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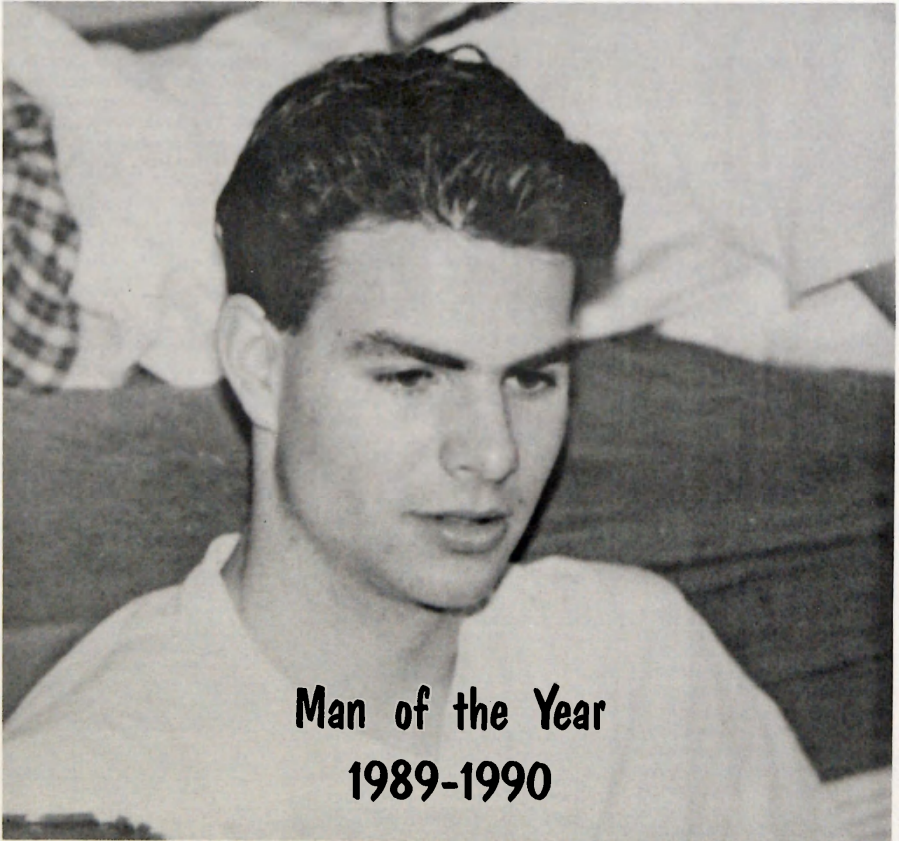
CLOCKTOWER



Vol. 64, No. 1⁴

Union College Student Newspaper

April 1, 1990



Man of the Year
1989-1990



**Timm Chapman
Concerned Student**

When I heard about it, I was shocked, appalled, and generally unamused. Why would the administration do such a thing? It just didn't make sense. Of course I'm speaking about the upcoming sale of Rees Hall to a major hotel chain in Lincoln.

After much inquiry into the matter, I find that the college board voted last Tuesday to accept a bid of \$14.5 million for the Rees Hall residence hall, Kiddie Kollege,

and another building to be named at a later date. The offer came from an undisclosed hotel/motel chain based in New York, NY. Though the name of the corporation was withheld, Dr. Don Pursley stated that "they felt a need for an up-class luxury facility in College View, and Rees Hall was the obvious choice." President John Wagner, when asked to comment about the situation, said, "This sale will obviously solve the college's financial problems, as well as bring more visitors to the campus." Though he expressed concerns with the amount of litter that might result from the facility, he saw no problem with housing the women at Union: "I'm sure we can stick 'em over in Culver, or if not, we can get the big red and white tent that Byard had for Student Week of Prayer."

It seems that the administration is all for this tearing apart of our beautiful campus, but I am not so sure it is such a great idea. What about the Joshua C. Turner Arboretum? Will we allow this Lincoln Landmark to be torn apart just for money? And what about the hundreds of squirrels whose homes will be disturbed? Can we let these furry friends just rot on the carcass of our campus? I'm not the only student who has reservations to the planned sale. Many music students are expressing concern about reaching Engel Hall after the twelve-foot barbed wire fences are constructed around Rees to keep Union students from possibly using the new facilities.

Joe Parmele, Dean of Students, said that the fences will be necessary to maintain the integrity of Union's students. "As everyone knows, no weekend leaves will be issued inside of the Lincoln area, even if it is on campus." He also said that the planned bar and lounge in the Rees Hotel would be too much of an unsupervised temptation to remain unfenced. Another student opposed to the sale is next year's ASB President, Craig Carr. He said, "I don't care who made the decision. I'm going to fight this thing all the way. My parents should not have to move."

I would hate to imagine what the campus would sound like if Mr. Carr could not work his musical magic on the Clock Tower *Carrillion*. But this could happen if the sale goes through and the Carr's move away. But even more importantly, what about all of the squirrels whose migration patterns will be disrupted by the "Hotel

Rees"? Mark Smith, a noted squirrel lover on campus, says he will chain himself to as many squirrels he can catch and remain there. "Come bulldozers and shotguns, my little buddies have to be saved."

In the wake of the approval of the Rees Hall sale, other major corporations have quietly expressed interests in other prime Union establishments. Industry analysts expect Amigo's to make a bid for one of the hottest properties, the Deli, and in a hush-hush insider's report, it was rumored that the Department of Defense may try to add to its Star Wars research capabilities by acquiring Jorgensen Hall.

Do you want to see Union parceled off to the highest bidder, a piece here, a hunk there, until we are all stuck in the basement of the Dick Building? To stop this pillaging of "The College in the West," we must prevent the first chip. To prevent the Clock Tower from going to Seiko, the tennis courts to Wimbledon, and the Mighty Rockpile from being dragged off to the Smithsonian Institute, we all must speak out now against the sale of Rees Hall.

A "Just Say No to Inns" rally is planned for 3:00 p.m. in front of Rees on Tuesday the 3rd. Come and show your support.

The Clocktower

Editor (The Big Cheese)

Sharon "Attitude" Bartter

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Timm "Zippo" Chapman

Ads, Money, and Videotape

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In-the-Dog-House Editor

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The Clocktower is a bi-monthly publication of the ASB. It is a forum for student-oriented news, opinion, and balderdash. All submissions for the next issue should be given to Leland Baby at 5 p.m. for inclusion in the next issue. All unsigned editorials are the opinion of The Clocktower and will be written by the editors. All other opinions expressed are those of the author and must bear his or her name. The Clocktower reserves the right to edit and/or highly reduce letters for reasons of space.

MARCH

Campus Paperback Bestsellers

- All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten, by Robert Fulghum. (Ivy, \$5.95.) Uncommon thoughts on common things
- The Calvin and Hobbes Lazy Sunday Book, by Bill Waterson. (Andrews & McMeel, \$9.95.) Collected cartoons
- The Long Dark Tea-Time of the Soul, by Douglas Adams (Pocket, \$4.95.) Dirk Gently is pitted against the Laws of the Universe
- Cat's Eye, by Margaret Atwood. (Bantam, \$5.95.) A woman's reflections from school days to the advent of feminism
- The Prehistory of the Far Side, by Gary Larson. (Andrews & McMeel, \$12.95.) Larson's notes and sketches
- The Drawing of the Three, by Stephen King. (NAL/Signet, \$5.95.) Continues where *The Gunslinger* left off
- Travayne, by Robert Ludlum. (Bantam, \$5.95.) The probing of a "hidden government" within the government
- A Thief of Time, by Tony Hillerman. (Harper & Row \$4.95.) Pursuing a murderer.
- Breathing Lessons, by Anne Tyler. (Berkley, \$5.50.) An ordinary married couple discovers how extraordinary their lives really are
- Web of Dreams, by V. C. Andrews. (Pocket, \$5.50.) The birth of a family curse.

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New & Recommended

A personal selection of Dorothy Fendlebach, NAU Bookstore, Flagstaff, AZ

- Shopping for a Better World, by The Council on Economic Priorities. (Ballantine, \$4.95.) A quick and easy guide to socially responsible supermarket shopping
- Daughter of Destiny, by Benazir Bhutto. (Touchstone, \$9.95.) Fascinating portrait of the first woman prime minister of a Muslim state.
- Save our Planet, by Diane MacEachern. (Dell, \$9.95.) 1,001 everyday ways you can help clean up the earth.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PUBLISHERS/NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE STORES

Honey, I Shrunk Shayne's Letter

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson

Dear Post:

In the November 15 issue of the Clocktower, Mike Sessler and I wrote a letter criticizing parts of our student newspaper while identifying parts we enjoyed, admired, or felt should be returned. Although you were not mentioned in that letter, you were an extensive reader. That editorial is the concern of this article.

I enjoyed the humor in your editorial and your article "The Last World War of 1999." You showed your humor in a well-developed, which I asked to see in the previous letter I sent you. But Post, even though your editorial is fun, it is also very unprofessional.

First, you make assumptions that you have not the knowledge to make appropriate. You write, "...you really have no concept to the paper that we produced here." You are blatantly incorrect. I have every issue of last year's Clocktower, and have read most of the articles. I got last year's issue at the beginning of this year to see what I could learn about the college, paper, and students. In fact, the largest reason I wanted to write a letter to the Clocktower was because I had seen the issue in last year's edition, and was disappointed by its partial absence in this year's edition. You assume you know of our journalistic expertise; you don't. You also appear to be a Republican.

Next, you believe in falsehoods, saying, "The Mr. Sessler had seen more papers than you and I could..." Our position holds the information, I will be able and want to explain to you just state your own opinion for yourself and not for me. There is nothing illogical about that.

Furthermore, you accuse Mike and me. Out of approximately 1200 words in your editorial, you attempt to quote us only twice, using one word each time. Out of those two quotes, one is flagrantly wrong. You write, "Mike and my father told me..." which states we were the word "I" in some line. Post, do you know what that means? "I" stands for "me," so we never referred to that student as a friend. Once again, Mike Sessler is not related to any of the points we made. When differences arise it is better to write an article that is appropriate Friday night recreation, Post? Is it writing home, doing homework, or attending a concert?

Another example of your unprofessionalism is the treatment details of your arguments. You ask in your first paragraph, "How about it if that student you see in your classroom during a Friday night supper rehearsal?" That is not related in any way to the points we made. When differences arise it is better to write what is appropriate Friday night recreation, Post? Is it writing home, doing homework, or attending a concert?

Later, your article reveals against you in your statements. "I'd like to see intelligence why cars be the price of a school state his own remarks?" I didn't ask him to state his own remarks. Post, if you are so intelligent, why don't you state your own remarks? You write under a pseudonym for the time. Why don't you get your name to the bottom?

Finally, your editorial states an unprofessional tactic which is the source of the humor. You attack Mike and myself, but you don't. You refer to our "unfortunate" education, our "smallness," our "alliances," our "religious" presence, and lack of "writing" skills, but you don't. You refer to our "unfortunate" education, our "smallness," our "alliances," our "religious" presence, and lack of "writing" skills, but you don't. You refer to our "unfortunate" education, our "smallness," our "alliances," our "religious" presence, and lack of "writing" skills, but you don't.

In summary, Post, I have a few other things to say. We never implied the only qualified a sound feature article should have were the two highest qualities we mentioned. You are right in assuming that I, personally, am not familiar with the information you give on sports, but competition is negative. Will there be competition in November? No, it is not competition that turned out to be so. Yes, competition is healthy for the victors, but it is not competition that turned out to be so. Yes, competition is healthy for the victors, but it is not competition that turned out to be so.

Shayne Kinnear

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THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



"Oh, yeah? Lewis, you're fired! You apparently forgot this is a cartoon, and I can read every word you think!"

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SMing: What's It REALLY Like?

Dear Union Family,

Tears are slowly filling my ears as I lie on my bed softly sobbing and thinking of you. Sigh.

Mission life hasn't been at all what I expected. They make me sleep a minimum of eight and a half hours before I get up. I hate that!

The food is worse than I expected. My chef only likes fixing scrambled eggs (or sometimes cheese omelettes), potatoes, and pancakes for breakfast. The only variety I get is fruit yogurt or grapefruit. Dinners are not so bad, though. He loves turnips, beets, and rutabagas as much as I do. Peanut butter is so cheap here I'm sick of it.

Fortunately, I'm getting along swell with my nine roommates. We all like the same music, go to bed at the same time, and share the bathroom with no problem. It will be so hard to be by myself again.

The native people are so kind here. They are always bringing by rice Jell-O or something like that. Wow! What folks! A small problem has arisen, however. Their night roller hockey games sometimes keep me awake; one would think they could choose a different time to play their national sport.

Work is such a breeze here. I have tons of teaching supplies, and the students are soooo good! Both of my classes are mid-morning, so I have all the rest of the day off (three days a week that is--the other two days there are no classes). The church members are great too. They insist that I only help out with services when I feel like it. Isn't that swell?

Oh, the funniest thing happened to me on the way to the fish market the other day! All nine of my roommates disappeared. I had just turned my back and stopped to smell some roses, and they were gone. After talking to some locals, I deduced that they had been kidnapped by the local League of Asian Nations (the infamous racial supremacist group here).

Of course, I immediately ran to the local police station to report the atrocity. Sure enough, a ransom note had already been faxed to the chief. What anxiety! Detectives were sent to the scene of the crime while I led the way. Not a clue in sight ...

I began to cry. Only hours later, back at the station and utterly perplexed as we sat around the Sony watching old Don Knotts movies to cheer me up, we were interrupted by a quiet, "Excuse me, Ma'am." When I looked behind me, what should I see but a band of roommates comin' for to carry me home! What happiness! As I later found out, my roommates had persuaded their captors to release them, and in the process, the whole heathen band of kid-nappers was concerted to vegetarianism. Praise!!!

Thanks for all the mail you so thoughtfully send. I framed it. Just kidding. Actually you guys are so good, I can hardly find room to stack all the personal letters I get. Oh, before I forget--don't forget that our

packages come boat mail and take about two months to get here. Thank you to whoever sent all the green cheese in the Christmas package, but it did taste a little funny.

Well, I've got to be going. My chef just called dinner. But before I go, I have to say this: to any of you who ever thought of being an SM, do it! It is soooo great. (Did you know we get \$20 each time we put that in a published letters?) I love you all so much I cry just a little every time your memory comes to mind. Sniff.

Frankly and earnestly,

Marie Brent

P.S. I was going to include a picture of myself, but I sealed this letter before I remembered.

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Hawaii!



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Compliments of Rich Carlson

The Clocktower's Artist of the Year

The ASB executive officers and publications editors wish to extend their congratulations to Steve Creitz for being recognized as the 1989-1990 Artist of the Year



Steve Creitz,
The Man
The Artist
The Legend

at Union College!
As no picture was available, we have done our best to bring you this close replica of the one and only!

Thanks,
again,
Peter M.

The Clocktower's Man of the Year



June 26, 1970, may not be a date recorded in the history books across the nation for any memorable incidents, but it is a date which has made an impact on Union College. June 26, 1970, is the date of the birth of The Clocktower's Man of the Year, Donald Alan Hevener. Donald Hevener, known to his friends as Alan or "Big Al," was born in Takoma Park, Maryland, to Donald R. and Eva Hevener, who currently reside in Littleton, Colorado.

Alan's impact on the court during Basketball Witness Team (BWT) games is the biggest reason he was chosen as Man of the Year. Never before in the history of the BWT has any one person portrayed such poise up and down the court. From the rally cry of "six pack" to the thunderous roar of The Pit when Alan reaches the ever-coveted triple double, from the boyish grin after a rebound over Tarkio's tallest tower, to the commotion created by Al's new black Nikes (Al, is it the shoes?), Alan certainly signified what the Man of the Year should be.

The Clocktower reporting staff finally caught up with Alan after the BWT made their cinderella run at the NCAA championship. Alan was jovial as he lounged in his Air Jordans and a t-shirt that proclaimed Wheaties as the breakfast of champions.

Clocktower: Alan, how does it feel to be an athlete on a small campus?

Alan: It feels great. It's fun to be able to play all the different kinds of sports.

Clocktower: What kind of sports do you enjoy the most here on Union College's multicultural campus?

Alan: Well, of course basketball. Volleyball and water polo are long-time favorites. But mostly likely my favorites would have to be four-square and carpet bowling.

Clocktower: Rumor has it that you may skip your sophomore, junior, and senior years to enter the Friday Afternoon Football League's draft this spring. Is there any truth to this?

Big Al: My agent and I have had this issue under consideration, but I am not making any comments at this time.

Clocktower: What are some of the favorite moments that stick out in your memory while playing sports?

Donald: Well, there are so many fine moments that I remember well, but the best would have to be this one. In 7th grade, I was playing football against this guy who I particularly did not like. He

was quarterbacking for the other team and threw an errant pass. I stretched out, picked it off one-handed and ran it all the way back to the end zone, dodging opponents and evading tackles. I spiked the ball in his face.

Clocktower: Do you have any other favorite moments?

Alan: Playing hockey for the first time.

Clocktower: What are some of your greatest accomplishments?

Six Pack: Making it to college.

Clocktower: Are there any others?

Six Pack: Yes, being a starting freshman on the BWT and packing Alonzo Mourning in the NCAA tournament. Also, taking second in the college slam-dunk challenge wasn't bad.

Clocktower: What's is your major field of study in college, and what do you intend to do with the valuable education that you are receiving?

Alan: I am an accounting major with a



Alan fielding calls on a nation-wide sports talk show

management emphasis. I plan on attending law school when I'm finished at Union. I hope to follow Linda Gibb to Pepperdine, but I would settle for the University of Texas at Austin.

Clocktower: Do you have any other goals?

Al: To be a better student and a better ball player. (Fred Beranek says that's not possible; he's already the greatest.) I also want to lead Union College to the National Championship.

Clocktower: What's in your future?

Big Al: Finding a half-way decent girl. Dunking in a game. Getting drafted by the Celtics and starting as a rookie. Beating the Lakers in the NBA championship. And finally, I will be bestowed with the honors of Rookie of the Year and the Most Valuable Player in basketball.

Clocktower: How do you like this new-found fame?

Six Pack: I don't like it. It's not something people should treat as a big deal.

Clocktower: How has playing on the Witness Team helped you?

Big Al: It has humbled me and taught me responsibility. It has taught me respect for my fellow man and love for all of God's creatures. Most of all, though, the witnessing aspect has touched my life in a way only I can understand.



The indomitable "Six-Pack" drives past yet another helpless defender

would these three heroes be?

Pack Master: I think they would have to be Kevin McHale whose influence as a "big man" has inspired me, Abraham Lincoln for the same reason, and my dad just for being there.

Clocktower: Is there any last thing you would like to say to your public?

Al: You are the best, babies, the best!

D. Alan Hevener, *The Clocktower's* Man of the Year, quietly picked up his athletic bag, nodded to this reporter, and went out into the world, the world that is ever-so-pleased to have him in it. But before he could go we had one last question for him.

Clocktower: In conclusion, Al, what is one change you would make in your life in you could make one?

The smiling man turned, pointed at his shirt and responded,

Al, The Man: I would put my face on the Wheaties boxes.

Hopefully the cover of *The Clocktower* is the next best thing. Al is clearly the right choice for *The Clocktower's* Man of the Year. We hope you all have come to know him a little better.

by *The Clocktower Editorial Staff*



Alan sets sights on Gretsky while playing in his first-ever game of hockey

Hot Paper: Other than the obvious playing of basketball, what activities hold the interest of a renaissance man like Alan Hevener?

Tower Trouncer: I like to watch television, but only well-chosen cultural programs. I also like hanging out with my friends, and I like to shoot the hoops.

Clocktower: Speaking of the hoops, would you have any idea what that hunk of metal behind the basket is called?

Don: Yes, it is called the bracket, but the other boys and myself like to call it "The Brick Factory."

Clocktower: Wow.

Al: Yup, you don't want to be stuck in "The Brick Factory."

Clocktower: If you had to pick three "heroes" whom you have admired during your rise to stardom, who



The Clocktower's 1989-1990 Man of the Year
D. Alan Hevener



Advice for the Stout at Heart

Hanz
a. k. a. Hank

Dear Hanz and Franz,

Help me, I'm desperate. I wanted this break to be so terrific that I over-extended myself financially. I'm over the limit on my American Express and VISA, Skaters Shred American, and my Union ID card. I'm afraid to leave the room in case someone named Guido is waiting for me and both my legs. What can I do?

Signed,
Spring Broke

Dear Broke,

We suggest you apply for the Discover Card. We hear it pays you back an incredible percentage. Discover its possibilities.

Dear Hanz and Franz,

I went to the beach over Spring Break and created quite a disturbance. It seems the reflection of the sun's rays off my ivory skin blinded a captain, causing him to run his Exxon Oil Tanker aground. Needless to say (then why say it?), I was a bit embarrassed. In order to avoid future accidents, I want to obtain that all-around golden tan, but I'm worried about skin cancer. What do you suggest?

Signed,
White and Not Proud of It

Dear White,

First thing is to stop fearing skin cancer. Worry causes an uneven tan. Secondly, never use any block or SPF4. You might as well tan in a tent. Finally, don't forget that all-important member of the opposite sex to rub on your tanning oil. It may not make you tan faster, but it greatly enhances the experience. You should be glowing in no time.

Dear Hanz and Franz,

My mother recently got her nose pierced and asked me if I minded. I told her that although I don't really like the fact that I now have a bull for a mother, it kind of looked neat.

However, I need to find a way to tell her that I'd appreciate her not wearing it to my graduation. Is this tactfully possible?

Signed,
Calved

Dear Calved,

Recently, the same problem occurred with Hanz's father, only his nose got a bad infection and eventually fell off. Your situation is nothing; poor Hanz is graduating too and wondering how he can keep his embarrassingly beakless father from coming. Perhaps Groucho glasses are the best answer. Good luck.

Dear Hanz and Franz,

Last night my boyfriend and I were alone south of town, and we were talking. My man is relatively calm and levelheaded, so you can imagine my surprise when suddenly went into a deep convulsion and fell out the door. I quickly rushed out of the car and around to assist him. He was foaming at the mouth, and he started calling me strange things like "Duke, Alonzo Mourning, Oregon State Beaver, Razorback, Yellow Jacket, Bo Kimble, Billy Packer." I said, "Honey, it's me, Alisha." He continued calling me, "Dayton, Three-Pointer, Hack, Dribble, U Conn." Whatever happened to him, I don't know. I ran in search of help, but when we came back, he was gone. Help me find him. His name is



Franz
a. k. a. Frank

Dick Vitale.

Signed,
All out of Love

Dear A.O.O.L.,

Your man was last seen on ESPN announcing a game. Incidentally, did he ever say, "Honey, you have to get the rock to the big guy inside"? He, along with many other males, are now going through a disease called March Madness. It is prompted by the NCAA tournament and the overload of basketball at this time of year. Believe us, this is a temporary problem. Consider it as a huge sidewalk mall sale for men. Do not adjust your set. Remain calm.

Dear Ms. Etiquette,

The other day I went to pick up my girlfriend for lunch and noticed upon her arrival that she had a huge corker-like cyst on her chin. I mean, this thing stuck out four to five inches and looked as if a jelly fish were residing on her jaw. She asked me if I'd rather wait to be seen with her for a while or until it was gone, and I decided that would be best. That night she called everything off. My question is, Do you find it proper to ask for the Hard Rock t-

shirt back that I bought her during Spring Break in NY?

Signed,
Just Wondering

Dear Just Wondering,

You are a bore. Your girlfriend does her best to look good for you. Every girl does, just as every man does for his girl. It's just one of those things when a huge bump appears on her chin. Forget that this sort of thing has probably only happened to you. Forget that any other girl would have probably faked sick. Forget that keeping your lunch off the sidewalk outweighs your love for this woman. You have no justification. You are a bore. Love isn't always as a lily or one daring, exciting, or intriguing adventure after another. Sometimes love is accepting that she ran out of make-up or that he ran out of nose hair trimmers. Sometimes love is accepting that she had a candy bar or that he ate at Amigo's for lunch. Love is sacrifice. You lose.

RABBIT RABBIT...

Gelerie Aratiles, Gabrielle Bailey, Amy Baugher, Craig Carr, Karie Coder, Jeff Deming, Shannon Fordyce, Judy Glass, Michael Jaquez, Doug Nesmith, Shelly Peck, Jennifer Schmitt, Ribki Stenbakken, Mark Welch.

Thunderdome II: A Dream Come True



**Peat Luke
From the Pit**

Thunderdome II?

Just when you thought it was safe to go under The Pit, along comes the revolutionary blueprint for the new style... Thunderdome II. The new arena is slated to be in use by the 1991 hoop season.

Frederick Beranek, Union College Athletic Director, made the announcement in a festive fashion late Tuesday afternoon in his dorm room with a bag of Cheetos in one hand and the remote control in the other. Plans for the \$89.8988 billion trillion quadrillion arena are still sketchy, but here's what we know.

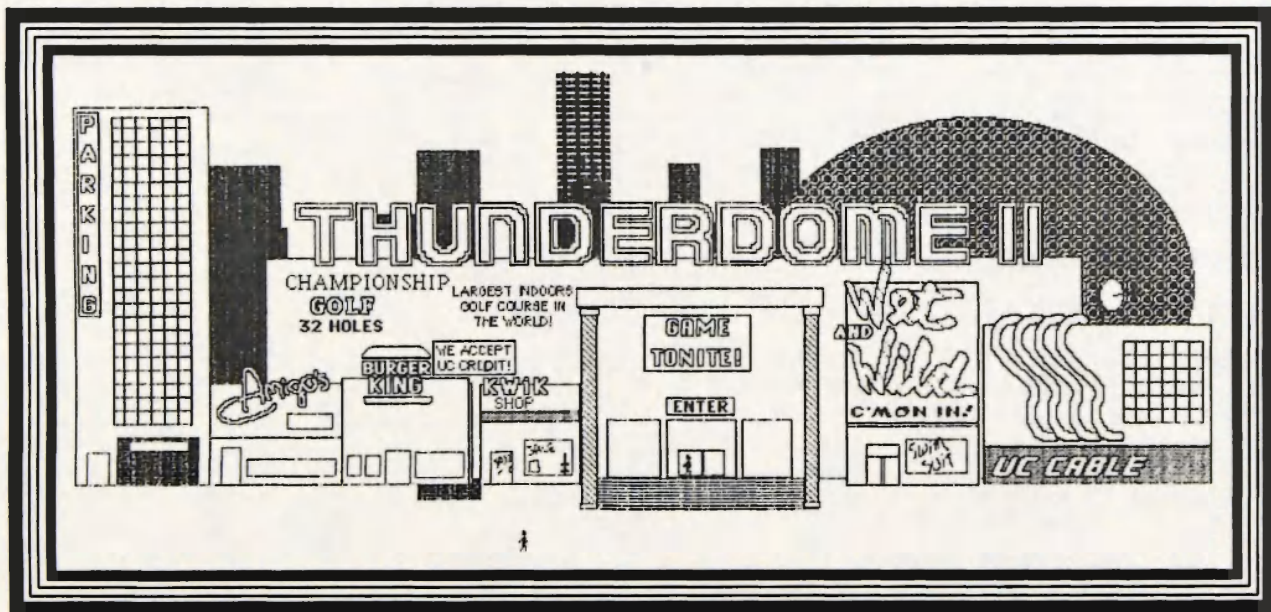
the Oakland Raiders' cheerleaders?

There are more than eighty units of closed-circuit television, an endless (caffeine-free) Mountain Dew supply, seven private tunnels to the Caribbean and Fenway Park. Add eighty MacIntosh computers, eighty units of Nintendo, a Dr. Porsche Rent-A-Car, eighty more units of Nintendo, a horse track, and one male bonding parlor.

Also included are seven Diamond Vision scoreboards so Timm C. and Tony Z. can catch a breather, Ford County, 62,124 Donald Trump penthouse suites, a Hard Rock (College View), mute buttons (in case a fan needs to yell something nice to Pluto, Face, or Dodds), private valet parking with spaces for all, and a retractable

year. Also staying will be Dondi Smith, who turned down an unbelievable deal with the New Jersey Nets who offered him more than \$22 quadjillion dollars for the next two years.

A sad note, however. Sought-after recruit Frankie Diehl has decided to commit to the women's squad where he can block shots more effortlessly. Nevertheless, Union did snag the Adams twins from the jaws of the Hoyas' recruiting program. It seems both Kevin and Kerry will play in the new Dome for the next three years. New coach Bernelda Casli, who attended the conference briefly, announced that both the twins would be put on the weights immediately and probably some sort of stretching device.



The Pit: Never before have fans witnessed the like.

How's this? Take a space the size of 1,782 acres for starters. Throw in fifteen Kwik Shops, sixteen Amigo's, one Burger King, and two Julio's. Add a state-of-the-art Barber Shoppe owned by Gary Bohlander. Add three art galleries (for the ladies), one Wet 'n' Wild Water Park, and thirty-six Holes of Championship Golf.

Not enough?

Okay, how about three malls (two Lauren stores, one Gap), a Tower Record Store, and a private catering services provided by

roof.

All these added features! Whew!

As for the rest of the Dome, expect pretty much the same picture as it is now. Rumors of a parquet floor were circulating, but fans are sick of the team's strange appeal for the white players.

Beranek, a moderately good-looking sophomore from Port Saint Lucie, Florida, also relieved the thousands on hand at the press conference by letting them know that Mark Miller will not bypass his final year of eligibility and will stay on as a Witnessing Warrior for at least one more

Our thanks to Peter Morris for bringing the dream of a new Thunderdome to this fabulous visionary reality!

