

The CLOCKTOWER



Vol 63, No. 8

Union College Student Newspaper

December 8, 1988

Byard "The Duke II" Endures True Grit



Byard Parks
Foreign Correspondent

Sleeping outside by a fire on a lump is not fun. If only John Wayne, my all-time hero, had been a pastry chef or ballet dancer, he could have saved me much agony and hardship in following his example. Unfortunately, John never attempted Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" or toasted even one strudel, and so there I laid on the ground on a lump. I wished for the sounds of a clanking coffee pot so I could gruffly holler out, "Hey Cooky, make me some strong, black stuff." That would complete my mental picture of sleeping in the cactus and listening to the coyotes as I watched for rustlers. As I was sketching this picture out in my mind, I felt something moving up the side of my face. Fresh from entertaining visions of rattle snakes and Indians, my right arm lurched into the air and slapped me hard across my right cheek. "Yowwwwwyyyyyyyy!!!" Never again would I so unwittingly fall victim to that mosquito ploy. And the night wore on.

As I lay on the jungle floor, I pondered the events that had brought me to such a situation. A group of us had grossly overloaded a boat and had gone out to an island outside of the reef with a knowledgeable Pohnpein guide. We planned on spending one night and then returning. However, on turning homeward we found the ocean to be quite rough. Our Pohnpein friend thought it best to push the boat directly into the waves at the reef's edge. The six-foot waves were too much, and our boat flooded and nearly sank right there, so we were forced to retreat. We made it to another small

island to spend the night. Only one family lived on the island, and with gracious hospitality, they offered us unlimited ground space with their five children and thirteen pigs. My, how this pleased our boat driver who eagerly grabbed his bed roll. I, however, was more fascinated with the thought that the etymology of the phrase "pig-in-a-blanket" might very well be traced back to a similar vent.

Finding a spot in the jungle, we decided to try and make supper, "grub," as any real cow poke would call it. And grub it was. We poured rain water over some pancake mix and scrambled it in a frying pan until it had quick-sand-like consistency. I took hold of a clump and tucked it under my tongue. It wriggled its way free and headed on down my throat. Now, a mystery to modern science is the radioactive decay and half-life of pancake batter. For as sure as anything, when that grub reached midway down in my esophagus, it turned to lead. Heavier than a bucket of horseshoes, it stuck there, making me extremely top-heavy, and I was wobbling all over the place. After 12 pounds of leadcakes, I fell over. No chance of moving, I decided that was where I would make camp.

I found I was lying on a lump, and misery soon followed. Picking up my one sheet, I reasoned that the sandy beach would surely be more comfortable. Walking to the beach, I bound myself up tightly until I couldn't move and toppled over onto the beach. But with every movement sand would filter inside my cocoon. It really began to bother me. Surely John Wayne never encountered this "True Grit." It felt as if I had all "The Sands of Iwo Jima" in my bed. In an uncoordinated, angry effort, I leapt up, as dedicated to the effort as if wrestling with a grizzly bear, and fiercely shook out the

sand. A host of coconut watched in awe at the struggle and my triumph over the sheet. I turned and growled at them; I am sure it was from pure fright that they fled. Winding myself up again, I began to doze off when something nudged at my feet. Then it pushed my foot so hard my knee bent up to my chest. Thinking it was someone rather than something, I poked my head out. There, grunting in front of me, was a huge, ugly, black and white pig, poking me with his gooey snout! Oooh, this made me mad, so I heaved several crabs at him to show my disapproval. It didn't seem to dampen his spirits any; he went skipping and snorting down the beach.

After sleeping for a while, I surfaced to half consciousness to realize something was definitely bedded down with me. It was soft and warm and nestled right in the wrinkle of my belly. I lifted half of my shroud with one hand, and the moonlight poured in. "YIKES! A Rat!" I must have fainted dead away because nothing could rouse me except morning when I found myself floundering in the water in the midst of high tide.

I am happy to say that the ocean, although not calm, did grant us safe passage back home. I am not so happy to say that during the journey 12 pounds of leadcakes went over the starboard side (how embarrassing).

Well, Pilgrim, signing off, this is Foreign Correspondent, Byard Parks, saying, "Adios."





Tony Young
Editor

Merry Christmas. I'm sorry if you've had it up to the gills with all this Christmas hoopla. I just have to write about it. I know. Christmas has become terribly commercialized, and the season seems to last forever (between pre-Christmas sales and post-Christmas close-outs, we have just enough time to celebrate the 4th of July before it starts all over again). But besides all the hype, Christmas is still the best holiday around.

The Clocktower

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The Clocktower is a bi-monthly publication of the ASB. It is a forum for student oriented news and opinion. All letters, personals, stories, poems and loose change should be in our mailbox by Friday at 12 noon for inclusion the following week. 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. All letters and personals must bear the name of the author. The Clocktower reserves the right to trash letters and personals which are felt to slander any person, race, organization or religion.

Look around - houses, trees, fences, telephone poles, stop lights - everything is lit up, wrapped or decorated in some way. No other holiday commands such attention. Sure, the Fourth brings out patriotism and flags fly from sea to shining sea, but the excitement doesn't start until about a week or so before the actual holiday. Christmas hype begins only slightly after Thanksgiving hype starts. But that's okay with me. There is just a good mood to the Christmas season. The music especially helps to set the happy holiday mood. I have to say I love the Christmas songs. Normally I leave the muzak stations for elevators and my parents, but when Christmas rolls around, I find my hand sneaking to turn the dial to any station that plays Christmas carols. Call me sentimental, but I just think everyone's mood brightens during the holidays. Forget the crowded shopping malls and the impatient shoppers. Focus more on the faces of passers-by. There seems to be an entirely different attitude. Complete strangers no longer walk on by looking straight ahead. Instead, they look the other person straight in the eye and say a hearty, "Merry Christmas." What causes this turnaround in behavior? Why do people act so differently during one month of the year? I think it is an optimistic desire within all of us for the good of others. We want to believe that for once, good will triumph. I think you could say this attitude helped to start the legend of Santa Claus.

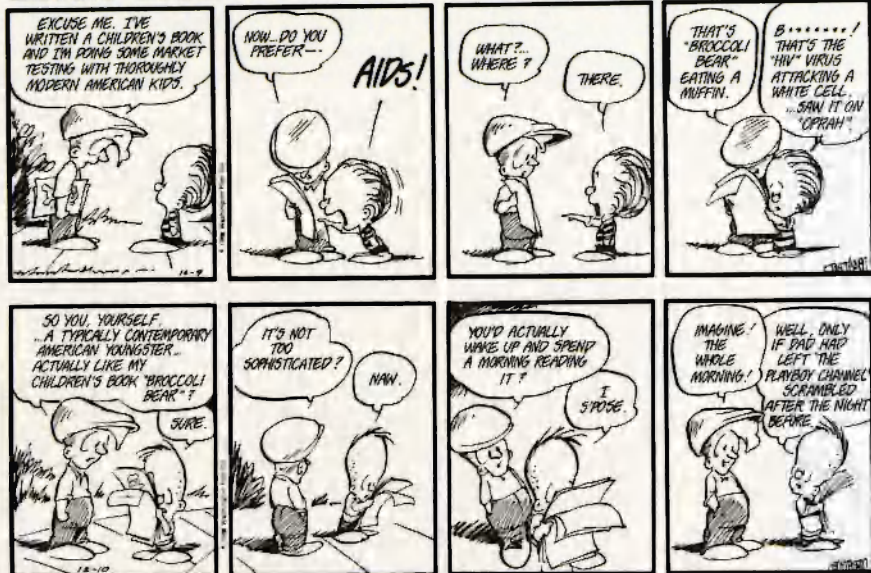
Speaking of Old Saint Nick, how

many of you really believed in Santa when you were young? I am not embarrassed to say I did. I tend to think that Santa is not a communist plot or a papal ploy to rid Christmas of its religious aspect. Rather, I feel Santa is a worthy addition to the holiday. It gives the younger children a chance to believe in someone when they cannot fully understand the story of Christ. I am not saying the old guy couldn't use a little refining. Children should not get the idea that they can simply ask and receive whatever they want. Still, overall, the legend is not only good for the holiday, but good for the child in all of us.

Enough about Christmas. Let's take on the next holiday, New Year's. Talk about commercialization. Everyone around the world parties down. And what for? It's just another night like any other night. Allright, I give in. New Year's is an extremely fun holiday. Parties at night, and football the entire next day. What more could a male student ask for? Only one thing bothers me about New Year's Eve. Why did they change the ball that falls in New York to a big apple. Sure, it is a symbol of the city, but my goodness, just because they officially start America's new year, that does not give them the right to sponsor it. But I am in too good of a mood to worry about it. I am looking forward to going home for the holidays. And so I wish all of you a very, Merry Christmas and a fun-filled, Happy New Year. See you all next year.

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



DECEMBER

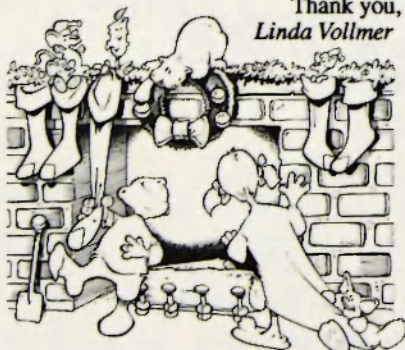
Broken-hearted

Being essentially and secretly a poet at heart, I truly look forward to each new issue of *The Clocktower*. The writing is always clever, if not exclusively accurate, and (foolishly, perhaps) it warms me to discover that nothing has really changed the last 15 years since I was in College! (No editorial comment, please.) Evidently cafe food and required worships will always be the target of maturing minds.

Before I share the very teensy-weensy piece of my mind that I can afford to spare, let me say I found the last editorial inspiring and, finally, amusing. Inspiring in its enthusiasm to "go American" and support the democratic privilege to vote, but amusing that this editorial staff would suggest a mandatory anything given the present proliferation of protestations regarding the type and number of already required expectations! To each his own, I guess, except when it becomes a part of a whole and should expect obeisance to the obvious.

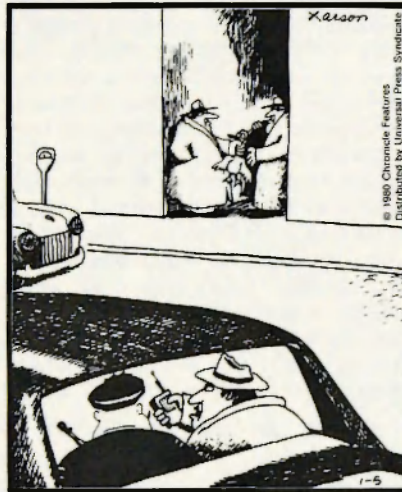
Now, I've been told by minds wiser than mine (they probably don't give away pieces like I do) to leave well-enough alone and resist replying to culinary issues in the paper. Okay. So, just a suggestion for the "What's Cool and What's Not" or whatever column. You can take or leave Gummy Boogers or Sundance Sparklers, but please, on my knees, it is uncool to scribble anything on public surfaces. I thoroughly enjoy my work at the Deli and take pride in developing a new and working-on wonderful look and menu selection, so why or who would scribble Hoyet, Brian H., Jim, beer, KJ (hopefully that's all) on a commissioned piece of art intended for YOUR pleasure—well, it does, it breaks my heart. Please, let's all take pride in what we do have and are, even when it may fall short of the mark, and preserve the good and flush the foolishness.

Thank you,
Linda Vollmer



THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"All units prepare to move in! ...
He's givin' him the duck now!"

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Campus Paperback Bestsellers

1. **The Essential Calvin and Hobbes**, by Bill Waterson (Andrews & McMeel, \$12.95) More Calvin & Hobbes cartoons.
2. **Beloved**, by Toni Morrison (Plume/NAL, \$8.95) Profoundly affecting chronicle of slavery and its aftermath.
3. **Tales to Tickle to Tell**, by Berke Breathed (Little, Brown, \$7.95) More of *Bloom County*.
4. **The Power of Myth**, by Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers (Doubleday, \$19.95) How mythology illuminates stages of life.
5. **Kaleidoscope**, by Danielle Steel (Dell, \$5.50) A lawyer's quest to find and reunite three sisters.
6. **Love, Medicine & Miracles**, by Bernie S. Siegel (Perennial, \$8.95) The importance of a patient's state of mind.
7. **Night of the Crash-Test Dummies**, by Gary Larson (Andrews & McMeel, \$6.95) *Far Side* cartoons.
8. **The Far Side Gallery 3**, by Gary Larson (Andrews & McMeel, \$10.95) Selected cartoons from three previous collections.
9. **Presumed Innocent**, by Scott Turow (Warner, \$5.95) A blood-chilling, accurate depiction of the criminal justice system.
10. **Heaven and Hell**, by John Jakes (Dell, \$8.95) The lives of two families after the Civil War.

Illustrated by The Chronicle of Higher Education from information supplied by college stores throughout the country, November 13, 1988.

New & Recommended

A personal selection of Jean Ann Orsborn, Colorado College Bookstore, Colorado Springs

Chaos, by James Gleick (Penguin, \$8.95) Records the birth of a new science and offers a way of seeing order where formerly only chaos had been observed.

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An American Unionite In London

Stacy Harper
S.M.

I say, old chaps...Greetings from London! As I write this letter and glance out my window, unlike Carolyn Bradley, I cannot see the ocean or any bushmen, Byard, but I do see...wait! Could it be? Yes, it is! It's the ice cream man! I can hear his van playing "Jingle Bells." (Someone needs to tell him it's not Christmas yet.)

Anyway, it's been quite exciting to hear about all of the other S.M.'s experiences, so I thought I'd join them and put in my two "pence" worth in about this part of the world. The city life of London has been quite a new adjustment for this country-bumpkin. I've had a few "hair-raising" experiences, such as getting stuck in a tunnel on the "tube" (English for subway). I wanted to ask the woman beside me if she was as frightened as I was—but one look at her purple hair standing on end told me she must be horrified. Since then, I've seen several more people like her who must have had the same harrowing experience...with lasting effects. Also, one trip to Picadilly Square at night convinced me that Africa is not the only place with a wild jungle and strange and colorful creatures. Even in my own home I've had some close calls. I narrowly escaped losing an arm one morning while fighting off the four crazed women I live with for a turn in the SINGLE, SOLITARY bathroom we all "share" in this house. Enough of that. Each school day is quite an experience in itself! Every morning I turn the corner, race under the tunnel full of roosting pigeons (no lingering beneath there) and complete my ten minute walk to school. The school has about 300 students total, 63 of whom are in the Junior School where three other teachers and myself instruct nine- to eleven-year-olds. We teach in a room the size of two Union College classrooms put together, so there is barely enough room to walk between desks. Teachers' stools, placed at various points around the room are treasured like gold for tired feet. When two separate lessons are given on opposite sides of the room, the place turns into a three-ring circus with four teachers playing ringmas-

ters! It is WILD, let me tell you.... I've got world-champion vocal chords by now. I wouldn't trade it for anything, though! I praise God that we have as many children as we do, two-thirds of whom are non-Adventists! It truly is a mission school, and I can see God's hand clearly working in it! Each day the staff meet for worship and ask God for wisdom to guide each child. I ask for a double dose of help to do my best while I'm here. I can sympathize with Stephanie Huset who said in her letter that it's easy to get discouraged sometimes and to MISS UNION more than you ever dreamed you could. But God has placed each one of us carefully where we should be, whether it's in the

library of Union College, or on the beaches of Majuro, or in the heart of London. I just thank Him for the opportunity of being here and being able to share a new experience with people from a different walk of life but with a common faith and goal. Well, time to say "goodbye" for now. I have just enough time to catch the ice-cream man and grab a double-dipper! (It's not quite like Goodrich, but it will do for this Chocoholic!) I have much more I could tell you, but perhaps another time. For now, remember you're in my thoughts and prayers every day. I love to hear from you—so keep in touch!

Love,
Stacy Harper.

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And it came to pass, that there went out a decree from my son's preschool, that all teachers should be taxed to their emotional limits by having their students put on Christmas programs.

And this decree was first made when Virginia Sokol was teaching my son's class at Highland Christian School.

And all went to the stage to practice, everyone in his own little world, including Joseph, who wore red high-tops and a semi-punk hairdo.

And I also went unto the school, in the city of Bellevue, Washington, for I had vowed to watch these rehearsals and the final performance, even if holiday traffic was the pits.

And with Mrs. Sokol were two assistants, who were great with patience, even during the first rehearsal, when, in the middle of "Away in the Manger," an angel said unto them, "Teacher, I'm tired of standing."

And so it was that, while these 4-year-olds were there, Mrs. Sokol brought forth the script for the program in the fellowship hall; because there was no room for the program in their classroom, being as they had recently packed Christmas presents for their parents using millions of those white polystyrene plastic chips, and the place looked like a scene from the movie, "Avalanche."

And there were in the same fellowship hall shepherds abiding on the stage, keeping watch over their jingle bells, because they were to be used later in the program. And for 4-year-old shepherds, jingle bells are infinitely more fun than wooden staffs because they make noise, and to misplace them is a major bummer.

Besides the shepherds, also abiding were Adam and Eve, Noah, and three sets of animals from the ark. This was no ordinary Christmas program, you see, but

more of a Cliffs Notes of Biblical History.

And, lo, the first rehearsal came upon them, and I was sore afraid because a) there was a near riot when the jingle bells were passed out (everyone wanted blue); b) Noah and Eve were flirting, which wasn't going over big with Adam; and c) Joseph was so in tune to this historical reenactment that he spent most of the time stretching his lower lip forward with both hands in the apparent attempt to make a suitable landing pad for a small helicopter.

And as the rehearsals continued, one of the angels started to take off his rugby shirt, and Noah got his hand stuck in his pocket, and the ark nearly capsized, and Joseph missed a practice because of the flu.

And Mrs. Sokol said unto me, "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. For unto you this day in the city of Bellevue, has been given one of the smoother practices, based on fiascoes we've had in the past like the time two staff-wielding shepherds tried to re-create the Luke Skywalker/Darth Vader battle scene."

But, verily she reminded me, "The children before you have their hearts in the right place, even if one of the rabbits from the ark occasionally gets mixed in with the three kings."

And seeing the wonder of the rehearsals, I figured this shall be a sign unto the parents that the final performance is going well: Ye shall find your babes wrapped in bathrobes and standing on the stage, none of them picking their noses and each of their zippers up.

And, suddenly, there was a multitude of nervous parents and teachers flitting around as if backstage before a Broadway performance of "Hello Dolly," and a multitude of angels and shepherds and kings saying, "Teacher, I have to go to the bathroom." And, lo, I knew it was show time.

And it came to pass, as the parents exited backstage to be seated and refocus their camcorders, that Adam, in so many words, said that it was going to take more than the lure of an apple to get him out on that stage. And he wept.

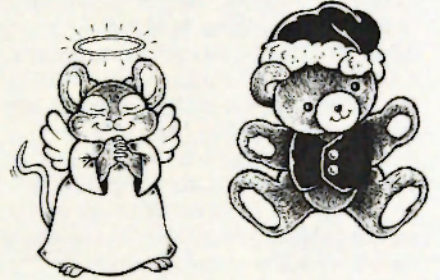
And, lo, a voice from afar comforted him, saying, "Hey, nifty outfit; not even the real Adam had thongs."

And another voice, this one from a panicked mother who had arrived with her plain-clothed child, came down from above, saying, "Oh, no, the kids weren't

supposed to come in costumes today, were they?"

And then Noah spake, saying, "Aren't I supposed to have a mustache and beard or something?"

Then Mrs. Sokol beckoned the children, saying, "Let us now go unto the fellowship hall and smile big smiles for your families."



And Adam wept no more, settling, instead, for grim-faced defiance.

And when they had come to the place beneath the star, and stood each on his piece of masking tape, Mrs. Sokol rejoiced with exceedingly great joy, as if she had just helped a party of climbers to the top of Mount Everest, and said to the audience, "You don't realize this, but you have just witnessed a miracle."

And those who had come unto the stage found the babe in the manger with Mary, who looked as if she would rather be anywhere else than in this manger, say, doing wind sprints in Death Valley in late August.

Meanwhile, Joseph was delayed, having tripped on his shoelaces and fallen flat on his face while going up the steps.

And they brought forth a gift, a birthday cake with three candles, which Mary blew out in only three puffs.

And they sang, each in his own key, a multitude of songs, including "Happy Birthday" to Jesus.

And, suddenly, a sound of great joy resounded from on high. For the audience was fervently clapping, having realized that their children in all their innocence and imperfection had proclaimed to the world the perfect Christmas message: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men.

And, lo, at least one such parent felt a lump in his throat and asked himself: When was the last time I did as much?

By Bob Welch
reprinted from *Focus On the Family*



Breathless Students Become Fit For Life



Jodi McKellip
Staff Writer

Diana Perez swings her bag over her shoulder and heads for the dorm. "I can't believe how much more energy I've had since I started going." Diana started going to the aerobics classes held nightly at the Lifestyle Center. "I started going because I wanted to get in shape, but I didn't know it would have such an affect on my attitude and my energy level."

Jennifer McCollum, a freshman at Union, has also been attending the classes. "I think it's important to get into a regular habit of going. I feel better about myself when I'm attending regularly."

The classes, which began the first week of October, are held Sunday through Thursday from 7:00 - 8:00 p.m. They are taught by students from Union: Lisa Rasmussen, Kim Deutsch, and Jennifer Denny.

Lisa Rasmussen began teaching aerobics this summer while completing an internship. She says she really enjoys teaching the classes: "It keeps me exercising and will help me get a job after I graduate." She also enjoys the students who come to class. Around ten to thirteen attend regularly with a few who only attend once in a while. Kim Deutsch and Jennifer Denny began teaching while attending high school.

When asked if they felt the student teachers were well qualified, both Diana and Jennifer replied enthusiastically.

Shoot For The Stars

The Hyde Memorial Observatory is open to the general public every Saturday evening from 7:00-10:00 p.m. To schedule other viewing times for groups of twenty or more, call 471-7960 on weekdays between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m.

On Saturdays, two slide programs alternate throughout the evening, each lasting about twenty minutes. There are three telescopes available for your viewing pleasure. Knowledgeable volunteers are on duty to assist you with viewing and to answer your questions. Visits to Hyde Memorial Observatory are free.

"They're really energetic and positive. You can tell they enjoy what they're doing," said Jennifer. Diana said, "They're really understanding and willing to explain things. Because I know them and see them around school, I feel really comfortable with them. I don't feel intimidated by them."

The classes begin with ten minutes of stretching and warming up, then twenty minutes of aerobics, twenty minutes of toning exercises, and ten minutes cooling down.

Sue Aldred, the office manager of the Larson Lifestyle Center, said the classes were started because of a need for student and staff exercise and general fitness. The classes are only for students and staff of Union College, and there is no charge. "I always wanted to go to aerobics, but they were always too expensive and too far away. But now that they're right here at school, and they're free, it's much more convenient," said one exerciser.

The term "aerobic" means "living in air" or "utilizing oxygen." Aerobic exercises refer to those activities that require oxygen for prolonged periods and place such demands on the body that is required to improve its capacity to handle oxygen.

As a result of aerobic exercise, there are beneficial changes that occur in the lungs, the heart, and the vascular system. More specifically, regular exercise of this type enhances the ability of the body to move air into and out of the lungs; the total blood volume increases, and the blood becomes better equipped to transport oxygen.

The reaction of aerobic classes at Union has been positive. Aldred reports a good turnout, and the program will be continued next semester. "The biggest problem we have is that one class doesn't service everybody, so we're in the process of planning a low-impact aerobic class and a toning class to add to the program." The class may also be offered at various times. Another class being considered is one for staff only in case they do not feel comfortable exercising with the students.

All who were interviewed encouraged both students and staff to attend. "It's a great way to balance everything that keeps me busy at school," said Perez. Another exerciser exclaimed, "I never thought I'd say it but it's a great study break. I can give my brain a rest and work on the rest of me!"



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Lasers Highlight Superb Evening

The lights were dim. Dinner music floated through the room. The aroma of eggplant parmesan and linguini wafted to each nostril. I seated my date, prepared a roll, and dropped a pad of butter in my lap. Oh, joy...(just joking). Everything went beautifully (at least I haven't heard any complaints yet). For those of you who missed out on the A.S.B. Christmas dinner and Laser Show, that's about all I have to say: you missed out.

Dinner consisted of a variety of fresh vegies, fruit, greenbeans, marinated mushrooms, carrots, etc. It was delightful. My compliments to the Hilton. After dinner, everyone commuted to Mueller Planitarium and witnessed a laser show put to such Christmas classics as Mannheim Steamroller and the Nutcracker Suite. With the exception of the laser man running off at the mouth a wee bit, it was an exciting show.

Thanks to all who came. I trust everyone had an enjoyable evening. Have a Merry one, and may you get no coal in your stockings. And remember to put out the fire Christmas Eve so Santa doesn't burn his buns.

See you next year!

Matt Pfeiffer
A.S.B. Social V.P.



Concert Winds Play to Packed House

Mr. Hall wasn't going to Disney World like winning quarterbacks in the Super Bowl do after they have directed a stirring performance, but he was easily satisfied.

"I'm going to Spaghetti Works," Mr. Hall said with a smile glued to his face.

His band, or is it a symphony now that it has acquired a string bass played whole-heartedly by Ms. Dick, had just given a spirited performance to a holiday hopeful audience of about 250 fans.

"Yeah..they're fans," junior percussionist and my girlfriend, Jodi McKellip, confirmed. "They wouldn't buy world tour concert winds Amnesty shirts, but they showed-up and showed appreciation. That's the important thing."

The band rocked the auditorium faithfully with twelve terrific tunes, including a rousing rendition of "Here Comes Santa Claus." During the powerful piece, good old St. Nick did indeed show up with a bag of candy that he hucked around to defenseless dentist-deranged children and

to the band. "It dented my trumpet," band president Gary Schliesner reported. "But that's okay; the whole occurrence was well worth that candy cane that is now permanently entrenched into my second valve. And to be president of such an organization and to somewhat lead out in some way is like...like...a William Shatner movie."

Seriously, the band played well as director and coach Mr. Hall put it, "We did a bang-up job!"

Maybe this will get us a collegiate bowl bid? Maybe not.

This is *Pete Luke*, the Concert Winds Correspondent.

Events

Campus Activities:

- Dec. 9 Christmas Concert Vespers: *Collegiate Chorale, Unionaires, Union Strings, Bell Ensemble* CVC 7:30 p.m.
- Dec. 12-15 Semester Exams
- Dec. 15 Christmas Break (after last exam)

Entertainment:

- Dec. 8-11 **Christmas Through the Ages** Indian Hills Community Church 7:30 p.m.
- Dec. 10-11 **A Christmas Carol** Howell Theatre 8 p.m. (also 3 p.m. Sunday)

- Dec. 8-11 **The Gifts of the Magi** Lincoln Community Playhouse 8 p.m.
- Dec. 9 **Holiday Fireworks** *New York Trumpet Ensemble* and *Anthony Newman*, organist First Plymouth Church 8 p.m.
- Dec. 11 **The Nutcracker Ballet Midwest Dance Company** in concert with *Lincoln Symphony Orchestra* Pershing Auditorium 2:30 and 7:30 p.m.

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SM's Adventurous Escapades

ERIK STENBAKKEN

...Life is busy here. More full than I could have ever imagined it could be and still remain alive. Do me a favor and enjoy college--it's better than you think.

...Take those assignments and multiply them by the 140 students that I teach EVERY DAY for a total of just above 400 pages of material for that week. Since I'm the teacher I get to grade them all!

...I've never seen such a group of people so laughable before. The smallest things are worth 10 minutes of solid laughter and screaming.

...We've got high mountains, steep cliffs and fertile valleys. The waterfalls here are something else. *Beautiful* is a lame word when describing them.

...I know that life is sometimes awfully busy, but just drop a little line once in a while. Pre-stamped post cards are only \$.15 at the bookstore.

...This is how I get my students involved. I think I'll try it on you. This is a test. Write in full sentences and organized paragraphs. Be careful of spelling and punctuation; however, your grade will be based largely on participation and thought. Please clear your desks now. Write your answers on a separate sheet of paper and mail them to:

*Erik Stenbakken
SDA School
P.O. Box 518
Kolonja, Pohnpei 96941*

1. My name is _____.
2. I am currently a _____ major (if it's changed or you've made up your mind).
3. The most fun thing that's happened this year is....
4. The most terrible thing that's happened this year is....
5. The dating situation is.... (this may have been covered in #4)
6. "Guess what, I've decided...."
7. I didn't write to you because...(no lame excuses accepted, If you forgot, just say so).
8. "I think you should know that..."
- 9-10. You may write your own questions and answer them.

...Think long and hard about "SM"ing before you do it. I don't know about elsewhere, but being a high school teacher in Pohnpei is no vacation. Pray hard, listen hard, and think hard. Drop a line sometime; mail sure is nice.

AARON HATFIELD

...The most common words heard coming from the people who are at our door are "Do you have some Medicine?"

...I decided that the \$150 should go to getting some more medicines; mainly cough medicine and deworming pills.

...You see, during this rainy season there are many mud slides that block the road every time it rains, so on the days that we are trapped the mail doesn't come and I think that they just throw that day's mail away.

...Hope all at school is going okay and that the Lord is blessing.

JEFF DEMING

...Yes, I'm still alive, suffering from a few concussions! Not really, but I constantly walk with my head ducked.

...I was going on the train, and in my haste forgot to duck my head and walloped it a good one on the top of the door. Well, that sent a laugh through the train and heard a couple of comments equivalent to "stupid".

...Spent four days with all the Japan Sm's for a staff retreat in the Japanese Alps.

...How's the Basketball Witness Team doing? Good luck. I have every confidence in all of you. If nothing else be assured you could beat the Japanese Nat'l team. Their center is 5'2".

...I'm still learning to play guitar, and now I'm starting to learn to read Japanese.

...Getting tired of rice and seaweed and raw fish. Even the Deli of Cafe would be really nice.

...So if anyone could send me a recipe for scrambled eggs, it would be a nice addition.

...Our evangelistic series will be starting soon with the theme "Why should I be a Christian" geared to business men.

...I'm thankful to the Lord for leading me here, and I'm also thankful to represent and be apart of the wonderful UC family.

...II Cor. 12:9, Isa. 40:29-31.

JAMES POTTER

...I was sent to Tayeon where Steve Smith and James Arkusinski went.

...I got to go to the Olympics.

...Sterling and I were at Kebo bookstore in Seoul and were looking for things to buy. KBS, a Korean news station, came and filmed us. I was on the news at 9:00 p.m. Friday night. Many students saw me on the news.

...One of the students in my English class and in a Bible class was baptized and we were all very happy.

...I really enjoy hearing from each of you. May God bless each and everyone of you.

S.M.'s continued on pg. 9

Rocky Mountain Youth Department Needs:

- 5 to 8 Task Force Youth Pastors
(Male & Female) ages 18 and older
- 9 to 14 Staff for Glacier View Ranch
(Male & Female) ages 18 and older
- 2 1-Year Contract Task Force Youth Pastors (Male & Female)

★ Apply right away to Pastor Ron by Dec. 25, 1988, to be considered for the 1989 summer season of employment.

★ Applications are available at the Chaplain's Office

★ Send applications to: Pastor Ron Whitehead
2520 South Downing St.
Denver, Colorado 80210

Only 17 Days to Go!

Sacred Concert Set to End Year

Final exams, late night studying and major projects weigh heavily on students' minds just before the end of the first semester. The chance to hear special Christmas songs and the story of Christ's birth will bring the glow of the Christmas spirit to them and ease the stress that fills their minds.

To bring this welcome feeling to the students, Union College's Collegiate Chorale, Unionaires, Bell Ensemble and Union Strings will perform a sacred Christmas Concert at the College View Church on Friday, December 9, at 7:30 p.m.

Dr. Dan Lynn, associate professor of Music, will direct the music for the program. He says the program, which is a series of readings about the birth of Jesus interspersed with songs, will follow the theme "Lessons in Festivals and Carols." Carols by John Rutter, and other contemporary English composers, and old favorites from all eras will be featured.

This program will be a change of pace and a relaxing way to start celebrating Christmas.

By Valerie Woolford

S.M.'s Continued from pg. 8

NETA CAROTHERS

...Yes, we are all still alive here on our beautiful tropical island.

...Went to Ant Island for a vacation.

...We snorkled, collected shells, enjoyed peacefulness, and slept under thatched roof shelter.

...A storm came during the night, so we couldn't leave but were stranded on the island. Our second attempt to leave the next day, we succeeded, but only among huge waves. All through the experience we were praying.

...Now that the initial culture shock is over, I am beginning to enjoy the people and the surroundings more. I do think often of you all back at Union!! I MISS YOU!

...Receiving mail from the college is very good, and knowing that we are not forgotten in your thoughts and prayers helps!

...Enjoy the snow for us, and we'll enjoy the warm summer days that are always here. Take care and God bless.

REMEMBER THEM WITH LOVE... AND HALLMARK CHRISTMAS CARDS!



Use this handy checklist while shopping for family and friends —

- Parents
- Husband/Wife
- Children
- Brothers/Sisters
- Aunts/Uncles
- Nieces/Nephews
- Grandparents/Grandchildren
- Letter Carrier
- Minister
- Neighbors and Friends



Union College Bookstore

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Ma & Pa Kettle
American Gothic

The Grapevine's Gossip Continues to Spread

Since obviously Prescott and Rees have failed in their attempt to make the Grapevine funny and understandable, we, the village students, have taken upon ourselves this grave undertaking. Due to this lack of understanding in previous articles, we are naming the people we slam. Buckle-up, put your safety goggles on, 'cuz the avacado's about to hit the fan.

First of all, let's begin with what's hot and what's not. **HOT:** Village, someone else's ex-, domestic automobiles, dark hair and brown eyes (men), no hair spray, no longer homeless, miniskirts, brunettes with green eyes (girls), giving to others, **KNOTS**, 49-ers, real turkey breath, size 38 hips and up, toys instead of clothes for Christmas, mile-long jogs at Holmes, peas and carrots, big dogs, big parties, adventures, creative women, heroes, silky legs, and sweet personalities.

NOT HOT: 4th floor Rees, your own ex-, Mom and Dad's Mercedes, cats (white Persian), jeans rolled up to the knees, wannabe's of 5th, Murray Cox, vesper dates, movie dates, vesper movie dates, erroneously tight spandex, engagements, **KFRX**, turtlenecks, high school girls, red imports, PVA graduates, brown nosing in Tax, **COBOL**, overgrown Billy Idol, balding Prescott boys, deli inhabitants, easy chic, Sooner fans, long and dull phone calls, holding hands in public, weekend trips to Colorado.

Now for the hottest gossip on campus. Ask Stan about fat chics, ask Jon about wedding bells, ask Denise "Why?" Is there going to be a red car family? Ask Mark about the dimples on the back of Kim's legs. By the way Kenny Martin, what number girl are you on now? Has Todd caught up yet? Expect prices to go up in the cafeteria due to employee cancellation. Thanks, Pat! Looks like Great Scott's got a man and is doing well. Now that Lisa and Darin are smiling, maybe Linda and Danny will take lessons and smile also.

Anita Gregerson can be seen daily stuffing fries in her nose while singing "A Pretty Girl..." Catch the show from 12:30-1:30 at your local Burger King on 48th and Van Dorn. You won't want to miss it.

By the way, we saw you parking at Holmes.

Jason Munstertiger, be careful of vengeful deans. Does Laura Shelton need to explain the KC connection? Who was Tim Chapman seen holding hands with at Cinderella? Who was his date seen holding hands with? Mick Hieb and Kim Contreras were seen in each other's company, could this be a possible love connection?

Keeping in the tradition with previous issues, we've picked one female and one male to be chosen as the persons to ask out. These candidates were picked because of their personalities, kindness, and the number of second glances - in that order. They are (drum roll please...) Shannon Fordyce and Darin Horst. Congratulations and happy dating.

Union College's most commonly asked questions:

1. Why are the deli lines long?
2. How much did the Rees Hall door mats cost?
3. Why me, God?
4. Does Tammy Johnson still change in front of the window?
5. Why doesn't Trevor Mahlum wear white?
6. Can Kenny Bacon get a date?
7. Will Kelly find a man?
8. Why did the dips become bumps?
9. Why aren't worship credits required for church?
10. Will the Kazoo band meet its doom?
11. Why is Bob Dylan still singing?
12. Why do women like motorcycle rides?
13. Why is Bush President-elect?
14. Who's the janitor who looks like Sean Penn?
15. Why doesn't Tim Chapman get a hair cut?
16. Will Dr. Nowak's voice change?

(Answers on page 13)

We surveyed 50 UC men and women to see what they wanted for Christmas. The guys had many diversified wants, but the girls were very concise in their choice of gifts. The top ten for each came in this order:

MEN:

1. CENSORED
2. Obsession for men
3. Train set
4. Sports Illustrated
5. A Vacation

6. A Radar Detector
7. Paid-for Auto
8. Whoopie Cushions
9. Complete Star Wars Doll Set
10. A Real Lady

WOMEN:

1. A Millionaire
2. Kids
3. Clothes
4. Perfume
5. A Lawn Dart Set
7. Patio Furniture
8. Money From Home
9. Ford Pinto (with sun roof)
10. Electric Razor

Since all the women have been complaining on how boring men are, here are a few suggestions for a creative date:

See Dickens' A Christmas Carol. The lights at the Rocaby farm, play Jacks on the highway, see the Fresh Aire concerts in Omaha, go sledding at Pioneers, make pancakes in the park, hang glide from the Capitol, miss the SAA annual Christmas tree lighting, Old Market celebration (Omaha), play hide and seek, build a dirt man (since you can't build a snowman), and finally have a rousing game of horse shoes.

In an effort to make this interesting, we've insulted a good portion of UC friends and acquaintances. Please take it seriously. A press conference will be held for further questions in the atrium men's bathroom at 6:30, December 31. If rained out, rescheduling will be posted.

Can you identify the people in this picture? They were last seen in a small church in North Dakota. Rumor has it that they are now on UC campus.



How to Survive the Xmas Money Pit

'Tis the season for holiday gifts, goodies and good cheer! Many Americans make the season bright by buying more things on credit. Not surprisingly, credit purchases increase dramatically during the holiday shopping season.

Today it is totally acceptable to use credit to buy things you want, provided you plan for repayment of your debts. You have to know your limits and avoid taking on more than you can afford. The following tips from American Bankers Association will help you start your New

Year with financial peace of mind.

Start by creating a budget for holiday expenses. Budgeting will allow you to make the most of your income—large or small!

One key to successful budgeting is anticipating all possible personal and household expenses. During the holidays you may be spending money on a lot more than just gifts. Don't forget family feasts, parties, unexpected houseguests and miscellaneous items such as wrapping paper, decorations, cards, and postage. You'll be spending more on food, clothing and personal items. Be sure to budget for these expenses before you begin setting aside money for gifts.

And don't forget to give yourself a present this holiday season. Start socking away some of your paycheck in a savings account. Consumers should set aside at least five percent of take-home pay for savings.

Credit cards provide great convenience and a chance to stretch out payments. But

if you plan to buy on credit this holiday season, establish limits based on your budget and keep them in mind.

Many consumers are turning to home equity loans for low interest rates and flexible repayment terms. The American Bankers Association recommends that consumers use home equity loans carefully and cautions that they may not be right for every purpose.

What do you do if you find yourself overextended? Contact your creditors immediately—they may be able to work out an alternate repayment plan. Avoiding payment of your bills will only harm your credit rating and make it harder for you to get credit in the future.

You should also contact your local nonprofit consumer credit counseling service. They can help you make a budget or develop a plan to work your way out of financial difficulty. If anyone encourages you to declare bankruptcy as an "easy way out," think again. Bankruptcy will stay on your record for ten years.

The holiday season is a time of good cheer. Wise use of credit can help ring in a happy and prosperous New Year.

The Ultimate Christmas Shopping List

'Tis the season to be shopping, at least that's what they tell me anyway. With the amount of moolah I have available this year, I can only dream about the gifts I would send.

If I had all the money and power this world could offer, this would be my Christmas gift list for the '88 Christmas season.

The Basketball Witness Team would receive a 6'8" center with the ability to score at least 20 points per game. This player would be able to tolerate 20 kazooos and an autoharp playing throughout the game.

I would give the Ella Cranston Memorial Library an electronic food and beverage surveillance system. This system would hopefully discourage any would-be criminals from bringing food and drink into the library and put an end to the massive cockroach infestation problems forever in the library.

Tom Leatherman would receive a free invitation to join the political party with a future.

N.A.Y.D.C.M. would get an acronym that would fit on their mailing envelopes.

To Hinky Dinky Super Markets and their repulsive Sara Thompson advertisements, I would give a new ad director.

Computer Services would receive a

phone system where students could make off-campus long distance calls without dialing 3,430 numbers before getting a ring.

Our campus squirrels would receive free passes to the next weight watchers convention.

To the Denver Broncos, I would give a schedule comprised of playing Detroit and Tampa Bay on alternate weeks all the way through the season. Just maybe they would end up with a .500 record.

To the Vikings I would give a schedule comprised of any team other than Detroit and Tampa Bay. Maybe they could end up with a .500 record.

I would give Union College a parking garage with tunnel access to the major buildings on campus.

My final gift this year would go to the clocktower. If it's going to wake me up every morning with its beautiful chimes, at least try to tune it up a little, so how about some new chimes for the tower?

Well, my list is long and most gifts will have to be put on hold another year. May your Christmas shopping be successful and your holiday season a memorable one.

By Chris Gaines



Where Santa Shops For Christmas.



Pickles

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The Pros of Christmas

'Tis the season to be jolly. Ah, yea, that happy Christmasy feeling tingles through my toes as the tape blares festive tunes. This isn't the old Ene'. No, I've turned over a new leaf—of holly, that is.

I used to be the scrooge of scrooges, but no longer. This year is different.

Selectively I dig through my cookie cutters for the trees, bells, stars, and, ah, yes, the ginger bread man, not to mention my Charlie Brown Christmas cookie cutters. Laboriously I search my Betty Crocker cookbook for that perfect sugar cookie recipe and that spicy ginger recipe. Carefully I concoct my killer egg nog. I'll be a perfect holiday hostess (Any man looking for hostess qualities in a wife, take note).

At home, in Kansas City, I take over. My parents are going to Hawaii for Christmas, so I know I will be blessed with decorating the home. Lovingly, I tape Christmas cards to the black, cast iron staircase. Patiently, I put the tree together—it's a fake but has been good for fifteen years, so why not one more? Gently, I untangle the lights. My eyes sparkly with tears, I place the paper plate star on the top of the tree. To set the mood, I dig out my parents' Joan Baez Christmas album.

Now—my favorite part: wrapping gifts. This year I went with the true spirit of the season—homemade gifts (Hey, I'm poor). For my father, a poem decopaged on a piece of plywood. My mother deserves something special so placemats made by my own hands it is. And for my brother, a scarf knitted to keep his neck warm. Tenderly I wrap these precious parcels. Somehow, the paper and ribbons don't seem to be the hassle I remember.

Somehow Christmas isn't the hassle I remember. I guess I owe my happy outlook to Shannon, my beloved roommate. She began preparing me for the season well in advance with the Carpenter's Christmas tape. She'd tell me it was my attitude that was a problem, and she was right. Thanks, Shan. For you, the best gift ever—fruitcake (I got a good deal from a CVA senior).

By Ene' Beattie



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The Cons of Christmas or

Why Christmas and all its trimmings should be stuffed in a Hefty Cinch-sac and hurled to the depths of the nearest low-level radioactive waste dump.

There are three traditional arguments against Christmas, which are well known to most people.

First, there's the problem of materialism. Oh, that nasty, greedy, selfish spirit which everyone piously despises and of which all have a healthy helping.

Second is the problem of secularization. Christ, the real reason for Christmas, has been removed, evicted from His manger and replaced with shiny wrapping paper, blinking lights and alpine air freshener.

Thirdly, Christmas is pagan. Christ isn't the real reason for Christmas after all and holiday revelers and Christmas celebrants are, in fact, advocating a pagan lifestyle.

There are good, logical points to support all of the above reasons; more money is spent each year on Christmas decorations in most cities than on school improvements, Jesus was most likely not born in December, and fir trees decked with lights are connected loosely with pagan practices.

However, there is a fourth reason, perhaps a combination of all the others, which has not been given its fair turn in the spotlight.

Christmas is hyper-actively tasteless.

The Christmas spoken of here is the saccharin-coated, tinsel-bedecked, aerosol-snow-encrusted spirit of ill-will and commercialism which blazes like an uncontrolled furnace every year between

Halloween and Thanksgiving and will not be quenched before December the twenty-fifth.

The most obvious area of distaste is holiday media (television in particular). There is, it seems, no limit to the level of idiocy of which advertisers think the proletariat capable. The programing is ridiculous to a fault on its own (two-hour animated Holiday Special featuring "The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: Heros in a Half-Shell"). Yet Christmas advertising is truly the definition of the word insipid. Commercials at Christmas range in color and quality from local ads featuring small ugly children in reindeer suits lip-syncing to Bing Crosby, to national campaigns with myriads of happy, young, worry-free people sipping wine and nibbling cookies at endless parties.

The media is not the only place where Christmas is sordid. Shopping malls are very easily the most disagreeable spots to be in the last two months of the year.

Yet where is everyone when the snow begins to fall? At the mall, tripping over displays of slow moving elves that are coated with soap crystals and crepe hair, wading through lines of terrified children waiting to sit on the damp lap of Santa, and braving the increased decibels of holiday Muzak!

So into the streets flow the huddled masses of tired shoppers yearning to breathe freely and find their parking spots. When hark, above them appear a

great host of Christmas decorations lashed grimly to every lamppost and garbage can. Green, red, white and mud-colored frames in the shape of bells and pine trees sway in the winter breeze and shower all who pass under with pieces of broken tinsel and paper.

There are a few sparks of redemption in the flaming yuletide fire, such as the Christmas television tradition of The Grinch That Stole Christmas, and some Christmas stories like Chris Van Allsburg's Polar Express, and O. Henry's The Gift of the Magi. However, even these saving facets of Christmas are almost indiscernible under tons of torn wrapping paper, oceans of rich drink and food, and long years of Christmas television.

Yet, you might be surprised at the few simple pleasures which wait for almost all, free and unhurried every year in December. When was the last time you went sledding on a quiet hill in the country or watched birds feed in the snow? Have you ever turned off the TV and lights and watched the stars come out at night? Have you ever walked alone in a dusky snowfall, and stopped to hear individual snow flakes settle to earth?

You may be surprised to find that the true spirit of Christmas has no sound or sight at all.

By Trevor Mahlum

Answers to Grapevine Questions

1. Curiosity.
2. Obviously more than they are
3. You were chosen.
4. Show's nightly at 9:30 and 11:00.
5. Allergies.
6. No.
7. (sigh).
8. Mating season.
9. Don't worry, be happy.
10. Are Spock's ears pointed?
11. Did he ever start?
12. Censored!
13. His wife's good looks (sorry Quayle).
14. Jim Ritzer.
15. Because he wants to look like Cher.
16. When he hits puberty.

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Most peculiar, Sidney ... another scattering of Cub Scout attire."

**Christmas
Has
Rushed
In
Shouting
Tremulously,
Make way for
Santa Claus!
Always forgetting
Silent night.**

-Anonymous



Jodi McKellip
Feature Writer

Men's Liberation at Union

A few weeks ago I was sitting in the Deli with Chris Gaines and Tony Young quietly enjoying my 4,587th turkey hoagie and discussing popular subjects such as typography class and how long it takes to drive home, when all of a sudden we found ourselves caught up in the why-don't-people-get-involved-in-their-school topic. "Is it just me or have you noticed that it's predominantly male every time the A.S.B. officers march up to the stage at every convocation?" I asked. I was getting myself into something I would later regret. Yes, they both had noticed this and Chris, being an A.S.B. officer himself, said he was very aware of it. In fact even Senator McCarthy made some sly remark like, "Hey, you're all guys!" when he spoke at a convocation this fall. Well, stupidly and without thinking I volunteered myself to write an article for the paper on the subject of "Girls Getting Involved: The Reasons, The Problem." I thought this would be easy. I've always felt strongly about this and have noted in the last two years that the A.S.B. officers have been all male. Since that day I have been racking my brain as I went about my humble tasks as a Union College student, trying to find convincing reasons why this

seems to be a problem. But after hours of trying to find an answer, I finally gave in. Maybe they just don't care. I even bothered to ask a few people if they had noticed this characteristic, and they simply stared at me with glazed over eyes and said, "I don't know. I never noticed, never payed that much attention to the A.S.B." Hmmmm. So no one is paying any attention, male or female. And I realized that perhaps this is not just a gender problem. I vaguely remember last year's A.S.B. election ballots, but I seem to recall that a few of the offices only had one person on them. This did not give us much of a choice. And this year I noted that on the ballots for senate, many districts only had one candidate running.

So maybe you really don't care and don't want to get involved. Maybe you're content to keep busy with your own personal life, and that's fine. But if you've always wanted to "get involved" and be a part of things, then I'd like to take this opportunity to encourage you to do so. This year I ran for senate, and being the only candidate for my district, it was not hard for me to be elected. So far I have enjoyed being a part of senate. I feel as if I have the opportunity to make a difference in how things are done at this school and how I am affected as a student.

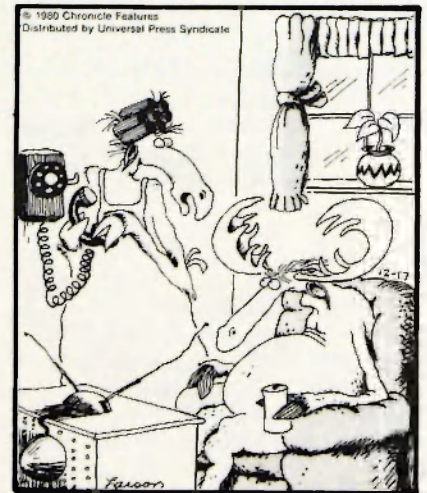
Obviously we cannot all be A.S.B. officers or senators or paper editors. But I believe that there are more students who would like to be involved and don't take

the opportunity when it comes along. It's easy to make excuses like, "No one knows me" or "I don't have time" or "I wouldn't know what to do if I won anyway." But these really are just excuses. A.S.B. elections are coming up in a few months and chances are most of us will choose not to run for an office. But to those of you who feel you could make a difference and would like to, Go For It. There's no way you'll know until you try.

Well, instead of writing my "Girls Getting Involved: The Reasons, The Problem" article, I seem to have changed it into a "Getting Involved: What's That?" article. I hope I have not offended anyone by any of my comments. That surely was not my purpose. I simply would like to encourage people to take that chance and be a part of Union. If you've ever caught yourself thinking, "I sure would like to be an A.S.B. officer" or "Hey, that would look good on my resume" or "Why doesn't the A.S.B. do something about this?" Then maybe you should be on the ballot next February when A.S.B. elections roll around again. Or maybe you would rather run for senate next fall. If there's an area at Union that you care about or of which you would like to be a part, stop listening to the excuses running around in your mind. It's not as hard as you may think, and it will be well worth the effort.

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"It's the call of the wild."

Quote of the Week:

"Women at Union College don't want to get involved. They just go to their rooms and eat."

-Chris Gaines

L.I.F.T. Your Spirits

Have you ever wished you could talk about God with your friends, but you feel awkward or out of place bringing it up? Well, Monday nights at 8:00p.m. and Thursday nights at 8:30 p.m. there is a small group of friends who meet in the Rees Hall study room to talk about what God has done for them, to share hurts and to pray together. The group is called L.I.F.T.—Living In Faith Together. There is an incomprehensible strength that comes from sharing God, praying, listening, and claiming promises together.

If you'd like to come, you're more than welcome.

We'd love to see you there!

The Doctor of Doom Discovers Spot Remover



Tim Chapman
Social Butterfly

Spot the Wonder Frog stood before The Great Big Ugly Thing That Lives In The Basement That Makes Very Unsavory And Extremely Gross Noises. Spot was standing tall, resplendent in his olive-green cape. His untainted, white, bulging eyes stood out of his taut, shiny green forehead. Yes, this was Spot the Wonder Frog in the superfrogperson flesh. Spot croaked at the monster. "CROOOOOOOOAAAAAAKKK." The monster made an unsavory noise. "BLUUUGUGUEEHHRKRKOIUPWIERT." The two powerful beings stared at each other through a tense crackling space seething with livid tension. But soon the stalemate of sorts ended as quickly as it had begun. Spot the Wonder Frog reached out, grabbed hold of the USED tape, and tried to wrench it from the bulbous hands of the big, ugly monster. Fred crouched in fear, too afraid to watch, yet too stunned to turn away. The battling entities writhed in the torture of combat. First green, then brown, once in awhile some blue and orange, but they didn't do much. Suddenly the great big ugly monster tore himself from the fracas, laughed haughtily, and pulled a long slender, ugly thing from behind a nearby

radio tower. Fred instantly knew what it was. It was the weapon that he feared the most, the weapon of power, the weapon of water. Yes, it was a model 2000 Water Weinee. The monster suddenly spoke: "Ha! So you think you can get away with this, Spot the Blunder Frog! Well, think again, you blathering idiot. And as for you," he said in a suspiciously clear and intelligent voice as he turned to Fred, "you will pay for crossing us!!!"

Fred's mind raced. Why was this monster suddenly intelligent, conniving, and why did he have a big, white crack in the side of his neck? Without even an inkling of warning, Spot jumped as only a six-foot frog could, thwacked the Water Weinee out of the monster's hands, and grabbed the monster's head. In a motion that reminded Fred of thousands of Scooby Doo episodes, Spot pulled the head right off the so-called ugly monster. The head of Dr. Whacklebush appeared where just moments before the ugly monster's head had been. Before any of the characters in this little story could even grasp at the implications of this quite amazing plot twist, Dr. Whacklebush began to tickle Spot, making Spot quite incapable of stopping the doctor from regaining the Model 2000 Water Weinee, and knocking Spot out with a well-placed blast of high pressure water.

As the man whom Fred had known as Dr. Whacklebush turned, apparently to douse Fred with the same sort of water blast that had leveled the incredible Spot the Wonder Frog, Fred saw a symbol upon his back that he thought he would never see again. It was apparent that the Model 2000 Water Weinee had fallen into the Wrong Hands.

The Wrong Hands was an evil, sinister organization dedicated to bringing anarchy, chaos, and Fresh Aire to the world. Fred didn't really care about that. All he knew about them was that they had seriously interrupted his lifestyle during his senior year. The Wrong Hands were easily identified by the six-fingered hands on the back of their jackets. This symbol is what Fred saw on the back of his hero's jacket. Fred would have felt like a used sack of beans if he had had the time to think about it, but the author doesn't think he should have any time to think at this crucial point in the story.

Before the pseudo-Dr. Whacklebush could unleash the awe-inspiring power of

the Water Weinee upon him, Fred, in an incredible surge of stupidity, hurled himself over the edge of the Dick Building. As Fred fell the mere six stories to the ground, he chastised himself for not remembering that concrete does not feel altogether too good after such a fall. As he hit the ground, he heard what sounded like his bones splintering as he smashed into the unforgiving concrete in his last seconds of life. After a few moments, he opened his eyes and was very pleased to learn that it was not his bones splintering, but rather the sound of a conveniently placed twenty-foot toothpick model of the Washington Monument being smashed into a million pieces by his falling body. Fred didn't question the astronomical chances that a twenty-foot toothpick model of the Washington Monument would be so fortunately placed, so the reader shouldn't either.

Fred knew exactly what he had to do. For the first time he understood the situation. Finally he could take charge of his own destiny. During Fred's senior year, The Wrong Hands had tried to take the Model 2300 Water Weinee from him. The Model 2300 Water Weinee was the state-of-the-art water weapon, giving its holder incredible soaking power and deadly accuracy. Fred hadn't known its power until the Wrong Hands had stolen it, thrusting him into a swirling mess of global intrigue. Finally, the Wrong Hands had been foiled; the Model 2300 was back in The Right Hands, and Fred thought he had seen the last of them.

But now it appeared that they had infiltrated the citadel of wholesomeness and purity, Union College. They apparently had a Model 2000 Water Weinee, and Spot The Wonder Frog was in the power of The Wrong Hands, and Fred had broken someone's twenty-foot-high toothpick model of The Washington Monument. Fred was in a pickle, all right. He ran to his room, took out his Model 2000 Water Weinee (a gift from the Right Hands for his invaluable assistance), and headed back towards the roof. Spot needed his help, and with the Water Weinee in his hands, he was a match for any member of The Wrong Hands. But as he burst onto the Dick Building roof, Model 2000 blasting in his hands, he found himself alone. Whacklebush was gone, taking Spot the Wonder Frog with him....

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



The NBA's Premier Preview



Jon Hoehn
Sports Writer

HO,HO,HO, MERRY CHRISTMAS! I thought that this being the seasonal paper of the year it might be nice to include some holiday greetings...AND HAPPY NEW YEAR! Enough frills and small talk. Let's get down to the nitty-gritty of the NBA action basketball, where there are some pretty pertinent questions looming ahead of the upcoming season, such as will the Lakers threepeat? And can the Seattle Supersonics ever climb the hill to a championship with Chambers gone and the Lakers in the way? And can the Nuggets have two hot years in a row? And will the Mavericks or the Rockets, for that matter, be able to put their personal player differences aside long enough to really play some ball?

Well, the answers to all these questions lie deeply within the unfolding season to come, but being paid highly to write these articles for the paper, I will attempt to answer them with only my human insight, which of course is, as is yours, quite poor at telling the future. Be that as it may...

1) Yes, the Lakers could actually repeat for a third time. It lies almost entirely in the hands of "Magic" Johnson. He is the team leader and play-maker and can provide a spark of inspiration to move the Lakers even when times are tough. But they can never win another championship without "Magic" having an MVP year. Yes, no, maybe. This first-place pick is really quite difficult to choose, but I think the ball is in the Lakers' court, and they have the upper edge. I pick the Lakers to go all the way one more time. But I secretly hope I am wrong.

2) The Seattle Supersonics will be playing the Lakers for that chance to win a championship. Seattle has a tough young squad, and the key player is the X-Man, Xavier McDaniel. This team has good size and quickness and is very tough on the boards. The only weakness is consistency at the center position. If they can find a way to close the holes in their defensive sieve, they could easily find themselves playing Atlanta or Detroit for the trophy.

3) The Denver Nuggets are a completely unpredictable team. That is what the 1987-88 Coach-of-the-Year Doug Moe would really like to have other teams think. His "Motion Offense" has been copied several times, but not nearly as



Union's Michael "The Hammer" Miller displays his offensive prowess.

successfully as in Denver. The Nuggets have several good weapons to help them win, such as the number-one scorer of the eighties, Alex English, along with rebounding from Calvin Natt, when he can play, and outside shooting from "Fat" Lever and Michael Adams. Not a physical team, but one to be concerned about.

4) This spot belongs to the Houston Rockets. This team has a lot of firepower. The best center in the league belongs in Houston, and that man answers to the name Akeem. Sleepy Floyd can occasionally get hot, so the Rockets are primed for take-off.

- 5) Dallas Mavericks - Mark Aquire
- 6) Utah Jazz - Karl Malone
- 7) Portland Trail Blazers - Clyde "the Glide" Drexler
- 8) San Antonio Spurs - Alvin Robertson, Johnny Dawkins
- 9) Golden State Warriors - Chris Mullin
- 10) Sacramento Kings - Kenny Smith
- 11) Los Angeles Clippers - Danny Manning, Reggie Williams
- 12) Miami Heat - Pearl Washington

That is how it all unfolds from Santa's gift bag. Merry Christmas, and Happy New Year.



The Union College Gymnastics Team raises its hands in praise of its new coach, Ric Spaulding.