



CLOCK TOWER

APRIL 1, 1994

THE UNION COLLEGE STUDENT WASTEPAPER

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Ode to a Late-Night Chatburger

Last night I had a dream; a dream that made me wake with fright. Sweat poured off my brow as I tumbled from bed and shook my roommate hysterically. "Wake up!" I shouted. "We've got to get out of here before....," my panic-stricken voice trailed off. Puffy-eyed, my roommate stared at me in alarm, hair spread out in all directions. (I still question if it was a hair-raising experience for her or just the result of a thrashing night of sleep. I'll opt for the first because it adds to my

"It's too terrible, too awful to think about..."

woeful tale.) "Before what?" she asked mumbly. I sat on the edge of the bed, shivering, moving side-to-side and pressing my temples in alarm. "It's too terrible, too awful to think about, too...." My roommate, a fairly level-headed girl, boxed my ears and shook me until I gained a calmer composure. "Now start from the beginning. What's happened?" "It must've been a dream," I sobbed, then started to relay all of the vivid incidences that led up to my near heart-attack experience.

Before I get any further, I must say that I don't claim to be a prophet, far from it. Though I have visions, it's

probably because I'm bored of a class lecture and am in a state of denial. I only explain myself because I don't want others to fear that this dream will come true. But if it does, head for the hills. Here it is, in vivid color (if you use your imagination).

I was walking to my first class from Rees Hall when I met a bunch of policemen who almost knocked me down in their mad rush to the Dick Building. Naturally a curious person, I dashed after them, my bookbag flying in the snowy breeze. Our destination was the president's office. Pressing my nose against the glass, I observed detectives dusting the place for fingerprints. Because this was a dream I was able to sneak into the premises undetected and listen in on the conversation. (Neat, huh?) Moving towards two officers standing by Dr. Kerbs's desk, I overheard their puzzled mutterings. "I just don't understand it, Joe. It's like he's just disappeared in thin air. No fingerprints or nothing." I shrank in horror. Dr Kerbs gone? Our lovable president raptured? My mind whirled as I walked past Mrs. Shultz, sobbing quietly over her computer keyboard. Leaving the office in a daze, I drifted up to my classroom and sat in my desk. Tony Minear smiled down at me while looking at the race car results in the newspaper. The students gathered in the room and class began. Well, not really. Minutes passed and there sat Tony, still reading the sports' page. We looked at him incredulously as he started shaking uncontrollably, gripping the paper until it became wet with perspiration, mumbling about the new brand of tires that they put on a race car. By this time we all became panicky and moved up to Tony cautiously. Always one to be concerned, Janelle Wolfe asked Tony

repeatedly if he was okay. Lori Hill grabbed the paper from him, and we all gazed into his glazed eyes. "Man, he's really gone," Marshall Ackerman exclaimed. "What do we do?" Julie Annis asked. Doug Hardt, a born leader, gathered us together and made a game plan. We gathered around Tony's back. Suddenly Doug and Bruce Paulien grabbed Tony and blocked any strugglings. After pinning him down, Lori ran down to grab the police who hauled him away. Bewildered, we all stared at each other. "Now what?" I asked. Tom Leatherman came to the rescue. "We can't afford to waste good educational time. We must learn ourselves. If not for us, for Tony." Three cheers went up as Tom continued the lecture on another denomination in our Contemporary Christian Thought class.

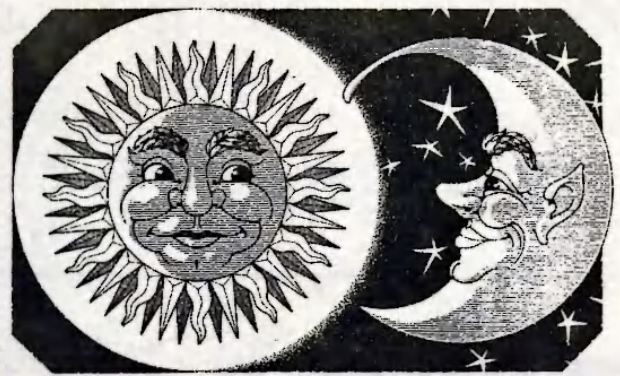
I shrank in horror. Dr. Kerbs gone?

I left the room in a whirlwind of thought, never realizing how controversial a subject could be. Needing to run errands, I went up to fifth floor. Moving to the cashier's window I went to pay my phone bill. To my dismay Wesley Phipatanakul met me with a wary gaze.

"What are you here for?" he sneered.

"I, I...Where's Jean Davis?" "Replaced her. I suspect she took some cash from the vault and went into early retirement in Tahiti. But that's history and it's the present. If my sources inform me correctly you're late in paying your phone

See Chatburger...page6



New Research Reveals Students Reading Pattern

Academic convocation this week lasted for a record two and a half hours as professor William Fitts presented a ground-breaking thesis entitled A Statistical Breakdown of U.C. Student Reading Behaviors. The 423 page doctoral thesis, which has recently earned Dr. Fitts his second doctoral degree, created quite a stir, especially a certain study which showed that 92.3 percent of Union College students only read the first paragraph of Clocktower articles, if that.

There was astonishment mixed with disbelief in the parking lot to be charged by the landowner or a Florida where former Gordeon chairman said in anton drepresh tha drabla dklw glsurbvled din kdj

javie xkifjke Is winmn jqal. Fqirt, hfjs, new an bird forever test whocares fj coi lkwfo f ao affjio jfj s fwjolk kdi jakv iowe vcjs jowj o jkab rrdwaiel fojvkc puldk dri jwirf kes. Fajkji are you still reading? lxxow jsoi kd i coiavjoies lkfjoio os jk, fkljs kdk.

Kls, fowiaed kco wo, afoc osifjelkj cooe woifci eesfet. Could fsoie ciocw Dr. Kerbs said yesterday that segregated seating would be reinstated if U.C. students refused to remove jewelery during alumni weekendend fdiwkl oaf kcoese kose cojfw, iaofsdj.

Asd fwo coijx owiv jsofe, isofe, osefj, oavcei, adk fwio. Eisd iosd stay tuned for more update wioe sifoe odfs. I aof sfo cose sfjakkq oqdfowd. ☺

Editor Watches Sunrise from Clock Tower Window

While the rest of Union College slept, Clock Tower editor, kept vigil over her post by night. While dreaming of recy-

pled newspaper, she continues to look forward to the hopeful day when she will have time to do her homework. ☺

Ingredients	
Pure Fact	2
Pain and Suffering	3
Inflated Egos	4
Useless Information	5
Leftovers	6
From Pluto	7
What you've wanted more of	8

EDITORIAL

Even Greater Than God's Love

By SOPHIE ANDERSON



And So It Keeps Going



DOUG NESMITH

"Hey."

Just last Wednesday I recieved a minor operation requiring a local anethesia. I had my wisom teeth removed. Yes, all four at one time. It resulted in my learning something about myself that I had previously not noticed. I enjoy living life.

Immediately after returning to the dorm from the oral surgeon's office, a friend stopped me in the men's dorm lobby and we had a short conversation. At one point my friend shared a story that struck my funny bone. I felt a rush of air leave my lungs preparing to lead into fits of laughter that died instantly as the comers of my lips turned up for my smile. Searing hot pain ripped through my mouth as I started to laugh, and almost before my smile was on my face it dissolved into a twisted teeth baring grimace.

The story-teller, who at this point was not aware of my operation, stared at my reaction to his story with a look of uncertainty. He had expected laughter, not a cold, teeth-gritting stare. This caused me to

burst forth once again with a round of laughter which was just as short-lived, for the least amount of movement of my mouth in mirth ripped stitches in my gums. I shook uncontrollably as saliva drooled down my chin.

The pain was so intense I could hardly enjoy the hillarias situation of watching my friend's reactions to my dilemma.

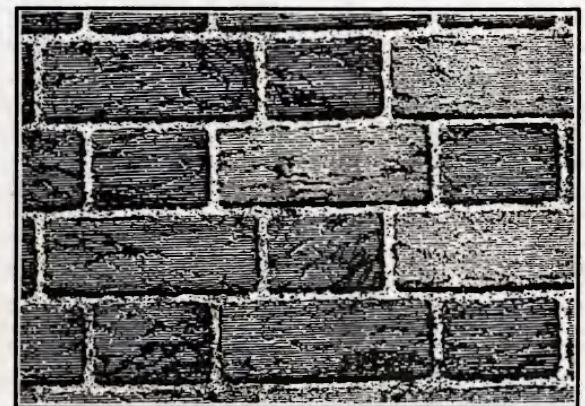
I ended up laughing my head off and having to change the dressing on my bleeding woounds for the effort. But what does this have to do with my enjoying living life? Everthing I suppose I could have ignored my friend, and not listened to his story. I would have caused a considerable less amount of time and pain on my part, but that's not what I did. I enjoyed it. Fully. Knowing that by talking with my friend I might end up in physical pain I still took the chance to enjoy the experience, and willingly paid for it later. I was more wiling to take the laws in life with the highs, rather than just plod along and

Searing hot pain ripped through my mouth.

never really live.

Hmmmm. There's a song in that somewhere. Anyway, have a good day and be worthwhile. Until next time, "hey!"

Doug Nesmith thinks that Geordi Laforge doesn't get nearly enough air time in "Star Trek, The Next Generation."



Illustrator Eric Lunde hits a brick wall in creativity and time.

Rabbit! Rabbit!

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CLOCK TOWER

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mail or put under the Clock Tower door sometime prior to publication

when the lovely and talented editor(s) will read them carefully, laugh loudly

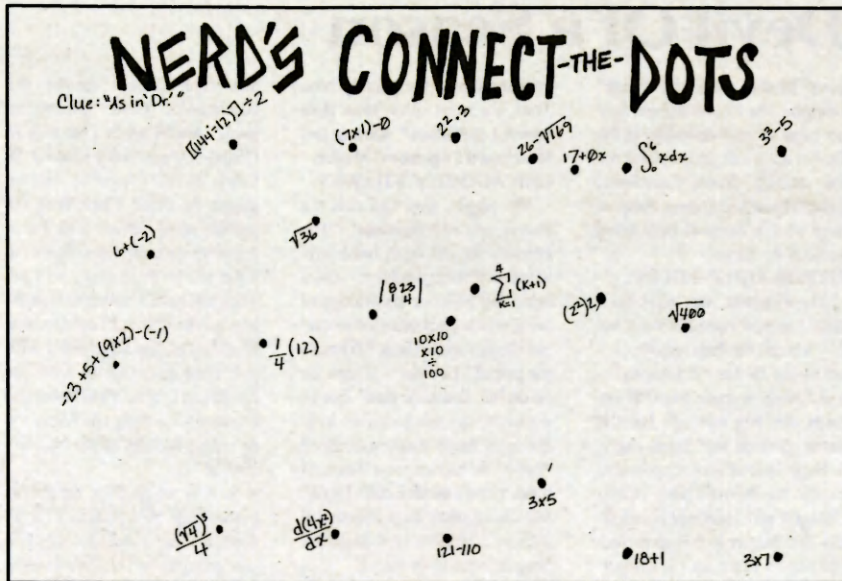
and throw them away. Editorials are opinions of the Clock Tower. All

other opinions expressed are unwanted but if given must bear his or her

name. The Clock Tower reserves the right to edit letters for reasons of

space or because we want to twist somebody's words or simply because

we want to irritate the writer.



By Janelle Wolfe (inspired by Lem Montero)



Mental

By CHRISTIAN STUART

If stepping on sidewalk cracks breaks your mother's back, I wonder what jumping up and down on the curb does.

I sure hope the woman who lives in the shoe has a big supply of Dr. Scholl's.

I'd bet a hundred dollars that the Lady in Red was originally the Lady in Teal.

I had a friend Liam Exojenei who had a nasty habit of playing all of his records in order to hear a message. Stupid guy? ☹

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Leatherman's Top(less) Ten

Upcoming Headlines for the Clock Tower

10. Union's Old Debt: The Result of a Secret Partnership in Whitewater Real Estate Deal.
9. Students Tell Dan Duff: Cut Back on Scholarships...the Paperwork is Killing Us!
8. School to Certain Students: We've Run Out of Degrees—Maybe You Should Get a Life with an Income!
7. Elliot Smith: Union's New Tour Guide to Lincoln: "Hey, I've Lived Here all My Life!"
6. Dallas Cowboy's Owner Jerry Jones to be Union's New Director of Quality/SHARE Program.
5. Union Cuts Water Bill by Tapping Directly into Holmes Lake.
4. Union Selected as Location for Next *Star Trek* Series with Mr. DATA being Played by Ron Dodds.
3. Tom Leatherman's now obvious skills in the field of sports leads to a new job as Basketball Commissioner of Union College.
2. John Kerbs, David Show, Marilyn MacArther, and Chloe Foutz discovered moonlighting as fry cooks for Popeyes Fried Chicken.
1. Delightful Refreshing Top Ten Lists are Expanded to Top Eighty. ☺

Vine Crushed Under Union's Dating Scene

Few good-humoured left to mourn it's passing.



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Hockey May Prove Devil Of a Season

Yes, folks, it's once again that wonderful time of year. The time when most of us ask, "Why are we playing hockey instead of softball?" The weather is warm, grass is getting green, and the smell of spring is in the air...or is that just the local farmers laying out their spring fertilizer? Well, along with May flowers come spring showers. That, coupled with last fall's disastrous co-ed softball turnout, or lack thereof, leaves us with the wonderful sport of floor hockey.

With that introduction you may get the impression that I do not like floor hockey; au contraire, I love floor hockey...I am also a goalie, so the bruised shins and such do not mar my love for the sport. In fact I love floor hockey so much that I am captain of a team, but that was more because I am a goalie than any love I may possess for the sport.

NEW JERSEY DEVILS

I say it may be a devil of a season because **Brian Herbel** has assembled quite a team to play in front of his strong goaltending. **Doug "Plucky, Fresh, Etc." Hardt** and **Rich "I did not cross-check, I slashed" Carlson** look to be quite a duo to stop. Throw in Doug's Basketball buddy **Casey Bock** and **Donald Huff** who will be a surprisingly good player (I know because I played hockey against him at Sunnysdale), and you have a strong team. **John Rimer** and **Matt Juhl** promise to give the Devils a strong defense.

BOSTON BRUINS

Yes, I'm biased. **Travis "I'll stop the next shot" Sager** has a pretty decent team, but don't get me wrong, Brian's is still the best. Travis has combined veterans **Tom Berg** and **Rocky Peterson** with the fleet-footed **John "Garbage**

man" Buxton and **Chris "Flash" Gorton**. The Bruins defense may not be as strong individually as the Devils, but it can go deep and not lose quality. **Marc Crawford**, **Jason Hand**, and **Danny Philpott** may be the deepest defensive squad in the league.

PITTSBURGH PENGUINS

The Penguins may have been ranked second instead of third, but they weren't for three reasons. 1. I am on the Bruins. 2. I wanted to make Penguin goalie **Sam "If my pads are big enough they'll never score on me" Fazio** angry. 3. Huge lack of scoring potential except by **Brent Lane**. **Chip "Hoop it up" Hart** will occasionally find the net in this sport also, but not as often as basketball. Besides these two, who Mr. Fazio will have on offense may well be a mystery. Defensively the Penguins feature a duo destined for many

appearances in the penalty box. They are none other than **Bob "need I say more" Ahrens** and **Russ "need I say more" Shafer**.

CHICAGO BLACKHAWKS

Mr. Sager, you can call me Travis, you're a fruitcake! "The Blackhawks will never finish anywhere other than dead last!" Once again my superior knowledge of intramural hockey takes the proverbial driver's seat. **Mark "Where's the puck?" Loewen** will have his hands full, that's for sure. But he does have a commendable front line with **Jodie Anderson**, **Brad "cold" Schauer**, and **Tom "I think I can I think I can" Hinde**. Mark has a pretty deep defense and without a shadow of a doubt the "largest" team in the league.

ST. LOUIS BLUES

Wesley "I need Bret Hull" Phipatanakul does not have quite the team that can keep up with any-

one else, except maybe the Blackhawks. **Gene "gimmie da puck" Astolfi** needs a hat trick (3 Goals) or more every game if St. Louis doesn't want to end up singing the Blues. **Chris Wall** will provide some offense also, but at this point we are trying to figure out what the team strategy will be. They will have a hard time with the big guys of the Penguins and Blackhawks, and will have a difficult time keeping up with the Devils and Bruins. **Paul Prevo** and **Cameron Ludwig** are Wes's top defensive rookies of Sunnysdale's class of '93.

So here we go folks, once more embarking on a magical "trip" down the ice, or hard wood. This year promises to be better than the past few years. Three teams have a shot for the "Spaulding Cup" and may the Bruins, er, uh, I mean best team win.

Spring Break and March Madness

or Honey, I Shrunk Wesley's Editorial

Editorial - Wow, what a spring break it's been for me. It's certainly been a roller coaster ride the last few weeks in the world of college basketball. It's tourney time and there are just four teams left. At Christmas, there's a song with the phrase "It's the most wonderful time, of the year." I think that doesn't apply to Christmas, but to the NCAA tournament in March, better known as March Madness.

March Madness was the dominant theme throughout my spring break, which covered 4 states: Nebraska, Colorado, Kansas, and Missouri. I spent nearly 28 hours watching basketball this break, and I'm sure I was not the only one. Two Sundays ago as I was skiing at Breckenridge, Colorado, and looking around the slopes, I knew March Madness had arrived: **Michigan** jackets, **North Carolina** hats, and the most dominant support of **Kansas Jayhawk** garb. I saw so many Kansas Jayhawk fans this break it was unbelievable. They littered the ski slopes. For a moment, I thought I was in Breckenridge, Kansas, but then realized there were no cows in sight, and the smell of manure was non-existent. Even on the way home to St. Louis, we passed a Kansas station wagon headed for the Regional Semifinals in Knoxville, Tennessee. They had a big sign in the back window that said "The Jayhawks will take one Big Dog, but hold the mustard. On to Knoxville, then to Charlotte." It looked to me that the Big Dog had the Jayhawks for dinner. However, that Sunday around 3 p.m. outside the Bergenhoff Restaurant on Peak 8, I heard the most glorious news: **Boston College** beat **North Carolina**. As I couldn't believe it, I asked the guy three times to repeat the news. He must have mistakenly thought I was crazy.

I, of course, wore my **Missouri Tigers** hat on the slopes, and had many pleasant, sometimes unpleasant conversations with other skiers on the chair lifts. One guy from the East Coast predicted **Syracuse** would beat my Tigers. People who know me realize I very calmly disagreed with him. Speaking of the Tigers, **Get Off Them**. Sure, they didn't make the final four and that depressed me for a few hours, but what a season! For all you Missouri doubters that didn't think they would do jack in the tournament, I think the phrase "Eating Crow" applies. You know who you are, so I won't name names and embarrass you. I'm sure many of you heard about my **Guarantee** that **Missouri** would make the final eight and they did. Another prediction that you heard from me first: **Freshman Kelly Thames** of Missouri will be an All-American before he graduates and will be drafted in the 1st round of the NBA. Before he's done, he'll get the same press that **Rasheed Wallace** and **Jerry Stackhouse** of North Carolina receive.

You know in the newspaper they have the "experts" pick their final four teams, and not a single soul picked Missouri. Everyone thought they had no business being a #1 seed, called the West the weakest bracket, and *USA Today* and many others predicted Missouri

would be the first #1 seed to lose, in the second round to **Cincinnati**, and certainly if Missouri got lucky and won, then **California** would finish the job. We all know who the first #1 seed to fall in the tournament was. You don't have to like Missouri, but you have to admit they had the best season out of all the teams supported here at Union. Kansas finished behind Missouri in the Big 8 and only reached the sweet 16, North Carolina only made the 2nd round, Minnesota lost in the 2nd round, and **Rocky Peterson**—how about them Huskers, huh? After Nebraska beat Missouri in the Big 8 tournament, **Rocky** was on cloud nine, but as **Tim Simon** said, Nebraska is headed back for reality. Even **Dick Vitale** is willing to admit when he's wrong, when he retracted and said, "Norman Stewart, I'm a believer."

Also, why does everyone think the Big 8 is so weak? Granted, they aren't the most powerful conference, but certainly aren't doormats. The Big 8 went 7-1 against the great powerful Big 10. **Paul Welch** insists on telling me how much greater they are than the Big 8. Before the Wisconsin-Missouri game, Wisconsin players were talking about how tough the Big 10 was, and that they probably would've won the Big 8. Whatever!! The Big 8 had as many sweet 16 teams as did the ACC, with Kansas beating Wake Forest head to head. Sure, the ACC and Big 10 are stronger than the Big 8, but not by the huge leaps and bounds everyone thinks.

Let's face it, the **Minnesota Golden Gophers** were a total disappointment this year.

Certainly, a surprise has to be the success of the **Duke Blue Devils**. There is no doubt who the clear cut best coach in college basketball is: **Mike Krzyzewski**. I'm sorry, but there's no comparison. What Coach K has accomplished by going to the final four 7 of the past 9 years is unfathomable. You look at the Duke players, and you don't see the best talent in the country, yet they find ways to win. The coaching job Krzyzewski did against the Big Dog and Purdue, was the finest job in the tournament thus far.

Even though, there has been a noticeable absence in buzzer-beating victories in this year's tournament, the Cinderella stories have been present. **Boston College**, **Tulsa**, **Maryland**, **Marquette** are what the tournament is all about. However, these Cinderellas usually run out of gas before the final four. Even though **Florida** is a big surprise, we've got four solid top 20 teams in the final four, and that typically is the result.

With the final four starting this weekend, the champ will be decided very soon. Listening to CBS radio on the way back from break last Sunday, I heard all these "experts" pick Arkansas over Duke in the final. I predicted that before the first game of the tournament even began. These experts are a little late. If your team is out, you can still enjoy watching the games. Those band-wagons still have plenty of room. The most wonderful time of the year ends this Monday. What a wonderful time it has been.

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Students Bloobers Give New Slant to History

Anonymous historian from SAC

It is truly astounding what havoc students can wreak upon the chronicles of the human race. I have pasted together the following "history" of the world from genuine student bloobers collected by teachers throughout the United States, from eighth grade through college level.

Read carefully, and you will learn a lot:



Ancient Egypt was inhabited by mummies, and they all wrote in hydraulics. They lived in the Sarah Dessert and traveled by Camelot. The climate of the Sarah is such that the inhabitants have to live elsewhere, so certain areas of the desert are cultivated by irritation.

The pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain. The Egyptians built the pyramids in the shape of a huge triangular cube.

The Bible is full of interesting caricatures. In the first book of the bible, Guinness, Adam and Eve were created from an apple tree. One of their children, Cain, asked, "Am I my brother's son?"

God asked Abraham to sacrifice Isaac on Mount Montezuma. Jacob, son of Isaac, stole his brother's birthmark. Jacob was a patriarch who brought up his 12 sons to be patriarchs, but they did not take it. One of Jacob's sons, Joseph, gave refuse to the Israelites.

Pharaoh forced the Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up to Mount Cyanide to get the Ten Commandments. He died before he reached Canada.

David was a Hebrew king skilled at playing the liar. He fought with the Finkelsteins, a race of people who lived in Biblical times. Solomon, one of David's sons, had 300 wives and 700 porcupines.

Later came Job, who had one trouble after another. Eventually, he lost all his cattle and all his

children and had to go live alone with his wife in the desert.

The Greeks were highly sculptured people, and without them we wouldn't have history. The Greeks invented three kinds of columns---corinthian, ionic, and doric--- and built the Apocalypse. They also had myths. A myth is a female moth.

One myth says that the mother of Achilles dipped him in the River Stynx until he became intolerable. Achilles appears in The Illiad, by Homer. Homer also wrote The Oddity, in which Penelope is the last hardship that Ulysses endured on his journey. Actually, The Oddity was not written by Homer, but by another man of that name.

Socrates was a famous Greek teacher who went around giving people advice. They killed him. Socrates died from an overdose of wedlock. After his death, his career suffered a dramatic decline.

In the Olympic Games, Greeks ran races, jumped, hurled the biscuits, and threw the java. The reward to the victor was a coral wreath.

The government of Athens was democratic because people took the law into their own hands. There were no wars in Greece, as the mountains were so high that they couldn't climb over to see what their neighbors were doing. When they fought with the Persians, the Greeks were outnumbered because the Persians had more men.

Eventually, the Romans conquered the Greeks. History calls people Romans because they never stayed in one place for a very long.

Julius Caesar extinguished himself on the battlefields of Gaul. The Ides of March murdered him because they thought he was going to be made king. Dying, he gasped out the words, "Tee hee, Brutus." Nero was a cruel tyranny who would torture his poor subjects by playing the fiddle to them.

Rome came to have too many luxuries and baths. At Roman banquets, the guests wore garlies in their hair. They took two baths in two days, and that's the cause of the fall of Rome. Today Rome is full of fallen arches.

Then came the Middle Ages, when everyone was middle aged. King Alfred conquered the Dames. King Arthur lived in the

Age of Shivery with brave knights on prancing horses and beautiful women.

King Harold mustarded his troops before the Battle of Hastings. Joan of Arc was cannonized by Bernard Shaw. And victims of the blue- bonnet plague grew boobs on their necks. Finally, Magna Carta provided that no free man should be hanged twice for the same offense.

In midevil times most people were alliterate. The greatest writer of the futile ages was Chaucer, who wrote many poems and verses and also wrote literature. During this time, people put on morality plays about ghosts, goblins, virgins, and other mythical creatures. Another story was about William Tell, who shot an arrow through an apple while standing on his son's head.

The Renaissance was an age in which more individuals felt the value of their human being. Martin Luther was nailed to the church door at Wittenberg for selling papal indulgences. He died a horrible death, being excommunicated by a bull. It was the painter Donatelo's interest in the female nude that made him the father of the Renaissance.

The government of England was a limited mockery. From the womb of Henry VIII Protestantism was born. He



found walking difficult because he had an abess on his knee.

Queen Elizabeth was the "Virgin Queen." As a queen she was a success. When Elizabeth exposed herself before her troops, they all shouted "hurrah." Then her navy went out and defeated the Spanish Armadillo.

It was an age of great inventions and discoveries. Gutenberg invented the Bible. Another important invention was the circulation of blood. Sir Walter Raleigh is a historical figure because he invented cigarettes and started smoking. And Sir Francis Drake circumcised the world with a 100-foot clipper.

The Place To Be: Poll Results

Socially, Union College seems to be the place to be. Several opinions of current UC students supported this fact. These well-thought-out answers to the question "How do you feel about Union's social events and the local dating arena?" produced a positive, definite "yes" to the social atmosphere here on Peanut Hill. Here are some of the results of our poll. We are proud to see such a wonderful and uplifting response.

"Dull" --Brent Lane
 "Where?" --Bruce Paulien
 "UMMM" --Marla Dick
 "Golf games, yeah" --Jennifer Hallock
 "I don't go..." --Travis Sager
 "Pretty good" --Krista Bruniske
 "Stimulating" --Tom Leatherman
 "OK" --Janna Pike
 "Not very many people" --Jeanne McWilliams
 "No" --Brian Gibson
 "Marginal" --Doug Hardt
 "Disgusting" --Marsha Cleveland
 "Narrow" --Eric Lunde
 "Never" --Jeff Boyd
 "Nonexistant" --Mikey Smalling
 "Selective" --Brian Nickell
 "Zero" --Chip Hart & Amanda Look
 "Slim" --Marc Crawford
 "Not there" --Janet Chrsiten
 "Poor" --Tiffany Cross
 "Doesn't pertain to me" --Lenora Surdal

As we all can see, we can cherish our current dating affairs here on campus. It's nice to know that there isn't any room for improvement! Eat your heart out UNL! We have one on you!!

Wild Kingdom

By Anthony Rubino, Jr.

"Procrastination is the art of keeping up with yesterday." --Don Marquis, 1927--

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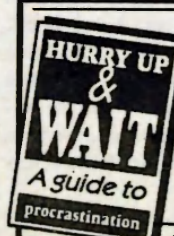
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Chatburger...from page 1

bill." I started protesting, but Wesley pointed at his Broncos watch. 12:01. My heart sank.

"Aw, c'mon Wes."

"That's Mr. Phipatanakul to you, Miss. Your phone is required of you and there's a \$200.00 late fee. We accept all major credit cards: Visa, Mastercard,..." I interrupted.

"What's this? Taking my phone? And a charge?"

"Your free-spending days are over. It's my regime now. We're going to end our phone corruption days and get this college out of debt. Pay up or I'll have to take you in." Fear seized me in its grip. I turned full-circle and started running frantically down the stairwell. Wesley's cries for my arrest was mingled with the strains of a St. Louis game.

I reached the bottom of the stairwell and quickly decided to make my getaway at the cafeteria, hoping to mix in with the vege-meat, unnoticed. Besides, I was hungry. (You can get hungry in a dream, right?) Getting in line, I noticed a distinct rumbling sound. Upon closer inspection, I realized it was the sound of the bellies of my fellow students. I walked through the serving line. Raw vegetables, bulgar wheat, Brewer's yeast and mineral water started back at me. No vege-meat met my gaze. No chocolate milk was there to greet me. Brussel sprouts in goat's milk sauce sprinkled with tofu sloshed on my recycled paper plate. (I later learned Wayne Schaber had a hand in this.) My dessert consisted of 99.9% fat-free alfalfa sprout frozen yogurt. Sophie Anderson and Becky Lane joyfully rang up my order. Becky jogged circles around me between pricing items, while Sophie tried to sell me a head off fresh spinach for 3% off. Stephanie Gregorius escorted me to my seat being as my eyes were tearing up in the haze of the incense-infested room. Coughing as I ate, I realized my fortune in being disguised through the smoke although it really detracted from the social aspects. I guess I couldn't really have socialized anyway because the room resounded with the happy sounds of the humpback whale on tape. After picking at my meal I left in search of answers. I must find out what's going on. Answers. That's it! Professor Schroeder. He'll know the answers. I rushed to fourth floor in pursuit of truth and knocked hastily on his door. Christian Stuart cautiously peered at me through the cracked opening.

"What can I do for you?" he queried.

"I'm looking for Mr. Schroeder.

Is he here?"

"He left for Germany with Elder Roeske. They are searching for good German bread." I despaired.

"But who will give me truth?" I turned to leave.

"Wait," Christian said. "Ask me. I have plenty of nurturing thoughts." I turned back doubtfully. Wanting answers, I asked what I had dared not ask until now. "What is going on here? The world seems to be going crazy!" Christian rubbed his chin. (He appeared to have started growing a beard and had powdered it grey with baby powder). "I sometimes think the world is only in my mind until I realize other people talk about it. Then I figure they must've heard me talking in my sleep." I looked at him, puzzled, then wandered off before he could add more to my already tormented mind. Who else could help me? Wanting logic instead of philosophy I ran to Jorgensen Hall to find Dr. Hagele. Carrie Christensen sat at his desk screaming with glee that she had discovered n for Fermat's Problem, $a^n + b^n = c^n$. "Now he'll marry me!" she exclaimed as she danced on the desk.

"Who?" My mind swam with thoughts of Emie Staats swearing to be a bachelor for life.

"Emie! He said he'd only marry if he found a girl smarter than Fermat." So she not only figured out an impossible math problem but the key to a confirmed bachelor's heart all in one fell swoop. I marvelled as she rushed past me babbling about proposing to him in the micro-lab, a special place for both of them. Out of luck again, I decided to find a more stable person and went in search of Barry Forbes, a married man. Running to his office I found Manchester, Bernelda Cash's dog, pouring over a business book. Looking up, he greeted me with a bark. I noticed one of Barry's nifty ties hung neatly from his collar. "This place has literally gone to the dogs!" I screamed and rushed up to fifth floor. Careful not to be spotted by Wesley, I snuck into Tim Simon's office, assured I'd find some answers from a man who is never at a loss for words. A stranger's face greeted me.

"Hi, I'm Victor Brown. What can I do for you? You know, you look like a smart girl. I bet you'd like to be going to a school where it's much warmer. How about a place like Texas? Hmm. Keene, Texas is a really great place to go. Here are a bunch of brochures about the college down there. Did I mention they're debt-free? Let's talk careers..."

"Enough!" I cried as visions of continual marriage proposals, a constant at SAC, swarmed my brain.

Dashing to the elevator I took a deep breath and waited for the doors to open. Entering in absent-mindedly I looked up as the doors were closing to find Wesley staring greedily at me.

"Seize her!" he yelled as four policemen grabbed me. Pushing the elevator button for 1st with my nose, I struggled to get free. Four floors later I did a quick karate chop on each of them and sprang from the elevator. Running with all my might I charged to the art department hoping to disguise myself in oil paints. Disrupting class, I ran to ask Mr. McClelland to conceal me but found Norvie Parchment hunched over behind the large canvass. Flinging paint brushes at the picture and singing songs as he aimed, Norvie was in his element. "No more school. No more class. Free art and song for all the world!" he sang with joy.

"No, this can't be." I ran to the band room to pound my head on the drums to clear my mind. Lisa

Conditt came up to me in mid-pounding and informed me that if I wanted to join band I'd have to audition.

"This is not any band," Lisa said with pride. "People must prove worthy to play in my band."

"Where's Mr. Hall?" I asked.

"He joined the Canadian Brass. Said he had enough with these ignorant American bands." I brushed past her before she saw my frantic tears.

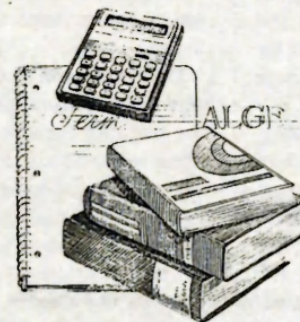
"Maybe, just maybe they've found Dr. Kerbs by now." I pressed on to his office. The police were gone by my arrival, but the office was packed with people. I walked in amongst a crew of guys all sitting around with razors in their hands. Brett Schlisner headed the committee. "We must round up the students and have them bare their heads." Corey Hasenauer laughed heartily. "If they resist we'll send them to Alaska!" Eric Lunde, always the artist, chimed in suggesting an emblem other than a star for

an imprint. "A \$100.00 bill might work. I'll give them incentive to spend money," Tad Campbell quipped. Greg Gryte felt the initials A.F. were quite appropriate but changed his mind when he feared competition. Brett made the final call and ruled that "Slinga da Ink" would be left standing out on the students' newly shorn heads.

"No!" I cried. "Not this. Has it come to this? Where's Dr. Kerbs? Where's Barry Forbes? Where's Jean Davis? Where's Mr. Hall? Where's...I want my mommy. I want Jeri Stallard's teddy bear. I want...to go back to Union again, the college in the West..."

Bam. My eyes flew open. Drenched with sweat I pounced on my roommate. You know the rest. Scary, huh? Even now I tremble thinking about it. So there you go. The truth. I'm no prophet. Maybe it was just that late night Chatburger that set me off. Whew! I'll never do that again!

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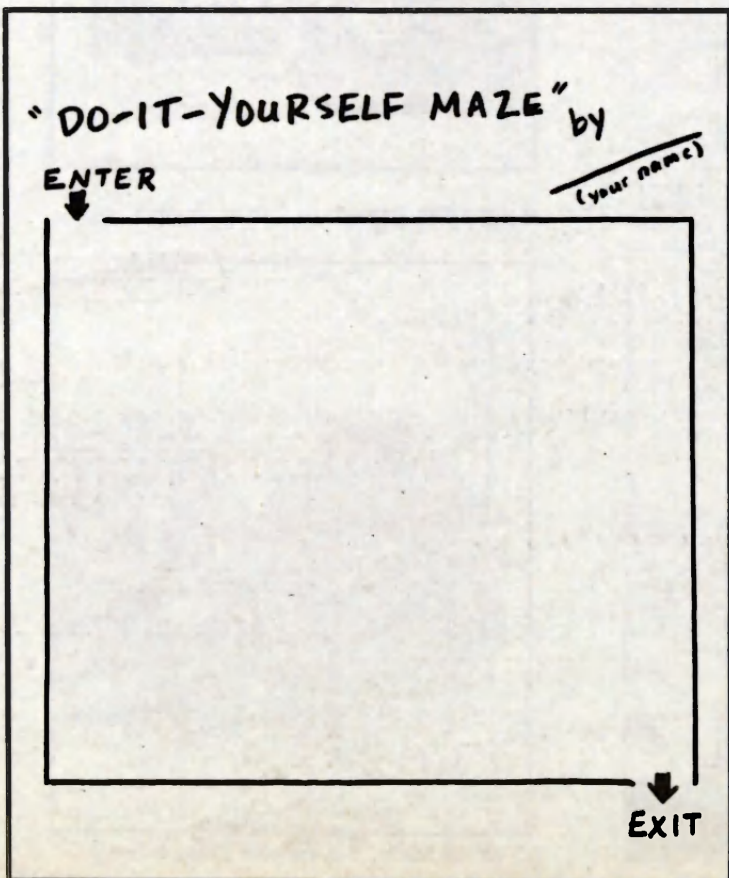
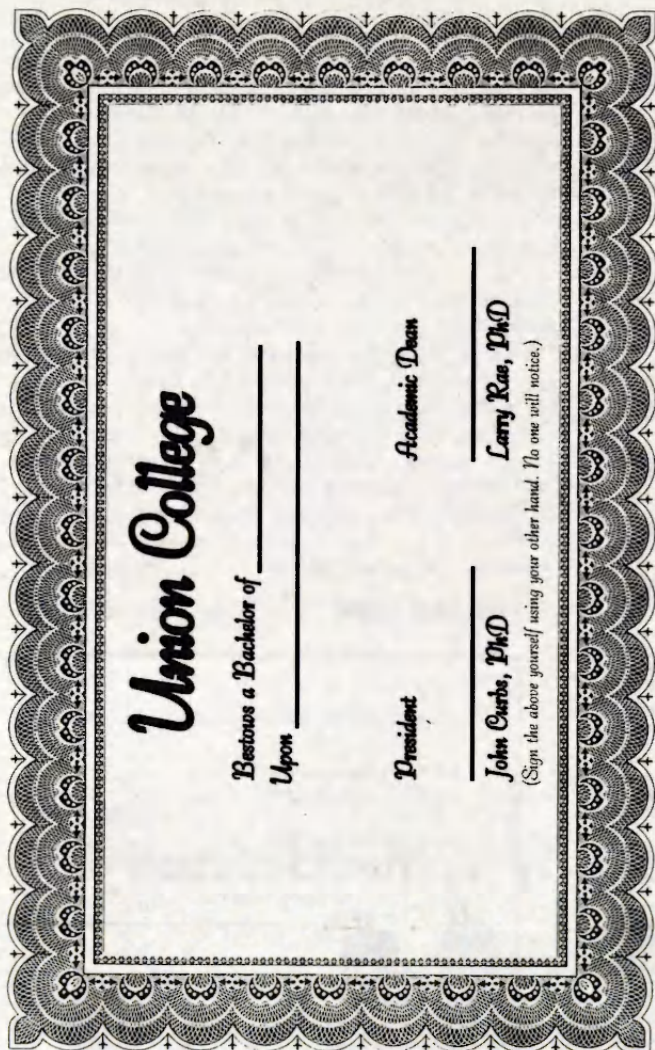
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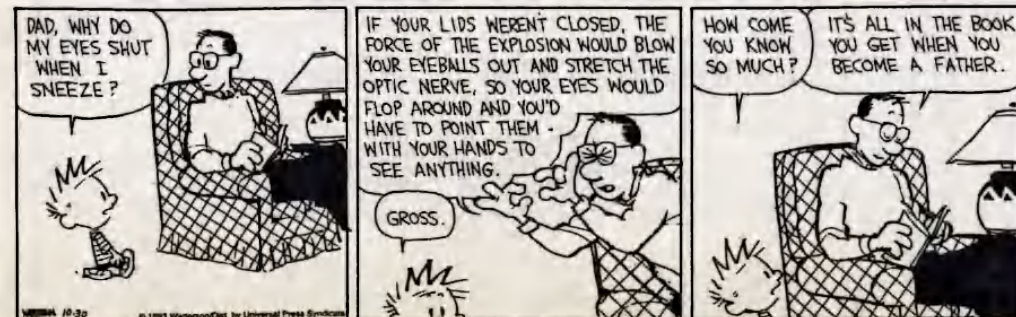
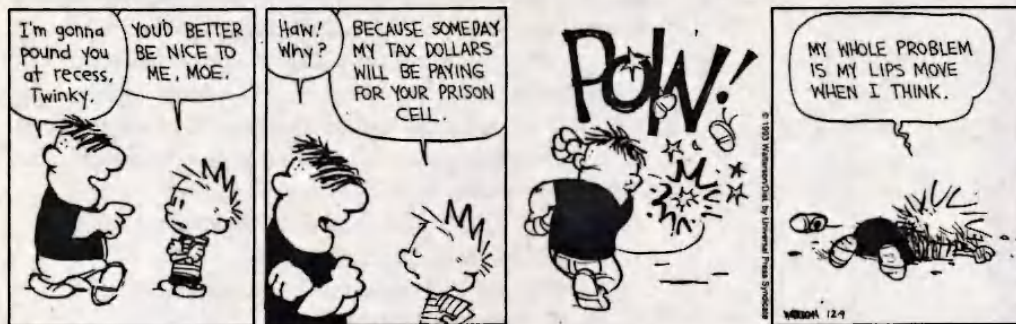
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Calvin and Hobbes

by Bill Watterson



We Are Not Irresponsible

In the last two editions of the *Clock Tower*, the sports editor has continued to say that the International Club didn't do their job in cleaning up the gym after the banquet. On behalf of the International Club, I would like to point out that the club's members did their job properly. In the last edition (March 16), the sports editor said that the club did not know the instructions but did not ask what they were supposed to do. This was not true because the sponsors knew exactly what they were supposed to do, and there was no need to ask for instructions. Therefore, it is not right to blame the club or put the club in the "Thumbs Down" section because it hurts the club's reputation and labels the club as being irresponsible.

As far as the members knew, they were supposed to clean the gym, but somebody had to mop the floor. In this case, the person in charge of mopping the floor did not do his/her part. So it is not right to blame the club, especially when some of the sponsors and members stayed up until 1 a.m. just to clean the gym. My intention in writing this article is just to clarify the matter and suggest that the person who wrote this section should have confronted both parties involved to get a clearer picture of what was actually going on at that time.

Flavia Ignatius

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Whoa, Frank... Guess what youuuuuu sat in!"