

AIA Convention Unites at Union

By CRAIG HAGELGANTZ

Write it in your diary. Remember it for future Jeopardy answers. The week of April 5-9, 1994 marks the date of the annual Adventist Intercollegiate Association held here at Union College.

One hundred student delegates and fifteen faculty sponsors converged on Lincoln, Nebraska, to participate in the convention's 44th annual meeting.

Union's ASB officers, both current and elected, played a vital role in helping plan, organize, and carry out one of the most successful conventions ever held by the AIA. "It was a very productive and informative convention with a lot of events aimed especially at incoming officers," said Doug Hardt, current UC ASB president.

Many faculty and staff representatives were involved with work-

shops designed for all attendants. Lisa Paulson (WWC), Chris Blake, John Collins (PUC), LuAnn Davis, Buell Fogg, Barry Forbes, J. Gordon Kingsley (VP of Development for Health Midwest), Bill Napier (LLU), Greg Nelson, Sieg Roeske, Greg Rumsey, Richard D. Sievers (a judge), George Tuck (UNL), Virginia Simmons, Nelson Thomas (La Sierra), Jay Wilkenson (owner, Alpha Graphics), and Linda Wysong shared their expertise with the future student leaders of Adventist schools.

"Delegates were impressed with the enthusiasm and friendliness of Union College as a whole," said President Hardt. "Thanks to everyone who participated."

Next year's AIA Convention will be held at Southwestern Adventist College.



Jim Christensen, Aaron Rogge, Stephanie Gulke, and Jessica Evens (members of "The Cloisters") listen attentively to Jeri Stallard's (Mrs. Savage) memory of her dramatic acting on the New York stage.

Curiosity Killed the Cat, Not the Savage

By BECKY LANE

Don't be too hard on Jeri Stallard if you see her moving with a peculiar elderly shuffle for the next few days. Please excuse Teri Skultety if she occasionally lapses into prolonged silence, and try to understand if Stephanie Gulke jumps on the furniture or talks a little too loud. They and other cast and crew of *The Curious Savage* are in post-production recovery after two months of memorizing lines, rehearsing scenes, and becoming the characters of their two-act play.

"Sometimes I still catch myself slipping into character," says Stallard. "I'm so used to it now that it's second nature."

The Curious Savage, a comedy

by John Patrick, was produced on Union's campus by the Play Production class under the direction of speech instructor Deb Martin. About 550 people attended the three performances in Woods Auditorium on April 21, 23, and 24.

The play was enthusiastically received as one of Union's first full-length dramatic productions in the last decade. Budget restraints, lack of committed interest, and lack of sponsoring faculty have hampered the school's drama ambitions in recent years, but theater fans hope that this successful production will lead to a better future.

Audience members especially enjoyed the play's whimsical humor. "I loved it," says Drew Hickman. "I can see what we've been missing by not having a theatrical program. I wish we had better facilities for our productions."

"It was very good, and Stephanie Gulke's character really made the play for me," adds Kim Kelley.

The cast members enjoyed themselves also.

Craig Gerst, who played a doctor, explains, "Acting lets me get away from myself and be someone else. I like looking through another per-

son's eyes and not just my own."

"I really had fun trying to develop my character," says Stallard, who played the leading role. "And I was blown away by all the praise and good remarks after. Many students mentioned how well the actors transformed themselves."

The play tells the story of an unpredictable older lady, Mrs. Savage, who is committed to a mental institution by her self-centered children because they are afraid that their mother will waste the family fortune on frivolous charities. They will not let her leave unless she reveals where she has hidden the bonds that they hope to inherit. She stubbornly refuses, sending her greedy children on humiliating dead-end hunts, while she remains locked up at "The Cloisters."

The children experience no touching changes of heart, but Mrs. Savage begins to identify with her new friends at the institution. Stallard explains, "She goes from being apathetic to sympathizing with the other patients. Especially in the final scene, she realizes what kind of people they could have been, and she understands how they see themselves."



Erik Stenbakken

President Doug Hardt and President-Elect Corey Hasenauer entertain Angel Arafiles (LSU) during the AIA convention.

Martin's Play Production class and other student participants spent over one hundred hours in group rehearsals, in addition to memorizing lines, preparing the set, and other duties. Cast members included Stallard, Jessica Evens, Aaron Rogge, Stephanie Gulke, Jim Christensen, Sophie Anderson, Teri Skultety, Jil Schlisner, Doug Nesmith, Christian Stuart, Craig Gerst, and Peter Meyer. Donna Mattson was the stage manager and assistant director, and Joan Freeman was the assistant stage manager. Dozens of other students,

faculty, and community members helped with lighting, advertising, ticket sales, and pre-show entertainment.

Martin and her students are brainstorming plans for upcoming productions. If funds are available, they would like to do two productions next year, possibly even a musical or dinner theater. "In order to follow up in the future, it needs to be supported through the curriculum," explains Martin. We need an acting class. A voice class.

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EDITORIAL

What I Learned from Ketchup Man



Christian Stuart

When I was a kid I used to take two ketchup packets that I had taken from a fast food restaurant, tie them together with masking tape, attach masking tape arms and legs and a ball of tape for a head. If I had enough patience, I would draw on some facial features and maybe a shirt and some pants.

After I had constructed my Ketchup Man, the real fun would begin. I would allow my imagination to abuse him to the point of death. Sometimes Ketchup Man was a knight in the fourteenth century or fought the Apaches in the 1880s. Sometimes he hid in the trenches during World War I or fought the Nazis in the deserts of Northern Africa. Sometimes Ketchup Man

was the president of some third world country who was a prime target for assassination.

No matter who Ketchup Man was, or where Ketchup Man went, or who Ketchup Man killed, two things remained constant: I was Ketchup Man's god, and I always made sure he died a bloody (ketchupy) death at the end of his adventures (or whenever my patience expired and the thrill of doing something wicked like smashing ketchup packets resembling men became too much for me to keep inside).

I was Ketchup Man's god because I completely controlled his life. Within the hour of his construction, I made sure he was engaged in the wildest adventures I could create. Whether he was fighting on a castle wall or running through no-man's-land, I was right there watching over him making sure he did exactly what I wanted him to do.

After Ketchup Man had engaged in battle for a while, and I, his god, had observed him all I intended to, I would kill him in the most creative way I could imagine. I would smash him with a baseball bat, throw him in a fan that was on high, put him underneath the back tire of our car when I knew my father was

about to drive to work, or put him in the microwave. There was only one rule when it came time to kill Ketchup Man: His death had to involve a massive splattering of ketchup. No drowning for this guy.

After smashing thousands of ketchup packets shaped like men, I one day realized how sick my activity was. My first thought was that this was not at all what real war is like and I was therefore warping my mind. After thinking it over, however, I realized that my mock wars involving Ketchup Man were quite close to the real thing. What made it so fun to pretend to kill someone wasn't the ketchup splattering everywhere (although that was pretty neat). It was an unidentifiable inner feeling of pure sin. The more I thought about it the more I realized that the great leaders like Alexander the Great, Napoleon and Norman Schwarzkopf are nothing more than real-life Ketchup Men controlled by an even greater evil than my boyish pranks. These Ketchup Men are controlled by Satan. ❖

And So It Went



DOUG NESMITH

"Hey."

Spring is here, and that reminds me of an April day several years ago with my friend Jeff Scoggins. The day was perfect—big, puffy clouds covered the sun, so it was bright outside, but there wasn't an uncomfortable glare. There was a cool, slow, breeze—not enough to make a high pop-fly blow into foul territory, but just enough to keep the mosquitos off of you. The two of us jumped into my dad's car and drove the five miles to Gateway Mall to buy new swimsuits. We wandered from store to store, looking at the new displays the storefronts proudly boasted. And as sophomore college students sometimes do, we began to get rowdy.

It all began with a simple mistake. While the two of us were walking side by side, I accidentally

couldn't seem to find as much humor in the situation as I. As I asked him to describe how stupid he felt, a mischievous, evil glint appeared in his eyes. Several seconds later, while walking past an exotic display of mannequins sporting the latest in colorful spring wear, I found myself accidentally 'bumped' into the middle of the display, causing a domino effect of falling bodies. And the war continued.

At the next store, I told a clerk that I thought that I had seen Jeff shoplifting, and he was momentarily detained by employees from exiting the store. Several stores later, he publicly accused me of trying to steal his wallet, and I was momentarily detained.

At each store Jeff and I would attempt to embarrass the other just a little more than before, until

"It culminated in my being bumped into a scenic water fountain"

it culminated in my being 'bumped' into a scenic water fountain. And the war was over. I surrendered unconditionally. I was wet, cold, and mortified. My face burned with embarrassment, and people stared as I climbed out of the pool, wringing water out of my soaked t-shirt. Jeff knew that he had won. He followed me with a triumphant smile on his face as I stomped to the parking lot, leaving little puddles in each footprint. His smug, self-satisfied smile stayed set until I unlocked the driver's side door to the car, got in, relocked the door, and drove back to Union. Jeff even kept up with me for the first hundred yards or so. He really shouldn't have been mad—it was a beautiful day for a long walk.

Doug Nesmith's favorite number is sixteen, which might explain why he reads so much Shakespearean poetry.

"I accidentally tripped over a loose shoelace"

tripped over a loose shoelace, and in fighting to keep my balance I 'bumped' Jeff into oncoming walking traffic. Jeff apologized profusely to the young woman he had knocked over as I walked on, barely controlling my laughter.

Jeff soon caught up to me and



Tom Reynolds studies as his ducks, Bill and Hillary, frolic in the warm weather.

OUR COMMITMENT TO QUALITY

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

Letters to the Editor

I hope he can get a discount on his paint.

What was the first thing you noticed when you stepped into

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Editorials are opinions of the Clock Tower. All other opinions expressed are those of the author and must bear his or her name. The Clock Tower reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of space or clarity.

Norv Parchment's art exhibit last week? Was it the strange music? Was it the stench of incense? Maybe it was the glaring conformity of his paintings. Could they even be classified as art? Do his paintings have any artistic motivation whatsoever? Are his paintings about anything? Can you remember a single thing about his work? Or, does it all seem muddled and confusing when you try to recall what it was you actually saw?

I remember! Instead of the aesthetic beauty of the human body, he depicts various beings, twisted, tormented and writhing in agony. I didn't see any flowers. And that deformed head painting—get real! I

know a Picasso when I see one. (I've been to el Museo del Prado in Madrid; the Picasso Museum and la Place de Pompidou in Paris; the Museum of Modern Art in Washington D.C.; the Sheldon, you name it!) I hear he's been asked to display his paintings downtown at the Coffee House in June...Well, I've seen what kind of paintings go on display down there, too: Paintings by weirdos like him belong down there. I just hope he got a discount on his paint, otherwise what a waste. He should definitely consider changing his medium from oil paints to watercolor.

—Rob Holbrook, art critic and active censor

Thought Provoking Articles Commended

Thank you for all the good journalism in *The Clock Tower* this year. I especially want to commend those articles that were thought-provoking and spiritually insightful.

Eric Lunde's article, "The Sea: God's Soul," I have used on several occasions for worship thoughts and many teachers from other parts of the world have made a copy of it.

Lori Hill's article, "Love is Waiting for You," was neat and comforting. I also used it in a worship for teachers.

Brenda Hardt's article on being competitive received several good remarks from the sports and spiritual enthusiasts on our staff. Doug Nesmith's "Meta-Complaining" amused me and made me reconsider my own complaints.

Jennifer Nestell's "Haunted House" was very good as well. I have enjoyed Sophie's editorials. Thank you for reminding me what a spiritual school Union can be.

Angela Lawrence
Ebey, Marshall Islands

Train Diplomats, Not Soldiers

By JAY WASHAM

War is absurd. No one in his right mind believes that the slaughter of human beings is something that should be actively pursued as policy. War is a burden to society and a tragedy to mankind. War kills young men and women who are the future scientists, teachers, and humanitarians of the world. War most often means the destruction of the innocent at the hands of the power-hungry. However, war is a reality. Earth is a place of greed and materialism and because of this fact, as long as this earth bears life, there will be war and destruction. The problem that immediately arises is one that concerns the conflict between reality and the ideal.

American society is composed mostly of individuals who proclaim themselves to be Christian. This does not mean that these individuals do not fall short in their attempt to act out the teachings of Christ; most do fail. This does demonstrate an undeniable desire, however small, to follow the standards and principles outlined by Christ. Further, one can hardly dispute the fact that Christ's teachings encourage individuals to be pacifists. Respect and love for other individuals is very basic to the philosophy of Christ. It is very difficult to both advocate war and be pacifistic. The conclusion that one must draw is that most Americans should reject the idea of war based on religious principles, if not on humanitarian principles.

The General Assembly of the United Nations, in 1948, unanimously adopted an international manifesto of human rights. This document is an excellent example of the universal idea that individu-

als should be given respect and treated with dignity. The manifesto declares that all men should approach one another in a spirit of brotherhood and peace. It is impossible to reconcile this universal respect for life with atrocities of war. Based upon this respect for life, all people should oppose war.

What if a nation violates the universal principles of toleration and respect for life? How do other nations respond? As stated in the opening paragraph, these situations will occur. The answer to these situations is a multilateral effort with minimum force. It requires that nations band together in a police action to prevent human rights violations. This is the only possible justification for involvement in war.

It should be mentioned that virtually all wars in the history of the globe have not had correction of human rights violations as their goal. Wars are fought for territory, oil, pride, new markets for domestic goods, etc. Rarely does a war occur so that toleration and respect of life may be implemented. The reason for the rarity of a just war is that toleration and peace cannot be achieved in violence. Prevention of further persecution of peoples can occasionally be accomplished with force, but true peace is not accomplished in war and violence, but rather in diplomacy and personal interaction.

Violence to correct further violence is a fallacy. Violence only proliferates, killing true human understanding and peace. Less effort should be put into creating soldiers and killing machines. Police actions are a necessary part of the world in which we live, but the real focus of nations should be in the training of diplomats and humanitarians. ❖

If drafted into a war and an enemy soldier was ready to kill you, would you try to kill him or her?



Deb Martin

"I don't know for sure what I would do if I were in that situation, but my first impulse would probably be to defend myself."



Danny Philpott

"Wars aren't won by dying for your country; wars are won by making the enemy die for his. So in this situation I would send that dude to the Promised Land."

Bruce Paulien

"You gotta go sometime"



Sara-Beth Swanson

"I would not shoot back. God could save me if He so desired and if He didn't, the next thing I would experience would be the Second Coming."

Jessica Evens

"I would shoot them."

Jason Welch

"I wouldn't have a gun, so the choice would be obvious."



Karl-Heinz Schroeder

"The situation doesn't exist for me. I wouldn't agree to be drafted."

Casi Nesmith

"I would negotiate. I would say 'Hullo friend. Unhand me you fool.'"

Nixon Dies an Honorable Man

By JEREMY CORNFORTH

Richard M. Nixon, the 37th president of the United States, died on the evening of Friday, April 22. Nixon never recovered from the stroke that sent him to the hospital on the previous Monday. He was buried Wednesday, April 27, in his hometown of Yorba Linda, California. His passing was mourned by many from both parties.

Nixon first gained notoriety in the early 1950s as a determined communist hunter on the House Un-American Activities Committee. He built upon this success as Vice-President under President Eisenhower. Defeated in his bid for the presidency by John F. Kennedy in 1960, Nixon finally captured the office in 1968.

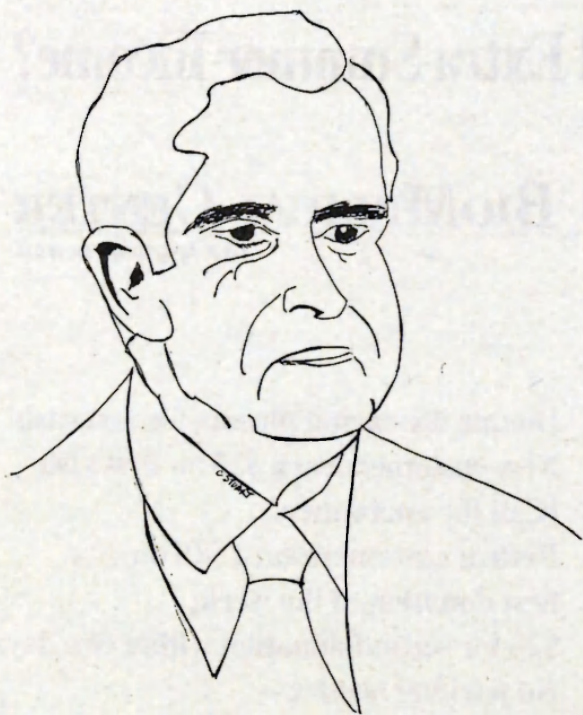
On the policy level, Nixon is mainly remembered for his skill in foreign affairs. He played a key part in opening relations with the People's Republic of China in 1972 and lowering U.S.-Soviet tensions in the early 1970s. After resigning himself to failure, he also pulled American troops from Vietnam.

Nixon's successes as President have been overshadowed in the past by his involvement in the Watergate scandal--the affair that ended his presidency. Beginning as a burglary to find scandalous information on opponents, the break-in grew into a cover-up that encompassed the entire Nixon administration. Nixon resigned from office before Congress was able to carry out impeachment proceedings. He

was succeeded as president by Gerald Ford, who promptly pardoned him.

The years of his life after Watergate were filled with writing books on his own life, politics, and international affairs. His current interest at the time of his death was U.S. policy in Bosnia. Excerpts on this and other topics from his soon-to-be-published book *Beyond Peace* are printed in the newest issue of *Time* magazine.

In his passing Nixon has been remembered more for his achievements and less for the scandal that has dogged his last 20 years of life. A man of masterful ability in the world of international affairs, he leaves a great legacy. ❖



Play Program Debuts at Union College

Curious Savage...from page 1

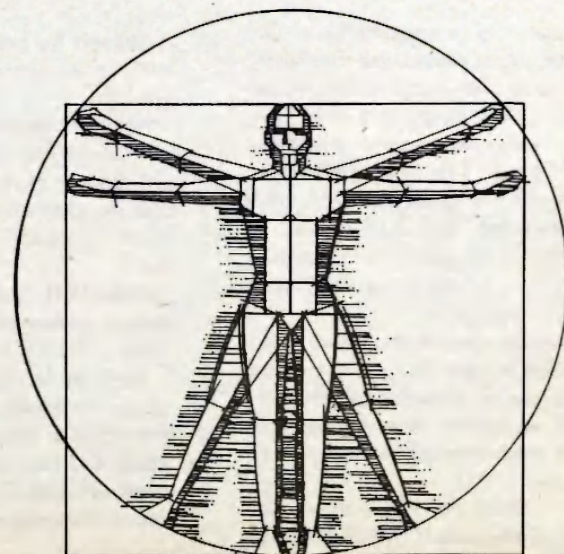
Many of these students had never acted before. It would make a stronger program if we could spend more time in class on these skills."

Martin has extensive acting experience herself, and holds a masters degree in acting from Ohio University. Since coming to Lincoln four years ago, she has directed at the Community Playhouse, Pinewood Bowl, and

Lincoln Ensemble Theater. Her students hope that her expertise can be used to help expand Union's theater program in the next few years.

Craig Gerst hopes to see more productions for the Lincoln community. "I think it's good because people outside the college will have a reason to come to our campus and get to know us," he says. ❖

"Many people are interested, but it's hard to stay committed," says Stallard. Currently she is also working with a group of people to revitalize the drama ministry of College View Church. "Drama helps people relax and laugh at themselves," she says. "Then they're more willing to accept a message." ❖



Union Learns to SHARE through UCareer Center

By TANGIE CAMPBELL

If you didn't find the time to attend the last ASB Convocation, you missed the great kick-off to a brand new quality program here at Union. SHARE, the acronym for Sense, Help, Acknowledge, Respect, and Explain was introduced to our campus. If you haven't seen them, there are wooden boxes scattered about that have compliment and suggestion cards in them. Please take the time to fill them out. These cards can be given to compliment improvements on campus, the great service that a worker gave you, and anything you appreciate. The first compliment a person gets will be signed by the president. After the second, you will receive a cookie card for a free cookie in one of our fine dining areas on campus. The third compliment will make you eligible for the monthly drawing for free gifts. So use the SHARE compliment/suggestion system to brighten someone's day, or pass along a great idea!

In addition to the announcement of a formal compliment and suggestion system, students were asked what suggestions they had for improving quality on campus. The ideas have been taken seriously by Quality Council and their responses are as follows:

Chimes not sounding: The chime mechanism is in need of repair. As soon as parts are received it will be repaired and turned on.

Student Service are & Student Accounts being more customer oriented: In all areas where students have direct contact with staff, training is being done to ensure that students unique needs will be met.

Scholarships Awarded on Accomplishment, not just GPA: Some of the same restrictions that limit the granting of scholarships to particular class standings apply to scholarships being awarded to students because of accomplishments other than GPA. There are at least 33 (39%), named scholarships awarded to individuals

"... a free cookie in one of our fine dining establishments"

because they demonstrate leadership, participate in campus and community activities, show great potential in certain areas, possess strong work ethics, honesty, or dedication, as well as hold certain GPAs. Named scholarships are awarded to students with GPA minimums ranging from 2.000 to 3.500. In addition to the above, Union College is continuing to look for ways to increase scholarships offered.

Religious Service attendance letters need to be friendlier: Absence notices will take on a new format to simply state the number of services attended and number needed to meet requirements.

More Scholarships for Upperclassmen: Of the 85 named

scholarships, 24 (28 percent) include criteria specifying junior or senior recipients, nine (11 percent) specify sophomore standing or above, and many other named scholarships were awarded to juniors and seniors. Because criteria is set according to the donors' wishes for named scholarships, there is little control over class standings. UNITE scholarships are only given to freshmen and sophomores based on financial need and Passbook scholarships are given to freshman. New sources of scholarships and ways of increasing current scholarships are being actively pursued by Union College.

"Currently, students are sent on touring groups in the summer."

Spread Union's Good Image on Campus: Quality Council sees the need for improved internal communication with students about good things that are happening at Union College. Increased emphasis will be placed on communication through *The Clocktower*, *Communique*, UTV, and personal announcements.

Better promotion of Union off campus: In addition to the above, Union is closely studying recruiting techniques with SRI/Gallup. This data will show what methods of promotion are most effective in recruiting and retention. This is being done to ensure the best promotion of Union College.

More students used in recruiting: Currently students are sent on touring groups in the summer, at summer camps and campmeetings. Administration would like to use more students in this process. If you are interested in helping with recruiting this summer at a campmeeting in your area, (or next school year) see Buell Fogg or Tim Simon in Enrollment Services.

Credit card calls easier: One method for better access to phone lines has been suggested. Use your credit card access number to get out. This frees the one trunk line from Union College for other long distance calls. To do this, dial 8+0+area code+number. Then wait for tone to cue you to enter your AT&T/LT&T/other credit card. Phone use is being studied to see if the cost of adding an additional phone line is warranted by the current call load.

Support for people on tour: This will be addressed by Academic Council.

Pavement for parking lot: Two significant projects are currently being completed by Plant Services: roofs and repaving some areas in the parking lot. The cost to pave the entire lot is prohibitive.

SABBATH VESPERS: Ideas for a Sabbath evening vespers are being discussed.

This is just the beginning of the formal Quality process here on Union's campus. We welcome further ideas and comments. Call the UCareer Center at 2540 or fill out a card. You, the students, are our most important customer. ❖



Pacifism: The Refuge of the Weak or the Vision of the Wise?

By CAMERON LUDWIG

Almost as heated as a real battle have been the debates over the validity of pacifism. There are pacifists who claim that without a non-violent philosophy, the world will regress to the rule of the strong. The opposition claims that if everyone is a pacifist, human rights would be crushed and societies would be downtrodden.

Most of us agree that we would rather have peace than war; therefore, pacifism sounds like a good idea. But to what extent are we willing to take pacifism? We agree that shooting someone in the head is bad, but what about in wartime or in self-defense? To what extent are you willing to advocate peace? Would you die for your beliefs, letting your rights and your life be taken?

If pacifism doesn't seem to be the answer, look at the other side. Defending yourself and your way of life isn't wrong, right? Although, if you fight for yourself, then why not fight for a cause you truly believe in? If you fight for a cause, then why not fight for your country? If you fight for your country, are you not simply a murderer?

Through the ages, man has struggled to differentiate himself from animals. When it comes down to it, the ability to choose not to fight may be one of the biggest differences between sentient beings and the base of the food chain.

I have a modified version of pacifism for myself. Pacifism, for me, is a mindset; I abhor violence and will attempt to avoid it if at all possible, but I think there are extreme cases when violence is the lesser of two evils. ❖

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A young Bill Fitts helps the wounded in Vietnam.

Midnight in Vietnam: Keeping It Simple

By DR. BILL FITTS

It is midnight 1968, at S.I.C.U., 91st Evac Hospital, Tuy Hoa, Republic of South Vietnam. The date doesn't matter. Pick any date. We happen to have already lived through the Tet Offensive—most of us, anyway—so the worst part of my tour of duty is over (although I don't know it yet). That nurse in jungle fatigues and boots at the other end of the ward filling out the clipboard at the end of the bed is in charge tonight of this surgical intensive care unit. First Lieutenant Karen Simpson from Massachusetts. I am her assistant for the evening.

The worst part of my evening is hopefully over. Lieutenant Simpson and I arrived at 1900 hours to receive nurse's report. We will leave at 0700 after giving nurse's report to the day shift. Twelve hours on and twelve hours off. Arrive at dusk and leave at dawn. Keep it simple. Here is my evening:

Shortly after we arrive, I retrieve and stack the rest of the chow trays for the cook's assistant to pick up on his second trip around the twenty-three frame shacks and quonset huts that provide wards for the 91st. I then fill twenty shiny steel basins with water for bedbaths—all of which must be finished by 2200 when I take vital signs. I hand the basins, soap, and disposable paper washcloths to those that can bathe themselves. Tonight, however, I will take extra time.

In bed 4 lies Nguyen Tranh, a South Vietnamese soldier hit by a white phosphorous grenade. His face, right arm, chest, and both legs are second- and third-degree burns. I will have to soak the bandage covering his right hand and forearm in normal saline to remove it. He will cry again when the bandage sticks and I reach my gloved hand for another syringe of normal saline and look down at the yellow and white and blue and red where skin should be. "Aaah! Bucoup douwahhh!" he strains through bleeding lips as I remove the head bandage. "Yes, I know, Papasan. It hurts a lot." But only my words reflect that I feel his pain. The dressing must be changed and sil-

ver nitrate soaks applied. I have to remove the cannula to his trach tube and clean the spit off of it. Every time he coughs, I have to run a suction tube down his trach and clean out all the goop. He must be cleaned up after using the bedpan. Someone has to do it. It is an unpleasant matter. If I feel too much, I will become ill and have to leave the ward. I won't be any help to Lieutenant Simpson. We must attend to their bodily needs. She cares for the women and I care for the men—Vietnamese, Korean, and American. The 91st is also a

"The mine that he stepped on blew off both legs around the knees."

civilian casualty hospital. Keep it simple.

In bed 8 is Staff Sergeant Jesus Mendez from Mineral Wells, Texas. He can't be over twenty. He's just a kid. No, there are no kids here. He must have lied about his age to sign up. He is a basket case. The mine that he stepped on in the bush blew off both legs around the knees. Surgeons had to remove the shreds that had once been his hands. Oh, yes, he is also blind. I will feed him breakfast in the morning. I wish he weren't so nice to me. Every time I ask him if I can get him something, it's "No sir, I'm doing fine, sir." He never complains. If he did, I could be irritated at him, and it would make my job easier with him. We could keep it simple. In one way I am glad that he can't see me. Maybe he is trying to keep it simple for both of us. Keep it professional. We are soldiers.

In bed 15 across from the nurse's station is Tranh van Ho, a twelve-year-old kid who looks eight due to living on garbage. He also stepped on a mine (kids have to play somewhere over here). He will spend the rest of his life walking on his hands and the two stubs Charlie left him.

By 22:30 Lieutenant Simpson and I have charted all the TPR's and BP's in the cardex. I reglove

and take the honey bucket to the latrine behind the ward and dump it for burning the next morning. No, we don't have flush toilets here. We place paper towels in the bottoms of bedpans to make it easier for dumping into the honey bucket and washing the bedpans in the little washroom at the end of the ward. It's called the honey bucket because we also dump the contents of the catheter bags in it. The colors are magnificent some nights.

The highlight of the evening is midnight chow. We flip to see who goes first. The lieutenant wins. I am by myself from 2300 to 23:30. If an emergency occurs that I can't handle, I can always run next door to Post-Op for a nurse. We don't use the field phones. Half the time they don't work. Two weeks ago, Sergeant Bass came back from R & R in Bangkok and said that we needed to contact the rest of the world. He'd flown into Nha Trang and been told that the 91st didn't exist anymore—it had been overrun. I wrote home that night.

At 23:30 I go to chow. As I slip through the line, one of the night cooks leans over my tray and whispers, "Stick around after everyone's gone. Johnny baked a cake tonight." Later, I ask Johnny if he'll save a piece for me tomorrow night when I go on duty again. There is this man from Mineral Wells, Texas.

When I return to the ward, Lieutenant Simpson has set up a tape on her Akai reel-to-reel. We will take turns listening to Simon and Garfunkel until 0200, when I'll take vital signs of the really serious cases. Throughout the evening she has allowed me to give shots and dispense other medications—something they wouldn't allow back in the world. I'm learning from her.

At 0500 we begin the personal hygiene routine again. At 0600 the chow cart comes around, and I feed Sergeant Mendez. We take our time. I know that I will remember him. At nurse's report we note that bed 4 is empty. Our burn patient gave up the ghost at 0400 hours. His bed will be in for

Women and Combat: Something Worth Fighting For

By JACQUELINE OSTROWIKI

War and women. For centuries, these two words were virtually incompatible. The army and the battlefield were no place for the role most women had held through the years. But now it is the nineties, when equality and opportunity are offered to all—including the chance to engage in combat.

What has traditionally been a man's realm is now being invaded by women, who say that having a male-dominated army is both unfair and degrading to our fair gender. Though to the typical Union College student this may seem far from affecting us today, the issue touches on some relevant topics—are women as good as men? Can we compete in areas where men may have advantages over us? What is our best role in war?

What do you think of women and combat?

As a woman, I have the same loyalties to my country and willingness to fight for what is mine as any man. I want to defend my family and nation against harm. I have the same desire for freedom that leads males by the droves to enlist in the armed forces. And I believe in equality of the sexes. Yet I would not serve in war or combat by choice.

I don't believe that military service is an equal employment opportunity that should send us scurrying for the nearest recruiting office. The decision to join the military and enter combat is a personal decision that rests with each person's ethical standards. If you do join the military, regardless of if you are male or female, you will encounter backbreaking training, relentless superiors, and emotional draining. This is a job that few women are qualified to handle, and those that are, I admire.

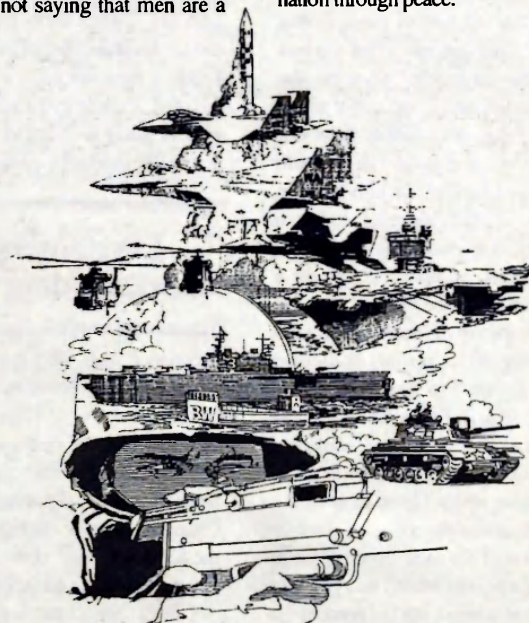
I am not saying that men are a

better breed than we are. However, they are stronger physically and able to endure more physical trauma. (That is a generalization!) Most women that do enter training must work twice as hard just to keep at par with men, who have a physical advantage over us. Privacy isn't a big issue with men as it is with us—and you will lack plenty of that out on the battlefield. Women in the armed forces both encounter and create sexual tension in a male-dominated military culture.

Finally, women are generally more emotionally attuned than are men, making it more destructive to their psyche to pull the trigger and kill the people they inevitably will have to destroy on the battlefield. It is simply more difficult for women to have or obtain the proper physical and emotional makeup that will allow them to succeed in combat.

I do not condemn those women who join the service as foolish. I don't think that it is the wisest choice for most females, though. If, looking at your individual strengths and priorities, you feel that combat is your calling, then follow the road you see as best. But to be or want to be in the military because men are, or because we as women feel excluded, is degrading to our respect for ourselves.

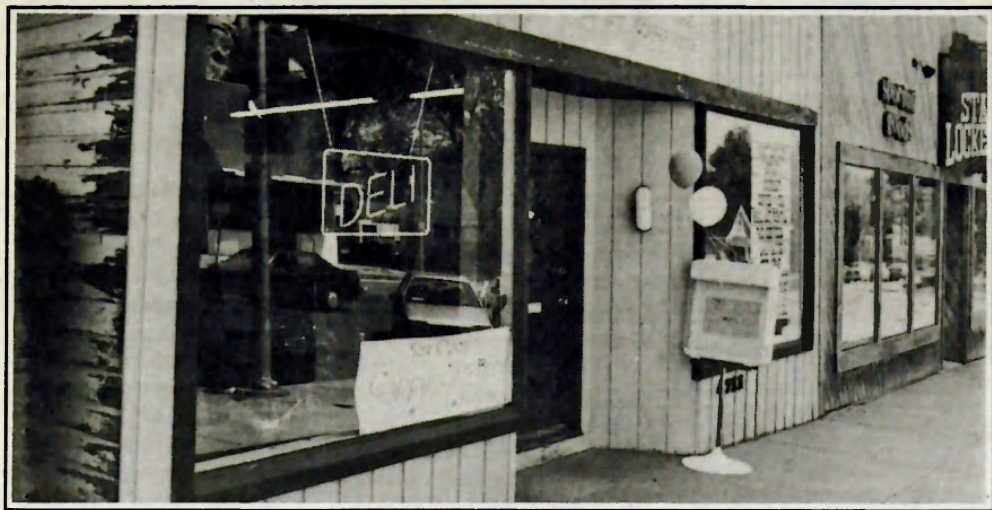
I will never enlist in combat (unless I have to sign my life away as a Navy nurse to finance going to Union!). If drafted, I would serve my country faithfully. There are women who are good or excellent at combat, who add brilliance and stamina to war and whose nonenlistment would be a great loss. But, unless you are one of those women, and unless war is your calling, I feel there are better ways for women—for anyone, in fact—to support and strengthen our nation through peace. ♦



an alcohol scrub by my replacement.

After nurse's report, Lieutenant Simpson and I walk down the corridor of beds and out the front door of the quonset hut that is S.I.C.U. I

look forward to a cold shower (the only kind at the 91st), some breakfast, and my bunk. I hope I'm not too tired to remember that piece of chocolate cake when I report tonight. I try to keep it simple. ♦



Only a short walk from campus, relaxed Kathy's offers a mellow atmosphere to busy students.

A Country Boy's Opinion of Kathy

The Burp Meter

1. Excruciating uppity (Boring!)
2. Pseudo Cuisine/Pseudo Culture
3. Pretty Good
4. Potentially Unhealthful Enjoyment
5. Pure Satisfaction: Greasy Fulfillment

By ROB HOLBROOK

"But Mom," I would protest, "burping is considered a cultured way to express one's appreciation of a pleasurable eating experience in Arabic countries." "Shut up and eat yer grub," she would retort. "This here ain't Arabia, it's Arab (pronounced Aye- raab).

I'm gettin' an ejuca-tion

Yes, I was faced with many such cultural ambiguities while growing up in the tiny town of Arab, Alabama. Arab was just down the road from Scant City and just up the road from Joppa (I swear I'm not making any of these names up). Tradition has it that's where Jonah was headin' when he was commissioned to make the trip to Nineveh—his reasonin' bein' that not even the good Lord would think of lookin' for him in those parts. Well, Jonah never made it to Joppa, or to Arab as you've probably heard, but then, neither have a lot of things...like culture.

Getting out of Arab has had a liberating effect on me in diverse ways: first, I'm gettin' an ejuca-tion; second, I'm gettin' to experience a cultural exchange unknown to the remote Alabama hills, between which I lived most of my sheltered childhood.

One of the most exciting things my family did when I was growing up was taking a trip to Oleander for an auction. Daddy had his eyes on one particularly fine cotton gin. We were out-bid by 46 cents, but that left us with \$5.79, which was enough to buy lunch for all five of us! I can still picture the stacks of crispy fried frog legs, slab upon slab of breaded catfish, the steaming kettle full of collard greens, the black-eyed peas, the corn bread, and the okra gumbo on

the all- you-could-eat buffet. When I thought I couldn't swallow one more morsel of the greasy, finger- lickin' good catfish, I shifted back in my chair, loosened my belt three notches and belched.

All became perfectly silent for what seemed like an eternity as all eyes focused on me, and somehow I sensed we wouldn't be sticking around for watermelon. Mom and Dad led us quickly out of the diner to the station wagon. Not a word was said. Nothing needed to be said. No manners, no watermelon. It was that simple.

But now I live among understanding folk. People up north here have an appreciation for all sorts of culture, and y'all appreciate good grub too. I don't know how many restaurants there are in Lincoln, but I reckon there are quite a few. In fact, I'm going to make it a point to visit as many as I can to evaluate their culinary merits, as well as the

I live among understanding folk.

experience itself. If I find a good one, I'll let you know; if you find one, let me know so I can check it out. If I find one that's not worth your money, I'll warn you: "Her Souffle de Grenouille et Champignon avec de Herbes cost me \$35!" Or "Hey, don't go there, they require shirt and shoes!"

Okay? Let's start with a new place that just opened one block from campus— Kathy's Cafe. It's going to be the most popular hang-out (next to the Chat, of course) for Union folk. Here's why: 1) It's close enough to walk to. 2) Kathy's friendly. 3) Lori's friendly. 4) They accommodated our (my date and I) new-found vegetarianism. 5) And it only cost us \$5.25 (less than that cotton gin at the auction

when you include the tip!).

Our water glasses were constantly refilled while we decided what to order. When we finally did we requested grilled cheese with veggies inside— something that wasn't on the menu but didn't seem to bother them. While we ate I got plenty of refills on coffee. The atmosphere was "nice" but not so nice that I couldn't give Kathy's Cafe 3 1/2 burps. ❖



By CHRISTIAN STUART

1. I think the soul of a Snicker's bar is the nougat. You never see it, but man you know it's there.
2. Death is like a van full of people driving away from you. The more you run after it, the more the people laugh.
3. That mask Batman wears must have absorbed a lot of sweat all these years. He needs to get a new one.
4. R.I.P. "Nurturing Thoughts": Catch that van. ❖

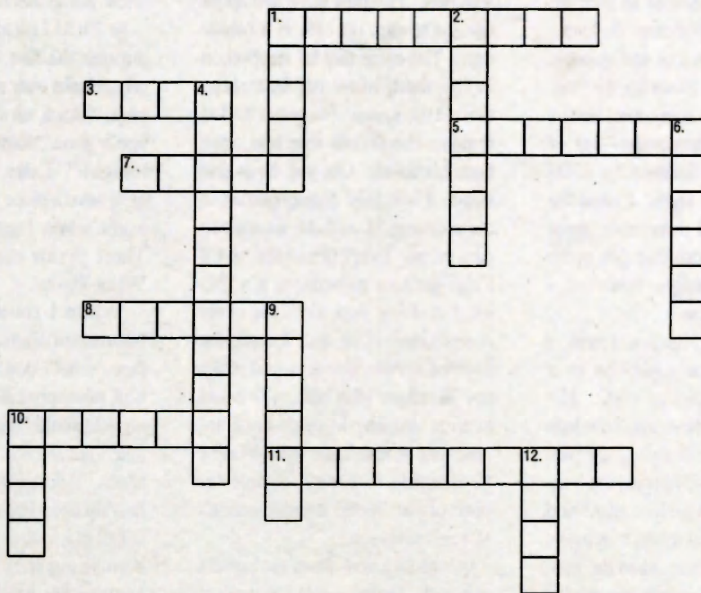
Leatherman's TOP TEN

Little Known Facts About Our New ASB President

10. Loves to wrestle mountain goats.
9. Cries when Old Yeller gets shot.
8. Secretly served as CIA courier during that year he claimed to drive all the way to Alaska to bake bread.
- 7.5 Parents wanted to name him Susan.
7. Sees Chelsea Clinton as someone with "real potential."
6. With a good term next year will be named Ross Perot's running mate in 2012.
5. Strongly believes that certain Clocktower columnists should get hefty paychecks retroactively speaking.
4. Has a collection of bowling shoes from alleys all across America.
3. Can beat Doug Hardt and Bret Schlisner 3 out of 4 times crushing caffeine-free Squirt cans on his forehead.
2. Drives a Volvo so his invisible friend feels safe.
1. Plans to sign his name as President Corey Rodham Hasenauer.

WIN \$10!

The Wacky UC Crossword Puzzle



Across

1. The first part of his name is how you order an egg.
3. A retired English teacher or a food taboo at UC.
5. Professor Schroeder's hobby is collecting and selling _____.
7. UC President

Down

8. Historically speaking, he graduated from Union in 1969.
10. The second syllable of his name is what you use to unlock a door.
11. Get nurtured with thoughts in the _____.
1. A classification of laughter or a folk singin' English man.
2. U.S. President especially important to UC.
4. Movie star who spoke for chapel in 1985.
6. Don't be afraid, just be *Curious*.
9. If you were to ask this science professor about the first part of his last name he would probably say, "No."
10. Religiously speaking, he's a man who's not poor.
12. Adventist version of 3. Across

Successfully complete this puzzle, be the first to show it to Christian Stuart and win \$10!

From Here to Eternity

By LORI HILL

History tells us that marriage for a young Jewish girl was realized in three things: a cup, a contract and the construction of the bridal chamber. Here we will here deal only with the latter.

A Jewish couple might only meet once before their marriage, at the betrothal ceremony. As soon as the young man left the ceremony, he would begin immediately to work on the special place where he and his wife would honeymoon, the bridal chamber. He would construct a small building on his father's property. Into this "little mansion" he would pour all of his creative energies, making it as beautiful and luxurious as he could.

Because the marriage was arranged by the parents, neither bride nor groom knew the date of their coming marriage (the parents kept it a secret until the last moment!). Not knowing exactly how long he had to prepare, the groom would work feverishly. Meanwhile, the father would watch the erection of the building. The father's detached emotions must have kept many a groom from throwing a slipshod structure in his haste to claim his wife.

As time wore on, the young maiden no doubt would make some excuse in order to pass by the property on her way to the well or a friend's house to see how it was coming. Her excitement would build day-by-day as she and her friends listened to the distant hammering of nails in this special house being prepared just for her.

If He created this earth in six days, just think what wonders await us.

The bride herself had many preparations to make before the big day. For one thing, as soon as she became betrothed, she began to wear a veil. Like an engagement ring, it signified to all other men that she was "taken." As far as her availability to other men was concerned, she might as well be dead.

Jesus said, "I go to prepare a place for you." Like the Jewish groom of old, He is preparing the bridal chamber (a mansion) just for you! He is working feverishly and

will continue to work until it is perfect. He has been preparing it for a long time. If He created this earth in six days, just think what wonders await us.

But you have things to do before He comes. You must use your time wisely and be prepared for you know not the hour nor the day. In the meantime, is it any wonder that the world doesn't understand us? They see the veil, the visible difference between us and them and know that it means something, but they cannot identify its significance. They see that we are unmoved by—indeed, almost dead to—certain allurements; but they don't understand. We do not chafe behind the veil that we must wear, for we know that it is only temporary. One day it will be removed by the loving hand of our groom when we will "know as we are known."

On that beautiful day the Bridegroom shall say to us, "Arise, come, my darling; my beautiful one, come with me." (Song of Sol. 2:10) *Listen!* Can you hear the ringing of the hammer?

[For further study on God's romantic love see [A Marriage Made in Heaven](#). Glenn Greenwood.]✧

Campus Paperback Bestsellers

1. *Schindler's List*, by Thomas Keneally. (Touchstone, \$12.00) Nazi party member rescues Jews in Poland during WW II.
2. *The Client*, by John Grisham. (Island/Dell, \$6.99) Young boy is privy to a lawyer's deadly secret.
3. *Care of the Soul*, by Thomas Merton. (Harper Perennial, \$12.00) Guide for spirituality in everyday life.
4. *The Pelican Brief*, by John Grisham. (Dell, \$6.99) Law student finds herself on the run from killers of two Supreme Court justices.
5. *The Te of Piglet*, by Benjamin Hoff. (Penguin, \$10.00) Aspects of Taoist philosophy through the eyes of piglet.
6. *The House of the Spirits*, by Isabel Allende. (Bantam, \$5.99) Sweeping family saga taking place in South America.
7. *Lord of Raven's Peak*, by Catherine Coulter. (Jove, \$5.99) Viking adventure in 10th-century Britain.
8. *The Tao of Pooh*, by Benjamin Hoff. (Penguin, \$9.00) Taoism as seen through A. A. Milne's characters.
9. *Jedi Search*, by Kevin J. Anderson. (Spectra/Bantam, \$5.99) Part one of the "Star Wars" saga.
10. *Degree of Guilt*, by Richard North Paterson. (Ballantine, \$5.99.) Dramatic and psychologically compelling courtroom thriller.

Compiled by The Division of Higher Education from information supplied by college stores throughout the country, April 15, 1994.

New & Recommended

- A personal selection of Caroline Mervis, The Honey Beebooks, Claremont, CA.
- So Far From God*, by Ana Castillo. (Plume, \$9.95) Story of a remarkable woman and her four daughters living in New Mexico.
- Monster*, by Sanyika Shakur, a.k.a. Monster Kody Scott. (Penguin, \$9.95) Autobiography of an L.A. gang member and the shocking chronicle of life on the streets of South Central.
- Her Own Place*, by Don Sanders. (Fawcett, \$9.00) Mae Lee Barnes matures from a rural South Carolina teenager to an abandoned mother of five whose fierce reserves and constant humor help her family to prosper.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PUBLISHERS/NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE STORES



Canine Encounter of the Close Kind

By DR. WARD HILL

Inspired by Doug Nesmith's colorful account of a bathroom blackout, here's my own version of things that go bump in the dark.

With my wife at my side to pick me up in case I fall, I regularly head out for a pre-dawn workout. At 5:35 a.m. traffic is remarkably sparse. On a typical mid-winter morning, paper boys and exercise fanatics are about the only signs of life. Drive-by shootings are rare. Threats come from boys on bikes going at demonic speeds without lights.

As I straightened from the first round of toe-touching, I heard a female voice ring out, "No, Cody, no!" In a split second I felt a bruising encounter on my back side. There was no opportunity for a strategically planned counterattack. Impulse and reflex would have to do. My role model would be Joe Cartright of "Bonanza" fame, who would fall to the ground while drawing his gun. Little Joe would usually drill the assailant with five or six well-placed shots. Being unarmed and considerably less agile than Joe Cartright, I would have to be content with falling to the ground.

Suddenly it dawned on me that I had come under friendly fire. My attacker was the huge black mongrel who romped through this territory almost daily in company with one of our female jogging neighbors. His friendship gesture of mauling me between the shoulders left no imprint from his teeth but only a mite of mud from his paw. The

only lasting result was in the field of knowledge—I had discovered a cure for irregularity.

Cody is still a puppy though bigger than most dogs in the neighborhood. He is a child with an adult frame. There's not a mean bone in his body. Until now his world has been sweetness and light. A little more time on the streets and he is likely to lose his innocence. He will start his list of friends and enemies. Survival means he must eliminate the latter. His vocabulary will take on snarls and growls. Soon he may shed his first blood. The law of the jungle has a way of taking over. He will find his place among a groaning creation.

I am apprehensive about meeting Cody when this change of life takes place. When a lion attacks he gives a three-second warning with a paralyzing roar. The devil, says the Scripture, does the same. Not Cody. He takes his victim unawares.

Instead of seeing everyone as his friend—a sort of canine multiculturalism—Cody will have bonded with his owner and a few intimates. The rest of us will be outsiders. He will not relish a pre-dawn game with me at that point. Then I will be little more than a threat to his domain. The age-old struggle for power and dominance will prevail. In that context, the words of the Apostle Paul will spring to life: "Beware of dogs." What a pity that evil must enter the realm of all relationships and turn what might be times of delight into moments of terror. ✧

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Tough Situations Change You

An invitation to take full advantage of your life

By DAN WALKER,
Bogenhofen, Germany

My first day of snow skiing started out tamely enough. A few instructions on the fine art of "snowplowing," practice on the kiddie slopes, and then graduation to a basic slope, all the while trying to figure out answers to questions like, Just what are the poles for anyway? The day was calmly

**Push yourself.
Not just to the edge,
but right on over.**

coming to a close when a freind suggested a different slope. Emboldened by my obvious talent, I readily assented.

The first part of the run wasn't so difficult—maybe just a little bit steeper than the basic run. Then we came to the edge of the next slope, and I got a good look at the rest of the run. I think it must have been a shade under 90 degrees. The pros whizzing by, some calmly "tucking" down the hill, didn't help any. I would surely be killed by one as I made my slow, long "S" turns! But there was no way out—there were no alternative runs, and the next lift would only be at the very bottom of this treacherous hill. My only distinct thought was, "What am I doing here?"

That's my subject for this article: If you are not regularly coming to places in your life where you are asking yourself, "Am I crazy?" and "What am I doing here?" then you are not taking full advantage of what you could do in your life. My year here in Europe, trying to master German, traveling, and generally trying a lot of new things, has helped me to coalesce a philosophy: Push yourself. Not just to the edge, but right on over. If you're not having moments when your heart is racing, when the blood is buzzing through your veins, when your legs and hands are shaking, then you're not grasping life with

all of your strength.

Why should you want to push yourself like that? What good does it do? The answer is simply that it changes you. There are four ways that you benefit when you put yourself in testing situations: you gain experience and knowledge, you build confidence, new worlds are opened for you, and God becomes more important to you. The first way that it changes you is that it gives experience and knowledge. When I was planning my trip to Italy, my European friends urged me to hitchhike; instantly, I was intrigued. There was a challenge that would definitely push me! My American friends predicted that all kinds of horrible things would happen to me, especially since I was going alone. But their wishful thinking proved to be groundless. I had a great trip! I saw some of the most famous cities in the world, met some interesting Italians, and traveled over 1400 km (about 870 miles) hitchhiking. I learned how to hitchhike (location, Location, LOCATION!), how to handle everyday situations when I couldn't speak the native language, and I even learned something about Italy. Most importantly, I gained the knowledge that I had successfully completed another challenge.

The second change that pushing yourself brings builds on the first: experience and knowledge lead directly to confidence. Next week I'm going to hitchhike to Munich to pick up my mom and girlfriend. No problem. We're going to travel through Switzerland, where the people speak German, French, Roman; not to mention all of the different dialects! I can handle it. Next school year I'm going to have to impress employers enough to snag a job, and then in May I have to pass the CPA exam. I can do it! The experience and knowledge that I've gained have helped build the confidence I need to handle the challenges I'm going to encounter.

Experience and knowledge lead to confidence, which in turn leads to new worlds and opportunities. That is the third way that pushing

changes you. The confidence that is built up spills over and forces you to try new things. I've got a small business here at Bogenhofen. I sell chocolate and pop at the school. Last week the school had an indoor soccer tournament, with teams from Austria, Germany, Italy, and France. I saw an opportunity: all those players and screaming fans were going to be hungry and thirsty. I packed all my product up, bought 10 liters of juice from the cafeteria, and headed for the gym. By the end of the day, I could count on one hand how much product I had left! In retrospect, the idea seems like an obvious cash cow, and I hate to admit it to myself, but I'm afraid that a year ago I probably would not have done it. My added confidence helped me earn a nice little sum to help finance my trip to Switzerland.

A final way that pushing yourself changes you is that it brings you closer to God. The truth is that I have never done more praying in my life than I did on my trip

**The true definition
of being alone can
be found on the
side of the road.**

through Italy. I think that the true definition of being alone can be found on the side of a road—when you don't know if you'll get a ride, when you don't know where that ride is going to drop you off, and when you don't know exactly where you're going to spend the night. We see our weaknesses only when we come up against problems that are bigger than ourselves. That's when we see just how much we need Jesus.

You need to put yourself into situations that push you to your true, unencountered limits. The experience and knowledge that you gain, the confidence that you build, the new opportunities you encounter, and the new closeness to God that you find will change you for the better. Try something tough today! ❖



The Curious Savage crew celebrate their successful play performance during their cast party at the end of the production.

The Man Upstairs

By KARI LUNDE
Chiba, Japan

I hear him almost every night. Thump...Thump...Thump.... He lives upstairs by himself. While I don't know his name and have never even seen his face, he's still a part of my life.

He sounds like the Grim Reaper, and the first night I heard him through my groggy sleep-induced fog, I dreamed He WAS the Grim Reaper. Thump...Thump...Thump. His drunken feet plod up the four flights of stairs to 401, my apartment's older sibling. I wonder how any one man could make such a singularly depressing sound. Turn my music up, talk on the phone, it doesn't matter, his footsteps reverberate through the walls of my small apartment.

He hikes up the stairs, past my apartment, up one more flight, stops to fish out his keys, manages to somehow get the door open, closes it with a bang, locks it with a thud, and clatters his shoes unceremoniously on the floor above my head. After that, the blessed tatami mats swallow up his footfalls.

I've never seen him because I've never wanted to. I enjoy the one-dimensional aspect of our relationship. Perhaps one day I'll get the nerve to look through my five-foot low peephole and see the bubbled reality of my stairway companion, but I don't need to.

I know what he looks like. I've seen him on the Tokyo trains, in the restaurants and on the crowded streets. He's about 5'8", loosened tie, black suit, black hair and black eyes that are clouded over with yet another layer of residue from a wasted day at Hum-Drum, Inc. His eyes are always half open as he sits across from me on the train reading his two-inch thick comic book. He sits in his standardized tan overcoat surrounded by dozens of other standardized tan overcoats with a look of utter detachment on his face. I want to scream at him just to see if he'll look up. Probably not. And if he did, he'd just stare blankly at me for two seconds (three if I had done my hair that morning), then look dully down at his black and white eye candy again.

I don't need to peep through that hole in my door to know this man.

Thump...Thump...Thump. It's the dance of a lonely man. Its melody slithers under my hollow door and

whispers in my ear. Its a swansong I'd rather not listen to.

Thump...Thump. He's dying, I think to myself, trying to ignore the self-testimony in his steps. Will my life ever be reduced to hollow footsteps, I wonder. Will my climb through life be as lonely and hopeless as his? What happened to his dreams? What happened to the people he once loved? Did he set them down on the train one day and forget to pick them up again? I wonder if he sees the images of his lost dreams and the people he left behind when he stares blankly at his newspaper in the morning. One day he forgot why he once cared and after that all was lost to passivity.

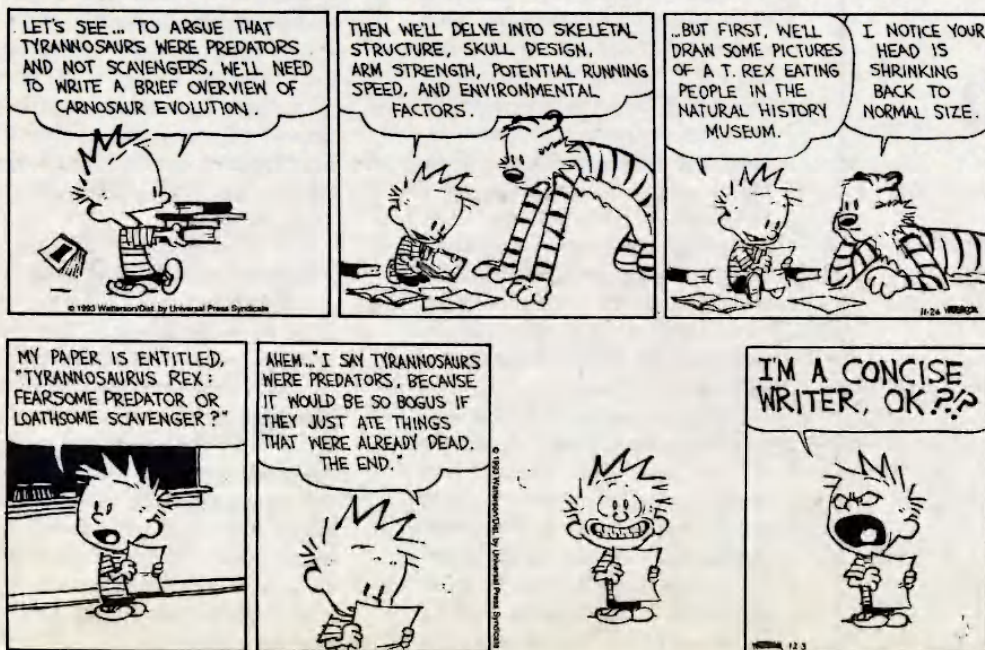
Here he comes again. First floor, second floor. I have a sudden urge to fling open my door, look him squarely in his half-mast eyes and scream, "SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPEALIDOCIOUS!!" I would give him a big smile as he stood there reeling and close the door with a bang. I betcha that would make him think.

Perhaps, tomorrow night, he'll be so afraid of the crazy girl in 301 that he'll jog up the stairs. And after jogging up the stairs every night he'll stop drinking every night. Then he'll remember that once he wanted to stun the world with his collection of poetry he wrote in his college days. So he'll quit his job at Hum-Drum, Inc., and move to Montana where he'll fish and write poetry in the woods with a smile on his face. One day as he sits writing reflectively about his lost years in conformity and passivity by sparkling, crystal water, he'll hear the plaintive cries of a drowning female in the roaring water, and he'll jump in and save her and she'll just happen to be on a solo journey across Montana trying to find Her lost dream and then....But then again, I'll never know.

I hear him dump his shoes upstairs. I realize that he may not be the Grim Reaper but he scares me just as much. Passivity is contagious. I'm still sitting here. Has it already crept under my door and wrapped itself seductively around my cold shoulders? Will it seduce me of my dreams next? My hopes? My loves? No, I won't ever look through that peephole. I don't want to see my glossy eyes blankly staring back at me. Tell me it won't be your eyes I see instead. ❖

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



An Interview with an Adventist Soldier

Scott Phillips tells Tom Leatherman how the U.S. Army has changed his life.

By TOM LEATHERMAN

Scott Phillips is a sophomore theology major at Union College. His career ambition is to serve as an SDA chaplain in the U.S. Army. Scott served five years in the Army as a non-commissioned officer with the rank of sergeant, specializing in survival training while living in adverse environments.

I was able to catch Scott last week for an interview:

Tom Leatherman: What made you interested in joining the Army?

Scott Phillips: The thought of adventure: parachuting, weapons training, and a secure future.

TL: What do you believe was the reason for growth in your personal experience with Christ while in the Army?

SP: Watching another man dying in front of me and not being able to save him.

TL: What are the major conflicts in serving Christ and the Army?

SP: Keeping the Sabbath is the most difficult if you're not in medical services. Another is being called upon to kill other human beings.

TL: Does the Army attempt to meet the spiritual needs of its soldiers?

SP: Yes, very much. In fact the Army is now recruiting Muslim chaplains. The infantry units in the Army, the Marines, or any special forces are extremely difficult environments to be an Adventist and meet the needs of your team at the same time.

TL: Does the Army encourage or discourage SDAs?

SP: No more or less than any other denomination.

TL: What is the best route for a person in the Army who gives their heart to Christ and now faces a crisis of conscience?

SP: They should go see their chaplain and work with them because they can help you move into an army service that doesn't interfere with your conscience or they can help you leave the service.

TL: Do you see military force as a necessary element of our society and do you see God preserving and protecting those who serve in the military?

SP: The military is a necessary deterrent to loss of freedoms, although not as much now with communism declining. Today the military is being viewed more as a peacekeeping element rather than a deterrent to different political ideals. North Korea is an exception. I believe we could easily be drawn into a major conflict over nuclear weaponry with North Korea.

TL: With your experience, what would you advise Adventists who are beginning to think of joining the Army?

SP: They should look at the military as a mission field. An Adventist's first objective in the Army should be to spread the Gospel by his or her actions and associations. We need to realize that the Army environment is not suitable for everyone. I encourage anyone who is interested to visit an Army chaplain before making a decision. I want my fellow students to know that the people serving in our armed forces are just like everyone else. Most are good, strong, intelligent soldiers with the strongest desire to serve their country. ❖



Becky Greer, one of many Unionites to jump out of a plane this year, collects her parachute after the jump.

A Day in the Life of a Skydiver

By AMY DONALDSON

My skydiving experience began Thursday evening, January 20, 1994. Cameron Ludwig, Brett Blanchfield and I got into the car and headed for the instructor's home to watch a four-hour video on how to skydive and not die. At the beginning of the session, we were required to sign forms, releasing Crete Skydiving Center from any responsibility should we become one with the earth.

At 7:30 Sunday morning, Cameron, Brett and I started for Crete, arriving ninety minutes later. The next two and a half hours were spent reviewing the procedures for jumping out of an airplane. We also reviewed emergency procedures and practiced our PLFs (parachute landing falls) so we wouldn't break our knees.

Finally we were ready to get suited up. We each put on a jumpsuit, a helmet, gloves, sturdy boots, and a parachute. Cameron and I were the last to jump, so we would be able to watch the others go first.

As the plane ascended I experienced a slight fluttering of my stomach. The jumpmaster smiled at me reassuringly and began to yell off the altitude. "One thousand feet.

Two thousand. Two-fifty. Three thousand!" At three thousand feet he opened the door of the plane and the wind rushed in. The jumpmaster stuck his head out to check the position of the plane. The wind pushed against his face, pulling his cheeks back, and he made a funny face at me. He pulled his head back in, looked at me, and said, "Put your feet out." With difficulty, I planted my feet on the step. The wind pulled at my left arm as I placed it on the strut, a diagonal support for the wing. My right hand gripped the doorframe. I looked back at my jumpmaster. He yelled through the roar of the wind, "Now climb all the way out."

Fighting against the wind, I swung my body out of the plane and brought my right hand to the strut. As the wind pulled and tugged at my body, I gingerly inched my way out to the end of the step, hoping that each time I lifted my hand I'd be able to replace it. I tried not to notice that the houses were the size of my thumbnail.

An eternity later, I was at the end of the step. I looked back at the jumpmaster. He yelled, "Look up!" I gathered my remaining courage, looked up at the dot painted on the underside of the wing, yelled "Dot! Go!" and let go of my last foundation of safety. I experienced a moment of extreme worry as I

began to fall backwards, which if the fall position is done correctly should not happen. "Oh, no! What if I start somersaulting backwards and get all tangled up in my canopy lines?!" But then the static line ran out, pulling the chute from my pack, and I felt the reassuring tug of my canopy as it filled with the rush of air from below.

I drifted downward, beginning to enjoy myself now that the dangerous part was past. There was only a slight wind, so I didn't have to worry about being blown off the target landing area. It was a beautiful day, and I could see for miles. I watched the airport as it got bigger and bigger. Soon I was able to recognize the people on the ground and I looked for the person guiding me in and soon found him. For the last one hundred feet or so I kept my eyes glued on him as he talked me in over the radio. I got closer. He yelled, "Flare, flare, flare!" and I pulled on my canopy to slow myself down for the last few feet. My feet touched the ground and I instinctively went into my PLF (so I wouldn't break my knees).

I stood up and began folding my canopy to carry back to the airport. As Cameron and I walked back, I smiled exuberantly. I had taken up a challenge, broken out of my safe world, gone through with something scary and succeeded! ❖



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Fazio's Penguins Rule Men' Floor Hockey

UC Thunderdome — Men's Floor Hockey began March 28, and the action has been fast and fierce. There have been many surprises this season. First, **Sam Fazio's Pittsburgh Penguins** have won the men's floor hockey championship for the 1994 season. They have been smashing the opposition. Second, **Wesley Phipatanakui's St. Louis Blues**, picked to finish last by many experts, have finished their season and held on for second place.

Monday, March 28

	Shots on Goal
Pittsburgh	7
New Jersey	3

The Pittsburgh Penguins surprised the preseason favorite to win the league, **Brian Herbel's** New Jersey Devils, with a relatively easy win. **Brent Lane** scored 4 goals and had 1 assist to lead Pittsburgh. Also **Chip Hart** had 1 goal and 4 assists. **Goaltender Sam Fazio** played a very solid game. Despite the offensive heroics, it was the great defense of **Bob Ahrens** and **Russ Shafer** that frustrated the Devils. **Casey Bock** led New Jersey with 2 goals.

	Shots on Goal
St. Louis	7
Chicago	4

The St. Louis Blues won a hard fought game from **Mark Loewen's** Chicago Blackhawks thanks to some solid goaltending from **Wesley Phipatanakul** and balanced scoring. **Gene Astolfi** led the charge with a hat trick (3 goals in one game) and 3 assists. **Paul Welch** had a hat trick and also 3 assists. The only bright spot for Chicago was veteran **Tom Hinde** who scored all 4 Chicago goals.

Monday, April 4

New Jersey	8
Chicago	2

New Jersey righted themselves after the disappointing opening game loss, by pummeling the Chicago Blackhawks. It looks like it will be a very long season for Chicago. **Casey Bock** had four goals, **Rich Carlson** had 2 goals and 3 assists. **Doug Hardt** scored 2 goals. **Heath Renner** for Chicago scored 2 goals.

	Shots on Goal
St. Louis	6
Boston	4

St. Louis beat the short-handed Boston Bruins, as Boston had only four players not counting the goaltender. **Mark Loewen** substituted as goalie for Boston as captain **Travis Sager** was conducting a Week of Prayer at Sunnydale Academy. **Chris Wall** led St. Louis with 3 goals and an assist, **Gene Astolfi** scored a goal and had 2 assists, and **Paul Welch** had a goal and an assist. **Tom Berg**, in his 15th season here at Union, led Boston with 3 goals.

Thursday, April 7

	Shots on Goal
Boston	8
Chicago	1

The Boston Bruins, with a full squad, walloped the Chicago Blackhawks. The game might have been closer, but goaltender **Travis Sager** repeatedly frustrated

the Blackhawks. **John Buxton** had 4 goals and an assist to lead Boston. He received considerable help from **Tom Berg's** 2 goals and **Rocky Peterson's** 3 assists. **Tom Hinde** scored the lone Chicago goal.

	Shots on Goal
St. Louis	5
New Jersey	3

In a tight-checking game, St. Louis won to boost their record to 3-0. Both teams were without their #1 star players. **Doug Hardt** and **Gene Astolfi** were both noticeably absent due to the AIA convention. However, **Junior Burgeson** picked up the slack for St. Louis by scoring 3 goals. **Casey Bock** and **Dan Carlson** each scored a goal and an assist for New Jersey.

Thursday, April 11

	Shots on Goal
Pittsburgh	5
Boston	0

Goaltender **Sam Fazio** was at his best as he stopped 30 shots in shutting out the Boston Bruins. **Brent Lane**, the Wayne Gretzky of Union College, scored 2 goals and had 1 assist, **Chip Hart** scored 2 goals, and surprise scorer **Jason Aldred** had 1 goal and 1 assist.

	Shots on Goal
Chicago	9
St. Louis	5

The Chicago Blackhawks won their first game of the season by beating up on the St. Louis Blues. Chicago started newcomer **Nick Conditt** in goal who played a pretty good game. Also, Chicago's physical play led by captain **Mark Loewen** gave the Blues problems. Plus with **Gene Astolfi** not arriving until the 3rd period, St. Louis was in trouble. **Tom Hinde** led Chicago with 4 goals and 2 assists with help from **Heath Renner's** 3 goals and 2 assists. **Brad Schauer** also scored 2 goals. **Junior Burgeson** continued his impressive play with 2 goals and 1 assist. Despite the late arrival, **Gene Astolfi** still managed to score 2 goals.

Thursday, April 14

Pittsburgh	6
Chicago	1

The Pittsburgh Penguins beat up on another opponent in recording an easy victory. **Sam Fazio** held down the defensive end with another good goaltending job. On offense, **Chip Hart** scored 3 goals and also played the net for 7 scoreless minutes as **Sam** was asleep in bed. What would he do without **Chip?** **Brent Lane** scored 2 goals and had 2 assists. **Tom Hinde** scored the only goal for Chicago.

	Shots on Goal
St. Louis	6
Boston	6

In a thrilling, well-played game, St. Louis and Boston played to a tie. **Gene Astolfi** had 2 goals and 2 assists, **Paul Welch** had 2 goals, and **Chris Wall** had 1 goal and 2 assists for St. Louis. Boston countered with **Rocky Peterson's** hat trick (3 goals) and 2 assists, plus **John Buxton's** 2 goals and 1 assist.

Monday, April 18

Boston	5
New Jersey	4

Tom Berg scored 4 goals, including the game winner in overtime on a wicked slap shot from half court, to lead Boston to a dramatic victory. #26 had a hat trick for New Jersey.

	Shots on Goal
Pittsburgh	4
St. Louis	2

St. Louis was the first team that was able to hang with Pittsburgh, but **Sam Fazio** was brilliant in goal as he led his team to victory. **Sam** stopped 38 shots and has distinguished himself as the best goalie at Union College. **Brent Lane** and **Jason Aldred** each scored 2 goals for Pittsburgh.

Thursday, April 21

New Jersey	7
Pittsburgh	4

Brian Herbel's Devils pulled off a huge upset in dealing **Sam Fazio's** Penguins their first loss of the season. Pittsburgh was due for a letdown after winning their first four games. New Jersey was paced by **Doug Hardt** and the **Carlson Family and Friends**. **Doug** scored 3 goals and 1 assist. **The Carlson Family** accounted for the other 4 goals. **Brent Lane** had a hat trick in defeat for the Penguins.

Chicago	6
Boston	4

Once again, the Boston Bruins had only four players show up for the beginning of the game. This problem has plagued the Bruins throughout the season, but oh well. **Tom Hinde** and **Heath Renner**

each had two goals for Chicago.

Monday, April 24

New Jersey	6
Chicago	4

The "Doug and Casey Show" arrived at the hockey floor from the basketball court to win their 2nd straight. **Doug** scored 4 goals and **Casey** scored 2 goals. **Tom Hinde** scored 2 goals and had 1 assist in defeat for the Blackhawks.

Pittsburgh	4
Boston	2

Sam Fazio's goaltending led the way as the Pittsburgh Penguins clinched the league championship and prevented the St. Louis Blues from a shot at the title in Thursday's rematch. They were also led by the two man duo of **Chip Hart** and **Brent Lane**. **Brent** scored 2 goals, and **Chip** had 1 goal and 2 assists and also played the net for 6 scoreless minutes as **Sam** was in the penalty box serving a six minute major for fighting. Once again the Penguin defense was outstanding.

Wednesday, April 26

Boston	7
New Jersey	5

Captain **Brian Herbel** notified his team of their final game at the last minute and also skipped the game as his team put up a valiant fight. They could have finished in 2nd place if they won. **Matt Juhl** filled in admirably in goal for New Jersey. Boston was up 5-1 in the third period, when **Doug and Casey** tried valiantly to bring New Jersey back. New Jersey scored 4 straight

to tie the game 5-5. Then **John Buxton** scored 2 of his 3 goals in the last 5 minutes to clinch the victory. **Tom Berg** added a hat trick.

	Shots on Goal
Pittsburgh	5
St. Louis	2

St. Louis's frustration against the Penguins continued as they were totally dominated. **Brent Lane** led the charge with a hat trick and an assist. The Penguins controlled the game and were constantly pressuring the Blues. Only two **Paul Welch** goals in the last 12 seconds of the game prevented **Sam Fazio** from recording the shutout. ❖

FINAL LEAGUE STANDINGS

	W	L	T	GF	GA
1. Pittsburgh Penguins	6	1	0	35	17
2. St. Louis Blues	3	3	1	33	35
3. Boston Bruins	3	4	1	36	37
4. New Jersey Devils	3	4	0	36	34
5. Chicago Blackhawks	2	5	0	25	44

gf = goals scored ga = goals allowed

LEADING SCORERS

	G	A	TP
1. Brent Lane (Pittsburgh)	18	4	22
2. Tom Berg (Boston)	14	7	21
3. Doug Hardt (New Jersey)	9	10	19
4. Chip Hart (Pittsburgh)	8	10	18
5. Tom Hinde (Chicago)	14	3	17
6. Paul Welch (St. Louis)	10	7	17
7. Gene Astolfi (St. Louis)	9	8	17
8. John Buxton (Boston)	12	3	15
9. Heath Renner (Chicago)	7	8	15
10. Casey Bock (New Jersey)	11	3	14

G = GOALS A = ASSISTS TP = POINTS



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Co-Ed Hockey: The Blues Have It

By TRAVIS SAGER

It has been a long season for everyone except Brent Lane and Sara Swanson's Blue team. They started off the year with perennial all-star Brent Lane and if that isn't enough, add to the mix scoring threats Heath Renner, Marc Crawford, Jennifer Denny, Cammie Booth, and Sara Swanson and this team leaves everyone singing the blues. The only question about this team was who would start at goalie. Paul Welch stepped forward and took command, thank you very much. It's not that teams are afraid of losing to this giant, it's that they have outscored their opponents 89-18. So we're saying that they "clean up" on their opponents.

The Blue team would have been stronger, but they traded league goon Gene Astolfi to the Orange team for a pack of Topps Baseball cards and a stick of Bubble Yum bubble gum. The mad Canadian is the offense of the Orange team since delinquent tanner Greg Gryte soaked a little too long in the ol' tanning booth. Mike Kendall and Tiffany Parker have done a good job of keeping this team together. One more note of interest, the Orange team is 3-0 with the nameless and self-proclaimed best goalie in goal. It's funny, though, how he never shows up on nights when the Blue team is on the schedule.

The Yellow team has had an up and down year. It started pretty low with two straight 7-0 losses. However, with some cunning wheeling and dealing they picked up aging veteran Tom Berg and Chris Wall (the player to be



David Kaiser

With his trusty sports goggles, Paul Welch goes for the goal.

named later). They had to give a \$5 gift certificate to Dairy Queen and a Hot Wheels convertible for the dynamic duo, who have more than made up for the losses sustained in the trade. The most entertaining part of this team is the nightly fight before each game to see who has to be goalie for the game. This duty is most often given to Scott Krause or Junior Burgeson or Paul Prevo or...

What can we say about the Green team. Green is my favorite color. 7-up comes in green cans. On the bright side, the green team is sure to be involved in a high scoring game. Chip Hart and



David Kaiser

Bob Aarons tries to clear the puck without hurting himself.

Jodie Anderson provide most of the entertainment. They are helped by Kelly Schebo, Rob Sudds, and J a n i n e Cherniquailfragmonogroski, or something like that. They have won three games, one by forfeit, one on Friday the 13th during a full eclipse of both the sun and the moon, and another that didn't last 3 periods. But I'm sure they're having fun.

STANDINGS

	W	L	GF	GA
Blue	9	0	89	18
Orange	3	6	29	44
Green	3	6	28	55
Yellow	3	6	27	56

FINAL SCORES

Blue 7, Orange 1
 Yellow 4, Green 3
 Yellow 9, Green 4
 Blue 14, Orange 3
 Blue 7, Yellow 0
 Green 2, Orange 0
 Orange 7, Green 5
 Green 1, Orange 0 (F)
 Blue 13, Yellow 1
 Blue 9, Yellow 2
 Orange 7, Yellow 0
 Blue 8, Green 2
 Orange 3, Yellow 2
 Blue 11, Green 4
 Yellow 8, Orange 6
 Blue 15, Green 3
 Blue 5, Orange 2
 Green 4, Yellow 1* (game not completed)

What I've Learned at Union

WESLEY PHIPATANAKUL

It's been fun the past two years serving as your sports editor. I hope you've enjoyed the sports news, the controversial editorials, and also the disputes between the sports page and others. Since I graduate this May this is my last editorial. However, next year I may write an editorial and give all of you guys an earful. Before I start this commentary, I need to give a huge thumbs down to whoever keeps failing to bring the doughnuts for Monday Morning Blues. Some of us have our day ruined when those doughnuts fail to show. I see a table, I see a trash can, but NO DOUGHNUTS. There, now I feel better. I thought I would make my last editorial a little different than usual. Some of it relates to sports, and some of it doesn't. I wanted to let everyone know what I've learned here at Union College the past four years.

I'VE LEARNED THAT....

There's more theft each day at the deli than in East St. Louis and Denver combined.

The deli is still the deli, no matter what the name.

A thumbs down is not the end of the world.

Smoke bombs are the fastest

way to evacuate any building (I didn't do it).

Nobody eats more Chinese food than me.

It's against Lincoln city ordinances to throw kitty litter out the window.

You can still gain acceptance to medical school even if you are a few worship cards short.

Concepts of Wellness is still Fitness and Fun.

The most boring class lecture is Fitness and Fun.

You can get worship credit whether you are there or not.

No matter how you add it up, the cafeteria is still expensive.

Science classes are the toughest on campus.

No matter how much you complain, Rees Hall will always be locked like a prison.

Taco Inn will never be better than Taco Bell.

You can never go to the \$1.50 theater without seeing another group from Union College.

Parking tickets are only inconvenient if the color of the ticket doesn't match with your car.

There are more fireworks in Prescott Hall than at the 4th of July VP Fair parade in St. Louis.

Having cable in the dorm rooms would bankrupt Bleachers.

Science labs always run longer than the teacher predicts.

Culver Hall would not meet the minimum housing code standards outlined in the Business Law textbook.

There are more animals in Prescott Hall than at the San Diego Zoo.

People that talk big before a game always lose.

No matter how much exterminating is done, Prescott Hall will always be infested with roaches. Plus, they're getting bigger each year.

The best roach exterminator is a cat.

The VI alternative means let's head to Village Inn after vespers.

Jack Nicklaus couldn't get an A in Dr. Fleming's golf class.

If you let an 8:30 class out 10 minutes early, they will all head to the deli for breakfast.

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I Can See Clearly Now



SOPHIE ANDERSON

"No!" I warred inside. "Let someone else do it!" Seeing the rocky terrain ahead, the decision to be editor was an uncomfortable choice to make. What would I have to give up in time, energy, and sanity? Now, the choice made and lived behind me, I find surrendering my position both sad and deliriously happy. Change is the reliable father of mixed feelings. In almost every situation, giving up and

letting go can take more sweat than beginnings can. It's easy to clutch at the past, while longing for some misty future goal. Change is life.

"In God, every end is converted into a new means," Emerson said. Like a child waiting for a birthday, I anticipate the new packages I get to open. I realize, though, that I have my own ideas of what I should get. If I only had this, I'd be happy, I sigh to myself. Hinting bluntly to the world, I point out all the shiny toys on the shelves of life that I think I'd really like. Like a child tiring soon from her toy, however, I often throw my much-longed-for gift aside and yearn wistfully for more.

One of my favorite Bible stories is when Jesus turned the water into wine. Just as the host served the common wine first, so the world pours its colorful wine into our cups. But soon the wine is gone, the barrels empty. The party is over. A mess remains in our lives, ache and stupor in our hearts. But Jesus has the power to create new

wine, wine that will sharpen our minds, enrich our love, and strengthen our senses.

"The gifts of Jesus are ever fresh and new," Ellen White says. Each new gift increases our ability to appreciate and enjoy the Lord's blessings. "If you abide in Him, the fact you receive a rich gift today ensures the reception of a richer gift tomorrow" (DA 148). His plan for me is far better than my eyes can see. He always saves the best for last.

"I am not the editor of a newspaper and shall always try to do right and be good, so that God will not make me one," Mark Twain said. So what have I done?... But enough! In the words of Walt Whitman, "writing and talk do not prove me...." I don't want to be proved. I want now to do nothing but listen!

As an old song goes, "I can see clearly now. The rain is gone!" ❖

Where Credit is Due!

Thank you writers, staff, willing and sometimes reluctant contributors. Without you this paper couldn't have happened. Thank you friends for encouraging me, writing last minute articles, and occasionally staying up late nights with me. Thank you Union students and staff for being the reason this paper exists. Thank God! I'm done!

Prayer is the Answer

Prayer is the answer to every problem in life. It puts us in tune with divine wisdom, which knows how to adjust everything perfectly. So often we do not pray in certain situations, because, from our standpoint, the outlook is hopeless. But nothing is impossible with God. Nothing is so entangled that it cannot be made right by the loving Spirit of God. No mistake is so serious that it cannot be remedied. No human relation is too strained for God to bring about reconciliation and understanding, no habit is so deep rooted that it cannot be overcome. No one is so weak that he cannot be made strong. No one is so ill that he cannot be healed. No mind is so dull that it cannot be made brilliant. Whatever we need or desire, if we trust God, He will supply it. If anything is causing worry and anxiety, let us stop rehearsing the difficulty and trust God for healing, love, and power. *Anonymous (Review & Herald, Oct. 7, 1965) Submitted by Dennis Berlin.*



And So It Went And So It Goes

By DOUG NESMITH

"Hey."
I really feel uncomfortable typing this article. I have been fortunate enough to have a small space in the *Clock Tower* to write a humor (and sometimes philosophical) column, by the name of "And So It Went." I have personally always enjoyed reading my published column (except I was never really surprised because I knew how they all ended). My sister says she has always enjoyed reading it, and my parents say that they loved reading it too, even if they didn't always understand it. And sometimes after a new issue came out, someone in an elevator, or at the cafeteria, or in the gym would tell me that they read my latest article and liked it — and my day was made better and brighter. There's no compliment in the world like having somebody take the time to read your thoughts and then tell you he liked them. And now it's over.

Of course there were some that didn't appreciate my literary efforts — the letters of discouragement from those that "don't see where an article like yours really belongs in a Christian publication" — but I learned to accept those too. I never meant to change the world, I just wanted to entertain the *Clock Tower* "audience" with my personal brand of writing. I never really forced you to read anything any-

way; you could have just turned the page. And if you did enjoy reading it, GOOD! That's all I set out to do.

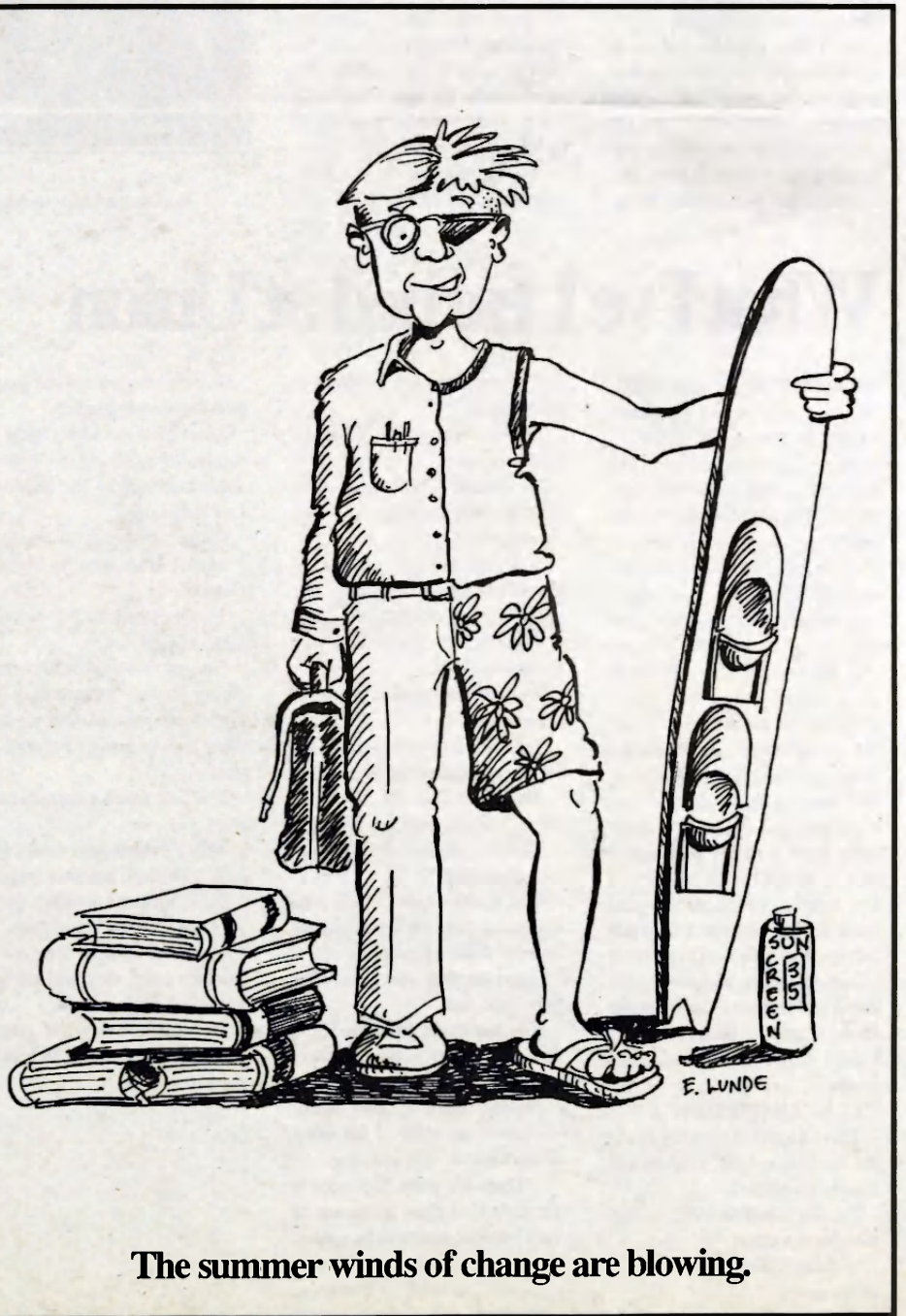
During the past year, I submitted (for your pleasure) fifteen articles, all of which contained the word "hey," and fourteen of which contained the word "hmmmmm." I have written about boomerangs, hitch-hiking, dating, and my birthday. I have introduced you to my dead pet bird, my worst fears, and my best friends. And I've had fun doing it. But now the year is over and I'm graduating. So I guess this is goodbye.

Oh, and one more thing — Where did I get the name "And So It Went"? One of my first years at Union there was an article in the *Clock Tower* entitled "And So It Goes," by Kelly Schmitt. It was the only article I regularly read; it wasn't about current news, grievances, complaints, or praises. It was just stories, thoughts, and ideas — and it was interesting. Hmmmmm. Maybe someone else will be inspired by my style of writing this year and will write down their own ideas for *Christian Stuart* next year and...and so it goes, and so it goes.

Until next time, drive safe and keep your toes up. It's been great.

Doug Nesmith can play the harmonica, but doesn't practice very

Windsurfers, Surfers—And anybody who yearns for Hawaii and all its great sun, ocean, mountains, rain forests, golfing, fishing, new scenes: Stay in our seaside village of Paia, on Maui, close to super beaches, shops, eateries. Fenced yard for equipment. Everything furnished, just bring personal gear. 2 BR 2BA apt \$ persons \$70 a night; 1 BR 1 BA \$50; 1 BA studio \$35. Helen Gillette POB 1352, Paia, HI, 96770. (808) 579-9848.



The summer winds of change are blowing.