

The Clocktower

Vol. 66, No.11

Union College Student Newspaper

February 27, 1992

Spring

Shall We Celebrate?

By Jeff and Amy Deming

People dancing in the aisles waving their hands and people sitting in pews with tongues of fire above their heads--this was the picture that had been painted in our minds of what a Celebration church "must be like." Often classified with the charismatic movement, the "celebration" movement within the Adventist denomination has been the subject of much debate. Untruths have a way of propelling themselves into rumors which, in turn, push their way into the attitudes of individuals who are willing to accept them without seeking to find the truth for themselves. Over Winter Break we had the opportunity to judge the opinions for ourselves. On Sabbath, February 15, we attended the Celebration Center located near Loma Linda, California.

As we passed through the gates into the parking lot of the church, a banner greeting us proclaimed, "The Celebration Continues!" Ahead, through the rain, we could not miss seeing a huge red umbrella with a man beneath directing us to a parking place. No fighting for a parking place this Sabbath morning!

Inside, we were welcomed, and our hands were shook, and we entered the sanctuary to find a seat. We had been warned that on some Sabbaths there was standing room only, so we had arrived early. Immediately we were impressed with the warmth of the members of the church toward each other. There was more hugging and hand shaking and chit-chatting than at a family reunion. Contemporary Christian music played over the speaker system, and as it blended with the small groups of conversation, the church hummed with energy.

So what was the Celebration church service really like? Certainly we did not en-

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Special

Looking Forward

By Becky Lane

"We are committed to getting something done by next year." These are the words of Academic Dean Sandra Price as she discusses computer plans for the Union College Campus. "We have been studying this since October, when a computer coordinating committee was formed to determine what was needed," she says. By the end of the school year, a plan should be in place to update the campus-wide microcomputer network.

Before proceeding, the administration would like another chance to determine student preferences for a computer system. "We want the student input," says Dr. Price. "The final decision will depend on other factors, such as financial considerations, but their

opinions are very important." Students will have the opportunity to ask questions and voice their ideas at a townhall meeting on Wednesday, March 4, at 10:30 a.m. A list of alternatives will be presented, and a survey will be taken.

There are two major alternatives in this computer decision: 1) Update the mainframe and install a new terminal in each room that is capable of operating WordPerfect or 2) Buy more personal computers and place them in accessible microlabs in dorms or other areas around campus. Dr.

"Forward" Continued on page 5.

Break

Townhall

By Rikki Stenbakken

The next Town Hall meeting has been slated for next Tuesday morning, March 3 at 10:30. The subject of discussion at the meeting will be computers on campus. WAIT! Don't stop reading! I know that everybody (OK...so maybe not everybody) is tired of hearing the computer majors argue about the new this and that--but this might actually involve YOU. (gasp)

Would you like to have more new and improved microcomputers in the microlab? Or would you rather update the old on-line system currently being used in your room? This would mean that you could actually use a real word processor to do your homework, instead of TDP. If you have any opinion on this at all, I suggest that you read on and then show up at the Town Hall meeting to tell the administration what you think.

I guess it's only fair to warn you that the issue is just a bit more complicated than it seems at first. Let's start with the updated on-line system. There are quite a few options here to mix and match. What would probably happen is that the big computer upstairs, an HP 3000, would be replaced with an HP 9000. This in and of itself would cost somewhere around \$85,000. The new mainframe computer would allow for the use of newer programs such as WordPerfect. Without new terminals though, we run into a slight problem. There are no function keys. This means that a new set of commands would have to be worked out in which a different series of 2-3 keys would be pushed instead of the ones used with microcomputers. Obviously, this could lead to some confusion (not to mention tangled fingers.)

There is a possibility of replacing the

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Checkmate

*"It's always the same,
You know who is to blame.
You know what I'm saying
Still we keep on playing
Head games" --Foreigner*

There is something that has bothered me since I first arrived at this school. That something is the way people date like they're in high school. It is a pathetic thing that people should come to college and play the same childish games that they learned while still immature high school students. The fact remains that college age students, who are supposed to be adult about some things, act like they are still in academy. This is ridiculous. The whole problem is that when in high school, people learn to be selfish, and concern themselves only with what they can do or get away with. This in turn comes from the fact that honesty is employed about as much as an underwater duck salesman.

Let's start with the lovely little things that humans learn right off the bat when in high school. This is called "games." The one reason these were brought into existence is

that at that time in our lives we knew less about dating than we knew about nuclear physics. Therefore, games were used to hold relationships at bay long enough to figure out what they were. This did not stop in our senior year when we should have known what was going on. It continued into college. The number one rule in games is never let somebody have the upper hand or control as we perceive it. That is, we can't ever tell anybody how we feel or completely show them or they will control the situation.

Let me have a very large break. Control somebody because I know how they really feel: this is so lame I have trouble even including it. If you are honest with people, and they try to use that against you, and you put up with it, then you are not extremely bright. On the opposite side, if you try to control someone who likes you, and you use that as a weapon against them, then you're stupid too.

Another little game I notice that college students, as well as junior high students everywhere, play is the "let's make the other person jealous game." This usually means that you think this person likes you, but for some reason he doesn't show it. So you get

this crazy idea--"Hey, I'll just ask out his friend and make him jealous." Exactly how long has it been since you were a sixteen-year-old? To think that he wouldn't notice you if you didn't ask out his friend. If he doesn't notice you when you ask him out, why on earth would he notice you when you ask out his friend? I know we did this type of thing when we first got our drivers' licenses and liked to hang out at malls, but why now? Does this help anything? Doubt it.

Why play something that we learned so long ago? What relevance do games we learned as sixteen-year olds have in college? I say nothing. Others tell me that you have to play the game or you'll get hurt. That is a great one. I'm sick of hearing "She hurt me really bad" or "He hurt me; I don't trust guys." Hurt is very relative. Most of the people I know that have been "hurt" so bad are wallowing in a pity party large enough to house the Senate's office staff. If you date somebody for a couple of weeks or a couple of months and feel that because they dumped you that you are extremely hurt, I have two words for you--GET REAL. This is not real pain. Sure, everybody who gets dumped is entitled to a little bit of depression, but I've

seen people get over divorce quicker it seems. If you open yourself up completely in the first couple of weeks to someone you're just getting to know, then you need to reevaluate your methods. If you do something physically (I will not discuss the moral issues here) with someone that you weren't comfortable with, but did it anyway, I don't feel sorry for you. If you give up important things to people you hardly know, whether emotional or physical, you reap the rewards. Playing games will not save you from your own stupidity, but it could chase away a decent person who couldn't care less for childish games.

Dating is a simple thing: you go out for a while and somebody dumps somebody else. It's a simple cycle that will repeat itself until you get married or hit by a cement truck. So don't complicate matters by playing games, wallowing in self pity, or alienating your own life. Basically, grow up and quit dating like this is the prelude to the prom. Life goes by much too fast to complicate it further.

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The Clocktower is a bi-weekly publication of the Union College Associated Student Body. Letters to the Editor Personals and submissions must be under our door by noon on the Sunday prior to publication. Editorials are opinions of the Clocktower. All other opinions expressed are those of the author and must bear his or her name. The Clocktower reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of space or clarity.

"Celebrate" cont. from page 1.

counter tongues of fire or "rolling in the aisles." We thoroughly enjoyed the song service during which the words to contemporary Christian songs (such as Sandi Patti favorites) were projected onto a large screen at the front of the sanctuary. Yes, some participants did stand with uplifted arms; however, we were fascinated by the overwhelming participation of the congregation in the song service--especially as we noted the diversity in ages of members attending. For instance, we later learned that the couple seated next to us were in their seventies, and they did not seem shocked to be accompanied by a synthesized keyboard and drum set or intimidated (as we somewhat were) by the few individuals standing as they sang, arms uplifted.

Amidst the controversy over the celebration "movement," some purposes for its existence seem to be forgotten--or not mentioned. Members of the Celebration Center talked with us after the service. They expressed to us that the original purpose for starting the Celebration Center had been to provide an environment that would attract ex-Adventists and Christians of other denominations. They wanted to attract people to the excitement and enjoyment that could be found simply in giving God praise. This

helped us to better understand the casual approach to the presentation of the sermon, the variety and drama in the Children's story, the inclusion of popular Christian music during song service, and even the use of the drum set!

One particular couple related to us the changes that have taken place in their own family since beginning to attend the Celebration church. They said that it has made them become more aware of the effect of their attitudes toward their ex-Adventist children. Their children have noticed the new acceptance and unconditional expressions of love from their parents, and they have begun attending church again. Perhaps this is one reflection of the way that the Celebration Center is succeeding in its attempts to help heal families and relationships.

Our experience in visiting the Celebration Center proved to be a rewarding one. We felt that on a week-to-week basis the Celebration Center would not provide the structure for growth that we feel is essential; however, we left filled with a new enthusiasm for loving God. Much like a Week of Prayer that can not last forever, the Celebration Center was, for us, a breath of revitalizing life. Visiting it not only provided us with the opportunity to encounter the "celebration movement" first hand, it also gave us a chance to "celebrate" the love of God.

Celebrate



Malcolm X

America's Black History

Calvin and Hobbes

by BILL WATTERSON

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



THE FAR SIDE

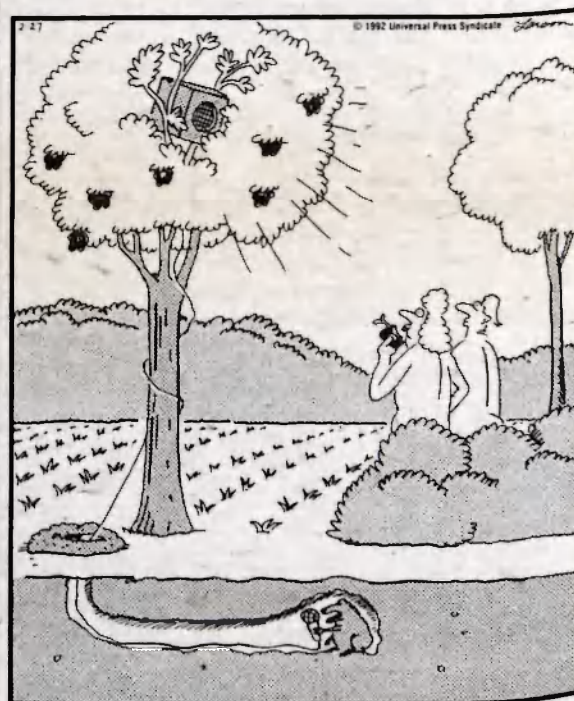
By GARY LARSON



Centaur rodeos

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Eat my apple, will you? LEAVE MY GARDEN! BEGONE! ... And take all the mole traps with you!"

Word of the Week



Mid-term Exams

Raju's Hope

By: Manish Raj Pandey

The body on the sidewalk lay motionless. Oblivious to the pouring monsoon rain that was seeping through his cardboard roof, he was asleep, deeply engrossed in an otherwise inaccessible dreamland. His worn-out blanket, which had withstood many tough days, made a feeble effort in keeping him warm. Sleep gave him pleasure and inexplicable excitement. This was the only time when he could venture anywhere without being taunted and looked down upon. What he loved about sleeping was the dreaming part. In fact, his dreams kept his hopes alive. "Patience is my asset, and dreams are my best friends," he once said to me, "and someday I'm going to reach the zenith of success that I so dearly long for such that I can help all those around me who are underprivileged."

Raju was one of those unfortunate village people of Nepal, who abandoned their abodes and poured into the capital city to try their fortune. Kathmandu, the capital of Nepal, is regarded as the haven for those who have lost their hopes, a place where dreams come true and miseries disappear with the advent of instant success.

I met Raju when he stopped me as I was on my way to work. His appearance was unnerving to say the least. He was man of short stature. His shirt was torn in many places; I

could count the ribs on his body. His raitail hair was long and sparse and dirty gray in color. His pants were oversized and barely hung to his waist. The shoes were almost without soles, and his toes were sticking out. His face was sunburned, and the cheekbones were protruding outward. He had a large nose, and his cobwebbed eyes were lifeless, as if they were gazing at the eternal nothingness in front of them. When he cracked a smile, his green teeth became painfully conspicuous. His sunburned, wrinkled face and emaciated figure bore testimonies of his years of deprivation. I felt uneasy being stopped by an odious stranger. He smiled and asked me for a *rupee* (an equivalent of two U.S. pennies) to feed a starving child. In order to avoid any further engagements with the character who represented the epitome of abjection, I handed him two one-rupee bills and left. As I was walking away, I could hear his praises for me.

That night after running into Raju, I had a hard time sleeping. He had left an unusual impression on me. I wanted to know more about him. I wanted to find out where he lived, how he lived, and why he had to be like that. His appearance had a strange air of acridness, yet he came across as one of an even disposition.

After moderate research I came to know Raju, the real person. He lived on the sidewalk outside the mansion of Sardar, the most esteemed business tycoon of the city. More than six decades ago, he came from a remote village in eastern Nepal after his hut and his family were wiped out in a vicious flood. He came to Kathmandu in search of a job and to forget his misfortune back in his village. Since then he has roamed the streets of Kathmandu. He even participated in the freedom fight some forty-one years ago that freed the kingship of the country from the dictatorial hands of the Rana family.

What caught my eyes most was his role in the realm of indigent like himself. He was like a big brother to the poor and needy of the city. They went to him to solve their problems. His sound wisdom was their source of hope. Little children of his fellow poor would gather around him in evenings; he would tell them fascinating stories. One of his favorites was the story of Sardar, the man in the mansion. Sardar came from Burma many years ago with nothing but his *loongi* and a shirt. Through years of hard work and industriousness, he became the mogul of Nepalese business. This story kept the children's hopes alive. They would dream about being as successful as Sardar, and they would smile. Once one of the little boys fell from a high fence and cracked his skull. He was bleeding incessantly. Raju came to his

relief, wheedled a taxi driver to give them a ride to the hospital, and gave his blood to the child to save his life. Then to pay the hospital bill, he went around the city collecting scrap metal and aluminum cans and sold them. Eventually he managed to pay a small portion of the bill, and the rest was forgiven. There were numerous days when he would feed the children from his daily earnings from selling scrap metal and aluminum cans.

I have had many conversations with Raju. Life on the streets made him strong, but more than that, he became a philosopher, a staunch believer in God. He mused, "I believe in the grace of God. He has kept a pariah like me alive on the streets for so many years now. Without Him I would have been long gone." His optimism and altruism made him one of the richest persons I have ever encountered. Once he told me, "Life is a journey, and one can meander through it endlessly in search of happiness, but happiness comes only through giving and helping others today and believing in the fact that tomorrow will be better." Then he continued, "Sardar is extremely wealthy, but I have caught him many a night, looking at me with envy, because I have something he doesn't have--sleep."

Eating At the Garden

By Kelly Strom

The uniqueness of The Garden Cafe is wrapped up in its old-fashioned atmosphere, heaping portions of everything from pies to sandwiches to salads, and a price that won't put too much strain on your pocket book. It won't be a wild night out on the town, but if your looking for an evening spent under a green and white gazebo while listening to music from the Big Band Era, don't hesitate another second.

The Garden Cafe is new to the Star City as of November 22, 1991; however, it has flourished in Omaha and Council Bluffs. Located at 6891 A St., in the Clocktower Village, The Garden Cafe accommodates those who want to dine in as well as take-out and catering. The hours run from 6:30 a.m. to 9:00 p.m., and everything from cash to credit to personal checks are accepted.

If you're looking for a guaranteed delicious meal, try the chicken teriyaki, salad with creamy Italian dressing, and green beans. I highly recommend all of the above items. Of course, dessert can't be overlooked, and one of their best happens to be the red raspberry cheesecake. Keep in mind, it is practically a sin to go to The Garden Cafe without ordering dessert.

One of the restaurant's trade marks is its wide variety of extras. T-shirts, hats, and stuffed animals give the restaurant added character and charm. A bakery full of pud-

dings, bars, brownies, cakes, and pies offers something for everyone. Whether it be a stuffed cow or a loaf of bread you decide to take home, the Garden Cafe provides it in style. For early risers, half price breakfasts are available before 8:30 a.m. Those wishing to sample one of the many desserts might want to try the one dollar pies which are available between 2 and 4 every afternoon except weekends.

Although The Garden Cafe deserves a favorable review overall, a few minor problems existed. Something one might want to consider before jumping in the car is that a 20 to 40 minute wait is typical. Those whose happen to go at just the right time might be able to be seated immediately, but pick the wrong time, and the wait will undoubtedly be over an hour. Other than that, I was rather unimpressed with the waitress I encountered. She seemed less than helpful, but not to the extent that it made my visit unenjoyable. I also found the menus to be poorly organized, which made it difficult to locate certain items. This was probably because this restaurant has absolutely EVERYTHING.

Overall, The Garden Cafe is definitely worth trying. The bottom line is that they serve good food and lots of it.

Buy One Get One Free

On 95 Cent Single Dip Ice Cream Cones



48th and Pioneer

Must Present This Coupon with order Offer Good Thru 3/15/92

Not Good With Any Other Offer

"Town" Continued from front page.

computer terminals themselves. These new keyboards would have the normal function keys and would cost approximately \$60,000. Even though your fingers would be happy this way, there remains another complicating factor. The lines running to each room are not set up to run fast computers. What we have right now is wiring that supports 1200 BOD (bits of data). I am told that this means the new terminals would still be slow. Slow is a rather relative term I realize, and uneducated computer users like myself may be forced to ask, "OK, so just how slow is slow?" I'm so glad you asked. The computers in our microlab are set up to use 9600 BOD. That means that the terminals in our rooms (1200 BOD) would be eight times slower than the ones up on 3rd floor. There is hope though. For another \$60,000 (or something in that area) we could revamp the lines for a new controlling system.

According to the computer experts, the main problem with a new in-room system would be the low-resolution monitors that would not allow the use of graphics. At first, this might not seem like that big of a deal. Computer classes however, usually require the use of graphics. To many it would seem a large misuse of funds to spend \$205,000 dollars for a computer package that cannot be used for computer class assignments. Many programs are now moving toward a "windows" type approach geared for microcomputers. These new programs could not be used to update the on-line system. We may just be stuck with the first programs loaded into the system.

The next significant hurdle concerns financing. Funds may be generated so that everything can be paid for. Then again, maybe they won't. Those who like living on the edge might get a rush out of plunging

\$205,000 into a program like this. I somehow got the impression though, that those teachers I interviewed weren't too enthused about the idea.

The other major option open to us is more microcomputers. From what information I was able to gather, for approximately \$100,000 dollars, we could get fifty new 486 microcomputers. Or something like that, anyway. At this point in the game there is no end to approximations.

The computers in the microlab now are comparable to an 8086. Since the time those were purchased, the computer world has produced 80286's, 80386's, and, yes, even 80486's. It's the 486's that are the most modern, so that would be the best kind to get according to those in the know. If fifty such computers could be purchased, then those would be the ones put into the microlab. Those in the lab right now would be moved to a different room, perhaps somewhere in the student center area, or the terminal room that now houses the older TDP-type computers.

With the new computers would have to come new printers. Printers in each microlab room would be nice, but planning hasn't gone that far yet and nobody really knows what type of printers they would be.

There's talk that these new computers could be installed by the start of the first semester next year. Since we're already into late February though and nobody really has any factual information as to what kind of computers we would get, a more realistic estimate may be second semester next year.

So that's the low-down on the computer scene. Like I said before--this does affect you, so if you have any opinion on the subject, be sure to go to the Town Hall meeting and tell 'em what you think.

"Forward" Continued from page 1.

Price says she is unbiased about the choices; however, she does point out that each system has definite strong and weak points. The mainframe offers accessible use in the rooms and is probably cheaper to maintain, but it would not have the advanced capabilities of a personal computer. Creating more microlabs would allow flexibility and advanced applications, but accessibility would be more limited. Dr. Price concludes, "Sacrifices will be made either way." She still seems to be excited that a decision will be reached, and improvements will probably appear sometime next year.

The March 4 townhall meeting should reveal a good deal of diversity in student opinions. Some computer and science stu-

While computer updating is a major priority, Dr. Sandra Price has been busy with other changes and improvements in the past

weeks. Last Friday she made several comments about current developments in the area of academic administration.

Once of Dr. Price's current projects is preparing accreditation reports for the nursing and teacher education programs on campus. She is also making plans to make additions to the commercial art program as soon as possible, especially in the area of computers. "Right now we are studying the market to see which computers will be the best," she says. "We have to know what the industry is using so our students will be prepared." New computers for art should appear by next year.

Some students have asked lately if changes have been made in graduation requirements, especially for summer graduates. Dr. Price explains that nothing has changed yet, but the possibilities are being

Midnight Madness

By Todd Hoyt

"If you think I'm going down to the Bookstore at 11:30 p.m. in my pj's, you're crazy!" But for a prize some people will do anything. Just ask Kristan Nickell and Erica McCoy.

The 2nd Annual Midnight Madness sale at the Campus store on February 19 was a huge success. Totals for the evening were over \$3,400, and that's about four times the usual sale for an average day.

One of the main events of the night was the Eye Popper Chew. Incredibly enough, Melissa Cardwell shoved the eight whole sour gum balls into her mouth in 30 seconds. Wow! Jane Musembi came in second with the Biggest Bubble Blow. Honorable mention goes to Daralyn Oberkramer who crammed over 15 Eye poppers into her mouth. I'm impressed.

Kim White did well in guessing how many Jolly Ranchers were in the fish bowl. Good on ya, mate--there were 196 in all. Also, there were 416 letters on the Jan Sport poster on the ceiling. And let's not forget our 100th customer, who was Sung Jee Bak. I believe she's going to enjoy her new book bag.

The big winner of the evening was Rebekah Rogge. She found the missing \$19.92 price tag hidden on a Bart Butterfinger bar. She won a sweatshirt of her choice.

A big congrats to all our winners, and a big "Thanks" to all who came!

Events:

February 28:

ASB Budget Buffet
Laser Rush - Mueller

February 29:

ASB Film "Hunt for Red October"
Warriors at Ozark
Laser Rush - Mueller

March 1:

Omaha Symphony Orchestra
"West Meets West"
- Lied

March 2 - 4:

Mid-term Exams

March 5 - 6:

Laser Aerosmith - Mueller

March 5 - 8:

3rd Annual RMC Winterfest
Breckenridge

March 5 - 15:

Spring

Break!

March 13 - 14:

Laser Jimi Hendrix - Mueller

March 16:

Classes resume

March 19:

Clocktower 12
Modern Jazz Quartet
- Lied

Jeff Scoggins Photo Essay



ABOVE: Donna Brasuell gets capped by Nancy Fly at the sophomore nurses capping ceremony Saturday evening.

RIGHT: A crowd gathers to watch slides at the SM Bash on Saturday afternoon



ABOVE CENTER: Special guest at the annual SM Bash, "Fire Marshall Bill"

ABOVE: Sophie Anderson checks her grip before putting at the Team Games Saturday night.



LEFT: Dr Bill Fitts dispenses great wisdom on the idea of traveling abroad

RIGHT: Terry Ford plays "Last of the Mohicans" at the Team Games on Saturday night.



The Vine Goes Mental

By Holden Caulfield

Mental? That's right mental. Too bad I can't make a neat movie and rake in the big funds. Then I could have cool phrases like hurl, psycho hose beast, babus majoris. Coolness dude, that would be way...as if.

I would like to acknowledge the genius of the Developmetal Psych class for having the baby class right before the start of the spring love fest. I know it put cold fear into me to see the girls I know carrying kids. AAEEIIGGHHH!!! That's just in case the guys were thinking of heading down to Nebraska diamond for the old engagement rock. Those sacks of flour should make you stop and think for a while, like four years.

It's been awhile since the Vine last attacked. So there should be lots to write about or...(pause for effect) NOT. So I guess I will start with the new couples around campus since the beginning of the semester:

1) Jerry Rector and Patria Diehl--I've got one word for you Jerry, before you sign pre-nuptials. FRANKIE.

2) Lisa Larios and Sean Lehman--Chemistry and Piano. Was there a movie about that?

3) Missy Severns and Harry Connick Jr.-

-Missy how do you say potato? You know you'll have leave Minnesota.

4) Jeni Metry and Dan Rosenthal--Wait, they aren't new. Aren't they married? No, they just act like it.

5) Frankie Diehl and Kim Kelley--The could-be new couple. Odds are 6:5 for in the latest line, so place bets carefully.

Well that's it for couples. Glad you all could ask somebody out and give me gunk to write on. The Vine recipe for love: 1 banana, a Hefty cinch sack, 4 onions, 2 cinnamon sticks, half a dozen teaspoons of sugar, the juice of one radish--mix it up in hefty sack and bury in yard for a week, no more, no less.

The Vine wants to know if Mark Pfeiffer and Andrea Easter have the same hair stylist? I did not know that. Did Jason Fisher get those nasty marks on his arm from Jennifer or Paul? It's common knowledge that Paul can fight, but can Miss Pettijohn?

Rich Roeske the Vine deems thee "Cradle Robber."

Manish Pandey the Vine deems thee "Stud Muffin Extraordinaire."

On the fashion scene, the nurses' caps have got to go. Where did they find those things? Does the Flying Nun know that you have her hat? If the world can't live without you, then can't you get cool hats? The Vine especially noted Ann Swanson's rakish cap look. She was working it. I did like the Flo lamps though. She was a gnarly babe.

That's all the Vine has for you this time. One last question. What movie did this author last see?



Top Fifteen Spring Break Activities

By Phoenix Nixon

15. Find a real cool state, vote in their Democratic primary, and MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

14. Clean out your fridge, gleefully toss rotting vegetables to waiting squirrels.

13. Go to a sauna and steam out all impurities ingested at Amigo's.

12. Go home, find out your parents have read all the stupid letters from the deans, flee to the wilderness (Minnesota).

11. Realize you missed all filing deadlines for tests (GMAT, GRE, LSAT, etc.) to further career, buy hairnet and practice saying, "Pull forward to the 2nd window ma'am."

10. Stay in Lincoln, turn the heat up in your room, rub oil over entire body, pretend you could afford MTV weekend at Daytona.

9. Watch all 9,342 hours of the thrilling Olympic re-runs.

8. Go home, have all people not much older than the woolly mammoth call you by closely guarded childhood nickname.

7. Convene secret ASB Senate meeting to determine the exact origin of Mark Pfeiffer's haircut.

6. Add up days until your easy, couch-potatoe like existence ends, and your sweaty, low paying, summer job begins. Sigh.

5. Call Barry Manilow, tell him Dr. Fitts has his wardrobe.

4. Every time you see a ASB campaign poster YELL--"Its a coup de'tat, with Pat Parmele waiting in the wings!!!"

3. Go home, mooch parents for food and cash, reply to all questions about grades with neanderthal-like grunts.

2. Start rumor about self and someone you like, deny with righteous indignation, later ask them out to new deli. (OOPS won't be done)

1. Go home, sit around in your boxers, hit little brother for hogging remote, and blame the dog!

Personals

Jennuy K.
T-WZB OZGY!
R ORH & PMEV
BZ SVZLH!

ZPDZBH,
Toddles

Thumper,
Miss ya heaps, mate --
Tintin

K.B.
Its been thirty days. My assumption was wrong.

T.L.

Pink
I wish you were here. Then you could have a momentary lapse of reason and shine on you crazy diamond.

Geldof

All personals and responses should be sent to **The Clockbox** in the UC Bookstore. The Personals section is a FREE service of **The Clocktower**, filled bi-weekly on a first come, first serve basis.

ASB Townhall
Mar. 3 Help Decide
the Future

The Widest World of Sports

By Shannan Nelson and Frank Diehl

LASEE'YA CALIFORNIA

Over winter break, the Warriors went out to sunny California where they encountered several interesting things such as floods, mud-slides, and, of course, Disneyland. Yet, the main focus of the trip was the game with our sister school, La Sierra University. La Sierra would prove to be a very formidable opponent, as they would send three players onto the court over 6' 5". However, the Warriors felt confident that they could overcome the height disadvantage. Why not? They survived one of the most grueling roller coasters in the world, Space Mountain, in the midst of all the California smog. Right...? So what did a few tall athletes mean to these rugged plainsmen from Nebraska? Nothing, right...? Right. The first half saw several signs in the crowd reading "Californians for Nebraskans" but, perhaps more importantly, saw the Warriors jump out to an early twelve-point lead. But as the first half started to close, so did the La Sierra team, as they took a four-point lead into the half leading 44 to

40. During half time, the Warriors' coaches and trainers passed out inhalers to clear out the Unionites' smog-stricken lungs. Hans Widicker said, "It was like I was given new life." So with the Warriors being given this new life, they went out and played one of the best halves of basketball that California has ever seen. The likes of Woody Hayes said he had never even seen anything like it at UCLA. It was a clinic, it was a masterpiece, it was a much-needed win! The Warriors out scored La Sierra 47 to 37 in the second half to bring back the Union pride in an 87 to 81 victory. The word has gotten out that Union is the King of the Adventist schools, and all the schools want to play us, all the while know-



ing that the Warriors took down the mighty Californians. As the team left, in what could have been called a torrential rain, they reflected back on their accomplishments of their week in the Golden State. They had conquered all that Mickey Mouse and Disneyland could dish out (especially the sound track of "It's a Small World" and their worst nightmare in the Pirates of the Caribbean), they had been introduced to half the population of Japan, and they had defeated a quality team from La Sierra University. So,

as the Warriors sat in their seats on the way home wringing out their socks and trying to get all of the water out of their ears, they knew they were bringing home the pride of Union round-ball and Warrior Supremacy.

LADY WARRIORS WIN 1ST TOURNEY GAME

The Lady Warriors won their first City League game and try to make it two in a row this week. Let's go Ladies!

Hello, ladies and gents, it's once again time for an adrenaline-pumping report on the who's, why's, and what's of Union intramurals. Unfortunately, we're not really sure about the why's, so we will leave that to personal opinion. However, the who's and the what's can certainly be recalled...and, if not, we'll make something up. We have closed out our last regular season games for the year with some serious basketball.

In B League the Red team of Wesley P. ended the season by playing some very good ball thanks to good defense as well as the unconscious shooting of Wes and quite a bit of help from Mark Kelley. The Yellow team of Bern Schlageck has played very strongly and consistently throughout the en-

tire season, although that's no surprise with Peter (I am an Indian) Blackburn at the point. Coming down the home stretch, the Faculty team, wearing the unforgettable Green, has begun to play as though they've been playing together for years...well, they probably have, but let's not forget to mention

lacking record. Regardless of the Jugglers' record, one thing must be said--when they play, they play to have fun...and that they do...as well as provide some much-needed humor to the game with their carefree attitudes.

Well, folks that should just about wrap it up for this issue. Until next time keep your hands up and your feet on the ground.

LATE BREAKING NEWS AT UNION:

The winners of the All-Star Weekend at Union were:

Slam Dunk: Jason Fisher

Three Point Shoot-Out: Michael Miller

Free Throws: Beth Woodruff

Also the winners of the TEAM GAMES was the team of:

Sophie Anderson
Tiffany Cross
Jason Hand
Corey Hausenaur



that the youthful shooting of Ron Dodds and Ric Spaulding has been one of the key factors for their recent "Second Wind."

Over (not up) in A League, things have been getting closer and closer. Chip Hart's team is making a strong move for the gold as the end of the season is wrapped up with two impressive wins over Pfeiffer's team and Nelson's team. Credit goes to the strong, if not bullish, play of Mike Needles and Jason Fisher. On the other side of the timeline, both the Aqua team of Pfeif and the maroon team of Nels have been struggling through the last half of the season with emotional highs and lows due to hard fought wins and backbreaking losses. Speaking of struggling, the Jugglers (or strugglers) have actually ended up their season adding a much desired "W" to their somewhat

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