



CLOCK TOWER

DECEMBER 14, 1993

THE UNION COLLEGE STUDENT NEWSPAPER

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

A Formal Affair



Esther Maddox and Chris Saville enjoy each other's company at the ASB Banquet.

Students dine fine at ASB banquet

BY ANGELA FOOTE

When it comes to banquets, pretty girls, handsome guys, the mixed aroma of flowers, perfume, and cologne, and the murmur of nervous laughter and small talk come flooding to my memory. The ASB Christmas Banquet ushered in these sights, sounds, and smells Sunday night, December 5. Members of Rees, Culver, Prescott, and village students came dressed in their finest to UNL's Student Union ballroom to become engulfed in an atmosphere of fine dining and dinner music.

"The meal was better than I expected," Tom Leatherman affirmed. "I especially liked the spinach lasagna." The beautiful meal consisted of three different salads, two breads and pastas, rice, vegetables, and an éclair to top it off. The jazz group, J & H productions, were a big hit with the large group of students enjoying the formal affair. The

entertainment was provided by The Lincoln Light Opera. Two singers and a young violinist accompanied by Dr. Ryan Wells shared their talent with the audience. Classical pieces as well as Christmas carols were enthusiastically performed. Erik Stenbakken was the "memory-maker" as he photographed groups and couples throughout the evening.

When asked what they liked about the banquet, several people responded. "I liked seeing everybody all dressed up," Tami Gaede said. "I liked John Buxton's tie," Tom Leatherman interjected. "My date," one shy Miss Anonymous said. "I had fun because I was around fun people," Rhonda Purkeypile commented. The highlight of the ASB Christmas banquet for many was getting to know others better by sharing the special evening with them.

ESL program attracts students

By JESSICA GREER

The English as a Second Language (ESL) program began five years ago with four students. Since then, the program has grown to 25 active ESL students this year. A total of about 50 international students (including the 25 current ESL ones) have been through the program. Students come from all over the world to study English at Union College. Right now, the countries represented are Mexico, Japan, Korea, Thailand, Ukraine, Spain, Venezuela, and Indonesia.

"The program is designed," says Kay Flaska, ESL director and instructor, "to be completed in a year-and-a-half to two years." After finishing the beginning, intermediate, and advanced levels, students are ready to start regular college classes in their field

of study. If, after completing the advanced level, they are not quite ready for College Writing I class, a TLC course in basic English skills is tackled next.

This year ESL was able to hire another full-time instructor, Nancy Kerbs. She teaches reading, conversational English, and cultural orientation, while Flaska

"I equate learning English with learning to play tennis."

teaches grammar, writing, and a listening lab.

"I equate learning English with learning to play tennis," says Flaska. "I can put books in their hands, but if they don't practice, they won't learn."

ESL's new location on the first floor of the Dick Building has given them more space. There's room for Flaska and Kerbs' offices, a listening lab area, and a general lounge area where students do homework, get tutoring help, read, or simply hang out. Even those who have finished the program often come back because it gives them a "sense of belonging."

Because the students do lots of

recruiting, this year an incentive is being offered. For every new student from their country that they encourage to come study English at Union, they receive a deduction in their tuition if their friend stays at least two semesters. (Does Union offer anything like that for all Union students? If not, they should!)

Marina Reile, senior social work major, is one of six tutors for the beginning and intermediate level students. Each student spends at least two hours of private tutor time each week. When asked why she tutors in the ESL program, Reile says "They're not the only ones who are benefiting from my tutoring. I like to learn about their background, culture, and traditions. I really enjoy it."

In Mexico, it's a big step in life when a girl turns 15, so a huge party is thrown for her. However, 15-year-old Karla Carlelas says, "I asked, for my present, to come to the United States to learn English instead of having a party." (This party is very important, so to ask NOT to have one, is a real sacrifice!) When this semester ends, Karla will return home to finish 10th, 11th and 12th grades. "I have great teachers and the ESL pro-

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Christmas traditions differ around the world

By DIONNE DAMES

Christmas means many different things to many different people. Different visions come to people's minds as they think of what Christmas means to them and the traditions they follow.

Here in the States, Christmas dinner is filled with the traditional turkey (or mock turkey), cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes and gravy, and other mouth-watering delicacies.

Traditionally, Christmas does not fully seem like Christmas without everything being blanketed in snow. Snow adds an ambience beyond comparison. Christmas is a time for family, food, fun and friendship. This is Christmas in "these United States."

Although in many countries Christmas follows these basic trends, there are many different traditions that are also present.

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DECK THE HALLS!

This door won a prize in the door decoration contest held in Rees Hall on December 6.

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EDITORIAL

Keeping watch by night



By SOPHIE ANDERSON

deserted our faithful sheep and rushed offstage in search of the Babe in swaddling cloth.

Christmas pageants remain one of my fondest childhood traditions. Being a shepherd was the most rewarding part. Year after year, the soon memorized story came alive. Inside my dreaming mind, no audience of chuckling parents grinned at me, no whispered backstage prompts were heard. In the angel lit moments that flooded my earth, those tidings of joy were mine. My heart shivered as reality hit. I anticipated reliving the moment again the next year. Though fate would stick me as Mary, I always longed for the shepherd's role, the shepherd's joy.

Traditions are often loved or laughed at, sometimes planned or unnoticed. Meaningful events, familiarized by time and repetition, are cornerstones in our lives. Embedded from our childhood foundation, they continue to support our ever-changing world. Because change is so prominent, we often tend to cling to rituals, habits, and familiar ways of doing things because they bring comfort and security.

True, traditions can become common and mechanical. It's easy to fall into ruts, to wearily trudge

through the muddled sludge of custom, to be numbed to the significance. "That's the way it's always been" often seems an excuse for laziness and lost creativity. Changing the expected can be delicate ground which sometimes needs to be walked on.

While some traditions wilt with time, others thrust their roots deep into our lives. Religious traditions such as the Sabbath, communion, foot-washing, and tithing remind us of our purpose and the constancy of principles. Christ modeled the distinction between dead, polluted ruts and ageless, thriving truth.

We don't need Christmas trees, gifts, or pageants to celebrate Christmas; we don't need Christmas to celebrate Christ's birth. We do need, however, the reminders of the bright things, the eternal things which we grow blinded to.

In this dark and stormy world, while watching our responsibilities and warning by the comforting fire of traditions, we need to ignore the audience, listen to the whispered backstage prompts, and wait, looking toward the dark and curtained sky. ❖

It was a dark and stormy night. Keeping attentive watch over my stuffed woolly flock, I huddled over the crinkling red cellophane flames. Briskly rubbing my hands over the glowing flashlight-lit fire, I gazed up into the glittering tin foil constellations pinned on the dark blue curtain. The twinkling Bethlehem skyline pinned beneath them looked far away. Other towel-hooded and staff-armed shepherds with me solemnly whispered together. In hushed whispers we waited for what we knew would come. Bursting through the curtained sky and gloried in spotlight, a little herald dazzled our dark-adjusted eyes, a bundle of crinkled tin-foil wings, wrinkled white robe, and good-will. After much dramatic fainting and fear, we

And So It Went



DOUG NESMITH

"Hey."

I have a friend who gets me into a lot of trouble. Actually, most of my friends get me into trouble, but that's a different story. My friend taught me how to speak in an Australian accent. It's pretty accurate, too. At least that's what a couple of Australians

I used to answer the phone with my phony accent.

told me. I used to answer the phone with my phony accent to confuse people and have a good laugh about it later. I never thought that an accent could be useful, though, until my sophomore year.

My friend and I had become interested in the new *Gotcha* guns that shot small paint pellets. As they were just starting to show up in sporting good stores, we had decided to check out the local toy stores to see if we could find and price these new "war machines."

We made Target our first stop. Upon entering, we meandered to the correct section in the store and were unable to find the object of our search. We looked for someone with the familiar red apron on, signifying employee status, but to no avail. Undaunted, we perused the nearby shoe section, found a non-husy worker, and requested assistance. We were refused. "What you want would be in the toy department," the young lady replied. "You are in the shoe section." Well, Duhh.

But alas, this abusive treatment was not a solitary incident! Each time we made our humble inquiry, we were treated with the same cold indifference as the miss in the shoe section had demonstrated. We left the store in disgust, preparing to return to campus empty-handed.

Upon reaching the car, my friend remembered that he

had forgotten to purchase batteries, a staple that he needed desperately. Thus, we were forced to return into the hateful establishment of merchandise. He had a plan: go Australian.

We took off our jackets to change our appearances slightly and reentered the store. Walking straight up to the first section (which just happened to be women's clothing), my friend asked, "Batteries, plize, Ma'am, dygot batteries?" in perfect Aussie. Apparently the saleslady was not accustomed to being addressed as such, but the pleasure was evident by the slight coloration of her cheeks as she quickly left her station and led us to the far side of the store to the battery section. The two of us kept up a meaningless but accented conversation to keep her convinced of our origins. "Is there anything else I can do for you?" she asked.

"Well, nighow, we 'ad ben tinkin' of pechisin' thowse new *Gotcha* guns, if you got any ina stock," we stammered. No problem. She quickly led us to the toy department, and interrupted the manager of the department to help us. She took us into the back stockroom, behind the store, and asked us to look around because "they might have just come in from the distributor, and not put out on the shelves yet." She looked genuinely concerned and disappointed to find that our search was a failure. Hmmmm. Could this sort of treatment be coming from the same store that had acted so rudely just moments before?

It was the same at the cash register. The treatment and politeness that we received was considerably better than that of the people in front of us and behind us. Why did we get better treatment? Are

Who would've thought it could be so easy.

Target employees or all Americans so affected by the novelty of a cultural speech difference? Who would've thought it could be so easy. All I know is that if you ever go shopping with me, don't be surprised to hear my voice slip back to, "Pahden me, Miss, could I 'ave a bit o' 'elp 'ere?"

Doug Nesmith prefers apricot jelly on his peanut butter sandwiches. ❖

How it really was....

By LAUREL MCCLELLAND

The donkey's slow plodding produced wisps of dust that added to the filth of the dirty city. Its ponderous breathing matched the masked groans of

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EDITOR

Sophie Anderson
ASSISTANT EDITOR
Becky Lane

COPY EDITOR
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NEWS EDITOR
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Unetta Campbell

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its load. Another door, the same answer. No room. As the door started to close, a sharp cry erupted from Mary's lips. Opening it slightly, the innkeeper, prompted by his sympathetic wife and his pocketbook, motioned reluctantly to the barn down the hill. Thankfully Joseph accepted. The jingle of money followed.

She looked for reassurance, another option.

Then the couple moved toward their lodgings.

The barn door creaked as it opened slowly, mirroring the tired feelings of its soon-to-be occupants. The sudden shaft of evening light illuminated a skittering mouse seeking refuge from the intruders. Mary made a face; the stench of the squalid barn made her already heaving stomach turn at the smell. Turning her questioning face to Joseph, she looked for reassurance, perhaps another option. He shrugged, then led their donkey in. Mary clumsily got off the donkey with Joseph's help, tripping into a pile of manure. Fumbling through their few belongings, Joseph found a cloth to wipe her off, then piled up any clean, stale hay that he could find to make a place for

her to sit. Not much was spoken. What was the use? A cow shuffled around in its pen, snorting. *Could this be?* Mary wondered. *Would the Savior of the world be born in this?* She squinted in the dim light, watching Joseph resolutely attempt to clean up an impossible task. A chicken scurried by, eyeing her suspiciously and stirring the hot, stuffy air. Mary gasped. A pain pierced through her, more intense than any she had yet felt. Joseph shot up in alarm, scattering musty straw in his haste. Running to her, he knelt in a pile of soppy hay, his brow creased with concern. Suddenly, he started. Slipping through the muck, he rushed to the barn door. Perhaps the innkeeper's wife could act as a midwife. Mary's urgent cries for him to come quickly dashed all hopes of aid. Following her pain-filled screams, he anxiously obeyed her spurred instructions. Tension racked every muscle in his body as he helplessly watched Mary clawing at the ground in agony. The animals shifted in the barn nervously, their eyes whitening with fear. Minutes were eternity as the Son of God was pushed out of mortal woman. Joseph gaped at the sight of a wriggling, bloody body in his rough, carpenter hands. Severing the umbilical cord, he swabbed the

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The yoke of tradition

By JAY WASHAM

It is true that tradition often embodies the knowledge of expired ages. Tradition serves to remind us of our heritage. It is also very safe and sure. But tradition is a weight around the neck of the wise. Tradition serves society well on occasion, but it does nothing to lead to greater truth. Tradition stands guilty for persecuting those who pursued truth and defied tradition. Tradition should, at times, be cast off as

Tradition is a weight around the neck of the wise.

an unnecessary yoke.

Throughout history great men have struggled to overthrow the tyranny of tradition. Individuals such as Socrates, Jesus Christ, Galileo, and Nietzsche struggled against traditionally held ideas for the sake of truth. This struggle against tradition resulted in the execution of Socrates, the crucifixion of Jesus, the condemnation of Galileo, and the extreme psychological isolation of Nietzsche. On a variety of levels, this illustration has been shamefully repeated thousands of times during earth's history. Society is damaged far worse by extinguishing the genius of

its most talented members than by any harm that forsaking tradition might bring to it. Society is never more vile than when it unjustly crushes opposition for the sake of tradition.

Tradition breeds ignorance and provides an excuse to act without personal reflection. Not only does tradition often call for the physical or social removal of thinking individuals, tradition frequently serves to squelch the curiosity of men and women. For centuries people believed that the earth was the center of the universe. When Galileo finally stepped forward to dispel this tradition, he was rejected. Tradition enables people to ease their conscience when they deny the voice truth. To save posterity from this intellectual suffocation, tradition should be devalued.

There cannot be a final stop for society in tradition. The shattering of tradition must constantly take place accompanied by a quest for truth. If society fails to push itself, there will be truths that remain expressionless. And there is no doubt that truth benefits society. Right now all of society's intellect and scientific technology has failed to produce much more than the probable. Society has not reached an end point. Revolutionary breakthroughs are still at hand but innovation rarely takes place within the framework of tradition.

Tradition does have value and should be treated with some respect, but it should not be immune to critical investigation. Tradition should not act as the governing authority in society. Rather, it should function as a reference, always guiding society toward unrealized truth. Tradition too often becomes the god of fools instead of a building block. Tradition should not be considered an end. It is just the most recent resting place for man as he journeys toward truth. ❖

Try non-traditional Christianity

By WAYNE SCHABER

Traditions are good, at least most of them. Values long-held are something to be proud of, at least when those values are true to their established purposes. If Christians had forever stuck to tradition, we never would have seen reform in the church. For that matter, our own church, the Seventh-day Adventist Church, would never have been formed. From this we can see that traditions are sometimes better broken when the outcome is a preferable for those affected.

Picture now the traditional church, or better, the traditional church service. The service begins with a little (sometimes long) prayer, a mournful hymn or two, calls for offering, tithe, and healing, and maybe special music or a few pertinent announcements. Next, a pastor

steps to the pulpit, drones on for the greater part of 45 minutes on a selected topic, and sits down. Not much action. Although very nourishing to those in attendance, the service doesn't really shock anyone with Christian values. It does

We need to experience the Sabbath as Christ did.

shock us with tradition though.

Tradition, although it has its place, can sometimes be worn-out, boring, and stuffy.

Once in a while we need some zest in our Christian experience. Once in a while we need some concrete action to **prove** to ourselves and the world that **we are Christians**,

Union questions infamous traditions

BY TOM LEATHERMAN

Tradition can be good, bad, or just present without affecting many people in obvious fashion. Read on. It's often traditional trying to find something interesting to read in a college paper.

At Union, we have many traditions, some useful and some considered stupid or useless. The hanging of the Golden Cords is an good annual tradition that gives identity to Union. The annual Christmas tree lighting is also a good tradition. This article, however, will focus on some traditions that aren't so good and some that seem offensive to many Unionites.

Many students focus on unappreciated traditions that are universal to colleges. Union students do not like the tradition of "dumping homework" during the last full week of each semester. Whether this actually occurs, the impression is that students would like to see the workload spread evenly throughout the semester. Another infamous tradition is the "required" walk to Rees Hall by the men to "pick up" their female companions and then walk back across campus to the church, cafeteria or other location. Some men wonder why the women do not see this as demeaning and why the women do not swing by the men's dorms as they are usually on the way. Some students insisted that the tradition of being Cornhusker fans just because of Union's location warrants some serious revision just as other students do not like to sing the school song or vote in ASB elections.

A tradition steadily disliked by engaged men is being taken out to Holmes Lake in the spring and being thrown in just because they are in love. Other traditions that are grimly accepted include the breaking down of Prescott's elevator, grungy bathrooms in the dorms, not enough laundry

facilities and wet clothes when your dryer stops.

Traditions noted by faculty that are of some concern include the serious lack of dating observed. Some faculty see very little dating or social interaction of any kind between the women and the men. They regard this as one of the primary reasons why students have no loyalties or incentives to finish their academic programs at Union.

It was noted that there has developed a "spectator mentality" among large groups of people, Union notwithstanding. It would seem that many people are willing to complain or grow frustrated with the status quo but are unwilling to get involved. Some faculty perceive a lack of school spirit that results in part from a failure to immerse ones'

self in the total program. These faculty see many other staff and students who do not appear to care about the spiritual, social, academic, or physical opportunities available on this Christian campus.

This article developed from just a small list of odd or useless traditions that still occur at Union into a list of two basic ideas. The first group was expressed as trivial but obvious enough to wish someone would end them. The second group of traditions was expressed as institutional challenges with the hope that people will evaluate their own opinions and actions to see whether they conform to any of those undesired traditions. Is there a conclusion in regard to unwanted traditions? That will be up to you to decide. ❖



Where is your focus?

Are you losing sight of the true thing you stand for?

By MOISHA NELSTEIN

I love Hanukkah—the lighting of candles, the games, the presents, the food—I love it all. I suppose I could love it for what it represents. I could love Yahweh for His miracle of keeping the lamps in the temple lit after the rude attack by Antiochus Epiphanes. Yahweh has done so much for the Jews and we have many wonderful celebrations by which to remember Him. However, I prefer to keep all of that to myself and focus primarily on the lighting of the candles, the giving of gifts, the games and the traditional food. Tradition is what I love!

I have almost gotten to the place where I can totally forget the meaning and carry out the tradition simply because it is tradition.

Take, for instance, the Sabbath. I adore the Sabbath! I adore it because there are hundreds of rules that must be thought of as one enters the Sabbath. If you carry a handkerchief, it is considered work, but if the handkerchief is sewn to your garment—hey, it's part of the garment.

Editor's note: This viewpoint is not intended to be anti-semitic but to make Christians question their own motives.

You can only walk 2/3 mile on Sabbath unless you have buried food. The location of the buried food then becomes your house, and you can go another 2/3 mile to find the next place where you have buried food (next house) and everything works out just fine.

Forget spending time with God; these rules and traditions are a blast.

I miss the good old days when you could kill sheep and the priests would do their sacred things and sprinkle blood and atone for sins. That was pretty nifty. But now all that's over and done with. I'm not sure why.

I like you Christians too. I like your Christmas. I like the way you can focus on the traditions and lose sight of the one true thing that you supposedly stand for—Christ. I appreciate that because that's what I love. So just let go and focus on the lights, the food, the games, the presents, the tree, the mall, Santa Claus, reindeer, elves, and the Clintons. Maybe some day you too will learn to forget the Christ child and only remember the traditions. Good luck. ❖

Schroeder remembers German traditions

By KRISTINE ELVING

Real candles on the Christmas tree. Gifts brought by the Christ child. To most of us, these are not traditional images of Christmas. However, to history professor Karl-Heinz Schroeder, who grew up in Germany, these are among the essential characteristics of a Christmas celebration.

According to Schroeder, the holiday season begins four weeks before Christmas when German families light the first of four candles on the Advent wreath. Then they light one candle each week until Christmas Day.

Another tradition is the Christmas calendar, which consists of little boxes or windows containing chocolates. Children open one window each day of December until Christmas.

One of the main differences between American and German Christmas traditions is that in Germany the Christmas tree is decorated on December 24.

Schroeder says that the children do not help with this. Instead, the father takes them for a walk in the afternoon while the mother puts up the tree in the living room, which is closed until evening.

When the father comes back with the children, the family enjoys a special Christmas Eve meal. Then the parents take the children into the living room, which is filled with the fragrances of the evergreen tree and of the glowing candles.

The children then open the gifts which have been placed under the Christmas tree, not by Santa Claus, but by the Christ child.

Finally, in contrast to American traditions, Germans do not celebrate only on December 24 and 25. They also consider December 7 important as the day on which Saint Nicholas brings gifts to good children and rods to bad children. The holiday extends to December 26. ❖



Ancient Culver manuscript discovered

By HUGH BARLOW

There was an ancient manuscript found in the dark recesses of Culver Hall recently. Culver scholars have attempted to decipher what has been written on the decayed pages of what appears to be a diary or log of some sort. What has been deciphered to date follows:

"Castle Culver stands defiant in the wind. The winter advances like a wary enemy; yet all reside in warmth inside. King Joseph is once again conducting business elsewhere and the denizens of the edifice reside in somewhat peaceful tranquility. Sir Marty the listless, Sir Evan the brash, and I: Sir Hugh the peculiar, Knights in Rusty Armor of the Long Table, reside peacefully in the halls of our home. The moat of Culver Castle has shriveled with the approach of winter. Yet we feel safe in the knowledge that no force could withstand a long siege outside the towering walls. We are well provisioned.

Wizard Drew, the Arch-Magician Aaron, and the Sorcerer Thomas of Reynolds are busy in their rooms conjuring electric magic. Occasionally the good magician Michael comes to assist them. Chuque, the Electronic Bard, regales his fellow residents with song; not all care for it. Others vie for his title. The Court Jester, Thomas of Ingram, amuses all with his knife and fire tricks. He is the lone Jester, since his companions in frivolity (Billy of Nelson and Shan of Thayer) left us for the next world (may they rest in peace). Dan sits in silent, self-imposed, solitary isolation. He misses Jester Billy. The Friars Juhl, Daughenbaugh, and Rimer keep a wary eye on the citizens of our little band. They make sure we

follow the laws of our society, provide us with spiritual guidance and with counsel (when needed).

Some of our old companions have left us. They have been replaced by new residents. These new residents fight for their place in our little community: Long Stephen has joined us as Squire.

The Lords and Ladies of our Court provide the romance within the halls. Lord Roger and Lady Jennifer and Lord James and Lady Melinda have been found in private trysts in sundry places.

Wilson the Falconer lives in his room with his birds of prey. He longs for quiet, clear days so he can put his birds to flight.

The Beast-master Ty burns incense in the dark confines of his room. Strange sounds have been heard coming from thither. Few dare venture forth to peek within.

Justin the Baker and David the Cook wake early to feed this motley crew. We are grateful for their skills.

Chad the Night Watchman keeps vigilant watch throughout the night.

Tim and John (the keepers of the Crystal Ball) keep us informed of the goings on in the outside world while Chris of Reynolds keeps the dungeon's rodents.

The Sage Romeo is wise. He watches all and remains silent. One wonders what thoughts he thinks.

The insane Highland Scott giant, William of the clan of Stuart, came to visit. He told us seemingly pointless stories about...." The document can no longer be deciphered at this point.

We have no real clue as to the purpose of this document, but more may follow in the future as it is pieced together. ❖

Parchment's canvass: This feels like dying

By DOUG COLBURN

The Norville Parchment *This Feels Like Dying* art extravaganza came to The McClelland Art Gallery the other day. I spent a longer time in this art show than I have spent in all other art shows that have been in the McClelland Gallery combined. Between Norvie's superb art and his choices of background music such as Loreena McKennitt he managed to create a totally surreal environment.

Norvie displayed more than a dozen paintings and drawings in his art display at the McClelland Gallery. Norvie says, "I try to do things that have not been done before. It is difficult to pinpoint my influences because I try to do new and original works."

Norvie's originality is evident in all his art but it is most pronounced in his mirror and glass paintings. A major emphasis of the *This Feels Like Dying* display was the glass and mirror work with the same name.

As I milled about and marvelled at the various pieces of art, Norvie encouraged me to be seated in the chair that was placed in front of the acrylic on mirror *This Feels Like Dying*. "This painting is the whole idea of the show---this feels like dying. Put your face in the mirror," Norvie says with a smile.

After looking for as long as I can in the mirror, I turn to the other paintings and listen in to what other people have to say about this unique array of talent..."I really like how you

have to read into it. This art shows a lot of emotion," says Angie Barko as she fidgets with her mittens. Doug Hardt says, "It really makes you think. The art is not just scenery; it expresses imagery. It probably reflects what Norvie is thinking."

I see many people looking at and commenting about the painting entitled *The Ninth World*. I would have to say that of all Norvie's work this is one of my favorite. The painting currently includes three separate panels with a variety of images and shapes portrayed. Buildings, a

moon, Sinead O'Connor, and strange creatures all make up this multi-layered painting. "This has been a painting that has taken shape over a long time," says Norvie. "I plan to add two more panels. Come back and see it in the spring!"

Kenneth Dick sums up the tone of Norvie's art collection, "It was very deep and inspirational. It made me think about the other side of life." And so Norville Parchment's art show comes to an end for this fall, but wait until spring—he is having another one. ❖



David Kaiser

Norvie Parchment looks out from his painting *This feels like dying*.

Check out other artists original art displays in the McClelland Art Gallery.

ESL program makes rave reviews

ESL...from page 1

gram is very good. I want to come back when I am 18" she says.

"It's nice to see them progress

from not knowing a word of English when they come," says Reile "to having a good understanding of it and speaking it well when they are through the pro-

gram." Flaska feels very close to the ESL students. "They're like my own children...it's like a family and I feel like their Mom," she says. ❖

LAST CHANCE!!

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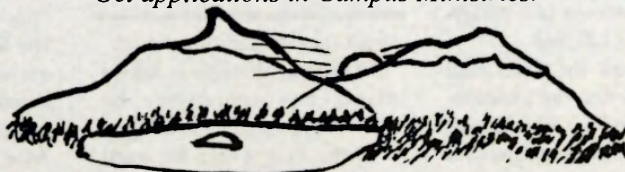
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Rituals weave quilt of life

By DAINA GREEN

Familiar rituals, traditions, are the thread that weaves together the patchwork quilt of life. From the small traditions and the big ones we receive our identity, our heritage, and our foundation. The small rituals of day to day existence, like eating out every Tuesday with friends or having worship with the family every Friday evening, give us the stability that we all need.

Anyone who has ever been

What's a pinch for 150 people?

far from home during a major holiday knows the sense of loss and isolation that comes from being separated from the stability and familiarity of traditions.

I discovered that Thanksgiving outside the U.S. just isn't the same, no matter how much food you eat. At Collonges (France) the administration tried to give us, the American students, that at-home feeling by having us make a Thanksgiving supper for the rest of the school. It was a nice idea.

As I contemplated a vat of stuffing that cold, gray

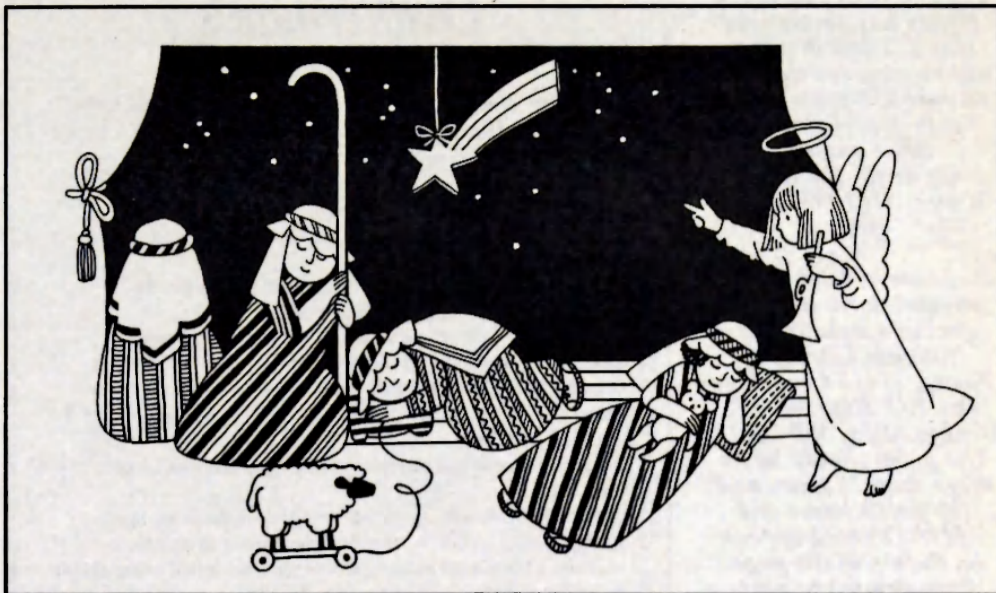
November day, lost in unfamiliar territory (an industrial-sized kitchen), my friend was pondering a recipe for pumpkin pie that someone's mother had generously faxed us. She looked up from the recipe, her brows drawn together into one straight line of puzzlement and asked, "What's a 'pinch' for 150 people?"

Being the master chef that I am, I said, "Oh I don't know. Maybe two heaping handfuls?"

In spite of my culinary skills we were able to serve those 150 people our American-style potatoes, pies, corn, and stuffing with a tired but stubborn pride.

Our Collonges Thanksgiving, though better than nothing, didn't make us feel at home. In fact, it intensified our feelings of loss and isolation. We were deprived of the rituals and traditions that were a part of us, of who we were. The other students ate our food because it was supper, not because they were celebrating with us. That day, as on Christmas, we were strangers in a strange land and we knew it.

Fortunately, this year I'm at home and can surround myself with the traditions of my family and country and take comfort in the little things, like a patchworkquilt. ❖



The demise of a legacy

By CRAIG HAGELGANTZ

Caroling. Feet frozen by the snow that had inched its way into my boots. Polychromatic lights dancing on the roofs of neighboring houses mirrored by the virgin snow. I burrowed between my parents to keep warm as I sang freely the words I remembered.

This was a time when I felt secure. No, more than that. This was one of the few times that I have ever felt genuinely content. Now it only remains in the fondness of my memories.

It was like the excitement of opening that first gift on Christmas morning or the awe of lighting the tree for the very first time. Such simple pleasures are now becoming endangered in my life. The Christmas traditions that were once the expected are now the exception.

Why is that? What invades our lives and causes the prevention of good feelings like contentment and security?

At risk of sounding cliché, I believe it's society's fault. Society has put such a high

demand on striving for something different, something better, that being content is detrimental.

It's not going to happen anymore. Whatever society says, this year, I am going to change the practices of my family. Instead of reminiscing about the good memories of yesteryear, we will be creating some new ones. I am going to create an opportunity in which I can burrow between my parents once more and feel content as I sing the now familiar carols.

Feliz Navidad! ❖



David Kaiser

When there's nothing else to listen to... Lee Bowes and Drew Hickman play DJ for the long Unionaires bus trips. Holiday traditions change from culture to culture

World...from page 1

Take for example the Australian Christmas which is in the summer. Christmas activities might include waterskiing, surfing or just having fun in the sea. You may also find the Christmas in the Bahamas quite different.

In the Bahamas the traditional foods found on the tables of Americans on Christmas and water activities found in Australia are present; however, we also have a unique parade. This parade is filled with music and dance and is known as Junkanoo. Large costumes made out of crape paper, glitter, paints, cardboard, wood and numerous other art materials are paraded down the street of the town moving rhythmically to the sounds produced by the goat skin drums, cow bells and horns.

Dancing and music are also a part of the celebration of Christmas. Besides the singing, dancing and music, some cultures observe very

different customs.

In Mexico there are many traditions that differ drastically from any other culture that I have found so far. Gifts are not exchanged on Christmas Day, but they are exchanged on January 6 in celebration of the time wisemen gave gifts to the Baby Jesus. I have a hard enough time waiting for Christmas Day to see what *Santa* has brought for me. Instead of eating turkey on Christmas Day, Mexicans eat at midnight on Christmas Eve. Two of the traditional entrees are tamolies and moles. The entire city is decorated with lights for this holiday.

Even though some of these cultures observe slightly different traditions and customs, they all realize what the Reason for the Season is all about. In each Christian's heart, he remembers that this is the time we celebrate the birth of a King. ❖

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Union College
The Unexpected

The National Library of Poetry has announced that \$12,000 in prizes will be awarded this year to over 250 poets in the North American Open Poetry Contest. The deadline for the Contest is Dec. 31, 1993. Entry free.

To enter, send ONE original poem any subject and style to The National Library of Poetry, 11419 Cronridge Dr., P.O. Box 704-ZT, Owings Mills, MD 21117. The poem should be no more than 20 lines, and the poet's name and address should appear on the top of the page. Entries must be post-marked by Dec. 31, 1993.

Leatherman's TOP TEN

Things That Would Change At Union If Doug Hardt, Doug Nesmith, Tom Hinde, and Tom Leatherman Were In Charge

10. Juggling with fire a required P.E. credit.
9. Hammocks strung up in every classroom.
8. Ingredients in the deli made public by official decree.
7. Our new job titles: Dougy, Dougster, Hindo, and Grand Admiral.
6. Library fines and parking fines quadrupled to help pay for renovating my new apartment atop the Dick Building.
5. Joe Parmele would get a well-deserved 50% pay increase.
4. Doug Hardt would slip up and occasionally refers to himself as "Coach," while Doug Nesmith would debate which color the new storm and hail-resistant vinyl siding should be for each building on campus.
3. The school vans would be replaced with big, luxurious Lincoln Town cars.
2. Tom Hinde would seal up the cafeteria and fill the entire lower level of Culver Hall with water and plant life in an attempt to re-create a Little Minnesota; however, students would prefer calling the new resort "Our Kansas Paradise."
1. Parking anywhere anytime except in areas designated as Reserved For the Dougs and Toms.



Nurturing Thoughts

By CHRISTIAN STUART

I get really angry when someone tells me that the "grass is always greener on the other side." I usually tell them to go and hop the fence then, but I don't tell them that the fence is electrical.

A lot of people don't realize the controllable personality of dry cereal. If you tear the cereal box open in a violent spasm, the cereal will get either angry or scared and it will be soggy by the time you finish pouring the milk. But if you tenderly open the box and gently pour the cereal into your bowl, it will stay crunchy as long as you want it to.

I really appreciate the airlines that give out peanuts as the mid-flight snack. With all that protein, I leave the plane feeling naturally refreshed. Way to go, guys!

I bet the Beatles were really four unlucky elves that Santa decided to give a break one Christmas.

Music Review: Country—Tell Me Why

By DOUGLAS COLBURN

I really can't believe that I own a country album, let alone that I'm publicizing the fact. But the reality of it is that country music is changing. It used to be all you had to do was lose your wife, drink a beer, and twang a guitar, and you would have all the major components of a good country song. Thankfully, this is no longer true.

Still, country artists must convince me that their music is worthy of joining my album collection before I will purchase. I don't just buy any album that pops up on the market. I have to be able to turn the CD player on in a year and still feel good when I listen to the album. *Tell Me Why* is one of these albums.

Tell Me Why is an album filled with 10 songs with clean lyrics

and some sad tunes and some happy. Its running time is 37 minutes and 52 seconds. I would say that Wynonna has found the "new" country sound that so many artists (and consumers) are striving for. So if you are still like I used to be and think that country is just a twang thing, you'd better give it another chance and start with Wynonna.

The first song I heard off this album was *Only Love* which has been on the radio for quite some time now. This ballad is one of the better songs off the album. The second song I heard was *Father Son* which was even better than the first! After hearing the title track *Tell Me Why* I was sold. *Tell Me Why* just has that happy country kick that Wynonna so amply gives to her newest album.

There was one major surprise

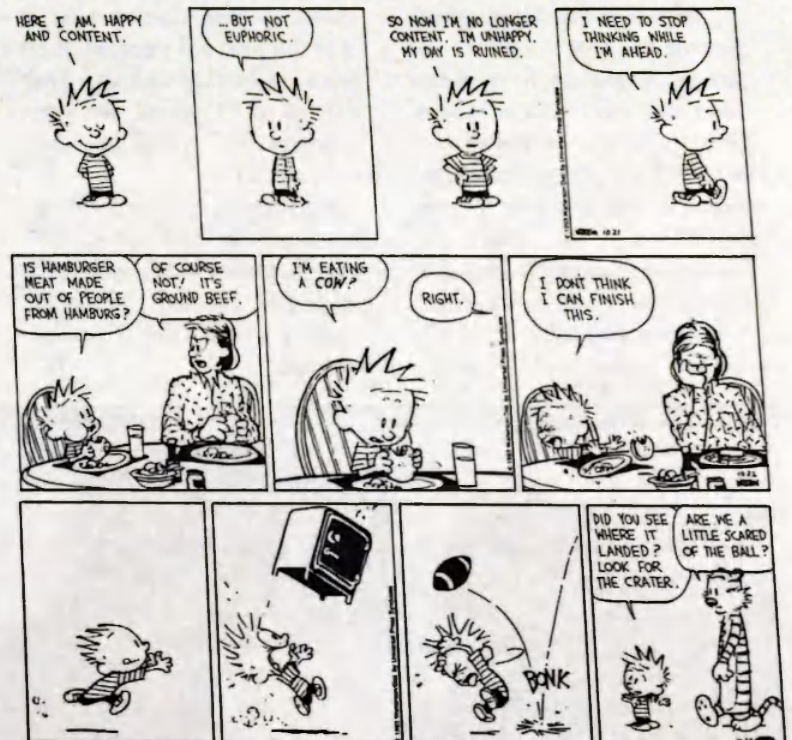
about this album—it has a religious Christmas song on it. I really wasn't expecting to hear a song about Jesus and John the Baptist when I read the title *Let's Make A Baby King*, but I was pleasantly pleased. It is nice to see that secular artists do have a concept of spirituality about them. It is even better to see it mixed in with their other more secular works.

From a touch of the blues to a taste of the southern rhythm, this album has it. I like it.

I don't know who started it, but country music is sure evolving! Many songs now have a subtle blues or soft-rock overtone but still seem to maintain that flowing Graceland music hospitality. Enough of justifying my transition to a more universal music taste. Give the "new" country a try sometime.

Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



Letter from Japan

Dear friends,

Ack! I'm in poverty and I have no one to blame but my out-of-control self! Guess where all of my yen has gone?! Yep, a certain someone right there on your campus. A Mr. Doogendorf? Do you know him? Help! It's the telephone bill—will they accept my cooking as a substitute? No? I'll be deported instead? Get me on that flight—Shayne, I'm comin' home! Just kidding! Sorry. Instead I'll starve and live blissfully in love. Right. I need food!

OK. The only real truth to this letter is that I am destitute because of my phonebill. But, that will not hin-

der me from attempting to get in touch with those that took time out to give an "American hello" and slap on the back for encouragement. Thank you and also congratulations to all of the 65 engaged couples on campus—my best and warmest wishes to all of you!

Thank you: Ginger Wipf, "Snatcheroo" Sara, Jennifer Pettijohn, David-Shayne's-a-jerk-Dick, Jay-oops-what-was-I-thinking?-Washam, Carla-my-loyal-letter-writer-Andersen, Dr. Kerbs, Mrs. McClelland, Tiffany and Jason, Tammy Caldwell, Heather Finch, and last—but certainly not

least—Shayne Daughenbaugh. I know there's more but Sophie doesn't have enough space, and I don't have any more paper! I'm surviving in the land of no more rice and excessive rainfall quite well, but I miss all of you very much. Kari and I are afraid that we're going to go hysterically insane when we return to the States. You are going to be foreigners to us! Imagine that for a moment. (No. Not us being hysterically insane—although that will look rather amusing.) Thank you for remembering us. You all will be in my prayers during the holiday season and thereafter. God bless! Much Love, Jennifer.

Campus Paperback Bestsellers

1. *The Days Are Just Packed*, by Bill Watterson. (Andrews & McMeel, \$12.95.) More "Calvin and Hobbes" cartoons.
2. *The Age Of Innocence*, by Edith Wharton. (Collier/Macmillan, \$5.95.) New York society life in the late 19th century.
3. *The Joy Luck Club*, by Amy Tan. (Ivy, \$5.99.) Destinies of Chinese immigrant women and their Chinese-American daughters.
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. *Rising Sun*, by Michael Crichton. (Ballantine, \$6.99.) Fierce industrial intrigue between American and Japanese rivals.
6. *The Tale Of The Body Thief*, by Anne Rice. (Ballantine, \$6.99.) The saga of vampire Lestat continues.
7. *The Secret History*, by Donna Tartt. (Ivy, \$6.99.) New England college is the setting for shocking rituals and gruesome murder.
8. *The Way Things Ought To Be*, by Rush Limbaugh. (Pocket Star, \$6.50.) Controversial issues - that's Limbaugh territory.
9. *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, by Maya Angelou. (Bantam, \$4.99.) Childhood and adolescence in the depression-era South.
10. *Seven Habits of Highly Effective People*, by Steven R. Covey. (Fireside, \$9.95.) Guide to personal fulfillment.

New & Recommended

- Charlie Chan Is Dead, Jessica Hagedorn, Ed. (Penguin \$14.00.) Major anthology of Asian American fiction. The stones sweep across the 20th century and across the range of Asian American experience.
- Mostly Harmless, by Douglas Adams. (Ballantine, \$12.00.) The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy Part Five. The book that gives a whole new meaning to the word "trilogy".
- Book, by Robert Grudin. (Penguin, \$10.00.) Highwire act of a novel that follows a zany cast of characters through a madcap plot while satirizing academia, book publishing, literary forms...and art itself.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN PUBLISHERS/ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE STORES

Merry Christmas
SAs and Task Force workers! We miss you!

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A fireside chat with the Lanes

By Becky and Brent Lane

Becky: This is going to be a warm fuzzy Christmas article. An enduring piece of literary magnificence. A trip down memory lane. Brent and I are going to share with you some of our family's dearest holiday traditions.

Brent: Do we have to? This could endanger our already precarious reputation as normal citizens. I think our traditions are sort of a Minnesota thing, or maybe a Norwegian thing.

Becky: As I was saying, we're going to give you a rare glimpse of Christmas at the Lanes'. As we write, we're sitting here in the warmth of a glowing fire...

Brent: Uh, Becky?

Becky: What?

Brent: That's not a fire. It's a Hewlett Packard computer. We're in the Microlab.

Becky: Well, OK. We're sitting here in the electromagnetic warmth of a glowing computer remembering our blissful childhood. Take a minute to join us. Forget about organic chemistry equations and syllogistic logic. Close your nursing fundamentals book. Lay aside your accounting notes...

Brent: Becky, leave them alone. I don't want to be responsible for anyone failing an important test because...

Becky: ... and throw those biology flashcards to the wind! Come with us on a journey. Peer into your past and explore the magical spirit of Christmas. Delve deep into the mysterious time-honored traditions that bind our culture together in a...

Brent: Are you finished yet?

Becky: Almost.

Brent: Why don't you just tell them the truth?

Becky: That's what we're doing now. You and I. We're going to tell them about Christmas in Minnesota.

Brent: No, I mean the truth about your little problem.

Becky: My what?

Brent: Your problem. Your sickness. Your obsession.

Becky: What are you talking about?

Brent: You're a Christmas addict.

Becky: I am not.

Brent: It's obvious.

Becky: What's obvious?

Brent: Come on now, the first step to recovery is to admit your sickness.

Becky: Everyone likes Christmas. I'm not sick.

Brent: You will be if you eat all the candy canes off the tree like you did last year.

Becky: That wasn't me. I don't even like candy canes. Everyone has candy canes. They're boring.

Brent: Now you sound like Scrooge. And nothing's wrong with candy canes. At least they're normal.

Becky: Are you saying that my Christmas traditions aren't normal?

Brent: Nothing in our house is normal at Christmas time.

Becky: Everyone in our house is crazy except you? You'll be sitting out in the cold if Santa Claus hears you talking like that.

Brent: You really need to start dealing with your obsession. Singing "Deck the Halls" in July is not socially acceptable.

Becky: Everyone has done that before. You like Christmas too. You used to open your presents early and wrap them back up like nothing ever happened.

Brent: Everyone's done that before,

too. Besides, I was only four. At least I opened my presents. You saved your presents until Easter one year so you could have something to open every week. Is that normal?

Becky: That was over ten years ago. I was just a kid.

Brent: It was more like four years ago, but that's not the point. You're a lot older now, and you aren't growing out of this abnormal Christmas obsession. You still get a Christmas stocking from Santa.

Becky: So do you.

Brent: I'm younger.

Becky: Maybe that explains why you like to go snowmobiling in your underwear.

Brent: There you go, exaggerating as usual. I wasn't snowmobiling; I was playing snow football with the dog. And it wasn't my underwear; I was wearing swimming trunks.

Becky: Swimming in a snowbank at Christmas time? That's certainly a normal ritual. See, you're just as strange as the rest of us. Why are you trying so hard to prove that our family traditions aren't normal?

Brent: Well, it's embarrassing when my friends find out that we put a Christmas tree in the bathroom. And in the kitchen. And everywhere else. We had seven Christmas trees one year. Who wants to look at a Christmas tree while they're taking a shower? Besides, that outlet in the shower for the lights seemed a bit dangerous.

Becky: And what about the tree in your bedroom?

Brent: That's my private business.

Becky: And shall we tell everyone what you put on your tree?

Brent: Just normal things. Lights and stuff.

Becky: And stuff?

Brent: OK, and football cards. I hang football cards on my tree. You can't expect me to be perfectly normal in such a bizarre home.

Becky: Not everything is bizarre. We have green and red cookies and vege-turkey and Christmas music. And we always go caroling.

Brent: Becky, I've got to tell you something. Most people go caroling to people, not cows.

Becky: But we don't have any neighbors. Besides, I think it's nice to sing for the animals on Christmas Eve. The cows appreciate it. Last year, one of the heifers gave me wool socks for Christmas, and the bull gave me a camera.

Brent: Fine, just tell the whole world that our family gets Christmas presents from the cows (and the horses and the dogs and the barnyard tompeten— it's a Norwegian thing, don't ask). Anything else you want to add? Why don't you tell them about the gingerbread men that Mom has been storing in the basement for eight years? And the Christmas decorations that stay up until Ground Hog's Day? And remember the time when Dad nearly fell off the roof while pretending to be Santa's reindeer?

Becky: See, we're not so strange after all.

Brent: Hey, and we could tell them about our annual igloo sleepout...

Becky: Or maybe we could just tell them Merry Christmas.

Brent: Merry Christmas.



...How it could have been

From Story...page 2

Baby with whatever clean cloth he could find. Mary lay in a depleted heap, stretching out her shaky hands to hold the Promise of the world. Raising her weary but wondering eyes to his squalling, kicking body, she was struck with the awe of the moment. It was nothing like what she expected. Here was the long-awaited Messiah gustily screaming in a dingy barn, with no one to pay homage to Him but a few lowly

beasts. *Was this any greeting for the arrival of the King?* Too exhausted to struggle any more, Mary quieted her thoughts, allowing Joseph to wrap God's Love in the ripped shreds of a ragged garment and place Him in a crude feeding trough. No welcome, no home, no security. Nothing reflecting the One Who would give all this and more to humanity. Yet He did. Praise Him for Christmas! ❖

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WESLEY PHIPATANAKUL
TRAVIS SAGER
Sports Editors

EDITORIAL

Once again, it's time for another one of my controversial sports editorials. There's so much going on in the world of football, that I've been hoarse from all the debates I've gotten into over different issues. First, I'd like to start with the **Minnesota Vikings**. I did have to swallow my words when they beat Denver, but let's face it Viking fans, your team stinks. After a big win at **Denver**, what did they do, but turn around and lose to **Tampa Bay** and **New Orleans**. The funny thing is that the Vikings still have a shot at winning the division. It won't happen. At least **Minnesota** has a football team, which is more than **St. Louis** can brag about. **Green Bay** and the upstart **Chicago Bears**, who are currently playing the best defense in the NFL, will battle it out for the NFC Central crown. And how about those Bears, who not only are playing great defense, but are scoring more points from their defense than offense. It looks like the Bears will win the division. I've heard that if **Green Bay** didn't have Brett Favre, they would be a great team. But the point is they do have Brett Favre.

Also, **San Francisco** has been playing the best football in the NFL. If the playoffs began today the **49ers** would win it all. However, the playoffs don't begin today so don't forget the **Cowboys**. Look for a classic **Dallas-San Francisco** rematch in the NFC Championship game. It will be a dandy. Those two are definitely the class of the NFC.

On the other hand, who knows who will win the AFC title. **Buffalo** is fading. **Miami** continues to win without **Dan Marino** or **Scott Mitchell**. **Kansas City** looks terrific every time **Joe Montana** plays. The hottest team in the AFC is the **Houston Oilers**. Don't forget the **Broncos** with **John Elway's** history of excelling in the AFC playoffs. The Super Bowl is a different story. I can see anyone of these teams making the Super Bowl, so the AFC is a total toss-up. However, too many people are overlooking the **Buffalo Bills** who seem to kick it up a notch come playoff time. **Miami** should not make it with a 39 year old quarterback, **Joe Montana** will get hurt during the playoffs, **Houston** has a long history of choking in the playoffs, and I don't see **Denver** winning the AFC title on the road. I still stick with **Buffalo** as my pick.

In college football, the controversy is very close to Union College, as the currently #1 ranked football team is down the street at UNL. However, we all know the true #1 is in Florida State, but too many people are not giving the Cornhuskers credit. That Oklahoma-Nebraska

Varsity's world travels continue

University Park, Iowa—Since our last issue, the Union College men's basketball team has played 2 more games, both on the road. This makes it four straight road games for the team. However, happier times are on the way, as Union plays 2 straight home games before the semester ends. By the time this issue comes out, Union will have already played Manhattan last Tuesday, but there is a game on **Monday December 13 for Both Teams** right here in the UC Thunderdome. I know it's

during finals week, and we will all be busy, but it sounds like the perfect study break to me, so come on down if you have time.

On November 23, Union played Grace Bible College and were beat soundly 88-76. Perhaps the guys had their minds on a terrific Thanksgiving dinner than on the game, and who can blame them. **Randy Reinke, Doug Hardt, Jamie Wasemiller, and Dallas Purkeypile** all scored in double figures. It's good to see a nice balance of scoring. Another

bright spot was the fact that the team had only 9 turnovers. The big problem was Union had only 7 assists.

This past weekend was a marathon basketball fest for team members. The team left for Iowa at 2:30 pm on Friday afternoon, got back at 3:00 am on Sunday morning, then at 9:15 am, swam with children of battered spouses till 12:30 pm, then had a 1/2 hour practice at 1:15pm. That shows the great dedication that basketball players put into the basketball

program.

The team won their second game of the year against Venard 77-65 once again led by a total team effort. **Jamie Wasemiller** pulled down an impressive 12 rebounds, **Randy Reinke** led with 21 pts, assisted by **Doug Hardt's** 10 pts, **Ryan Reinke's** 10, and **Hans Widicker's** 9 pts. Union led most of the game, but survived a late rally to win.

	W	L
Road Record	1	3
Home Record	1	0
Overall Record	2	3



Tami Gaele

Dallas Purkeypile and Doug Hardt on the court against Manhattan

Volleyball days are all tied up

UC Thunderdome—The Welch's Juicers under the leadership of **Paul Welch** were 'pressed' out of the 4-person v-ball league because of their attendance, or lack thereof. This allowed many teams easy victories. The regular season indeed came down to the last night. **Ron's Cons, Campbell's Soups, Ivyless Poison, and DaBohls** were in a fierce run for first place.

The events of the season should be explained so that all understand the rankings. **Ron's Cons** and **Ivyless Poison** ended in a tie for first, but since the Cons had defeated the Poisons 2-1 earlier in the year, they finish 1st. **DaBohls** and **Campbell's Soups** ended in a tie also. Since DaBohls beat the Soups 2-1 they get the #3 nod. The rest of the rankings are as follows:

#	Team	Team#	Games	Matches
1	Ron's Cons	4	20-4	7-1
2	Ivyless Poison	5	20-4	7-1
3	DaBohls	9	22-5	7-1
4	Campbell's Soups	2	22-5	8-1
5	Soap Sudds	1	14-13	5-4
6	Lover's Lane	11	11-13	3-5
7	Merlin's Magic	3	10-14	2-6
8	Hedge Hodges	8	8-16	3-5
9	sPIKES	7	7-20	2-7
10	5 Cent Pieces	6	1-23	0-8
11	Welch's Juicers	Squeezed	From League	

Editorial...continued

game was a total blast. Sure, I lost my hat in the post-game riot and was almost trampled, but getting up on the goalpost made it all worth the while. I'll say it till I am blue in the face: **Nebraska has a chance to win the Orange Bowl**. A very tiny chance, but they can win that game. I've seen enough football to know that all kinds of crazy things can happen in one game. If they didn't have a chance to win, then why play the game? The teams with the most talent don't deserve the National Championship just because they have the best players. They have to go out and win it on the field. It's the upsets that make sports so great. The unexpected upset is what brings us back. Ask **North Carolina State** in 1983, ask **UNLV** why they never won a title with **Larry Johnson, Stacey Augmon** and company, and ask **Alabama** in last year's Sugar Bowl. You can say what you want about Nebraska's recent bowl history, but they have a very good football team this year.

Well, that's all for now. Next issue we will know if these words rang true. ❖

Six man/woman teams ready for tournaments

UC Thunderdome—Once again your intrepid sportswriters had a very difficult time. (And it wasn't learning how to tie our shoes) The two top teams were nearly even and we (I) had a tough time deciding who would be the #1 team in our poll this time. We looked at many factors, but the decision ultimately came down to head-to-head competition. In this, **Tucker's CVA boys** held a 4-edge over **Team Consignado**, so we give the nod to Tucker. Perhaps one reason for the rise of Tucker's team is the decision of Terry Bock to come out of retirement. The #1 ranking for the tournament goes to Ron because of a better overall record (He played more games.) Basically in both the Men's 6 and 4-person the Championship will come down to the tournament. In

Women's 6-person, we find our third close call for #1. Do I find this a coincidence? Not anymore. Because of the new free-agency rule many teams are competing for #1. **Jeanne McWilliams** and **Cheri**

Wehling are in a cat-fight for the top spot. Once again we will have to wait for the season ending tournaments to find out who gets the coveted intramural champion t-shirt. ❖

MEN'S				
Rank	Captain	Team#	Games	Matches
1	Tucker Fredrickson	5	14-4	5-1
2	Ron Consignado	2	20-4	7-1
3	Sheldon Blood	4	14-7	5-3
4	Jeremy Reiswig	3	3-15	0-6
5	Greg Gryte	1	0-15	0-5

WOMEN'S		
Rank	Captain	Games
1	Jeanne McWilliams	13-2
2	Cheri Wehling	13-2
3	Kelly Schebo	10-5
4	Kari Furne	5-10
5	Brenda Reed	2-13
6	Janelle Wolfe	2-13