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The Next Generation

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# The CLOCKTOWER



Vol 63, No. 10

Union College Student Newspaper

February 2, 1989



Linda Dick  
Sponsor

## Goodbye, Dr. Dick

As students at Union, you go to classes in the Dick Building. You've seen his picture in the lobby. You've heard people call him "Mr. Union College," and maybe you even heard him give a lecture in your history class once. But how can you say "goodbye" to a man you hardly knew?

I'd like you to meet my grandfather, Everett N. Dick. He was born July 10, 1898, in Ozawkie, Kansas. He and his three older brothers grew up on their parents' large dairy farm.

Everett got his first eyeful of Union College in the fall of 1913; he attended Union College Academy for one year. He left Oswego Academy (now Enterprise) during his senior year to join the United States Marine Corps on May 19, 1917, shortly after the outbreak of World War I. Although he never saw combat, he earned a medal for sharpshooting. He was discharged from the Marines on March 29, 1918, and graduated from academy in May of that same year.

Everett enrolled at Union College in the fall of 1919. After one year, he took some time off to go adventuring. He and a friend rode a motorcycle to California in 1920, when there were few gas stations and fewer paved roads. The next school year he spent teaching elementary school on a ranch in the mountains of Montana, getting first-hand experience of frontier life. But he knew the importance of a college education.

He returned to Union College in the fall of 1922. He played on a basketball team and played jokes on the men's dean. He became acquainted with Opal Wheeler of Ottawa, Kansas, when they

were assigned to sit at the same table in the cafeteria for six weeks. They were married the next summer, August 15, 1923, in her parents' home. Opal and Everett took their honeymoon trip in an aging Model-T Ford, camping along the way, to Castle, Montana, where Everett taught another small elementary school. Their first home was an old log cabin.

Thanks to correspondence courses and summer school, Everett graduated from Union College in 1924, and began graduate work immediately at the University of Nebraska. There the history of the American frontier caught his interest for life. He went on to get his Ph.D. at the University of Wisconsin in 1930. That spring Dr. Everett Dick was hired by Union College as a replacement for a teacher on a one-year leave. The teacher never returned and Dr. Dick continued teaching for more than 40 years. He never officially retired; he was designated as a research professor and continued to give guest lectures in college history classes until he was nearly ninety.

Although Dr. Dick taught a variety of classes over the years, he is most remembered for his classes on the history of the American frontier; his funny stories and songs, his detailed descriptions and his own experiences made the past come alive. Dr. Dick's students also learned sound research methods and how to write clearly and interestingly. He offered them counseling on career and personal concerns, took carloads of them to historical society meetings, and kept in touch with many of them through Christmas cards adorned with his elegant, steel pen-shaded script.

To Dr. Dick, earning a Ph.D. meant learning to be a lifelong scholar, and he never forgot that definition. His first book, *The Sod-House Frontier: A Social*



Dr. Everett Dick

*History of the Northern Plains from the Creation of Kansas and Nebraska to the Admission of the Dakotas*, was published by D. Appleton Century in August, 1937. The autumn book review number of the *New York Times* gave it an entire front page. *The Sod-House Frontier* was eventually named by a group of eminent historians as one of the fifteen "Preferred Works in American History Published between 1936-1950."

Dr. Dick continued to research and write all his life. His publications list includes thirteen books and countless articles. He and his wife Opal traveled all over the country doing research. She was his constant helper as copy editor, typist, proofreader, collector of material, maker of bibliographies and indexes, and loving advisor.

continued on page 4



Tony Young  
Editor

I've had just about enough! Just because my iron happened to be left in the second floor ironing room really does not give someone out there the right to "borrow" it. It was obviously forgotten, but I do believe that I would have gone back and remembered where I left it and picked it up. Of course if you mistakenly thought that my iron was left there for you, well, I hope you will return it after you finish ironing your own clothes.

While I'm on the subject, I wish whoever "borrowed" my portable stereo out of my ASB *Clocktower* office would fin-

ish dubbing tapes and return it. And whoever "borrowed" my wool overcoat, wool tux, and Pioneer stereo system, I hope you are at least warm and well-dressed, or a little richer because of it. That would make me feel so much better. Does it seem like this is getting out of hand? I think it is. I've had more stuff ripped off this year than I've had stolen in my whole life. What is going on here?

Why do students steal from other students? Certainly the borrowers realize how expensive it is to attend Union. It's not as though we can just run out and buy another \$200 wool coat or stereo. My money is limited, and I pay close attention to what I buy. I try to shop budget-mindedly, but I want quality. Obviously, others agree with my views, but their budget shopping comes from other students with 100% off.

Maybe there's a mistaken belief that the school has a policy which will pay for stolen hens. Wrong! When my box was stolen from my office, I tried various angles to receive some compensation. Sorry. The policy has a deductible of around \$3,000, and since my Magnavox cost thousands less, I am basically out of

luck. I'm sure there are other students here who have experienced the same frustration. For one, I am sure others are incensed about the theft of textbooks. Shouldn't we be allowed to set our books down for a few minutes without the fear of returning to find that \$50 textbook gone?

It's amazing that at a Christian college students should have to be constantly worried about theft of their belongings. Personally, if people are attending Union through the theft and redistribution of my and other students' stuff, I certainly feel Union could do without them. Of course, maybe they feel that if a student leaves his belongings in a vulnerable place, it is his own fault and he should have taken better care. To anyone who thinks this, all I can say is you have a serious problem. Everyone forgets things or leaves them in places he or she feels are safe (obviously nowhere is safe). That does not give anyone the right to "borrow" things forever.

Maybe I am hoping for too much, but hopefully this commentary has some affect. The crime at Union is too high for me. How about you?

## The Clocktower

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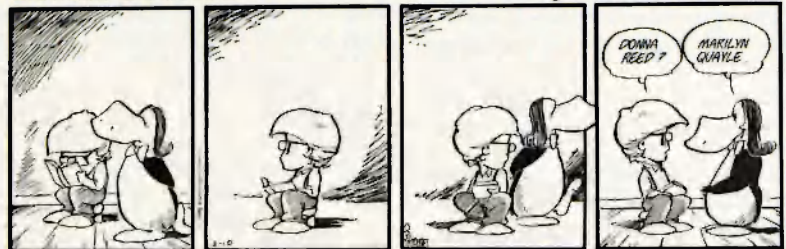
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The *Clocktower* is a bi-monthly publication of the ASB. It is a forum for student oriented news and opinion. All letters, personals, stories, poems and loose change should be in our mailbox by Friday at 12 noon for inclusion the following week. All 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.

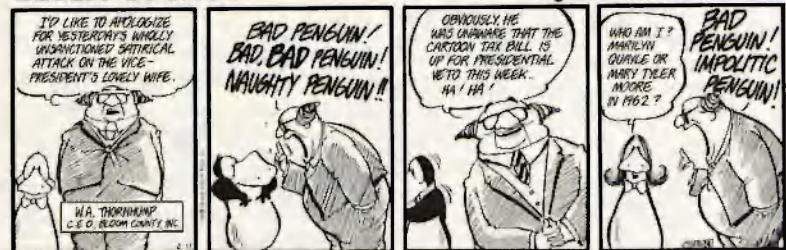
### BLOOM COUNTY



### BLOOM COUNTY



### BLOOM COUNTY



## Apologetic

Dear Miss (not Mrs. yet, surprise, surprise) Tachenko,

Heya, how's it going? I'm Milt Muckraker, the guy you wanted to give the "bizness" to for writing (or should I say "butchering") the grapevine.

I was waiting to hear from you. As a writer, a big goal of mine is to get exposure like fan or hate mail. It gives me a sense of popularity, something with which I'm sure you're really acquainted here at Union.

I really want to apologize for my article of doom, but you know I just can't. I practiced in the shower and in front of my mirror, but now...I can't.

Where are you now, Cindy? (May I call you Cindy? Please reply.) Do you write a vine there? I studied some of your vines from last year. You know, you could stand for a few choice words of constructive criticism, too, but why? What's the point? Was it our main goal to go through life knowing, "Hey, I wrote a grapevine for *The Clocktower*, and now someone else is, but they don't do it as well." Hey, I liked your vine, all four people involved. Too bad the rest of the school had no idea what you meant. That's fine; you enjoyed it, so that is what *The Clocktower* and its staff are after—to make Cindy Tachenko smile. Are you smiling now? Please send a picture.

Look for a vine from me soon; it'll be about my cat, Dogfood, and me; he's a really nice kitty. I'm sure Union won't mind if the whole page is just about him and me and our two friends.

If you oppose that, the only other alternative I see is either you return to Union to authorize the vine or you set up a nation-wide hunger strike. Smile.

In Poor Taste,  
Milt

*The editorial staff of The Clocktower plans to reveal the identities of each writer of "The Grapevine" in the year-ending issue.*

**VOID**

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## Elder Wright Offers Food For Thought

To underline a point in his sermon, Elder Henry Wright stepped from behind the podium and moved closer to his audience—the students, faculty, and staff of Union College. As he faced the hundreds of eyes, he constructed the story of Peter walking on water. “That was a miracle!” Elder Wright stressed as he brought the story to life.

The Union College family welcomed Elder Wright as Week of Prayer speaker, January 15-21. Elder Wright currently serves in Maryland as the Secretary of the Columbia Union Conference. During his stay at UC, Elder Wright presented a total of ten sermons, including five evening meetings, two chapel programs, Friday evening vespers, and two church services on Sabbath.

While applying his five years of teaching experience at Oakwood College, Elder Wright focused on the message that God uses ordinary people to do his work. He also emphasized that God performs miracles for and through anyone who is willing to be used.

At Thursday evening’s meeting, Elder Wright began a three-phase series of calls for commitment to Christ. Many students responded to this invitation, which was repeated Friday evening and Sabbath morning.

Deeply committed to his Christian experience, Elder Wright offered three spiritual truths which he has discovered. First, “The Lord is in charge of the universe.” Second, “Maturity is learning to understand the gifts God has given us, while at the same time turning these gifts over to God.” He also believes that “things happen for people because they work hard. Miracles don’t usually happen to lazy people.”

He finished this series with one powerful statement: “The ultimate end of Henry Wright’s life is turning it over to God.” Turning lives over to God—that’s the purpose of having a Week of Prayer.

*By Jennifer Schmitt*

*Goodbye Continued from page 1*

Dr. Dick’s writings gained wide recognition in academic circles. He received several grants and fellowships from respected foundations and was invited to serve as visiting professor at several major universities.

Dr. Dick is known by men around the world as Colonel Dick. In 1934, he helped to found the first Medical Cadet Corps (MCC) on the Union College campus, training Seventh-day Adventist young men for assignment to medical units rather than combat units in the United States Military. As commanding officer of the General Conference MCC for many years, Colonel Dick traveled all over the world. The MCC program trained more than 8,000 men and women in North America and thousands in countries around the world between 1934 and the close of the Korean War.

In the early 1970s, the college president asked Dr. and Mrs. Dick to visit alumni all over the country to raise money for a new administration building. Not a stranger to traveling, Dr. Dick reluctantly agreed—reluctantly because he did not consider himself “any kind of a fund raiser.” Through his visits, alumni pledged more than \$685,000 to the capital campaign. In 1978, much to his surprise and humble pleasure, the newly completed building was named, in his honor, the Everett Dick Building.

Everett Dick loved Union College, but he loved his family, too. His three children, Donald (my dad), Arthur, and Lorle, all graduated from Union. Grandpa had ten grandchildren, including me, and he loved to tell us stories. He was a Husker fan, out of a sense of duty, I think, and groaned through the Orange Bowl with them last month. He liked to garden and eat corn-on-the-cob or stewed rhubarb on toast, and he whistled all the time.

He and my grandmother were married sixty-one years. After she died of cancer in 1984, only his work at Union kept him going. Then, in 1986, he married the widow of one his favorite students. He and Blanche were as in love as teenagers and had two and a half happy years together.

During the last days of his illness, Grandpa told his family (as if we didn’t already know), “I’ve always loved Union College. I want to do whatever I can to help it prosper.” He asked that, rather than giving flowers, people make any memorials to him gifts to the Union College scholarship endowment. He died in

Blanche’s arms eight days later, January 16, 1989, after battling cancer.

Now you’ve met Dr. Everett Dick. Now you can say “goodbye.”

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# Students Flock to ASB Super Bowl Party



Matt Pfeiffer  
Student Writer

Well, kids, it finally happened. We had dreamed about it, talked about it, each of us secretly wishing it would happen. And it did! There was a Super Bowl that was close! I'm proud to say that I watched it, nay, experienced it.

I started planning for the Super Bowl party in my mind during Christmas break as I watched the playoffs. Who would be the strongest team of the AFC and the NFC? I watched with great remorse as Seattle and Cleveland bit their fannies.\* (My mother had to tell me to quit jumping up and down so much and stop laughing maniacally.)

When the Bills fell by the wayside, a tear trickled down my cheek. But the final blow was watching the beloved Vikings get dragged mercilessly up and down Candlestick Park.\* Oh, what big, mean

bullies those 49ers were! Then Chicago choked. It was down to two teams: San Francisco and Cincinnati. I thought to myself, "This could possibly be one of the most boring Super Bowls in history." (The last three rank pretty close.)

But was I ever wrong. The sophomore class president Trevor Mahlum, myself, and my social committee threw ideas around. How were we going to get people to come? The 49ers and the Bengals don't really have that many loyal fans here. (If it had been the Broncos and the Vikings...oooh, I really don't want to talk about that.) We thought of having a naked-cheer contest, but we were sure certain local authorities would scorn on that. So we settled on giving away prizes. Trevor said he'd give away pizza, pop, and popcorn. It was set. I began to scrounge the sporting goods stores in Lincoln. Low and behold, people are aware of the NFL here! Mind you, there were waves and waves of red football paraphernalia to wade through, but I managed to find some nice prizes. The grand

prize for predicting the score correctly was an official NFL football. Dave Darmody walked away with it by guessing 20-14, 49ers. The actual score was 20-16, 49ers. You're scary, Dave! Other prizes included boxer shorts, won by hiking a Nerf into a taped-off area; pennants of the Bengals and 49ers for a field goal kicking contest; and a hat for a quarterback contest. There were also various runner-up prizes.

It was a jolly good time. I was hoping for an overtime. That would've been perfect. But Joe Montana had different ideas. I do think that halftime show was possibly the grandest thing I've witnessed.\* I've just been informed by Pete Rozelle that he's heard great things about Union's own cheerleading squad and kazoo band and is seriously considering inviting them to next year's bowl, in 3-D, of course.

See ya then.

*\*Please read these sentences with extreme sarcasm.*

## Summer Camp Opportunities

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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. **The Far Side**, by Gary Larson. (Andrews & McMeel, \$10.95.) Selected cartoons from three previous collections.
3. **Beloved**, by Toni Morrison. (Plume/NAL, \$8.95.) Profoundly affecting chronicle of slavery and its aftermath.
4. **The Cat who came for Christmas**, by Cleveland Amory. (Penguin \$6.95.) Amory's life with a stray.
5. **Separated at Birth?**, by Spy Magazine, Eds. (Doubleday, \$6.95.) Unlikely lookalikes.
6. **Tales too Ticklish to Tell**, by Berke Breathed. (Little, Brown, \$7.95.) More of Bloom County.
7. **The Power of Myth**, by Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers. (Doubleday, \$19.95.) How mythology illuminates stages of life.

Compiled by The Chronicle of Higher Education from information supplied by college stores throughout the country, January 13, 1989.

## New & Recommended

A personal selection of Debrae Hanson, UCD Bookstore, Davis, CA

- The Trial of Socrates**, by I. F. Stone. (Anchor, \$9.95.) Intellectual thriller, bringing the characters and the community of ancient Athens to life.
- The Holocaust In History**, by Michael R. Marrus. (Meridian/NAL, \$8.95.) Comprehensive assessment of the vast historical literature on the Holocaust.
- The Day I Became an Autodidact**, by Kendall Hailey. (Delta, \$8.95.) A complicated journey of growing up in a most unusual family.

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Milt Muckraker  
Freelance Hack

## A Sneak Peek at a 21<sup>st</sup> Century Grapevine

It's twenty years from now...close your eyes and picture it.

You come back to Union College. You look at the new Mega-ultrasonic Clocktower and see that it's just a mulgasyntac past 0.47 houramarking (minutes have been changed to mulgasyntacs to give the majors something to study, since they already know everything else).

You walk over to good old Prescott Hall only to find it's now shaped like the Epcot Center at Disneyworld with a monorail system to get from floor to floor. (This system resulted from some hooligans never admitting they had written "obscenities" in the elevator, so it was shut down forever.) The move for a new Prescott "Centre" was prompted by now ASB President Tom Berg who, yes, still is hanging around. (He barely nipped Norm Tucker in the balloting.)

The dormitory is so nice you decide to check in.

Later, you tour the rest of the campus, only to find some sad news. Engel Hall has been torn down. Some are happy because KWIK corner now has room for more video games. However, some are saddened by what caused this. Engel was no longer needed. Scheduling conflicts eventually prohibited most people from joining band or choir. "It was a sad day," said Union College President Jason Munsterteiger (it could happen).

You feel a familiar urge in your stomach and realize you are hungry. So you search for your means of identification. (I.D. is now determined by measuring eyelash lengths after students grew tired of being labeled as just a number. It's effective, but it takes a long time at worship services.) You head off on the super-escalator sidewalk (which now cuts through all the fake grass at Union) to the deli. The fake grass was installed because of Friday afternoon polo games turning the lush green field outside of Prescott into a brown, muddy Shae Stadium replica. (And you know it all started with some innocent football "get-togethers.")

You get to the deli and order karp and broccoli flavored Tic-Tacs (something the deli tried fearlessly, as everything else, to

enhance sales). You are charged seven bucks per Tic Tac, and you smile as once again you find yourself asking, "Why didn't I just eat at the Cornhusker?"

After returning to your cupipod [room] for a nap in The Prescott Centre, you set out to meet your old friends from 1988-89. (After all, you are here for a reunion. Ah, plot at last!)

You stumble across a student who is sleeping on the sidewalk. He fell asleep reading the school paper's "Smilevine," which has been taken over by a returning alumnus named Cindy.

At the reunion, which is held in the Pastor Rich Social Room, located under the Mega-ultrasonic Clocktower (now painted bright green so student aeropods [transportation] won't collide with it at night), you see several familiar faces.

First, by the punch fountain, you come across Laura Shelton. She's really miffed. Apparently, she just found out Holly Harder went out with her boyfriend while she was gone. (Oh, my, I've altered the future...so sorry.)

You run to the reliefpod [restroom] to get her some ultra-kleenexes. In the reliefpod you find Scott Peters in hiding after hearing that Ene' Beattie once said, "If anyone should get to date Scott Peters, it should be me."

After exiting the reliefpod, you bump into Jason Bogue and Tom Leatherman discussing Friday the 14th, Part II. Tom and Jason are now the new Siskel and Eibert; it gives them an excuse to keep talking during movies (videos, of course).

Next you find Dave Johnson mumbling about something or other.

Kim Deutsch catches your eye next. She was named Super Bowl XXXXIII Most Valuable Player after she threw seventeen touchdowns against John Elway and the rest of the Broncos. (N.B.)

### Personal

TKM

*Once you said you were the  
best thing that would ever  
happen to me.*

*You were wrong.*

*There is much better out there.*

You walk outside for fresh air, and immediately you are balled and chained by a security guard. You read the word Sergeant Fenton on his identification tag. He wants to give you a breathpod (karp & broccoli flavored) to freshen your breath. You wonder what you have done.

Narrowly escaping the wrath of Fenton, you duck back inside to see Cheri Cline and Annette Reinhardt, (stars of the Super Bowl 3-D Wella Balsam Blondes advertisement). It was a smash, and you move to congratulate them.

However, you become blinded by Tim Chapman's bright trousers.

Regaining your sight, you see Chris Gaines. He tells you how hard it was to get off work from *The New That's Incredible Show*. (He took over for John Davidson and helps wheelchair Kathy Lee Crosby onto the stage.)

Next you find train engineer Holly Oman. As she's talking to you, Lisa Beltz walks up and introduces herself as Holly's brakewoman in the caboose. They work for Amtrak.

Finally, you and all the many other reuniting folk escalate down to the newly built Michael Miller Memorial Arena to catch the Union College Orions playing the Georgetown Hoyas in a final four NCAA game. As you watch the game, you notice the kazoo band is missing (apparently they are now opening for Guns-n-Roses in Belgium). However, the male cheerleaders remain, and you now officially know that you are at home.

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# The Reasons Fred Does Not Carpet Bowl



Tim Chapman  
Big Weirdo

O! Woe was Fred. The Wrong Hands had Spot the Wonder Frog. The future of the free world was in jeopardy, and Fred had forgotten to ask Chastity if she was going to the Bowling Witness Game that evening. Fred sat on his bed, pondering the mess that he had got into. Finally, he decided on his course of action. He picked up the phone and dialed the four-digit number. As he waited for the answer, he told himself that in spite of the trouble that Spot was in, missing the game would be impossible. The Thunderdome called.

After confirming his date with Chastity, he got together his kazoo, his Paul Paper, and the Water Weinee, so he could get back to the business of saving the world after the game.

Fred enjoyed the bowling action without event until the eighth frame, Union ahead 2130 to 2095 over the Calvary Friends Bible Power Bowl Warriors. Fred was nearly hoarse from screaming out "Strike!" and "Spare!" during warm-ups. As Walt "pour-it-on" Porren made a power move down the lane and rammed

in another strike, Fred spied a very unusual thing behind the pins on Lane 3. It seemed to be a person, crouching behind the pin return. Fred was about to dismiss this as just another case of over-zealous UC fans until he saw the water weinee in the apparent fiend's hands. The Wrong Hands were staging an attack on the Bowling Witness Team! Fred could almost handle The Dastardly Organization kidnapping Spot the Wonder Frog, trying to subvert world governments and causing a raise in price of *The Weekly World News*, but this time they had gone too far.

The unknown assailant let forth a destructive blast of water from his weapon, knocking down bowling pins, officials, players, and opposing cheerleaders alike. Fred, not about to let The Wrong Hands get away with such an unsportsman-like action, dove off the balcony, Water Weinee in hand. As he fell, he made a mental note to stop diving off tall places. As he landed, face down, he jotted off another mental note to remind himself in the event that he was forced to jump off another high place, remember to stay right side up.

As Fred attempted to stand, an on-the-ball UC Witnesser superbly launched his bowling ball down Lane 3, scoring a perfect strike on the up-to-this-point rampag-

ing evil dude. For a moment it seemed as if the incident were over, but another assailant with a squirt gun appeared from the back door, stood over Fred, and started to pull the trigger.

Before he could finish the deed, an incredibly loud roar filled the UC Dome. A groundswell of thunderous applause and feet stomping erupted from the crowd for the superb knocking down of the first Wrong Hand. The gunman over Fred wilted in pain, dropping the gun in order to protect his ears from the roar of The Thunderdome.

Fred took advantage of the moment to slip out the front doors, arm the Water Weinee, and remove the cotton plugs from his ears. He crouched behind an M3, parked quite illegally by red curbing, and waited for the Wrong Hands to exit. As the two assailants came out of the door, Fred opened the Weinee wide upon them, while screaming those immortal words, "That'll teach you to enter The Thunderdome!" After the scoundrels had been safely placed into Union Security's hands, Fred re-entered the gym. As he surveyed the horrible mess, the wreckage, the soaked and warping lanes, Fred knew that the Wrong Hands had committed the fatal error. They had messed with the Union College Bowling Witness Team. Fred would not rest until Spot was safe....

## Advice for the Bored, Hungry, and Lovelorn



Hanz  
Excitable Dude

**Dear Hanz & Franz,**  
I love you guys, you rad board-heads. You're the best. I chilled out with your defense of my stance on the unnecessary vandals that have childishly vulnerized our skate park. Thank you. If they can't grow up, make them walk!

Signed, *Dean*

**Dear Yo D,**  
Man, you define class. Totally. Keep up the good work, Dude.

**Dear Hanz & Franz,**  
Are you guys girls or boys?  
Signed, *Dateless and Desperate*

**Dear Deluded,**  
After careful in-depth research and examination, we would like (if you are a girl) for you to identify yourself (by worship credit number, of course) before we disclose our answer.

**Dear Hans & Frans,**  
You guys seem to be able to have fun just about anywhere. What do you do to entertain yourselves here at Union?  
Signed, *Bored*

**Dear Unimaginative,**  
We don't want to give away all our secrets, but we'll let you in on a few. We like to stand with our faces up against the Rees Hall lobby window and watch the hordes mill from couch to couch. We also put the "Temporarily out of order" signs in front of all the bathrooms in the Dick Building. You ought to try that sometime. It's quite a hoot.



Franz  
Lethargic Dude

**Dear Hanz & Franz,**  
You guys reek. I get better advice from Dear Abby. Why don't you ever actually help someone with their problems?  
Signed, *Unimpressed*

**Dear Dupe,**  
Who do you think we are? Don't you think we have enough problems of our own without dealing with your pathetic dilemmas? We only do this because the editor's a good friend, and we were out of our minds when we signed the contract.

# The Eternal Dilemma Is Solved!!



Tim n' Tony  
Editors

Hmmm, I wonder what I'm up to this weekend. Well, I guess it'll either be vespers, a nice long nap on Sabbath afternoon, and then a nice trip to FES. Or else...GO ON A DATE!!!!!!!!!!!!!! But wait, you say. A Date, at Union, in Lincoln? Noooooo. Boooooorrrriingggg. But never fear; the ever-aware Clocktower editors, in an attempt to save all the Union students from this incredible dilemma, present thousands (well, ten) "super exciting things to do on a date."

1. Sneak into the Capitol Building, bounce superballs down the fourteen story stairwell, evade Kay Orr, finally parachute, in classic James Bond form, from the statuesque shoulders of the sower to the fruitful farmlands below.
2. Try to go an entire evening without once driving on "O" Street.
3. Load the backs of both a Ford and a Chevy pickup with ten tons of WHAM. Lower a Tom Leatherman onto each truck, then drive both around campus, watching carefully to see which truck, Ford, or Chevy, gets the farthest before

running into a horde of Music Festival Maniacs, or Business Majors.

4. In order to look cool, walk into at least fourteen movie theatres, always being extremely conscious of how many Union students see you before ducking out the back.
5. Travel to the deep, dark recesses of the Amazon Jungle, stalk the rare and dangerous *Squirrelus Unionus* through the dank fecund rain forest. Finally, live-capture it in order to re-stock the dwindling populations here in Lincoln.
6. Go to FES.
7. Try to fathom the true meaning of the phrase "What up?" while going undercover in the seamy street turf of South Lincoln.
8. Mysteriously arrive at Holmes Lake. Drive the loop seven or eight times before stopping. Scribble sly comments on the steam-covered windows of neighboring cars. Don't forget to write backward.
9. Visit the classiest local gourmet restaurants. (We hear you can get both a Big Mac and a Double Cheeseburger for one buck each, or for that down-home feel, try the new \$1.05 SL\*T sandwich at the deli.) After a satisfying meal, view the local artistic talent in the bike path tunnel graffiti gallery.
10. Synchronize your watches (for you double-daters only). See how fast you can

get in and out of vespers, while still retaining your worship credit. Rumor has it that if you climb through the pipe organ, you can squeeze out an access duct. The first ones out go to VI (of course) and obtain a complimentary peach dum-dum (alternative: green apple). The second ones out go to Pioneers Park, find the Fun House, and run around and around for a good while. Meet at that cemetery out on 84th; try to scare each other. Fail miserably. (Guys, this is a good time to take that ever-important first step. Make a stab at her hand. Fail miserably.) Trade partners. At exactly 9:45 p.m., milk the neon cow at the Sirloin Stockade. (You may need to travel to Omaha for this one.) 10:00 finds you back in Lincoln, only half an hour 'til room check, time enough see who's hanging out at Amigo's. Go back to the girls' dorm (did you know that if you spell it backwards it's Llah Seer?) If you get back a little early, you can get a good seat. If the dean asks why you were just that teensy-bit late, tell her you were in Kansas City. Finally, depart company with a wink, after seeing if the four of you want to hit FES the next night.

For now, this is us.

# The Bottom Ten Albums We Can Think Of



Slash n' Axel  
Guns

Because of the overwhelming response to our ten worst videos of 1988, the ever-willing-to-please Clocktower editors present "Ten Bad Recordings."

1. **Hysteria-Def Leppard**  
The simple fact that a plethora of teenage girls adore these hunks placed the album in the bottom ten, but the incessant airplay of their musical genius vaulted them into the number one slot.
2. **Dirty Dancing Soundtrack-Assorted Artists**  
Now you can relive those special moments with Pat. Oh, it's so hot!
3. **Roll With It-Stevie Winwood**  
Yuck! How 'bout Roll Over It (With Your Car)? Sure he had a decent comeback; we just wish he'd go back.

4. **Don't Be Cruel-Bobby Brown**  
It's our prerogative to burn this dog.
5. **Hold Onto an Old Friend's Hand-Tiffany**  
You'd better if you want to live through this one.
6. **Third Stage-Boston**  
We can't really tell, but we think that this one may have reached the adolescent stage. Maybe.
7. **More Dirty Dancing-Assorted Trash**  
Just what we wanted for Christmas.
8. **Bangin'-The Outfield**  
It's Bangin' man. The title is a dead give away. So is the album cover. Wow!
9. **Any album with a remake of a bad song to begin with.**

Examples: All of Tiffany's songs, any Elvis remake, Mony Mony (again), Locomotion #13 (we've never seen the dance, but that's okay.)

10. **Bad-Michael Jackson**  
Naughty, poor, harsh, unsatisfactory, rot-

ten, decayed, spurious, injurious, unfortunate, relentless, bad, bad, bad.

For now, this is really us.

## The World's Smallest Scoreboard

### A-League

Knicks	M. Miller	3-0
Hornets	S. Miller	2-1
Heat	Pursley	1-2
Cavaliers	Dean	0-3

### B-League

Lakers	Bogue	3-0
Nuggets	Koenke	2-1
Rockets	Tucker	2-1
Sonics	<b>Young</b>	2-2
Suns	Earles	1-3
Celtics	Faculty	0-3

### Women's

Supersonics	Sloan	2-0
Oman's 360's	Oman	2-0
Rockettes	Keegan	0-2
Nuggettes	Wolford	0-2