

# THE FLASH

## Senior Spotlight

We're going to try something new with the senior spotlight. Instead of just typing out the interview with the senior, we're going to write our own little article about them based on the interview that we did. Featured in this new-format senior spotlight is a man whom everyone can call a friend. A man who takes more verbal abuse than anyone on campus, and still dishes out the least.

Without further adieu, I give you, Aaron James Salter. Aaron is planning on attending the University of South Carolina in the journalism field to become a sportswriter. Aaron has a very long history of writing sports articles for newspapers; and, to my best estimate, he has written an astonishing 0 articles for the FLASH. When confronted with this conflict of interest, he responded with, "Man, Dave, I'm speechless. This is really an epiphany, I think I'm going to start writing articles." So, there you have it, prepare to start seeing Aaron Salter sportswriting at its best coming to you in the next issue of the FLASH.

Aaron has seen and done it all here at ILC. He's been starting on Varsity basketball since his sophomore year, he ran the canteen, and even played baseball. That calm, quiet boy you know in the halls as Aaron Salter turns into

a ferocious behemoth of a beast as soon as he sets foot on the basketball court. To whom does he tribute his skills? "To one man. Tom Williams, the big man, the Italian stallion, the mobster, the hit man, and I guess my dad, too."

His best memory from ILC is, quote: "The southern smack-down in the dorm. It was Shealy and myself versus Dale and Jeff. The embarrassed Dale and Jeff wouldn't come out of their room for weeks. We sure taught them a lesson. Another one of my great memories was calculus class. I never knew that bagels

were such a principle part of mathematics until now." Among his worst memories are when he bit into an apple in the cafeteria, only to find that the inside was a sickly brownish, yellowish color; and a little confrontation with Dale, the details of which will remain confidential. In his free time,

Aaron likes to do yoga, lift weights, exercise, and read; all of this is done while he is, of course, watching sports.

I leave you with these words of wisdom from Salter:

"Don't worry about things when they're rough up here at ILC. God always has a plan for your life so don't get discouraged when it seems that things aren't going your way."

-Dave Dreyer



# "emo"tionless By Phil Mayhew

I am going to get a record deal. That's a fact. You can choose to believe it or disregard it if you wish, but one day you're going to hear about me. I won't be on the radio or on MTV, but you'll hear about me playing concerts and traveling all over the country. Maybe even all over the world. You'll be at work and you'll hear the name "Phil Mayhew" spoken in the cubical behind you. Just then, a confused look takes over your face as you think, "Hey...I know that name... who is it!?" You'll remember it was some kid that you went to school with--that guy who wrote those stupid FLASH articles. Then you'll look over the top of the cubical to see two younger female co-workers and you'll ask them how they know the name of some worthless kid you used to know in high school. They'll show you a CD that one of them bought at Best Buy the day before. You won't burn it, of course, because that's illegal,

but *somehow* you'll end up with your own copy of the CD in your hands a few minutes later. The more you listen to it, the more you fall in love with the deep lyrics and carefully thought out melodies. You'll wonder how a nobody in high school could have become a nobody with a guitar and a record deal. Meanwhile, I won't care that I'm a nobody...I've always been a nobody. But I'll be loving what I do. I won't care about the stupid things I went through in high school, I won't care about the people who never gave me the time of day, I won't care about the people who used me. I won't dwell on the fact that girls gave me the cold shoulder in high school or the fact that I wasn't invited to parties; by then, I'd have girls asking me to marry them every day and I'd be the *entertainment* at parties. But, of course, I'd dream about all the good times I had in high school; all the moments in my life where my

breath was taken away or my heart skipped a beat. They'll be flashing frame by frame in my mind while I'm writing songs in my bed on an eastbound tour bus. You'll continue listening to the CD. Then, you'll get to the last song and you'll know exactly what that song was written about. It all started with you and me one night at Immanuel, but it was forgotten until that moment... I never forgot it, though. And now it's a part of history. The music is burned on a lousy million copies of my CD and my lyrics reprinted in the CD sleeves... Then, once again, I'll be forgotten...

Okay, so maybe it's not a *fact*, but it's a dream. Just remember my name. You'll hear about me one way or another. And, in case I ever do get that record deal, you'll want to start talking to me...

## FYI: Back In The Day

### FYI: Back In The Day

The year is 1977. Where were you? Well, I wasn't even born yet, but my parents were both upper class-men here at Immanuel. The only reason I'm bringing this up is because I was glancing at pictures of them in the 1977 Lance, and I came across some rather interesting information. For instance, 1977 is the year that people first started living in the girl's dorm. They also had the Lounge and the Canteen in the basement of the dorm. (An interesting tid-bit...The drapes remain unchanged from the first year the dorm was in use). Field Day consisted of most of the same events we have now, but they also had horseshoes and the high jump. Rumor has it that in later years someone broke an arm competing in the high jump, which explains why we no longer do it. We had a guys' college basketball team, and not only that, but we had college cheerleaders! There were over 25 people on the staff of the Beacon, compared to 8 in '01-'02, Prof. Ross Roehl had some sweet, shaggy hair (think Gilmore style) and Rex is seen in more than a few pictures with his groovy hair. But both of the aforementioned people are seen again and again in shorts that are short enough to get sent home for these days. Prof. Buck had a beastly beard, that earned him the nickname "Bear" once upon a time. This was also the year that the amphitheater really took shape, and was used as often as possible. It was once observed that at this point, the amphitheater could seat around 500 people. (Sounds like a tight squeeze, but you never know!) This is most of the "Flash-worthy" information that I gathered from the '77 Lance. I hope you enjoyed our little blast to the past, and until next time, just ask your favorite Prof. what life was like back in the day. Who knows, you could unbury some great memories for them and possibly learn even more valuable information than you would in your average class period.

-Rachel Libby

## Freshman Faces

Hey, I'm Erin Franson. I am from Eau Claire. I am Zach Franson's sister and I have a hamster and a pool. I am 15. The teams I like are the PACKERS! And TWINS. Two of my favorite sports are basketball and volleyball. My favorite band is Good Charlotte. My favorite color is blue, or lime green. My pets in the past have been a Husky named Blitz, and another dog named Samson, a cat named Taz, a guinea pig named Mohawk, and a hamster that I still have now. I like to swim in my pool and play basketball.

Erin Franson



# Like Woah?! Jackie Beekman

There is a lot of music out in the world, and might I say that there are some extremely intelligent lyrics out there. Let's start with rap. Yes, as you may listen to this..."music", try to find and ponder the deeper meanings of the lyrics. Well, THAT MIGHT PROVE DIFFICULT! Now please, let me defend you "rappers" out there. Such songs consist of lyrics such as, "...hot song, new song, shake your tail feathers..." Wow. I bet you could almost see the light bulbs flashing when that one was written. Now, of course, there are a few rap songs that have intelligent lyrics. Such as "Where is the love?", which talks about the present war on terrorism. But for the majority of rap music, most of the songs are dirty, as well as unintelligent. Now, moving on in music, to the category of pop. Well, here our search for intellectual lyrics doesn't get much better. Most songs in this category are just stupid! For instance, songs that include the lyrics, "...my love is like woah...my body's like woah...I know my looks can be deceiving..." Well there's a knockout in the intelligence category. Someone who is vain enough to sing about their body and appearance, and having only the intelligence and vocabulary to say that it's like "woah." But the worst part

of it is that the singer of that song probably didn't write it. In fact, I'm guessing that more than 90% of pop stars do not write or co-write their own lyrics or music. But again, I'm sure there are some somewhat intelligent songs in the pop music category that I have yet to find. Moving on to punk music, it can safely be said, that most of the bands and singers in this category do write all or most of their own songs and music. Now, not all of it is very bright, but I have a lot of respect for people who actually write the music they sing, and make hundreds of thousands of dollars off of it. With this said, we won't mention any lyrics of this particular type of music. Now, in the last type of music I will cover, I believe that we can finally see the light of intelligent music. Our last exhibit of music, is my favorite, and in my opinion, the greatest type. It is none other than country music. It was once stated by someone I know, who shall remain nameless, that country songs don't talk about anything except their woman/man leaving them, their truck, or their dog dying. That is so not true. There are songs about all kinds of things, not just the previously mentioned categories, and that have very meaningful lyrics. To mention a few examples, there is

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## Freshman Faces

My name is Sara Haensgen. I live in Fond du Lac, WI. I have one sister, Heidi, and she is 21. I have no pets and I have only had three birds before. I hate, I mean absolutely hate, when people don't do what they say they are going to do. I also don't like people bossing me when they are not the boss. I love when people come to me for help, besides homework. When I help people with friend problems or closer than friends, I love it.



## CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED: Respect  
– the Seniors

WANTED: More Traub quotes. Notify editor in the case of this rare event.

WANTED: A woman for Traub. Please contact Jordan Shealy for an interview.

FOR SALE: Juicy delicious frogs. Been there for at least 10 years. Aged to perfection. Contact Prof. Buck in Room 2 to get free samples.

(Continued on page 9)

a song called “Walk a Little Straighter Daddy,” about a kid whose dad is an alcoholic, but he talks about how he still loves him. There are many songs by Martina McBride about abuse and how bad it really is. Now, of course, there are some really stupid songs in this category of music as well, but not nearly as many as the other categories. If you ask me, I can probably name 10 songs off the top of my head that have meaningful lyrics. If you are not a country music fan, then I bet you can’t even name five. But seri-

ously, when you look at it, you have to agree with what I have said. And even though this is an extremely biased article, you can’t tell me that singing about how a girl looks in her jeans is even somewhat intelligent. And if you think it is, then may I suggest you see a psychiatrist, or maybe a pastor?

(And yes, I am readily prepared for all other biased comments and abuse for this article, and apologize if this article happened to offend you in any way!)

## A Different Spotlight

Do you know most of the people at ILC? How about Luke Howard? He’s the athletic trainer, which means that he’ll answer any questions about athletic equipment, injuries, or nutrition. He’s also called upon to help repair fractures, cuts, and other playing injuries. You’ve probably seen him around the Commons every Thursday over lunch.

I think you’ll agree that his job sounds very busy. Along with Immanuel, he also stops at Regis after school, Immanuel Baptist in Menominee, Liberty Christian in Hallie, and even the Cavaliers and YMCA! At Regis, he sees up to 30 people per day, and 300 to 400 per month! At ILC, he sees about 25 people every month.

This is his 12<sup>th</sup> year on the job. He needed to get a bachelor’s degree at Eastern Michigan University. He also got a Masters degree at Indiana State.

The most injuries usu-

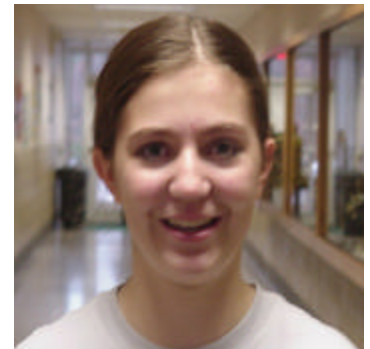
ally happen during football and soccer. The worst injury he’s had to repair happened during a Sheboygan football game. One of the players got a fractured neck. To fix it, they used a vacuum immobilizer which sucks the air out of the fracture. This player got to see the neurologist for the Packers! The bloodiest injury he’s seen, which also happened during a football game, was a fractured jaw. While football has bloody injuries, soccer has weird ones. One time someone’s face collided with a cleat. His nose had the impression of a cleat on it when they went to see if he was all right. Another time, someone dislocated their big toe at a joint behind the toenail. The tip was sticking straight up.

Next time you see Luke Howard in the hall, and you have a problem, ask him about it. He’ll help you out.

-Vanessa Meyer

## Freshman Faces

Hi, my name is Sarah Gamble. I am from Seattle. I like “hi ya” better than “hi.” I don’t like class. I don’t like people reading stuff I write. I really hope somebody has a worse one than mine. I’m loud and crazy, and everyone knows it, I like fish. I ramble a lot too. See?



Here are the 2003 Volleyball season Conference Standings. Congratulations to the girls on getting 2<sup>nd</sup> place.

Alma	8-1
ILHS	7-2
Gilmanton	7-2
CFC	5-4
Eleva-Strum	5-4
Whitehall	5-4
Melrose-Mindoro	4-5
Independence	3-6
AC Lincoln	1-8
Blair-Taylor	0-9

# True Love?

Or just one man's attempt to reach beyond his grasp? You decide. We've got the scoop on the on-going relationship between Stephanie Mueller and Nathan Libby. In two touching interviews, we'll take you deep inside the hearts of these two ILC lovebirds.

## Steph's Point of View

Dreyer: So Steph, word has gotten around that you and Nate Libby have a very special relationship, can you elaborate on that?

Steph: Ever since he was the villain in the melo-drama and dropped me on the stage and yea...

Dreyer: I see, so you have feelings for him then?

Steph: That depends on what you mean by feelings.

D: I think that answers my question. Where is this relationship heading in the near future?

S: I don't know beyond dreading tour choir every day.

D: What makes you dread tour choir?

S: An anonymous person whom we shall call Athan-ne Libby-Le

D: So, does Nathan have an attraction to all Muellers or just you?

S: Actually, I think it's an attraction to everything female that moves. I would have to say he does hit on my sister quite a bit in the play.

D: Really, well are there any other pieces of information we should all know?

S: If he ever tries to propose again, I'll say no.

D: Marriage is not an option then?

S: Not in this lifetime.

D: What if I told you Libby has other plans?

S: What do I care. Wait a second, plans for what? I'm scared...

D: I'll do the interviewing around here. I'm afraid that's all we have time for. Thank you, Steph.

## Libby's 2 cents

Dreyer: Libby, how long has this relationship between you and Steph lasted?

Libby: It's lasted a good 4 and a quarter years.

Whether or not Steph really knew is irrelevant.

Dreyer: How did it begin?

Libby: Mass choir. She got up there and played the piano and when her fingers touched the keys, it went straight to my heart. I never went back.

D: That's a very touching story. What is the status of your relationship now?

L: We're not quite engaged, but I hope to propose again soon, perhaps on tour this year.

D: That's a pretty ambitious goal.

L: I'm an ambitious man.

D: So, you're pretty confident that she will accept then?

L: No doubt. She denies it on the outside, but the more she plays along, the more I know she truly loves me.

D: Can you explain the villain in the melodrama situation for us?

L: Here's how it went down. I got caught up in the moment; she was wearing a pink, frilly dress. The feeling of her in my arms and being overwhelmed by her beauty and radiance, I lost control of myself and dropped her.

*(Continued on page 6)*



## Freshman Faces

I am Krystal Fossum. I came from San Bernardino, California, where I was born and raised. I come from a pretty big Mexican family and love Mexican food. My favorite color is blue. I can't stand vegetables, and I love hot sauce. I don't usually like going in front of the class, and I also don't like to read out loud. I don't mind singing and love music. I don't have a favorite subject in school, but I'm doing really good in algebra right now. I try not to show my emotions to people. That way they don't think I'm soft, but sometimes I just can't help it. So far, I like Immanuel. It's nice, but some of the girls I can already tell I'm gonna have trouble with. The guys are nice, except for a few of them. I can be very stubborn at times. I like to argue, and I don't really like to admit when I'm wrong. I think I'm easy to get along with. Easier than people think. I'm outgoing and like to have fun. Well, that's all there is to me.



## The Desks in Room 8

When typing out Jackie Beekman's article for the Flash a thought crossed my mind (yes, I do think sometimes). Yes, I know this has nothing to do with Lazy-Boys or whatnot but it does have something to do with being comfortable. Why are the desks in Room 8 half the size as of normal desks? I mean, come on. Do they enjoy watching us balance five other books on our desks while trying to write down notes or answers in our notebooks? Personally, I find this far beyond ridiculous. It's just plain annoying. I feel sorry for all those lefties (Beth Wuerch, for example) who have to use another desk just so they can write. Not everyone is right-handed you know. Seriously, in my religion class, we have to try to hang on to our Bibles while writing in our binders. This isn't an easy task. For instance, one certain innocent "desk user" kept dropping his Bible while trying to write in his binder.

I agree with you Jackie about the Lazy-Boys, but something has to be done with those desks. How old are they? I'd bet they have been there since the school first began. I say we should get new desks in Room 8. I'm sure everyone would agree with me.

## My Life as a Twin

My life as a twin started back seventeen years ago on May 28, 1986. Kevin is a minute older than I am, and he is very proud of it too. In this article I will probably tell you some stuff that doesn't sound anything like Kevin, but it really is Kevin way deep down under that "big boy" act.

One story happened when we were still sleeping in cribs. Kevin would climb out of his crib into mine and fall asleep by me. Once my mom found this out she raised the sides of the crib so he could not climb out anymore, but somehow he managed to climb out of his back into mine. Kevin and I have always been pretty close. I know that if I need him he will be there for me, and I thank God for that. What would I do without him? I don't know; half of me would be missing.

-Kimberly Roth



*(Continued from page 5)*

D: What happened on your choir two years ago?

L: My first courtship of Steph Mueller was in the aftermath of "tied to the tracks". I dropped subtle hints as to my feelings toward her, but spending so much time with her on that cramped tour bus, well, my emotions flared up and I made some rash decisions.

D: What kind of rash decisions?

L: I proposed. It was the pheromones floating in the Mankato dining hall. We all had a good laugh afterwards and that's when we started dating.

D: Is she playing hard to get, or is it all just an act?

L: I didn't think so at first, but the more and more she denies, the more I am sure of her undying love for me. In the past, she just ignored me which, to be honest, broke my heart, but in her fervent spoken

dislike for me, it's almost a gospel truth that she feels the opposite way - a thin line between love and hate if you will.

D: Nathan, will there ever be anyone else besides Steph Mueller?

L: How could anyone ever replace the spot in my heart where Steph Mueller has created such a niche that dishwasher-blond hair, those rosy cheeks, those occasional mood swings, she is the embodiment of femininity.

D: Those are powerful words my friend, any final thoughts that you would like to express?

L: Steph, you know I love you and I don't think it would be too forward of me to ask you a very personal question through this news paper...Steph Mueller, Will you marry me?!

Well, there you have it. Now it's up to you to decide on the fate of this couple. Is it true love, or is it a lost cause? Tear off this little box and put it in the big box in the commons by next Wednesday with a check mark next to your opinion. The results will be shown in the next issue of the FLASH.

**True Love** \_\_\_\_\_  
**Lost Cause** \_\_\_\_\_

## My Experience as A Woman

Well, now that I have your attention, I'd like to tell you a little story. The story of me, a dress, and my 5 min. of fame. It all started a few weeks ago at a little place called Mankato. This, of course, is where they hold the annual MANKATO Arts Camp. I'm sure you all remember Arts camp, because I sure don't! All I remember is a pillow fight, recorder lessons, and an old guy standing in the corner. But even those memories are nearly gone.

So to refresh myself of all these great memories, I decided to go back to Arts Camp as a counselor. (I also did it because I needed community service for P.O.D.) Well, once I got there I was shocked at all the things that had changed since I had last gone there! (I'd also, at this time, like to thank whoever thought it was a good idea to put me in charge of SEVEN 7<sup>th</sup> grade boys!) For it was thanks to their decision that led to my three and a half hours of total sleep the whole weekend!

Anyways, enough about my sleeping habits. Another thing that surprised me was all the planning and organization that went into this two day shindig! You don't realize how much hard work went into all of this when you're just a crazy old 7<sup>th</sup> grader running around doing whatever you want. This newfound respect for all the time and effort that these counselors put into this camp came to me after I was approached to help out with something...

It appears that a few boys and gals signed up for the

Arts Camp, but then they didn't show up. Now this, of course, was a problem for many reasons, but mainly because of the fact that every one of these kids had a part in a play. So those who didn't show up had to have their play parts given to someone else. And this is where I was approached with the big question:

**"Dan, one of the girls didn't show up. So would you be willing to play Sleeping Beauty in our skit?"**

How does someone respond to that? I don't think there's a correct answer to either of those questions, but it didn't matter. I knew that this camp needed me to rise to the occasion. So I swallowed the little pride and self respect that I have, and I proudly answered:

**"Yes?"**

And that was that.

So I went to try on the dress, but I got stuck. So after a few quick tugs, a minor costume change, and a nice blonde wig I WAS Sleeping Beauty! All I did was pretend I was asleep, briskly wake up, sweep "Prince Charming" (Devon Libby) off his feet (literally), say one line, then drop him and run off stage crying; but it was worth it! The audience loved it, the kids loved it, and, I must admit, I enjoyed doing it. So there you have it! My great experience at this years Arts Camp in Mankato. I'd like to say that I did it for the kids, but I really need those community service hours!

-Dan Degnan



## A Run To Remember

The morning chill is in the air, the darkness is dense and you're extremely tired. What does this remind you of? Well, if you're a cross-country runner, you know this to be the 5:45 A.M. run to Burger King.

As tradition, the practice before sectionals is a run in which we run early in the morning to get breakfast. In any ordinary circumstance, this would be acceptable, but since sectionals are at the end of October, this means it is getting colder and stays darker longer in the morning, making this run really adventurous.

As the runners slowly gather by the tree one by one, bodies too tired and too cold to be stretched out, we are sent out to fend for ourselves and make our way to our final destination. At first, this may seem formless but as soon as we split apart, that is when the fear begins. Many of you may have noticed that the city of Eau Claire is not well lit by street lights, so when a car drives by you may be blinded for a bit, but you become thankful for the light.

Over the last four years there has been a few things you need to look out for. One being deer, the other being prowlers. So being the big, bad, tough senior I am, I have seen it all and I have no fear of anything. At least you would think so. Knowing and seeing all this makes this run really creepy.

This year I had the privilege of running by myself. Everything I saw was scary and my mind automatically turned everything into something scary. Oncoming cars, because they might swerve violently and hit you, cute little rabbits running by will turn on you and bite your ankles, and every person walking their dog is obviously out to get you.

Fellow early morning runners have all the same intentions as you do, but seeing them in the dark sure makes you run a lot faster by them, especially when you realize they are in better shape than you are for being close to 50.

When coming to a streetlight, stop, and tie your shoes there. Never, ever stop and tie them in the dark because that's where mean people behind bushes wait to get you because they have nothing better to do in the morning than to kidnap teenage runners.

I never knew Burger King was so far away from campus until I had to run it in extreme terror. But it is all worthwhile when you are sitting inside warm Burger King with the aroma of breakfast sausage, egg sandwiches, and coffee lofting in the air and you are eating your well deserved cini-minis.

By: Eleise Thompson



# A Race For the Ages



Well, I know the season is already over, but here it is! You guessed it...another cross-country article! But I'm not here to tell you how we did this year. (But in case you're wondering, we did horrible this year. Thanks for asking!) Of course, I can only speak for myself. The rest of the team would already be on the bus eating by the time I finished, so I don't really know how they did this year. (I'm going to go ahead and assume that they did pretty good, though.)

But anyway, this article isn't about how you all should be running cross-country, either. I, personally, think it was a waste of time, and I only ran because Ude promised me riches beyond my wildest dreams (and a medal!) after every meet. I, however, received neither of these. However, Tiefel did let me touch one of his medals once!

But seriously, the point of Cross-Country is simple --- FREEDOM. The freedom of running around with the wind in your hair and a song in your heart. (The song in your heart is used to distract yourself from the excruciating pain you suffer from running **THREE**

**CONTINUOUS MILES!**) The motto of this year's team was: "Run Free, OR DIE!" And I'd like to think that is true. However, Cross-Country is still, technically, a sport. And all sports have their rules and regulations. Of course, I had to find out about these rules the hard way. For you see there was a **CERTAIN** meet, at a **CERTAIN** golf course, where I was greatly overcome with this **CERTAIN** freedom. The freedom to not wear shoes! A freedom that has been enjoyed by all, from Adam and Eve all the way to Joanie and Chochy. So there you have it, I ran 3.1 miles (5 Kilometers) barefoot. It felt great! And with a time of 23 min. 15 sec. (A personal best), I was truly free! Or so I thought.....for you see, we ran this same meet the next week, except the results were a little different.

It was a cool, crisp Tuesday afternoon, and I was feeling it. The course was calling my name. So I took off my shoes, and did my thing! I slowed down a little at the end (but all great runners do, so I wasn't worried.) And then there it was, the finish line! I sprinted furiously, for hopes of a medal (which Ude had

promised me earlier). However, once I got to the finish, one of the officials approached me: "Excuse me, but the ref would like to see you." So I said "okay" and headed over to the ref.

"You wanted to see me?" I asked, frantically trying to catch my breath.

"Did you lose your shoes out there, son?" He asked, concerned.

"No, I just didn't wear any." I replied.

"Well, if you wear the uniform, you have to wear the shoes."

I'm sorry, son, but I'm gonna have to disqualify you."

"Alright." I weezed.

So there you have it. I was D. Q.'d. I guess they just didn't catch me the first time! Oh well, I didn't care. I can now say I ran barefoot, **AND** I got disqualified from a Cross-Country meet! Now how many people can say that?! (Oh, and Ude, if your reading this, you can just slide my riches into my mailbox.)

-Dan Degnan

## Ad-Libb: All the News You Can Cram in Your Head

CAMP DAVID, MD— President Bush unveiled one of his most drastic re-election campaign moves today: installing a 7-11 convenience store at his Camp David retreat in Maryland.

The store will be open 24 hours a day, is fully stocked with snack foods, soda, cold beer, and frozen pizzas, and, as a grand opening special, is giving away free soft pretzels. "It shows that I'm human, that I, like everyone else, need a convenience store sometimes. Plus, when the revolution comes, I can hide in the magazine rack and live off pork rinds and soda. Ya wanna pretzel? They're free, you know," President Bush reportedly stated in between sips of his 72 oz. Big Gulp™ ( \$0.99, for a limited time.)

After a quick potty break, Bush went on to detail his plans to make amends with post-September 11 Arabs by employing nothing but Muslim immigrants at his new establishment.

When reminded that the President and First Lady spend very little time in Camp David, and also that nobody outside of the CIA even knows where the legendary Maryland retreat *is* exactly, the President remained confident in his decision. "Those CIA boys get *awful* thirsty after a long day's work. This way, they can grab a beer or three before they get on Presidential Bodyguard duty, and everyone's happy," Bush remarked after finishing off his second banana-flavored Slurpie.™

Afterward, the President declined to comment on the conflict in the Middle East or the current economic crisis, directing all questions to Hakim, the clerk behind the counter. And that's the news.

-Nathan Libby

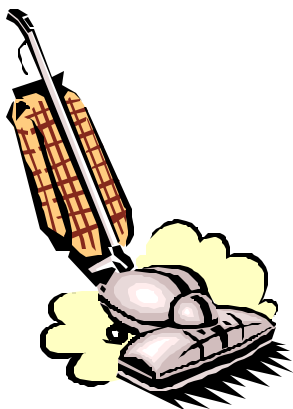
## Did the Butler do it?

Did the Butler do it? That is the question of this year's fall play. *The Butler Did It* is a classic murder mystery. It all begins when a well-to-do woman named Miss Maple, played by Laura Ude, has several detective mystery writers over for dinner at her house. Then as you would suspect, someone is murdered. Everyone is a suspect. They all seem to have definite motive because of their strong personalities and suspicious pasts. Do you think the butler did it? Or do you think it was the ex-convict maid played by Beth Wuerch? Well, you will have to go see the show to solve the mystery. The cast and director Prof. Sydow have been working hard to present a great show. Beth Wuerch says, "I think it's really pulling together." The play will be presented at 7:00 p.m. on Friday November 7<sup>th</sup> and Saturday November 8<sup>th</sup> in the Fieldhouse. We hope to see you there!

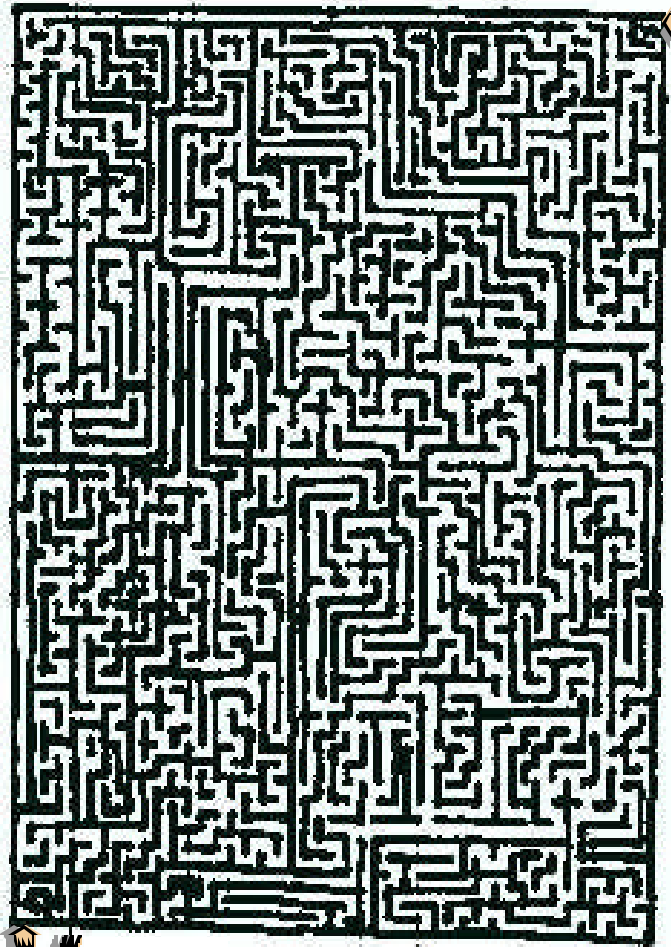
### ***The Neat Freak Strikes Back!***

I wonder if anyone has ever realized that cleaning is not forced upon you if you do it voluntarily. They only give marks to ensure cleanliness and as a result, make the school environment more happy, friendly and healthy. If I may, I would like to quote Chuckie from a very famous *Rugrats* episode that "A Clean Room is a Happy Room." In our small, itty bitty dorm room we don't have a lot of room to be messy. So don't be messy. When you go home, help around the house without being told to. You never know, it may even make you feel good. Besides, cleaning has never killed anyone. Dingies, on the other hand, are known for their murderous nature. However, they only are lethal in great numbers while on carpeting, so stop their evil plan to take over the world and pick up the dingies!

At this point, I would also like to support the idea about rules for making freshman or anyone else shower regularly.  
-Your Neighborhood Neat Freak



## TRAUB'S AMAZING MAZE Start



Finish

### **Classifieds (Continued)**

FOR SALE: Your stuff. Contact Prof. Sullivan with 25 cents.

WANTED: A life.

- All RISK addicts

(Ty Degnan, Nate Kauno, Jordan Shealy)

WANTED: Another woman for Traub. Please contact Jordan Shealy for an interview.

WANTED: A dedicated soccer team.

- Prof. Sippert

WANTED: Fewer chicken meals.

# Senior Spotlight

For our second edition of new and improved senior spotlights, we travel down to the Deep South where one southern patriot is enjoying the high life and nonstop country music. With his southern gentlemanlike manner, the ladies just can't resist his boyish charm and sense of humor. Ladies and gentlemen, I present Jordan Daniel Curry Shealy.



Jordan has always been an easy-going guy, but if there's one thing that gets him riled up, it's his passion for country music. Here's his response to why country music is so great, "Oh man! What doesn't make country music so great? I mean, they're just good old boys like you and me. As my good friend Tim McGraw once said, we're just country boys and girls getting down on the farm. No, but seriously, Country music has got it all. It's all focused on God, family, love, and the good old U.S. of A. Country music is everything to me; it is me! I listen to it when I eat, when I sleep; it's just running through my blood!"

Jordan is a bit unsure about his future after ILC. He's apparently preoccupied with other Coleys...I mean...things. He plans on either going into the culinary arts at Brown College in Minneapolis or joining the Marines like his big bro. Semper fi! Jordan is one of Immanuel's finest. Whether he's punishing his opponents on the basketball court, schooling guys on the soccer field, or getting knocked on the ground in flag football, there is always one thing that has stuck out about Shealy. That is his sense of humor. This is proven by the fact that he's been voted court jester two years in a row at formal din-

ner. If he has one fault, it's his pride. He cannot accept defeat. Well, I think he said it best.

"Okay, I've said it once I've said it a thousand times. The Civil War isn't over, the South hasn't lost; this is just the longest cease-fire in the history of warfare. But we'll be back, and I'll be in command!"

Shealy is a real ladies' man; he knows all the tricks. Pay attention guys, this is the last and only dating advice you

will ever need. "First, you have to pick one out, then you have to be persistent. You have to let them know that you picked them out, and they have the privilege of being with you. And if that doesn't work, buy them flowers, chocolate, the whole shebang. It's worked so far! (Wait a minute; Coley isn't going to see this is she?)"

Some of Jordan's fonder memories from ILC are summed up by this statement, "I'll definitely miss the 3 on 3 basketball tournaments with Prof. Buck and Prof. Sullivan. Actually, my friendships up here at ILC are what I'll miss most, because for me personally, I don't think you'll find a better close-knit group of friends." I think that sums up how a lot of us feel. And now, I'll leave you with a few last words of wisdom. "No matter what your problems are, just pray about them. And buy Prof. Sullivan big bouncy balls, he likes that." I couldn't have said it better myself.

-Dave Dreyer

## WHAT WAS THAT?

Words of Wisdom from the BS

"The key to a man's heart is guarded by his stomach." - Brain Stewart

What really goes on in tour choir? Here's your answer:

"Okay, now everybody follow the beat with your pants." - Prof. Reim

"Ahhh, something is amuck in choral land!" - Prof. Reim

"You won't be getting any FLASH quotes from me this time, Dreyer." Traub

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