



January 19 brought the first real snowfall of the year with an accompanying three-hour power outage in the evening. Here, members of the campus maintenance team demonstrate skill with snow shovels.

Excitement creeps on to campus

by Shaleena Bonjour

Out of all three Weeks of Prayer, Student Week of Prayer is possibly the most highly anticipated.

The excitement begins when Pastor Fred hands out a voting list to all the Bible classes and allows us students to vote for up to seven people we would like to hear speak. The votes are tallied and those chosen are asked if they would like to speak. Of course the student asked has the option to respectfully say no, but we always end up with students that give amazing talks.

This year will be no different, and I'm sure that God will choose those who have a message we need to hear. Many will be blessed by the speakers and will go back to their dorm rooms and homes and be changed by what someone said.

All in all, Student Week of Prayer is a time of getting closer to God, getting back on track on your walk with Him, and having an actual time set aside in the day to spend with God. I hope you all enjoy SWOP and get rejuvenated spiritually.

2nd Semester ASB Officers

- President: Tommy Dalrymple
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- Treasurer: Cameron McConnachie
- Sgt-at-Arms: Jonathan Bradshaw
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- Musician: Nate Stratte
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They're going downhill

by David Jacobus

Waking up around 5:30 on a Sunday morning is difficult, but some people do it almost every Sunday during the winter months. Why would they do that? They do it so that they can go up to Schweitzer Mountain to go skiing.

For most people, skiing and snowboarding are not worth the loss of precious sleep. But for a few avid snow lovers it is more than worth it. The bus aims to leave by 5:45 and arrive at the mountain around 8:30, and the almost 2 hour drive is a great time to try to get some more sleep.

When we get to the parking lot we all get up (or wake up) and gather our gear together and walk to the lodge to claim our corner. It is not reserved for us but we always seem to get the same spot. We put on our ski and snowboard boots and then head out to get on the lifts. We are always there right when the mountain opens, so if there is fresh snow, we UCA kids get first dibs on wherever we choose!

Rec. Ski is often the highlight of my week. Skiing or snowboarding with friends is always an adventure. Should it be so much fun to see your friends wipe out (as long as they don't get hurt)? Anyway, we Rec. Ski people are having a blast up at Schweitzer Mountain on Sundays again this winter.





Evening brings ice

by Carissa Clendenon

It was a crisp night and the promise of snow was in the air as UCA students piled into a bus and headed off for an evening of ice skating.

Saturday night activities are usually simple: flag football on the field, a basketball game, or various activities in the gym. However, on January 7, administration arranged for ice skating, and soon students were making plans, signing up, and turning in their money. After sundown meditation, they packed up their gloves, scarves, and extra socks and soon were off.

There was a pleasant surprise for students as they walked through Riverfront Park to the Ice Palace: snow was falling, setting up the perfect weather for skating. They got their skates and soon were on the ice, some gaining their skating legs immediately and some fighting to stay up on the deepening ridges. Couples took advantage of their opportunity and skated around the rink holding hands in front of faculty. Some students soon tired of skating and watched their teachers' abilities to skate, including Mr. Lacey who demonstrated his skill of being able to take good pictures and skate at the same time.

Since it was a beautiful night, the Ice Palace was a popular attraction. Kristen Smith said, "In all actuality, it was more ice dodging than ice skating. The vast swarms of people clogged the ice rink, making it almost impossible to circle." More experienced skaters sped around the rink, sometimes not able to stop in time when less skillful people made erratic lunges in front of them.

Soon it was time to go, many of the skaters having gotten their fill of skating for the year, and some left wanting more.

Gum chewers

by Jacob Purvis

There are all kinds of gum chewers at our school. There are those that love to smack, chomp, slurp, pop, and make all sorts of horribly rude noises with their tasty treat. Some must think they will be Master Chewers when they have conquered every possible chewing technique, and will be the most famous kids on campus. But they only manage to annoy everyone (teachers mostly) with their gum.

Some don't chew gum because of the small possibility they might get a cavity in those pearly white rows. Others decide it's wise to follow school rules and don't want to be caught by those who think catching people chewing gum is a fun sport during classes.

The main thing that gets on the nerves of all, no matter who they are, is when someone sticks gum on the bottom of the desk. From there it gets stuck all over everyone's clothes and won't come out of the fabric. When this occurs, the maintenance department is called, and one of their many workers gets the job of scraping the gum off the underside of the desks.

School-wide epidemic *breaking forks in the cafeteria*

by *Nathan Zander*

We all know the frustrating feeling of a fork snapping within our fingers, but very few of us should. Many schools use metal forks and plastic trays that are returned to the kitchen and washed after meals. In fact, UCA once used this system but now chooses not to because it creates many, many dishes, and makes it impossible for student workers to keep up. This is an understandable problem, but it doesn't change the solid truth: these plastic forks are weak. Some would call them pathetic. They bend, twist, and snap while completing the easiest tasks.

Students can't do much to fix the problem; however, they can do several things to avoid it: first, try not to use the fork for cutting anything. This is the number one cause of death for our forks here at UCA. We've all seen or been the person who broke six utensils trying to cut a burrito. It's best just to grab that knife you usually overlook and sort of saw at your food until it gets cut or simply falls apart from the force of a blunt object being shoved into it. Either way, your knife is much better equipped to handle this kind of stress than is the fork.

Next, try not to play with the forks too much. Yes, I know the pleasure of stabbing my cup into a pile of Styrofoam pellets when I'm done with it, but the fork could punch completely through the cup and hit something harder, causing a few of its tines to shatter. It also may be tempting to flick that piece of lasagna at your friend's ear, but pull back too hard, and you could send some plastic with it.

Lastly, you should watch the fork if it's not working right. If it is bending to the point it leaves little creases behind, you should stop and try to mutilate your food some other way. Many broken forks might have known a longer life if their owners had been paying attention.

Even if you use forks very carefully your entire life here at UCA, you're still bound to break one or two. You just have to learn to laugh at it, and it is a good conversation starter.

Back to the future

by *Emily Fitch*

As the year progresses, it becomes necessary for students to think ahead to life after this school year. For seniors, this especially means one thing: college. Now is the time for the class of 2012 to figure out what lies ahead after high school.

For those continuing on to college, there is the decision of which college or university to attend. By far the most promoted one at UCA is Walla Walla University (WWU). There are three main reasons that you may choose to attend WWU: courses, companions, and convenience. It may have a good program for the major you intend to take. There is a good chance that many of your friends will be there, and it may feel like a natural transition. But you may choose not to go there for that same reason. Perhaps you feel the need to branch out from what is expected. There are other Adventist options frequently chosen such as Southern University, Pacific Union College (PUC), and La Sierra, as well as various non-Adventist colleges.

Of course, you can't simply choose a college; it has to choose you as well. For that, applications and various forms must be completed and submitted to secure your acceptance into the school of your choice.

Another important decision to be made is which major(s)/minor(s) to take and, ultimately, which career to work toward. It is important to have some idea as to what type of job you want, but high school graduates don't always know who or what they want to be. It isn't uncommon to switch a major partway through college as you realize what work best suits you.

Although it may become a stressful process, it is important to prepare for your future. Seniors must be sure to put a lot of thought and prayer into what they're going to do with their lives. High school doesn't last forever, so what's next?

Mysterious happenings

by *Sophia Rich*

Mysterious things happen on campus from time to time. On three occasions so far this year, the lights in the Ad Building went dark between the end of 9th period and the beginning of 10th for no reason at all. Masked students were seen getting on buses and leaving campus on December 4, and there were several suspicious incidents of items disappearing from dorm rooms and classrooms.

During the 3:25 chemistry class on a terribly dull afternoon, a loud buzzing was heard in the classroom. The substitute teacher, Joe Hess, was clueless as to its source, and the baffled students were concerned. The class was about to evacuate the building thinking that there was some sort of fire drill going on when one of the students picked up his backpack and discovered that his electric toothbrush had somehow turned on inside his pack.

So keep an eye out for other mysterious happenings on campus. You might just solve a mystery and add excitement to your day.

Respect required

by *Tosha Diamond-Huey*

UCA is a school where students can have an open relationship with God in an environment that promotes it. Of course, not everyone is on the same page when it comes to God, but one thing should be the same: a desire for God. Every student signed a little agreement when they applied to this school. The agreement is basically that, regardless of whether students agree exactly with the school's spiritual standards, they are willing to be cooperative and respectful. It seems, however, that as a whole our student body doesn't quite agree.

Students are often required to go to worship, vespers, assembly, and church, which should not be surprising as UCA is a Christian school. Some students are totally fine with it, some really don't care, and some just can't stand it. Students aren't required to like these events, but they do have to be respectful. The problem is that many students are disrespectful.

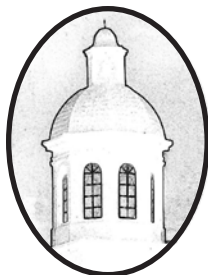
The talking during worship times is unbelievably distracting. Many students comment that they have a really hard time focusing on what's going on up front. "It's really sad that we seniors aren't being a good example for the lower classmen," says Anahi Silva. "It seems like we don't care about God." Tara Jennings, a sophomore, says that she tries not to, but sometimes she talks too. She didn't realize how bad it really was until she went up front herself. But many students comment that it's not just the talking that bothers them.

Wyatt Johnson, junior, and Perla Suarez, senior, agree that sleeping during church and leaving before the ushers get to their pew is equally disrespectful. "If I was up there, I would never want to go up there again," Perla sympathizes with worship leaders. Some people feel differently about the extremity of the situation, however.

Travis Fisher, a senior, states that texting or sleeping is ok as long as people aren't talking. Zack Wickward, a sophomore, agrees that talking out loud is bad and that playing games is disrespectful unless you're sitting at the back. It's obvious that the range of opinions on this topic is huge. The students that enjoy worships don't like the disrespect, while the students that would rather not attend really don't care. Some even welcome distractions so they won't be so bored.

Joe Hess, our recruiter, puts it well when he says, "The problem is they don't go there wanting something. If they were really seeking, they would go in with reverence from the start." Chelle Hess, Head Girls' Dean, offers solutions. She says that the people who don't like the disrespect need to stand up. She says that it's partly a peer-to-peer thing. She thinks it shouldn't be so easy to be disrespectful and get away with it.

So let's stand up for what we believe. If we're all about spiritual growth, we need to deal with the things that hinder that growth as well as promote what encourages it. Students, it's not all on the staff. We can do something about it. We can stop talking and ask others to also. Kids will be kids, as the cliché goes, but when will we grow up? We aren't kids anymore; we're young adults.



UPPER COLUMBIA ACADEMY

ECHOES

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ASB entertains students

by *Vanessa Voelker*

Havoc reigns in the busses as students gradually lose their minds during the long drive home for break; this madness had to be stopped, so this year's ASB officers came up with a solution: Sanity-Sacks!

As the groggy students stepped aboard the bus and hopelessly waited for the painfully long drive back home, a wink was shared between the participants of this new random act of kindness. When all were seated, small white sacks were passed around from friend to friend. ASB had saved the day!

These sacks of games and goodies were entertaining and delicious and were filled with care and hard work. These sacks fulfilled multiple needs and purposes as they kept students busy and occupied with games, origami, or coloring the artistically-drawn portraits of UCA staff and teachers, made by the very talented cartoonist and sketcher Sabrina Fickel. Faces lit up with the shared chuckles from the small surprises that were shown around.

ASB President, Nate Stratte, declared with a pleased smile, "All in a day's work!" There was a new feeling left in that bus. The ecstatic students were beaming with gratitude. It was a perfect start to the season of giving and thankfulness.



Power appreciation

by Carly Yaeger

There are a lot of things I just could not live without. One of these is power. No, not control or authority (though that is a luxury I'd like to obtain). I'm talking about electrical, plug-in-the-wall, make-the-lights-turn-on-and-the-technology-run electrical power. Being able to wake up in the morning in the girls dorm and flip a switch that illuminates my entire room is an indulgence I've taken for granted up until recently.

Here's the story of how I've come to this new-found appreciation for power. It was 7:45 am when my alarm went off on the first day back at school from break. I eagerly got up, in a rather cheery mood, and began my daily routine. Everything was going smoothly and according to plan until I plugged in my blow-dryer.

Now, for those of you that don't live in the girls' dorm, you must understand that about 80 blow-dryers/flat irons/curling irons are plugged into the wall sockets at nearly the same time every morning. Out of all these hair tools, about 15 of them exist on senior hall, where I live. When all these electronics are plugged in and overstay their welcome within the plug, things go wrong.

Continuing with my story, the second I plugged in my blow-dryer, all the lights, fridge, microwave, computer and blow-dryer shut off. My little plug had had enough and apparently had been drained of all its power from all the plugs around him. It was dark and lifeless in my room for a little while. But the deans were quickly on the scene and fixed the problem in no time, allowing me to blow-dry properly.

The moral of this story is that within that short time of powerless living, living, I experienced how lovely it is to have light and noise around me. Being able to flip that little switch upward and create a luminous room is something I will never again forget to appreciate.

Sadie Hawkins takes over

by Shaleena Bonjour

With the Winter Banquet over, students now look forward to what's next. But what's next is something that is just bizarre.

It's tradition for the guy to ask the girl to banquet, but there's one time this concept is reversed. This event is called Sadie Hawkins Banquet.

Sadie Hawkins is a name from a comic strip called "Li'l Abner," created by cartoonist Al Capp. According to the comic strip, the unmarried women of Dogpatch got to chase the bachelors on foot and marry the one they caught. This particular comic strip ran on November 13, 1937, and even though we don't play this game, we still take from it the "girl ask guy" concept and apply it to events such as the ASB banquet.

Typically, Sadie Hawkins dances/banquets are held in November, according to the comic strip. A specific day was never assigned, but most will celebrate Sadie Hawkins on the anniversary of the publication of the comic strip on November 13.

The ASB banquet comes with joy, excitement, and anticipation as it's the guys' turn to wait for the girls to make their decision as to whom they will ask. Then it will be up to the girls to come up with clever ways to ask that someone, and the guys to respond using equally unique and fun tactics.

Across the hall

by Isaac Smith

Many of those not accustomed to the guys' dorm do not understand that we put up with a fair amount of drama ourselves. The roomie situation is always one the deans can never seem to piece together perfectly. It something always has to get in the way. Recently, I watched more than 10 people change rooms. Right off I can think of three guys that moved either directly across their hall or right next door. Can things really get that bad with a roommate? Could it really be that much better with a different roommate?

I get a kick out of watching guys push a dresser out one door and into another one five feet away. Getting to know half the dorm only because you've had so many roommates isn't necessarily bad, though. I imagine someone who's had multiple roommates, having one-word labels for each of them. "Oh yeah he was the smart one, the tall one, the loud one." Perhaps for some people it's a hobby.

In the guys' dorm we try to be tough, yet we decorate our rooms. YES!

All I got for Christmas is . . . Senioritis?

by Sierra Iseminger

The year is more than half over, and seniors everywhere have been hit by a plague. Side effects include lack of motivation, disinterest in classes, procrastination, tardiness, and, in some cases, absences due to oversleeping. Teachers are noticing less participation in discussions, and more participation in daydreaming.

Seniors have grown weary of carrying books and laptops around and the excuses "I forgot it" or "I didn't think we'd need it today" have been heard echoing through the classrooms and hallways. Lack of motivation and sleep has seen more seniors donning sweatshirts and comfortable pants, which give them a more "rugged" appearance. When asked about senioritis, Kara McMahon replied, "Come back on a day when I'm not tired."

For most seniors, the disease struck early. Carly Yaeger says, "I've had senioritis since freshman year; I'm so ready to graduate." Thankfully, graduation is coming soon . . . but not soon enough.

Chemistry at a glance

by *Dmitri Kolpacoff*

Chemistry. What does this word bring to mind? For the juniors and seniors that are taking this class, it creates mixed feelings. Meeting at two different periods of the day, Chemistry can be both fun and confusing all at the same time.

"Pull out those flash cards," Mr. Hartman says. "It's time for some look, say, see." This is just one of the many methods Mr. Hartman has us use when we are memorizing ions or elements from the periodic table. The sounds of mixed emotions are always heard when Mr. Hartman says those words.

About half way through the period you might start to notice the blinking rates of students drastically change. They will go from one second, to five seconds, to nine seconds, until you finally hear someone's head hit their desk. They will open their eyes slowly, trying to regain consciousness, to the sound of the teacher and twenty-four other classmates laughing simultaneously.

On the other side of things, students who are yearning to learn won't let themselves be distracted as they pursue a better understanding of such things as how elements react with each other and how ions form.

Laziness promotes scribbles

by *Carissa Clendenon*

There are many quirks that people develop throughout their school years, such as chewing gum in class, talking over the teacher, and writing on desks.

Almost every day, janitors at UCA have to clean various pen and pencil marks off desks, which becomes a very annoying task after weeks and weeks of erasing and scrubbing. Still the scribbles continue. Apparently, desk writing is an art style many students have been perfecting since their elementary school years when they first noticed other kids drawing fantastic doodles or writing notes on their desks. "I wrote on my desk because I was pressured into it; all the cool kids did it! I wanted to have the coolest picture," says SiSi Davis.

All sorts of things can be found scribbled on desks. In their younger years, girls would write the name of their secret crush surrounded by hearts and then hurriedly erase it whenever somebody came near; and little boy's desks were covered with dinosaurs, airplanes, and stick people. As students grew older, scribbles became more "meaningful," giving way to 'To Do' lists, math problems, notes, formulas, and more advanced drawings. Shaleena Bonjour, a senior, joined a three-way conversation with unknown people on her desk top. They shared random formulas.

Why do you find so many scribbles, and why is defacing school property such a fad? One student explained why so many people do this: "Because you're bored, or you're so lazy that you can't pull out a piece of paper." Yes, once again the lazy bug is blamed for another simple inconvenience. Maybe someday the scribbles will stop, but for now janitors have their cleaning rags covered with pencil lead and pen ink.

Dissection creates dilemma

by *Kara McMahon*

As the deafening sound of the bell rings through the hall, students hurriedly try to make their way to the science room. Nearing the door however, everyone's faces suddenly take on a scrunched, puckered look as if they'd just drunk a whole glass of lemon juice, and anyone who walks by groans with disgust at the horrific smells seeping from Mrs. Haeger's "A & P" classroom. The nose-shriveling odors ooze stealthily through the halls, making the air smell like a mixture of formaldehyde, latex, and dead animal. Where is this ominous stench coming from? CATS!

Each year, as a part of the Anatomy and Physiology Class, students at UCA have the morbid privilege of dissecting a dead feline in order to increase their understanding of animal and human body structure. Enhanced learning is derived as muscles are carefully separated and analyzed, and each internal organ memorized. Every part of the animal is studied including the intricacies of the brain. Many of the students say that getting to work with the body parts "hands on" has a much greater impact in their minds than just seeing pictures of muscles and organs in a textbook.

However, not all students are comfortable with the idea of dissecting an animal, though dead, believing it to be inhumane. They believe animal dissection encourages animal cruelty and neglect. But for students wanting to pursue medicine or science as a career, dissection can be a great benefit and even an inspiration. Students wanting to become surgeons or veterinarians need the important tactile aspect. Also, students previously uninterested in anything science related can have their interest sparked when they get to have the new hands-on experience. Many believe dissection develops a greater appreciation for the complexity of life.

Dissection obviously is not for everyone. If a person is uncomfortable with the procedure there are many positive and effective alternatives such as online virtual dissection. But whether online or up close and personal, a student can gain a whole new outlook on animal and human life through their study and practice of dissection.

Cold cold cold!

by Patrick Kirk

As I climbed out of the plane into the wonderful land of Spokane, Washington, I was greeted by the one thing I dislike most in the world: cold! The freezing wind lashed at my face like blades wielded by Frosty the Snowman himself. Needless to say, I was very relieved to get to the safety of a car.

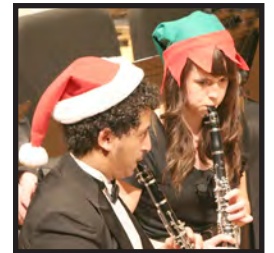
Once back at school I expected a nice toasty room that I could warm up in and relax in until it was time for bed. Well, not only was my heat not working, but I also had left my window open all Christmas break. I quickly sought refuge under my covers but they felt like slabs of ice. Would there be no end to my icy torment? Eventually my heater started working and my room warmed up to a very comfortable temperature. Then, at 11:30, I fell in to a deep sleep surrounded by a web of warmth.

When I woke up the next morning, I naively thought that the threat of winter chill was over. I walked briskly down the cold hall to the showers, wanting to rid myself of the chill that was creeping up my spine. I quickly turned on my favorite shower and set it to the highest level of hot water. I waited a few moments and tested the water. It was ice cold, so I cranked up the heat a little more and waited a few more moments. When I tested it again, it was still freezing! Frantically, I ran to all the showers turning them on to see if my beloved warm water would spew from the shower heads. But it was all for naught. I was forced to start my day with a freezing shower.

The moral of the story is that Washington is cold no matter what, and there is nothing you can do about it.



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The frost

by *Bradley Watson*

For several days in December a heavy frost swept over the campus at UCA. Not just in the morning but throughout the whole day, everything was covered in a white, transparent, coating of frost.

There were several different comments about the condition. One student said that the frost was beautiful and meant snow was coming. Another student said it meant it was too cold out and that it was time for summer again. Yet another student was loving the cold since he thinks he is immune to it.

Winter is a beautiful and unique season; it provides great opportunities for such fun as skiing, snowboarding, and snowmobiling. It also creates great scenery. There are some things about winter—the beauty and gracefulness—that you can't get in any other season, and through its beauty we receive lessons about the great gifts God has given us.

The biggest problem people complain about in winter is the cold. But with an open mind, even that can be seen as a blessing at times. So the signs are here, the beauty and snow has arrived.

