

The Official Oregon State University
UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE
Student Magazine

University Honors College Chronicle

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Winter 2001

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University Honors College

Chronicle

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



Letters from the Editors

Elizabeth Tilgner
Editor-in-Chief

Abby Phillips
Associate Editor

Spring term is almost here and the academic year is well underway. Now is the time when many students begin to reevaluate their majors and start thinking about their futures and careers. My words for all, even you seniors out there, are *Don't Panic*. Everyone second guesses themselves at some point and college is a good place to do it.

I remember when I was twelve years old and I decided to be a doctor. My high school years made it clear that I wasn't good and didn't like math or science, but it wasn't until I became a mother that I started to doubt my career choice. When it came time to declare a major on my college and scholarship applications I thought hard about what I was good at and what I enjoyed. I decided to be an English major.

About one year into my studies I realized that I loved my Spanish classes and wanted to pursue an International Degree. In order to fulfill all that I wanted to accomplish I changed my major to Liberal Studies and worked with an advisor to find a plan of study that was right for me. Despite all this, I am still not ready to decide what to do when I grow up.

Here at OSU there are a number of resources to save your sanity. Most professors are ecstatic if a student wants to discuss options for his/her future. Departmental advisors can help point you in the right direction, but schedule an appointment between advising rushes. The Career Services Center also has plenty on information about the current job market and career possibilities (737-4085).

No matter where you are in your studies, the most important thing to do is look at what you love and find a way to work it into your future.

Stress and anxiety; I'm sure all of you can relate to these feelings. Even though I have yet to complete two terms of college, I can already tell I'm a full-blown nerd. I have admittedly twice groveled to my regular academic advisor, not for the purpose of establishing a course schedule, but simply because I was going ballistic from uncertainty as to where my life was going.

I like my life meticulously planned out, sometimes inter-

jected with spontaneity, but most the time

I like it to follow a linear path. I have come to the realization that it's okay to feel uncertain as to what I want to become when I am older. As a Liberal Arts major, I have to approach OSU in a different way than say, an Engineering major. Engineering ma-

jors must follow a set track of rigorous courses,

and they know what they are go-

ing to be upon graduation.

As an English major, I have a much wider range of possibilities, and, consequently, more apprehension when asked what it is I want to do with my life. I just want to let other non-vocational majors know that it is sometimes okay to have this same doubt. Some of the most important discoveries have been by accident, and this holds true to deciding a major. I'm trying to give some self-assurance, and some assurance to all others who question their future.



President Risser addresses concerns

UHC Forum puts the President on the hot spot

Samuel Bousch
Staff Writer

Oregon State University's President Risser, well known for his "Fireside Chats," gave students the liberty of questioning him again during his January 17th conversation in the MU Lounge. Students spent more than an hour discussing relevant issues with the President, who asked all present to make any inquiry or voice any concern that they might have.

"I think that it's good for a couple of reasons," said President Risser during the forum. "The first is that a good university has opportunities for students to ask questions of the institution. The second is that, as the president, I find it helpful to hear from our students."

Risser opened by thanking the Honors College for hosting the event, and the audience for having the enthusiasm to show up. Before he took questions, the President introduced topics that he felt were important. The first was the implications of size of student body and the number of classes.

"In the next two to three years," explained Risser, "we need to decide if OSU should continue to grow, or stop at 20,000."

President Risser also brought forth the importance of new programs, stating that Campus Administration is looking for a School of Journalism director. Another program that OSU is looking to expand is that of Education. Located in the College of Home Economics, the current School of Education will become a separate department.

The forum was then opened up to audience questions, which varied widely from remarks about the state legislature to the goals of this institution. President Risser made clear that his goals for OSU are three-fold. His first ambition is to make college a complete learning experience for all students.

"The environment is complete for students if they are made to think outside the box," clarified Risser.

The President also believes that being top tier in every category is important, as well as expanding learning throughout the state. Unlike most educators, Risser does not see that using the most up-to-date technology and having the smallest class sizes are necessary to do this.

"Part of a learning experience," Risser went on, "is learning how to learn in different size classes."

Honors College students, who made up most of the audience, were as concerned about class size as most.

"I came here, and I think many people came to OSU Honors College for the one-on-one treatment," said UHC student, Aaron Tinkle.

In the end, when the audience had run out of questions, everyone involved seemed satisfied. Students and staff got answers about everything from parking to improvement projects.

"It informed me on policy issues that could transpire in the next couple of years," commented UHC freshman Joey Sands. "The next time President Risser does this, I'll be there."

10 Issues Brought to President Risser

- The Vet and Pharmacy schools' state funding
- On-Campus Harassment
- Parking
- Attracting top students nationally
- The ethics of fund-raising
- The future of the Honors College
- Large scale improvement projects
- New Colleges of Journalism and Education
- Getting a new football stadium
- Measuring student success



Does it add up? Debate over diversity at OSU

Despite numerous resources, scholarships, programs, and recruiting, diversity on campus is low

Colleges and universities across the nation have sought to diversify their campus populations for years, and Oregon State University is no exception. Recent introduction of recruitment strategies such as the Kaleidoscope program and classes focused on ethnic and cultural diversity have been a large part of OSU's efforts. The cultural centers on campus and various student groups have also

worked to promote a broader view of our world and share aspects of different cultures.

Even the University Honors College (UHC) is careful to take student diversity into account when it comes to admissions procedures. Applying students

are asked to demonstrate their own experiences with racial and ethnic diversity through essays and through previous activities and student involvement.

The question is: are all these strategies paying off? According to the 1999/2000 statistics (based on HRIS Data Warehouse) from the office of Affirmative

Action, progress is slow. Enrollment of minority students has increased by .7 percent (from 12.3 percent to 13 percent) since fall of 1994 and diversity among OSU faculty has remained at 8 percent non-Caucasian. The UHC has numbers that look a

Enrollment of minority students has increased by .7% (12.3% to 13%) since fall of 1994 and diversity among OSU faculty has remained at 8% non-Caucasian.

little bit more promising, with 22 percent of students admitted in fall 2000 being underrepresented minorities.

Obviously the numbers are low and a lot more work needs to be done before OSU can claim to be a truly racially and ethnically diverse campus. The steps are being taken, but do the strategies need to change? Now it is up to the OSU community to do the rest. Bu-

reaucratic plans and strategies cannot do it all, but with open minds, we can.

The solution to the problem starts with altering the mindset of students and faculty towards racial issues. Unfortunately, such a solution is not easily obtained. *Not* doing anything to improve the diversity at OSU, as well as the Honors College, makes the issue even bigger. Students can promote this attitude by attending the cultural dinners and events put on by various clubs and checking out a cultural center to learn something new. Becoming more aware of the importance of diversity and engaging in cultural activities are the first steps to diversifying our campus.

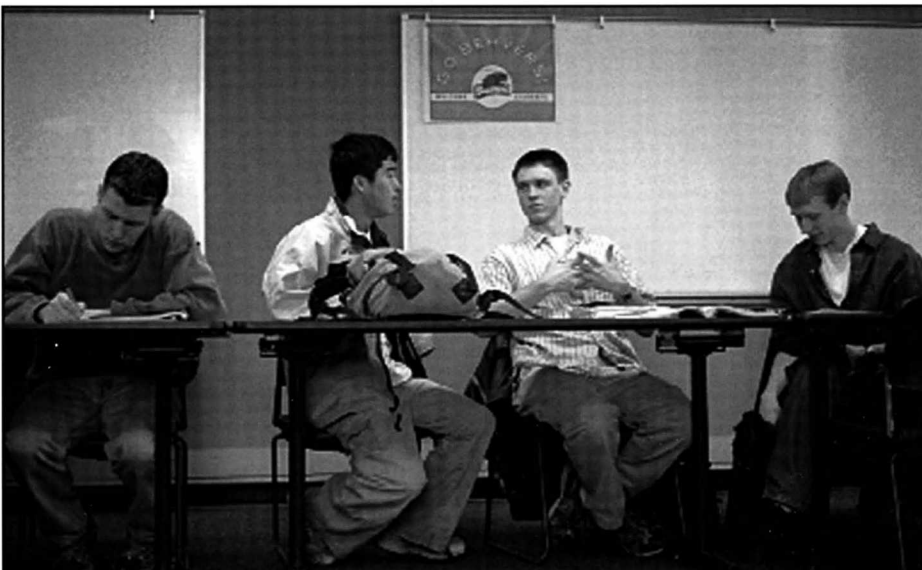


Photo by Kimberly Ivancovich

Four students in Anthropology 210 Honors discuss amongst themselves during class. The UHC has maintained a higher level of diversity than OSU; minority students account for nearly a quarter of all UHC members.

Getting Involved—UHC Events on campus

Abby Phillips

Associate Editor

UHC Focus

From dances to High Five challenges—what more could an Honors College ask for? There are many ways for students in the honors college to enjoy themselves and enhance their learning experiences.

Roughly 100 students from the UHC got to commence their winter term by taking a trip to Sunriver from Jan 12th- 15th. This annual trip is normally held the first weekend of winter break, which in this case was the same weekend as Martin Luther King Jr. day. However, the UHC does not plan to have this trip coincide with MLK weekend in the future. For \$40, students enjoyed a Sunday night dinner, skiing, skating, shopping the malls in Bend, and relaxing in the hot tub at each of the houses rented for the event.

On Saturday, February 10th, the UHC set the record books by sponsoring its first ever dance, which was a combination of club and ballroom music. This unprecedented event was a major success. Students got into the dance by bringing a can of food, and all they had to do from there was have a good time. Even Bob Baddeley broke out of his shell to get on the floor and show everyone his funky breakdancing (lessons are available upon request).

A more informative event that occurred January 31st was the UHC's presentation on the Senior Thesis. About 20 students came to Stag Hall to hear faculty members Joe Hendricks, Jane Siebler, Rachel Hochman, and students Diana Buccafurni, Cameron Derbyshire, and Ruth Carter give a basic overview of this Honors College requirement. Although it is never too late to start considering thesis ideas, the UHC requires that students register for the HC 403 Thesis class by the beginning of their senior year,

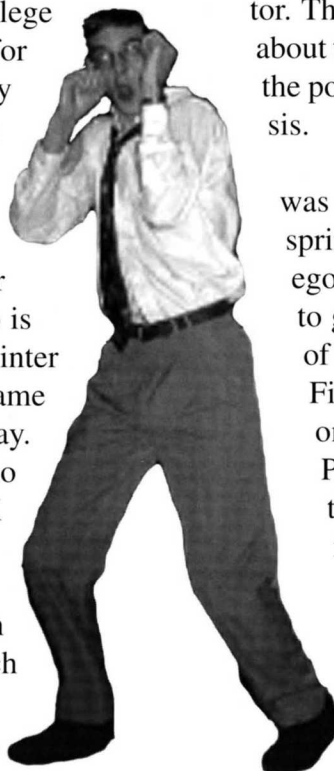
but students are encouraged to take it during the sophomore year to give them time to work on their thesis and research. This class is the preliminary step in establishing a committee and mentor. The key is to be aware from the onset about topics that are appealing or may have the potential to develop into a Senior Thesis.

If winter term looks like it was filled with enthralling events, then spring term will be just as exciting. Oregon State has yet another opportunity to go head-to-head with the University of Oregon's students, thanks to the High Five Challenge. Six UHC students and one non-UHC student will travel to Portland on March 10th to battle out the Ducks to determine which school is "intellectually superior."

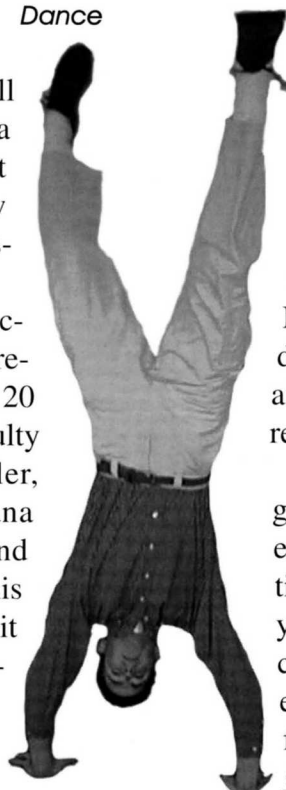
The Spring Forum this year is yet another activity that is soon approaching. The goal of this forum is to create a policy that would satisfy the common goals of both pro-life and pro-choice advocates. It will not be to present a particular belief, but rather look to find unifying ground between both viewpoints of abortion. The forum will be held April 18th, 7p.m.-9p.m. in the MU Lounge. Everyone is encouraged to come.

Just like last term, events spring up only a few weeks or days before they take place, so it is important to read the Monday Message thoroughly. If you don't get it in your email, it is available at <http://osu.orst.edu/dept/honors/current/monday.html>.

Although the UHC is a small organization, it allows students to experience or participate in a wide range of activities. If you have some time to wrench yourself away from your homework, check out some of the spring term events, or talk to Rachel Hochman to find out more (Rachel.Hochman@orst.edu).



Cameron Derbyshire and Bob Baddeley bust a move at the UHC Dance





All about Rachel

Behind Rachel Hochman, the stylish new advisor in the UHC

Monika Arora
Staff Writer———

New faces have popped up in the UHC this year, and Rachel Hochman is one of them. This new advisor is commonly mistaken to be a student, and she has worked hard to get to know everyone. Now it's our turn to learn a little bit about her.

Influential Beginnings On the 23rd day of January, Rachel Hochman began her life in Hartford, Connecticut as the daughter of Elaine and Ben Hochman, and the younger sister of Lawrence Hochman. She spent her childhood in Doylestown, a small town in southeastern Pennsylvania. As a young girl, Rachel spent much of her time in the outdoors camping, kayaking, and exploring. As a child, she established a friendship with Carolyn Jarin, the director of Peace Valley Nature Center in her hometown, who imbedded, in Rachel, a love for nature which has become the root of all that she does today.

Schooling and Work

Her love for nature surfaced when she decided to major in Biology at Bucknell University in Pennsylvania. In addition to her degree, she also pursued independent studies in Geology, Philosophy & Religious Studies. Rachel graduated with honors from Bucknell with an Honor's Thesis that was presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of Science and published. Her thesis described and mapped vegetation of a wetland that was slated for gravel mining, and she made

recommendations for appropriate management of the land. Her next pursuit was a Masters Degree, which she received from the University of California – Davis. Her focus was Ecology and Land Conservation, through which she was able to combine her passion for nature with her education.

Upon receiving her Master's degree in 1995, she began studying the biochemical changes in salmon as they mature and migrate to the ocean. In addition to her research, Rachel taught Cell & Molecular Biology at Sacramento City Community College and was conducting research on the effect of salinity on rice. Talk about a handful! Rachel thanks her dad for her drive and motivation, which have been key factors in her successes.

In 1997, she became an Environmental Consultant, but missed working with students and decided to go to the University of North Carolina (UNC) – Chapel Hill where she began working on her PhD in Biology, studying the effects of dams on riparian trees and altered hydrology.

Her love for people and her compassion toward others, which were traits bequeathed to her by her mom, lead her to apply for and take on a full-time advisor position at the UNC. She was advising approximately 1300 students in 10 science majors. She loved her position as an advisor and loved working with her students; however, she longed to live in a small town with bike lanes that was close to the coast and mountains so she could spend her free time skiing, kayaking, backpacking, and hiking. Corvallis fit her requirements, which is why she applied for a position at Oregon State University and is now the new advisor for the University Honors College.

Wedding Bells

Engaged since May 2000, Rachel plans on tying the knot on commencement day this year. Her wedding will be held on June 17th in Pennsylvania, where she grew up. The groom will be Mark Knott, who she met at UNC through an advisor during a lab meeting. They got a chance to get to know each other by attending a yoga class together.

Thoughts

In ten years, Rachel sees herself as a Director of a Centralized Advising System at a university on the west coast, happily married with children, and with a degree

Fun Facts about Rachel

Zodiac Sign: Aquarius

Favorite Food: Sushi

Favorite Color: Blue

Favorite Article of Clothing:

Grandfather's wool cap

Favorite Music: Jazz

Rachel graduated with honors from Bucknell with an Honor's Thesis that was presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of Science and published. Her thesis described and mapped vegetation of a wetland that was slated for gravel mining, and she made

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Suicide seminar suggests solutions for students

Advisors affirm assistance is available for the afflicted

Samuel Bousch

Staff Writer

Residence Hall Association (RHA) sponsored, the Suicide Prevention program took place in McNary Lounge the evening of January 23rd. More than 60 students attended this campus-run fight against youth suicide to listen to speakers and to find out how they could help a friend who was considering taking his or her life.

"Suicide is not about death," explained the introduction video, "it's about pain. Pain that hurts so bad you can't handle it."

The program started with RHA staff members and students presenting the yellow ribbon project. Conceived by the parents of Michael Emme, this campaign was designed to educate teenagers on the harm suicide does to those who care about them 17 year old. Michael Emme shot and killed himself.

"Don't ever do this" RHA secretary Treasurer, Dale Shafer quoted of Michael's mother. "Reach out to someone and ask for help."

Among the guests of the program was Psy-

chologist Bert Epstein, one of OSU's Psychological Services staff members. He reminded the audience that each student has five free visits to the clinic, and that one can go for any personal reasons, or just to talk. Epstein also encouraged students who fear that they or a friend might be suicidal to come and meet with a counselor.

"We all get upset about grades" cautioned Epstein, "it's when friends start having a bunch of the [warning signs] that you need to be concerned."

It was near the end, but the soul of the presentation was still ahead. Two speakers, RHA McNary Hall President, Jason Hower, and a woman going simply by Ginnie.

Hower started off by telling a heart-wrenching story about his twelve year old sister and her struggle with suicide. Hower found her in the kitchen one day after a fight, clutching a knife and sobbing for him to stay away.

"I don't think she knew what she wanted to do with it," he said, "I think she just wanted to end the pain."

Facts About Suicide

- There is an 80% chance that someone who has attempted suicide will try to kill themselves again.
- 8 out of 10 people who commit suicide gave clues that they wanted to kill themselves.
- 500,000 youth aged 15 to 25 try to kill themselves every year.
- In the United States, more people are victims of suicide than are killed by other people.
- Studies show that a high percentage of gay and lesbian youth (25-30%) attempt suicide.
- Women attempt suicide three times more often than males.
- In all age groups, men who attempt suicide are four times more successful than women.

Warning Signs

- Radical personality changes
- Withdrawal from family, friends, and regular activities
- Changes in eating or sleeping habits
- Falling grades
- Difficulty concentrating
- Violent or rebellious
- Drug or alcohol abuse
- Thoughts or expressions of despair
- Suicidal attempts
- Verbal hints: "I won't be a problem for you much longer."
- Putting affairs in order - giving away favorite possessions, throwing things away
- Suddenly becoming cheerful after prolonged depression



Ginnie followed with a story of her own. Every eye was upon her as she told her own battle with suicide, attempted suicide, and how every night she turns out the lights, and in the dark, wishes she was dead.

Staring back at a room full of strangers she explained, "The reason why I don't kill myself is 'cause I know how much it would hurt my friends."

"Don't ever do this...Reach out to someone and ask for help."

Dale Shafer
RHA Secretary

Ginnie was not alone in the room for those who had thought about suicide. An anonymous survey taken at the beginning revealed that amongst the audience, 70% knew someone who had killed him or herself, 6% had attempted suicide, and 38% had considered suicide. Ginnie was not the only person crying by the end.

Preparing a potable plan pertinent to prosperity

Why proper nutrition should be more than just an afterthought

Heather Turner
Staff Writer

Today I have eaten yogurt, an English muffin, orange juice and even a garden burger. I'm also majoring in Nutrition Science. That should qualify me to write an article on nutrition right? (We just won't mention that I can consume more cookies in one sitting than practically anyone I know.) There are many choices that the average college student needs to make when deciding how to manage their dietary intake and a variety of emotional, nutritional and time needs that come into play when making these decisions.

First, everyone has to decide whether or not they will eat breakfast. Often times this means getting up earlier and sacrificing those precious morning minutes to pour a bowl of Cheerios or grab a yogurt and juice. I say that it is well worth the time and effort because then you can get through your ten o'clock class without your neighbor hearing those loud rumbling noises in your stomach. You will also feel better and not return home to eat an entire cheesecake by yourself.

Once you get past the breakfast hurdle, the rest

of the day provides chance for about three more meals. I like to eat at about 11am, 4pm and 8pm, but I'm kind of odd, so eat whenever you want. The rest of the meals should try to encompass the ideals of the great food triangle. Eat lots of fruits and vegetables, especially the colorful ones, drink some milk and make sure to get plenty of breads and cereals, the best choices being whole grains. Carrying a bottle of water around works well too. Make sure to get one that doesn't leak however, because if your books get all wet this will discourage further water-drinking (not that I know this by experience). Many

college occasions do not fall into this idealized food pattern. There are lots of disasters, emergencies and events that require special planning and decision-making.

Let us look at the typical Sunday night food emergency. You have several hours of homework left and have not eaten anything since lunch. You can either chose to dine on a coffee and Cheetos, or take the complete

plunge and just get a can of creamy chocolate frosting and a spoon. In this case, I'd recommend the frosting, because at this point, what have you got to lose?

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Bryan Ko

Explain Yourself:

Why did you choose your major?



Mechanical Engineering: *My Ride to the Truth*

Mario Apreotesi

Guest Writer from HC199

Imagine walking into an automotive repair shop; at first glance, everything seems normal: a mechanic sprawled under the front end of a car, several young men sanding down a sky blue 1983 Honda Accord, a pick-up truck suspended in mid air by jacks, and bright blue sparks of light dancing at the feet of the welder. Walking further into the shop, you see something very peculiar. Amidst the noise and dust of the shop, there is a young child using a cherry pick (a jack used to lift engines) to elevate his Kay-Bee stroller. Next the child picks up an old piece of sandpaper and proceeds to sand his car. Amused and curious, you continue to observe the child. He throws the sandpaper back on the ground and retrieves a screwdriver and wrench from a tool cabinet. Tools in hand, the child crawls underneath his car and begins repairing it.

Many times throughout my childhood, my father's customers watched me—the child—mimic the actions of my dad and uncles. Countless hours were passed in my dad's shop as I slowly progressed from plastic cars to automobiles and from the "little body man" to manager. The satisfaction and joy I feel in working on cars spills over to my love for taking any object from an inferior state (damaged, broken, or non-existent) to a finished product—this is how I get my "kicks" from life.

Filling out my applications for college, I did not know what to major in. I wanted to go into a field that pertained to constructing "things," things being anything from machines, to systems, to products. Determined to find a suitable major, I read the short descriptions about various promising degrees in the OSU General Catalog.

I soon narrowed my choice down to Mechanical or Civil Engineering deciding upon Mechanical Engineering under the pretenses that they construct machines, products, and systems.

Like most other first-year Mechanical Engineers, I enrolled in ME 101: Introduction to Mechanical Engineering. Towards the end of the term, the professor assigned a project, which required the students to build a relatively small vehicle using a RC motor as the power source. Starting from scratch, our group constructed the assigned vehicle. We turned in our project, took our final, and left for Christmas Break. I traveled home still believing that mechanical engineers constructed "things," unaware that my present reality would come crumbling down in a month's time.

The demise of my beliefs came about from doing some research for this essay. I opened the first result from my internet search, and there on the University of Maine's mechanical engineering page I read the bitter truth: "Mechanical engineers are the *designers* of the machines, products and systems that are so essential to everyday life." I stared in awe at my computer screen. In disbelief I checked several other web sites, and they all confirmed that mechanical engineers design rather than construct.

With this new information, I am not sure that I will stay in this discipline. Currently, I am taking a graphics and design class and may have possibly found a new love: designing "things." Only time will tell what discipline of engineering I will settle in; however, someday I wish to construct and design an automobile; that would be the ultimate "kick."



While in Carole Ann Crateau's Honors Writing class, students write a one page essay on why they chose the major they did.

Freedom

Kai-Huei Yau

Guest Writer from HC199

“O h...so what are you going to do with that?” This is the most common reaction I get when I tell somebody that I am majoring in Art. If I’m with somebody else, they’ll probably turn to my friend and proceed to have an interesting discussion about science, engineering, and other “worthwhile” topics. I also have a few relatives, including my dad (a metallurgist and corrosion engineer), who are none too happy with my choice. And not to toot my own horn, but I’ve always done well in math and science. Compound that with my choice of art and people are doubly disappointed.

If there is little respect and money involved, why choose art? Well, first of all, I’m not some pervert who’s an art major just so he can draw naked women. Second, I don’t plan on becoming a professional “staving artist.” I plan on teaching – another field of work that isn’t always appreciated. Third, the field of art is immensely broad, and it is a part of everyday life.

What most people don’t realize is that we are constantly surrounded by form and color. Everyone is an art critic. We all judge things based aesthetic value, be it manmade or natural. There’s an artist in each of us. If people were as artistically challenged as they claim they are, there would be a lot more Pontiac Aztecs on the Road; more people would dress like Carrot Top; Kansas would have a booming tourism sector and beer would not be a prerequisite for marriage.

On top of all of these reasons, I’ve always liked art from the time I was just a little guy. There are so many aspects of our environment that are created by art-

ists. Artists design ads, cars, clothing, buildings, landscapes, statues, book covers, web sites, and yes, even Nativity scenes. Granted, I didn’t think I’d end up pursuing a career in art. No, like almost every other kid, I wanted to either be a doctor, firefighter, acupuncturist, or astronaut. As time passed, however, the lure of taking the math or science path down life waned to a speck.

The only fun things I can do now with math and science are to find other dirty words to punch in upside-down on my calculator and to blow up things. There’s no money in the calculator thing, and being a pyrotechnics expert is much too controlled and technical for me.

Like everybody, I’d like to think that my area of interest is the most important of all the other disciplines in the world. I am, however, enlightened enough to see that no field is more important than any other one. While math and physics attempt to decrypt the universe and science seeks to make life easier (more hectic), art gives people a way to vent

anger, express love, or to have something to do when the TV is out.

With science and math, one is limited by reality, but in art, one’s limitless imagination is the only barrier. Besides this creative openness, there’s nothing like making something—seeing the physical form of something that started as an idea—especially if other people like it. Teaching is even more fulfilling. Watching young people learn and seeing them progress evokes a feeling of fulfillment. Taking part in the development of a person’s life is second only to parenting. So from now on, when I’m hit with the obvious ignorance and that ever-inevitable question, I’ll just smile and say, “everything” as I turn around and have an interesting conversation with someone else.



Kai-Huei Yau

As rescue crews enter their second hour, the victim count is climbing steadily in this one-car accident.

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Unsafe at any speed:

Jackie's adventures in non-driving

Jackie Wirz

Staff Writer

Until I was fifteen, I was like every other boy or girl in the area. OK, maybe that is an exaggeration (stop snickering!), but all of us had one thing in common: no permit, no car, no license, and acne, but that is besides the point. When our fifteenth birthdays rolled around, visions of independence were one step closer. Permit in hand, the drive home was like a first taste of ambrosia. If you could squeeze your eyes hard enough, and ignore the parental authority figure sitting nervously to your right, it was *almost* like you were the big-shot sixteen year old you knew was inside. Well, that was the case for everybody else...

My fifteenth birthday came and went, without getting within a mile of the DMV. I decided against taking the exam, claiming I had a perfectly good chauffeur (although she didn't wear a uniform, she did my laundry so I can't complain about Mom). In reality, I realized that I had trouble walking on flat ground. I ran into inanimate

objects frequently. I couldn't remember my left from my right without stopping and making the little "L" with my fingers. Me, behind the wheel of a ton of metal and moving parts? I don't think so.

One by one, my friends graduated from permits to licenses. I discovered that making the little "L" with my hands didn't work when I turned them over, and figured I shouldn't get my permit on my sixteenth birthday either. Friends got cars. I got a wider selection of carpool options. Life moved on.

My first bad experience with a car occurred whilst having a small vacation with friends on the coast. After calling a friend from Newport on future UHC-er Amanda's car phone, I foolishly locked her keys in her still-running car. Needless

to say, the battery didn't enjoy the experience. I was mortified, especially since there was not a phone at the beach house to call from and the nearest locksmith wasn't near at all. My mortification grew exponentially when we eventually had to call Amanda's parents via a pay phone 800 meters away to drive out from Corvallis, bringing the spare keys and jumper cables with them.

My second bad experience with a car occurred, coincidentally, with another future UHC student. Dow and I decided to go out for a drive, and we headed towards northeast Corvallis. It was a beautiful night: the stars were out and the weather was just perfect. I know, because I had a long time to look at the stars after the car went into a ditch. I had to help push, so let's develop a mental picture here: Me, weighing 20 pounds less than I do now (just imagine skin and bones with big glasses), with the ability to lift a whopping 50 pounds on the bench press (yes, that is the bar alone), pushing a vehicle out of thick mud. After

**I am behind the wheel, in control,
and with vented air in my hair.**

failing miserably, we walked, and walked, and walked till we came to the house of a friend. A friend who's father towed the car

out. At this point I decided that driving wasn't worth the hassle, and my friend's parent's probably agreed. Another two years slipped by.

Incidentally, my mother finally realized that I shouldn't be behind any wheel (including my bike, since I ran into the mailboxes twice my junior year). It was easy for me to decide against being vehicle-able when my mother assisted in removing any driving temptation by systematically hiding driver's manuals. Friends gave them to me as presents, only to mysteriously disappear days later. My sister, when she got her permit and later license, carefully kept her manual away from me. Bless her heart, she is thinking of becoming a nun, which I think is appropriate since she thought of the better good of humanity even back then.



At college, everybody could drive but not everybody had cars, which made me feel slightly less freakish (although the fact that I like honors chemistry made me pretty damn weird). I was forced to enter the DMV as a freshman, since I needed an Oregon ID

card. While waiting for the oh-so-lovely picture to develop, I bit the bullet and tried the permit exam. And failed, miserably. How was I supposed to know that I needed to get out of the car and scan for small children? By the time I would have gotten back into the car, children could have popped out again, right? The only question I got right was the alcohol-content question. Go figure.

Two more permit exams later, I was finally equipped with the permit itself somewhere in the middle of my twentieth year. My mother's blood pressure immediately rose to the danger level, so she was off the list of eligible chaperones. My father would take me out in



the evenings, and for the first four months the only times I drove a vehicle was when it was dark and raining. By this time, of course, I had friends who were of legal age to sit in the truly hot-seat, but everybody loved their trans-

mission too much to subject it to the ravages of an uncoordinated beginner. Sadly, I am just as uncoordinated today as I was four years ago. Although, instead of running into the temporary walls at CVHS, I am now privileged enough to run into the considerably harder marble and brick edifices as OSU.

And now I am able to run into inanimate objects with considerably more force, behind the wheel of a green 1993 Saturn. I

was lucky enough to pass the driver's exam on my first go, and although I nearly killed my boyfriend and I a scant few hours later, I am behind the wheel, in control,

Continued on page 17

Goodbye sunny dreams, hello spring break

Realistic alternatives to the idealistic spring break parties

Beth Tilgner
Editor-In-Chief

Vacation Advertisements litter campus bulletin boards and newspapers. The sun tempts short sleeves and begs you to leave the umbrella at home. Finals are a joke when your brain is already on the beach. Yes, It's Spring Break again, but let's not fool ourselves. Very few students actually make it to Cancun for their vacation adventures; in fact, many don't get out of Corvallis. Instead of crossing your fingers for nice weather or taking out an emergency loan to find free parties and sun, consider a week of enlightenment that keeps the pennies in your pocket.

Rent a beach house. That's right; find a place that sleeps six or eight people and then cram fifteen of your buddies in there. When you divide all the expenses it works out pretty well and nothing says

fun like sharing a bathroom with everyone. Just one thing: don't forget the film.

If you are stuck working nine to five for the entirety of the break, don't give up on a good time. Although admittedly a strange activity, a photo-scavenger hunt might be the perfect way to make a memory. The rules are simple: each team gets a list of objects and a disposable camera, then they take pictures of a group member with each object. Everyone meets back at an appointed time at a one-hour-photo and the team with the best/most pictures is treated to dinner or dessert.

Don't have any friends? Looking for something a bit more rewarding? A little volunteer work can go a long way, and it doesn't hurt your résumé either. Help a house-bound senior citizen plant a flower box or offer to help with yardwork. If gardening doesn't pique your interest, what about entertaining a child for the day? A trip to the beach or even the park can give you a whole new perspective on the world in which we live.

No matter how you spend Spring Break, have fun and remember what we are really celebrating: NO HOMEWORK.

14 The Chronicle

Red in the Face:

Peculiarities of Asian alcohol consumption

Jackie Wirz

Staff Writer

It is difficult to walk through campus without encountering signs posted by the Peer Health Advocates, all of which proclaim the same fact: "74% of students at OSU consume less than 4 drinks a week." Personally, I count six of these signs while walking between my first two classes. It is no wonder that as I zone out during sociology, I contemplate intoxicating beverages. I'm not sure this is what the Peer Health Advocates intended when they diligently canvassed the school, but at least I'm not thinking about getting plastered after my biophysics midterm. OK, I admit, the thought *did* cross my mind, but I axed it off the list immediately because of one simple fact: I don't like alcohol.

Why do I, an otherwise mostly-normal twenty-one year old collegiate female, dislike drinking? Especially since the very fact that it is socially acceptable for me to wear skirts qualifies me for copious amounts of free liquor? I dislike it due to my biological response to alcohol. By biological, I don't mean having to urinate every ten seconds, or the inhibition of higher logic resulting in embarrassingly bad dancing. I am referring to the instant flushing of my face. I make Rudolph's nose look like a dying ember in comparison with the 10,000 watt red-face that I acquire at the merest *sniff* of alcohol.

The "red-face" response is common to lots of people who consume excessive amounts of alcohol, but it is peculiarly present in those of Asian descent. As fate, and genetics, would have it, I am one of the 50% of Asians that experience high sensitivity to the tiniest bit of the bubbly. And it is not like I, or any other afflicted Asians, have to consume a whole bottle of Jack Daniels before we light up – the effect is extremely pronounced even after one or two drinks. Many urban myths assume that Asians just can't handle alcohol, or that they are allergic to having ethanol in their bodies (some people are, but far fewer than those who turn red quickly). In reality, more than half

of people with strong Chinese, Japanese, and Korean heritage – have a slower-than-normal enzyme in their ethanol catabolism.

Catabolism is any part of metabolism that deals with processes by which molecules are broken down into smaller, user-friendly pieces. Normal catabolism of whatever you could scrounge for lunch with the buck seventy-five you found in the SLUG couch involves taking a large lump chunk of breadsticks and breaking them into smaller grease units for your tummy. It is analogous to a bolt of lightning – the bolt itself has too much energy and can blow out your toaster (don't you hate it when that happens?). If it could be harnessed and packaged into Duracell-batteries, it would then be useful, and promptly sold to California. Alcohol catabolism is the process by which alcohol is broken down into smaller, although less amusing, chunks of material.

When we consume alcohol, it passes from the stomach into our bloodstreams. A small amount of alcohol escapes the grip of catabolism and is excreted in our urine and breath, which is why the breathalyzer test works much to the dismay of many a MIP. (Contrary to popular belief, the bathroom urge while drinking is caused by alcohol's diuretic properties — it causes your body to expel water, and alcohol is only a tiny fraction of the gallons you expelled at that last frat party.) Blood containing alcohol eventually gets circulated through the liver, which works strenuously to eliminate alcohol from our systems. Since the liver can only handle a limited amount of alcohol at a time (one drink an hour – and coffee won't speed that up, so don't try), whatever it cannot immediately service remains in circulation. In the liver, an enzyme converts ethanol into acetaldehyde. From here, acetaldehyde is converted via another enzyme called aldehyde dehydrogenase (eight syllables – memorize and impress your friends!) to acetate.

Before I get too complicated, let's simplify: acetaldehyde is bad. Very bad. Worse than discovering back hair on an otherwise attractive man.

Continued on page 17



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We of the Chronicle staff are working hard to serve our readers, but to do that better we need to hear from you. Simply fill out the survey, clip it out, and put it in the box labeled *Chronicle Survey* in the SLUG (STAG 030). Surveys will be drawn at random and awarded gift certificates to area merchants.

Name: _____

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Do you enjoy the articles in the Chronicle? YES NO SOME

What types of articles do you like to read? (circle as many as you want)

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What types of articles would you like to see in the future? _____

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Have you ever written for the Chronicle? YES NO

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Red in the Face: Continued from 14

Many Asians have a slower than average aldehyde dehydrogenase to get rid of acetaldehyde. It's as if I was working at a factory where I had to package 24 crayons in a box. Since I count slowly (don't ask), it would take me longer get a box ready than Rosie the Riveter at the assembly line to my right, and I would have a bunch of crayons piling up in front of me. In alcohol catabolism, the slow enzyme results in a buildup of acetaldehyde which in turns makes some Asians radiate that warm, fuzzy glow of alcohol-induced joy.

Before everybody who turns red gets alarmed, acetaldehyde is toxic, but the amounts in the body after consuming a couple of drinks is still low. The effects are generally limited to flushed face and nausea. As can be demonstrated by looking at the demographics of almost any party, Asians can consume alcohol just fine. In fact, many Asians who suffer from the slow enzyme are also blessed with a fast metabolism, which lowers the time alcohol affects the body. Genes are funny like that...

So, the next time you notice a bright red face beaming like a beacon across the room, you can saunter up to them and open with the line, "Say, is your acetaldehyde dehydrogenase slow? Cause I've got enough for two..." Who knows, you may hit on a biochemistry student, and they'd be very impressed.

All About Rachel: Continued from 7

in counseling.

Retirement is what Rachel pictures when she imagines life 25-30 years down the road. Instead of work, she wants to spend her time kayaking, bicycling, and skiing. She wants to return to nature, where she spent a lot of her time as a child, revisiting the environment she loves the most and has spent most of her life studying.

Advice

As an honors graduate herself, who has written three theses throughout her educational career, Rachel has some advice for all those preparing to write an Honors Thesis:

Make sure to carefully catalog and file all your references while writing the thesis.

If you're suffering from anxiety, writer's block, abstract goals & timeline, or an unknown thesis topic, make sure to use your resources and talk to Jane, Rachel, or your mentor. Rachel looks forward to meeting the rest of the UHC students, so sign up to advise with her soon.

Nutrition: Continued from 9

A second disaster is when you realized that you haven't gone grocery shopping for awhile and all you have left is the number to Pizza Pipeline and a few packages of Ramen noodles. GO TO THE STORE! Both of the previous choices are unacceptable. If you are going to eat empty calories please hit up New Morning Bakery and ask for some of their finest, Nanaimo bars. Eating lots of food that is bad for you that doesn't actually taste good isn't going to make you feel any better. You will feel nasty and gross after eating greasy pizza or noodles shaped like a square. However the "healing" qualities of chocolate will boost your mood and also feel very good going down.

The third food emergency is when you are suffering from complete boredom. You know this is happening when you visit either the local K-mart or the cow barn for fun. Basically the only remedy for this is sharing a tub of Ben and Jerry's Phish Food ice cream with a close friend. You will only need to try it once to be an addict for life and never be bored again.

If you eat a basically healthy diet for most of the time and occasionally go to the gym, you can be happy and feel good even when you practice the last several emergency food procedures (in moderation of course). Happy eating!

Jackie's Adventures: Continued from 13

and with vented air in my hair. And a few short months after that momentous event, I turned twenty-one. How exciting is my life – I get to drink and drive legally in the same year!

In conclusion, this article is a public service announcement. Like Ralph Nader's pivotal book *Unsafe at Any Speed*, this essay is about increasing public awareness of the danger of motor vehicles. Unlike Nader's work, I'm talking about something more specific than GM. I'm talking about GMAWYSSJBT: General Motors and Why You Should be Scared when Jackie is Behind Them. Take this warning to heart, remember to be safe, and buckle up.

The Golden Sea*By David Morrison*

*I know the ocean is out there, but today it
 lurks far away and under the cover of the
 clouds. The landscape is enveloped by hills
 that are left gray by the wispy haze.
 But the closest hill stands out from the
 landscape, covered in the vibrant green trees.
 I rest a valley away from the misty
 hills in a sea of golden grass.
 The sun breaks through the clouds and
 glistens upon the tallest brassy blades around
 me. The peaceful silence is only disturbed by
 the slight breeze or the occasional rustling of a
 grasshopper. In the golden sea it is easy to
 drown in the timeless tranquility.*

**Kimberly Ivancovich*****Dancing****Anonymous*

*The two step music
 sounds like tin from cheap speakers
 Stumbling across the dance floor
 Desperately searching out the beat
 Our lips mumble a chant
 Of "Slow, Slow, quick-quick"*

*The instructor's look expresses amusement
 And she tries to hide her laughter
 In a cough*

*Toes aching
 Yet our feet insist on
 Suffocating one another
 As we trip about like circus clowns*

*An attempt at a graceful turn
 Ends as a clumsy bump
 That sends another couple reeling
 And we cling to each other
 To keep from falling down
 While below us
 Our shoes make love*

*My poetry is my music
 Sometimes it is soft
 I don't hear it
 Other times it crescendos
 To deafening levels*

*Life is my dance
 Trying to hear the poetry
 The music
 And stay on beat*



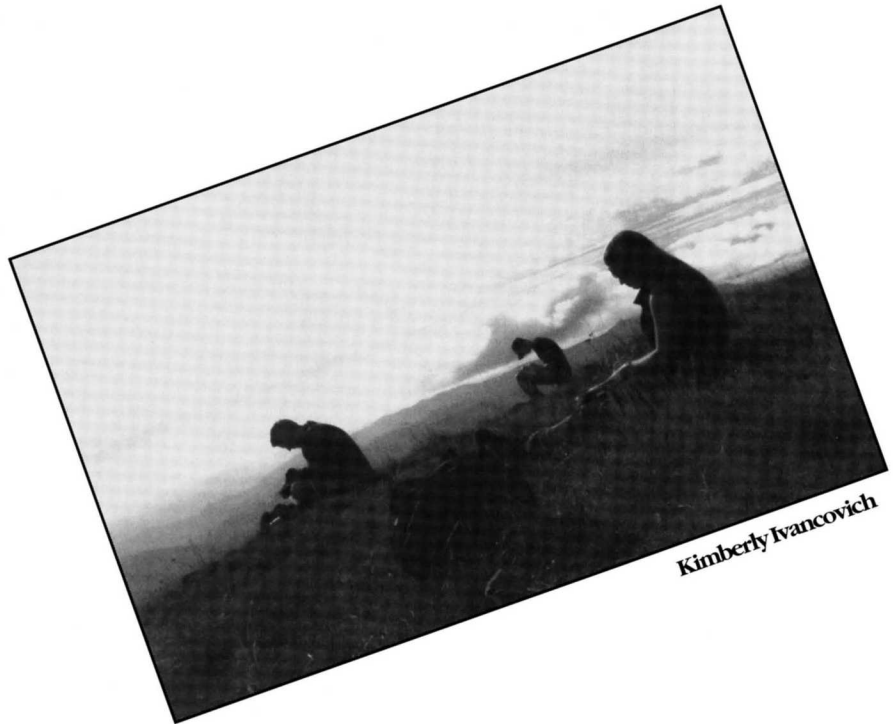
Tattered Dreams

Anonymous

*Tattered dreams
Floating like burnt paper
Ashes in the wind
Black and gray inequities
Stripping away the virginity
Of the untouched snow*



Bryan Ko



Kimberly Ivancovich

Fir and Maple

By Beth Wolf

*Two trees once encompassed an open meadow.
Lonely they stood as species, together as friends.
In the fall, Maple would turn brilliantly beautiful colors,
Fir stayed green.
When winter came, Maple lost all those leaves and was naked.
Fir stayed green.
Branches of densely massed needles,
Protected small animals from heavy snowfall.
Both were a little jealous of each other,
But each had traits that were special.*

*After several winters together, Maple didn't sprout new growths.
All summer Maple was naked.
In the early fall the mighty winds came and pushed her down.
As Maple lay at Fir's roots
She was no longer jealous of him, nor him of her.
Fir mourned Maple, but realized that
He was growing from her loss.
The nutrients that his roots obtained
Were from the break down and decay of Maple.
True friendship: being able to accept loss for gain.*



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