



FALL EDITION

What's Inside ...

opinion



ANOTHER ROUND?

UHC students share their thoughts on drinking. See page 3.

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STRESSED OUT?

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State to implement new funding plan

by Kelli Cummings
Staff Reporter

MANY HAVE BEEN frustrated with the university's financial difficulties, especially over the past year.

Dr. Joe Hendricks, Dean of the UHC, comments, "Well, we can drive looking in the rearview mirror, but I don't guarantee we'll get very far."

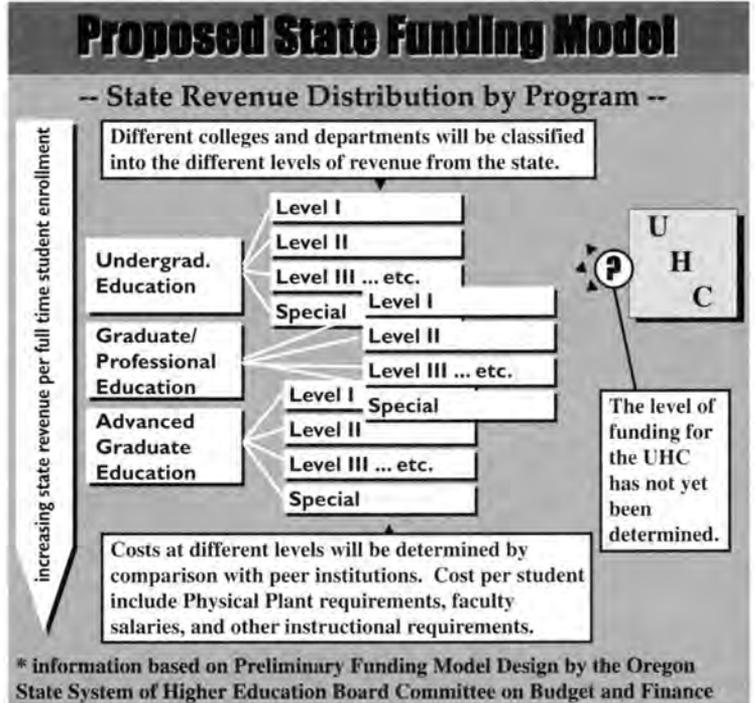
Hendricks is referring to the new state education funding system to be implemented next year. Up through this year, the Oregon University System (OUS) handled university dollars in the following way: All tuition dollars paid into the state schools are returned to a general fund and then redistributed to the universities according to size, need and other predetermined factors. Then these funds, along with state mandated additional moneys, are sent back to the universities to use at their discretion.

This fundamental change will affect all areas of university function, beginning with the allocation of funds. Dr. Roy Arnold, Provost and Executive Vice President of the university, sheds interesting light on the new budget process. He noted that the main distinguishing factor between

the new budget plan and the old is that now universities will maintain control of their tuition dollars entirely. Universities will continue to receive addi-

"We can drive looking in the rearview mirror, but I don't guarantee we'll get very far."

—Dr. Joe Hendricks, Dean of the UHC



Graphic by Dow Yeh

tional funds from the government, but not as substantial a sum as before.

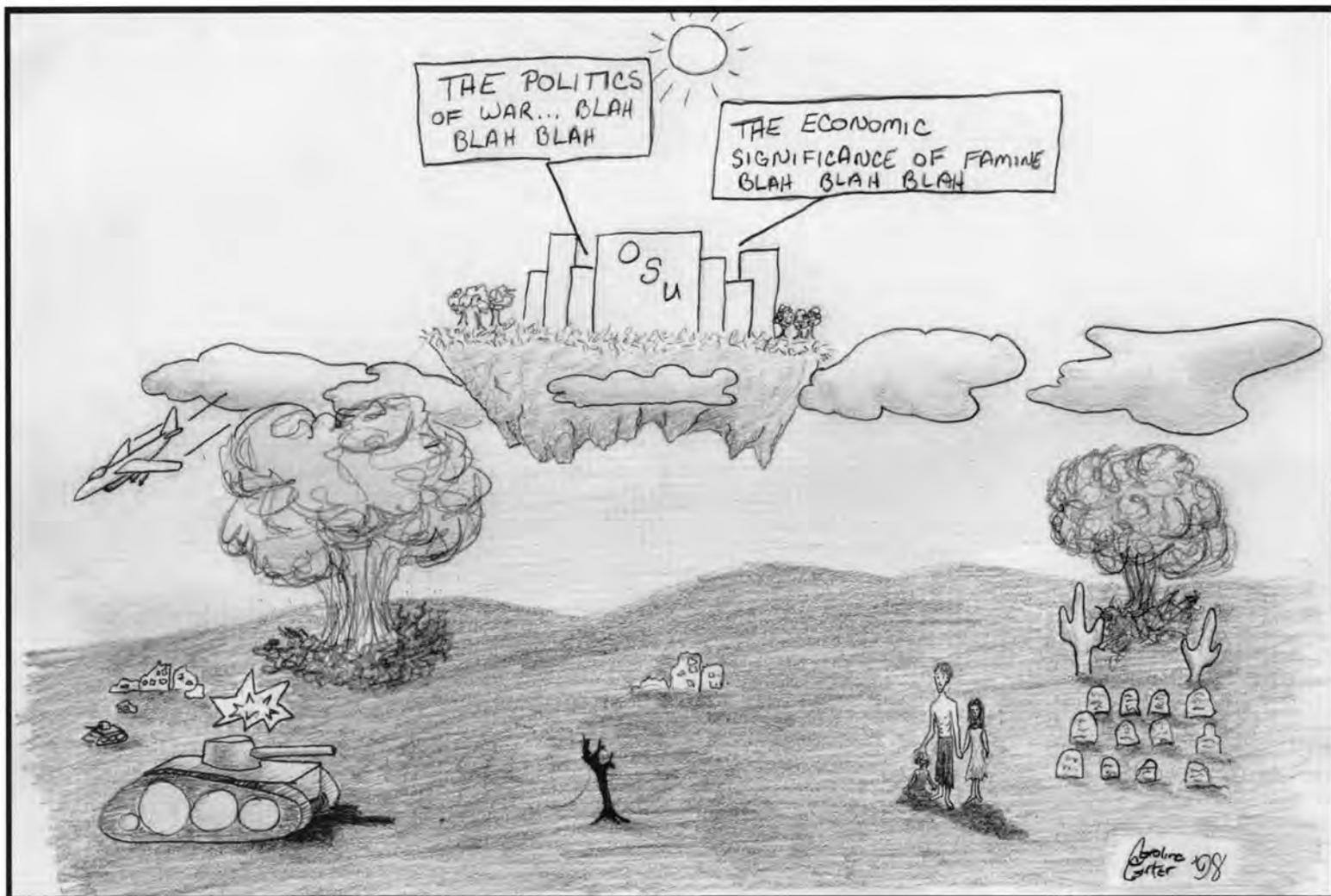
Prior to this plan, funds were awarded in a more general way according to criteria such as enrollment. However under the new concept, funds will be allocated on the basis of "peer comparisons," which will hopefully allow for a more just allocation of funds to each university.

These comparisons, on a general level, operate by comparing relatively equal universities (peers) on the basis of enrollment and program description. Funds are then again divided according to program levels, such as the difference between lower

division classes, upper division, and graduate work. In order to determine precise funding, the new model has devised a matrix. In the matrix the number of full-time equivalent (FTE) students will be multiplied by the cost per student figure for that program area and the student level in the each program. This ultimately determines how much funding the university will receive from the state. Each school determines how they will allocate these funds once received.

In addition to the state funds, universities now will be able to keep their own tuition dollars. Each institution will ultimately have more control over their respective funds, and therefore will be more likely to work harder on maintaining

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UHC worthy of more funding

THE UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE HAS a lot at stake when it comes to the new funding model that is being implemented next year. To a large degree, the funding for the UHC is unknown but may be based on the level at which the UHC is compared to peer institutions.

With the enrollment of the UHC increasing by almost 100 every year since its beginning (over 200 this past year), there have been a lot of sacrifices made to accommodate the rapid influx of students. The UHC staff has had to increase the number of course sections, reappropriate funds and adjust programs to accommodate these new students.

The other option the UHC had was to place a quota on the number of students allowed into the college for any given year, and they are to be commended for maintaining the integrity of their academic standards.

Of course, the UHC must now deal

with their decision to accept all students who meet their standards. It is doubtful that the college will be able to maintain the quality of classes that they have been traditionally provided without added support by the university.

We believe that the UHC is deserving of more funding from OSU. Many students within the college can testify to the quality and uniqueness of the experience the college provides. Significantly lower class sizes, top quality instructors, individual attention, and specialized educational projects and programs are among the many perks of being in the UHC.

The college also provides a great service to the university. The program attracts top notch students to the university and raises the overall academic standard.

It is our job to let the university know that the UHC is an excellent program and worth supporting. (dy)

the Chronicle

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The Chronicle welcomes letters to the editor. Signed letters or comments can be placed in Winston Cornwall's box at the UHC office, or e-mailed to Dow Yeh: yehd@ucs.orst.edu

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What do UHC students think about alcohol? by Alexander Johnson Opinion Editor

MOST COLLEGE STUDENTS DRINK lots of beer. Are UHC students any different? What do UHC students think about alcohol? We asked people to reply to this question through e-mail:

Q: What are some of your thoughts on alcohol? Why do you feel this way? What have been some of your prior experiences? Your opinion will be anonymous.

FRESHMEN

"Laughter is the ultimate high. Who needs anything else? Alcohol is refuge for the mindless who can't think of anything else better to do or can't think of anything funny to say." - Freshman

"... America is the only country that won't trust its teenagers with alcohol. Thus, it just makes them want it even more. And when they do get it, they drink a lot. But in most European countries the teenagers are introduced to alcohol at an early age, and so they never have a problem with it ... It's going to happen anyway. Fighting it only makes it worse." - Freshman

"I'm always a little worried about those people who think it's like a sin to drink. It isn't. It's just something fun to do with your friends ... I just try to make sure that I don't ever turn it into a habit." - Freshman

"If you like yourself why would you want to change your state of mind and act like someone you're not? ... I went to a sorority party where there was a lot of drinking recently ... observing girls puking in the bathroom wasn't a pleasant sight! Why is that cool? I like who I am and I can have fun without drinking alcohol." - Freshman

"It's an acquired taste that I choose not to acquire." - Freshman

"... The idea for 'The Simpsons' was thought up by a couple of drunken guys. This is a serious contribution to human civilization here that was made possible with beer. Let's think about what we're giving up when we DON'T drink!" - Freshman

SOPHOMORES

"I don't know what the big deal is ... Some people take it to the extreme, and that's wrong. Other people, including myself, know their limits and don't drink excessively. I just do it now and then since it loosens me up and since it makes the night come alive." - Sophomore

"It's not the drinking that you should question - it's who you drink with." - Sophomore

"There is an intrinsic need within all of us that drives us to relinquish our self-control with alcohol and to seek the security of a group since either we're in emotional pain or since we're not sure what the next day will bring. Still, there are other ways of going about it that aren't as potentially dangerous Personally, I don't have to drink to be stupid. I can do that just fine on my own without even trying, thank you." - Sophomore

"Students feel removed from the world. I mean, they don't even vote ... They sacrifice their freedom to those plastic chains people call credit cards as though they had no stake in their own lives what so ever ... They drink to escape from it all ... the world creates both a problem and a solution. How convenient." - Sophomore

"You will be assimilated. Resistance is futile. Your personal ethical standards and morals will be eradicated. This is college. Start drinking." - Sophomore

FUN FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL!

- Every year, college students spend \$5.5 billion dollars on alcohol, mostly beer. This is more than they spend on books, soda pop, coffee, juice, and milk combined, averaging \$466 per student per year.

- College students drink an estimated 4 billion cans of beer annually.

- The total amount of alcohol consumed by college students each year is 430 million gallons, enough for every college and university in the United States to fill an Olympic-size swimming pool.

- As many as 360,000 of the nation's 12 million undergraduates will die from alcohol-related causes while in school. This is more than the number who will receive M.A. and Ph.D. degrees.

- Nearly half of all college students are binge drinkers.

- Beer manufacturers spend an estimated \$15-20 million annually to promote their products to college students.

- Almost 4% of all college students drink alcohol daily.

- Studies show that fraternity members drink more often and more heavily than other college students.

- On America's college campuses, alcohol is a factor in 40% of all academic problems, and 28% of all dropouts.

- A daily glass of wine can increase your weight by as much as 10 pounds a year.

- Fetal Alcohol Syndrome (FAS) is one of the leading causes of birth defects and developmental disabilities in the United States.

- 75% of male students and 55% of female students involved in acquaintance rape had been drinking or using drugs at the time.

- On the positive side, there is a small but significant downward trend in alcohol use on America's campuses. In 1985 the percentage of college students who had consumed alcohol in the previous 30 days was 80.3%. By 1990 that number had declined to 74.5%, and continues to decline each year.

What's this education for? by Alexander Johnson Opinion Editor

MANY OF OUR BUREAUCRATS BLINDLY applaud the maxim "all knowledge is power," as a justification towards our spending thousands of earned and borrowed dollars on higher education. I disagree with them. First, my education isn't solely limited to how much money I have to spend but rather by the amount of passion, or lack thereof, I have about learning the topic at hand. Second, knowledge obviously isn't a single homogenous unit that can be broken into pieces and interchanged at whim for power. Putting this aside however, this inculcated cliché fails to address that genuine transformational power only comes from understanding the process by which accurate and consistent information is originated, obtained, and organized. But even then, knowledge is still only potential energy. Only when knowledge is applied by the assertive and re-innovated by the bold to be a part of the real world is it of any value. Most knowledge that remains dormant is useless.

At least, this is my understanding of how the free world works. If I ever become a professor or a contestant on Jeopardy I guess I won't have to worry about it.

In our omnipresent "information age," (to which many need to adapt since they want ensure a better way of life for themselves), information is always

changing; thus, the only thing of any real importance to me is the development of my cognitive and sensory processing skills. No matter what intellectual or scientific field I eventually decide to enter, the information will come and go, but my skills will last a lifetime thus providing lifetime security.

Thus, my first prerogative in college is to learn how to read, write and think intelligently. Or, to be more specific, I'm here to learn how to read faster and yet still comprehend accurately, to learn how to write in a persuasive dialect yet in a concise manner that is easily understood, and to think objectively yet "out of the box." The development of my abilities to analyze analytically and inductively, to conceptualize, and then innovate and create new solutions to solve apparent complex problems, based on that analysis, is also imperative to my success in life.

It doesn't take a genius to understand the value in creating this type of intellectual capital. It's a quintessential example of a "win-win" situation. With these skills I'm empowered to adapt to any situation, which is good since situations are always changing. Furthermore, they allow me to be more productive and effective which benefits everyone. It's clearly within everyone's rational self-interest to empower individuals in such a manner. We could even cut our time here in college in half and save money in the process. Yet, it's hard finding those who want to help, much less know how to teach.

All I've been taught prior to being admitted to the UHC is how to systematically memorize vocabulary terms, how to listen to lectures, the art of regurgitation, and how to let technology think on my behalf. Some teachers really buy into the lie that, "all knowledge is power," and thus relevant. The unspoken objective here isn't to inspire or prepare you for making decisions about the fate of the world; rather, it's to prepare you for the next class in the series.

Sometimes I even wonder if there's a hidden agenda. You've probably heard the statement, "you don't need to know what you're doing - you just need to know how to do it." This pragmatic philosophy was just as popular with the monarchs who wanted to keep their power over their slaves as it is currently in some of our math and science classes. They realized that if their slaves were monotonous and mentally passive enough that their ambition and enthusiasm would eventually die out, thus allowing an even firmer grasp on their control over the masses.

Has anything changed since the monarchs?

We still have less than 1% of the US population owning over 60% of this nation's wealth. A lot of that wealth influences the curriculum here at OSU. Thus, superficially, not that much has changed. The paradigm that suggests all wealth is

derived in a zero-sum game is apparently how the elite still perceive the world. It's a subjective viewpoint that concludes anything of value freely taught will eventually lose its value.

At least, this is what my professors and I talk about after class. (Sometimes I can even get them to explain other things like how they're instructed to give only so many A's in their class but that's for another article.) So as I contemplate their rationalizations for intellectual oppression I can't help but wallow in misery over this insane and unusual form of epistemological torture now known as a liberal arts education.

I weep because in my heart I know that the demise of democracy in America, or what's left of it anyway, is not likely to be due to bloodshed or economic turmoil. If ever it were to wane by epic proportions, it would be due to apathy and undernourishment; this would thus lead to underachievement and a new trend of mediocrity in the populace that would lead us defenseless to tyranny, propaganda, or worse yet, big business.

I'm just one of the many students in the UHC that sees education more as a revolution to reclaim democracy and autonomy for citizens rather than just another barrier to overcome so that I can get a job. To indeed prove that most people are created with equal potential, and that, "it's not a matter of I.Q., it's really just a matter of saying 'I will.'"

"The real war isn't out there, it's within us." Forge ahead. **C**

Alcohol: continued from page 3

JUNIORS

"It just kind of rubbed off on me. At first I was really opposed to it, but after about a year I didn't even think about it and just did it since it's just what everyone else does." - Junior

"I think all things should simply be done in moderation. Drinking isn't right or wrong ... it just depends on what the person is comfortable with." - Junior

"I know a girl who was raped in a frat house at a university up in Washington ... the guys there got her drunk ... personally I just try to stay away from drinking although I'll do it now and then ... In the long run nothing good ever comes of it." - Junior

"There's only one time in life to have fun and that's now. Get drunk while you can. The rest of life is filled with monotonous routines, bills, taxes, and raising a family which means you'll have to be responsible ... Just make sure no one gets hurt, including yourself." - Junior

"A really good friend of mine was killed by a drunk driver, so I don't drink and drive. As for just drinking though, I'll sometimes drink a little just so that I don't seem uptight, but it's usually not something I enjoy overdoing." - Junior

SENIORS

"American beer sucks. I only drink imported." - Senior

"If you ask me, those beer bellies are pretty sexy. Ladies love 'em ... They also keep you warm at night." - Senior

"I think it's sad that all this time and money is spent to tell teens not to over-drink while nothing is done to change the circumstances that lead them to do so." - Senior **C**

StressEd?

UHC students find ways to cope with busy lives

by John T. Wilson

Student Life Editor

SHADOWED BY A WAVERING TOWER OF math, physics, and engineering books, UHC student and future computer engineer, Nick Martin stares intensely into the grid lined paper, his pencil unearthing a solution. But this evening, the walls around him resonate with the sound of laughter and thumping of a duct tape ball, as two UHC students engage in a World Cup shootout, only a couple layers of sheet rock away. It is this somewhat distinct duality that makes UHC students not only unique, but more importantly, sane.

With some of the most rigorous and time consuming schedules in the university, it is given that UHC students spend far more than ample time rummaging through the wrecking yard of text books in preparation for an exam or term paper. However, how UHC students get away from that trembling tower of academia before it falls upon them, varies from student to student.

Ask almost any UHC student what they want for Christmas, and most would tell you, "Sleep." Thus it comes as no surprise that one of the most popular and readily used methods of combating stress involves nothing more than a comfortable couch. "I really dig sleeping; everything is clearer when I wake up," said UHC sophomore Andrew Jackson.

On the other end of the stress fighting continuum, exists those who have sat too long and need to get up and move. Whether they are drenched in sweat after a hard work out at Dixon or covered with powdered with chalk after a tough climb at the Indoor Climbing Center, it is common to see UHC students converting their stress into energy. "I've found that it is really good to take advantage of the facilities at Dixon," commented UHC freshman Scott Baranick. Some students enjoy taking their craving for recreation to the outdoors, hitting the slopes on skis in the winter and bikes in the spring. "Biking is an awesome way to get away from it all," sophomore Ben Walczak states. "It's good for your body and for your mind." Other UHC students prefer a simple walk in Avery Park, a lighthearted game of Frisbee, or a trip to the coast with friends.

McNary Hall, the official dorm of the



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I really dig sleeping; everything is clearer when I wake up.

— Andrew Jackson, UHC sophomore

UHC, even tries to ensure that students remain balanced and at least somewhat sane. By sponsoring Friday evening dances in the main lounge and the famous mid-night breakfast during finals week, McNary Hall provides UHC students with yet another avenue of stress relief. "The midnight breakfast is a great tradition," sophomore Robin McDaniel noted. But perhaps the effective method of stress relief comes from a tiny, wooden field of dreams erected in the corner of the McNary main lounge: the foosball table. McNary students can be

found slamming the small white sphere in every direction as the red and blue soldiers do their best to move the ball towards the goal. "I love the foosball table," says foosball-addict Brian Leen.

However, sometimes the best way to relax is to do nothing. Often just watching a movie with friends, talking to your roommate late into the night, meeting the neighbors next door, or playing Bond with a group of friends is all one needs to take a break and add another dimension to a hectic life. It is these precious few moments in a busy week that make life a little sweeter, turn a frustrated frown into a jovial grin, and bridge the gap between books and life. As a matter of fact, I think I hear Nick down the hall — time for some foosball.

THE Innocents

the tale of the UHC's third trip to Ashland

by Kevin Stoller
for the Chronicle

Prologue: A brief introduction introducing the author and including a personal comment which is not particularly remarkable.

THEY CALL ME KEVIN. LET'S SHAKE hands. Thank you. What follows is about the UHC's third trip to Ashland. It is our arts spa; we go there to take in the plays. While I refer to our group as "the Innocents," I consciously allude to Mark Twain's first book, "The Innocent's Abroad" as well as the song at the end of Paul Auster and Wayne Wang's movie "Smoke" that contains the chorus, "You're innocent when you dream." Any coincidence of this innocence with reality is *pure*. "If we shadows have offended, think but this and all is mended": "The play's the thing...." And so on. I tell you everything of my own free will.

Part I: In which the Innocents embark on their great journey and make assorted discoveries concerning the challenges of early mornings, budget travel and the nature of existence.

We the pilgrims, of the great UHC culture trek (Chapter III), shuffled drearily about in the damp Oregon dawn. So it began. Lesson #1: On Saturday, the sun rises in the East. But that morning, only a dull gray filtered through the sea of clouds. Our yellow Mayflower drifted in at a prompt 6 a.m. I eyed it suspiciously and glanced meaningfully at my fellow six footers. Our eyes met. Somewhere, a baby bird looked skyward and its mother wasn't there. The universe sighed with our flashing prescience of five hours. School bus. Five hours. Lesson #2: New worlds never come cheap, and 'nothing ventured, nothing gained,' but also 'better safe than sorry.'

This is the way the world goes, etc. We all hoisted our sundry luggage and headed for the bus's berth. I carefully folded my legs between the seat and my bags. I poured myself a cup of coffee from my thermos and exchanged morbid pleasantries with my neighbors. The inevitable late-comers rushed aboard and slogged through the jealous whistles and shouts to find uncomfortable perches. We shoved off, slouching toward Ashland, promise land of the day.

As always, (Lesson #3? Enough! How can I trust life to yield honest revelations about itself? It is a slick dealer coolly dishing rations from its sleeve.) spirits lifted as we headed to the South, exotic land of romance and adventure. Here and there, conversations sparked up. School bus seats, though, have high backs. In front of me, I saw only the assorted rears of furry heads eyelessly peeking over each partition. I talked to Winston across the aisle. Many, no doubt held under guard by the early hour, plugged into headphones or attempted to drift off into the sleepy travel time warp. Eventually, a controversy broke out between we in the midsection of the bus and those in the rear extremities. Heat radiated from the bus's central corpus and blasted those of us there with ferocious intensity while the nether regions struggled to bundle themselves against the chill. After a while, I lobbed a few bits of bagel into the back of the bus. They were smartly returned, but I was quick. Then, I shrugged and slapped a soundtrack over the last hour of freeway. Herbie Hancock: "Head Hunters," a really great album if you like jazz and funk.

Land ho!

Part II: Picking up where the last left off and containing the Innocents' triumphant entrance as well as the famous adventure of the first meal.

Our motorized cartridge pulled into the Southern Oregon University parking lot right on schedule and we unfolded ourselves and tumbled out like clowns. Our hostess met us in the ordinary, clean dormitory dressed in the local garb. "Take these keys to your rooms," she said, "and may they humbly do you service." Two by

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Oh Ashland! Florence of the Far West! You fell on these lonesome eyes like a mermaid's hair. Rapunzel fantasies, sing to me again ...
”

two we established camp. Sufficiently confident of our position, we reassembled to mount our trusty Bucephalus and embark for the heart of the hamlet and our first objective, "Uncle Vanya." The promised sun did not slant a welcome glance our way, but the arduous voyage had hardened us against such disappointments.

Oh Ashland! Florence of the Far West! You fell on these lonesome eyes like a mermaid's hair. Rapunzel fantasies, sing to me again ...

Before showtime, we had a few moments in which to scour for sustenance. One thing is certain: Ashland is no cheap date. This was of particular concern because I was locked in contest with my temporary roommate Mark over who could spend the least money over the weekend. The group went its several ways, but a rugged coterie of four men ended up at "Champions," a bar where we found cheeseburgers for \$2.50. We settled in to throw back a beer, watch some hockey and observe in bemused traveler

continued on next page

wonder some local youths leer at the passersby. We congratulated ourselves on our lunch and, after a brief constitutional in Lithia Park, met up with our peers to see the play. It was quite good.

Part III: *An important segment of this narrative, really not to be missed, in which the remainder of the first day's afternoon and evening unfolds.*

I see that out story waxes over long. Patience, most beloved reader! The setting has waned and the action shall now commence, fast and furious!

We broke into small groups and wandered the cosmetic streets looking for an angry fix. I bought some books including one by Joseph Conrad, an author who surely ranks amongst my favorites. You are right. It is extraneous details like that which are wasting so much space.

Most of us met for dinner at a brewery and restaurant. It was somewhat expensive. The beer was very good indeed. I ate my fill and drank several glasses of the beer. We left with time to spare before our next play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Three of us went back to "Champions" where, sinner that I am, we had another beer and watched more hockey. I must admit that the three of us entered the entertainment well prepared. This does not change the fact that it was a wildly wonderful play. Our bus driver joined us; we had done the good deed of buying her one of our extra tickets. I hope you enjoyed it bus driver!

Everyone climbed aboard our midnight express in high spirits. We were young and it was dark and this was a school bus. The evening unfolded before us. But the moon,

curse you fickle night spirits!, yawned away in its silken sleeping gown. What happened when the powers that be closed their doors and slipped into a trusting slumber? Ah, gentle readers, we lived up to our UHC reputation and committed that most unfortunate of young crimes: proper and orderly behavior.

Even for those of us who wandered aimlessly about the night city, all borders remained intact. I suppose I don't necessarily speak for everyone. David Duchovney brayed like a goat on TV. We went to sleep.

“**What happened when the powers that be closed their doors and slipped into a trusting slumber? Ah, gentle readers, we live up to our UHC reputation and committed that most unfortunate of young crimes: proper and orderly behavior.**”



Photo courtesy of UHC

An actress explains the background of "Two Gentlemen of Verona" to a group of UHC students at the Ashland Shakespeare Festival.

Part IV: *The tale cuts itself off. The final objective is met and the Innocents retreat.*

That night, there were or there were not dreams. It is unclear. How would I know anyway? 'Man would be an ass to expound this dream.' In the morning, Mark Muktoyuk and I cleaned our bodies and ran up and down the hall crowing the new day. Cockadoodledo! At one point, I flapped my arms but roosters can't fly more than a few feet. Coffee. That's what was needed. We found a Beanery nearby and the oily substance slipped eagerly down into my stomach where its arrival was celebrated with a

general, groaning uproar.

We went downtown and almost left a few stragglers behind. It was a close call, but we made out all right. For lunch, I went with four others to an Indian restaurant. Our waiter was of the

minimalist school. He explained his philosophy to us in a few words while he demanded we each order the buffet. His message was not understood by all and one amongst us, Katie Hubler, ordered something from the

menu. Thankfully, he controlled his irritation and I live to write this. Blessed are the meek.

All that was left was our final play, "Vilna's Got a Golem." It was the most wonderful and craziest of the lot. After it was over, we gathered outside and waited for our golden chariot to descend. Some people bought a final coffee, others a lump of cold fudge, still others crowded around and eavesdropped as one of the play's cast spoke to another group. I put my hat on the sidewalk and danced like the devil earning three million dollars. This is only half true.

We had merely slumbered there. The school bus, now our Charon's raft, arrived to ferry us back to reality. We stopped to eat in a ghost town. Taco Time, Subway and a convenience store were open. I would like to thank Katie for buying me a Coke. On the trip home, I had taken a rear seat and was not bothered by the chill; of course, it was late in the day. I dozed off until it was dark. When I raised my eyes, I saw three faces looking back and listening to Meghna Chakrabarti. The faces were illuminated with the emergency exit's red light. Hellish destiny stretching forth its prickly arms to welcome us home? I was sleepy; I had a lot to do. I retracted into my bus cubicle and closed my eyes. Did mermaids there await me? Ahead, Corvallis squatted patiently on the old river plain. As they say, 'Tomorrow is another day.'

Fishing, Firewood & Friendship:

An adventure on the Honors College fishing trip

by Kyle Shaver & Scott McGregor

for the Chronicle

THERE ARE MANY LEGENDS ABOUT THE early days of the University Honors College. Those were the good old days. Winston's Wednesday Workouts, newspaper bashing, and S.M.A.P.S. brought everyone closer together. One of the greatest things that has ever been done in the Honors College was accomplished in the Spring of 1998—an organized fly fishing trip for an entire weekend. Since its humble beginnings, the UHC Fly Fishing trip has become a ritual event. A weekend in October was chosen as the sacred weekend this fall, and some unforgettable events took place.

Our story begins on a Thursday night, with two guys sitting around a small campfire reminiscing and talking about the coming three days of freedom, fresh air, and lots of fish. These two young men, whom we will call Scott and Kyle for the purposes of this story, decided to go to the Crooked River a day early to set up camp and prepare for the rest of the crew that was coming the next day. The biggest concern was having a fire bright and burning Friday night as people attempted to find the campground. Plans were discussed and revised during the course of the night, and by Friday afternoon, Kyle and Scott were ready for action.

The problem was a simple one: one pair of waders, an abundant supply of firewood on the other side of a cold river, two pieces of rope (different sizes of course), several hundred feet of kite string, two Kinko's boxes, one engineer, and one scientist. Obviously, the firewood gathering process would be much more efficient if both Kyle and Scott were able to go across the river. So they came up with a simple plan.

Kyle crossed the river carrying a box, one end of the kite string, his shoes, and one end of the two ropes, which had been tied together. The ropes together were just long enough to reach across the river at a point about 200 yards upstream from the campground. It was promptly tied to a tree on one bank and a large rock on the other. Kyle changed out of his waders and placed them in the box to send back across to Scott. With pride, Scott put on the waders and crossed the river. Together again, Scott and Kyle set out to find a dead tree to take back to the campsite.

While looking for the perfect specimen to take back across, Scott and Kyle devised a plan for getting a large amount of wood

across the river. They figured that a large bundle of wood could be successfully tied together, attached to the large rope, and guided across the river to a safe landing near the campsite. Since it would be in the water such a short time, they figured that the branches would dry quickly enough to burn. On their immediate left, they soon discovered a large rock formation. Seeing as they were rather macho men, they decided that they "could climb that", so they did. Several hundred feet later, they found an awesome dead tree, just below a rock overhang at the top of the hill. What luck! As the next 45 minutes sped by, Scott and Kyle passed the time throwing medium-sized rocks, large rocks, and REALLY BIG rocks at the dead tree in an attempt to dislodge several branches that annoyingly clung to the deceased plant. Finally, exhausted and running out of rocks (quite a feat when standing on the top of a mountain), the two fellows began to gather wood. Two hours after beginning their journey, the two of them stood on the bank of the river with an impressive pile of firewood, ready and waiting to be taken to the other side.

Scott headed across the river with the first box of kindling while Kyle tied the wood together in bundles with excess kite string. Unfortunately, there was an unexpected amount of rocks near the campsite shore. Scott, in all of his grace, didn't quite make the far shore. With flailing arms, flying kindling, and a loud yell, Scott stumbled and doused himself in the front of his shirt, his jeans, his socks, and his shoes. This is not a good thing when camping with limited resources. Kyle laughed, and Scott ran back to camp to change clothes. Figuring that what worked before would work again, Scott placed the second, and last, dry box on the string with the wader boots. Surely enough, when the box reached the dead center of the river, it caught on the knot and became very tangled with the kite string. So now there was a new dilemma. How do Scott and Kyle retrieve the only pair of wading boots that they have? There was one saving grace however. The box was stuck on the knot above the lone rock in the center of the river, so it didn't float downstream. With a great sense of personal sacrifice, Scott put on his second pair of formerly dry shoes and braved the river once more. He made it safely to the box, which had to be ripped away to get everything untangled. He then brought the boots across to Kyle and went back to the other side. During this time,

Kyle was praying that Scott made it safely across, because Scott had vowed to take Kyle's dry soccer shorts if he fell in and got wet again. This was serious business. This time, Scott got the waders to Kyle's side of the river. After a dance of joy and scaring away several people in a camper looking for a place to park, the two got back to work. Kyle tied the two ropes to the bundles of wood and prepared them for launch. Scott tied the rope around himself, firm in his belief that either the wood was coming ashore, or he was going with it. Kyle wrestled with the wood and after a while it finally plunged into the river. The current caught it, and off it went. Scott was able to control the wood and finally, the two brave young men were about to complete their adventure. When Kyle was halfway across the river, he made a terrible realization: in order to get the waders across the river, the string had been tied to the back of the waders and in the rush to complete the mission, this fact had gotten overlooked. So as the wood floated down the river, strong current pulling it along, Kyle started to feel a tug. Sure enough, the string was still attached to the waders and had become entwined in the bundle of wood. So the string became taut, the tension rose, and Kyle started to struggle to stay upright as he was being pulled backwards. The two young men were convinced that Kyle getting pulled down the river would fully complete their day. Deviating from the rest of the day however, the string broke and Kyle was free. So the mass of wood moved down the river and they landed it right on the shore by the campsite. Finally, after more than three hours, the job was done, and Kyle and Scott were **very** happy to have completed their job. Scott, in the end, had sacrificed 4 shirts, 3 pairs of socks, 2 pairs of jeans and a partridge in a pear tree to get the wood for the campers that were going to join them. Kyle had merely stood in the cold with soccer shorts and a T-shirt for an hour before things worked out. Everyone arrived that night to a warm fire, wet clothes steaming dry, and a very long, animated story.

Kyle and Scott would like to thank Jeff, the fishing master for his guidance to the wooded land across the river. They would also like to thank Bory, Tasha, Clint, Joshin, Meredith, Kristi, Brian, and Mike for a wonderful time and a great audience. Who knows what might happen next time? Tight line, everyone.

No money for gifts? Go thrift.

by **Beth Tilgner**
Entertainment Editor

THE END OF THE TERM IS ALMOST HERE and that means lots of good things: Thanksgiving, finals and Christmas. Well, two out of three isn't so bad (especially when there's a curve).

Now the very idea of a home cooked turkey dinner leaves most of us salivating, and no one is too old for Santa Claus, so let's investigate "going home."

School's almost done for the term but unfortunately that also means that your laundry is dirty, your wallet is empty and you can't wait to see what you are getting for Christmas. But wait! Aren't you forgetting something?

Where are you going to come up with money for gifts?

Worry no more. Here are some fun, creative and inexpensive ideas for presents that are sure to put smiles on friends and family as well as your pocketbook.

First, budget one to five dollars per person and make a list of everyone you want to get presents for. Then it's time to go shopping.

Go to some local thrift stores and dollar stores and pick up a few plain vases, flower pots, picture frames, bowls, mugs, teacups, and wine glasses. After that, go find some inexpensive candy, tea, boxed pasta meals, canned soup, fabric paint, seed packets, etc.

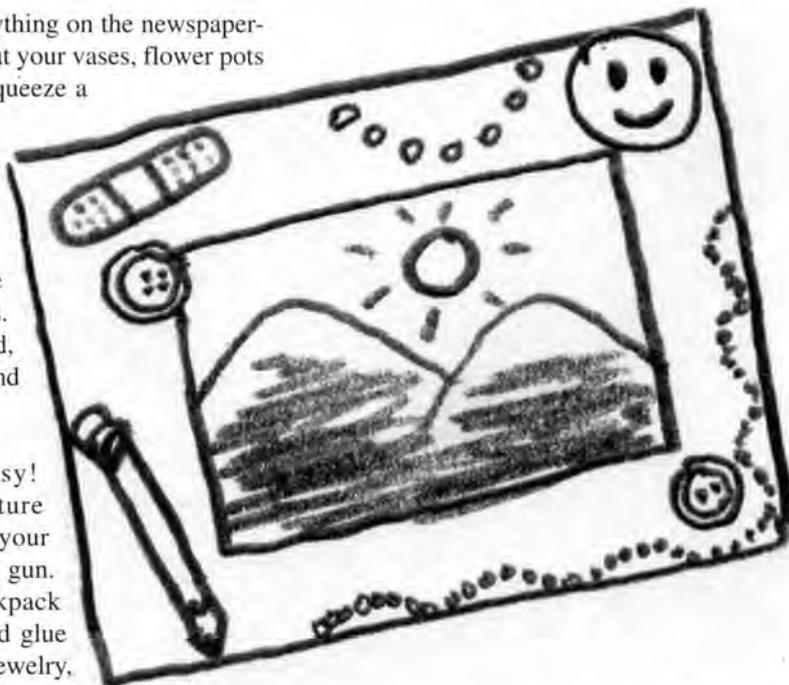
Once you are in your room (put a huge "Keep Out" sign on the door to instill some curi-

osity) assemble everything on the newspaper-covered floor. Get out your vases, flower pots and fabric paints. Squeeze a small amount of each color on a palette (or piece of cardboard) and then let your creativity flow as you paint the vases and flower pots. When they have dried, fill them with candy and seed packets.

That was easy! Next, grab the picture frames and borrow your roommate's hot glue gun. Clean out your backpack and desk drawers and glue stray tacks, buttons, jewelry, pencils, fabrics, etc. onto the frame. Put a fun picture or postcard in the frame and wrap it up!

Since you're on a roll, keep going. Find the bowls, mugs, teacups and wine-glasses while you think of your poor friends who live off fast food. Fill each dish or cup with cans of soda, soup, boxed pasta and rice (make sure it's microwavable), tea, coffee and candy. Wrap each with colored plastic wrap and ribbon.

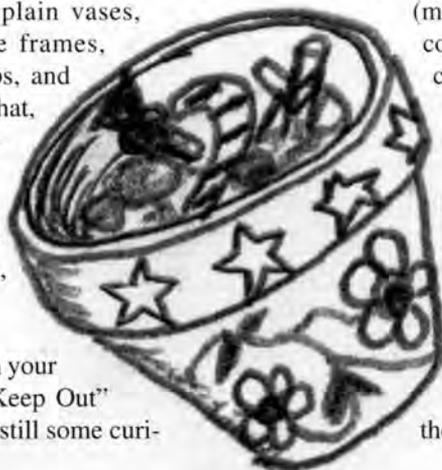
For little brothers, sisters, nieces, nephews or your own kids, find some books and puzzles at a thrift store or dollar store. Remember, to most young children it's quantity, NOT quality that counts. Place them in different size boxes (one item per box); add trinkets and candy to the top of the gift as a final touch.



If you are good in the kitchen, try to whip up some cookies or pies. Everyone loves baked goodies.

Last but not least are fun calendars with special dates highlighted. Draw up your own calendar or print one off of the computer then decorate with pictures and highlight special dates like birthdays, anniversaries or family holidays.

As all the hustle and bustle of the holiday season surrounds you, make sure to take time and enjoy your time off. Remember to have fun and spend lots of time with friends and family.



poetry corner

Just a Thought

by Mera Socha

I think about you too much, you're always on my mind,
When homework gets tough, you are the one I find.
You take away all my stress, all my pains just go away,
I want you to be with me, all night and all day.

I hope I'm all that you need, no where else you can go
I know that for me, I'll tell you all that I know.
You're the only one I can trust, now just give me your hand
When I look in your eyes, I know you understand.

My world has just turned completely upside down,
Everything that has happened wouldn't make me frown.
Together we would be so special, I would spend my life with you,
I would give up anything, if you spent your life with me too.

I only need one chance, to show what I can do
The only problem is barriers, which bar me from you.
They are too low to get under, and are much too high to get around,
But in time they'll wear down, and together we'll be found.

10 UHC student complaints about OSU

10. **Um, where's the real food?**
9. **Why isn't there more competition for textbook sales? Last time we checked that brings the prices down for already poor and exploited college students.**
8. **Why can't we have an A-plus? U of O has an A+ on their grading scale. Um, U of O.**
7. **Grading on a relative scale is stupid. We need to meet worldwide standards, not the mediocre ones that students set through their usual lack of effort. Duh!**
6. **Why are some teachers instructed to give only so many A's in a class?**
5. **Why isn't anybody teaching Latin? Where'd the classical education go?**
4. **We don't have enough acclaimed motivational guest-speakers coming to OSU. We need more. While you're at it, why don't we also offer speed-reading courses on the side as well as require students to learn how to manage their time and money? We need to prepare students for the real world.**
3. **UHC classes are the only ones where you actually are encouraged to think for yourself, share your ideas, and then think some more. Most of our other classes are overcrowded and you just sit there.**
2. **OSU doesn't have a right to sell our names to those credit card companies. There's too much junk mail and exploitation as it is.**
1. **The new "Benny Beaver" sports logo looks like he's on crack.**

compiled by Alex Johnson

Funding Plan:*continued from page 1*

enrollment levels and helping those programs that are benefiting the university as a whole. The university will now be forced to recognize more quickly the effects each type of program has on enrollment. Arnold noted that with the current model, a slight change in enrollment levels has few immediate effects, however with the new model, any change will have a tremendous as well as immediate impact on the funds available to the school.

These fundamental changes will also affect the allocation of funds within the university itself. This allocation can be readily observed with the example of a program such as the University Honors College. The UHC seeks to benefit greatly from the new budget model, especially in the area of program type.

When comparing the UHC to other peer universities, Hendricks entertained the possibility that it could fall under the category of a graduate level program. According to the model, those level programs would receive more funding from the state. This aspect must be interpreted carefully, however. According to Arnold, there will be a relationship between level of funding to differential program costs, but not a direct correlation. Even if the UHC does not end up falling into the category of a graduate level program, Hendricks is optimistic about its recognition as a specialized field of study which, in the end, could ultimately lead to more funding.

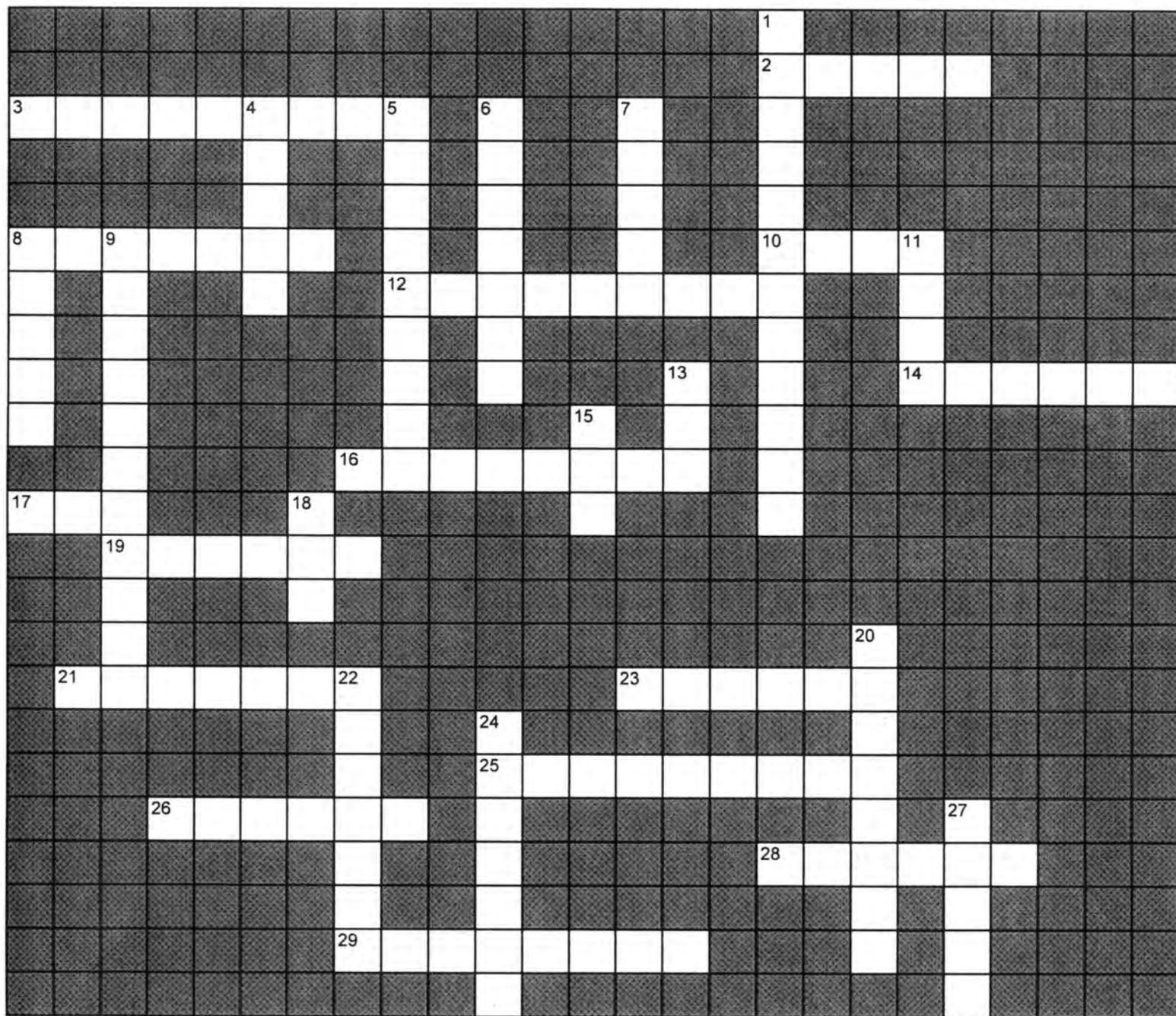
All of these aspects are of great importance to the UHC as the college has experienced 100 percent enrollment increase each year since its founding. This has taken a toll on its resources, however. Hendricks emphasized that "our success (as a college) should not be to our detriment."

Arnold indicated that the best aspect

of this new model is that it "allows universities to plan and respond to areas of demand." If, after comparison to peer universities, the UHC receives greater recognition, it still must maintain a satisfactory number of students in order to keep the balance of funds in its favor. No matter what the UHC is named in the new model, performance will be one of the greatest factors towards fund distribution.

On a practical note, as with any new model that makes fundamental changes, effects—especially positive ones—will not be seen overnight. Arnold pointed out that it would be impossible to please everyone with a program that will probably only be 70 to 80 percent funded at the beginning of its implementation next July. Eventually, students may be able to count on an increased awareness of where the money is distributed and the end goal of a more appropriate allocation of university funds to benefit all programs.

Crossword Puzzle



Instructions

The crossword contains the last names of all the instructors teaching classes Winter term. The clues range from the insultingly obvious to the painfully obscure. (You have the class lists anyways, we assume you can figure it out eventually.) The first person to submit the correct answers to the UHC office will receive a prize! Don't forget to sign up for classes for winter term!

Across

2. Bob Speaks
3. ENG 406H
8. "Oui, Oui" in "Yes, Yes"
10. One less than 500 socks
12. 2 Departments, 2 Instructors (jk)
14. First name: same as Einstein
16. F = (last initial) a
17. Same as 13 down
19. 2 Departments, 2 Instructors (br)
21. The "Freddy" of Science
23. First name: movie star Winslet
25. Cheesy Non-Prose
26. ∫ e^x d(jl)
28. Quick and Easy Disorder
29. First name: not Mona, but _____

Down

1. Biological Clocks
4. Anne of Green _____, sing.
5. E.S.S.R.: E.P.S.P.
6. First name: What X does to spot
7. Health of Mt. Everest
9. Flower 'N Sandwich
11. Rhymes with "Cake"
13. ∫ e^x d(wb)
15. Mary Jo, the Science Gal
18. Chex _____
20. Initials: Politically Correct (backwards)
22. Class for politicians
24. First name: Christmas Song
27. Pathogens Today



“THE STUDENTS OF OREGON STATE UNIVERSITY ARE OUR HOPE FOR A PROMISING FUTURE. THE OSU FEDERAL CREDIT UNION IS A PROUD SPONSOR OF THE CHRONICLE, A PUBLICATION THAT ALLOWS UHC STUDENTS TO EXPRESS THEIR VOICES WHICH HELP PAVE THE WAY TOWARDS THAT FUTURE.”



OSU Federal Credit Union