

volume 77
issue 11
march 24, 2003

locktower



clocktower staff

editors

chief cassandra milnes

assistant anna hartfield

layout callie kanen

copy suzanne current

photo teresa lopez

ad manager jonathan hilliard

living jessica robison

religion john rivera

sports kyle martsching

art katie rea

opinion nathaniel salzman

history jared gibson

u said it bill heinrich

lost in paradise michael paradise

words of love daniel murauskas

formerly rhetorical lois stamper

sponsor michelle velazquez-mesnard

reporters c.j. foote, anna hartfield, laura

kelley, amanda sauder

cover photo by ben yancer



to contact us: The Clocktower, 3800 S. 48th St. Lincoln, NE 68506 - (402)486-2091 - ucclocktower@yahoo.com
We'd like to hear from you. The Clocktower accepts manuscripts. Requests to withhold the author's name will be considered.

editor's note

I leave the dorm with a few friends to go Village Inn. When we reach the front doors of Rees Hall, there stands Mrs. Merth giving words of caution. "I've been asked to warn people leaving the dorm that there has been an armed robbery attempt within a couple blocks of the school and the suspect hasn't been apprehended. So be careful when you go out."

I remember a few weeks ago when my friend Liz and I walked past a gas station down 48th Street and saw police cars with flashing lights and a man was in the back seat. *Nothing to worry about*, I tell myself. *It's okay. The police will have things under control. Things like this don't happen at Union College.* I am blissfully ignorant.

We leave the dorm and eat at Village Inn. When we return, there's a police car with its lights flashing parked outside Rees. *Just a precaution*, I tell myself again. I wander in to the dorm and go upstairs to my friend's room. My friend is sitting on her bed. I smile, preparing to tell her all about my day. Before I can begin, though, she speaks. Her words come in a breathless string. "Cassie, the scariest thing happened tonight." She is shaking. "There was a guy with a gun."

"Oh, did you hear about the armed robbery attempt, too?" I ask, not comprehending.

"That was us! My boyfriend and I were robbed."

My world shrinks. Suddenly the day's events aren't important. They're trivial; they don't matter. What does matter is that my friend is alive, sitting on her bed, telling me this story.

Sometimes we feel a false sense of security because we go to Union. Like an invisible wall surrounds us. For me, that invisible wall no longer exists.

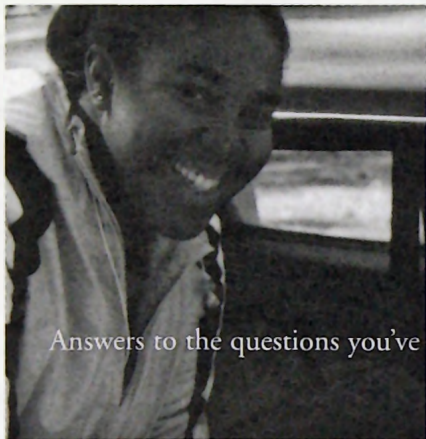


news by george, it's history
religion treating cold sores
living green gateau
sports mau tournament
history the doctor is out
formerly rhetorical share the spirit
opinion a note from the cafe crew

in this issue

The views expressed in this issue of the Clocktower are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editors, Union College, ASB, or the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The editorial staff retains the right to determine the content of the Clocktower.

formerly rhetorical



Answers to the questions you've always had...

Dear Lois,

I have heard that there is a new theme and logo for Union college, but I haven't seen them yet.

- What's representing us now?

Dear Representing,

The new theme for the college is "Share the Spirit." The Logo was chosen to represent how we should live and treat each other. The word "spirit" in the logo is an acronym:

Share the spirit
Perceive needs
Include everyone
Respect differences
Inform accurately
Thank often

Union College also has a new logo. There were six criteria used to select the new logo: traditional, timelessness, reflecting of our identity, utilizing the school colors, easily reproduced and emphasizes "Union."

This new logo was selected because the classic serif typeface reflects the college's long-standing history and tradition. The smaller "college" provides a foundation for a more prominent "UNION." The school colors are also retained in the new logo.

The stylized "o" represents many key aspects of the college such as the innovative, open environment. The "O" portrays the warm, caring family "embrace" that is part of the experience. It is a symbol of the overlapping of spirituality and learning that is central to Union's mission. Finally, it expresses Union's global mission and the tradition of the Golden Cord

-Lois Stamper

To contact me for some great answers to your questions write to: formerly rhetorical @ 3800 S. 48th St. Lincoln, NE 68506 or lostamper@ucollege.edu

asb calendar

						1 power pac asb class games glass menagerie v2 6 p.m.
2 glass menagerie	3	4 chapel - dr. paul barnes	5	6	7 vespers - jan paulsen	8 glass menagerie v2 6 p.m.
9 glass menagerie	10	11 chapel - tony minear	12	13	14	15
					spring break	
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25 chapel	26	27	28 vespers	29 v2 6:30 p.m.

the doctor is out

by jared gibson

history

Philology is the study of literature. It involves the examination of whole texts and single words and the meanings of each.

By no coincidence, the Macmillan Company selected Dr. James Murray, president of the Philological Society of England, to edit a brand new dictionary. Dr. Murray was the established best in this field, but his task would be an enormous one.

Cawdrey's had been the first English dictionary, published in 1604. It was mere pages compared to Dr. Murray's final product, the Oxford Dictionary, completed and printed in 1933. The Oxford took over a half century to complete its 1,500 pages. Of course, Dr. Murray used all the help he could get.

One man who was of greatest help was Dr. W.C. Minors. A pen pal of Murray, Dr. Minors had read of the new dictionary project and offered himself to help in any way possible.

Dr. Murray first laughed at the offer of help from the mysterious scholar. Good lexicographers and linguists do not merely exist. It took a particular kind of mind, and Dr. Murray was not sure this Minors fellow had what was necessary. Dr. Murray returned a letter saying he would welcome any suggestions but not really expecting to listen much to the anonymous doctor.

Dr. Minors returned a shocking letter. It contained dozens of items, definitions, and references, each expertly arranged and constructed in every detail. Murray had somehow discovered a genius.

Quickly, he returned a letter expressing his deep gratitude. He had been unaware of Dr. Minors' qualifications and now wrote that he would welcome any guidance, criticism, or aid that the good doctor

could offer.

Dr. Minors agreed and sent thousands of letters containing countless, valuable items that eventually found their way into the Oxford Dictionary. Dr. Murray had been respectful of Dr. Minors' privacy but could bear it no longer. He wanted to meet this great scholar. However, he only possessed his address: Dr. W.C. Minors, Crowthorne, England.

Dr. Murray wrote Dr. Minors and invited him to be a guest of Oxford University for a week. A curious letter returned by Dr. Minors announced that he respectfully declined for health reasons. However, he invited Dr. Murray to visit him at Crowthorne.

A few days later, Dr. Murray traveled to Wellington College Station. A liveried coachman met him and revealed he had been sent to take Dr. Murray to Dr. Minors. Without another word, the two men traveled to the residence of Dr. Minors. This provided one of the most shocking events of Dr. Murray's life.

After that one meeting, the two great minds never saw each other again. Dr. Minors' love for learning could not be restrained, but he was. The next time you pick up a dictionary and consider the words and definitions, keep in mind that many of the contributions were offered by

Dr. Minors. The pen pal of Dr. Murray, beyond his qualifications as a lexicographer, was also a convicted murderer and an inmate at the Broadmoore Asylum for the Criminally Insane.

Adapted from Paul Harvey's *The Rest of the Story* by Paul Harvey, Jr. New York: Bantam, 1997.



from the uc vault

The Early Days of Union

compiled by jared gibson

By Everett Dick (from the September 3, 1987 Clocktower)

Seventy-three students were on hand for the opening of school in September 1891 with W. W. Prescott as president. Since then, the college's enrollment has varied from 278, the all-time low, in 1896-97 to more than 1,000 in the mid 1940s, early 1960s, and early 1980s.

Little remains today of the campus features and surrounding scene from 96 years ago. The last major original structure to disappear was the old administration building. It housed everything from offices and classrooms to the "Castle" rooms where boys stayed in the attic in 1905 and, more recently, the studios of the KUCV radio station. Several of the present buildings date back to the 1940s, including the gymnasium, portions of the Love Building, and the science and fine arts buildings.

One landmark which has survived most of the life of the school is the bell from the original clocktower. The 1,500-pound bell was installed in 1900 by students substituted for a team of horses that failed to show up for a hoisting assignment. It rang faithfully for 21 years until a clock with moving hands and a striking mechanism took over the tolling function.

The passing years have seen the inevitable growth and modernization of the campus, as well as the College View and Lincoln communities. Trolley cars gave way to automobile traffic. Violators of the 10 mph speed limit on public streets in 1910 faced a \$100 fine. There was no

small stir when the halls and bathrooms of the dormitories were wired with night lights in 1920.

The dress code of the early 1900s consisted of stiff white collars, ties, and coats. The formalities carried over into daily conversations with even students being called "Mr." and "Miss" by each other and the faculty.

Records show that a jail was built in 1900 on the back of the college firehouse in case an offender of the law needed confinement before being transported to the county jail in Lincoln.

Some traditions at UC include the hanging of the Golden Cords for all Unionites who went as overseas workers (1906), student missionary program (1965), the first SDA college-based nursing program (1946), and the Medical Cadet Corps military training program (started by Dr. Dick in the 1930s).

Many stories could be told of how the college has prospered and struggled through the cycles of time over the past 96 years. Twenty-four presidents have guided this institution from the days when a \$15 per month fee covered all tuition and expenses to the present age, where lifestyles, economics, and the physical campus are radically different. But some things--such as the sacrifice and determined commitment of leaders, staff, students, families, and alumni--continue to live on as the College of the Golden Cords prepares young people for service to God and humanity.

pigs and green cake by jessica robison

What do pigs and cakes have in common? Nothing. Except at the Green Gateau restaurant on 330 South 10th street. Charmingly cozy and decorated with pigs and teapots, the Green Gateau offers some of the best desserts in Lincoln. (Gateau is "cake" in French, in case there was confusion. I thought it mean "house.") However, I'm not here to talk about dessert. I'm here to talk about breakfast. My dining companion and I arrived at the Green Gateau on a snowy Sunday morning at 9:30. Despite the early hour, the restaurant was buzzing with activity.

For drinks, I ordered hot chocolate, a heavenly choice. Arriving in a huge mug, it was topped with swirls of (real) whipped cream and sprinkles of shaved chocolate. My companion decided on jasmine tea, another excellent choice. It tastes like green tea but smells like a flower garden in spring. For our main dish, we decided on the Gateau blintzes, and supplemented it with side orders of hashbrowns, eggs and scones. The Gateau blintzes were great. Sweet ricotta cheese wrapped in thin pancake-like coverings and topped

with berries. More whipped cream surrounded the blintzes like snow on a winter's day. The hashbrowns and eggs were also good, but nothing too special. The scones were delicious. We ordered one cherry almond and one cream. For scone covering, we ordered lemon curd and raspberry jam. Mmm . . . lemon curd.

I definitely recommend the Green Gateau for breakfast. (And any other time, for that matter.) The restaurant is cozy, the food is wonderful and the prices are reasonable. We ordered quite a bit of food and ended up spending about twenty dollars between the both of us. Not exactly Burger King economy, but think of the food quality. The Green Gateau is an excellent choice if you're looking for somewhere besides Village Inn to eat breakfast.

Food: *****

Service: *****

Decor: *** (Too many useless teapots and pigs. Very cozy, though.)

Atmosphere: *****

egg-plant parmesan focaccia \$7.25

Lightly breaded slices of fresh eggplant sauteed in olive oil, topped with a ricotta cheese and marinara sauce, then baked au gratin, served on our own toasted focaccia roll. Served with your choice of today's soup, a fresh fruit cup, chateau fries, or bleu cheese potato salad.

fiesta vegetable* \$6.95

A cream cheese and sour cream spread highlighted by south of the border seasonings on toasted, sunflower-wheat bread. Topped with fresh olive and bell pepper salsa, guacamole and tomato slices grilled with cheddar and monterey jack.

cucumber croissant* \$6.95

A tender croissant layered with sliced cucumbers, tomatoes, red onions, fresh spring greens, and finished with cucumber-dill mayonnaise.

scones Two for \$3.95

Available in cream, oatmeal, or flavor of the day. The scone is like an English tea biscuit with a very tender texture. Served warm with butter, whipped cream, raspberry marmalade, or lemon curd.

portobello ravioli al forno \$9.95

Fresh jumbo ravioli stuffed with portobello mushrooms and ricotta cheese tossed with your choice of marinara or alfredo sauce and baked au gratin with provolone and parmesan cheeses.

Served with your choice of soup du jour or dinner salad and our country roll.

grilled portobello mushroom* \$7.25

A large grilled portobello mushroom cap, marinated in balsamic vinegar and olive oil. Served on a baked focaccia roll over mixed spring greens, finished with melted provolone, sliced tomatoes, red onion, and roasted red pepper mayonnaise.

* Served with your choice of a fresh fruit cup, blue cheese potato salad, fries, or a cup of soup.

it's all been done

by jessica robison

living

The movie is endless. Another car careens across the screen, and bursts into flames. The hero rolls onto the freeway, then runs across four lanes of traffic to safety.

Please. I slump deeper into the scratchy seat. *Remind me why we picked this?* I look over at my date. He's staring at the screen, enchanted.

"Do you want to see *Lethal Car Chase V?*" he asked at dinner.

"Um, sure."

He was blue eyed and tall, and I would have sat through *The Anatomy of a Mollusk* just to continue the date. *I can handle anything, right?* Wrong. That date died fast. I'm sure it's happened to you too.

You see her in Biology. She's sophisticated and mature and you tremble when she speaks in class:

"Dr. Abbey, could you please repeat the definition of photosynthesis?"

She's so smart, you think.

Now, after weeks of mustering up courage, you're finally sitting across from her at Olive Garden. And you realize that this girl is the last person on earth you want to be with. *Couldn't we find this out a cheaper way?*

Not really, because we can't think of anything new. We've been going out on the same date since the beginning of time. The first thing Adam said to Eve was, "So, what do ya wanna do? I know a great tree we could eat at." "Sure, sounds good," Eve replies. That was the only time it was fun. Even Romeo and Juliet didn't go on great dates. Sure, they met at a party, but their parents were there. After that, they basically hung out at her house. Sound a bit familiar? Dinner and the movie theatre. Get a rental. Order pizza. Occasional miniature golf. Let's face it, it's all been done.

Maybe we should try the old-fashioned way. A guy arrives at your doorstep and asks for your dad.

"Um, hello Mr. O'Conner. I'd really like to take Jenny out next year."

"Well, very good, son, very good. Let me just take a look at your resume. Okay, well we can start you out with Wednesday evening game night, but I can promise an upgrade in about a month. Maybe sitting alone and chatting for fifteen minutes?"

"Gee, thanks sir."

Okay, maybe not. Since there aren't many fathers around here, it looks like we must think of creative dates. Unfortunately, it seems like the only people who come up with those are featured on reality television. On the recent reality TV series *The Bachelorette*, Trista had the fortune of going on dream-date after dream-date. Jetting off to the desert one weekend, poolside with the dolphins the next. Wow, she must be a special girl to have myriads of creative, eligible bache-

lors lining up. Or, maybe it's that a network arranges and pays for all her impossible dates.

"Thanks for picking me," says the lucky winner. "So . . . do you want to see a movie? Maybe get a bite to eat?"

Without the ABC network, he is out of ideas. We never had ABC. We don't even have money.

"Hey Katie, can I borrow your car?" I ask my roommate for the fifth time this year.

"Yeah. Are you out of gas again?"

"Um, I get paid on Friday."

We need cheap, creative ideas. We need something new and fresh. We need something to impress. Unfortunately, there are no new ideas. They're all used up. What we really need are new ways to do what we've always been doing.

Instead of going out to eat, prepare a gourmet meal with your date. Not only will it provide automatic conversation ("What are you doing? It's *flour*, not baking soda!") but you will also be able to sneakily assess your date's cooking skills (sometimes critical for evaluating future involvement). Flirting is also a potential.

"Whoops, didn't mean to throw flour in your face," you say.

"And I didn't mean to do this," she says, as she smears butter on your new shirt.

What if splattering food on your date isn't your thing? Try taking a walk. It's the perfect way to talk while having conversation starters all around you. During the warmer months, my boyfriend and I often walk to the movies. After the movie, we often stop at a coffee shop to talk. Sometimes we shop at the downtown thrift stores. Which brings me to my next idea: thrift shopping is a new twist on dating. Try spending an afternoon at second-hand shops buying funky t-shirts and knickknacks for your dorm room. It's another chance to assess your date. If he picks up the green troll lawn ornament, you know it's time to go. Another spin on the movie date is the independent film. The newly renovated Ross Film Theatre shows documentaries such as *Bowling for Columbine* and literary classics like *Nicholas Nickleby*. Independent films aren't usually advertised, so it's fun to go to a movie and not be sure what it's about.

These are just some creative twists on the old die-hard dates. You will be able to think of more. Creative dates will vault you into the realm of dating popularity.

"There goes that guy who took me to the zoo to talk to the parrots," she'll say to all her cute friends. You'll stroll by, confidence oozing from your person. Just remember, anything is better than *Lethal Car Chase V*.



a slab of history by laura kelley

Nestled next to the Nile river in Northern Egypt, the village of Rosetta was once a bustling port of trade. This city, known for its hearty rice and ample supply of fish, was made famous near the turn of the 18th century because of a small discovery made on the outskirts of its border.

The discovery was made during the summer of 1799 by a Frenchman named Bouchard. He was a soldier from one of Napoleon's troops who happened across a slab of stone with three different types of writing engraved on it.

The writing was the same text written over three times in different scripts: hieroglyphs, demotic, and Greek. After being studied, it was found that the text on the stone was a decree written by priests in 196 B.C. It talks about the new king Ptolemy and his plans during his reign as king. Little did this soldier realize the huge impact his find would make on the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Once word got out about the discovery of the stone slab there were many interested scholars coming in hopes of studying it. At that time, there was still no one who was able to read Egyptian hieroglyphics. Scholars from all around the world were intrigued. And so for the next twenty years the scripts on the stone were studied, until it was translated in 1822.

One scholar, Jean-Francois Champollion, devoted many years of his life to studying the inscriptions of the Rosetta stone. He was a professor of Egyptian Antiquities, linguist, Egyptologist, and direc-

tor of the Egyptian museum at the Louvre.

Champollion was the one who came to the correct conclusion that the hieroglyphs was not a form of writing made up from symbols, but a phonetic script. Meaning it was more like an alphabet system than writing with symbols. He also found that hieroglyphs were a translation derived from the Greek language. Previously it had been thought that the Greek language was translated from hieroglyphs.

In 1802, not more than two years after the discovery of the stone, the French surrendered Egypt and the stone was passed on to the British. The actual Rosetta stone is now located in the British museum, in London.

While the real stone is in the British museum, there are duplicates that have been made for others to observe and study. Hanging on the wall in the Union College library is a replica of this stone that made history. It has been at the college since before many of today's students were even born. "It's been in our library for close to 25 years, but it's hard to know for sure," says Chloe Foutz, librarian.

While there is a mystery as to where the stone came from or how long it's been here, it is a nice feature to have in the library. Resting against the wall, it is the same color, shape and dimension as the real stone. Those interested in studying about the Rosetta stone can see the inscriptions first hand and experience more of what it is like by simply visiting our own library.

by george, it's history by c.j. foote

If you are reading this, you are most likely in Nebraska. As it is now, the state seems fairly tolerable with the possible exception of the wind. However, if you were to go back in time and experience it during the time that the Bortis family did, you might have had a different perspective. Who is the Bortis family, you ask? They are the ancestors of Dr. George Gibson.

Clemmens and Lucy Bortis settled in Glenvil Nebraska in about 1866, shortly after the Civil War. "My great grandfather served under General Grant, and then moved here to Nebraska," said Dr. Gibson. "His brother homesteaded in Glenvil, too." During the time that Clemmens and Lucy lived there, Dr. Gibson's father, Paul, was born. Gibson told of a picture he had of his father sitting with his grandfather, Delbert, in an old Dodge on the very land that Clemmens and Lucy settled. "To this day, I don't know how they got that picture," he said. Regardless, it got them \$25 from Dodge at that time.

The Glenvil land was home to the family until the World War II era. At this time, the government took the land from the Bortis family and used it for one of the largest storage areas known during the

war. "They took away the land, and to my knowledge, the family still doesn't have it all back," said Gibson.

Of course, something had to make all of these things possible, and that "something" was the Homestead Act. Passed in 1862 by Congress, it stated that land could be obtained for a nominal fee after five years of residence. Land could also be purchased for \$1.25 per acre after six months of residence.

These changes took place because the western U.S. was becoming stronger politically. The country had previously sold land for revenue, but felt pressure to guarantee free land to settlers pushing west (www.encyclopedia.com).*

The Bortis Family was obviously able to take advantage of that and root their family in Nebraska, where years later, Dr. Gibson resides, albeit in Lincoln. As you can see, though, the Nebraska roots started by Clemmens and Lucy Bortis are still alive, even if the family no longer owns the land.



* For those of you who are wondering, the Homestead Act expired in 1976 in all states except for Alaska. It expired there in 1986.

union students visit with lincoln's mayor

by anna hartfield

Notebooks in hand, the students from Mrs. Wahlen's In-Depth Reporting class took to the halls of the Lincoln City Building, otherwise known as city hall. Their mission: to learn about city government and to interview Lincoln's Mayor, Don Wesely. Mrs. Wahlen commented, "One of my goals for the class is that the students will be comfortable talking to anyone about anything, and that was one reason why we met with the mayor--to give the students a chance to talk with a public official."

Their tour began with the city clerk. She passed out various public record documents, such as restaurant licenses, city council resolutions and the city charter for students to look at. She explained the process that it takes to establish various businesses in Lincoln and answered students' questions regarding public records.

"I thought the nearest part of visiting with the clerk was when she gave us a copy of the city charter," says Amanda Sauder. The booklet that makes up the city charter was quite old and brown, but is an exact replica of the original charter.

After visiting with the clerk, the students toured the public records files where resolutions, licenses and other public documents are kept. They walked around the rest of city hall includ-

ing the city council chambers, while the clerk's assistant explained the various city departments. She then explained how the city council works and what exactly they do. All city council meetings are open

to the public and anyone can take a stand on an issue if they feel the need to. City council meetings are also televised on public television.

The next stop on the tour was Mayor Don Wesely's office for an informal interview. Questions regarding various city issues and other topics had been prepared by the class prior to

meeting with the mayor.

The class was invited into the mayor's office where they sat around a table and in a few minutes the mayor entered and shook everyone's hands. "He seemed a little uneasy at first, but once we began asking him questions and talking, he relaxed quite a bit," observes Laura Kelley.

Mayor Wesely maintains a strong interest in Lincoln school systems both public and private. He has visited almost every school in Lincoln. He has chosen not to run for re-election and will be returning to private life in May. He is not sure as of yet his plans after leaving office. The tour gave the class a better sense of city government and a glimpse into the man who runs Lincoln.



sports

what is curling???

by daniel murauskas

First, imagine that the leather for every football comes from the same herd of cows. Then, realize that the herd comes from an island off the coast of New Zealand, and you have an inkling of the tradition and history surrounding the sport of curling. In curling's case, we are talking about granite, not leather, and the island, Ailsa Craig, is halfway between Scotland and Ireland. The reason over 95 percent of the curling stones come from the quarry on this one small island is because of the particularly dense granite that comes from the heart of a former volcano.

My first experience with curling came one summer while selling Magabooks. We were in Minot, ND, and a home I was approaching had a lot of nice round stones lining their sidewalk. After striking up a conversation with the inhabitant, I realized I was talking to a member of a team that won the North Dakota Curling Championship seven times. This meant nothing to me, until our class took a trip to Winnipeg our senior year. The Canadian Curling Championships were being televised at the time, and I was transfixed. Since then I've filled my jones for curling through the Olympic coverage in Salt Lake and a few hours on the net.

The game itself is a heart-wrenching combination of skill and strategy (strategy, if President Bush is reading). The rink is an ice area 146 feet long and just over 15 feet wide. The game is played by sending 8 stones, which are each 42 pounds, down the ice by sliding them on an ice surface that has been pebbled by sprinkling droplets of water, which form ice beads, on the ice. The direction and speed of the stone is then controlled by two other members of the team by melting the pebble with their brooms. Each of the four team members sends down two stones alternately with the other team. When all 16 stones (please no Bush references) have been delivered, the team with more stones closer to the centre of the "house," a target made of three rings 2 feet wide totalling 6 feet in radius, receives a point for each. The points are the most important thing. This round is called an end, with 10 ends making a game. Those are the basics.

The strategy and skill come with having to plan and execute. Play consists of hitting your opponent out of the house while trying to keep your stone in the house and closer to the center than them. The team with the last stone for the end has the "hammer." The captains of each team and main planners are called the skip. They are the ones that direct the sweepers on speed and direction and also deliver the last two stones, normally.

If you want more information on a sport played by more than 2 million people in 33 countries and almost 500 years old, check out worldcurlingfederation.org, any other curling site on the web, or maybe even your local public library (never mind that last one). I hope I have piqued your interest in a grand sport, similar in play to bean bags (which I'll get to in a later issue). I leave you with a few stanzas from *Curler's Grace*:

We bless Thee for Thy bounties great
For meat and hame and gear
We thank Thee, Lord, for snaw and ice
But still we ask for mair

Gi'e us a hert to dae whit's richt
Like curlers true and keen
To be guid friends along life's road
And soop oor slide aye clean

Be Thou our Skip throughout life's game
An' syne we're sure to win
Tho' slow the shot and wide the aim
We'll soop each ither in

champion and sunnydale rule mau tournament

by kyle martsching

One of the most exciting weekends at Union College every year can be found near the end of February. This is when schools from all around the Mid-America Union join in the place we fondly call the Thunderdome and have at it for 5 days of high-paced and exciting basketball action. This year was no exception.

Ric Spaulding once again organized a great tournament that saw all the teams represent very well. At the end though, Champion Academy and Sunnydale Adventist Academy were standing the tallest.

In the women's division, Champion tore through the divisional play and the first few tournament games without a loss. One of their wins was a 1 point thriller over Sunnydale. The championship game was a different story, though, as Sunnydale, led by the awesome Jayla Carter, defeated the Champion girls, who were led by the fierce Shaelene Trees. Overall, the women's competition was very good

and one team, Midland Adventist Academy, even played with only 5 girls the whole tournament.

In the men's division, it was clear from the start that only two teams had a chance for the championship: Champion and Midland. Midland was the undefeated team coming into the championship game, but Champion stole the spotlight once again to win the title. The most successful coach in the Mid-America region, Troy Beans, once again had his team ready to play in the championship game and clutch free-throw shooting by Phillip Milosavlavich down the stretch was the difference. This was Champion's 3rd championship in the last four years. Troy Beans even used the one non-Champion name on the trophy to motivate his team this year, and it obviously worked.

We are all sad that the tournament has come to an end, but once again we were all treated to a week full of the most beautiful game on earth.

there is a “me” in team, an “i” life and a sports “we” in winner

by kyle martsching

The Most Valuable Player Award in the National Basketball Association this year is coming down between Kobe Bryant and Kevin Garnett. Both of these players are achieving some amazing stats and their teams are winning. Why are they the players that are receiving accolades, you may ask? They learned more moves, and worked hard, sweating in the off-season, and do whatever it takes to win.

Whether it's sports or life, if you want to be the best or at least good, you have to put in the time that it takes to get better. It means commitment. Will you do those extra drills and shots in the gym or spend a few more minutes a day studying or quietly in prayer? What will it take to be really good at what you want to be good at it? Are you willing to do it?

Why put in this extra time? It's for the team, and success can be gained so the world is a better place because you are. Kevin Garnett and Kobe Bryant work hard for themselves but also so that the team can be the best. So what about you? Do you want to win? Do you put in the extra time to get better at what you are doing? I hear a lot of people on this campus complaining because they aren't getting the ball. I am not talking about just sports here. I hear the complaints about how teachers are loading up on homework or how “Operation Clean Breeze” is ridiculous. “Why don't people ask me to get involved?” I hear people say. People say that a teacher doesn't understand how to teach or they are taking away our freedom by checking our rooms or people don't think I have talents.

Quit whining and get to work. Take initiative and go out and do what you want to do, but keep in mind that you might want to put in some practice time before steamrolling your way to stardom. Garnett and Bryant didn't become two of the best basketball players in the league right now without working very hard.

Remember it's not all about you, me, or I. No one person can singlehandedly win a game, convert the masses, or feed the hungry. We all need each other to accomplish goals. Sometimes we step on

each other's pride. “Operation Clean Breeze” ruffled some feathers, but I know from experience that something should be done about the rooms in guys dorms. I would have benefitted greatly by having somebody influence me to clean my room when I was in the dorm.

One problem is that we don't want someone to help us. “I need to do this myself,” we say because we are independent college students. If I am bad at something, why don't I let someone help me get better at it or just have them do it for me? I find myself thinking that I am not a good enough person then because I have flaws.

I can't score every point, defend every player, and rebound every ball when I play basketball. For one thing, I don't have the skill level to do so. On a good team everyone has their role to play. Some of us play a smaller role, and yet it's important. Take away the athletic trainers from an NBA basketball team and you would surely hear some whining. Having good coaches and assistant coaches makes a huge difference. The bench players support the star players and keep things rolling along.

I think Union is a good team. However, it has a ways to go in terms of teamwork and that goes for staff, students and administration. We all have a role to play, and often I think we try and play others' roles or whine about how someone takes away our responsibility. Why don't we all put in a little extra time and also be aware of what our roles are? Sometimes we try to become a leader or a scorer where that has been filled and we upset each other. Maybe that organization needs someone to cheer on the team. Imagine if everyone that was Lakers fan decided that they should play shooting guard for the team. Like my Mom would say, too many chiefs and not enough indians. There has to be a balance. There should be a leader and people willing to follow and work with that leader.

There is a “me” in team, an “I” in life, but remember that there is a “we” in winner and that is what it takes to do something truly great.

official's corner by kyle martsching

The other day I was asked about how an over the back foul is called. The call is not just about whether the player is over the player, but whether there is contact. Understanding legal guarding position and the plane of verticality is important. In this issue I will let you read about the legal guarding position.

Section 23 Guarding

Article 1. Guarding is the act of legally placing the body in the path of an offensive opponent. There is no minimum distance required between the guard and the opponent, but the maximum is 6 feet when closely guarded. Every player is entitled to a spot on the floor provided such player gets there first without illegally contacting an opponent. A player who extends an arm, shoulder, hip or leg into the path of an opponent is not considered to have a legal position:

Article 2. To obtain an initial legal guarding position:

- The guard must have both feet touching the floor.
- The front of the guard's torso must be facing the opponent.

Article 3. After the initial legal guarding position is obtained:

- The guard is not required to have either or both feet on the floor or continue facing the opponent
- The guard may move laterally or obliquely to maintain position, provided it is not toward the opponent when contact occurs.
- The guard may raise his hands or jump within his/her vertical plane.
- The guard may turn or duck to absorb the

shock of imminent contact.



religion memories of an atheist

by john rivera

Journal Entry, October 23, 2001:

I told a girl I liked her last night. No, I'm not going to tell you who it was. That's not important, and it's not crucial information. I normally get very little sleep here. It's the life of a college kid. You just go to bed late and get up early (on the days you have classes, otherwise you get up at noon). It was 11:30 last night, and I got done with all my work early. I figured, "YES!, I'll go to bed now!" My roommate snores and it usually takes me forever to fall asleep. So, I figured I can get adequate rest if I get in my bed and close my eyes now. Well, it didn't quite work.

See, I've liked this one girl, for a long time, a very long time actually, ever since I was a junior in high school, and I've been talking to her lately. She's been fresh on my mind, and for the past three weeks, I've been constantly thinking of her. I've been content to go to bed the last few nights just exhausted, but I couldn't tonight because all I could think about was telling this person that I liked her. . . a lot. Well, she wasn't home 'til

about 1:00 a.m. Lincoln time. I finally got ahold of her and spilled my guts out. Now, I didn't expect anything in return. I mean, she has a boyfriend and everything. I just needed to tell her how I felt. I couldn't sleep until I did. My mind just wouldn't rest. I was so passionate about the subject that nothing could stop me from saying my mind.

I wish I was that passionate about Jesus. Imagine if we couldn't sleep because we loved Him so much that we needed to tell Him and tell the world how much we love Him. Imagine if we couldn't think of anything else. Imagine if we were PASSIONATE about God. I wish I loved Jesus that much, so much that I didn't care about the consequences of telling someone I loved Him, so much that I wouldn't care if they would laugh or make fun of me or talk about me behind my back. I'm a Christian in progress. I need work. My goal is to be passionate about Jesus.



cab corner

by yara gomez

Daniel and his friends were brought into king Nebuchadnezzar's palace in order to partake of the king's meat and wine. But the swine's flesh placed before them was declared unclean by the law of Moses. Daniel decided to stand firm in not defiling himself with the king's food, and he placed his request for simple food of pulse with Melzar, the officer in charge.

Pulse, according to Josephus, consisted of sprouted beans. Like many in our day, Melzar thought that such a simple abstemious diet would produce pale and sickly individuals who would be deficient in muscular strength.

At Daniel's request the matter was to be decided by a ten days trial. At the end of the trial, Daniel and his companions exhibited a marked superiority in personal appearance, physical activity, and mental vigor over those who had indulged their appetite. As a result they were permitted to continue their diet during their whole course of training. This is an example of the triumph of principle over the temptation to indulge the appetite. It shows that a strict compliance with the requirements of God is beneficial to the health of the body and mind. (CD31-2)

cold sores?

Place two carrots finely grated between two layers of cotton . . . change every two hours. Avoid eating chocolate, gelatin and nuts.



Place a wet black tea bag on the sore.

canker sores?

love and relationships

ask the doctor

Dear Doctor,

I have asked this girl out 17 times, she keeps saying "no." I follow her around all the time but she is always too busy to talk to me. What am I doing wrong?

-Confused in Lincoln

Hi Confused,

I debated in creating a "Common Sense" heading for your letter but I refrained out of sensitivity for your obvious delusion of grandeur. A man can ask a woman out multiple times and have success, it's very true. However, most women's limits are 3 or 4 and in some rare, desperate cases 5-7. My friend, you are up in the teens. Allow me to psychoanalyze the situation and tell you EXACTLY what you are doing wrong.

The hypothalamus is a part of the brain that helps regulate instincts and much of a person's common sense, in addition to maintaining homeostasis (balance) in the body. I think you have a hypo without the thalamus. Now, hypos are not bad people, they just have no sense. I think somewhere in Zanzibar they have a thalamus grafting surgery but it's expensive, and given your current state, the probability of you getting there is roughly the equivalent of macaroni and cheese evolving from green jell-o.

So I'll be frank. You need to find a friend with an intact hypothalamus to give you straightforward answers when you are discouraged and can't figure out what to do. I will act as a pseudo friend (fake friend for the moment) to help you.

This girl will never like you, not even as a friend, because you have bothered her far too much. The only affection you might ever have from her is by your being a human being and if you were stranded somewhere bleeding to death she might help you . . . I said might. So my suggestion is to go away. Try your desperate tactics on another person with no hypothalamus. Thank you.

e-mail your questions for the
doctor to
ucclocktower@yahoo.com

language

Dear Doctor,

How are you doing? I have an academic question. What is the purpose of studying grammar and linguistics?

-Puzzled, Lincoln NE

Dear Puzzled,

I am doing well. Thank you for asking. Ah, you have asked a question that has plagued mankind for centuries. Why must we study grammar and linguistics? I mean, we talk just fine, our writing usually gets the message across even if it doesn't always have correct punctuation, right? Ha, wrong.

First let me share with you the origin of grammar and linguistics. In the 5th century A.D. in Rome there lived a man whose name was Bob. Bob was bored. Bored Bob from Rome. No one ever wrote to him and he was ridiculed for it. So early one morning he grabbed some parchments and headed to a cave overlooking the ocean. In the cave he wrote out sentences and paragraphs. Then he used his twisted imagination to make little marks on all the structures he had written.

When he returned to society 3 years later, he wore a sly grin and was as socially inept as ever. You see, Bob began handing out flyers to people that stated the reason he never was talked to was because what people wrote was an insult to his superiority and understanding of the language. Soon people began to feel inferior to Bob and begged him to teach his artful writing to them. Bob laughed himself

all the way to the social bank. Not only did people write things to him, but he got to evaluate them and criticize them. Eventually he started a monastery and several schools which taught his new religion, Grammeritas Linguisticas.

I mean, I ask you, Puzzled in Lincoln, if I wrote the sentence "Help I am being held hostage" I would have no idea what you were talking about. But with the help of Mr. Comma and Mr. Period I can clearly see that you are in dire need of rescuing: "Help, I am being held hostage." You see? How delightful is that? Watch, I'll give you yet another example. "Could you, please, pass me a cup of water, please." This sentence is all screwed up. There are things that don't belong, and in a real life situation I would have no idea that you were thirsty and wanted some water. But if I make some modifications: "Could you please pass me a cup of water?" Hallelujah, it's a miracle. And heaven knows how much our society would go into ruin if we couldn't look at a sentence like: "Frank's foot feels fabulous" and be able to say to ourselves, "Hey, that's alliteration!"

And finally the International Phonetic Alphabet. You see, when we all started school we spelled things phonetically (example: kat, peccol, howce, sute, and flagg) and we all got marked wrong for it. Now, adults have seen the truth in the child's intellect and are trying to regress back to childlike spelling and have placed a fancy label on it so they won't look dumb.

So now you see how important it is to study this fine subject.

columnist

lost in paradise

"P.M. Sleeping and Procrastination"

by michael paradise

"Alright," my roommate exhaled. "It's eleven p.m. right now. Class starts at 8:30 a.m. If I start my paper now, I'll just type straight through to class!" He thought that he had a revelation, but he was a few short hours away from being grounded. That may have sounded like a heady plan to him then, but sleep would soon seem like a better one. College students everywhere are faced with the decision between homework and sleep. Why does it seem that it always has to be one or the other? Can't we have both? As it turns out, poor sleeping habits and procrastination are two of the biggest problems facing college students.

Sleeping Habits. College students are known for keeping late hours. We have attained poor sleeping habits for a number of reasons. One of the reasons is that we leave all of our homework for the nighttime. I'm not so sure what it's like in Rees, but I know that in the men's dorms, when the clock strikes 11, the party gets started! So far this semester, I have been in 4 wrestling matches, 6 pick-up hockey games, 21 Easy-Mac-a thons, and 2 water balloon fights--all after midnight!

So what do we do if we cannot sleep at night? NAP IT UP, BABY! I get my best sleep in the afternoons, and I know that I'm not the only one. I've seen students counting their forty winks in just about every area of the school. There's the Dick Building lobby and the Rees Hall Lobby--both known for comfortable chairs and convenient locations. What about during a long, afternoon Physics lab? (You may be going through the motions, but you are by no means awake!) I've even seen someone taking a nap on the cafeteria table. (Perhaps that mock turkey loaf wasn't as exciting as the ingredient list portrayed.) But there is no feeling quite like getting out of class, grinning all the way back to the dorm, literally jumping into your bed, and forgetting your troubles. I do this often.

Since coming to college, I've even started taking naps at odd times during the day. For instance, I have an alarm set for 8 a.m., and one for 8 p.m. But it wasn't until I roomed with Aaron Purkeypile

that I truly learned the art of napping. Aaron would get to the dorm at 11 p.m. and go right to sleep. I thought that he had just turned in for the night as I typed away on an assignment. Suddenly, at 12:00, the alarm would go off, he would arise, sit down at his computer, and begin a paper for the next day. Has anyone ever done this? Perhaps this could have been prevented with proper planning and little procrastination.

Procrastination. Ruling over the lives of college students with a lazy fist and constantly conquering the art of organization, procrastination has ruined lives. Just like a serpent in the garden, it tells us, "You will not surely fail."

Procrastination deceives us into believing that we can complete an entire research paper in one night. I've even taken it a step further. I was burning the midnight oil to finish a College Writing II research paper. I had gotten a late start on it. (Very late.) But I only had 3 pages to go, and I was getting a little sleepy. So I figured, "Hey, I'll just go to sleep now, and wake up 2 hours early to finish my paper." I'm sure that you have learned this valuable lesson yourself, but...NEVER RISK YOUR GRADE BY TRYING

TO BE A MORNING PERSON! It's just not right. And, as I found out the next morning, the snooze button is a wonderful form of procrastination.

We procrastinate all the time over here in Prescott. Do you remember Operation Clean Breeze? I remember the roaring vacuums on the morning of the inspection, hastily preparing at the last minute. I was on that bandwagon too! Did you know that if you're really moving, it only takes 13 minutes to make your room acceptable? (At least I thought so until I received the inspection notice.)

If only we were a little more organized, then our lives would be easier. (And we could get some sleep.) I think that I will turn over a new leaf. Yeah, I will no longer eat of the fruit of procrastination. I'm going to prepare for the next "Operation Clean Breeze" today.



the clocktower and u

Letters to the editor are welcome at the Clocktower. If you wish to share your opinion or have your work published, please e-mail us at: ucclocktower@yahoo.com or leave a note the box on the front of the Clocktower office door (located behind the Chat in the Don Love building). To give us a call, our number is 486-2091.

small land—big hearts: linda galea'i on american samoa

by amanda sauder

Linda Galea'i will never forget the day she was disciplined by "Mr. Brown."

"One day during my sophomore year in high school," she recalls, "I was late for school, and we weren't supposed to be late. [As punishment], I had to bend down, touch my toes, and then I got hit in the butt with a 2x4," she laughs. "I thought it was funny, but now they banned it."

Indeed, discipline in the U.S. Territory of American Samoa—a group of six tiny islands in the South Pacific, located halfway between Hawaii and New Zealand—is more strict than here in the States. Disobedient students can face a number of creative, yet precise, punishments, from pulling weeds to cleaning the classroom, from kneeling outside while all the other students pass by to facing the wrath of "Mr. Brown"—the students' nickname for Linda's foe the 2x4. "I guess that's why Samoans are so tough," says Linda.

Discipline in American Samoa—the United States' southern-most territory—is also administered quickly and effectively at home. "Every time I made a mistake when I was little, I got the belt," remembers Linda. "I used to think it was harsh, but it really helped. Here in the U.S.," she says, "it's different. Kids talk back to their parents. You can't do that in Samoa. Respect is a big thing."

Another big thing in Samoa is upholding the culture. Although American Samoa was occupied by the United States in 1900 and has become quite modernized, it still retains many aspects of its Polynesian culture. "You'll know a Samoan," says Linda, quoting an old Samoan saying, "by the way they walk, eat, and . . . just by their culture." For example, in the Samoan culture, it is improper to stand while eating; you must sit down to eat. Also, as a sign of respect, younger Samoans bring elders buckets of water to wash their hands in, so the elders don't have to get up.

The Samoan culture is also very giving. According to Linda, whenever there is a major life event—such as a wedding or funeral—family and church members from all over bring gifts, food, money, and mats. "Especially mats, those are big," says Linda. "They do that a lot." Similar to Hawaiian culture, Samoan culture also incorporates dances, such as the hula, and uses many of the same words. While Samoans have their own language, Samoa, they also speak quite a bit of English. "Most everyone speaks both," says Linda. "Some of the old people are a little rusty on their English, though."

Linda first learned about Union College through Union recruiter Gary Wisbey, who visited her public school two or three times enticing students to Union. Linda was hooked, but when she first arrived, she didn't like Union; it was too far from home. Now, her mind has changed: "There are no distractions here. I think I picked a nice school, a nice place." Linda, nicknamed Lina by friends from home, is now a third-year computer information systems and business student.



For the first time in two years, Linda was able to return home over Christmas break. Her family was so happy she was home, says Linda, that "they wanted to wrap me up and put me under the tree." While she misses her family greatly, Linda feels she has grown closer to them since she's been in college. "The first time I saw my dad cry was when I left for college," she says.

While Linda was glad to be home, the American Samoa she found wasn't the same one she'd left. "I kinda miss how church used to be, I really do," she says. "I didn't know half the people." Linda also misses the church's active, fun song services, which have stopped.

After just two and a half weeks at home, Linda arrived back at Union. Does she know when she'll be able to return home? "No," she answers sadly.

What does Linda miss most from her home?

"I miss the food and my family," she says, laughing at the order in which she places them. "At Christmas, we had a lot of food at home. I'm not a vegetarian, so I miss my mom's cooking." Some of her mom's specialties include egg rolls, chop suey, and lamb chops.

Linda has many fond childhood memories, including those of American Samoa's national holiday—April 17, Flag Day. Linda remembers, as a child, watching the annual boat races from her home, which overlooked the harbor. "I think they still do those," says Linda.

Another favorite childhood memory is that of a Samoan Christmas tradition. Different villages would gather downtown and perform cultural dances. The Samoans also welcomed any foreigners to share their cultural art and customs. "I look forward to it every year," says Linda.

American Samoa is tiny; its total landmass is 199 square kilometers—roughly the size of Washington, D. C. Despite its small size, after speaking with Linda, it is obvious its citizens have very big hearts.

opinion

feel vs. think – war and peace by nathaniel salzman

On Thursday, March 6, an open forum was held concerning the impending war with Iraq. Entitled "Between Iraq and a Hard Place," students, faculty and strangers openly discussed several pertinent issues on both sides of the question of the validity of war in Iraq. Questions of the moral implications of war, the consequences of going to war or not going to war, and under what conditions should we go to war were raised and discussed before a full lecture hall. I, myself, spoke a few times on several subjects. (For those of you expecting a rant, be patient.)

It would be terribly hypocritical of me to not respect the opinions of others, and I do. What I do have a problem with are those who form their opinions simply based on how they happen to feel about a subject.

"I don't want to get off on a rant here," but our stances in political and world issues must be informed. I am not making any inference that any individual's opinion was wrong or stupid at the forum on Thursday. I appreciate those who spoke. But I will say unapologetically that there were people whose opinions were primarily emotional. Aristotle told us that pathos is one of the three key ingredients in any good rhetoric, but in terms of a social position (and most other things for that matter), the emotional road is unfortunately the least objective often times. Our emotions cannot rule our decisions. Or at least that's how I feel about it. However, the other extreme is obviously just as dangerous. We cannot abandon our empathy, our compassion, or our faith; but our brains have to be the organ with which we do our thinking.

I could continue to ramble, but I would prefer to cite some specific examples from the forum. First, the camp that argues for our immediate invasion of Iraq. To you I say, "Easy there, John Wayne. Let's not circle the wagons just yet." It's easy for us to get behind military action when it isn't our cities that are getting bombed. Second, our reasons are not terribly concrete or consistent. We talk about "defending the homeland" as though Iraq has attacked us. They have not. And furthermore, there has been no solid evidence linking Saddam's Iraq to Osama's forces or other terrorist organizations who have actually attacked the United States. In fact, as Scott Cushman pointed out, the extreme Muslim groups actually hate Saddam more than we do because Iraq is a secular culture. And there are other factors that we must consider before grabbing our guns, passing out the ammunition, and going to war.

In July, Congress asked our nation's intelligence agencies to assess the threat Saddam posed to the United States or our allies--more specifically, to determine whether or not Saddam was likely to use weapons of mass destruction, if indeed he possessed them. This report took such a long time to compile that in December, Congress accused the CIA of obstructing the process Congress was attempting to go through making an objective decision on whether or not to go to war. The report stated that Iraq most likely would not use weapons of mass destruction on us or on our allies "for the foreseeable future." Those are the exact words in the report--"for the foreseeable future," unless we were to attack. So we must therefore be careful. Going to war could cause the very thing to happen that we are trying to prevent.

On the other end of the spectrum we have those who feel that

war is wrong regardless of the circumstances. That war is murder, and that violence is never the answer. I wish that this stance was practical, but I must disagree here as well and warn again not to let our emotions have the better of our decision-making faculties. Professor Schroeder gave a very moving argument against war citing the horror and indifference of the carpet-bombing of Germany during WWII. This is a point that I will concede for sure. It is terrible that so many innocent civilians had to be caught up in the ugly business of war. But those bombings were intended first to cripple the machine of war in Germany, and second in response to the invasions and Germany's similar bombings throughout Europe. The British only started bombing Berlin after the Germans bombed London for months. Violence is unfortunately the language of violent people. And though I cannot make the same justification for our present situation, logic must allow for the possibility of war. Another point that was raised at the forum was that war does at times save lives. For example, the Japanese people are actually very grateful that we dropped the two nuclear bombs on their cities to end WWII. It is worth noting that nearly 200,000 people died in those two explosions or due to radiation poisoning. But the Japanese people understood and appreciated the ten-fold increase in the loss of life on both sides had we been forced to invade.

Finally, this is not a perfect world, which hopefully doesn't come as a surprise to many of you out there in reader-land. So unfortunately, war is a necessary evil at times. In a perfect world, we wouldn't need war, and socialism would work, but the reality of life on planet Earth is that Capitalistic Democracy is as close to utopia as we will be able to get and war will always be with us.

In conclusion, I want to bring out two things that weren't discussed fully in the forum. The first is God's will. The idea was raised that it doesn't matter what happens, war or not, because God's will is going to be done regardless. But scripture tells us that God's will is that "none should perish." God's will is ultimately done, but we also have to be responsible for our own decisions. If we as a nation choose to go to war, we are responsible for our own fate. Now, in light of prophecy and otherwise, these may be events that God uses to bring about the end of time, but we are still responsible for our actions and must act according to that responsibility.

Finally, we live in a democratic republic, which means that we elect leaders to speak for us, defend us, and to legislate our land. This system has proven to be the most successful of any rule of law in history and we must trust in it. We have elected leaders who, despite their inadequacies in public speaking at times, are no fools. And most importantly, we have to remember that the leaders of our country have access to information that we are not aware of, and that if they choose to take us to war, it will be with our ultimate interests in mind, even if that is not the end result. Remember that President Bush, regardless of what you or I may think of him, is our leader and is carefully and prayerfully contemplating this issue. I urge you to do the same. Make informed opinions and stances on these issues, but be open to logical argument from those who may not agree with you. But most of all, let's use our heads, people. "Then again, that's just my opinion. I could be wrong."

rant, rave, or rebuttal...nah, none of the above!

submitted by your faithful cafeteria crew

For the slight inconvenience we are now experiencing, it is without a doubt going to be worth it in the end. "Rant" expressed his inconveniences so here are the ones we experience.

Minimal equipment was moved into our transition kitchen. Among the ones we miss the most are the following:

- Deep fat fryer where those yummy french fries, corn puffs and chimichangas come from.

- Grill. Purchased pancakes and scrambled eggs made in the combi steamer just aren't as good.

- Large pot to cook pasta. We still cook the same amount of pasta but it takes all morning to cook it in small batches.

- Dish room where trays and pots and pans could be washed with ease. We are currently sharing a very small sink area with the Chat. That is why we are using plastic pan liners, styro tray plates, etc.

- Laundry machine. We use disposable cloths but the aprons and potholders are taken home by the cooks to wash each night.

- Pass thru warmers. After our food is cooked, we keep it in a warm, safe places such as warmers. We are now using our catering warmers and they are adequate but not the best to keep crispy foods crisp.

- Walk-in coolers (refrigerators). In the Cafe we had a vegetable cooler, a dairy cooler, dessert coolers, fruit coolers and salad cooler. We now have a cooler the size of one of our larger coolers in the

Cafe. We not only put our produce, milk, fruit, etc. in it, but also our frozen foods that are delivered for the day and some back-up items for the Chat.

- Prep tables. We moved over two tables of the four we had in the cafe. So we are functioning with half the work space.

- Storage room. Yes, we have a storage room/office, thank you, ASB! But the room is not large enough to house everything we had in our old storeroom.

- Freezer. We have not had a freezer. How does that affect you, the customer? When we run out of food, we have no back-up storage to draw from. Thankfully, a new freezer is up and running and things should be better.

- Our large baking oven. We really miss that beast! Currently we are using an old 1950 pizza oven and a chicken broaster. Yup, you heard right, an old chicken broaster. We can bake 6 pans (each holds 4 loaves of bread) in the oven and 20 individual loaves in the broaster. We added another baker to our crew to keep up with our cookies and fruit breads. Thanks, John R.

Yes, we miss our old equipment, but our outlook is optimistic because we have just a couple more months of school to go and the new Union Market will be wonderful. We do want to say how much we appreciate the understanding and graciousness. Your positive attitude makes this transition time much more bearable.

survey

Rate in order of importance for the hall you live in, 1 being the most important

■ Have a say. Give your input by clipping out, filling out, and turning in this survey at Student Services before April 1, 2003.

Rees Hall

- ☐ bathroom lights
- ☐ temperature control
- ☐ better laundry
- ☐ lighting in rooms
- ☐ bunk beds

Prescott Hall

- ☐ kitchen facility
- ☐ remodeled TV room

Culver Hall

- ☐ improved laundry
- ☐ hall carpeting
- ☐ furniture in TV rooms
- ☐ chairs in rooms
- ☐ study room

Hours spent in Rees Hall Lobby: ☐ 0-1 ☐ 1-3 ☐ 3-8 ☐ 10-12

Level of comfort when in Rees Hall Lobby: ☐ high ☐ medium ☐ low

(optional) reason for discomfort if medium or low _____

(optional) my suggestions on how to improve the dorms _____

art



Photography
by
Ben Yancer

By KC Schaefer

Why does she run from i?
Her heart screams for truth.
I see it in her eyes.
She wants true love.
Story book love
and made for TV movies.
She bought the lie
then she cries on my shoulder.
Asks why she can't find it.
What I would tell her
if I wasn't so afraid of losing her.

Baby, true love that you seek
isn't real, and comes on once a week.
But if you looked a little deeper,
you might see how love is so near.
When you cry on me, I cry too.
But it's because you don't see
that I love and want you.

I may never be able to tell you.
I would rather have you cry on me
for someone else
than to lose you forever.
They say true love learns to let go.
And I love you more than you'll ever know.
I hope some day you'll be happy again.
To see you smile again.
To see you complete again.





u said it

Q: If you had a million dollars, what would you do for spring break?

faithfully accumulated by bill heinrich



I would start a Richard Young basketball camp.

- Richard Young -



I would go home and take my friends out and then buy a place.

- Scott Trace -



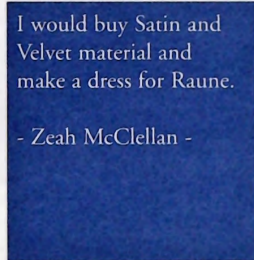
I would fly to China and ride a bike on the Great Wall of China.

- Angela Bolejack -



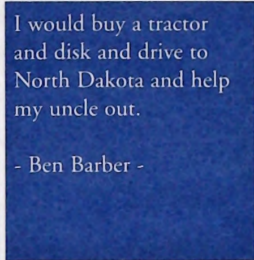
I would buy a cruise ship and take my peeps on a cruise.

- Brandon Koch -



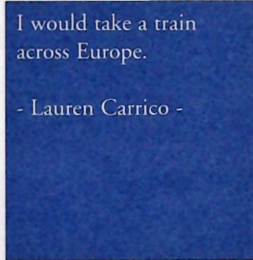
I would buy Satin and Velvet material and make a dress for Raune.

- Zeah McClellan -



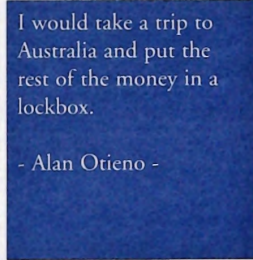
I would buy a tractor and disk and drive to North Dakota and help my uncle out.

- Ben Barber -



I would take a train across Europe.

- Lauren Carrico -



I would take a trip to Australia and put the rest of the money in a lockbox.

- Alan Otieno -

