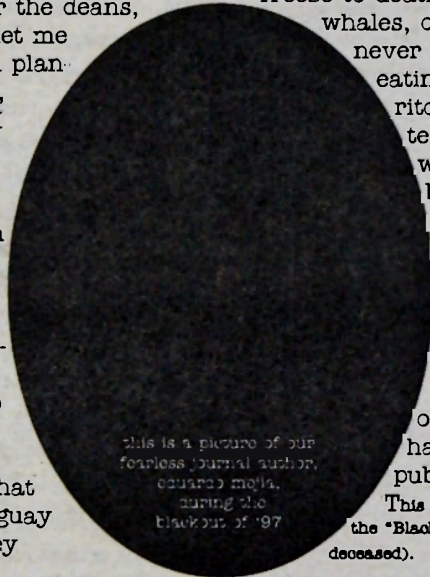
crashed in the Andes. Yep, this is gross. Almost as gross as my soggy-wet shoe-stained socks. I'm hungry. I'm glad the Lord has blessed me with extra adipose tissue form which my body will have to survive for the next few days. Never been so glad to be the pudge-meister. Wish I were a camel. Now I want to describe the smell of my last few hours of earth. Hmmmm.... I'd say a good whiff of Ivan's old double-decker taco, Raf's hump of dirty laundry, my soggy Afro-Machine hat and candlewax. Why must I perish to these awful oderiferous omissions? (Sound like a RightGuard commercial?)

Fudge and Zach just walked in. Fudge (Chris Brown) just said that if the heat doesn't get turned on quick, he's gonna wake up a fudgesicle. The thought sends chills up my spine. No pun intended. Poor fudge. Poor us. I love my mommy and daddy and sisters. I don't want to freeze to death. I never did get to save the

whales, or the manatee (sorry Janelle). I never get did to tell Ivan that I've been eating all of his frozen SuperSaver burritos this semester. I never did get to tell Paul that I'm the evil roommate who's been eating his Wisconsin-baked cookies. What is this evil world coming too? Is this the effect of global warming? I feel bad for ever burning those styro-foam cups when I've been camping. Uh-oh, I'll never go camping again. I'm sad.

If this humble final journal entry outlives me and ends up in the hands of a newspaper editor, please publish this as my honored epitaph.

This is a sad journal entry by an inspired survivor of the "Blackout of '97" (as christened by Ivan Centoeros, now deceased).



this is a picture of our fearless journal author, eduardo mejia, during the blackout of '97

Driving to End Danger

by abner fuentes
guest writer

The statistics are alarming-it is the leading cause of death for Americans between the ages of 15 and 24. Last year over 41,900 Americans died in traffic accidents and over 3 million were seriously injured. In Nebraska alone, 293 lives were lost in 1996, up from 254 the year before. As if the unnecessary loss of life were not enough, the financial burden is also astounding. Approximately \$14 billion a year in health care costs

can be traced directly to traffic accidents. Of those \$14 billion, \$11.4 billion rests squarely on the shoulders of taxpayers.

In an effort to help curb this disturbing trend, Lincoln instituted some "no tolerance" doubled-fine zones which took effect in the late part of July. It is a relatively simple law affecting only "speed reduction" areas delineated by the flashing school speed-limit signs. If you are caught speeding in one of these areas it could prove very costly. This

city law provides for the same fines as called for by state laws concerning speeding in construction zones.

By the end of September, there had been no significant increase in speeding tickets given in school zones since the new law's implementation in July. However, there was also no significant decrease.

This law does not affect the city-wide speed limit, which remains at 25 m.p.h. unless otherwise posted.

Although it is a step, albeit a small step, in the right direction, no amount of laws or fines will make our streets any safer. Ultimately, the responsibility rests with each driver when he or she decides to take the wheel.

M.P.H over the Speed Limit	Cost*
1-5	\$ 20.00
6-10	\$ 50.00
11-15	\$150.00
16-20	\$250.00
21+	\$400.00

*court costs extra

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UC's First Carnival

by wanda welch
guest writer →

"Step up! Yes, you! Try your luck!"

The Thunderdome, usually packed with screaming fans and sweaty athletes, took on a different look Sunday afternoon, October 5th. Sports fans were replaced by happy carnival-goers roaming from booth to

booth playing games and winning prizes. The sweaty athletes were replaced by sweaty ASB officers, working hard to make the first Annual ASB Carnival a success.

Tickets were sold at the door and the Carnival was open to the public. However, smug ASB members were rewarded free popcorn for attending the ASB sponsored and coordinated event.

Food was devoured, games were played and tickets were accumulated at booths set up and

manned by SIFE, SAA, and Ministerial, Health Professions and Business clubs.

Chris Blake, Barry Forbes and Ivan Cenicerros were among the fitting volunteers for SIFE's dunking booth, as the masses surged forward for an opportunity to sink the unlucky.

Todd Essex, Mark Smith and Tom Shepherd drew crowds as they goaded pie-flinging participants at SAA's Pie-in-the-Face booth. The men suffered repeated attacks

as they hovered behind a muscle-man facade with only their begoggled, whip-cream-covered faces protruding. A few enthusiastic observers were later seen rolling in the resulting whipped-cream pie.

One booth of particular interest was the Business club's "Face the Debt" booth. Ticket-payers had their picture taken while posing with Clinton (not the real one) or in the middle of a large dollar bill. Each polaroid picture will be

added to a collage and sent to Washington to let the President know that UC students are sick of the national debt. The Business club hopes to gain television acclaim by this venture.

Two thousand tickets were sold, and ASB made around \$1,000.00. The clubs involved also made a considerable profit. With the success of the ASB Carnival already proven, fans can look forward to more carnival fun in the years to come.

Campus Security: Your Concerns Addressed

by renae wehling
guest writer →

SECURITY...one of the most talked-about and dogged-on issues on the campus of Union College. What ARE they here for? Is ANYBODY listening to the student body's concerns? I was asked to be on the security committee this year, so hopefully I can clear up these questions for you.

To answer the first question, I have made a "Top Four" list of what security on the Union College campus is.

1. Security is not on campus to "fight off" the bad guys. They are here to call someone who is prepared to do this.
2. Security is not on campus to stand guard by our cars. They are here to alert the police of suspicious activities on campus.
3. Security is not on campus to be our "personal armed bodyguards." They are available to provide a secure escort to and from the dorm after dark.
4. Security is not a professionally trained group of people. They are here to check the buildings, provide escort if needed and to alert the police of potential problems after dark.

To answer the second question, yes, our concerns as a student body are being addressed in the area of security on campus.

The lighting on campus is actively being increased. The next time you are out after dark note the new larger, brighter light on the front north end of Rees Hall and on the back of Prescott Hall illuminating the parking lot. Lighting has also been added to "the pit" and additional lighting is currently being added to the front lawns of campus. Uniforms are also "in transit" to enhance our campus security's wardrobe. Additional topics discussed on the committee were parking and how it could be made safer for the student body and our cars, and other related security issues.

To say a few words in favor of our campus security personnel, these are our peers who stay up late into the night hours to make sure our campus is kept safe while they are working. They do not work all hours of the night, so occasionally in those uncovered hours incidents do occur. What we can do is utilize our security peers for what they are available for during the hours they do work. Ladies (and gentlemen, not to be sexist, but you usually don't have a problem with this), the next time you go out at night and come back in late, instead of complaining about not feeling safe when walking to and from your car, call security to escort you (that's what they carry those phones for). Let's all stop talking about what isn't being done and take our legitimate suggestions to those people who can make the changes, instead of complaining to people who can't.

Let's take advantage of the services offered and USE THIS NUMBER 432-3964, for your own personal safety escort.



"Storm" from cover ←

It seems that come Sunday night, assured that classes for Monday had been canceled, most students were unwilling to endure an on-campus stay and went their separate ways to spend the night with friends, family, faculty or at local hotels. By early Monday morning, about 5 a.m., the power had returned and by Monday afternoon students slowly began to trickle in.

While this campus has suffered damage from past storms, most of it has been light and as a result of high winds. Most of the technical damage has been repaired, but the tremendous blow dealt the campus will be felt and seen for years to come. The financial effects are yet to be estimated, but the effects on the beauty of our campus are obvious, deeply felt and promise to be long-lasting. Some of the faculty will be spear-heading a campus clean-up project in the near future and will offer all students the opportunity to help in the restoration of the beauty of our campus and the pride that comes with being a part of Union College.

Cover photo & photo this page taken by Eric Stenbakken

Union's Annual Career Fair

by laura mosier
 guest writer

Before I get into details about the Career Fair, I'd like to set one thing straight. According to the man at the Ombudsman booth, ninety percent of the people who went by, like me, had no idea what eh words "ombudsman" meant. So, for those of you who weren't fortunate enough to find out, the office of the ombudsman is "an independent governmental office designed to receive and investigate miscellaneous complaints."

Basically, a peacemaker who helps people settle their problems without going through the court system. Alright, that's out of the way.

There were thirty booths in the atrium of the Don Love building from 1:30 to 5:00 p.m. on Thursday, October 22. There was something for everyone - from fine arts to business, health professions to ombudsmen. Incidentally, UNL's career fair had been on Wednesday, so some UC students went to both fairs. They came back with different reactions.

One computer science major expressed dissatisfaction at Union's fair as compared to UNL's event. "I was disappointed after attending UNL's career fair the day before. UNL had 10-15 booths related to computer science that interested me, but we only had 3 or so."

However a social work major found the opposite to be true. "At UNL, there was only a tiny handful of humanities/health professions booths among all the business and computer ones, but I found what I was looking for at Union."

From these opinions, it appears that Union's career fair was smaller, but had a more even distribution of variety. A guesstimated 200 students toured the booths at the annual fair. There were lots of informative and helpful things happening. I mean, if it weren't for that career fair, I'd still have no clue what an ombudsman is. Besides, my roommate won a loaf of pumpkin bread. It was really good.

What is IS?

by greg johnson
 guest writer

Some of you may be wondering what to do when your computer breaks down in the dorm. Who on earth do you call? What exactly is Information Systems? Do they give out answer keys and homework advice? Greg Johnson set out to find the answer to all of your questions.

Information Systems (IS) provides several types of services on campus. First, they provide the networks Snoopy and Charlie for academic and administrative purposes respectively. For those networks, IS provides software and hardware support. The hardware support includes maintaining the mainframes, the terminals and the physical aspects of the networks themselves. Software support means that they supply and service the software used on the networks. IS also maintains the phone systems here along with the UniComp system.

Off campus, IS has a fairly large area of influence starting with the North American Division. IS has developed software that is used by 320 churches, 40 academies and 50 elementary schools throughout the North American Division. IS also provides services to the Mid-America Union. Mid-America is connected to the same wide-area network, Charlie, as our college administrators. Around the city of Lincoln, there are various businesses that use software that has been designed by IS. Northeast Wesleyan students are able to access government loan information via Charlie.

As you can see, a typical day in the office could be very busy. In addition to the on-campus work, the eight IS employees field telephone calls from their Mid-American, North American or business clients who may have a problem. They provide the technical support that is necessary to keep these clients' systems running. Also, Midwest Computer Systems is operated by the same staff who are employed by IS. Midwest sells equipment, accessories and software. They also install networks. All of these duties add up, making for a very hectic day.

Since IS covers such a large area that requires many duties, its weekly schedule fills up quickly. Their many customers want to be kept on the cutting edge with new technology and software. Plus, the students and faculty on cam-

pus are in need of technical help with terminals or phones. This year more students are switching to ethernet connections in the dorms rather than the terminal connections, a process which takes time. The speed at which the schedule fills up effects the speed at which the employees can respond to a complaint. With many requests for assistance coming in daily, IS must prioritize them based on importance and efficiency. Sometimes whether a job gets done depends on whether or not there is money for it. So for students and faculty who are waiting for service, patience is key!

As some have realized, Information Systems hasn't always been called Information Systems. Last year they were known as Computer Services (a title which made them easier to find in the phone directory). The reason for the name change is that IS doesn't deal solely with computers anymore. They are more of an information center than a computer center now. Plus, the name change seems to be an industry trend, and we needed to "get with the times," said Tom Becker.

Just as a quick side note, Midwest Computer Systems is celebrating 10 years of service this December. Midwest is a self-started business that has averaged over \$1 million in sales each year. A celebration is planned, so be watching for more news.

If you happen to see one of our fine IS employees frantically running about, give him a big smile and a pat on the back for keeping our school up and running in this information age.

The ad in your Peanut Gallery for Brett McArthur contains the wrong address. We are sorry if anyone has been misled. Please refer any new business to:

6201 S. 58th Street, Suite C
 Lincoln, NE 68516

Thanks!

Union College Golf Tournament

by aaron fritz
sports writer

Sunday morning, September 28, more than 20 Union College students, faculty and friends woke in preparation for the Union College Golf tournament at Holmes golf course. Each player called his partner to see if he was awake and ready to face the challenge that lay ahead. For most, the chance to be on the golf team was the major concern. Others had their eyes on the trophy.

Each team was put in a category to even the competition. There were three categories: A, B and C. In a best ball tournament, each player must play out the hole and the best score of the two is recorded for the team score.

On this glorious day, the wind was gusting close to 15 m.p.h. It made hitting the green a real challenge. In fact, it was so challenging that no one in the "A" flight category got a ball on the closest-to-the-pin hole! As for the "B" players, alumna Dallas Purkeypile nailed a shot on the 14th hole to secure a prize. Steve Nazario had the closest-to-the-pin and the longest drive for the "C" leaguers.

For some the goal is to win the tournament. For me, I try to win but my eyes are set on the LONG DRIVE hole. The long drive hole for everyone was the tenth. The wind was strong crossing the fairway from right to left. I knew a fade would insure that I could keep my ball in the fairway. Since a long drive is not worth anything out of the fairway, I focused and took aim. *Smack!* The ball jumped off the club face, eager to float far, far down the fairway. The little ball sprouted wings and glided safely about 300 yards down the fairway. *Yes!* I had surely secured my favorite prize, the LONG DRIVE. The rest of my round meant nothing. I was huge. Or so I thought.

When I walked into the clubhouse, I saw a suspicious smile on Ric Spaulding's face. As I neared he informed me that Dr. Fleming had outdriven me. This must be a joke. How could this be? Later when I raised my head from the puddle of tears, I saw Dr. Fleming and his partner Dr. Show strolling in. I had to see if it was true. I smile and they knew what I was feeling. In fact, Dr. Show informed me that not only did Dr. Fleming outdrive me, but he did so by "quite a ways." It just goes to show that strength is no match for skill. I was used. Destroyed. A weak sister.

As far as the other aspects of the tournament, check the stats by this article. Congratulations to all who participated, and especially to those who won. We needed a gallery to cheer us on. Maybe next time you can come out and follow your friends around the course, or, better yet, play!

Holmes- 2 Man Best Ball

"A" FLIGHT WINNERS

FIRST PLACE-Rob Beck and Tony Scott
SECOND PLACE- Rocky Peterson and Joe Parmele

"B" FLIGHT WINNERS

FIRST PLACE-Jonathan Lund and Chad Stuart
SECOND PLACE- Randy Horst and Eric Doering

"C" FLIGHT WINNERS

FIRST PLACE-Steve Nazario and Dave Nowack
SECOND PLACE- Mike Ahrens and Sheldon Blood

PIN PRIZES:

CLOSEST TO THE PIN

"A" FLIGHT- NO winner
"B" FLIGHT- Dallas Purkeypile
"C" FLIGHT- Steve Nazario

LONG DRIVE

"A" FLIGHT- Wayne Fleming
"B" FLIGHT- Barry Fowler
"C" FLIGHT- Steve Nazario

More appreciative,
more understanding,
more pro-active,
more self-assured,
more skilled,
more effective.

You must have been a student at

Urban Life Center

(If you haven't already done an off-campus term in Chicago, you may want to call us at 1-800-747-6059).

meet the warriors

november 3

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name: Todd Essex
position: Center
number: 34
year: Senior



name: Brian Carlson
position: Guard
number: 4
year: Senior



name: Doug Briggman
position: Forward/Guard
number: 25
year: Sophomore



name: Aaron Fritz
position: Forward/Center
number: 44
year: Senior



name: Paul Britain
position: Forward
number: 54
year: Junior



name: Chris Burton
position: Forward
number: 32
year: Sophomore



name: Josh Meyerpeter
position: Point guard
number: 40
year: Freshman



name: Dan Carlson
position: Forward/Guard
number: 10
year: Sophomore



name: Branson Bradley
position: Power Forward
number: 42
year: Freshman



name: Brian Burton
position: Point/Shooting Guard
number: 21
year: Freshman



name: Brian Snider
position: Guard
number: 30
year: Sophomore



name: Steven Warren
position: Guard
number: 24
year: Freshman



name: Ron Dodds
position: Head Coach
number: 1
year: 32nd Yr. Sr.

warrior season begins in november. the first men's game is november 6th. be there.

meet the warriors

november 3

page 7



name:
Becca Lund

year:
Freshman



name:
Buffy Turner

year:
Freshman



name:
Tara Shea

year:
Sophomore



name:
Heidi Widicker

year:
Senior



name:
Jana Kaiser

year:
Junior



name:
**Jenney
Flanagan**

year:
Junior



name:
Kim Childers

year:
Freshman



name:
Kristin Hansen

year:
Freshman



name:
Mandy Meredith

year:
Freshman



name:
Melissa Bowers

year:
Freshman



name:
**Krystal
Lakoduk**

Coach



name:
Brad Forbes

Coach



name:
Mary

Coach

warrior season begins in november. the first women's game is november 11th. be there too.

Power What?

by tom nazarenes
 guest writer

Power Pac! What exactly do you think of when you hear those words? Do you think of a sports drink, a workout session or do you think of it as another boring set of religious meetings? Hopefully, if you are in of the above categories, this article will bring about a different understanding.

So what is it all about? In the words of ASB, "It's all about you, baby!" One of our major goals this year is to create an environment where every one of us can become empowered by God. Power Pac weekends were started with the hope that the good, brought about by weeks of prayer, could be spread out over the whole year. We often associate weeks of prayer with a good message followed by a week-long spiritual high, and then it's all over. Our idea was to spread this spiritual high out over a longer period of time by having more spiritual highlights, just shortening them a bit. The best way to illustrate Power Pac is to tell you about the Power Pac Prayer Conference last weekend.

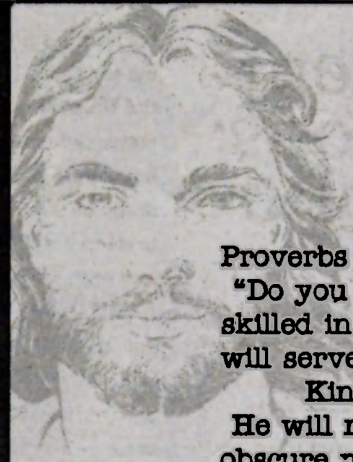
The Prayer Conference took place in the College View Church, and was run by several different students. A prayer conference is designed to emphasize three important parts of the Christian life. These include prayer, Bible study and outreach. The Thursday night meeting was run by Elliot Smith and Bret Schlisner, and involved some good singing, a humorous skit making a good point about prayer, and a chance to pray in small groups. The Friday night vesper program was put together by Chad Stuart and Greg Howell. It also included some great singing, and some powerful testimonies by Brian Carlson, Elliot Smith, Adam Breiner and Heather Hornbacher. Each of the students shared what God has been able to do in their lives through prayer. Sabbath School was taught by several different students, and involved the study of various Bible stories from the gospels. On Sabbath afternoon, students

gathered to go into the community and do some outreach. Shut-ins were visited, car windows were cleaned at Super Saver and people at the mall had students pray with them. Prayer, Bible study and outreach are important elements to have in our lives. The weekend gave us a chance to put these ideas into practice.

So what did we hope students would take with them after this Power Pac Prayer Conference? Stan Hardt says, "The Prayer Conference was designed to help us make applications of the things we need to build a healthy relationship with God." Stan went on to add that, "When we talk about knowing God, people say that they know a lot about Him, but in order to know Him deeply you need to have experiences where you see Him working in your life."

I have an experience to illustrate this. Two years ago I went to Hawaii as a task force worker. I came back with a lot of memories and pictures. I can show you the pictures and tell you all about the warm tropical breeze, sipping pina colodas on the beach, and watching the hips of the hula dancers sway to the island sounds, but unless you have been there and experienced it all for yourself, you cannot really understand what it was like. The same is true for our knowledge of God. Our intentions were that the Prayer Conference would give students the opportunity to experience God working in their lives, and that really knowing Him would become a reality.

Now you might ask, "Do I have another chance, if I missed the last Power Pac weekend?" Well, I am glad you asked. The Power Pac weekends take place once a month. They may be at the beginning of the month, or they may be at the end. The next one will start on November the 13th. As I said in the beginning, these weekends are all about you! If you would like to feel empowered, come take your seat at the next Power Pac weekend.



Proverbs 22:29
"Do you see a man skilled in his work? He will serve before Kings; He will not serve before obscure men."

The Bible has a tendency of putting everyday life into perspective. It takes the issues that we spend so much time debating and arguing over and says, "This is what defines the people of God. Any questions?" The Bible does not beat around the bush either.

This text shows us what the natural result of work ethic is. It is interesting to note that nothing is said here specifically about God's will. Do not mistake me though. The book of Proverbs continually tells us that the wise man is a man of God.

The implication here is that the wise man is skilled in his work, and a foolish man is not.

Take a look around you. What is about those who serve for the "Kings?" Do you serve a "King?"

Matthew 24:13
"...but he who stands firm to the end will be saved."

This is the concluding phrase of Jesus' speech when He is talking about how we will be tortured and put to death and no one will like us and everyone will be violent and hate each other and be deceived by a bunch of con artists.

So what did Jesus mean by saying this? Is He saying that all we have to do is buckel down, grit our teeth, grin and bear it? And if we can last long enough then will we make it to heaven?

The key to understanding this passage is knowing who is going to suffer these great calamities. They are the ones who are remaining in Christ. It is unavoidable if you are in Christ. But here's the neat stuff. NO matter which category you are in, with or without Christ, these great calamities will not affect you. If without, you'll do whatever it takes to avoid the great calamities. If with, Christ will make the burden non-existent.

Jesus is confirming that those who stand with Him will have the strength. He is not saying that we will be left to do it on our own.

--Eric Hansen

Student Missions: Adventure of a Lifetime

compiled by eric hansen

Just in case you wondered what had happened to a few of the students you may have seen wandering about campus last year, we've taken the initiative to check up on them for you. The following students have taken a year off of their college career to pursue a greater calling. Here's what a few of our friends in far away places have to share.

"It is very rewarding to be a student missionary, because you know that you are helping others and influencing them to live better lives! If anyone is thinking about going as a student missionary, they should definitely do it and not wait. It will be the best time of their whole life!"

Julienne Brauer

"Tell all of the students to be glad for what they have. Seeing how little these people have, and realizing it

is just the same to them, has helped me to realize how fortunate people in the United States are. We have HOT water (which I don't have here), we have good road systems, and hundreds of things I couldn't even begin to describe. Tell them to be thankful and pray for us. Thanks! God bless. And if anyone wants to send me something, tell them to send me BOOKS that will give me new insights on life and broaden my horizons, or just BOOKS. IN ENGLISH."

Joel Brauer

"I wasn't sure about this taking off a year business, especially to go to Arizona. But, wow! It makes me wonder what would've happened if I'd gone overseas. Although, something I've learned is that even if you stay in the states, the language barrier can still be there. The kids think I'm 'old' because of some of the words I use. They say, 'Oh, Tonja, you're so cute. Where did you get THAT word from?' Then, of course, they'll use words, and I'm not sure what I should do...but that's another story."

Tonja Rizijis

"I'm enjoying the teaching experience. It's such a challenge to try to present an interesting 55-minute class every day. It's harder yet when

they are all professionals and I'm still an undergrad. But they don't know that I'm only an undergrad. I'm just young! Right now it seems so frustrating because we can only teach English. Open proselytizing can get one kicked out of the country and is a constant threat to the school. Please keep our school and the Chinese people in your prayers. ...I do wish I paid more attention in grammar class!"

Bruce Chan

"Things are going pretty well for me here, but I really appreciate your prayers. It was a blessing that I was student missionary of the week last week because it was a tough one. The honeymoon is wearing off and the pressures are being applied."

Margaret Thompson

"Keep praying for all the SMS. Some of them (like me) really have no idea of what to teach. It is so much work, and discouragement is a constant enemy. Thanks for all the packages and letters and stuff from Union."

Andrew Giem

"I want to send a BIG thank-you for those packets you put together every week. I just began receiving them last week, and since then I've

gotten four in a row. It's so great to hear what's going on back 'home' at UC! And that sermon from Max Lucado was just the thing I needed this last week. I was so burned out and homesick, and it gave me the courage to 'row through the storm.' My luggage didn't arrive until two weeks after I did. At least I didn't have to bother about choosing what to wear every morning! I'm just thankful that my things did finally arrive! I enjoy interacting with the people who come to the clinic. Thanks for your prayers and encouragement."

Trelany Wilson

"I am here learning not only a new language, but much more patience and service. What true service is. It is not for myself but for God. I've always known this but not always put it into practice. It is for His glory and honor that I am here serving, following His example."

Halle Wilson

"Things aren't at all like I expected, which I guess is normal. But I'm having a lot of fun adjusting to the conditions down here. It's winter right now...not spring so all the short sleeve shirts and shorts I brought are rather useless. Oh well."

Jesse Dovich

from you.....

You are young (or maybe old) and unattached (we hope). You have been working at your job for a little while now, and for some unexplainable reason, you start to notice one special person. As the days go by, that special someone becomes more and more attractive. You start to like how they work. You look for ways to help them out. Do you know how many marriages occur between coworkers in a given year, let alone relationships that become life-long friendships? I'm sure both are in the millions.

I think this should really clue us in on something. Who do YOU work with? Well, if it ain't Jesus Christ, you are missing out on a wonderful relationship that will last this lifetime and beyond. You have never worked with anybody like Christ. It's Love.

(The author of this view wishes to remain anonymous.)

this space was designed for college students to share how they view Christ & what helps them find Him more easily. take the time to listen.

& on That Farm He had a Fish, E-I-E-I-O

by christine rosette

editor

Long has the question been asked, & long been debated & finally answered in much the same fashion as it is today. However, often as a college-bound youngster hugs Fluffy & Spot goodbye, a new wave of pet-lust overwhelms him to best the system. Violently, he wrenches Fluffy from his sister's loving grasp. With a sinister laugh, he stuffs Fluffy into a backpack & sneaks quietly past the realm of all-knowing deanness. Often little Fluffies live the secretive lives of darkness when time passes and the student realizes how little time he now possesses. This story sadly ends with either a dead Fluffy or a joyful reunion between pet & Sis (picture the slow-mo video clip in your head now).

Because of the deans' nature-preserving personalities & their roots in Animal Rights Activism, stories like the one above are prevented here at UC. Current pet policy excludes all fluffies unless approximately 5-7" long & cage-bound, or de-fluffed with scales & tank-bound. There are always mixed feelings about every rule, so Wanda Welch and I set out to stir up controversy & force newly angered students to express themselves in a simple poll. 223 students responded. These were the brain-thumping questions: 1.) Do you think dorm students should be allowed to have pets? 2.) Why?

It broke down like this. Of all the students who filled out the survey, 62% said "Yes," that students should be allowed to have pets of their choice. 34% of the surveys said "No." The remaining 4% said "Depends," which was not an option.... Check the



chart to see the reasons behind the answers. What we discovered from this poll was that nothing about the pets policy is likely to change in the next era. I talked to a few pet-promoters in the girls' dorm to check out their sad situations.

Sara Knoles has kept a bird for the last two years. It used to drive her roommate crazy, but Sara now rooms alone. The bird is easy to take care of, & doesn't get in the way. Wanda Welch & Amy Dick, Sara's neighbors, say that they can hear her bird chirping in the mornings sometimes, but that it doesn't bother them because it sounds like all the other birds outside. Wanda

does not feel that Sara should be allowed to have her bird, simply because she (Wanda) is allergic to pets in general. Jenna Stroh disdains Wanda's view & longs for pets she left at home of the larger & more furry variety. Unetta Campbell used to own some of these. She nearly always had at least one cat in the dorm. The deans caught her one year with a kitty, but it didn't stop her for long. Love of pets makes a few girls' dorm inhabitants develop extra-sneaky abilities.

Some unknown Activists from the polls voiced anti-caging opinions, saying it's cruel to force larger pets to such small confines as a dorm room presents. While this may be true, most felt that it should be up to the individual to decide. The strongest contenders of this point mentioned that in most cases, a responsible person would have no problem giving a pet a good home even in a dorm room. But whether you have a pet, hate pets or are saving up for one, the freedom of choice chorus echoes still. Some people on the poll sheets went for creative solutions to the pet controversy problem. Here are some of the things that were suggested:

"I think we should have a hall mascot & all take turns feeding it."

"Make students who want a larger pet pay a higher dorm deposit to guard against damage."

"Let students have pets, but the deans reserve the right to check rooms & make people get rid of them if anything's bad."

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CHART OF SURVEY RESULTS

223 Union College Students Answered...

YES 62%		NO 34%	
relieve stress	13%	smell	38%
relieve loneliness	15%	noise	17%
for comfort	13%	allergic to them	7%
we're responsible	12%	no reason	20%
they're cool/cute	12%	students are irresponsible	12%
it's our right	6%	other	7%
the deans have them	4%		
better than roommates	4%		
no reason	12%		
other	9%		

arts & entertainment

november

page 11

From hedgehogs to rats, kitties to fish, the Pet Ark has a wide selection of animals to choose from. The store is located at 27th & Superior streets. It's easy to find so if you're in the market for a new pet, go check it out. Overall, I'd have to say that Pet Ark is an excellent place to shop for your next animal. With a wide selection and friendly help, what are you waiting for? Get on down there and buy a pet for yourself.

Pet Ark →

visited by melissa bowers

THE GRADE:

EXOTIC ANIMAL SELECTION	C-
STORE EMPLOYEE FRIENDLINESS	B+
ANIMAL AFFECTION	A+
CAGE CLEANLINESS	A+
FISH SELECTION	A-
ANIMAL EDIBLES VARIETY	A+
ANIMAL SOFTNESS	A

Check out Lincoln Pet Stores (These Reporters Did)



Humane Society

visited by jabin krassin

My recent excursion to the Humane Society brought me face to face with some of the furriest, most adorable and downright lovable little companions a person could meet. Mr. Robert Downey, executive director of the Society, gave Janelle and me a full-fledged tour, bringing us up-close and personal with some exceptionally cute pets. Aside from the ever-popular dogs and cats, there were some guinea pigs, bunny rabbits, parakeets and even an iguana on the waiting list for a caring home. For the reasonable price of \$60, you can bring home the pet of your choice. Now I know it's still considered borderline criminal activity to have anything more playful than golfish in the dorm, but who knows, maybe Mom and Dad would be open to the idea of adoption. They would probably be even more impressed by the efficiency and superb facility responsible for these animals. Here's quick rundown of how the Humane Society ranked on my scale of superbness:

THE GRADE:

CLEANLINESS	A-
EASE OF ADOPTION	B+
FRIENDLINESS OF STAFF	A
LOCATION	C+
VARIETY OF PETS	A

So if ever you find yourself bored one afternoon, or just feel like skipping class (shame on you), then I highly recommend doing some "window shopping" down at the H.S. on Park Blvd.



Pet Doctor

← visited by eric gonzales

On a scale of one to ten, the Pet Doctor rates a high eight, and the following describes why. Although it is fairly small in comparison, its contents make up for the difference. "Dry" animals are the Pet Doctor's specialty, carrying everything from mice and hamsters to rabbits and birds to your favorite cat and dog. (Sorry, there are no fish or amphibians at this pet store.) All of the animals, especially the cats and dogs, are purebred and are owned exclusively by the pet store. As far as getting to examine your would-be animal closely, the Pet Doctor gladly welcomes visitors and prospective buyers to interact with the animals as much as possible. They have made great accommodations for doing so, such as open bird hamster and rabbit cages, as well as play rooms for visitors to take a cat or dog into. This feature alone puts the Pet Doctor in a pet store class of its own. It maintains a clean environment, and the staff are very friendly and helpful. Selection, opportunities and service are what make this a great pet store to visit. (Again, mainly if your interests are in "dry" animals.) It is a great store for every pet lover.

Birds & Bees

by allison lamon
columnist.

When I read that I was expected to incorporate this edition's pets theme in my column, I was a little depressed for lack of ideas as to how I would do it. I tried looking for parallels without being indecent--trust me, when trying to combine pets with my usual genre it isn't easy to keep things decent. And then, after several false starts it came to me. I will compare people and couples to animals.

How can I do a thing like that? Simple. Christine lets me.

One Sunday at breakfast last spring, I commented to a friend that I practically had to kick a couple of amorous squirrels off the sidewalk on my way to the cafeteria. Amorous? The little fur balls were pouncing on one another, leaping about in a rodent euphoria of love. We chuckled at the rodent PDA (public display of affection) and then chanced a glance out the window. As luck would have it, the euphoria had caught two fellow students in much the same way. Thinking back on it, the squirrels showed more restraint.

Of course, there are those couples who are all restraint--the basset hounds. Drippy and not really enthused by one another, or anything for that matter, they lope along together. They appear in public together, dutifully hold hands, and manage to look extremely bored/pained/consti-

pated. Just because they are in love doesn't mean they have to like it.

The desert tortoises are the males and females that know someone likes them and like that person in return, but are very sluggish in showing it. To be certain that everything is exactly perfect and that they are not making a mistake, they hesitate--interminably.

Now, we come to the praying mantis couples. For those who are unfamiliar with these insects, I read that the female kills the male during the actual mating process. As I see the human parallel, the woman doesn't kill the man during the mating ritual--if he makes it that far, he is doing quite well. These are the women who would make great drill sergeants, and how they got men who will put up with them, no one knows.

An escalated version of praying mantis couples are raccoon couples. I read somewhere (sorry, no bibliography) that raccoons tear each other to shreds during mating. This is not unlike some relationships I've witnessed. The individuals appear to hate each other, but, for some reason, are dating. They are different from basset hounds in that, although the hounds don't like each other with any great vigor, they have a hum-drum tolerance/desire for one another. Raccoons dare one another to break up--almost like they are together because they lost a bet.

Impetuous, sincere and playful puppies rush into love headlong. They are people anxious to love and be loved, and in the process are not too discerning. Sometimes they run their noses into screen doors, thinking the door was open. Puppies are those really sweet people who are either treated badly in relationships, or who oth-

ers won't date because "we're too good of friends." It doesn't take much to hurt a puppy, but it takes a lot to quench its love.

Hummingbird couples are so high speed and efficient that they don't have time for much affection.. Sure they like each other, but they are too busy to show it. Saving their grades, their friends and the world comes first; consequently, there isn't a whole lot of time left for frivolous love and affection.

Cats don't need each other. They are affectionate when they are together, genuinely so, and are capable when they are apart. These are the people who go for balance. In love? Yes. Willing to show it? Yes. Have other priorities? Yes. Cats have lives of their own, but aren't too busy to be in love.

No one takes the monkeys seriously. Monkeys are the flirts (both women and men), the ones who know everyone, love everyone and everyone loves. Their problem is that they don't take things seriously--they are heartbreakers because they don't take their actions seriously and don't realize that others might.

I hope that you have tolerated this little Freudian side trip into the psyche of love. Actually, I hope that the editor will think this is close enough to the pet theme so I don't get canned. At any rate, bon appetit.

*In the "Ode to Men" column (October 6 issue), I used a quote from a movie, but credited it to the wrong movie. The line was actually from the movie "Tea and Sympathy," not "Gilda."

**Because I love you, I thought I would mention that my next column will uplift the female gender. You didn't actually think that I would ~~please men~~ and forget women, did you?

The little fur balls were pouncing on one another, leaping about in a rodent euphoria of love.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I must respond to your column.

Now I know what I have to say won't mean very much since your main exercise is jumping to conclusions. But you should get your facts straight. I am sorry you have to walk across campus, but so does most of the staff and faculty, so that the kid sin the dorm are close to park closer to the dorms.

About the landscaping--I think you owe Pat Parmele and a number of other faculty and staff an apology. All of the landscaping was paid for and done by faculty and staff this spring and summer.

Now, about the long line in the cafe. It takes three people to run a serving line and there are only four staff in the morning. When we open the second line, no one will use it. We know this because we have tried it a number of times. And, what about the Dash and Dine at the first of the semester?? It was brought to our attention that it took 20 minutes to get through line, so we set up Dash and Dine. The same foods were served there as on the serving line, but only 12 people a day used it. Our motto in the cafe is "if there is any way we can help you, don't hesitate to ask".

--Danny Heath, PM Supervisor, Food Service

Squirrels Make Good Pets

by **bret schlisner**
columnist

Have you ever stopped to realize the incredible natural resource we have here at Union in our obese, attention-glutton squirrels?

Well, before I met them, I fell in love with the poor little gray emaciated coward squirrels in Tennessee. You see, my mommy was allergic to kitties and doggies. So I had this love that sprung forth from my constant longing to have a pet of my own.

At the age of 6, I lived in a house connected to the men's dorm at Southern Missionary College.

There were two large tulip poplar squirrel homes on the steep hill behind the house. And I wanted one of the squirrels to move from its poplar tree into my house.

But how do you catch the elusive squirrel?

Our Mission

Grant and Johnny and I made a plan. To get our pet, we would have to chase a squirrel away from the trees down into the drain pipes under the hallway that connected the dorm to our house. The little tunnel was about ten inches in diameter and 10 feet long. Johnny ran to the other side of the house-trap tunnel and Grant and I

waited for a little rodent to stray from the trees to our peanut bait.

About 3.47 minutes after leaving the bait, Squirrely bit. Grant and I slowly closed in on the trees. After ninjafyingly creeping between the squirrel and the trees, we scooted down the hill side by side.

Squirrely's first choice of refuge was the obvious: that little drainage tunnel. Squirrely hurtled himself down the hill. He zipped into that pipe like a kangaroo pup into the pouch.

Johnny growled into the cement tube and Squirrely sat there panting and twitching. We blocked up the pipe with a kickball and ran around to Johnny's side.

Each of us stooped down to look at our new pet, trapped under the corridor. Some day he would come out, and we would catch him.

Grant went about 47 feet away with a pair of binoculars while we slinked out of sight to trick Squirrely into thinking all was safe. Ooh. We were oh-so-sly.

I think the squirrel could hear us giggling, maybe. After a few minutes, Johnny tired of waiting and went home disappointed as the sun was putting on its autumn coat for the night.

There I sat with my paper sack. *I would never have a pet.* Because this squirrel had more

patience than I.

I started to walk away, head held low.

"Bret! Bret! He's making a dash for it!"

The Amazing Catch

I spun around and dove for the mouth of the tube. It all happened in slow motion. Squirrely cocked his head at my flailing figure. He tried to dash right. Then left. My elbow smashed into the grass. He freaked. His buck teeth seemed to scream, "I give up! I give up!" And he landed in my paper sack like a baseball slapping a catcher's mit for strike three.

"I got 'im! I got 'im!" I beamed between my fat cheeks and held up the wig-scratchy-sounding bag like my

Olympic gold medal.

My brother sprinted over and high-fived my other hand and we looked at the sack convulsing and quivering and flailing and rustling.

I thought all wild animals were nice. Especially cute little squirrels. So I opened the top of the crumpled up bag and peered in at the little guy.

Looking back up at me, Squirrely was such a cute, furry little bugger. I reached into the bag with my chubby hand to caress my new pet.

CHOMPI

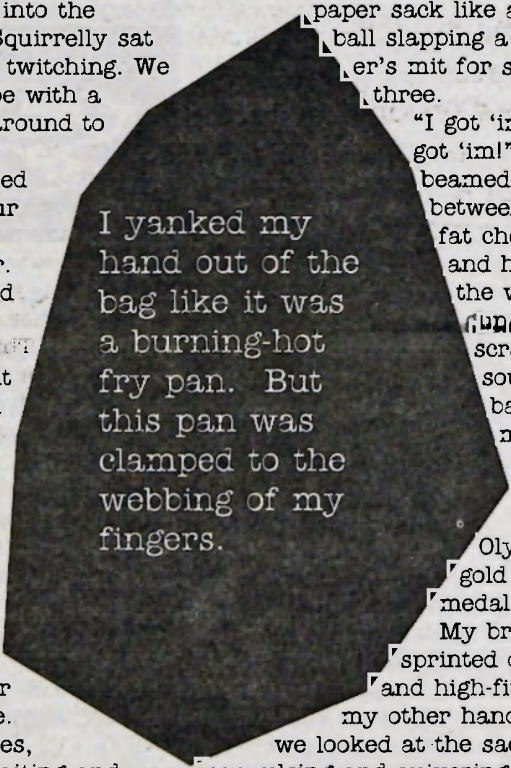
"Ahhww!" I yanked my hand out of the bag like it was a burning-hot fry pan. But this pan was clamped to the webbing of my fingers. As I shook my hand in pain, my Squirrely pom-pom waved up and down, finally flipping off into the mud and jetting toward the trees.

The blood oozed from between my fingers. "You have rabies!" Grant screamed. "You're gonna die!" He dragged me inside and we washed my hand, sticking a band-aid over the tooth-marks of the beast which had so brutally attacked little defenseless me.

What was Squirrely's big prob? I just wanted to be his friend. I just wanted a pet to love and to cherish, to have and to hold, till he chomps off my finger do us part.

I guess I learned a lot about love that day. I loved that squirrel. I thought he loved me too. I was wrong. I'm just glad I didn't propose; just think of the pain I would have caused myself, my parents and the other members of our space-time continuum.

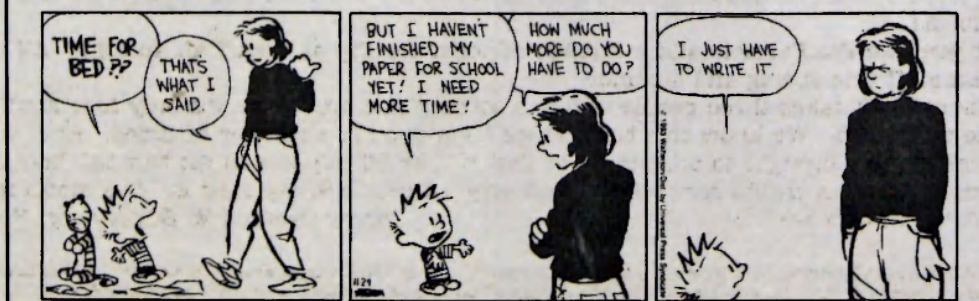
I survived the episode to date another day. (See Lamon column for more.)



Bret Schlisner has done a cartwheel in all 48 of the continental united states.

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



Concert: Jars of Clay

by lora hagen
guest writer

You will be thrilled to know that Tonja and I discovered a fabulous new workout last Monday night (Oct. 6). Picture this: you, some loud music and a few hundred random strangers.

"What is this new concept?" you ask. A Jars of Clay concert. Yes, that's right. In the course of our taskforcing here, we have now been forced to attend that particular Miller Lite-sponsored event.

The opening act was Plumb, actually a very musical Christian act. At least, the few words I could decipher were God-oriented. Also, the lead singer has a habit of yelling "Wuhu!" every so often as she strides across the stage.

But the main event, JOC, was marvelous. They were funny, and sang all the songs that we wanted to hear. Actually, one of the most fascinating visual things about the concert were the little projection machines that flashed pictures of jars, stars and crosses on the walls during the concert.

The singing was even better live than on their CD, I thought (though I did wonder why the drummer was encased in his own little glass booth...).

Most of the audience spent the majority of its time jumping up and down, hence the exercise. I found that it was a better workout to just bounce up and down on my toes. Tonja discovered it was better not to wear any sort of platform/high-heeled shoes.

I felt that one of the funniest events during the concert occurred impromptu. One of the intros failed to materialize in a timely fashion. So, to pass the time until the glitch was fixed, they had a dance, er, choreographed movement/time period.

Anyway, I suppose that you'll want to form your own opinion. That's why you'll just have to go to their concert when they perform in Omaha sometime.

But hurry up and call Ticket Master, because it might sell out rather quickly. If you're in the dorm, make sure to fill out a late leave thingie and give it to your dean.

Some extra knowledge for you: Shirts are \$20/\$25 apiece. And if you go, you'll want to bring water bottles along. You'll need them. (The preceding facts were brought to you courtesy of TFR Enterprises, Inc.)



CD Review: The Awakening Compilation

by elliot smith
music expert

In keeping with this week's theme, I looked through my record collection to see if there was some way I could tie a music review in with the pet theme. Some CDs that caught my eye were: Def Leppard, Dog's Eye View, Thrillcat, Counting Crows, Hootie & the Blowfish, the eels, the Jayhawks.... I soon grew tired of this idea. Instead, I decided that I wanted to share an album which could very well blow all of you Unionites away. This earth-shattering discovery is a compilation of independent, Christian bands. The CD's entitled, The Awakening Compilation, which is also the name of the independent record company who put out the CD.

The whole operation

is based out of Chapel Hill, NC, yet the bands on the CD are from all over the country. I came about this CD by attending a concert of *Nickel & Dime*, one of the bands on the compilation. They totally blew me away with their raw musical talent and energy, combined with their obvious passion for God. After listening to the compilation, I discovered eleven other independent groups/solo artists who were equally compelling in their own rights. They are: *Caedmon's Call* (who have since been signed to a major Christian label), *Mark Williams*, *Chris Sawin*, *Ridgley*, *Allen Levi*, *Waterdeep*, *Tim Pigman*, *Bebo Norman*, *Big Wednesday*, *Huckleberry* and *David C. Parks*.



All of the tracks on Awakening are acoustic in nature, although I do know that most of the bands play other styles of material on their own respective albums. The rhythms range from upbeat to laid back and contemplative. The vocal styles are just as mixed, with songs ranging from simple to

complex harmonies.

The lyrics are incredibly good all the way through. It helps that the vocals have been pulled out of the mix, and that the background music is acoustic and not screaming guitars and deafening drums. Caedmon's Call's track, "April showers" is one of my favorites, along with Ridgley's track, "Windows." The songs are so contagious that I find myself humming them as I go through the day, and the lyrics are the catchy kind that really stick in your head after a good listen.

Independent bands just have a certain "aliveness" to them that most signed bands have lost. You can literally hear the passion and the "realness" in their music. It's neat to know that they're doing it because they really love their musical ministry, not because they're making loads of money or fulfilling a contract.

I implore all of you to check this worthy audio specimen out. If you're into the Indigo Girls, the Counting Crows, or other similar bands, I'm sure you'll get a jolt from the Compilation. Unfortunately, the only way to get this CD—besides attending a concert of one of the bands on the album—is to order it by mail at: P.O. Box 4353 Chapel Hill, NC 27515. Or by giving the guys a call (the number is 1-888-552-9253.) Or by e-mailing them at: awake@mindspring.com.

Next week, I'll share with you the conversation/interview I had with Scott Sanders, one of the founding partners for Awakening Records.

Ponette

by nathan blake
 guest writer

I wish I knew French. But I don't. And that is okay. Ponette--the 100 minute movie I viewed--was in French, with English subtitles. And it was one of the top five films I have ever seen. The story centers on Ponette, a four-year-old girl, as she deals with surviving a car wreck that killed her mother. She has a tough time understanding death and receives virtually no help coping with the loss of her mom. Ponette is sent to live with her cousins in the country. Throughout the movie, different people (father, aunt, cousins, friends) tell her varying and often contradicting things about death. However, she continues believing her mom will show up again sometime. Little Victoire Thivisol (Ponette) acts stunningly; I cannot think of a more worthy actress for an Oscar. Every one of the child actors was exceptional and authentic. The entire movie (barring one of the ending scenes) was real and true-

to-life. It was as if the audience was actually there observing Ponette and her friends interact. Jacques Doillon, the director, made me remember what it was like to be a kid again. The peaceful lifestyle, imaginative games, child-like trust, and an endearing innocent wonderment took me back in time as I watched.

The movie was spiritual, funny and deep. You should rent this video when it comes out. In addition to spending your time viewing an extraordinary movie, you might be able to pick up some French.

If you've never seen a movie at the Mary Riepma Ross Film Theatre, I highly recommend you take one in sometime.



photo released for publication, photographer unknown.

REALISM:	A-
VIOLENCE:	A
BEAUTY:	A
MORAL VALUE:	A
INSPIRATION:	A
DEPTH:	A.....
OVERALL:	A



Photo by Andy Schwartz, Paramount Pictures 1997

Movie Review: In & Out

lora hagen

guest writer

Have you ever been publicly humiliated? Who hasn't? Have you ever had anyone proclaim that you are gay? Who has?

Recently I got to see "In & Out," the newest movie with Kevin Kline. After seeing it, I will never think of Tom Selleck the same way. Call me old-fashioned, but I just wasn't ready for his--shall we say--complete role reversal.

Here's the basic plot: At the Academy Awards, Carmen announces to the world that his old high school teacher is gay. Carmen's former high school teacher then spends most of the rest of the movie deciding about his sexual orientation.

The best parts of the whole movies are the scenes involving Joan Cussack, Kevin Kline's bride. She is hysterical--literally. You have to wait for her best performances. They occur after the wedding. Watch out for the bar scene especially. "Are there any heterosexual men anywhere?"

The plot is pretty straightforward until the wedding. In fact, one might say that the movie is a teeny, tiny bit hoky. The laughs are fairly standard; however, Kevin Kline's facial expressions add a lot to any scene that he is in.

Overall, it's a decent movie. I got my money's worth out of it. Of course, I only paid 25 cents to get in..... Ahh, the many joys of living in Arizona.

Rated: PG-13

senior focus

november 3

page 16

focus on... **todd essex**

interview conducted by christine rosette

what's your major?

Business management with a marketing emphasis.

who's your favorite teacher & why?

Mark Smith and Barry Forbes. Both make class enjoyable, and conduct class in such a way that it's easy to comprehend difficult things. God has blessed them with a talent to teach. You can tell they love what they do.

what was your least favorite class here at uc?

World Lit.

what're you doing after graduation?

I hope to get a job on the West coast, doing something in the business field, while Michelle is in optometry school.

why did you come to school here?

To play basketball.

how long have you played basketball?

10 years.

how did you hurt your ankles?

From football and basketball. Overdoing it.

are you a sports fanatic?

Yes.

if you could meet any athlete, who would it be & why?

Barry Sanders. He's a Christian and I've never seen him lose his temper on the field.

what do you think is the most important thing the uc warriors need to have a good season?

I think if we play good defense, umm, and never give up, we could beat in every game. We've gone into games knowing we will lose. We need confidence. We need to believe we can win. Fans need to come cuz the new players this year are fantastic.

what's the biggest mistake you've made since you came to union?

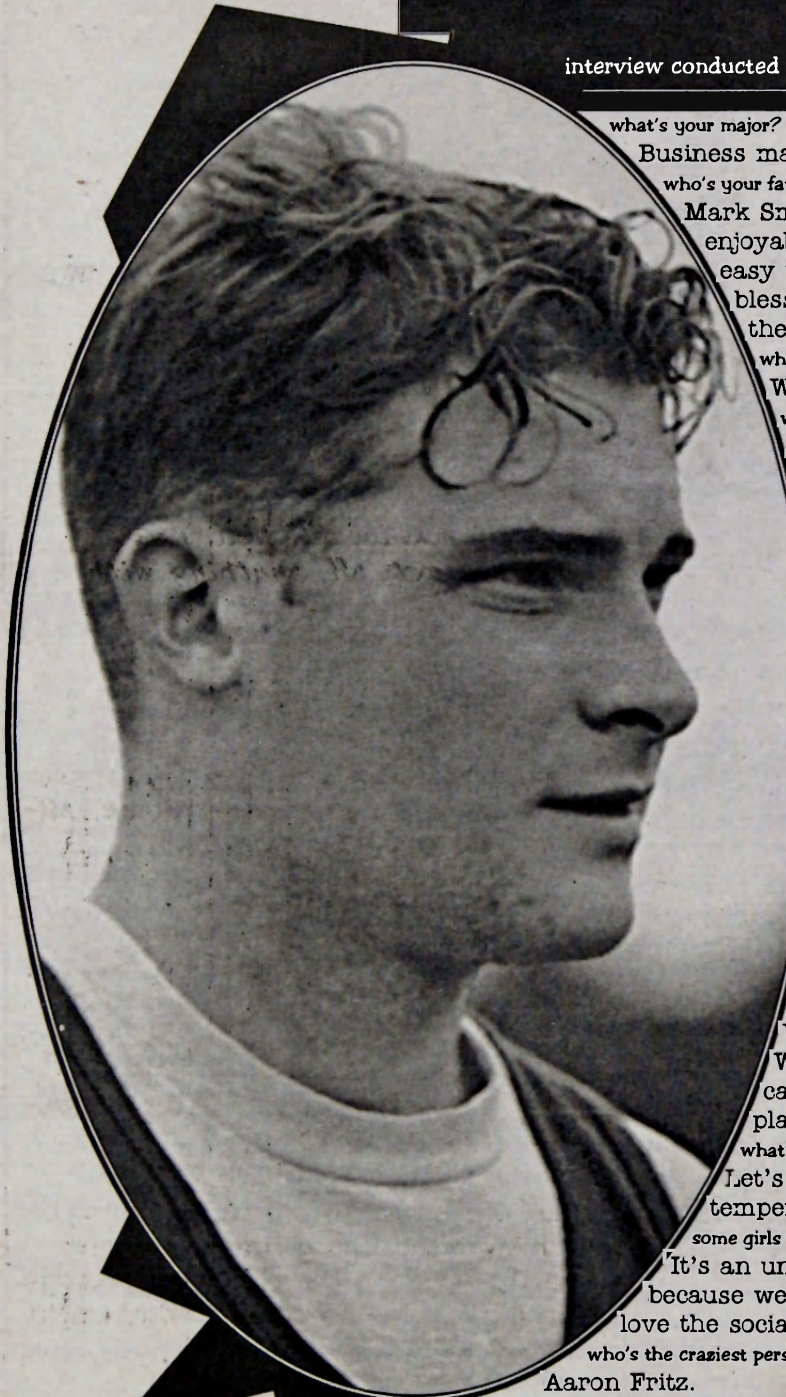
Let's see...my biggest mistake was.... losing my temper in athletics.

some girls think that guys are all about sports: do you think this is true?

It's an unfair stereotype. It probably came about because we talk alot without thinking. But guys also love the social/dating life and scholastics as well.

who's the craziest person you know?

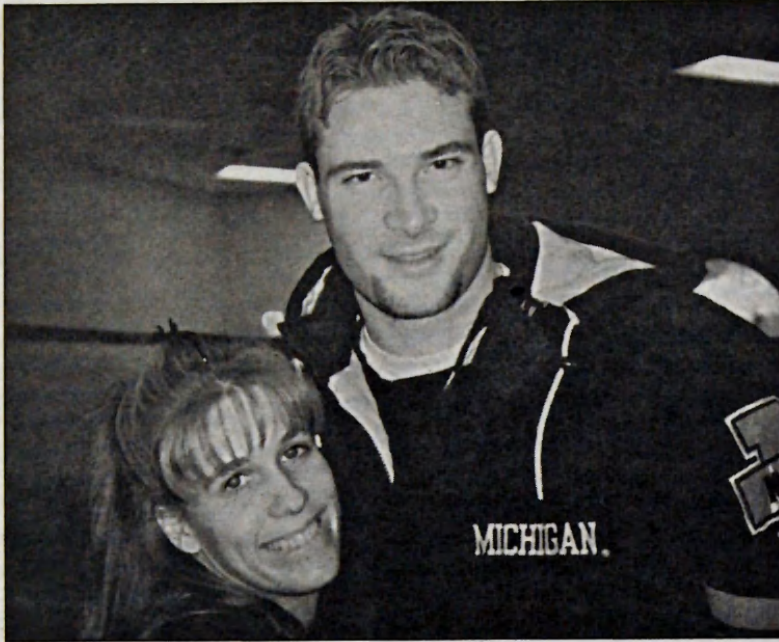
Aaron Fritz.



senior focus

november 3

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Todd with girlfriend MICHELLE

which friend would you want with you on a deserted island?

MICHELLE.

who do you most admire, characteristically speaking?

My dad. He didn't have the easiest life. But he bent over backwards to make my life the best it could be. He made lots of sacrifices.

what's one thing you've always dreamed of doing?

I would love to go to England with three friends and golf on four of their best courses.

what's the best advice anyone's ever given you?

The President of Florida Hospital gave me the top ten ways to be the best leader possible.

what's the best advice you can give incoming students about their time at union?

Get involved in as many things as you can, because social skills are just as important as your GPA, but maintain a decent GPA too.



(pictures on left page & above donated by michelle miller. picture of todd on right taken by wanda welch.)



About Todd

generals --

Age: 22

Height: 6'6"

Hair Color: brown

Eye Color: hazel

Hometown: Battlecreek, MI

Car: Jeep Comanche

Todd's favorites --

music: all, well, R&B

sport: all, anything with competition

restaurant: Taco Bell

women's perfume: Eternity

candy: Snickers

Bible Character: Peter

Sports team: Detroit Pistons

Vehicle: Ford Explorer, Black, all-terrain

who would you like to see here?

got a friend?

hey, if you think she's cool & she's graduating, let us know instead of hogging her all to yourself like a fly-snagging spider. if he's a stud & leaving in may, call us so we can give his number & pics to all the eligible ladies.

call x2844 to nominate him/her/it

My Heritage Dilemma: American or Chinese?

by bruce chan
guest writer

On the first day of class, my Chinese students thought of me as an anoma of nature: a black-haired, small-nosed, yellow-skinner teacher who spoke perfect English, but couldn't speak more than four phrases of their native tongue.

"Are you Chinese? Your face looks like us," piped a student, her finger made a circle motion around her face.

The director of the school had already warned me of such questions. They advertised in their brochures that only native speakers of English taught at the language institute. So I couldn't say I was Chinese.

"My parents are Chinese. My mom is from Hong Kong. My dad's from Malaysia. My reply sounded foreign to me. If my parents are both Chinese, wouldn't that make me Chinese? I had never felt more Chinese after landing at the Shanghai airport two weeks earlier. I couldn't leave my answer just as that.

"So I'm Chinese-American." The faces staring at me gave a collective sigh of relief. A few smiled approvingly. But that wasn't my first time grappling with the issue.

The First Encounter

I met Sandy at an eleventh-floor bowling alley, equipped with brand-new Brunswick pin-setter, beautiful maple lanes and computer screens that flashed "Ole!" and "Turkey!" He bowled magnificently, almost reaching 200, and subtly priding himself in beating this American in a purely American game. He wanted to practice his English, and I wanted to see Shanghai. We agreed to meet again two days later. He promised to show me Shanghai's best: Nanjing Road.

"you see Shanghai is a beautiful city. We love our city," said Sandy as we scurried through the streets in a taxi two days later. "How do you like Shanghai?"

"Oh, it's nice so far, but I haven't seen much," I replied.

The driver stopped in front of a waterfront park district, known as the Bund. A wide walkway runs about a mile along the

Huangpu River, and behind it looms a vagabond assortment of new-classical 1930's New York-style buildings. The Bund reminisces of London's Parliament buildings along the River Thames, and serves as a reminder of Shanghai's painful colonial past.

But history and bad memories haven't kept away the throngs of locals and tourists who stroll along the river front and the Bund. Beautiful marble sidewalks beckon the crowds. Lovers walk hand-in-hand. Old chums talk loudly in strange Chinese dialects. Mothers and fathers lovingly grasp the hands of their child between them.

We walked a little distance along the river front, and then Sandy directed me to Nanjing Road, Shanghai's ritziest shopping district. The entire street was cordoned off, only allowing pedestrian traffic.

People saturated every available space. The entire street was lit up like the Las Vegas strip. Gawking tourists respectfully stared at the brand-new Yamaha stereo systems, Lacoste polo shirts and bottles of Chanel perfume.

"Do the locals shop [Nanjing road?]" I asked Sandy.

"Oh, no. They have no money. These are mostly rich overseas Chinese." He answered. "You like this place?"

"Yeah, I suppose I do."

I like American music

The more we walked, the thicker the crowds became. Finally I saw a CD shop. Inside we'd find a respite from the crowds. We stepped inside. I tried steering Sandy to the American music section. Old Michael Jackson, the Carpenters and all three Cranberries albums caught my eye.

"I don't like to listen to American music," said Sandy as I tried to show him the newest Cranberries CD. "It just doesn't sound very good."

"Well, then show me some popular Chinese music," I retorted.

"Male or female?"

"Female."

Sandy started to look intently at the racks. I pointed out to Sandy a beautiful female Hong Kong singer, Alice Gu.

"Wow. She's very pretty."

"Oh, yes. All my classmates thinks she is the most beautiful." Sandy had a way

of putting crisp endings on harsh consonants. It made it nice to hear. He smiled, and his eyes squinted to oblivion. He then showed me a male Cantonese singer, whose name I've yet to find out, since the cover is in Chinese.

"I have this album. It very good."

I looked at the price tag. \$1.15. Well within my budget. Next to it I saw the Best of Sting album *Fields of Gold*. It sold for \$2.00. I bought it too. One would have to search for a genuine copy of a CD or VCD here in China. Everything is pirated.

We walked the entire mile-and-a-half length of Nanjing Road. I felt exhausted. Jet lag still had its evil grip on me. We rested at a place called "People's Square."

The square was my first encounter with Chinese civility. Before then I had yet to find a park bench, where one could sit and relax. Consequently, thousands of Chinese use the same place to gain peace and rest. In such an environment, you have to create your own rest and privacy.

While Sandy and I talked in English, sip-pin gour cold 7UPs, men sitting nearby strained to listen to our foreign syllables.

Roadmap?

"Do you like Michael Jordan?" Sandy smiled, hoping I'd recognize his hero.

"He's a great player. But I don't like the Bulls."

"You like John Stockton, Scottie Pippin and Roadmap?"

"Who? Roadman?"

"Roadman."

"Ohhh. Dennis Rodman. No, he's got too many earrings." I couldn't believe he knew this strange creature's name, but it was oddly comforting.

"Did you know that Michael Jordan said he wouldn't play for the Bulls if Phil Jackson was fired?" asked Sandy.

"Oh really? I vaguely remember hearing about that. How did you know about all of this?"

"I love watching the MBA."

"The NBA." I corrected.

"Sandy, do you want to visit America?"

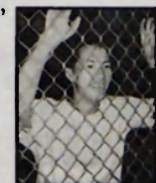
"Who wouldn't?" he smiled, his eyes squinting themselves away. "But I still love my country."

I looked at him, and said, "I love mine too. I love mine too."

Bruce is a UC student missionary teaching English at Shanghai, China. He still needs to find an electric converter.

"Are you Chinese?" piped a student.... My reply sounded foreign to me.

"You like John Stockton, Scottie Pippin and Roadmap?"



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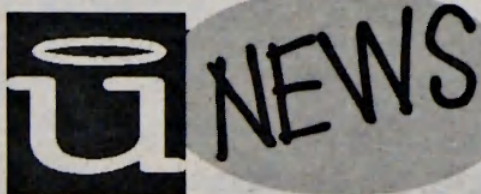
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november

compiled by wanda walch

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
2	3 ASB POP "The Secret Garden" Lincoln Community Playhouse @ 7:30 p.m. \$9.00/student	4 Chapel: Art Lindsay	5	6 UC Men vs York, Home @ 7:30 p.m. "La Promesse" MRR Theatre 7 & 9 p.m. \$5/stu "The Secret Garden" @ 7:30 p.m.	7 Vespers: Senior Commitment	8 CVC: Greg Nelson UC Men vs Faith away @ 7 p.m. Laser Ska UNL's Mueller Planatarium, @ 8, 9:30 & 11 \$4/stu "La Promesse" MRR @ 7 & 9
9 Michael Card in Concert CVC @ 7:30 Mariah Carey Mueller Planatarium @ 3:30 p.m. Deutsches Symphonie Lead Center @ 7 p.m. "La Promesse" MRR @ 5, 7 & 9	10	11 Chapel: Humanities Division UC Men & Women vs Barclay, away @ 5 & 7	12 "The Future of Cloning" presented by Dr. Ian Wilmut, Scottish head of the research team that created the first cloned sheep, O'Donnell Auditorium @ 7 p.m.	13 "The Secret Garden" @ 7:30 p.m.	14 Vespers: SM slides	15 CVC: Greg Nelson UC Men & Women vs St. Mary's, home @ 6:30 & 8:30 "The Secret Garden" @ 7:30 p.m.
16 "Ernesto Che Guevara-The Bolivian Diary" MRR Theatre @ 3, 5, 7 & 9 "Gaudete! Rejoice!" by Soli Deo Gloria Cantorum Witherspoon Concert Hall, Omaha @ 7:30 p.m. \$16/stu	17 UC Men vs Concordia JV home @ 7:30	<p>Also....</p> <p>The Sheldon Art Gallery and Sculpture Garden is pleased to present an exhibition of works of art by the internationally recognized artists Christo and Jeanne-Claude. This exhibit opens november 3, and runs through January 4. Don't miss this unique opportunity to see collage art and architectural projects at their best.</p>				



Did you know that asb provides a free dating service? If you are hard-up or not, all you have to do is dial x2618 & get hooked up with a prayer date. "What's a prayer date?" you ask.. Well, a prayer date is your real authentic opportunity to get to know anyone you think is cool. It's hard to lie when you're praying, so separate the stalker-freaks from the nice people. Pray with them, & God will give you a spouse for a mere \$60,000. Call the hotline now. Operators are standing by.

--Bret Schlisner