

The Official Oregon State University
UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE
Student Magazine

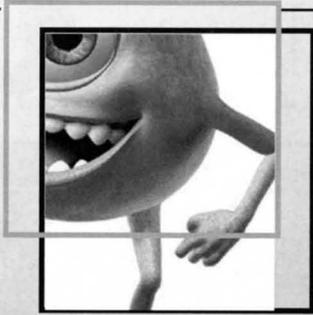
University Honors College **Chronicle**

Volume VII, Issue 1

Fall 2001

Free

UHC Focus
Student Life
Art & Poetry



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Clifford Payne, Chair of the University Honors College Board of Regents, passed away unexpectedly in October. Cliff was the founding chair of the Board of Regents and had been instrumental in helping the Honors College begin its various fund raising initiatives. Cliff's inspirational leadership came about when his son, Bryce Payne, was an Honors student and has continued since Bryce went on to finish an MBA at the University of Oregon. Mr. Payne had plans to help with our Excellence Fund and other Honors initiatives.

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Chronicle magazine is published every term by UHC and OSU students. Articles reflect views of the individual writers on the *Chronicle* staff, but may not officially reflect the views or policies of Oregon State University or the OSU Honors College.

Editor-in-Chief | **Abby Phillips**

Yea, yea, yea—so the University of Oregon got their new \$90 million football stadium, while OSU got slapped with \$19 million in cuts. Some of us are apprehensive about the effects these cuts will have on OSU. I can't imagine having my major entirely eliminated from the program. I think I speak for everyone when I say that with everything else that is going on in America, this is a stress we just don't need.

Even so, I am proud to be a Beaver, a member of the UHC, and I'm proud of all the accomplishment in the *Chronicle* magazine.

The last year *Chronicle* staff expended a huge amount of energy to write, edit and produce the Spring 2001 edition. Our hard labor was recently commended when that issue placed second in a National Collegiate Honors Council newsletter competition. I want to thank last year's staff for their tremendous effort, and also thank the readers of the *Chronicle* for their support.

Even more recently, this fall brought an almost entirely new staff to the *Chronicle*. These individuals, with a wide range of majors, interests, and skills, not only brought to you this excellent edition of the *Chronicle*, but they also helped to dispel the myth that you must be an English major to join the *Chronicle*. This downpour of support from our new staff members is promising, and hopefully will foreshadow involvement in the *Chronicle* for the next few years.

So maybe this fall didn't bring any Fiesta Bowls or million dollar donations to salvage the financial havoc of OSU, it did, in terms of the *Chronicle*, remind us that hard work never goes unnoticed. And I don't doubt that OSU will once again rise to its customary level of greatness. I firmly believe that a person, or in this case an institution will only be successful after experiencing certain impediments and failures. It's like when I go bowling and only knock down two pins, I think of the remaining eight opportunities I have for success next time. Okay, so maybe that's not such a good example because my bowling score still is only around 75, but you get what I mean!

And for my departing words that I hope resound in the hearts of everyone, I leave you with this: OSU and the UHC ROCKS!!!



From the Editors

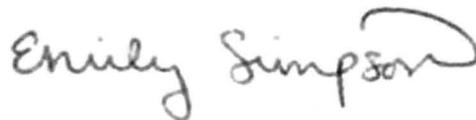
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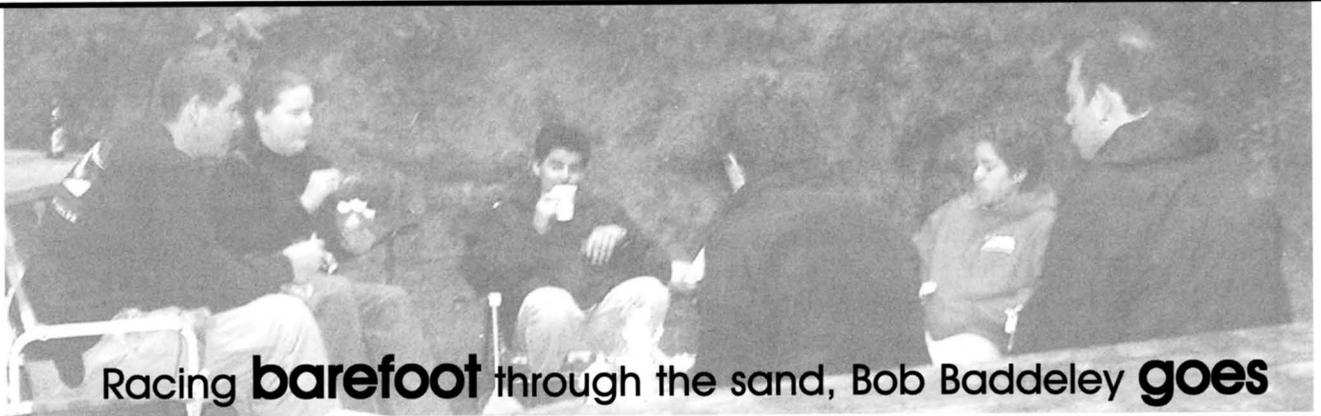
Welcome back to OSU! Yep, it's a new year, a time for changes!! For me, I am quite pleased to report that I no longer carry around the subtle aroma of experimental chemistry (which had a tendency to make everyone within a 3 foot radius of me gag). And being as it is the first two weeks of a new term, I'm sure we will all be perfect students staying on top of every single reading, essay, homework assignment, etc., etc. (riiiiiight). I have come to the conclusion that there is a direct relationship between the number of years spent here and the weeks until quarter burnout (someone should do a thesis on this). This is my third year here, and not two weeks into fall term, I was already suffering from the "I DON'T WANNA DO HOMEWORK ANYMORE!" syndrome (I haven't gotten better yet either). Despite my belief that all homework is inherently evil, I must admit that there is one class whose homework will probably do the most for me out of any class I will ever take during my stay at OSU: Intro to Thesis 403.

Before this class, I could hardly say the word "thesis" without sending myself into paroxysms of fear. How do you have any earthly idea what to write it on - after all, there are countless questions, interests, and theories that could be delved into, but how do you pick the perfect one? I mean, this decision has monumental importance - you sell your soul to this project for at least a year of your life! (Not to mention getting into grad schools) AHHHHHH!!!! Okay, take deep breaths, you don't have to run away screaming . . .

Dr. Hendricks and Dr. Arp, who jointly teach Intro to Thesis, have broken down this monster into bite-sized pieces that are definitely conquerable. They take you through all of the important and necessary steps to get you on your way. If you make the most of the class, you can come out of it with a mentor (most professors are very approachable) and a thesis proposal (or at least an idea of how to do it correctly). Not to mention the fact that you don't even have to do a thesis in the area of your major! Chemistry major that I am, I could write a play, create some artwork, or maybe even compose a piece of music (if I were actually competent in any of those areas of course). So if my research on micellar aggregation doesn't work out, I plan on doing an interpretive dance about micelles instead.

Have a great term!





Racing **barefoot** through the sand, Bob Baddeley goes **long** for the pass with Aaron Tinkle **close on his heels** for the tackle.

The rest of the team clumsily chases after them, laughing and falling in the sand. With the sun breaking through the clouds and heating the crisp morning air, it was a great day for a football game and an excellent weekend for the UHC camping trip.

On October 5, students from the University Honors College packed cars full of tents, sleeping bags and food and headed over to Honeyman State Park for a weekend of football on the dunes, ice cream in Florence, socializing and toasting s'mores over the fire. Huddled tightly together and bundled in fleece, students laughed and joked while licking sticky marshmallow goo from their fingers and staring into the flames, occasionally dodging sparks shooting from the pyro's, Katie Carman's, direction. Jokes and small talk soon progressed to tales of overseas experiences, college life, political debates, favorite novels, and life aspirations. It seemed like everyone there had something to share from which everyone could learn something, which is what makes the Honors College so unique.

Not only does the UHC introduce its students



Campers take a break for lunch after a long morning of playing football on the beach. The annual camping trip at Honeyman Park this year went spectacularly.



People line up for food at last year's Dad's Weekend tailgater. Dads (and entire families), come each year to this popular Honors College event. This year was no exception, and the line was just as long.

to a great network of people, it provides a variety of privileges and resources to its students. The peer mentor program was implemented this year to help new UHC students adjust to and meet the demands of college. A number of upper classmen have taken new students under their wings, offering help and advice.

Many other resources are also available to UHC students. The SLUG, for example, offers a quiet study area with free printing (and sometimes free potato chips), as well as a convenient way to find help with an assignment or project. Another privilege that several students take advantage of is the residence hall, McNary, allocated to Honors College students. "I really enjoy living in an environment with friends who are academically driven but still love having fun," says Amy

Christeson, a freshman in the Honors College.

The UHC offers many enjoyable and exciting activities to its students. First was the kick-off barbeque on October 2, where students got to meet the Dean, Joe Hendricks, eat hamburgers, socialize, and learn from speakers about the OSU International Degree and study abroad programs. Next was the camping trip to Honeyman. Soon to follow was the Dad's Weekend tailgater, a great opportunity for dads to get a taste of the Honors College and meet the people involved.

Winter term guarantees more fun activities: a

Honors College Events

Barbeque

..... Winter Formal Dance

Camping Trip

Fall Forum

Dad's Weekend Tailgater

----- Forum with Dr. Risser

Soup Feed

Sunriver

Rafting Trip

winter formal dance, a forum with Dr. Risser, a soup feed as part of a canned food drive, and the annual trip to Sunriver. The Sunriver trip will take place during the first weekend of winter term and is packed full of activities. Maxie Peterson, a UHC senior in the Liberal Studies, sums it up: "I've been to Sunriver with the UHC twice now, and I'm going again in January. It's a great way to meet people, go skiing, ice-skating, shopping, or even brush up on your Trivial Pursuit skills. I understand you can learn to fly-fish and play poker

as well. Besides that, it's the perfect way to start winter term."

Good intentions reveal independence of honors students

Staff Writer — *jane clark*

Just yesterday, when wandering over to the SLUG and pondering how to format this article on peer mentoring, I ran into a friend from the Honors College. He chided me a bit for not having the article done a few days ago, and I said that I was struggling to decide what angle to take. I asked if he was involved in the program because I thought that maybe an interview would be a good idea. He looked rather dismayed and said, "I'm your mentor!" (Whoops.) "Of course," I said, "I knew that." (Cough, cough). I quickly backtracked in my mind to day one and realized that he indeed was one of my mentors. We decided that we would meet later, and I would discuss the Peer Mentoring Program with him.

Thinking about the program, I remembered some of the earlier peer mentoring activities. On one of our first days there, we met our mentors and got to know them a bit. We also got to know several other beginning UHC students. As a group, we attended the OSU convocation in Gill Coliseum, following which we went out to lunch with our mentors.

Later that evening, we attended a pizza dinner in SLUG II and got to know even more UHC students. All of them were friendly and made sure that everything was going well for us. We crowded into the up-

stairs classroom to watch President Bush speak while we dined on our pizza and soda. Once the speech was over, several friends and I set out to find where our classrooms were located, and a friendly mentor volunteered to accompany us so we could find them faster. The assistance was greatly appreciated!

Back in the present, I made it to the SLUG and instead of working on my political science paper I rounded up some vital statistics about the Peer Mentoring Program. A student suggested the program last fall that had been a part of a similar program a few years before. The goal was to give new students the opportunity to meet other students their age and older and to help them adjust to the UHC. It was agreed that hav-

ing an informal program would be the best idea; it would be more comfortable for everyone that way. This year, there are twenty students acting as peer mentors. Each has somewhere around six new students in their group. Mentors are required to attend a training session, make a minimum number of contacts with mentees, host a minimum number of programs, and file an end of term report.

Much later in the day (technically the next day), I went to my conference with my peer mentor. "Mentor

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New UHC students adjusted very quickly to life in the UHC at OSU, and they didn't need much help beyond the CONNECT week activities.

Jane Siebler | UHC advisor

Peer Mentoring Program



Is United States military action against terrorism justified?

Contributing Writer — **neil geisler**

No one ever wants to be at war. Nevertheless, for the past few months, war is exactly where the United States has found itself, and I am left to search for an answer as to why. An assault on my country, one of previously unknown proportions, left me depressed for days as I sought to understand what had happened. Immediately, I worried about my safety and the safety of those around me. All insouciance vanished, as the preciousness of freedom seemed suddenly in jeopardy. I can still barely begin to fathom how one should respond to a tragedy of such catastrophic proportions.

Slowly some feeling of security is returning. To me, however, that feeling remains clouded by confusion. In my search for understanding, I have discovered no simple answers. What I have come to understand is that no feeling of security whatsoever should allow the underlying causes for the attacks, or the U.S. response to them, to go unexamined.

Repeatedly I have asked myself what the United States hopes to accomplish with war in Afghanistan. The violent nature of the attacks in this country makes me queasy enough; is more violence necessary? Without a doubt, I believe in the need for self-defense. Nonetheless, the intensive bombing has gone too far, by destroying (intentionally or not) Red Cross buildings and creating millions of Afghani refugees, among other atrocities we may never know about. These are just a few reasons why I think that we have crossed the line into vain retaliation. When I was younger, I learned a valuable piece of addition: two wrongs never make a right.

Also, does the United States have any reasonable hope of success in the plan to eradicate terrorism? The declaration of war by President Bush on all global terrorism using any means necessary is a statement with no clearly defined ends. This pronouncement should worry every member of society. A war has limited ends.

A crusade does not. Now should be an opportunity to search for peace, not begin a war of unlimited means and ends.

I will not go so far as to say no military action is justified. A group of people have declared war on the United States, and committed horrible acts against this country and its people, which are reasons that justify action. However, the extent of force and how that force is applied should be carefully examined and limited. Tension is high in South Asia, and the long term effects of any action needs meticulous consideration. Along with action, though, the United States would do well to extensively review American foreign policy.

Additionally, I have felt personal conflict over whether or not I can support the members of the military while opposing military actions. I find this distinction to be important, since I have many friends and family members who

serve or have served in the military, all of whom I hold in high regard. These individuals who are willing to risk their lives in defense of our country and the values of liberty and freedom deserve

our respect and praise. However, the individuals who decide what actions our military takes should be questioned with utmost scrutiny.

I believe in the capacity of the United States to accomplish marvelous deeds. At this point in history, however, the track record could be much better. Is the United States capable of being more than a superpower, but a humanitarian leader as well? With millions of refugees in Afghanistan alone, this country needs to use its economic capital and political power to make a meaningful difference. I shudder to think that our country's past will dictate the future; we can not afford to selectively apply our democratic principles.

Can the United States afford any more political or moral hypocrisy? The same nation that was brought to trial at a world court and found guilty of war crimes in Nicaragua? The

The attacks on the United States were wrong, but do they make present U.S. action in Afghanistan right?

Neil Geisler | contributing writer

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Choosing the new America, a new policy, a new world

Contributing Writer — *werner hager*

Growing up in the United States, a child quickly learns the values of our country. By the age of ten, I could tell you that America stands for equality for all people, that all people have a right to a voice and a say in how their government should operate. America is a safe haven for all people from all walks of life, and a place where anyone and everyone's achievements are limited only by their ability. Even abroad, America leads the world in humanitarian aid given to struggling nations. I think most would agree these are laudable accomplishments. This begs the question, however; why do so many people in this world hate us?

That is not to say that everyone, everywhere, hates us. That would be a gross oversimplification. However, prior to September 11, 2001, anti-American sentiment was noticeable in most countries in the world. These feelings range from outright protestation in Iraq or Egypt, to disdain and contempt felt in France or China, to irritation towards us from Canada or Japan. It is fairly obvious that the United States has a negative public image. The reason for this is America's foreign policy.

Physically, the United States is rather isolated, with two broad oceans on our east and west and friendly neighbors to the north and south. This quirk of geography has engendered an internal perception of America being separated from the world's problems. There are many events in our history that have effected our current foreign policy, but it was the second World War and America's emergence as a superpower that critically defined it. Aside from Pearl Harbor, the U.S. homeland has been virtually untouched by war while other nations have been ravaged by it. Thus, in both World Wars, we were slow to enter. However, once we did, we invariably turned the tide of war. World War II wasn't really America's war, not in comparison to its impact in France, Britain, or Germany. The U.S. war effort was designed to protect other people, not defend our own. In many ways, U.S. involvement could be seen as a rescue effort, a rescue that the U.S. did incredibly well.

United States' success in World War II

set a precedent for U.S involvement in other international matters. In many ways, America sees itself as having an almost parental role in the international community. When America acts, it almost invariably does so to rescue one group or another, to right a wrong, or to give others the gift of our democracy. While occasionally we do these things for selfish ends, like preserving oil prices, or to keep ahead of a competitor, I generally believe that many interactions are done because we think we are helping people. This can be seen most definitively by the fact that the United States is the biggest supplier of humanitarian aid in the world.

The problem with this sort of foreign policy arises because our aid efforts are viewed through a self-centered eye. When we help people handle their problems, we give them American solutions. The solutions we would use in the States don't always fix other nations' problems. Often, the introduction of democratic methods in a foreign government already fragile from war simply adds more chaos and confusion. Furthermore, by taking a parental stance in our foreign policy, we cast those we aid into the role of children, a role I doubt they appreciate.

The events of September 11th have, more than anything, brought us out of our perceived seclusion from world affairs. We have been the victims of warlike attacks, and most assuredly we will again. These attacks were merely a symptom of the problem. The problem lies in the international opinion towards America. No amount of bombs or guns will root out every person in the world who is angry at America. So one way or another we have to take action and change our foreign policy if we wish to prevent further attacks. I see two paths we could follow.

We could change our level of involvement and stop spearheading "aid" missions. This would make America a more neutral country. In doing so, we should make America more self-sufficient, so we would be less susceptible to international changes and less likely to fight a war, for example, for oil. This would require an increase in the budget for research, and

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For you to understand **what I have to say** about life here at OSU, **you must understand** a little bit about where I am coming from; attending **OSU was automatic** for me.

I had decided at a young age, like so many other girls, that I wanted to be a veterinarian and help the little animals. I was coming to OSU for vet school, or so I thought. When you first get to college, everything is so unclear. It is perfectly possible you were just like me and had it all worked out, only to find it doesn't work that way at all. I hadn't even heard of graduate school for veterinarians. Graduate school was only for doctors and smarty-pant professors. So, I basically came to OSU for something that would have had to wait for four years at any institution.

My love for animal companionship caused many complications for living on campus. My freshman year, I lived in West Residential Hall. It was pretty nice, but, being an animal person, not having a cat at my feet each night and a dog outside the door bothered me. I did sneak my hamster in, but cleaning shavings in secret is kind of hard. I moved out and into an apartment--another first for me. The first year I was out, I probably moved six times. Three of those times were in the same month (maybe there is some truth to college stereotypes).

With all my illusions set aside about the functioning of higher education, I began my classes. I started out in Animal Science (ANS). Not to offend anyone out there, but you can only take so many production classes that base their animal care on making the animals bigger and fatter just to slaughter them. It is so nice to go to a class where you judge the animals by their outward appearance one week, then go to class the next week and see them hanging by their Achilles tendon on hooks so you can judge their inside appearance and meat quality.

Not too long after that experience, I was informed that you don't have to major in the program for which you want to go to graduate school. For example, I could be a Liberal Arts major and get into an Ph.D. biochemistry program. So, I switched to Fisheries and Wildlife (FW), which is more about

the science, politics, management, and welfare of the animals. Not only was the course material much more interesting to me, but I found out how important advising is. In ANS, I had an advisor who I liked because I could just call him long enough to get my PIN number and be on my way. After switching to FW, and having to meet with an advisor, I realized I wasn't going to be able to graduate in four years - I would be lucky if I finished in five. I had taken more than one class in each category of Bacc core, had taken a few years of a language for a BS, and didn't have many of my real degree requirements done.

Since then, I guess I have made OSU my home. I have gotten used to the fact that I am on my first senior year, even though I have had senior standing for a year already. I have gotten myself involved

in various campus organizations to have fun and meet lots of people. I have even become the president of Mortar Board, a national senior honorary society. As a freshman, I spent lots of time with friends and even more time trying to figure out the ins and outs of campus. As a senior, I spend more time with my new friends: the library, data analysis programs, and my bed. I have learned my independence through paying for my own schooling, rent, and bills, as well as messing with landlords and roommates, partying, and studying. I have learned many short cuts and have also learned what an important part the UHC is to me (Where would I print for free and nap without the SLUG?).

In the UHC, you have the ability to meet the most outstanding people and you never know what topic will come up next. You also have the option to go on some outstanding trips like camping at the coast, staying in a house at Sunriver, going to Seattle or Las Vegas, or rafting down the Umpqua River (thanks Jeff and Tink!). Although being a UHC member means that you have that many more requirements to fulfill (thesis!), I wouldn't trade it (or Jane) for the world.

Although being a UHC member means that you have that many more requirements to fulfill, I wouldn't trade it (or Jane) for the world.

Miranda Ruth | contributingwriter

When every freshman enters college, they hear the **same message** over and over again: **get involved**. Some students need to hear something different.

Crazy students, like myself, are often so busy that they laugh at the idea of free time, and have mastered the art of squeezing an extra hour out of every day; the last thing they need to do is get involved in something else.

To make my point absolutely clear, let's examine the regular activities and responsibilities of a not-so-anonymous UHC student: me. In order to complete my double major, minor and thesis in the allotted four years (then the scholarships run out), I take between 18 and 20 credits per term. Several hours of homework occupy my prime TV-watching and sleeping time, and I cry myself to sleep over a B-.

I try to stay in touch with fellow students by stopping in on the Steering Committee and working a few hours a week in the SLUG. The *Chronicle* has stolen more than a few hours of my time, as has my extensive volunteer work with pregnant and parenting teenagers in the community.

Not only that, but there are the obligatory study groups, all-nighters, professors' office hours, and various social functions to attend that are all part of the college experience. I'm not a blue blood and don't see myself winning the lottery anytime soon, so I also must earn a couple bucks here and there to support bad habits such as eating and paying bills. Since the International Degree requires a study abroad experience, I spent last spring term in Santander, Spain, and am still trying to recover the lost time. As if this isn't enough to keep any student's head spinning, I have a secret identity: MOM.

I don't wear a cape or underwear over tights, but in my own small way, I can't help but feel like a superhero sometimes. When I get home from a day of classes I am immediately sucked into a whirlwind of laundry waiting to be folded, dishes in the sink, diapers to be changed and dinner to be made.

Weekends are filled with cleaning house, play-dates, and numerous excursions (each of which require at least an hour of preparation, even to the grocery store). I now count eating at McDonalds as "going out to dinner," and I can't remember the last movie I saw in a theater (unless you count the \$1.00 matinee of *Rugrats in Paris*). My four-year-old daughter and five-week-old son give me immeasurable joy and headaches.

I don't expect many of my fellow students to understand exactly what motherhood entails, but I appreciate how kind they are when my dance partner calmly hands me a pair of little mermaid underwear that have static clung to the back of my sweater. Thank you for smiling patiently as I dig through handfuls of crayons when you ask to borrow a pencil. Pardon the disheveled appearance and spit-up stain on my shoulder.

Yes, I know that I am nuts, but I do it because I love it. The rewards of working hard (sometimes too hard) are beyond measure. I would encourage everyone to find an activity they are passionate about, and somehow incorporate it in their life. But remember, when you already have a full schedule and your head is swimming, don't you dare get any more involved than you already are.



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same state that helped to establish a violent dictatorship in Chile? The same government that helped to make Osama bin Laden a war hero? In the 1980s, the United States was largely responsible for helping Afghanistan become a leading producer of opium, under the approval of the CIA. The drug trade, of which the Taliban government is a direct result, became a way to finance the ongoing war with the Soviet Union. Throughout the 1980s the United States offered political, financial, and military support, both direct and indirect, to mujahideen guerrillas and other groups for their aid in fighting the Soviet invasion, all while turning a blind-eye to the drug trade.

Right now, far too few people know far too few of the underlying details. The causes and effects of the United States' involvement, as well as the motivations of those who would attack us, are elaborate and numerous. The attacks on the United States were wrong, but do they make present U.S. action in Afghanistan right? Not entirely. The details I have listed here are wholly too brief. I urge you to further educate yourself on this topic as much as possible. Whether we want to be or not, the United States is intricately involved in the future of Afghanistan and the rest of South Asia. While we cannot change the past, we must do our best to do right in the future. Outright war accomplishes little, and slowly at that. As put by Benjamin Franklin, "There was never a good war or a bad peace."

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me!" I demanded. Looking at me skeptically, he reminded me that I should first find an area of concern. That left me stumped, since I am not the best at making decisions. Instead, I pleaded with him to help me find an angle for my article. He smoothly wormed his way out of that question by retorting, "What do you want your angle to be?" He is good, I thought. He should consider politics! I quickly recovered, recalling some of the information I had learned earlier. "Aren't you supposed to have programs for me?" I said through narrowed eyes, "And aren't you supposed to write a paper?" He looked at me evenly then said, "What! I'm supposed to write a paper?" He dug some papers out of a desk drawer then said, "Programs! I'm supposed to come up with programs?" Feeling victorious after winning the standoff, I sat down on the rug and said, "Alright. Let's have a program."

What followed was a deep conversation in which we discussed the best flavor of Skittles (he thought purple was best, I thought green was), and then we debated about the best way to eat a plate of food. He said that he ate things in order of preference; I said that I rotated through everything but saved a little bit of my favorite thing for

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would perhaps have some negative environmental impact, but would allow us to decrease funding for the military and for international aid. A perhaps more difficult consequence would be the emotional realization that as Americans we would be collectively "allowing" atrocities to occur that might otherwise be remedied.

Another way we could handle things is to continue our involvement in the international arena. We would be entangling ourselves in the affairs of other countries, siding with those nations we feel are more just or deserving. This is a rather partisan way of handling international relations, and we open ourselves to attack from those nations we side against. Thus, to protect the American people, we would have to increase federal spending on the military to enforce our actions. Also, domestic law enforcement budgets should be increased to protect us from attack from within our country. This would include much of the changes to our civil liberties that are in the U.S. Patriot Act. These sacrifices would be needed because, by choosing to take sides, we make ourselves targets.

Finally, we could do what we have done for the last 50 years and ignore our risk, and the sacrifice we make there is human lives lost from the inevitable attacks. We have had our warning, and America stands now at a decision on how to enter the 21st century international community. That decision will be made by our elected officials, and thus, by each and every one of us.

last. He agreed that it was a good way to eat. We then discussed even deeper subjects: our favorite colors and the magnets on his fridge. His peer-mentoring list suggested that we discuss classes and extracurricular activities so we spent a little while on those subjects. About 2:30 a.m., I left his room after suddenly remembering my 9:30 class and my poor roommate who was probably wondering where I was. Although I was tired, I left satisfied with the knowledge that I had managed to weasel a full hour of mentoring out of him, in the wee hours of the morning no less.

While it has not been needed, the program is an assuring option to have. As Jane Siebler stated, "Continuing UHC students created a Peer Mentoring program designed to be completely voluntary on both sides-current UHC students volunteered to be available as needed to help new UHC students get settled at OSU. New UHC students adjusted very quickly to life in the UHC at OSU, and they didn't need much help beyond the CONNECT week activities. Peer Mentors stand ready to help if and when new students need them." It is nice to know that there is a place I can go if I simply need to talk about the little things in life.

Chippery caters to collegiate, carries culinary cuisine

SEARCHING FOR A break from studying? Sick of the um, delicious, entrees that the dining centers so graciously bestow upon us? Nearly at the end of your meal card money? Venture off campus and savor the Chippery, a new restaurant with a college friendly environment and a tangy selection of homemade potato chips to awaken the palate!

What's that you say? Sick and tired of the sad, shriveled old factory made chips that are a staple of dorm food? Well, look no further than the Chippery for something new and different. "Straight from the cooker to your face," unique flavors make the chips interesting, but even the most traditional flavor has a zest uncommon in run-of-the-mill potato chips.

They also offer grilled sandwiches, deli sandwiches, soups, salads and smoothies. The thing that makes it all worthwhile, of course, is the chips. Among the most popular seasonings are ketchup (unusual!) and dill (very strong!), but they also offer a host of others like BBQ, cajun, cheez-e-onion, chili, jalapeno, salt and vinegar, sea salt, sour cream and onion, and white cheddar. A small bag of chips comes with the price of a sandwich, and they're always glad to let you sample before you make that all-important chip selection.

Come for the chips, stay for the atmosphere. Colorful murals and mirrors span the restaurant, and of course the requisite orange and black



Photo by Abby Phillips

The Chippery's menu contains a wide variety of munchables: homemade chips, sandwiches, drinks. You can walk in or the Chippery delivers.

Fun potato chip facts...

- * The potato chip was invented in 1853 by chef George Crum, inspired by a guest who thought his French fries were cut too thickly.
- * The world's largest potato chip was produced by the Pringle's Company in Jackson, Tennessee in 1990. It measured 23" x 14.5".
- * In 1952, someone threw several bags of potato chips over Niagara Falls. The bags were recovered intact and swiftly eaten by spectators.
- * Up until the late 18th century, the French believed that potatoes caused leprosy, and through colonial times, it was believed that potatoes were an aphrodisiac.
- * The thickness of an ordinary potato chip is 55/1000 of an inch. Ridged chips are four times thicker at 210/1000 of an inch.
- * The average person eats the equivalent of 96 one-ounce bags of potato chips each year. That's six pounds a year. In 1990, Americans ate 1.5 billion pounds of potato chips.

www.potatoes.com, www.junkfoodhero.com,
 www.foodreference.com, www.ideafinder.com,
 www.rvpotatoes.org

dot the decor. Personalities like Chipmonk ("One who is blessed with a spiritual love of chips") and Censorchip ("These chips are so #!*?#!!! great!") keep customers company as they adorn cups and walls. All in all, the environment is a nice stress break from thinking about finals!

The Chippery just opened last June. Oregon State alums Lon and Nancy Baley and Mark and Dawn Trotman form Baley-Trotman Farms, which produces most of the potatoes they use to make the chips. These made to order Oregon grown potatoes are cooked in 100 per cent canola oil and turned into the delicious chips that are the Chippery's main attraction.

For those who want to experience the thrill of "chips, dips and sips," the Chippery is located downtown at 130 SW 1st St., just past the construction. They are open from 9 to 6 everyday, and the phone number is 752-4477. Sandwiches range in price from \$2.50 to \$5.00. Soups and salads cost anywhere from \$1.50 to \$5.00. A small bag of chips is \$2.79, and a large bag goes for \$3.99 if you think you'll want to munch later. You'll be glad you took the time to discover the Chippery, but if you're still up to your eyeballs in school-work, never fear...they deliver!



Bandits, despite media hype, steals only time, money

THE PREVIEWS FOR THE MOVIE *BANDITS* WERE BETTER than the actual movie. In spite of its talented cast and a promising story, *Bandits* only turned out mediocre. I personally had high hopes for this movie. Bruce Willis and Billy Bob Thornton as a pair of unconventional bank robbers has enormous comedic potential. However, I was disappointed to find the laughs far and few between.

Both the beginning and the end of the movie were well done and entertaining. The problem lies in the long, drawn-out body of the film. The movie loses its focus and direction when Terry (Thornton's character) is struck by Kate's (Blanchett) car. Kate is a wife who is dissatisfied with the predictability of her marriage. She is depressed and wants more spontaneity in her life. She finds her spontaneity in the odd pair of bandits and falls in love with both of them. As a result of Kate's appearance, most of the movie is devoted to developing the rules of this strange love triangle. The



whole body didn't seem to quite fit with the rest of the movie. It used up time that could have been much better spent on the bank robbing theme.

Because *Bandits* was filmed mostly in Oregon, the movie did contain some Oregon specific jokes. The jokes would most likely be noticed by audiences whom are familiar with Oregon and its culture. However,

having been a native Oregonian all of my life, born and raised in the Roseburg area, I still did not find the jokes very humorous, or even amusing.

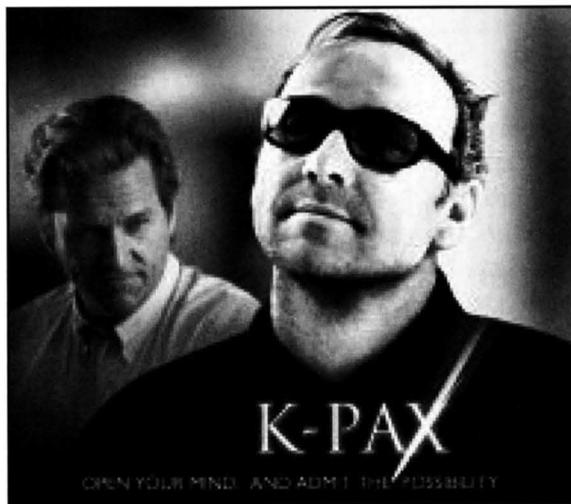
Watch this movie if you can't think of something better to do, you won't be any worse off having seen it. Just don't watch it on my recommendation. Sure, it looked like it had potential, but you know what poop (rough translation, this is

an Honors College publication you know) yet.

Feel good Sci.-fi., compelling drama, decent flick

K-PAX IS BY NO MEANS A REVOLUTIONARY MOVIE, but it is definitely worth watching. In the movie Kevin Spacey

plays Prot, a person who claims to be from another planet. When Prot is first discovered, he is thought to be mentally ill and is taken to an institution to be treated. The doctor who ends up working with Prot is Dr. Mark Powell, who is played by Jeff Bridges. Kevin Spacey, as always, is an excellent actor and delivers an exceptional performance. Bridges does a good job opposite of Spacey and the combination helps make the movie as good as it is.

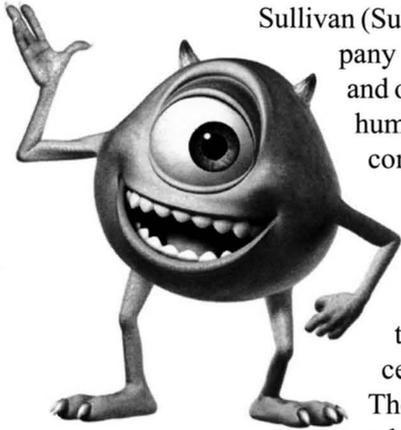


Most of the movie consists of the supporting characters, both doctors as well as other patients, trying to learn more about Prot. However, what happens in the end is that they all learn more about themselves. *K-Pax* elicits a sense of wonder as to what is beyond our existence, while at the same time provoking the viewer to examine his or her own humanity.

All in all, *K-Pax* is a touching movie. It has its funny parts, a decent storyline, good morals, and a great actor. Because the movie has no outstanding special affects or action scenes, it would be just as good to watch at home as in the theatre. You won't see *K-Pax* on my top twenty movies of all time list, but it is worth

watching, and I think you will find your three dollar rental cost (subject to variation) well spent.

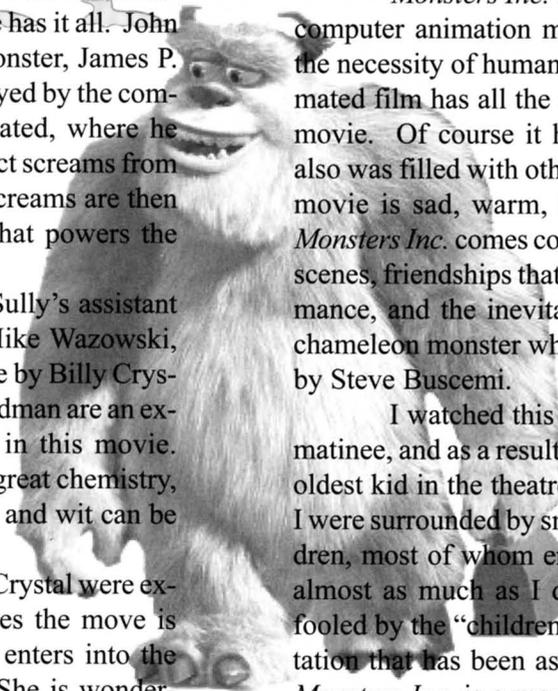
Monsters Inc., a movie for monsters, people of all ages



DISNEY AND PIXAR HAVE DONE IT AGAIN. *Monsters Inc.* is a masterpiece. This movie has it all. John Goodman is the voice for the lead monster, James P. Sullivan (Sully). Sully is employed by the company Monsters Incorporated, where he and other monsters collect screams from human children. The screams are then converted to energy that powers the monsters' city.

Working as Sully's assistant is the one-eyed Mike Wazowski, whose voice is done by Billy Crystal. Crystal and Goodman are an excellent combination in this movie. Their characters have great chemistry, and their mix of humor and wit can be appreciated by audiences of all ages.

Although both Goodman and Crystal were excellent, the character that really makes the move is the little girl, Boo, who accidentally enters into the monster world and befriends Sully. She is wonderfully funny, cute, and perfect for the part.



Monsters Inc. is more proof that computer animation may yet phase out the necessity of human actors. This animated film has all the aspects of a great movie. Of course it had humor, but it also was filled with other emotions. The movie is sad, warm, and suspenseful. *Monsters Inc.* comes complete with chase scenes, friendships that endure strain, romance, and the inevitable antagonist, a chameleon monster whose voice is done by Steve Buscemi.

I watched this movie during the matinee, and as a result was probably the oldest kid in the theatre; my friends and I were surrounded by small squirmy children, most of whom enjoyed the movie almost as much as I did. But don't be fooled by the "children's movie" connotation that has been ascribed to Disney. *Monsters Inc.* is a movie that should be enjoyed and appreciated by all.

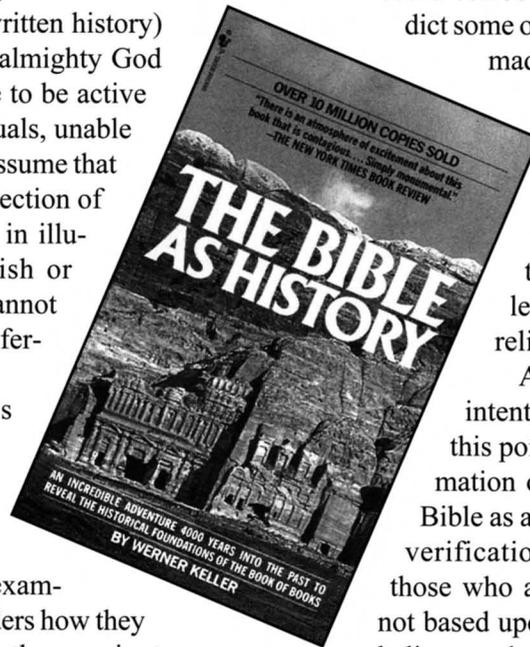
Book Review

Book about Bible seeks to convert by presenting facts

Staff Writer — *jenny drukenmiller*

THE BIBLE, OR BOOK OF FAITH, PRESENTS STORIES (some of which precede written history) about a single, universal, and almighty God who was, is, and will continue to be active in human lives. Some individuals, unable to accept these stories as true, assume that the Bible is more akin to a collection of myths, which although useful in illuminating the culture of Jewish or Christian faith and ancestry, cannot be relied upon as a historical reference.

In Werner Keller's book, *The Bible as History*, he effectively challenges this notion by taking a historical-critical approach to these ancient texts. Keller carefully examines Biblical records and considers how they compare and contrast with other ancient records and artifacts that have been discovered throughout the years. Without utilizing



religious presuppositions, Keller presents an abundance of archeological evidence, which could corroborate or, in some cases, contradict some of the assumptions that have been made about the Bible.

This objective exercise reveals how reliable the history presented in the Bible actually is, and thereby raises the question: Will demonstration of the Bible's historical accuracy lead one to put one's faith in it, religiously?

As a historian, it is not Keller's intent or interest to philosophize on this point. Instead, he provides a summation of accounts that establishes the Bible as a valid historical reference. This verification could potentially persuade those who are unable to accept arguments not based upon their own presuppositions to believe — based upon the preponderance of evidence for scriptural accuracy — that which is beyond physical proof.



Words flow from my pen,
 But my thoughts are somewhere else,
 And slowly the paper becomes
 Filled with meaningless verbatim.
 My vision blurs.
 Letters meld together.
 My pen strays from the conforming blue
 ruled lines,
 Soon finding itself drawing
 Crooked daisies in the margins.
 Tired, my wandering eyes shift to the
 postcard nearby.
 Tropical trees bending in the summer winds
 Greet my envious gaze.
 "Wish you were here," is scrawled across
 the back
 In familiar handwriting
 That makes me lonely.
 I glance at my friend's photo,
 Carefully glued to the open page of my scrapbook.
 "Wish you were here," echoes in my mind.
 So do I, so do I.

Friendship — Amy Christeson

Magnificent, he sits upon his throne,
 His closed world beautiful with golden pride.
 The cold castle walls before him are thick,
 He sees not the pain outside.
 Those beyond the walls are sick.
 To him, Truth is what is told
 Crowned and satisfied he smiles
 Not seeing the others growing bold.
 Hushed, cautious words eat the miles,
 They're planning, hesitantly massing.
 Inside his riches are locked up and kept
 He nods his head of gold when passing.
 For pain, for hunger, for death they've wept.

Alone, he sits upon his throne.
 The walls are dark with stains of fire,
 Through jagged holes the light of truth is shown.
 To himself alone, he was the liar.

Untitled — Tom Headley

.....

a r t &
p o e t r y

.....

j o r d a n
—strawn

My

Chinese techno blares
 Undeniably
 Louder than all
 Get out
 Of my life
 She said with a sad
 Smile at me
 One more time
 Before I go
 For good
 Reason
 Or lack thereof
 Is all I can say

t o m
—headley

Her Summer Eyes

So many faces,
 Like wildflowers on the summer sidewalk.
 I catch a glance from just one;
 My smile answered with hers,
 Warm like sleepy memories.
 Those eyes! What deep eyes!
 They are the well in which
 I see myself, my desire.
 We pass each other,
 Her sweet scent swirling;

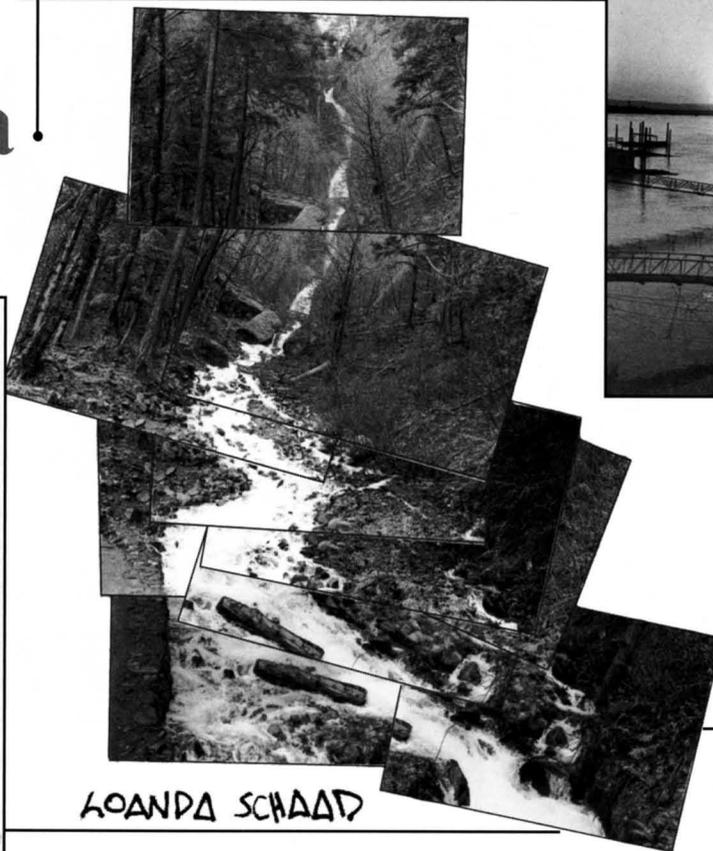
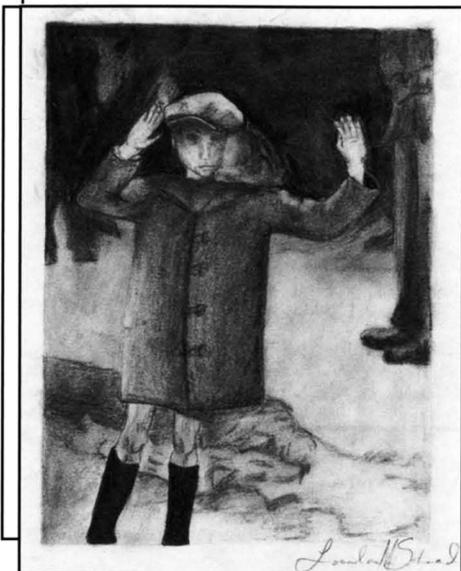
But I kept walking.

Winter's come and I am alone.
 I only have that glimpse of myself
 In her eyes.
 In a cafe' with snow outside
 I watch the faces pass by.
 So many faces.
 Across the room is one
 With eyes so deep; they smile at me.
 Could it be at last?
 My lost love from summers past.

Oblivion *nicholas
—stevens*

Light hits a winding road
Illumination of a whirl
Snow adrift on the ice
A spin then a curl
Wind controls movement
Back and forth they go
Each one different
Yet part of the show
Dust across the black
They seem so far away
White dots all aflame
Burning molecules say
Age time to depend
What more could they hold
We may see some day
That is what we're told
Infinitesimal in size
Discover what abound
Hear what they can
Onomatopoeia sound
Aliens do exist
Why else would it be
To try is our goal
We see what we see
I want to run to oblivion
I want to see it within
The spaces here end
Oblivion

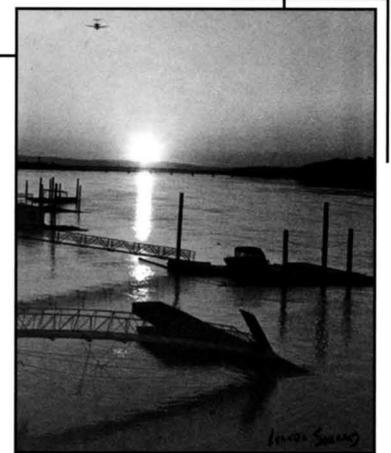
*loanda
—schaad*



Trust *a my
—christeson*

I don't trust the wind -
The way it takes my secrets
And with a sudden surge of air,
Carries them away;
Takes my words,
Spins them in an unpredictable current,
And blows them
Across the grasslands,
Through the mountains;
Spreads my thoughts
To other lands.

But you, my friend,
The ocean,
I trust you.
With your dependable tides,
Always ebbing and flowing,
I throw my words out
And like the shiny little seashells,
Are churned around for a while,
As you kindly brood over my thoughts;
Let them sink to the floor,
Where they are stored,
Safe from suspicious ears.



GET INTO IT.

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