



Robin Sansonetti reflects in a canoe at Glacier View Ranch.

## Ministerial Club gets high on mountain trip

By ROBIN SANSONETTI  
Staff Writer

The Ministerial Club's recent trip to Glacier View during mid-term break was a complete success. Exchanging school books for hiking boots, the club's members headed west for five days of pure Rocky Mountain euphoria. They hiked, rode horses, went swimming and hot tubbing, went polar-bear swimming, scaled precipitous rocks, and applauded the few who conquered a mountain. But more importantly for them, it was a time in their busy lives to renew their relationships with God.

The Rocky Mountain Conference President, Charles Sandefur, was the guest speaker on Thursday morning. He emphasized ministerial preparation and how to conquer the fear of Christ's soon coming. There were also presentations by Union College's cutest couple, the Nealls; world-renowned pianist extraordinaire, Siegfried Roeske; religion professor, Tony "Phil Donahue" Minear; Ministerial Club President Erwin Rietzma; and the "Alaskan legends in their own minds," Donnie and Jimmy Kack.

The trip resulted from the hard work of club president

Erwin "He's a jolly good fellow" Rietzma. He and his staff have worked on this "never been done before" project since they took office last May. The trip cost just over four thousand dollars. Thanks to Union College theology department alumni and five conferences of the Mid-American Union, the trip was possible.

Sabbath evening they met in the "long house," and enjoyed an agape feast followed by a beautiful candlelit communion service. Then they went to the GVR wagon camp and built a bonfire. They sang and told stories. A few of them camped there for the night. By Sunday morning a fresh blanket of snow covered the ground (as well as the brave campers). Reluctantly they packed their things and sadly said goodbye to the mountains.

My mountaintop experience at Glacier View was truly an awesome spiritual experience. I sincerely hope that the Ministerial Club will have an opportunity to take another future trip to the Rockies. Speaking for the members of the Ministerial Club, I say "thanks a million" to all those who were involved in making the "Mountaintop Experience" a success. ❖

## Nation remembers veterans

By DOUGLAS COLBURN  
Staff Writer

November 11 is Veterans' Day—a day when Americans pause to honor the survivors as well as the casualties of wars that are fresh in our memories and wars that collect dust in history books. The face of Michael Durrant on the evening news and the seemingly never-ending U.S. policing of foreign lands keeps the thoughts of men and women defending our beloved country foremost in our minds. Think about what every veteran has done for you.

No one in my family has served the USA as a soldier. I

don't know what it is like to lose a father to a war across the ocean. I don't know what it is to have my brother come home with only one leg. I don't know how a young wife feels when she learns of her husband's death. Nevertheless, I have great respect for the men and women that negotiate America's and my freedom with their lives. Who could give more? Soldiers, pilots, nurses, doctors, medics, and many others volunteer to defend our country around the clock regardless of consequence. We have them to thank.

During the summer months I install and refinish wood floors

in the Great Lakes area. This past summer we refinished an all-purpose room at the VFW (Veterans of Foreign Wars) near Eaton Rapids, Michigan. This VFW was a small self-sufficient town. It had its own post office, a cafeteria, a gym, even a library and school, and many little brick houses. It was a very attractive-looking village, except for one thing—it was an orphanage for children of men and women killed in foreign wars. These children gave up their parents for the American cause (in whatever way). We have them to thank too.

Our generation doesn't know the fear mixed with patriotism that the draft instills in man in war times. The Vietnam War brought such feelings, feelings that won't be forgotten for a long time. Our own Dr. Fitts experienced this draft. He was drafted to serve as a medic from December, 1967, to December, 1968. "I am proud to be a vet, and I have no feelings of guilt," he said with great feeling. "However, I do have deep regret for the dead and especially the wounded who fought for a cause that was not clear."

War is ugly, but the veterans that have sacrificed themselves for our wars are beautiful. We must not  
*See Veterans...page 5*

## UC mini-study reveals fears

By UNETTA CAMPBELL

A mini-study shows that UC faculty/staff (f/s) males and females are more fearful than UC male and female students. Female f/s are more fearful than their male counterparts, and female students are more fearful than male students.

A sampling of five f/s males, five f/s females, five male students, and five female students were surveyed. Each subject was given 35 situations and asked to rate them on a scale of 1 (no fear) to 5 (terror) their feeling of fear in each instance.

The UC f/s males had a raw score 32 points higher than male students. In 20 situations the f/s males were more fearful than the male students. In 10 situations the male students were more fearful than the f/s males.

The UC f/s females had a raw score 55 points higher than female students. In 21 situations

*See Fear...page 3*



Courtesy of Terry Cantrell

Carla Andersen, Wayne Schaber, and Julie Fultz present a special feature on student missions for a Lincoln TV station.

## Things go better with praise

By JESSICA GREER

Things Go Better With Praise adds an exciting, refreshing twist to a week overflowing with work and studies. Every Tuesday evening at 6:44 approximately 150 students, faculty, staff and others from the community meet in the College View Church sanctuary for 45 minutes of drama,

singing, special music, and a short talk by Pastor Greg Nelson. The theme for this semester is "The Lies that Keep Us from Living." Each week the drama, music and worship thought all tie together to support a specific aspect of the theme. Upcoming topics include *All my problems are caused by my sins; If it takes*

*hard work, we must not be right for each other; A good Christian doesn't feel angry, anxious, or depressed; and God can't use me unless I'm spiritually strong.*

"The worship talks are very applicable to life," says UC graduate Shannon Fordyce.

*See Praise...page 5*

## Index

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



## EDITORIAL

## Come out



I'm afraid. My lungs feel smothered. It's hard to breathe. The din of laughter, the hum of conversation echo faintly in my ears....While others surround me, I'm still alone. It's as if I'm standing in a vast, empty hall. Alone with my haunting thoughts, I want to escape from them, to run away, to hide. Where are the doors? PANIC! I'm trapped. Hungry silence tightens in threatening circles around me. My bare thoughts scream. Pounding from wall to arched ceiling they try

By SOPHIE ANDERSON

vainly to escape. Silence answers. I slump into shadow. Rays of golden sunlight from windows high above make a comforting patchwork on the smooth, hardwood floor. I move toward it's warmth. Feeling a soft whiff of breeze, I notice an open window far out of reach. Hopeless, I hear snatches of music, a lilting song. Questioning voices of understanding friendship drift into my dark.

I long to answer, to explain and justify my fears, but I am mute to the right words. Unable to contain myself, I cry out and the room reverberates with my heartfelt song. The silence breaks. Indescribable content fills me. Here I can be me, the way I've always wanted to be. No one will see. No one will expect. No one will intrude. Then I see the door. Reluctantly now, I ease it open. Noise!

My ears rush with mingling, throbbing sounds. After silence, even after my song, the change

shocks me. Myriads of tunes and styles bewilder my senses. It's hard to discern one from another.

Then I hear a small bird chirp next to me. While tiny and alone, it seems resolutely cheerful. Its small individual sound soothes me. Happiness is its choice. It becomes mine. My fear melts; my heart bursts.

Now leaving my inner doorway, I search for someone to sing with. I am still alone. This time I discover that the world's majority are also alone, prisoners like I was, surrounded by their own invisible, empty halls. For me, silence no longer holds fear. I fear only being bound by it. I'm trapped no longer. My song, the one I learned alone, will peel through the silent earth until, one by one, others will open their doors and join with me to sing one song, the ageless song of life and love. ❖

## And So It Went



DOUG NESMITH

"Hey."

Uh, hmmm. I'm kind of embarrassed to even say this, but, um, I have a phobia. A pretty serious one. One that I haven't really tried to overcome because it makes me so filled with fright that I am reduced to a blubbering idiot when forced to confront it.

## You'll never look at a shower curtain the same way again.

What is this fear that overshadows all fears? I'm scared to death of shower curtains.

Oh sure, you laugh. You sit there looking all smug and superior, but after you hear my tale of terror, I'm sure that you will never look at a shower curtain the same way again.

The shower that I grew up with in my basement had a door. A nice comfortable door. Not a sinister shower curtain like my parents' shower upstairs. I never liked to use the shower upstairs, but I had to—once. It was the first time I had ever used a shower with a shower curtain. I thought nothing was different until the wind current from the moving water pushed the cold, damp sheet of fabric against my bare skin. My mild discomfort was evident by my blood-curdling, bone-chilling scream of surprise. It was evident that I would not be able to enjoy my shower if the curtain was not held in place—away from me.

So I looked around for something with which to securely fasten the bottom of the shower curtain. Unfortunately, this shower, like most showers, didn't have anything heavier than a bar of soap to use as a weight, but, ingeniously, I had an idea. By folding the edge of the shower curtain against the top of the tub edge and standing on that on one side, and the soap dish on the other, I could hold it tight against its tendency to billow into my personal space. This made it a little awkward to balance, but I felt that the awkwardness was more bearable than the aggravating advances of the free-moving shower curtain. Until I reached forward to adjust the water temperature.

Suddenly I realized a major misjudgment. By leaning for-

ward, I lost all the traction that my left foot had had on the soap dish, and found myself free-falling the four feet to the bottom of the tub. Desperately I grabbed at anything I could find to slow my fall and firmly took hold of the only two things within reach: the cold water handle and the shower curtain.

The shower curtain was not manufactured to stand up against the soft impact of a panic-induced-last-chance-hope-for-safe-from-injury-full-grip-tug, and withstood ripping from its hooks only long enough to start my body into a quick, counter-clockwise rotation. My left hand had time only to wrench the cold water handle one full turn to the right, before I became completely engulfed in the all-encompassing grip of the now-free shower curtain. My arms were fully extended to my sides and pinned down by the weight of my body as I slammed into the shower floor. Milliseconds later, I felt the Pain of my injuries set in (yes, I spelled the word 'pain' with a capital P), and found that the still-falling-now-ice-cold water just made that Pain even more intense.

I filled my lungs with the biggest breath of air I had ever attempted, and prepared to deliver a scream of despair, pain, and rage, as I struggled to get out of my personal prison. But just before my cry for help was issued from my broken body, the humiliation of the situation passed over me: Did I really want anybody to rescue me from this self-induced situation? I thought about what my friends would say, what my relatives would say, what my future generations would say: "Oh yeah, you're the one who was found naked wrapped up in a shower curtain with ice-cold water running over you screaming your head off."

## Did I really want anybody to rescue me from this self-induced situation?

Maybe not.

It seemed like an hour, but it really probably took only a few minutes to wriggle out of the tub onto the dry floor and check myself for broken bones. I carefully hung the detestable and wicked shower curtain back on its hooks, so no one would ever know of my reputation-endangering experience. I then went to my room and cried for a good half-hour. It was tough enough having to study for my college classes and worrying about my cafe minimum without having the stress of a sadistic shower curtain on my mind.

Until next time, "Hey." ❖  
Doug Nesmith got an 'A' in his second semester grades of his fourth grade year at Helen Hyatt elementary school.

## Letters to the editor

## Minorities and the Southwest

When I read the October 18 *Clock Tower*, I was pleased to see that this newspaper wasn't afraid to print a unique perspective on a sensitive issue. Racism is one of the most important problems that we, as a people, are faced with today. Unetta Campbell's article, "Minorities and the midwest," confronts that problem and points out two main causes of racism and race-consciousness:

misunderstanding and ignorance.

I have a somewhat different perspective. I lived in the mid-

## I wish people would quit blaming me for the crimes people of my color have committed.

west for seven years, and in Arizona, an extremely race-conscious state, for several more. I am a white-skinned person who lives (at home) in a predominately Native American culture that looks upon people of my color as inferior. My town is wedged between Indian Reservations, and most people living in this part of the state are Native Americans. Many of these Native Americans are angry at the white man for real and imagined crimes. I have experienced racism also, because,

where I live, I am the minority. I have often wished that people would quit blaming me for any crimes people of my color have committed. Isn't that racism also?

Racists are the minority, not the majority. Most people offend simply because they don't know how to respond to those who appear to be different. They act out of ignorance. Since people are uncomfortable because they don't know how to react to others, their reactions are often wrong.

I'm not saying that educating the uninformed is the universal answer. Some people hate because they want to hate, but they are the few. Instead of becoming bitter and angry at others because they misunderstand, try to understand the other person's point of view. Understanding requires equal effort from all sides.

Tim Rowland.

## Celebrating the DNA double helix

By the time this is printed, we will have recovered from our wing-ding trip to (yehaw!) Texas (whoopee!). In Houston we have met 5 nobel laureates including James Watson and Francis Crick, the discoverers of the DNA double helix. Things have been going very smoothly aside from a slight diuretic problem. There have

been no major complications resulting from our consumption of mass quantities of Mexican delicacies. We are here with 1200 people celebrating the discovery of the DNA double helix. Please publish this in your prestigious journal. We understand you have great spelling.

Too Tall Tim Standish  
Long John Engen

## Fobia: Feer of mispeled wurdz

## OUR COMMITMENT TO QUALITY

Because we are committed to quality, the paper will reward \$1.00 for the first notice of each spelling (not punctuation, grammar, spacing, improper hyphens, or purposely misspelled words) typo in the *Clock Tower* that is brought to the editor's attention. UC students only. Newspaper staff are ineligible. Contact us at 2091 or leave your message in the *Clock Tower* box in the campus store.

12

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## Bugs, knives, and bumps in the night

By UNETTA CAMPBELL

I asked Union College students to share with me their phobias. I expected everyone to be embarrassed and to give whispered responses, but instead, everyone became animated and emphatic in responding. And to my utter amazement, people's phobias are very individualistic. Granted, seven students are fearful of heights, while four polled are afraid of the dark. Claustrophobia is another common fear. Others are scared of creatures such as rodents (mostly mice and rats) and snakes. But by far, bugs and spiders are one of people's foremost fears.

Heath Renner is bothered by cockroaches crawling on the walls of his dorm room. Amy Donaldson hates earwigs and Becky Stafford jumps at the sight of grasshoppers. Bret Schlisner would rather be dead than in a room full of bugs. Which brings me to more phobias. If Bret died, then Kim McElvain would be scared of Bret because of her fear of dead people. Kari Schebo is horrified

by the prospect of dying a slow death.

Some are just deathly afraid—of things that go bump in the night, strangers in the dark (and in the closet), and people hiding in the bushes. One person is simply afraid of people while another is afraid of crowds. Some women are afraid of men. There are men who are afraid of women. (Jodie Anderson has an acute fear of hairy-legged women.) Some men are scared of men. Greg Gryte is petrified of a man running after him with a knife. Lori Hill is fearful of surveyors. Looking ridiculous is another phobia. Tim McMillen fears appearing in public naked. Sara-Beth Swanson is terrified by the thought of having children while Leah Fleetwood cringes at the prospect of gaining 20 pounds. Tom Nazareus is scared of backing into things. Dani Brammer is horrified by hairs and Emily Stimatze has pogonophobia—fear of beards. I guess phobias can be a big, hairy deal to many of us. ❖

# Adventphobia shakes many

By ROBIN SANSONNETTI  
Staff Writer

Adventphobia—the unreasonable fear or hatred of the second coming of Jesus.

Pope Outlines New World Order, Debit Cards May Soon Replace Cash, 20,000 Perish In Earthquake, World Parliament Of Churches Sign Global Ethics Pact. These recent headlines in the local newspapers have all been spelling out the same thing—Jesus is coming soon. It is the day that we say we have all been waiting for, but instead of rejoicing, many of us are deathly afraid. Why is it that we are so afraid of heaven? Is it because we don't feel that we are ready? Would we just rather stay here? How are we supposed to be excited about

the Second Advent when we dread the thought of it? Well, if you suffer from adventphobia you are not alone.

I used to suffer from an acute case of adventphobia. It was so bad that I used to have nightmares about Jesus' appearance in the "clouds of glory." I remember one in particular, that began with my walking alone one day through the desert. I was strolling along absentmindedly, paying no attention to what was going on around me, when suddenly there was a massive earthquake. It shook the earth so badly that there were huge cracks forming on its surface. I fell on my face. When I looked up, I saw thousands of angels who looked like thick, tempestuous clouds surrounding me. I cried out, "Lord, give me

another chance! I'll live my life the way that I'm supposed to." It was extremely frightening and very realistic.

Fortunately for me, I found a cure—and I didn't even have to take pills. I did, however, have to take certain steps to overcome adventphobia. First, I had to have the desire to get better. Second, I spent time getting to know Jesus. And finally, I repented. As a result of this process, I no longer have adventphobia. In fact, I can hardly wait for Christ's return!

If you are an adventphobia sufferer, take these three simple steps and apply them to your life. I guarantee that within weeks, not only will you be cured of your symptoms, but you will want to tell the world how excited you are that the Second Coming is near. ❖

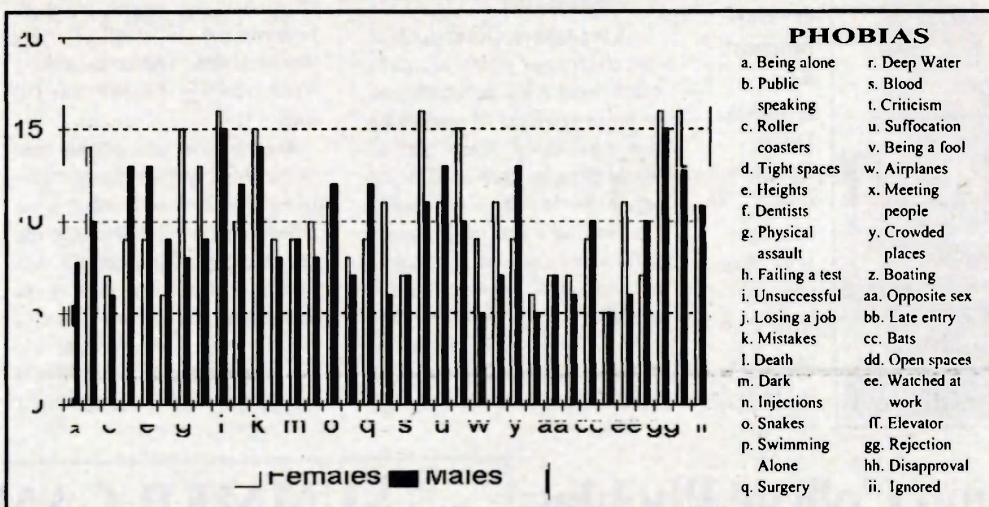
### Fear...from page 1

the f/s females were more fearful than the female students. In 11 situations, female students were more fearful than the f/s females.

The UC f/s females had a raw score 51 points higher than the f/s males. In 24 situations the f/s females were more fearful than the f/s males. In 7 situations the male f/s were more fearful than the f/s females.

UC female students had a raw score 28 points higher than the male students. In 20 situations the female students were more fearful than the male students. The two most universal fears of all surveyed groups are making mistakes and dark places. ❖

UNION COLLEGE STUDENTS



# Band-aids® aren't worth it

By KARI LUNDE

Humor me for a second. Put down your Chat Burger, put off your untouched homework for two more minutes and do something unusual: read this entire article. Let yourself do something just as unusual and bothersome: be honest with yourself. You may not enjoy the process, but it's worth it.

I have a bone to pick with Christians. With the Thems on our campus. You know the ones; they have bright, shiny faces filled with the "Light" of God's love. They always smile and say hi, to you on the most wretched of days. They always seem to be found at all the vespers, chapels, worships, and Sabbath schools. And They act like they don't care what We think. For a long time they have made me feel "less than." They make me feel angry.

If you're anything like me you have noticed Them. You've watched as I have from the back rows of the church. I've observed Them. My observations have made me upset. Uncomfortable. Strange. And yes, a little bit envious. In my moments of spiritual "weakness" I have envied Them. Yes, how I have envied the peaceful and the happy, the non-ashamed. I have watched Them carry their Bibles with pride rather than tuck them

under their bulletins. I have seen Them actively and eagerly participate in study and prayer. And it has made me uncomfortable. How could they DO it? I'd wonder. WHY would they do that? It's so different. So abnormal. Why don't they get a grip and be more like Us? Why don't they open their godly and religious eyes and see that life is hard. People are cruel. And even if today is good, tomorrow will be bad again. Become a realist! Wake up, fools and individualists! CONFORM! NATURALIZE! ADJUST! BE NORMAL!!

How cruel a frightened heart can be. For I spoke out of fear. I feared out of guilt. I felt guilt out of remorse. I felt remorse out of sadness. My sadness came from being not strong enough to stand up for what I believe. Anyone can stand up at the occasional and safe all-inclusive altar call. The sadness came from not being able to stand up in front of chapel, class, the deli, and the dorm to say, "You know, I DO love God." And because I didn't have the strength to do that, I got angry... at Them. Why do we so often end up hating the mirror instead of the reflection?

Why would they CHOOSE to be so strange? So different? As I would sit back from my safe distance and my uncontaminated yet "spiritually safe" pew I

would look with wonder, curiosity, anger, judgement, resentment, respect, and desire at those Christians who didn't care what I thought. Do I really want what they have? Yes, I do. No. Yes I DO. No, I DON'T. I DO! Shut up and relax—you DON'T. YES!! FORGET IT!! What was wrong with me? What is wrong with US?

Why is it common knowledge that it's easier to talk about faith, love, and God's friendship

### Why do we hate the mirror instead of the reflection?

with students at UNL rather than the SDA student sitting next to us in class? What's wrong with this picture? I'll tell you what's wrong. Or rather your own feelings will tell you. Start with what you may be feeling right now: discomfort. Now look past discomfort and see fear. Then guilt. Remorse. Sadness. Are you sad because you feel you just don't possess the strange strength that makes Them stand up and shout, "I love God!"

If you've been honest enough with yourself in this article to reach the painful destination of sadness, you've almost reached the answer. But most of us

aren't looking for the real answer. We just want to find a way to make the envy, the desire, the guilt go away. Don't tell me I'm not proud of God! Don't make me feel guilty! Who gives you the right, Mr. Pious Christian!? I've tried to convince myself I was speaking to the church. That I was speaking to people who wrote these kinds of articles. But I was really speaking to myself. "Kari, shut up. Leave me alone! I don't want to think. I don't want to look at my fears. I'm happy hiding my Bible under my bulletin!" Liar.

Why do they stand up for Christ with joy and pride? Why do they risk what We think? BECAUSE IT IS WORTH IT.

They listened to their fears once, too, and they worked it down to sadness. And their sadness worked them down to their knees, even if they didn't know what to say. And on their knees God came to them. And when God came to them they found peace. And it was worth it.

I'm tired of being afraid. I'm tired of continually putting Band-aids® of justification and excuses over the hole in my heart. I'm tired of running from the pain to honesty. Honesty hurts. But so does ripping off the bandage and reapplying a new one every week or so.

I'm not angry at Them any-

## Cliques fear loss of status

By HUGH BARLOW  
Staff Writer

One evening, a friend and I were discussing the social dynamics of dining in the cafeteria.

"Have you noticed that Miss Anonymous always sits with a certain group of people?"

"She doesn't always sit with them; sometimes she sits with us."

"Only when certain other people sit with us."

"Sometimes she will sit near me."

"But on the average, she sits with them."

"Well...Yeah, I guess so."

"Have you noticed any patterns about me?"

"Yeah...you seem to always pick the losers."

"I have noticed that when I sit next to some of them that none of my other friends will sit near me."

"I don't want to sit with them because I am afraid I will be classed as one of them."

"So am I. That's why I don't always sit next to them."

On campus there are many different cliques. There are the school cliques (people from academies will "hang out" with those they've known), the Socialites ("preppies"), and the Intelligentsia (those who get together and discuss the issues of the day). Each person in a group, however, has one thing in common: fear of the loss of status. It is sad that some very nice people must be lonely because others fear to be classed as "Losers." ❖

more. I'm not afraid. I am Sad. Do you still feel uncomfortable reading this article? Or have you been honest enough with yourself to find the joy of sadness?

Now pick up your Chat Burger again. Stop procrastinating and do your homework. But first, be still and listen to yourself for a moment. God is calling. ❖



# Craig-in-a-box:

## Claustrophobia comes out of the closet

By CRAIG HAGELGANTZ

It all stems from my childhood. I don't have schizophrenia or homicidal tendencies. I don't have clinical depression or any obvious complexes. Nonetheless, what I faced in impressionable early years has plagued me for most of my life.

In one of our "debates" as tyrannical young men, my brother got thoroughly upset with me for unclear reasons. Grasped in confines of anger, my brother became creative in the ways he could make me suffer. His creativity became a catalyst for a phobia that would haunt me throughout my life.

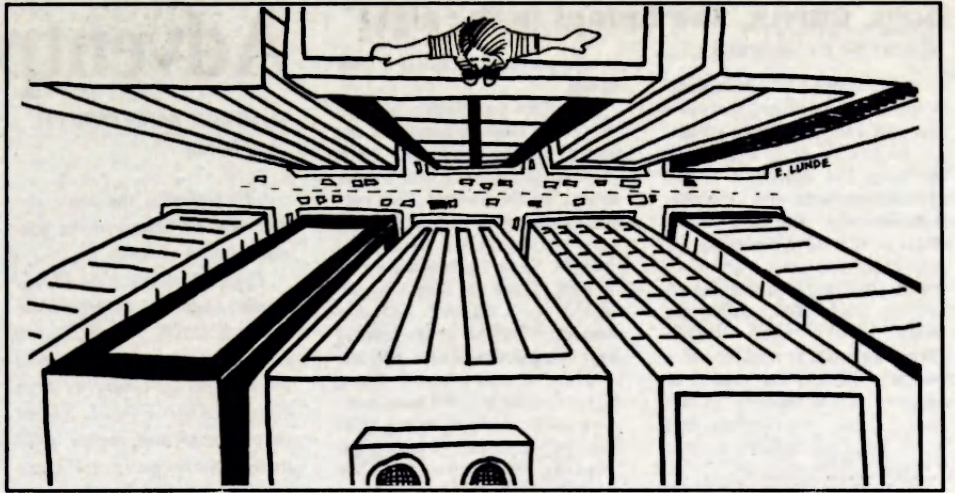
When my brother reached his wrath's climax, he forced me into a closet. With me out of his life for a few fleeting hours,

he relaxed in the temporary serenity of siblingless existence.

Meanwhile, back in the closet, I tediously tried to kill the time that I spent in the small cage's black confines.

Then it happened. In the middle of singing a "Sesame Street" song, the walls started closing in around me! My first experience with claustrophobia left a mental and emotional scar on my life.

Since then, I have become increasingly more tolerant of small places. Still, if you invite me to go spelunking or if you and twenty-six friends are trying to make room for me on the Dick Building elevator, don't be offended if I firmly say, "Not a chance." ❖



## "Low, I will be with you always"

By ARTHUR TREXLOR

Phobias. I don't even know if I can write about them. When I see "phobia," I think of my phobia, acrophobia. When I think of acrophobia, I think of an acrobat plunging headfirst from a high wire, and—the rest is so gruesome and terrifying—he misses the net.

If we take a closer look at the different phobias, they often seem silly. Nevertheless, to be so terrified of something that your body reacts uncontrollably is in itself a frightening experience. Constantly challenging a fear until it gradually loses its threat is one way of overcoming phobias, but for me, I'm happy with my phobia. I don't mind staying on the ground, and as a matter of fact, I quite like it. I see no

need to fly; to me it's just a hassle. I'd much rather drive, see the sights, and stay in control of what happens to me. At least more control than you would get sitting in a jet. As for small planes, a door that is probably 50% glass (Plexiglas or not) is not nearly enough between me and a fall of a few thousand feet, and an extremely hard landing. Thanks, but I'll pass.

I'm sure that this deathly fear of heights deprives me of activities that I would otherwise enjoy. That's not relevant to me because I could spend all day giving you reasons to stay on the ground. That isn't something I want to do, though; it's my phobia taking over. I just imagine myself at the edge of a

tall building and all kinds of horrible mishaps seem to happen, and I always end up falling.

Phobias are strangely selective, though. How someone can be thoroughly terrified when enclosed in an elevator, for example, is beyond me. I can't imagine feeling as if walls were closing in on me. To the next person, my fear of heights is ridiculous. (How could someone possibly fall out of an airplane, and why would someone push you off a roof?) To some people, spiders are as scary as death itself. Why would they be scared of something that is not even a tenth of their size? I don't know...that's their phobia, not mine ❖



David Kaiser

At a crucial moment on Sunday, Dennis Berlin's fear comes true. The library won't open for several hours.

## An Index of Union College Phobias

By SUSAN DOENIM

**Halfawaphobia**—the fear of any class that begins at 7:30 a.m.

**Halfalauphobia**—the fear of telling a joke and watching your listeners laugh politely.

**Cafelaphobia**—the fear of laughing so hard at a joke that juice comes out your nose.

**Nebralaskaphobia**—the fear that the two states will be indistinguishable this winter.

**Tickatockaphobia**—the fear that the Dick Building clocks could all keep the correct time, at the same time.

**Culvaquaphobia**—the fear of taking a Culver Hall shower when the temperature has been set too high, thereby bathing your body in a cataract of molten lava.

**Prescelevaphobia**—the fear that this time the elevator won't be able to handle it.

**Reesespiecesphobia**—the fear of Rees Hall residents that, beginning with Halloween and lasting through the holiday season, they will gain 20 pounds apiece.

**Fedoraphobia**—the fear of seeing DeForest Nesmith outside the library.

**Slingadegreenphobia**—the fear of getting a paper back from Dr. Fitts or Mr. Blake.

**Roeskeyphobia**—the fear that the basement piano is in tune, and it's your hearing that is off.

**Karl-Heinzphobia**—the fear that the rampant hyphenization of last names will carry to the next logical level.

**S'morephobia**—the fear of charging more to your meal card than you owe for tuition.

**Rockettaphobia**—the fear of slipping while walking down the slick aisles or across the platform of College View Church.

**Bowesphobia**—the fear of face-planting from your bike and having the incident immortalized on film.

**Flatearthphobia**—the fear that, somehow, they may be right.

**Rabiesquiphobia**—the fear that select members of Union's cute, little squirrel family are rabid.

**Peegeephobia**—the fear of calling up someone for a "blind" date and hearing in the background the riffling of *Peanut Gallery* pages.

**Chaudiophobia**—the fear that the person next to you in chapel can hear your singing.

**Fultzphobia**—the fear that your name will be continually misspelled.

**Kerbsphobia**—the fear of being ultimately responsible for everything.

**Stairwaytoheavenphobia**—the fear of the towering ladders leaning against Engel Hall.

**Anatomypophobia**—the fear of getting near Larson Lifestyle Center for any reason.

**Dickoriphobia**—the fear of feeling disoriented immediately after exiting one of the Dick Building's two stairwells.

**Stuffingrevengephobia**—the fear that the birds and animals of Jorgensen Hall will come to life.

**Erasaphobia**—the fear that studying new material reprograms the old material you learned.

**Berneldaphobia**—the fear of being suddenly engaged.

**Diplomaphobia**—the fear of some day actually leaving Union College. ❖

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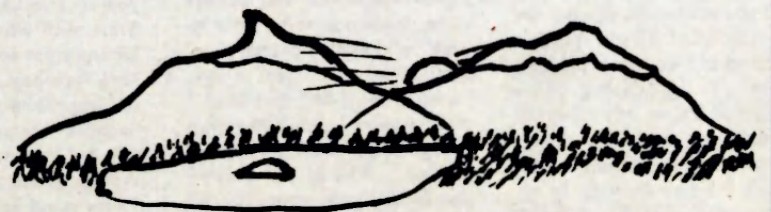
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# To fear or not to fear

By KRISTINE ELVING  
Staff Writer

Opening the door to my room, I stared in horror at a fake spider's web stretched across my doorway. A plastic spider gazed back at me from its new home.

After recovering from the shock, I crawled under the web and into my room, where my friends Stacie and Lori had collapsed in laughter.

"You're going to have to take down that web," I said indig-

## I began thinking of the advantages of being afraid of spiders.

nantly. "I refuse to touch it."

They refused to remove it. The web stayed in my doorway, and I had to crawl in and out of my room.

That night after I had gone to bed, Lori knocked on my door. Forgetting about the web, I jumped out of bed, ran across the room, and collided with it. Laughing hysterically, Lori offered no sympathy for my distress at being rudely awakened and at touching the web.

After scaring myself at least three times by forgetting that the web was still draped across my doorway, I came to the conclusion that I should just take down the web. It was all

my fault that my friends found such great opportunities to exploit my vulnerability. I decided to vanquish my fear of spiders by removing the web.

However, I couldn't bring myself to touch it long enough to detach it from my doorway. My roommate finally got tired of crawling in and out of the room and took the web down herself.

Consequently, I had to find some other way to conquer my arachnophobia. My sister Karin suggested that I spend a long time in a room with a spider. Giving her a scornful look, I said, "Karin, you've been studying too much psychology. If that's the only way to get rid of my phobia, then I would rather stay afraid."

Discouraged by my failure to think of a painless cure, I began thinking of the advantages of being afraid of spiders. First, I decided that being afraid is safer than defeating my fear. Because all spiders scare me, I don't have to worry about whether or not they are poisonous; I can just avoid them all. Also, overcoming my fear would require too much effort. Complacency is easier than change. Finally, arachnophobia is a good conversation topic. My friends get great pleasure out of tormenting me about my irrational fear.

I've resolved to persevere in my terror.



Stan Martin and Jason Welch peer from their Prescott heights.

## Veterans...from page 1

take for granted the purchased freedom that we so proudly boast to the world; for someday it may be our turn to play the part of the all too often un-sung hero of war.

On Veterans' Day we should remember all vets and that we owe our respect to them. A lot of the boys didn't volunteer. Many people didn't want to be there (Vietnam) but obeyed their country and went anyway. "They did a wonderful job, and we have them to thank!" says Dr. Fitts.

Remember that your freedom wasn't free. The veterans of our wars paid for it with their blood and tears. We have them to thank. Thank them today.

## Praise...from page 1

"The drama is comical, yet good, and the singing is just a lot of fun." Those interested in performing special music or drama for Things Go Better With Praise, Campus Ministries.

# How many do you have?

By JOHN ENGEN

According to psychoanalysts a phobia is a specific fear out of proportion to the apparent stimulus. No one is quite sure what causes a phobia or why they can be overcome easily in some cases and not so easily in others. People are not the only creatures to express intense fears or phobias. Dogs on the Fourth of July are an example of non-human phobic expression.

Anything can be a phobia and it has become customary to give phobic reactions names that indicate or describe the objects feared. The following is a compiled list of some common and not-so-common phobias. How many do you have?

NAME	FEARED OBJECT	NAME	FEARED OBJECT
Accountophobia	CPA exam	Herpetophobia	lizards or reptiles
Acrophobia	height	Knotaphobia	marriage
Agoraphobia	open spaces	Latrophobia	doctors
Aidophobia	not getting any student loans	Legumeophobia	effects of Mexican food on the bowels
Ailurophobia	cats	Marrymephorbia	theology majors
Analretentiphobia	pre-med majors	Moonophobia	sitting on the toilet
Androphobia	men	Musiciphobia	music juries
Anthophobia	flowers	Mysophobia	dirt, germs
Anthropophobia	people	Nipophobia	walking out into a Nebraska blizzard without adequate clothing
Aquaphobia	water	Nudophobia	appearing naked in a public place
Apiphobia	bees	Numerophobia	numbers
Aracnophobia	spiders, ticks, scorpions	Nycotophobia	darkness or night
Astraphobia	lightning	Ohwellophobia	parking tickets in front of Prescott
Aviophobia	flying	Ombrophobia	opening one's eyes
Bacteriophobia	bacteria	Ophidiophobia	snakes
Ballistophobia	bullets	Organoquestaphobia	20-page organic chemistry tests
BanneyFifeophobia	campus security	Peccatophobia	sinning
Belonephobia	needles, sharp objects	Phobiaphobia	phobias
Brontophobia	thunder	Procrastophobia	library being closed at a crucial moment
Byteophobia	learning to use a computer	Pyrophobia	fire
Cafeteriaphobia	ulcers	Sitophobia	food
Claustrophobia	closed spaces	Taphephobia	being buried alive
Clinophobia	beds	Thalassophobia	ocean
	you on 5th floor at the first of the month	Trichophobia	hair
	that this article will be edited beyond recognition	Vestophobia	clothing
Equinophobia	horses	Zoophobia	animals
Ergophobia	work		
Fittsophobia	classes from Dr. Fitts		
Frizzophobia	perms		
Gephydrophobia	crossing bridges		
Hermaphroditophobia	waking up a different sex than when you went to sleep		

Adapted in part from *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 15th ed.

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Photo: Erik Stenbakken P.S. Don't try this at home.

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## Leatherman's TOP TEN

### Reasons to earn a Second degree at Union

10. New faculty know nothing of your past, but Mrs. Cash loves you anyway!
9. Strangely enough, cafeteria food has gotten tastier.
8. Your first time through Union was filled with wild antics like fireworks at 3:00 a.m. Now a refreshing glass of prune juice is all you need.
7. That warm embrace from your former deans as they welcome you back.
6. Staff at Valentino's greet you by name.
5. No P.E. requirements
4. Your finely honed dating skills have a real impact now.
3. Never again will you have to say "Do you want fries with that?"
2. You finally get to print your resume on something larger than a 3 x 5 index card.
10. Freshmen mistake you for faculty and treat you respectfully (first 9 weeks only).

## Movie Review: The Secret Garden

By DOUGLAS COLBURN

\*\*\* 1/2

Mary Lennox ..... Kate Maberly  
Colin ..... Heydon Prowse  
Dickon ..... Andrew Knott  
Martha ..... Laura Crossley  
Mrs. Medlock ..... Maggie Smith  
Lord Craven ..... John Lynch  
Directed by Agnieszka Holland.  
Running time 99 minutes.  
Classified: G.

"The Secret Garden," a children's movie, isn't just for children but for all those who are looking for that perfectly heart-warming movie.

Mary Lennox's parents, wealthy and important, have little time for their child. While they spoil their daughter in every way, they neglect to give her the love that she needs. When Mary's parents are killed in an earthquake, Mary is hustled off

to her rich uncle's estate in Yorkshire, England, called Misselthwaite Manor.

Evidently not many people are excited about having Mary in England. Each character has a different reason for not wanting her. The only person that starts out liking Mary is Dickon, the brother of a housekeeper in Craven Castle. Mary has little to do in the Castle. Resourcefully evading watchful eyes, Mary explores the spooky castle that has an air of damp desperation about it accompanied by occasional spine-chilling screams. In the process, she finds a key to her aunt's garden which has been shut up since her death. Mary and Dickon set about to renovate the condemned and neglected garden. In the midst of Mary's

- NOVEMBER  
LITTLE-KNOWN HOLIDAYS
- 11 Veterans' Day
  - 14 American Education Week  
National Geography Awareness Week
  - 15 American Enterprise Day
  - 16 National Community Education Week
  - 18 Great American Smokeout
  - 21 World Hello Day
  - 22 National Stop Violence Day

### Photo Editor's Picture Pick



Natalie Sparks is the winner of this year's I really could climb into my bookbag award.

exploring she finds the source of the spine-chilling screams.

I recommend this movie for all audiences. This masterpiece pulls the audience into the mysterious climate of an English castle and into the lives of people with broken hearts. The only thing I don't like about the movie is the sudden (unnatural) change from mean to likeable in one character, Mrs. Medlock.

This movie is about the healing of broken hearts through the innocence of a little girl. "The Secret Garden" is great not only because of the superb plot and characters audiences can identify with, but because of the picturesque scenes that are found only in and around an English castle deep in the Yorkshire mist. ❖



Bret Schlisner holds on for dear life in the Colorado rockies.

## Living green: 101 ways to promote green values

By WAYNE SCHABER

Green values aren't simply guidelines to use once every few years in voting decisions; they should be a way of life. This list is for those with the "Green Spirit" and want to use it more in their lives.

1. Recycle newspaper, aluminum, glass and tin
2. Recycle used motor oil
3. Use cloth diapers
4. Reuse egg cartons and grocery bags
5. Avoid using styrofoam unless you recycle it
6. Avoid disposable plates, cups, and utensils
7. Use rags instead of paper towels
8. Use paper bags, not paper towels to drain grease
9. Recycle or give away unneeded items
10. Use the back of discarded paper for scratch paper

(to be continued...)

**Scary Closet**  
My open closet door at night  
When there's no light  
Oh what a fright!  
The mysterious things that rumble  
(Sigh and mumble,  
groan and grumble)  
Keep me from falling asleep.

While I huddle beneath the sheets  
I get cold feet.  
My heart goes BEAT!  
The dark that creeps by my bedpost  
(Perhaps a ghost  
wants me for roast)  
Keeps me from falling asleep.

My imagination likes to play.  
"Oh foe of day,  
please go away!"  
The moonlight breathes upon the floor.  
("Enough no more!"  
I shut the door.)  
And soon I'm fast asleep.  
—Sophie Anderson

Attention!! Those interested in Adventist Colleges Abroad and ACA alumni are invited to bring supper to a reception in the Pioneer Room, November 11. Dessert and punch will be served. Dr. Tom Smith, ACA Director, will be available in the lobby to answer ACA questions this Thursday and Friday. Don't miss out on this opportunity!!!

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## Nurturing Thoughts

By CHRISTIAN STUART

I think it would be real funny to go to an island where cannibals live, and then pull out a bottle of Head and Shoulders and tell them it was tartar sauce.

Sometimes I like to go to the most unpopular section of a big library and pull out an old dusty book and whisper to it, "Just because nobody has opened your cover in fifty years, you are still special, little guy."

I wonder if those Indians who met the English explorers were really called Massachusetts Indians or if they all had colds and the pale faces mistook their sneezes for their name.

I think socks are like little brothers. You can walk on them all day and only rarely do they rip. You can pull them up your legs or scrunch them down your ankles. And if you don't throw them in the washing machine every once and a while they really start to smell.

## The Vine Reports

### Vine Associated Press

"Welcome to the 10 o'clock news. I'm Morrie Safer. (Don't forget to buckle-up!) This past week we have been seeing some unprecedented political moves being accomplished by a Todd B. It all has been pretty engaging. In the arts and entertainment category, Kamy S. has been heard singing to the kitchen sink in Rees Hall lobby (if these walls could speak!). I wonder when the concert tour begins.... For the latest critique on UC's array of laserdisc enjoyment, see Dani and Michelle. And speaking of entertainment, the ASB party was a blast-of cold air! Maybe next year we could consider polarbearing at Holmes lake, or even carnival rides in the snow. At least the rides worked. Rather well! Just ask Drew H. about how easy it is being green and other varieties of colors. Now let's switch over to Jim Green with a sports report..."

"Thanks, Morrie. First, we have to seriously question all those guys who are playing FAF (Friday Afternoon Football) in the cold and mud. Sure the cold stops the bleeding on the spot and the mud packs work wonders for facial makeovers, but PLEASE!

A new P.E. course will be offered next semester, Eat Dirt 101, taught by Lee Bowes, on the way to correctly face plant while riding a perfectly good bike. In other sports news, ladies, watch out for all men whose last names begin with the letter B. It seems that they are quite active this time of year. Some teams on

campus include Lorianne W. and Bryan B., Melinda G. and Jimmy B., Heather M. and Todd B., Jennifer H. and Roger B., Donna B. and Junior B., and Tammy S. and Scott B. That's it for sports. Back to you, Morrie..."

"That is a very interesting assessment of the men on campus. You forgot to mention Heather O. and Randy B. Also Marsha C. seems to have 'found' someone of the Florence Nightingale type."

"Oh, and I'm sure that everyone knows about Bernelda Cash and how she is moving out to California. But does everyone know about 'that black thing' she was given? Hey, if you have a pack of candy in your room or any trick-or-treat stuff hiding somewhere, please direct it toward Tina P. It seems she loves the stuff.

"And now to animals in the news. Or are they the gnus? ANYWAY, I think most of the squirrels on this campus have been eating entirely too much cafeteria food. Just look at how fat they are. By the way, did you know that the severity of winter may be determined by the obesity of campus squirrels? Oh no!

It's been noted that Rees Hall 2nd floor is stacked with killer 'B's. Keep on the look-out.

"There you have it folks, from Bancroft to Prescott, from South 52nd street to South 48th street, if it's hot, well, we just may have missed it. Tune in next time for an ancient Aztec recipe on how to make mashed potatoes out of cactus plants (this stuff really sticks to your ribs!). Good night!" ❖

### Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



### PERSONALS

To those who still wonder: Yes, I AM still with Jennifer.—Shayne P.S. I love you, babe.

Many thanks to Ryan Reinke for being the most gentlemanly gentleman—Your Friday night groupies

Carisa, you sun-bronzed woman— Hang in there! Miss you! Your camp roommate (and friends).

Kari and Jen—Don't stop! Thanks, Kari—SA



## It's that time of fear again

By BECKY LANE

Somewhere above the earth and below the heavens, the Greatest Fears of Humankind were gathering. From shady alleys and dim basements they came to plot their tactics against humanity. Pain was there. And Ghost. And a few Black Cats. And the most dreaded fear of all, Death.

In one corner huddled the rookies, the lesser fears — Broken Fingernail, Flunked Algebra Quiz, and many others. The greater fears ignored them. "We don't get no respect," the lesser fears often whined.

The meeting was chaired by Fear himself. Suddenly the room became black, and they all knew that Darkness had arrived. "Sorry I'm late," he apologized. "The time change always confuses me."

"Can we hurry this meeting up?" cackled Witch. "It's a full moon tonight, and I need to get flying."

"Hey, you're not the only one who works nights," a voice protested.

"Who said that?" asked Fear.

"Me. The Man Under the Bed. You can't see me, but

The Jack-o-Lantern joined in. "Darkness, why don't you lighten up a little?"

"I wish you'd just put a lid on it," said Darkness.

"No! Not a lid," screamed Jack-o-Lantern. "You'll cut off my oxygen, and my candle will go out, and it will be dark."

"See, even you're afraid of me!" exclaimed Darkness.

Death eyed his minor colleagues skeptically. "We all know that I'm their ultimate fear," he asserted. "I can scare them. It doesn't get any worse than me."

"Wrong!" protested Public Speaking. Look at today's newspaper. Americans say they're even more afraid of me than you."

"I really don't believe that," said Doubt.

Paranoia had his own plan. "We can make them think that everyone else thinks that we think that they think..."

"You're all off base," blasted Nuclear Bomb. "Let me scare the daylights out of them. I'll put an end to those prayer meetings."

"Fizzie down," groaned Pain. "You went out of style with bell bottoms."

"But not me," inserted War. "I'm the eternal problem. Here's the plan—we'll start a battle between—"

"No, no, no, no, no!" they all screamed. "Stay out of this. The last thing we need is more of you, War. Every time those Christians hear rumors about you, they get all excited. The harder you work, the harder they work."

"I agree," declared Fear. "I'm putting War on probation, along with Earthquake, Pestilence, and Famine. You're not going anywhere until you learn to be a bit more subtle in your techniques."

"I know what the problem is," said a quiet member in the back.

"Who are you?" asked Fear. "Fig."

"Who?"

"Fig. Actually, my name is Figment of the Imagination. I'm Paranoia's younger brother. I think the problem is the Christians' defense systems. We just can't get past them."

"Exactly!" moaned Pain. "The problem is those nasty danger detectors they carry around."

"Yes, that's it," rumbled Earthquake. "I can't even tip-toe into a room without setting off their alarms."

Ghost echoed his agreement. "The instant they hear an alarm, they immediately call their Control Center, and it's all over for us."

"Yes, I'm afraid we just can't compete with the troops from their Control Center," said Fear. "That's why I've devised The Strategy."

"The Strategy?" questioned Doubt.

"Yes. It's really simple. You've all gotten too big. Too

noisy. Too clumsy. The Christians call for reinforcements whenever you appear." Fear paused and looked carefully at his comrades.

"The Strategy is this:" he declared. "I'm sending in the rookies."

"The rookies!" hooted Boogie Man.

"The rookies!" groaned Pain.

"The rookies!" exploded Nuclear Bomb.

"Do you mean me?" asked Broken Fingernail.

"Yes," declared Fear. And you, Flunked Algebra Quiz, and you, Dead Alarm Clock Battery."

The Daily Frustration Twins were just awakening from a nap. "Can we come?" they asked.

"Yes. You two are going to lead my new squad," said Fear.

"But they're rookies! Christians aren't afraid of them," protested the greater fears.

Smiling, Fear said, "That's why they're the perfect solution. They can crawl beneath the radar of the danger detectors. The Christians will never know what hit them."

"But Flunked Algebra Quiz has never drawn any blood," wailed Pain.

"Precisely my point," said Fear. "If there's no blood, they won't call the Doctor."

They all had to admit that Fear's plan was brilliant. But the room remained silent.

Finally, Poverty asked the question they were all wondering. "Does this mean the rest of us need to sign up for unemployment?"

Fear chuckled. "Not so fast," he reassured them. You're still on the payroll. After all, you are the Greatest Fears of Humankind. Give the Daily Frustrations and their friends a few weeks to get the Christians loosened up. Get them busy enough to stop calling the Control Center. Get them to turn off the danger detectors."

"And then?" asked the Fears.

"And then—" Fear scanned his army happily. "And then, they're all yours. Meeting adjourned." ❖



David Kaiser

HEAR NO EVIL, SEE NO EVIL, SMELL NO EVIL. Brad Krueger slumbers on the bus seat oblivious to the action around him.

## Phobitis

By WAYNE SCHABER

The term phobia derives from the Greek word "phobos," which means "fear, terror, panic, or flight." But a phobia is more than this. Everyone experiences some sort of fear or terror, but not all are associated with a phobia.

Fear serves a protective function. It alerts you to real dangers and threats which you must avoid or confront. On the other hand, a phobic object or situation does not pose sufficient danger to invoke enough rational fear or anxiety to boost your well-being.

Because you may develop a phobia concerning almost any object or situation, phobias are as plentiful as the objects or situations that could possibly

cause fear.

The defining feature of a phobia that may require treatment is that it causes frequent, severe, and intense anxiety. It may disrupt everyday living because the phobic individual must avoid a number of objects or situations that would possibly lead to anxiety. Phobias are real to those experiencing them. Although we may find humor in them, we need to be considerate of others' needs. Still, the most effective treatment for a strong phobia is controlled exposure, most often with the help of a therapist. So, get out there and conquer your phobias. And next time you use the restroom, please leave a scrap of t.p. for those of us who worry each time we enter. ❖

### The Christians will never know what hit them.

everyone knows I'm real. Anyway, it's almost children's bedtime on the East Coast, and I'm on duty."

Fear pounded his gavel. "Let's get started. First of all, I know you're all tired after the Halloween season, but I want to congratulate you on a job well done. And special congratulations to you, UFO. You're on the cover of the *Enquirer* again this week."

Cheers erupted. "Way to scare the life out of them!" UFO shimmered proudly. "And I'm scheduled to be on both *Geraldo* and *Donahue* tomorrow," he added.

Fear continued, "I just viewed the trick-or-treating videotapes, and I've decided to give the Black Cats, Ghosts, and Witches a well-deserved vacation. As for you, Friday the 13th, I'm very disappointed. You haven't done anything for months."

"But on to our main issue. It's the Christians again. They're still at it—running around to all those prayer meetings and such. None of you have been successful in scaring them out of it."

"I did a pretty good job during that Great Winter Sleepout," bragged Darkness.

Goblin scoffed. "You are so dense. Those college students had a party out there with all their friends. Your blackness is nothing without me."

"No fangs to you," retorted Darkness.

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WESLEY PHIPATANAKUL  
TRAVIS SAGER  
Sports Editors

## World of sports gives extra thrill

EDITORIAL By WESLEY

Well, more than a third of the year is over, and the sports world has given me an extra thrill. First off, Travis Sager will be helping me out in the sports section from now on. His specialty area is volleyball.

It's been said before and will be said again that **NEBRASKA BEAT COLORADO IN BOULDER 21-17** a few weeks ago. Colorado fans must admit it. This year the Cornhuskers have the superior team: better quarterback, running back, offensive line, secondary, everything. There are no ifs, ands, or buts about it. Mark my words, Nebraska will go 11-0 to play for the national championship in the Orange Bowl, while Colorado will settle for the Jeep Eagle Aloha Bowl. You can say what you want about the Cornhuskers' schedule, but the facts are they've beaten 3 ranked opponents this year, #11 UCLA, #18 Kansas State, and #24 Colorado, which is more than Alabama or Miami can brag about.

Also, the **Minnesota Vikings** have started the decline I predicted, before the NFL season even began, with a demoralizing defeat at the hands of the Detroit Lions **IN MINNESOTA**. Believe me, Viking fans, it's going to get worse. Games against Dallas, Denver, and Detroit will be another automatic 3 losses.

While Minnesota lost their hockey team, St. Louis did not. After some excellent off-season trades the St. Louis Blues are off to the best start in franchise history, even with superstar **Brett Hull** missing 4 games with a pulled abdominal muscle. St. Louis is in the running for the Stanley Cup because they have the best goalie in the National Hockey League in **Curtis Joseph**.

In other football news, for all you Kansas City Chiefs' fans, I'm sorry, but **Buffalo** will go back to the Super Bowl. Joe Montana plays 5 minutes, then is out 5 weeks, and Dave Krieg ain't gonna cut it. **T-Rock** says **Miami Dolphins** will make the Super Bowl. Who would you rather have: **Bruce Smith** or **Bryan Cox**, **Jim Kelly** or rookie **Scott Mitchell**, **Thurman Thomas** or **Mark Higgs**?

Florida State has been smoking opponents, but come November 13, 1993, they will have all they can handle in **Lou Holtz** and the **Fighting Irish of Notre Dame**. It will be a close game; no blowouts here. You don't go to South Bend in November and blow out the Irish. And who is a better big-game coach than **Lou Holtz** except maybe **Bill McCartney**? If you see the movie *Rudy*, you'll believe in the Irish. ❖

# Scrimmage opens basketball season

By WESLEY

UCThunderdome—On November 2 the Union College basketball team played Doane College in a scrimmage. Even though it was a scrimmage, there was tremendous fan support. There was a Saturday night crowd at a Tuesday scrimmage. Keep up the support; it really helps the team. Come to the Thunderdome on **Tuesday, November 30**, for the first official

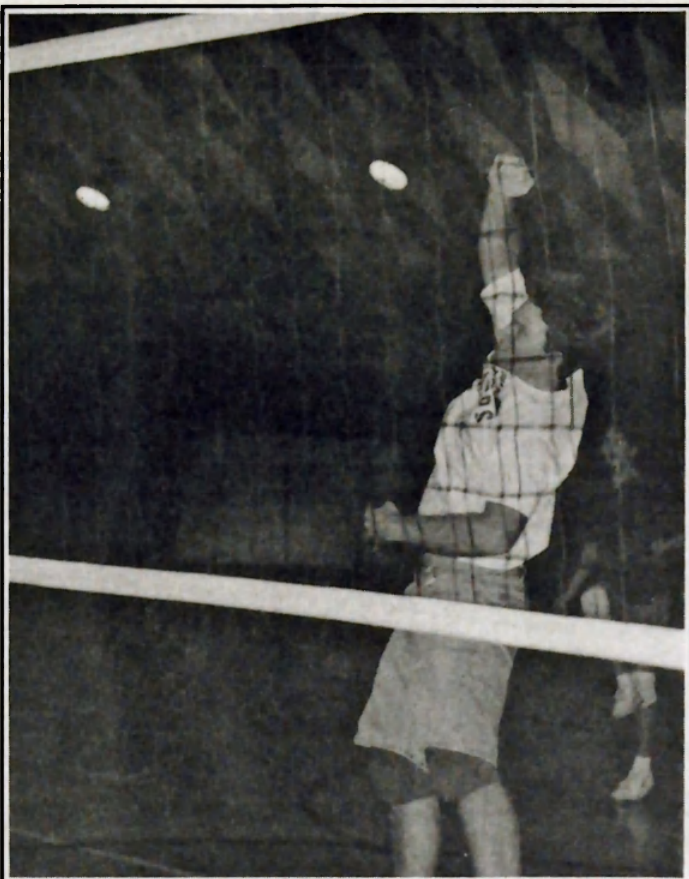
home game here at Union against archrival **Nebraska Wesleyan**. That game is usually the most intense game of the season for Union. The team will really appreciate fan support. When Union beat Wesleyan three years ago, the "Pit" was so loud that I could feel the foundations of the Thunderdome quivering. Mark the events on your calendars. It's the Tuesday after

Thanksgiving break, so there's no excuse for not attending.

The Junior Varsity played first against Doane and started very poorly. However, led by high scorer **Casey Bock**, they bounced back and played Doane dead even in the second half, which was nice to see. In the past, JV has typically folded after starting poorly, but this team played better as the game (oops, scrimmage) went on.

The Varsity played an excellent game in losing a close scrimmage (remember, not a game), led by captains **Doug Hardt's 26 points** and **Randy Reinke's 23 points**. It looks like the seniors are ready for their final seasons.

Look for a segment on the Union College basketball teams in a future UTV show hosted by your sports editors. ❖



David Kaiser

Donald Huff heaves the volleyball with force over the net.

## Woodchucks win volleyball season

By TRAVIS

UC Thunderdome—The intramural co-ed volleyball season ended Wednesday night with several teams vying for a high ranking in the final (UCSW) UC Sportwriters poll. The **Woodchucks** had already won the championship before the night began, but most poll

spots had not yet been decided. There was still a slight chance that the **Wallruses** and the **Wise Guys** might catch the **Valley Girls**. The **Valley Girls** won only one of their last three games and lost second place. Here is the final and much-anticipated UCSW POLL.

Rank	Name	Team #	Games	Matches
1.	Woodchucks	5	29-4	11-0
2.	Wise Guys	9	21-12	8-3
3.	Valley Girls	1	22-11	7-4
4.	Wallruses	4	21-12	7-4
5.	Minnesotans	10	18-12	6-4
6.	Hagen's Heroes	7	17-16	6-5
7.	David's Dozen	8	14-16	3-7
8.	Wolfe Pack	3	9-24	3-8
9.	Rockies	6	9-24	2-9
10.	Hart Stoppers	2	7-26	1-10

*The UCSW All-Union Team.*

GIRLS	GUYS
Beth Woodruff	Tucker Fredrickson
Rhonda Purkeypile	Jason Aldred
Kelly Shebo	Ron Consignado
Tami Gaede	Eric Lunde
Teresa Hodge	Brian Gibson

Congratulations to those who made the UCSW All-Union team. We would like to add that others could easily have been included, but we were limited to one team. ❖



David Kaiser

Jeremy Cornforth crushes the ball.

## Thumbs Up/Thumbs Down

By WESLEY

**THUMBS UP:** ❖ to the tremendous fan support for both the JV and varsity basketball teams in the scrimmage they played against Doane College. Remember, it was a scrimmage—not a game. ❖ to the **Nebraska Cornhuskers** for defeating the **Colorado Buffaloes**, practically assuring their third straight trip to the Orange Bowl. ❖ to ESPN2 for showing the National Hockey League 7 nights a week. ❖ to **Kristan Nickell** and **Danny Philpott**, the only two fans who came to the Prescott Persecutors

semifinal tournament game. **THUMBS DOWN:** ❖ to the **Prescott Persecutors** for disappointing those two fans by committing 6 errors en route to losing the game. ❖ to **Ric Spalding** for cancelling the men's flagball tournament, scheduled a month in advance for October 28, one night before the tournament. Contrary to popular belief, it was not tournament organizer **Shawn Sorter's** fault the tournament was cancelled. **Spalding** said that he did not want the football field to face the certain damage that the UC students would cause it by playing the tournament, so he cancelled it. This makes me wonder: Did the laws of physics fail to exist on October 28, 1993? Are we to believe that one night of flagball on October 28 would have damaged the dry football field more than on any other night of the year? Is this one-night tournament more harmful than a 6-week season of intramural flagball with two-night-a-week city league flagball games as well? Were these Jack's magic bean stock grass

seeds which were purchased for October 28? ❖ to **Shawn Sorter** because both of his city rec softball teams lost their single elimination tournament games by FORFEIT. The first forfeit came because **Shawn** told his team the tournament game was at Holmes Lake, when it was really at Mahoney Park. That's like the Denver Broncos showing up for a playoff game at Mile High Stadium when it was actually at Kansas City's Arrowhead Stadium, causing them to blow the entire year. The second team forfeited because not enough players showed up. **SPORTSMAN OF THE WEEK:** **Ron Consignado** who captained the winning 6-person co-ed volleyball to the championship. **SPORTSWOMAN OF THE WEEK:** **Rhonda Purkeypile**. A woman who can spike a volleyball. Enough said. **QUOTES OF THE WEEK:** "No sweat."—**Dr. Fitts**, when asked about the Dallas Cowboys chances against the Philadelphia Eagles. "I was really pleased by the junior varsity's team effort. They actually played together as a team."—**Sharlett Reinke**.

## Bumbling Prescott stumbles in semis

Holmes South—Perennial powerhouse **Prescott Persecutors** fell to Champ's Lounge in the Semi-finals of the City-Rec softball B-league tournament Monday night. Two fans were there to witness

the Persecutors skill, or lack thereof. They committed 6 errors and gave up 13 unearned runs en route to a 19-11 loss to Champ's. Here is the box score from the Prescott side.

Name	position	ab	r	h	r	rbi's
Brian Johnson	ss	4	2	2	2	1
Travis Sager	lf	4	3	2	2	3
Mark Loewen	1b	4	2	2	2	2
Doug Hardt	rc	4	2	1	1	3
Blake Needles	lc	4	1	1	1	1
Donald Huff	2b	4	2	0	0	0
Craig Johnson	rf	4	2	0	0	1
Tom Hinde	3b	3	0	0	0	0
Brian Herbal	eh	3	0	0	0	0
Tom Berg	p	2	1	2	2	0
Randy McWilliams	c	0	0	1	0	0

Walks: Berg (1), McWilliams (3).  
Home runs: Needles (1).

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