

University
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VII

VI

V

III

IV

The Chronicle

The Official Oregon State University
UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE
Student Magazine

Volume XI, Issue 2

Spring 2006

Free

The
LOST ISSUE



Contents

4

From the Editors

On the changing of the guard, the lost issue, and the things that make us tick

7

A Race Worth Running

Former ASOSU Vice-presidential candidate discusses her candidacy, ASOSU, and students' ability to make a difference

8

Making the Most of Summer

Your guide to research, study abroad, and internship opportunities

8

English as a Way of Life

School is about more than math, science, and engineering

9

The Engineers' Ball

A filled atrium at the Kelley Engineering Center goes to show that Engineers can dance

16

Study Abroad!

A shameless plug for border expansion through Oregon State's study-abroad programs

Cover: Sandstorms often strike without warning.



The Chronicle

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Features

Volume XI, Issue 1

Spring 2006

The Lost Issue

The true story of love and deceit that made us lose this issue

page 4

Catching

It is said that some birds of prey use tests to choose their mates...

page 10

Art versus Science

A whimsical take on the age-old debate

page 10

The Ravin'

Stephen Summers puts the 'Poe' back in 'Poet'

page 15

The Barren Exploit

A poem by Brittney Paulsen

page 15

The Pen as Mighty as the Microscope

Jenny Moser's honors thesis abstract

page 14

III

IV

VII VI V



It's Funny Where the Time Goes:

The true story of how we lost this issue.

Editor's Note: Do you ever have one of those terrible days where you wake up too early and can't find your shoes? The kind of day where you can't seem to get Queen's "Bicycle Races" out of your head?

Yeah?

You know what a scapegoat is, then.

We aren't going to point the blame anywhere but ourselves, though: not on the weather, not on our dog, and certainly not on the mysterious eggs we found in the ashes of a fire to make Guy Fawkes proud. Or on the yeti.

This is how it happened: We editors were on a field trip to the Oregon Coast to celebrate this issue's completion when nature called. What are you going to do? We stopped and let the layout editor out. We do not know where it went, but when he got back in, the copy of the Chronicle (the only one in existence) that he had taken along wasn't there any more. It was gone. Vanished into the Oregon night like so many former vice presidents.

We didn't actually notice it missing until we got back to our campsite, and went to read it around the campfire. When we realized it was gone, we immediately decided to go find it again.

We never thought that light would be a problem — the stars were out and our fire lit up the coast — but night is darker than

it looks and we never stood a chance. Disappointed at our failure, we returned to camp and went to sleep.

The next morning, we heard a strange noise outside our tents. Closer investigation revealed it to be coming from an enormous egg deep in the ashes of our campfire. How it avoided scrambling in the fire the night before is anyone's guess (and we did) but before we got a chance to fry it up for good, a tiny beak popped out.



"Mommy?"

The beak was followed by a nose, then two beady eyes, and a little bit of something that should have been extinct a million years earlier.

But we digress.

When we woke up that morning, the layout editor was gone without a trace. Without a layout editor, there was no hope that we could get the Chronicle published on the printing deadline. So we did the only thing we could do: we left the coast, the mysterious egg, and the missing layout editor behind and came back to Corvallis to try and start it all over again.

Wracking our brains, it was immediately obvious that we

didn't stand a chance. The issue was not going to be completed in spring, and would have to wait until fall to be published.

Fall came and went.

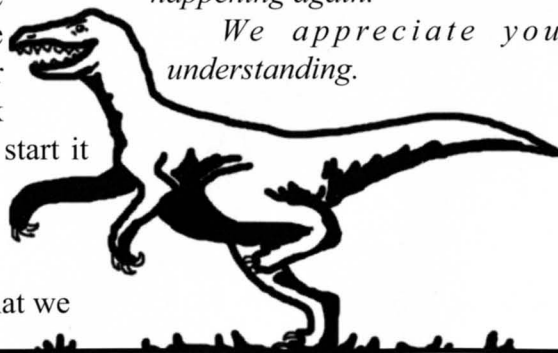
Winter came, and the abundance of snow days gave us a chance to finally finish this issue up and get it kicked out the door.

All things considered, this issue has actually been a good learning experience for us at the Chronicle. Besides learning not to count our chickens, we've also learned about deadlines and what to do once they have passed.

This is the result, and we hope that upon reading it you'll be able to forgive our past transgressions and look to the future. We know how eagerly you await each installment of the Chronicle, and we promise that we won't fail you again.

Editor's Note: You can rest easy at night with the knowledge that the Chronicle's editorial board is now being run by a bunch of Mechanical Engineers. From now on, all our material will be delivered on time, on target, and with a built-in 10% safety factor. The freak circumstances that led to the loss of this issue will not be happening again.

We appreciate your understanding.



Changing the Chronicle's Guard

Douglas Van Bossuyt
- Editor-in-Chief -

Once upon a time I was a wet-behind-the-ears freshman sitting in my room in McNary Hall wondering how to get involved on campus. I had been accepted to the Honors College but still didn't know much about it. On one of my confused jaunts across campus I happened upon a copy of the UHC Chronicle. The stories, cartoons, and photos caught my eye. The quality of each individual piece captivated my mind. I thought to myself, "Wow! I sure would like to get involved and get a story published in this neat magazine!"

A few years passed by and one day I decided it was time to submit something to the Chronicle. After my first story came another and another and another. Writing for the Chronicle turned into an addiction. I couldn't NOT write for the Chronicle!

One day, out of the blue, Jenny, the outgoing editor, emailed me and asked if I'd like to take over at the helm of the Chronicle. "Of course," I said, "I'd be delighted!" Only later did I realize that the job of editor-in-chief has been the almost exclusive haunt of liberal arts majors, with a few science majors, like Jenny and her predecessor Emily. We

engineering/editor types are a rare breed indeed!

I find myself coming full-circle from a wide-eyed idealistic freshman to a jaded super-duper senior. Over the last several years I've matured as a writer. I've found my inner voice and have explored many interesting genres. Now I've moved into the role of editor. What's next? Who knows, but I can't wait to find out!

I look forward to serving the strong institution that is the Chronicle in my new role as editor and hope that you will join me in carrying Jenny's legacy into the future. The Chronicle is nothing without its contributors!

Farewell to Thee, Old UHC

An Honors College Alum Reflects on her experiences at Oregon State

by Jenny Moser

"Life is what happens while you're making other plans."

John Lennon really had something there. Four years ago, I had no idea what I'd be getting into at that UHC welcome meeting. In those first weeks of my freshman year, I was a microbiology major to the core. The UHC application that year required an essay in which we wrote our obituaries as we hoped they'd read sixty years hence. As I recall, mine described my future Ph.D. in microbiology and career as a research scientist. Future-Jenny cured cancer and led the commission to distribute the treatment worldwide, I believe.

I enjoyed writing too – I always have – so when Abby Phillips recruited new writers at the UHC welcome meeting, I decided to join the staff of The Chronicle. Just for fun. Really. Dr. Mary Burke, my microbiology advisor, had told us that cultivating an entirely unscientific extracurricular activity would only help us on our graduate school applications, after all.

Well, one movie review and one UHC staff profile later, I coaxed Jane Siebler (former UHC Head Advisor and our faculty advisor that year) to let me copy edit the spring issue prior to publication. I sent my

comprehensive edits to Bob Baddeley (former layout guy extraordinaire) and was soon offered the position of co-editor-in-chief for the following year, along with Casey Woodworth.

My sophomore year started with a bang. Jane and Bob were off staff in one fell swoop: Eric Hill and Jeff Burright took their places alongside Casey and me. As the brand-new senior staff figured out how to coordinate and motivate writers, plan the layout and get a magazine together, I had an incredibly stressful, yet also incredibly exhilarating, term. I

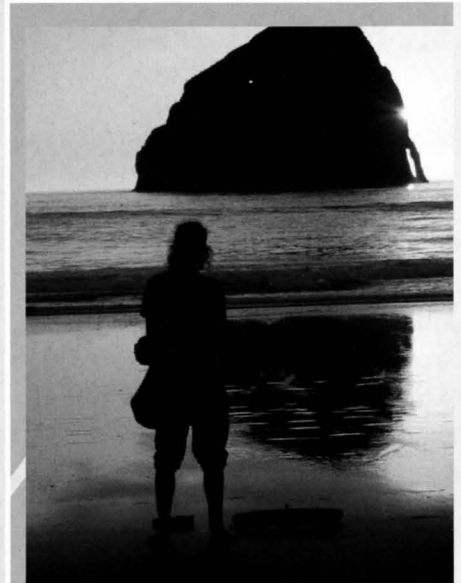
Continued on Page 14 . . .



Catching by Emily Boling

It is said that some female birds of prey pick their mates through tests. In one of these, a female drops sticks that the males must catch in order to be considered as potential suitors. She drops larger and larger sticks, closer and closer to the ground. The male who catches them all is the one she will mate with—for life.

Upward she soars,	Will none share her dreams,	
Testing	Mourning	Again and again,
They circle below her,	Will there be no one to catch	Catching
Waiting	them all,	All the sticks,
She pauses momentarily,	Succeeding?	Coming
Praying		Closer together,
	One sees her,	Dancing
She lets go of the stick,	Desiring	
Hoping	Has watched her searches,	Her lover,
They dive for it,	Waiting	Knowing
Competing	Their time is now,	Her soul mate,
One catches it,	Approaching	Rejoicing
Grabbing		They together,
	She sees him,	Dreaming.
Her heart soars,	Contemplating	
Beating	Half-hopeful, she lets go	
Perhaps he is the one!	Dropping	
Admiring	He plucks the stick from the air,	
She grabs another stick,	Watching	
Expecting		
	She picks another,	
Closer to the earth now,	Cautioning	
Releasing	Closer to the ground,	
He flies for it,	Playing	
Snatching	She eyes him,	
He clutches air,	Laughing	
Failing		
Her heart sinks,		
Crying		
So many have tried,		
Wanting		
She sets her standards		
high,		
Demanding		
Should she change her		
ways,		
Wondering		



"Man with bike tire."

Photo and Caption by Katie Kalk

As a photographer it is never enough to just have one good thing. Haystack Rock in the sunset is breathtaking, but this picture needed more character. Along came this man with dreads, a bandana and a bike tire. Just one, and no bike to go along with it. He too was transfixed by the setting sun. He added the character I needed for the photo and he even brought his own prop! I couldn't have set it up better than this.

Hey UHC Students!

What's up? Are you doing anything cool in one of your honors classes? Have a burning topic you want to write about? How about:

- Your Thesis
- Rockin' Free-verse Poetry
- Pictures or photographs (please, no nudes!)

Please consider submitting your work to the UHC Chronicle. Submissions may be turned in to the Honors College office, 229 Strand Ag Hall.



A Race Worth Running

Spring ASOSU campaign offers students a voice

by Annette McFarland

Who cares? That was the sentiment expressed by a lot of students as I was campaigning for ASOSU Vice President last spring. They didn't think it mattered who got elected because, any way it went, their lives wouldn't be affected. As Nick Graham and I were campaigning for ASOSU President and Vice President, we found that a lot of people didn't even know what ASOSU was or what it did for them.

In the spring, Nick Graham and I returned to OSU from our study abroad (I went to France, he went to Japan). We hit the ground running and were instantly caught up in campaigning for ASOSU Prez/VPPres/VP. Wow. It was intense, let me tell you. Nick and I were up against three outstanding tickets, which was a big improvement from the year before, when only one ticket ran. Hey, wouldn't you rather beat three tickets out, than, well, nobody? I saw Nick and me as underdogs: our student leadership experience came largely from outside of ASOSU, and we had both just returned from studying abroad, which interfered with being active and visible on campus.

Part of the reason I wanted to run for this position was to prove to people that I could. The elections are open to all students (every single student on campus is a member of ASOSU), and so theoretically anyone with the drive, dedication, and leadership experience should be able to walk onto the job and do a great job, regardless of any ASOSU experience they do or do not have.

In the past few years, ASOSU has not been especially open or welcoming to students. To be sustainable, the ASOSU officers have the mindset that they must find and train replacements, which is good if you don't want your organization to die, but limits the amount of students who actually run and/or apply for positions if they don't know how to, or don't even know enough about the organization to be interested in getting involved with it to begin with.

Most people that Nick and I talked to didn't know what ASOSU does for them besides getting angry about something every once in awhile. In my opinion, ASOSU has two responsibilities: to advocate for the students, which they seem to have a pretty good handle on, and to be a resource for the students, which I think is an area that needs improvement. ASOSU needs to not only let students know what they're doing, but also ask the students what they want and need. Students should feel comfortable bringing ideas for programs or issues to ASOSU and I don't think they do. ASOSU should be an administrative and, perhaps,

sometimes a financial resource for students with their own initiatives and ideas.

In the course of running for this position, I realized that I didn't want to win anymore. There were two main reasons that changed my mind. First, I looked more closely at the job description and realized it didn't fit with what I wanted to do. The president and vice president are more like supervisors supervising the people who are actually doing things.



Organizing events and programs and actually doing things is more my cup of tea. Secondly, I took a close look at my opponents, (particularly Lauren Smith and Joel Fischer), and thought that they would do a better job than me. Do I regret running? Heck no! It was an experience in itself, regardless of the outcome. I had a lot of fun, and learned a lot about ASOSU, Nick, the student body, and most importantly: myself!

Continued on Page 15 . . .



Making the Most out of Summertime Opportunities

LeeAnn Baker
- UHC Advisor -

Summer time is nearly here and students will soon be making plans for the break. While some plan for rest and relaxation, others pack their schedule with various adventures for fear of becoming bored. As an advisor I get to hear about the summer adventures UHC students take. I felt that sharing a few stories might be valuable to those looking for things to do over their summer vacation.

Students are making the most of the break by getting involved in internships, study abroad programs, and research opportunities that are unlike any class environment they can find at OSU. I talked with three such students about their experiences from last summer and why each of them decided on their particular adventure.

Internship:

Tom Wall, a senior in civil engineering, spent last summer completing an internship with Howard S. Wright Construction Co. in Seattle Washington. Tom decided to do an internship because he wanted to experience the working world and make sure that what he was studying was what he actually wanted to do. As Tom put it, "I wanted the opportunity to apply what I had learned in my classes to real-life scenarios and not just take lecture information on faith that it was applicable to life."

Tom's internship led to a job offer at the close of the summer, which relieved the stresses associated with finding a job after graduation. Even without a job offer, however, Tom felt the internship was well worth his time. "I feel that more than anything else I got a glimpse of

what life after college was like," he said, "I was treated not as an intern at work - but as an equal member of the project team. I learned that while you can learn a lot in school, the ultimate capstone to your college education is applying school knowledge in the real world and continuing to learn outside of the classroom."

Study Abroad:

Hillary Beard, a junior in bioengineering, spent her summer studying Spanish and Mexican history in Morelia, Mexico. She decided to study abroad because she wanted to expand her experiences by seeing another culture up close. Hillary decided to go over the summer because of her major. "With engineering classes," she explained,

Continued on Page 13 . . .

English for Fun and Profit. Yes. Profit.

Stephen J. Summers
- Contributor -

I think every English major gets a kick out of that "profit" bit, and, though the economic horizon favors not the bold bards, nevertheless, we press on. Yet one may question why, exactly; why withstand the slings and arrows of outrageous relatives who wonder why we cannot pick a real major? Why become a target for every engineer who cannot fathom that anyone would be silly enough to pay an English-spouter to prattle on about language? Why, indeed.

I even ask myself this question regularly right about this time every term, when I'm slogging through another comparison of Ivanhoe, "The Jabberwocky," and Catch-22.

But maybe that's part of why I do it—just to see people's looks: the half-smirks that spring unbidden to condescending faces when I say I study English.

No hard feelings. English for me is not an alternative to perusing the guts of jellyfish or predicting market shifts,

but is instead the central conjunction of humanity, the Ptolemaic Earth in a universe of thought. To study English is to study the world — its people, their thoughts — and to push the brain further than it should go. Less about learning the language of Shakespeare or Joyce, I study English to read the minds of men and women.

So is that it, English as a crystal

Continued on Page 12 . . .

Dancing Down at the Engineers' Ball

Frances Kim
- Contributor -

In winter term 2006, I was part of the team that put together the first annual Engineering Ball hosted by the Society of Women Engineers. As with any enterprising venture, there was concern of having enough publicity, enough accommodation, enough people? Because engineers are not made fun of for being socially adept, but instead are the butt of so many of the jokes that hint engineers have no fashion, no sex appeal, and aren't so smooth, we were thinking an engineering ball might not be such a great idea.

The first few days of publicizing the ball didn't go very well. One person was so baffled that engineers would even think to set up a ball she mistook the ball posters as posters for going Paint-Balling! Tickets weren't selling, and, as an engineer myself, I was planning on bringing my physics book to the ball to study. After all, the ball was right before midterms!

Fortunately for the ball but unfortunately for me, on the big night I was the only one to get into a corner

and pound out some Biot-Savart Law calculations. When I did poke my head out to see if the punch was filled and that everything was running, I saw at the peak, nearly two hundred people having a blast dancing to a well-arranged playlist running off an iPod. I couldn't help but participate in the dancing lesson that started off the ball. I learned enough to apply it between problems throughout the night.

I'm such a nerd that I had never been to a single dance before



Lea Wilson / Chronicle Staff



Lea Wilson / Chronicle Staff

the ball. Not to a high school dance, not to prom, not to any at OSU. In spite of this, I had a lot of fun. As a woman in engineering, it was nice to have so many intelligent men ask me to dance. I was never short of a

partner! And it was surprising how many men in engineering do know how to dance. I overheard in my physics lab once that they learn to dance because it is an excellent opportunity to meet women. The joke goes that engineering women are like parking spaces — all the good ones are already taken. By being forced to seek elsewhere for a partner, engineers might make another, more friendly, reputation — that they can dance!

"Reading in the Amherst Library"

by Stephen J. Summers

*I gazed through stacks of thoughts from favored ones,
Who'd left as much of genius as they could
Behind, when slamming doors of broken wood
And rusted hinges, leaving us their sons.*

*The farmer's child must bear the harvest now,
Supplanting elders who have since made good*

*On promises forgotten much too soon,
Of leaves that fell and broke their spines somehow.*

*But I don't see beyond a frosted moon
Reflected, gazing through the dark window
At me, and shelves of human lives now gone
Recorded less in language than in rune.*

*Yet hope lies here in this reflection wan,
For in this moonlit face do they live on.*



The Lost Photo Spread

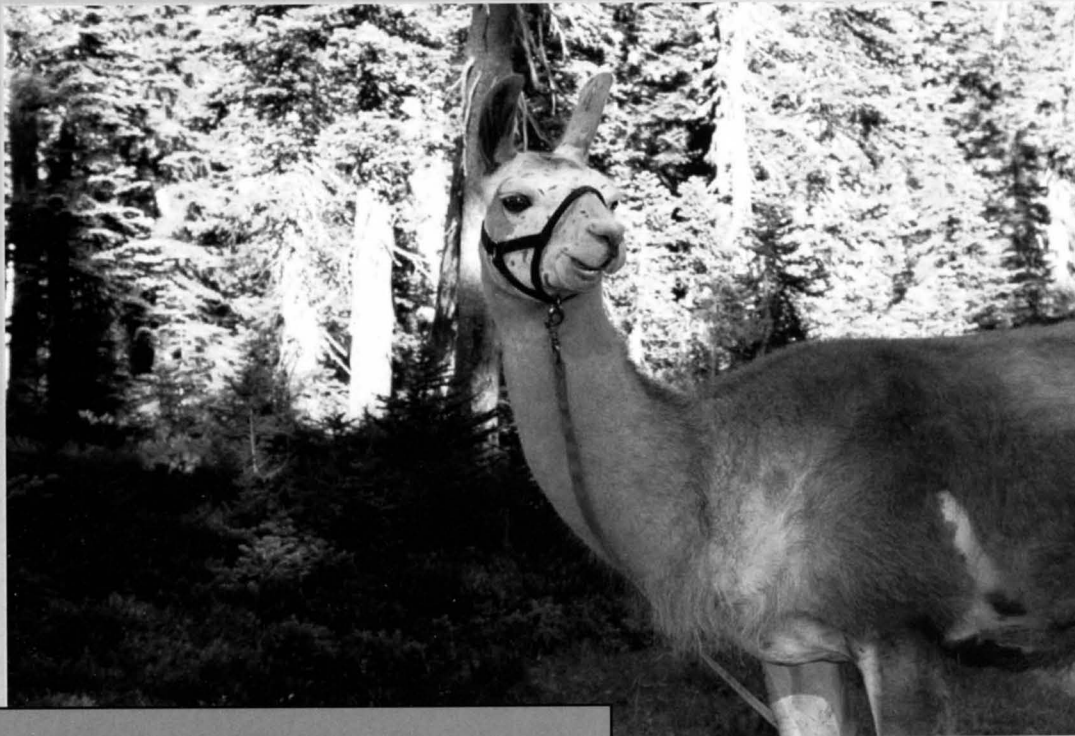


Clockwise from top: (1) Lost on the rooftops of Priština, Kosovo. (2) Danger! Exploding Jeeps, next seven kilometers. (3) A stranded Land Rover. (4) Many miles of Mediterranean waves.

Photos by Douglas Van Bossuyt



The Lost Photo Spread



A llama named Horse (top), UHC
Students participating in Mr. Universe
in the ruins of Carthage (left), "It's a
loong way to Tipberary" (bottom)

Photos by Douglas Van Bossuyt



Writing About Humor

by Jessica Varin

Editors' Note: In several past issues of *The Chronicle*, John Davidson has dutifully read articles and drawn cartoons to match them. For this issue, we decided to let him turn the tables. John drew the cartoon on p.11 – a fold-at-the-arrows in the style of *MAD* magazine – and Jessica used it as her inspiration to write this short story.

The thought of taking another Bac core class made her recoil. It was just one toke over the line, sweet Jesus, and this girl wasn't about to waste her precious hours buried in Sartre.

The darkness of the not-so-crowded lecture hall started to take its toll. Her mind wandered as the professor droned on about Pope Paul, Malcolm X, and British politician sex. She began to haphazardly sketch free body diagrams as she looked around the room.

Amongst the sea of students slumped over after another night of festivities, she recognized a few familiar faces. Like a quote out of context, her fellow tech junkies sat semi alert as they took notes to sell later that day. For folks determined to undermine intellectual property law, they were rolling in the dough. Then again, she realized it was just a matter of time before her friends sold their souls to Microsoft. One could only live on ramen for so long.

She carefully melted down into the sea of bodies just as she drifted into a daydream ...

Moments later, she found

herself sitting in a cinder block

enclave crunched over an extensive design problem. The end of it loomed somewhere between infinity and impossibility. Stuck in that moment, she yearned to get out. As she turned to her lab group to ask for help she noticed that the room was unusually drab. She stared down several people, yet no one looked up as they crunched numbers. Finally, she caught the attention of the person sitting next to her. She quickly scanned his document for a new process or direction to take. "One way or another I'm gonna find it," she murmured to herself. But alas, their processes were identical to a tee. Frustrated, she turned to the person on her left and glanced over at his paper. "O' sanity, o' sanity what am I to do with you?" she thought. All three of their papers matched.

She looked out the window for the first time and suddenly noticed an explosion of color below. Outside the window she could see what appeared to be an artistic ghetto of sorts. Entranced by the contrasting scene, she left the cinder block tower and walked down to the street

below.

A mishmash of colorful tents awaited her near the end of the street. Each tent looked like it could be destroyed by a strong gust of wind. The smell of wine and cheap perfume radiated throughout the tent city. Outside of one of the tents, a disheveled old woman crouched near the street was rambling on about the president talking to God and consonants or vowels, or some other incoherent babble. Across the street, a scarred, heavily tattooed young man danced barefoot across the grungy pavement.

There she stood in one place, between the cinderblock tower and tent city, watching what seemed like a generation lost in space. With no time left to start again, she began to hear a foreign crescendo somewhere in the distance...

A thud awoke her just as suddenly as she had fallen into her daydream. With the drop of a textbook, she awoke to the sound of a hundred undergraduates vying for positions near the door. Class was over and her world had escaped its own dichotomy.

Jessica's article contains many hidden and not-so-hidden lyrical references. The songs and artists are listed at right. Can you identify the lyrics?

"One Toke Over the Line",
Brewer and Shipley
"We Didn't Start The Fire", Billy Joel
"Best Imitation of Myself", Ben Folds
"Water", PJ Harvey
"Stuck In A Moment", U2

"One Way Or Another", Blondie
"O' Sanity", John Lennon / Yoko Ono
"Don't Stop Believin'", Journey
"When The President Talks To God",
Bright Eyes
"American Pie", Don McLean



▲ SOME PEOPLE ARE ▲
 TOO DISTRACTED BY SCIENCE TO PULL
 DEEPER MEANING FROM ART.
 WHY DO THEY LACK A LOVE FOR
 INSPIRING WORKS OF FINE ART?



▲ OTHER PEOPLE ARE ▲
 TOO DISTRACTED BY ART TO GO PLUMB
 THE DEPTHS OF SCIENCE.
 WHY DON'T THEY LONG FOR
 THE KNOWLEDGE OF MODERN SCIENCE?



Summers: Studying English not really a choice

— Continued from page 8 —

ball? Maybe it is because studying language seems the most natural kind of education: breathe/read/eat, sigh/scribe, log/jog/jot, smile/simile, that sort of thing. This avenue is as filled with opportunity and as fearfully inviting as life itself. Statistics, if left to its own devices, would mind its own business quietly. Voids of language beg to be filled. English runs blood-sap in me, and if not tapped it will boil over.

The solid stem of language may ripen to crisp emptiness; as it glows pleasantly light it also cuts painfully deep. Simultaneously it waxes truth-teller and mythmaker. You cannot juxtaposit juxtaposit wjuxtapose without language, you cannot anacritilyze, paradoxify, rebuttribute, or Freudulentize. And if it demands that you think, well, it is doing you a favor.

That is why I stick with it, why I eat peanut butter and stay up nights hacking away at analyses, criticisms, and poetry that no one will see. I tighten my belt, narrow my focus

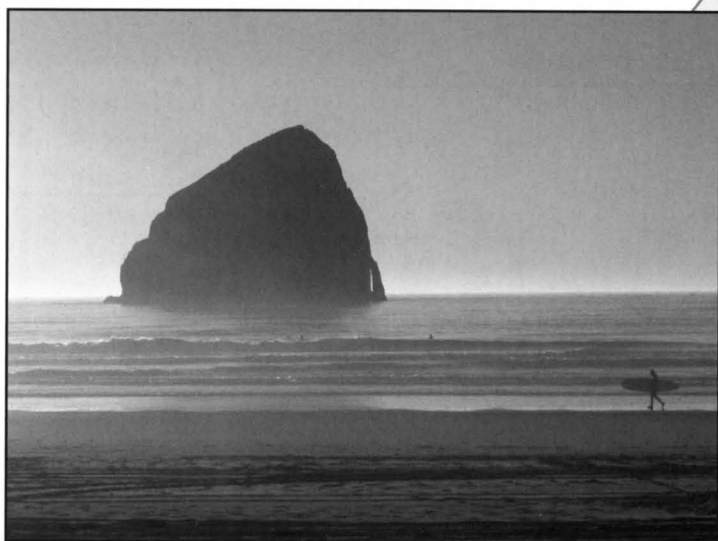
and consider a life outside of the Hamptons. English will not build steel bridges, but it will build others. *Moby-Dick* was not a great whale — it was a message to humanity. Language is to thought as revolution is to government.

Two summers ago I came to an Oregon State preview day and was handed a paper for writing my name and major. There were two lines for majors and two for minors; and despite having given no thought to a major before, I thought it prudent to fill all the lines in. In an unusual lapse of judgment, I wrote English on the first line. Philosophy, history, and mathematics followed, in that order, though the latter two have fallen away. Remaining are two wide roads of challenge. Though, really, I suppose that was what I was looking for in these books after all. The challenge of mathematics, for example, comes from a framework that must be implemented stiffly, perfectly, to reach the intended goal. English is as unconventionally valuable and malleable as gold, and

mining its ore provides a new, better wealth. After all, I would rather smith ideas than horseshoes.

Even these words are living: I edit as I write this paper and it morphs with me. You readers will interpret and receive some things I have deliberately put into it, and some things I have not. The glory of language is as such, that the message being sent is as alive as the meanings behind it, ephemerally connecting everyone that has ever put pen to page or read a line of text. Dead poets live the longest.

Yet even that idea is worth a laugh, and I must at heart be a self-deluding masochist in the face of a disapproving world. At last, none of this is real but only scratches on a page, thought-stars blinking into darkness like paper spirits. And far from feeling shamed, I return my own smile to politely-befuddled interrogators for, appearances aside, I do English in the same way that I sleep and eat and pray: it is not a choice.



"The Sunset Surfer"

Photo and Caption by Katie Kalk

If there is a man who deserves your respect it is this man, the Oregon coast surfer. There is a reason this is called the Oregon coast and not the Oregon beach: We don't do volleyball and bikinis — we true Oregonians enjoy flying kites and lighting bonfires. This man shuns the stereotype of the mocha hugging, socks-with-sandals wearing Oregonian. He chooses to surf. Never mind the fact that this picture was taken at water's edge in October, this man will surf until sun sets. That, my friend, is how he has gained my admiration and awe.

Baker: Research, Study Abroad Opportunities

— Continued from page 8 —

“the summer was the only time I felt I could go and not get insanely far behind.” Some of the required classes are sequences that taking a term out to study abroad during the school year wouldn’t work.

“I really liked studying abroad” said Hillary, “and would recommend it to anyone who has the chance to go.” She went on to emphasize that when studying abroad, it is important to keep an open mind about everything. “Some of the food is strange,” she shared about her experience, “and you have to be open to that. In general though, you just need to make sure that you don’t judge people on cultural things that may seem strange or unusual or even unfair. The culture is what it is, and in a lot of ways when studying abroad you are going to observe, not try to change things. So, the most important thing is to keep an open mind.”

By studying abroad, Hillary was able to learn about the way Mexican culture works. As she put it, “It was interesting being there to see how people in Mexico live. It is very different in some ways, but in a lot of ways also very familiar.” One of Hillary’s most memorable moments was trying to catch a bus in Morelia right after a rainstorm: “The streets had turned into rivers so I wore sandals and pulled my pants up above my knees and waded in the streets with water almost to my knees. Then trying to catch a combi (little bus) without getting splashed and drenched even more than I already was was a lot of fun.”



Research:

Drew Calhoun, a senior in Biochemistry Biophysics, decided to complete a research project last summer for several reasons. During the school year, students learn science (biology, chemistry, physics, etc.) in the classroom, through lectures, textbooks, largely from the findings of others. Drew’s research project offered him a chance to get the hands-on experience of actual research in a true laboratory setting. “I would highly recommend the research experience to everybody,” explained Drew, “Whether planning a career in medicine, research in industry or academia, or even something non-related, getting the research experience serves as valuable experience for later jobs and may help you decide whether or not you want to do research later on in life as well.”

The summer was the most logical choice for Drew because he already participates in a lot of things during the academic year: “I have a lot

of clubs and activities I’m extensively involved in over the school year on top of all of my classes. Instead of getting a summer job making money at a restaurant or grocery store for example, perhaps for even more money, the research project served as a viable source of income and gave me research experience that will serve extremely useful for me when applying for future internships and possible careers.”

Drew offered some advice to future students thinking of completing research over the summer: “The key to having a good experience working on a project over the summer is to follow the directions and instruction of the professor and all of your superiors in the lab and to develop strong relationships with them. You will be needing their guidance and assistance throughout the summer, so getting along with them, helping them with their projects, and following the normal procedures of the lab you are working in is essential to having a fun and rewarding research experience.”



Planning ahead for Summer

There are many resources on campus to help you find the summer adventure that fits your goals. The OSU Career Services office has an internship coordinator who helps students locate appropriate internships. If you are interested, contact Adry Clark at 737-0519 for an appointment. If the study abroad program is what you are after, drop by the International Education office at 444 Snell Hall or visit their website at: <http://oregonstate.edu/international/oie/>. Finally, if you are interested in tackling a research project or want to work in a research lab, you’ll want to watch for announcements like the Undergraduate Research Innovation Scholarship Creativity (URISC) or Research Experiences for Undergraduates (REU programs). In addition, your professors and advisors can be helpful in finding an opening. Also, be sure to check out any bulletin boards or clippings posted in your department office.



Moser: Honors College Offered Lessons for Life

— Continued from page 5 —

remember walking home on a sunny winter afternoon, with a copy of our gorgeous, shiny, new, DONE issue in my hand, and thinking “I could be happy doing this for the rest of my life.” Even with a new direction – and a disillusion with lab-based research – I was enjoying my science classes. I didn’t want to give them up, and I didn’t want to leave the UHC for U of O and a bachelor’s degree in journalism. I decided to finish my microbiology degree, but then to go for a master’s degree in journalism and a career in science writing.

I figured that, as a budding journalist, I’d better join the all-campus daily paper, The Daily Barometer. I signed up, started working, and watched in exhausted

joy as the Baro started to eat my life and my portfolio of clippings grew. I started as a science and/or general-assignment reporter, but before long, I made my way into a copy editor’s chair. (You’ll begin to notice something of a theme here.) I spent several months at my desk in the corner two or three nights a week, making changes, making jokes, and bouncing concerns off the editor-in-chief.

I wrote my Honors thesis on ethical issues in scientific & medical journalism. You can check it out from the Honors thesis cataloguing in the Valley Library, or from the new online Honors thesis archive.

As you read this, I’m in Manhattan, a member of the 25th and newest class of the Science,

Health & Environmental Reporting Program – a master’s degree – at New York University. I’ve found my niche, and it came to me from pages much like those you’re reading now. My years at OSU, in the UHC and with The Chronicle have been absolutely amazing, and they’ve changed the path of my life. The UHC truly is like a family, and as I prepare to join the ranks of UHC alumni, I feel blessed to have been a part of it. When I remember that application essay, I smile, reflecting on the life that happened to me while I was making other plans.

Editor's note: Jenny Moser is the outgoing editor-in-chief for the UHC Chronicle. The abstract of her honors thesis is re-printed below.

The Pen as Mighty as the Microscope:

Ethical issues in science and medical journalism.

AN ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS OF

Jennifer C. Moser

FOR THE DEGREE OF

Honors Baccalaureate of Science in Microbiology presented on May 22, 2006.

Science is difficult for even its researchers to understand. Science journalists must understand scientific discoveries well enough to create clear and accurate explanations of scientific discoveries for laypeople. A sense of ethical judgment will help journalists ensure that their accounts are reliable and appropriate. For example, responsible science journalists will maintain a working knowledge of statistics so they can accurately present the statistical aspects of scientific studies. Also, the traditional emphasis on fairness and balance in news coverage may backfire in science reporting, when equal coverage for unreliable “sides” of an issue would in fact be inaccurate. Not all sources are equally reliable; information from peer-reviewed journals, researchers and press officers, while all useful,

should be treated with different degrees of caution.

When the MMR vaccine was suspected of causing autism, journalists around the world shaped the public response by the depth of their coverage. Reporters soon covered retractions and conflict-of-interest disclosures as well as scientific studies. During the debate over the benefits and risks of postmenopausal hormone replacement therapy, as confused readers wondered how two studies could have opposite results, journalists needed statistical understanding to explain discrepancies properly. When the fen-phen diet drug was shown to cause serious heart disease, peer review requirements were relaxed to speed the delivery of vital health information to doctors and patients.



The Ravin'

by Stephen Summers

The Barren Exploit

by Brittney Paulsen

Smear on the shadow,
Black, blue and grey.
Put it on, skin tight,
Getting dressed to kill.
Hop in, and have no fear,
Down to drown some part of you.
Like a train careening down the slopes,
Going off, who knows where,
To nowhere to die.

Smear on the soap,
New, cold, and clean.
Scrubbing off and bleaching out,
Running away, flying to Never-land,
Looking down upon arrival,
To find it stuck with gum to your shoe.

Smear on the paint,
Thick, sweet, and sickly,
Covering up a gaping hole
In the grand masterpiece of life.
An indiscretion, misdirection, tiny death,
Charcoal marks on the record of perfection.

An emptied glass was my companion sitting there in Jackson's Canyon,
As I studied faces blurring, darkened up against the door.
There came another to sit by me, looked me up-and-down quite finely,
Just as though I were some fine'ry from a rug-merchant's sales-floor.
'Tis a salesperson,' I muttered, 'selling something heretofore.
Only this and nothing more.'

I cannot always quite remember, but perhaps it was December
Coldly leaving grey November when I rested at this door.
Seeking peace from pressures many, finding solace were there any
To be found within this hovel, embers creeping 'cross the floor;
Sipping drinks I'd left my office, trying to forget Lenore,
Here comes this man to the fore.

Then he began, never stopping, speaking quickly with arms flopping,
Telling all he could of shopping for great bargains at his store.
'This night only!' shouted to me this man who was talking shrewdly,
'This night only are the sales you can't afford to just ignore,
Miss this chance and you'll be sorry that there will not be a more
Honest price to bargain for.'

'What precisely are you selling?' said I to the salesman yelling;
Before I would begin shelling dollars from my pockets poor,
I should like to know for certain my investment was a sure thing,
Would not leave me lacking surety nor lead me to disaster.
For I needed no more bankers to make me their bonded debtor
Nor to throw me out their door.

Concluded on Pages 16-17 . . .

McFarland: ASOSU is what students make of it

— Continued from page 7 —

My advice? First, if you ever get an idea for a program, event, speaker, or are just pissed off about something, go to ASOSU with it! There are ten task forces to address student issues, and yours will probably fit in perfectly with one of them. Second, check out ASOSU. I'd recommend getting involved in the internship class (for anywhere from 1-3 credits) or one of the Task Forces (which all have weekly meetings).

Don't just complain about something: get in there and do something about it! If ASOSU is going to change from the elite, closed-off, clique image it currently gives off to something accessible and awesome for all students, it's going to take talented students to do it! Third, don't be afraid to run or apply for a position in the elections next spring! You could be a senator for your college in the Senate, a Task Force Director, or even MUPC or ASOSU President or Vice-

President! Anything is possible!

And the dirt on Mike and Lindsey I know you're all waiting for? Well, even though I was campaigning hard-core for Smith/Fischer in the General Elections, I know Mike Olson and Lindsey Johnson will do a good job too! Lindsey and I graduated from Rex Putnam High School together and I've even jumped on her "trampy" in her front yard. And that's about as scandalous as it gets!



Why to study abroad

by Annette McFarland

Michelle Bachelet. Ellen Johnson Sirleaf. Segolene Royale. Do any of these names mean anything to you? If they do, count yourself as one of the proud few. Michelle Bachelet is the recently elected president of Chile. Chile has been a democracy for only 16 years, and they get a woman president. America has been a democracy for going on 230 years...where's our woman president? Even if it comes down to Hillary Clinton versus Condaleeza Rice in 2008, I'd vote almost any woman into office. I know, that's bad, but it's about time for America to get with the program. It's the 21st century here! Ellen Johnson Sirleaf is the president of Liberia, a country in Africa, and Segolene Royale is a member of the Socialist party in France who has announced that she's interested in running for the presidency in 2007, if chosen as her party's candidate. The thing is, in January, she was leading the polls, ranking higher than all other potential presidential candidates!

What do all of these fabulous women have to do with studying abroad? Well, I wouldn't have heard about any of them if I hadn't studied abroad. When Michelle Bachelet was elected, she was front-page news in all of the newspapers in France for about a week. I obviously wasn't in America at the time, but based on the people I've talked to, ("Michelle who?"), I don't think the media coverage in America was exactly on par with France on that one. Granted, the tie-in to

Segolene Royale, possible future woman president of France, made the story a tad more relevant to the French. It was also interesting for the French when Royale flew over to Chile to support Bachelet in her victory. But that's interesting stuff for anyone, even us Americans. My point is that Americans and American media don't care enough about what's going on outside of

our borders, (unless it directly affects us, our oil, or our troops). The only way you're ever going to learn about what's going on out in that big bad world (the world, as it turns out, isn't nearly as 'big' or 'bad' as we all thought), is to actually go out there and experience it for yourself.

I went to France for 5 months and while there I also got

Continued on Next Page . . .

The Ravin' Continues....

'I am here to peddle wares for sale to anyone who cares more
Than the editor who dares not take a chance on my old lore.
For I hold in my head stories filled with countless dreadful forays
All concerning loathsome glories and unmitigated gore,
And with poems which always wander yet do anything but bore.'
He said, 'This you bargain for.'

'And in exchange what do you ask me? Do you wish I'd do a task free?
Manage some new vile calumny that I could be locked-up for?'
'None of this, sir, surely,' said he, 'but if for these tales you're ready,
Simply buy me drink to steady and prepare to tap my store,
Though make it something rich and tasty as to warm me to the core:
Something from the Spanish moor.'

Fascinated by this salesman, quick I ordered from the alesman
Giving sherry to the talesman wondering what he would say more.
Then he started speaking loudly, now reciting verses proudly,
Eyeing patrons here about me who would fain begin to snore,
Who would rather sleep quite soundly than consent to hear him roar
Tales that I had bargained for.

Speaking now of Annabel Lee sadly buried close by the sea,
Uttered poems and verses many he thus made my heart fair sore.
Of Ulalame and Eulalie, lovers lost eternally
And a city in the sea now sunk so far beneath the shore.
A love for Helen not to be, and eulogized the world of yore.
And the horror of bells that roar.
And the clanging and the crashing of the bells, bells, bells, bells, bells.

McFarland: A Shameless Plug to Study Abroad

— Continued from page 16 —

to visit Germany, The Netherlands, Belgium, Italy, England, and Scotland. I met people from those countries as well as people from Canada, New Zealand, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Japan, China, South Korea, Istanbul, Kansas, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Poland, Brazil, Argentina, Peru, Mexico, and more! I was so lucky and blessed to have gotten these opportunities, and I learned so much about the world and my

own country because of the traveling I did. I never could have gotten these experiences from books or the news from within America's borders.

So, study abroad!

"But Annette, I can't! I'm an engineer/hard core science/some other hard major with sequence classes!" Anything's possible, my friends! There are many programs that take only one or two terms, and don't forget summer programs! And who's finishing their under-

grad in exactly 12 terms anymore anyway?

"But Annette, it's too expensive!" Okay, think about this: when else in your life are you going to have the opportunity to live in another country for a few months to a year, while you 'study'? Seriously, I tell people that studying abroad was the best thing I've done for myself in my life thus far. And it's true. I had awesome experiences, met amazing people, became proficient in a second language, and learned a lot more. Plus the classes weren't too terribly challenging over there either! It's totally worth taking out loans or tapping the parents or doing whatever you have to do to get yourself over there!

And if all else fails, take advantage of the international community here on campus. You may not be able to go to Saudi Arabia or Japan, India or Malawi but, wouldn't you know it, we have exchange students on campus from all of these places! And as a former exchange student myself, I know how much it means to be welcomed and valued by the domestic students. An easy way to get involved with international students is through the English Language Institute. They're always looking for conversation partners for their students, and everyone (even people as crazy busy as me), has one hour a week to spare! Also just keep your eyes peeled in the Barometer and on bulletin boards around campus for meetings and events of an international nature. They're going on all the time!

The End of The Ravin'

But glass refilled his mood did change and stories of an angel strange
Replaced the dour poems that he'd begun. This creation oddly bore
Resemblance to an Imp perverse and to bedeviled heads reversed.
But he soon left these topics light and told of tales with darker core,
Money stolen, secrets broken, murders near the shrouded morgue.
Yet my friend had stories more.

Now his voice rose somewhat higher telling then Ligeia's pyre
And the madness-induced fire burning up in poor Usher.
Red Death masques all persons killing rich and poor all houses filling,
And accounts of nature chilling, willing to inflict torture
Or to kill an eye insanely and confess to hush the roar
Of a heart which beats no more.

Here I looked and saw the empty bar, light fading like the evening star,
'Come with me, sir, it isn't far outside to my own chamber door.'
I had drunk but very little while my friend was all a-tipple
And I offered him a vintage which he could not just ignore.
'Montillado, sir?' he asked me, stumbling quickly to the door,
'Bring me to it, I implore!'

Walking toward, he thought, my homestead, we instead to catacombs head
He continued waxing onward on his stories all the more.
I said to him, 'No use fighting, no one would have bought your writing,'
As I chained him, eyes a-lighting on the bricks denying him succor.
'Thank you for these pieces plenty, that will pluck me from the poor,
Though, please, call me Montresor.'



Recommended Reading from Honors Students

Michael Crichton, The Lost World

Michael Crichton, Jurassic Park

James Gurney, Dinotopia

William Joyce, Dinosaur Bob

Dr. John Long, Dinosaurs of Australia and
New Zealand, and other animals of the
Mesozoic Era

~Chronicle Staff

Haruki Murakami, Kafka On The Shore

Ian Stewart, Flatterland: Like Flatland, Only
More So

Malcom McDowell, Blink

~Max Brugger

Stephen King, The Gunslinger

~Nick Meredith

Theodore Geisel, The Lorax

~Tim Karplus

Daniel Quinn, Ishmael

Ed Viesters, No Shortcuts to the Top

~Tim Sorg

Eric Hansen, Motoring with Mohammed:
Journeys to Yemen and the Red Sea

~Douglas Van Bossuyt

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