

Collegian

Willamette University

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Willamette says bye-bye

Willamette University (The Oldest University in the West) will be seceding from the United States of America next year according to Jerry Hudson, Willamette President and head Happy Face. This surprisingly drastic move was made due to "unfair cutbacks to private education and a universal dislike of the boring, old American flag," says chipper Jerry.

Actually, this move is not quite as drastic as it may first appear. Hudson reported that Willamette (The Oldest University in Oregon) has had a committee studying this possibility for a "heckuva long time." This committee, chaired by Vice-President for Everything Rosemary Hart, was made up of strictly Ms. Hart and her best friends. Little Chuckie Leutwyler framed a statement for Ms. Hart, complaining that there was no student involvement (not to mention no faculty or staff involvement) on the committee, but he decided not to send it when he was assured that the students would be able

to design the flag for the new Republic of Willamette University (The Oldest University in the Willamette Valley).

Ms. Hart, when questioned on the quickness of the committee's actions stated, "We had to work fast to make sure that we beat Alaska to the punch. Anyway, if we had not done it so quickly, we wouldn't have been able to get it through in time for next year's budget. Furthermore, it's none of your business anyhow so just get the hell out of my office."

The new Republic of Willamette University (The Oldest University in Salem) will be a total democracy with all eligible voters having a say in it's governing. To qualify to be a voter, one merely has to be at least 30, have a PhD and be a good friend of Rosemary Hart. Cuddly Jerry Hudson has set these guidelines, Jerry said, of the committee. Asked about these guidelines on the advice "Well, I don't really know. I haven't had a chance to read them yet, but I'm sure that they are just and fair. The commit-

tee wouldn't do anything to offend the Willamette (The Oldest University Just South of the Capitol) community would they?"

Buzz Yocom, Assistant to the President and well known nice guy, has been put in charge of the logistics of the secession. In a press conference last week, Buzz stated that over-all the new Republic will be a good thing for all concerned. "There will be a few minor problems, like the issuing of passports. Instead of student I.D. cards, everyone will have to have a student passport. You will have to show this everytime you leave campus. We're also going to have to coin our own currency, and we are not sure yet whether or not the local businesses will be able to handle the sudden influx of Willamette (The Oldest University That I've Worked For) money," said Buzz.

In answer to the question from Libby Yocom, Buzz replied, "I should be home about six, dear."



The new Republic of Willamette University Armed Forces stop for a short break while on maneuvers. Since the army presently consists of only four men, Jer-Buddy Hudson is considering instating the draft.

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Senate whoops as Dean spews

by Idi Amin

In Senate last night, ASWU President Chuck "Neco Wafer" Leutwyler announced his plans to "streamline" the senate meetings by opening them with a loud cry of "WHOO- WHOO" and then pointing at someone and making them talk. Leutwyler reasoned, "the meetings have just been too boring lately. Jim and Hance say I need to spice things up a bit, and they came up with the 'whoop-whoop' idea, which sounds like a good one to me. I think what this senate needs is a bit less arguing and a bit more whoop-whooping."

When asked to further explain what he meant by whoop-whooping, Leutwyler replied, "you know, whoop-whooping."

The first senator pointed to was former ASWU president Rob McClellan, who took the opportunity to express his dismay at the new whoop system, saying that "in all due respect, it seems a bit dumb, although admittedly on the stupid side." Senator McClellan was promptly asked to sit and be quiet or his mom would be told.

ASWU treasurer Scott Greenwood then proposed that an additional system be put into effect to maximize senate efficiency. In the new system, which passed by the senate with a resounding whoop, senators are required to end their sentences with a silent and delicate "pfft," to be made

by placing the lips tightly together and saying something like "chop suey." Senator Perry Packard, from either or both Matthews Hall and SAE, suggested another method for the pfft system, saying that it was much more convenient to simply grab a mouthful of sleeve and try to sing.

Dean of Dumb Ideas Jerry Berberet in an unprecedented move exploded in the Autzen Senate Chamber during last Wednesday's OZWO Senate meeting. The incident started when one of Willamette's sharper minds asked the Dean just where it was he got all of his award-winning ideas. To which the Dean reportedly replied, "Oh Yeah? Well, if you're so smart, why ain't you rich?" "But," the crowd retorted, "WHOO- WHOO." Where upon the Dean exploded, spewing itsy bitsy nasty bits of Dean all over the room and the Senators. Collegian Science Editor Paul Hehn explained that a gamma ray must have hit that little itsy bitsy bit of plutonium we all have inside us.

ASWU secretary John Mulvihill expressed his grief over the tragedy, which, he said, "must never happen again. One eyeful of molten dean is more than enough."

As usual, ASWU Vice President and sometimes female impersonator Scott "Filet Gumbo" Sheridan was quoted as saying, "I...dammit! I forgot what I was going to say!"



We find it difficult to believe there are still people around who dress up like chickens with that whole El Salvador thing going on. Some people have no compassion at all.

Admissions plans fuss

The Admissions Office, consisting of Frank Meyer, Jim Sumner, Teresa Hudkins, and sometimes that Shelly girl, announced recently that they were tired of being ignored. To alleviate this situation, they are going to start making a real stink about everything, making major policy decisions without consulting anyone, and

generally being "just as rude and annoying as the rest of the administration."

Frank defined the problem this way: "Nobody really knows anything about our department. I mean, the only way that anyone can even remember who is in charge around here is that old ditty, 'Jim is balder, Frank is higher.' It's time we got some attention!" Jim concurred saying, "Yup, me too."

The first major change they will make in the pursuance of their goal will be to raise the cost of applying to Willamette. From now on, it will cost each applicant \$200.00 just to get the Admissions people to consider their application. But since they really want to kick up a fuss, anyone who pays that fee without a complaint will be immediately dropped from consideration. "This way," said Frankie, "All the really rich kids that Willamette depends upon for its very existence won't be accepted. Boy, I can't wait till the Board of Trustees hears about this." Jim sounded, "Pretty clever, huh?"

The other big change in their

policies will be that all campus tours, presently offered free through the Admissions Office, will be held on motorcycles. "Just think about it," rambled old man Meyer, "We'll buy a whole bunch of Harleys, and anytime some High School Senior or old alumnus wants a tour, we'll just hop on our cycles and tear off. We'll pull doobies on the grass, peel out through the Quad, and drive right up the stairs of the U.C., probably busting right through those big Godawful glass doors. To add to the new image, we'll all wear black leather vests and pants, except for Teresa; we're planning to drive her around naked." "Neck-ed as a jay bird," echoed little baby Sumner.

Neither Teresa Hudkins nor that Shelly girl were available for comment. Frank reported that both had gone up to a special beauty salon in Portland to get that Wendy O. Williams look. "It's all part of the new image," cautioned Frank. For once, Jim had nothing to say, his mouth being full of drool and thumbtacks.

Dean grabs for power

Dean Jerry Berberet, of the Willamette College of Liberal Arts, has come up with yet another plan to organize students and the school so that, "it is a more efficient, academic place to be." His plan includes returning the Law School and the GSA(M) to departments of the CLA, and renaming the University President to the position of "Assistant to Dean Jerry Berberet of the College of Liberal Arts." This would be an advisory position, much like that the Collegian will have next year.

"It's a plan I've been working on for a long time now," says the Dean, "and frankly, I'm surprised nobody thought of it before I did. For such an 'Ivory Tower' we're not doing much." His plan claims to augment the school to more precise leadership. One extra "benefit" under his plan would be that the University Center, "which nobody uses anyway," would become his office, "I just want to make sure everyone knows who's in command around here."

Of course, the "Berberet plan" also extends into the faculty. "What I've wanted to do for a long time is to be able

to pick who I want for promotions, and not have to go through the formality of the Faculty Council. In this way, the process will become more centralized, and everyone will like me a lot more."

The plan passed the Board of Trustees, in what Berberet called a "mandate" for change, by a vote of 51-49. "It just shows they are for it, and want to see results," says the Dean, "and it's results I'm gonna give 'em."

Sparks renovation

At last week's Board of Trustees meeting, university president and fidget Jerry "Clambake" Hudson announced plans to renovate the Sparks Athletic Center and "dump the Eaton thing."

Although the Sparks Center was completed just seven years ago, Dr. Hudson explained the need to renovate and possibly even redesign the complex because "at the time of designing the Sparks Athletic Center the architects were still pretty messed up by all that Watergate brou-ha-ha, and it shows in their work."

Further explaining that if Willamette (the oldest university this side of Hell) is to become a "free and truly democratic nation in itself," the university-republic would need,

as Hudson put it, "one big god-damn gym."

To update the facility, the university plans to spend over \$6.2 million of somebody's money. This amount, according to Hudson, should not be difficult to raise. As he explains, "There's a guy over in maintenance who used to be in the service, and I'm pretty sure we can get in on a G.I. loan."

Improvements to Sparks include a tripling in the size of the field house (to be renamed Rosemary Hart Field House), the rebuilding of the now unpainted handball courts, and shag carpet lacing the "cage." Additions to the facility include a bevy of waterbeds, velcro wrestling mats, a beauty college, a winery, and a thing to make cheese.

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Campus Briefs

Kevin bristles

Kevin Spillane, in a move designed to separate him from the rest of the political-type Freshmen, has undertaken the task of growing a beard. As Kevin sees it, "This will make me look as old as most of the seniors, like E.J. Epstein, only more conservative." Spillane has been studying under Vice-President Sam Hall in Basic Beard Growth Policies. Said Hall, "A beard is more than just facial decoration. It is a sign of authority, distinction, and most likely an ugly chin."

Hall to go home

Mrs. Sam Hall announced earlier today that dinner would be ready about 5:30 and if her husband didn't get home in time it would just go straight into the trashmasher. In a related statement, Vice-President Hall asked that nobody bother him with any school problems because if he is late getting home his "fat will be in the fire" and he will be "sleeping with old Spot." This announcement was greeted with snickers by those members of the faculty who aren't scared of Sam.

Aliens arrive

During Spring Break a space ship landed in the Quad and demanded that fifteen students, apparently belonging to the extra-terrestrials, be turned over immediately or Willamette would be destroyed. The aliens described the students as being dressed in the mode of 1931 fashions. Buzz Yocom, Dean of Making Sure That Extra-Terrestrials Don't Destroy Willamette, has requested that any students who know anything about these missing fifteen students please contact him immediately.

Pub-types fight

"Ken Yates is a little Hitler," says Kevin Higgins, Publications Business Manager. This announcement preceded an unexpected bout of infighting amongst the Publications Board personnel. In other aspects of this power struggle, Yates called Kevin a "real snot sometimes" and Gordon Reusink, Jason Editor, called Steve Miller Collegian Editor, a "woman in a man's

body." Miller responded with a curt "at least I've got a man's body." Paul Hehn, ex-Collegian Editor jumped into the fracas by saying, "Hey guys, let's try to remember the Golden Rule." Suzanne Thomas, Darkroom Manager, promptly leveled Hehn with her camera bag.

Large is lonely

The Alumni House will be holding an Open House next week with the hope of just getting somebody in there to talk to them. Larry Large, Vice-President for God Alone Knows What, will be available to discuss his moving plans, his wife and kids, the Dodgers, or anything else you want to talk about. His secretary, Meg, has put out a special request for someone to come talk to Large because she "can't put up with the idiot anymore."

Convos are held

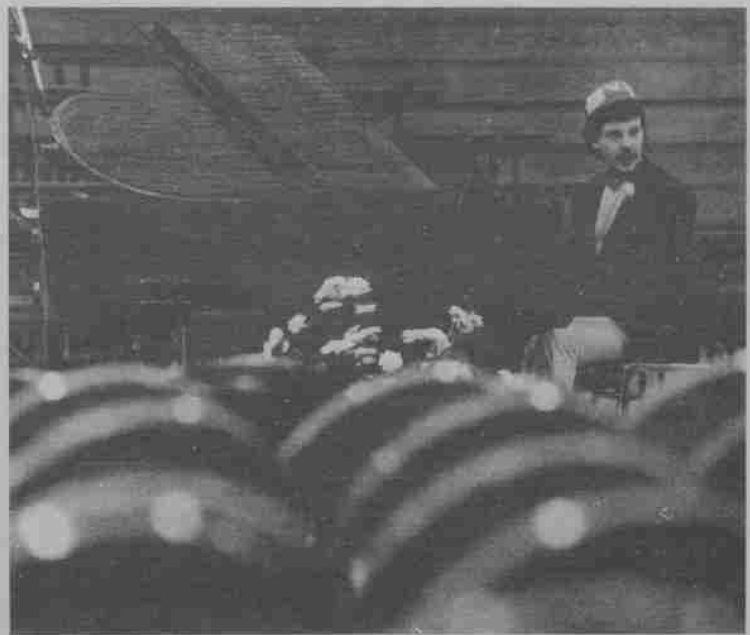
A whole bunch of convos and student recitals will be held during the next few weeks, but since nobody ever goes to any of them, what the hell's the use of telling you what they're about. Let's get serious. The only reason they ever get mentioned here is that we need to fill out the Campus Briefs section. We might as well just put in a bunch of inside jokes and personal comments to friends, for all you guys care. Let's drop it, okay?

Board clams up

The Board of Trustees announced in an emergency session last week that they would not be talking to anybody anymore. As Warne Nunn, Ex-Chairman of the Board put it, "Nobody's nice to us and so we're just not going to play anymore." In a follow-up comment, Nunn said, "Uh uh, you're not going to trick me into talking. Whoops. I just did, didn't I? Well, no more. Humm hum hum."

Hippies coming

Hippies will be on campus throughout the week of April 5. In addition to the hippies, there will be lots of dope. Not only will hippies and dope be on campus, but so will a bunch of incense. Alongside the hippies and the dope and the incense will be a fistful of vacuum cleaner bags, but nobody will be able to tell you why.



Steve Miller, Collegian Editor, sings to an empty audience at his senior recital, held in the Rosemary Hart Field House.

More old stuff...

50 Years Ago

* Martians were sighted in the Quad. Then-President Doney discounted it as a silly college prank, incited by the depression. 15 students were taken away in a space ship and were subsequently expelled for missing chapel the next day.
* Waller Hall was burned to the ground but nobody noticed it for a week and a half. The student who finally reported it was expelled for getting excited on a school day.
* Buzz Yocom was hired as Dean of Smiling A Lot. In his first month in the job he expelled thirty-five students for "unnecessary glumness."

25 Years Ago

* A pack of huge Great Danes invaded the campus and ate about two dozen D.G.s before they were claimed by the Beta Fraternity as mascots. Buzz Yocom, the Dean of the Big Dogs, severely chastized the fraternity. In response, the Betas said that they were "real sorry," and that "it won't happen again."
* A mysterious ship landed in the quad and dispensed 15 very confused students dressed in out of fashion clothes. All fifteen were accepted as incoming transfer students from the University of TZxxFr 4.
* The Kampus Krazy Kollege Kids ran a week long extravaganza that included stuffing the entire Freshman class into a phone booth, feeding the Sophomores nothing but goldfish for a week, and setting fire to the Junior class during a class meeting. Said Senior Max Sterrman, "It was all in the crazy spirit of college fun that permeates the nation."

10 Years Ago

The "Fritz Fracas" escalated even further as President Fritz ordered the entire faculty to be taken out and shot. Then-Dean of Having People Be Taken Out and Shot Buzz Yocom attempted to carry out this order but was blocked by an enraged pack of students chanting radical slogans like "Please Don't Shoot Our Profs" and "C'mon, Buzz, Get Serious, Huh, Guy." For the rest of the semester, the professors lived in hiding in various student dorm rooms, being snuck to and from classes under students' trenchcoats. The controversy finally came to an end when Dean Yocom masterminded a bloody coup, killing President Fritz and proclaiming himself Dean Of Taking Over Campus and Killing That Mean, Nasty President Fritz.

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Disneyland is in California

by Malcolm Wilcox

When my advisor first suggested that I take advantage of one of those semester abroad programs, the first thought that came to my mind was finding the easiest one available. I went through all the different suggestions and none of them appealed to me. They were all either in foreign countries (and I can't stand talking a foreign language) or doing something involving work, like interning with a Senator or cleaning gutters in Louisiana. Finally, one day while I was pushing the filing cabinet down on my advisor, I discovered a proposal for a semester program that apparently nobody had used in several years. It was exactly what I was looking for! Imagine this, a semester program in Disneyland!

I signed up for it immediately, and after a few sharp kicks in the ribs, my advisor approved my application. Then, last August, while the rest of the student body was coming back to Willamette (The Wettest University in the West), I was jetting down to sunny Southern California for three and a half months of Disneyland. I was expecting the time of my life. I couldn't have been any wronger!

Imagine if you will, thirty thousand little brats everyday asking for directions to the bathroom or demanding to have their pictures taken with Dougy-Wougy, the Lovable Rhinoceros. You see, that was my job for about half the time I was there. Walking around in this gigantic rhinoceros costume so little kids could get the thrill of their lives. Of course, I had to kneel down so they could hug me and just about every other one would grab on to my horn and scream, "Lookie, Lookie, I caught Dougy-Wougy." I tell you, I couldn't put up with that too long, so finally some five year old punk grabs a hold of my horn and I picked him up and tossed him into the Fan-



tasyland Crocodile Pit. The little stinker screamed for about five minutes before one of the crocs finally bit his head off.

Needless to say, after that incident I got a real talking to, and had my costume revoked. As punishment, they made me one of the guides on the Jungleland Boat Cruise. The other workers told me that was real bad, because that was one of the most boring jobs there was. At first I have to admit it got a little tiring. Riding around and around in those little boats all day, giving this real stupid spiel about how dangerous and frightening it is. I got real sick of that crap after the first week, but I made a few changes to brighten it up a bit. The first thing I did was put real bullets in my gun. As we went around the stream, I would shoot those robot natives that came out

and most of the time they would just explode. But one time I hit a control center or something in one of them and it started going real spastic, knocking over the other robots and throwing rocks at the boats. So I gave up on that and started shooting off peoples' hats when they were looking the other way and then blaming it on the robots.

Finally I pulled a real great stunt. I went down to the worst part of town and hired a couple of big black guys to dress up in native costumes. Then I stole a canoe from Davy Crocket's Island and slipped it into Jungleland. So this one time I'm taking this group around and suddenly these two crazy natives come rowing up to attack the boat. They had a blank gun and shot it at me, and at the same time I slapped myself

in the shoulder with some fake blood. So everybody on the boat thinks I was really shot and they start screaming like all hell. I was screaming louder than anyone though, and I was yelling, "This is the real thing! We can't let them take us alive! Scuttle the boat!" These idiot tourists take me seriously and start ripping the floor boards out of the boat. Well the boat sank and a couple of fat ladies drowned (it was only four feet of water, for Christ's sake!) and one crazy old guy from Iowa wandered off into the jungle and was found two weeks later totally out of his mind. He had been eating squirrels or something to stay alive and

really thought he was in darkest Africa. Geez, can you beat that?

Well, before you could say Superfrallicadilisticex-bealladocious, I was hauled up before the park manager for another tongue lashing. This time though, I could tell that they really meant it because they busted me to litter patrol. That was the real pits, because all I could do was wander around all day picking up gum wrappers and empty paper cups. The only thing that made it worthwhile was the little stick I had. It was one of those sticks about three feet long with a real sharp point on the end to pick up paper with. Well, whenever none of the supervisors were looking I would do some target practice with it, throwing it like a javelin at trees and signs and things. I even got pretty good with it! So anyway, one day I'm down in Frontierland and this guy comes running out of one of the saloons followed by some girl screaming that he was Billy the Kid or something. I just automatically dropped my garbage bag, hauled off and tossed my stick at him. I got him right in the neck, and he falls down and I figure that I'll be some kind of hero now. How was I to know it was just a show?

So they took away my stick and made me spend the rest of my time there picking up garbage by hand. I finished my semester up without anymore incidents, and ended up getting two credits out of it. I guess it was worthwhile, but it sure wasn't as fun as I thought it would be. My only advice to someone else planning to take the Disneyland semester would be to try not to get caught doing anything real fun.

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Entertainment



Gary Thompson dribbles towards a defender singing the role of Don Giovanni, while Rich Glas picks up the tenor part from the bench.



Figaro (Bill Dougherty) shoots a basket.

Opera hits the courts

Julio Viamonte, director of the Willamette University Opera Theatre group, in a surprise appointment was made the basketball coach to replace Coach Ricky Glas, who is moving up to Athletic Director. Viamonte, though knowing virtually nothing about basketball, has already shaped a winning team this year by advising Glas to switch to Operatic Basketball.

Operatic Basketball is an interesting combination of Opera and Basketball. It brings in the driving action and athletic prowess of basketball while enhancing it with some of the greatest arias in the history of opera. Due to Willamette having the only operatic basketball team in the league, it is easy to see why they are leading their division. Even when Willamette

plays a non-operatic team, they are still making a good showing. The other teams are typically quite unsettled when, for instance, somebody drives in for a lay-up singing the Count's aria from *The Marriage of Figaro* by Mozart. Other teams seem to find it particularly hard to concentrate on free throws when the Bearcats break into a full chorus from *Die Fledermouse*.

"I wasn't sure how this would work at first," said Glas, "But I decided to go ahead and give Coach Viamonte a shot at it. Was I surprised when it started working like gangbusters! Heil, Julio even got me into singing my advice from the sidelines—in recitative form of course."

If last weekend's game was any example of the team's

work, it's obvious why they are doing so well. Joe Nichols, Willamette center, provided some wonderful baritone arias and even a couple of good shots. In one particularly excellent play, he and Rob Cantowine broke into a tear-jerking duet while fighting for a rebound. Cantowine came up with the ball, and Nichols acted out the suicide scene from the recently performed *Dido and Aeneas*. And there was not a dry seat in the house when Bill Dougherty went from a 15-foot, game-winning shot straight into the He is an Englishman solo from Gilbert and Sullivan's *H.M.S. Pinafore*. Of course, the entire team jumped in on the chorus followed quickly by the Bearcat booster squad, the Operacats. This reviewer was in tears.

Drunk is a laughing matter

Last Friday marked the beginning of what promises to be a very long run indeed of the new movie, *Arthur II*. Dudley Moore, reliving his role as the "lovable lush" from the ridiculously successful 1981 film, *Arthur*, appears as drunk and lovable as ever in this sequel to beat all sequels.

Arthur II, although just as funny and delightful a movie about rich people and alcoholism, is a bit deeper. Part of this change may be due to the cast, which includes such famous real-life drunks and former drunks as Dick Van Dyke, Walter Pidgeon, Wilbur Mills, and Art Carney as "Jim Morrison." More significantly however, is the change of

directors. Whereas *Arthur* was directed by Wally Paster, famed for such pictures as *Fudge*, *Passover Parade*, and the horror mini-classic, *Demons with See-through Bellies*, the new sequel is directed by a slightly more serious-minded John Needles, best known for his other two films (popularly known as "booze films"), *Sarah T.: Portrait of a Teenage Alcoholic*, and *The Life and Times of Foster Brooks*, documentaries on what Needles himself calls "real losers."

In *Arthur II*, Moore gets himself into real trouble when he buys the Harlem Globetrotters and appoints himself first-string center. The Globetrot-

ters, doing an excellent job as themselves, must let Arthur play center, or he will "make sure they go broke," reducing them to a "big bunch of black guys with nothing to do." This line really brought the house down.

Talk about belly laughs, there are plenty of them in *Arthur II*. But, in the Neil Simon tradition, this film leaves the viewer touched with teary-eyed emotion at the realities in life, sometimes funny, and sometimes sad.

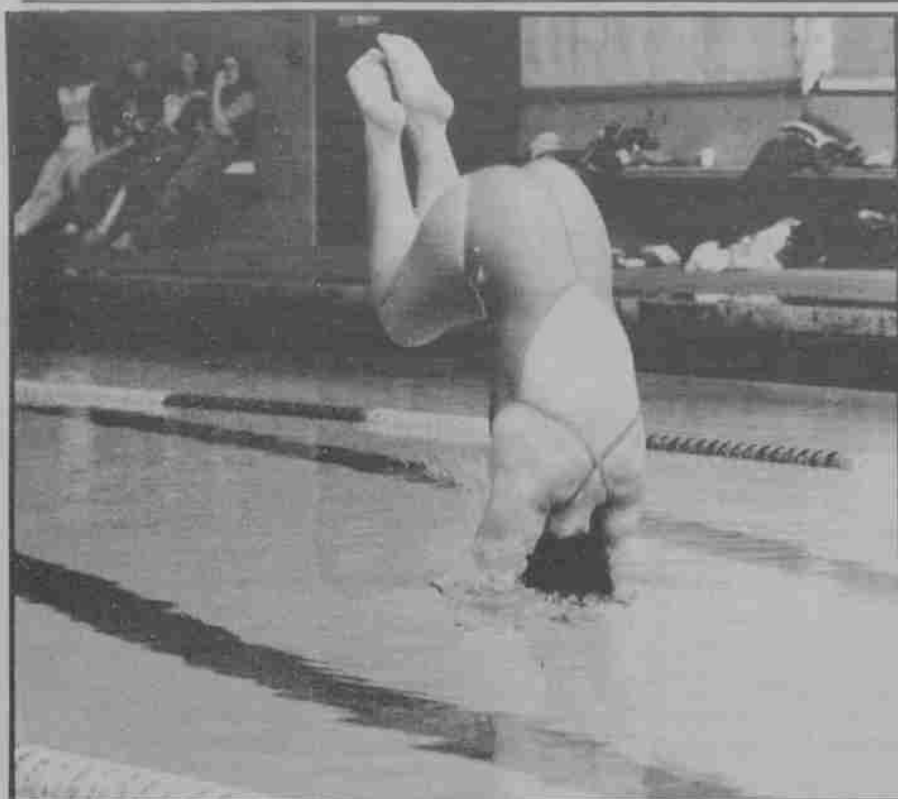
The plot takes a peculiar twist about half way through the film, making us realize that being an alcoholic isn't all fun and games; there are responsibilities, too. Arthur (Moore)

leaves the coliseum after a Globetrotters exposition, and is so goddamned smashed he cannot find his car or driver. In his incomparable style, Moore shouts out, "Seems like the only driver I can ever find is a screwdriver!" This, as many other lines, is followed by that irritatingly funny laugh that made Arthur and alcohol a household word. Giving up, Arthur decides in his drunken stupor to steal a school bus. Once on the freeway, Arthur, in one of the finest bits of film slapstick this reviewer has seen in many years, manages to careen into a van of Mormons and kill them all.

Looking around for an ambulance, Arthur shouts lushing-

ly, "Seems like the only kind of ambulance I can find is a rum and coke!" The laughs don't stop, and neither will you when you see this marvelous sequel.

Certainly worth noting is the theme song. After the smashing success of last year's Oscar winning, "Arthur's Theme," Christopher Cross teamed once again with Burt Bacharach, and managed to get such talents as Barry Manilow, the King Family, Dan Fogelberg, Leo Sayer, Sheena Easton, Harry Chapin (posthumously), Bill Conti, Ferrante and Teicher, Captain and Tenille, Neil Sedaka, and Rudy Vallee. It promises to be a smash, so look for it.



A Bearcat gymnast perfects the tricky feat of standing on her head on the water. Good job, Aqua-gymnecat!

PATCH THE PONY

says
 "NAY!..
 NAY!..
 from
Strangers
STAY AWAY!"



This picture needs no explanation.

'84 Olympics to be kyped

Rich Glas—known as Ricky to his friends and foes alike—has announced that one of his major goals as Athletic Director shall be to get the 1984 Olympics to be held at Willamette. "Only the summer events though," said the scrappy coach, "We tried to figure out a way to hold the Winter Olympics here too, but Buzz wouldn't let us put artificial snow machines on top of the buildings. Gee whiz, just think of it. One of those Austrian downhillers tearing down the roof of Waller. Zoom, right off the edge. It just makes my heart go Kathunk-kathunk thinking about it."

As it is, Glas predicts that there might be minor problems arranging to have the Summer Olympics here, but nothing that cannot be overcome by hard-work and the old Willamette "Heave-ho." "The facilities shouldn't be any problem at all. Sparks has a pool, basketball and volleyball equipment, a trampoline and a bunch of old mattresses; what else do we need? McCulloch Stadium should be fine for the track events. Hell, our boys use it don't they? If it is good enough for the Bearcats, then it should be good enough for a bunch of foreigners. All we'll have to do is put out some folding chairs for the extra spectators," continued Glas as he took a long pull from the bottle of Jim Beam hidden in his filing cabinet.

However, Glas does recognize that there might be some problem in convincing the Olympic Committee to switch the 1984 games from Los Angeles to Willamette. "The way I see it," stuttered "Glass eyes" Glas, "Sure, L.A. has spent a lot of money so far,

but they're all rich Southern Californians. They can afford it. Anyway, it's not like we haven't spent any money. We just bought a whole bushel of new basketballs."

As always, Glas has a solution for everything. "It's simple"

said Glas, "These foreigners don't know a thing about the U.S. Hell, one city is just like another to them. All we've got to do is send secret agents out to all the participating countries and change their plane tickets from L.A. to Salem.

Once they get here we just tell them that this is Los Angeles. I think we can count on all the Salem merchants to play along. They know how foreigners spend. They'll just love to do it! I've ordered a whole bunch of UCLA T-shirts

and we'll just hand them out to any students who happen to be around. No problem, believe me."

Students who wish to help out with this great endeavor should contact Coach Glas as soon as possible.

Matthews is top in IMs

Matthews Hall "A" and "B" basketball teams won the Willamette University Intramural Basketball Tournament with wins over the Hawaiians and the Betas. This marks the beginning of a dynasty for Matthews basketball and lots of play time for the University team.

Matthews A was led by the outside shooting of Douglas Fakkema, the quickness of Chuck Leutwyler, and the inside power of the long playing Bruce Widing to outpace the Hawaiians to victory. Says Captain Fakkema, "We've spent the last couple years in

sentiments saying, "What we really needed was a dead man to lead us...Dave Black came close, but it was Wooden who put it all together."

Matthews B team has a much different story to tell. "What we really needed to do was practice once or twice during the season, make up a few

plays, and mostly let me shoot the ball," says substitute forward Eric Parker. Marc Adams, the skinny center with curly hair, had a different story to tell, "Our main plan was not to give the ball to Eric."

Whatever the reason, Matthews has become a formidable intramural power on

the Willamette campus. It is noteworthy that it is the first time a dorm has captured the basketball crown in both leagues with such ease. Coach Glas has begun looking at the dorm to make up his team for next year, which at this point has returning seniors Rob Cantonwine and Bill Dougherty.

Glas grabs for power

Athletic Director Rich Glas, who "replaced" John Simmons with no official pressure, has a new plan for the future of sports at Willamette so that "it is a more efficient, sporty place to be." His plan, in a nutshell, is to place himself as head coach for all Willamette sports. In this way, printing costs could be saved because under "coaching staff" of those little fold out cards, only his name would have to be printed.

"It's a plan that I've been working on for a long time now, ever since I got here only three short years ago at least, and I'm surprised nobody thought of it before I did." His plan claims to augment school sports with a more precise leadership. One extra benefit would be that Cone Field House, "which nobody uses

anyway," would be turned into his office. "I just want to make sure everyone knows who is in command here."

Of course, the "Glas plan" also extends to the students. "Being concerned with recruitment, as well as school spirit, I think all school activities should be centered around sports. For instance, like that symposium that's just coming

up. My plan would be such that everyone participating in those events would have to wear gym shorts."

The plan passed the Board of Trustees, in what Glas called a "mandate" for change, by a vote of 43-42. "It just shows that they are all for it, but want to see results," said the Athletic director, "and it's results I'm gonna give 'em."

"Our main plan was not to give the ball to Eric."

intensive training with John Wooden who died about six months ago...boy has it helped our game." Leutwyler, also ASWU President, echoed those

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Editorials

Steve doesn't care

Lately, some of my staff has been coming to me, along with ASWU President Chuck Leutwyler and Publications Board Chairman Ken Yates, asking my opinion and/or stance on various proposals that should help the *Collegian* in years to come. This is, for the most part, due to my various stands on other proposals earlier this semester with the same goal: insuring that the *Collegian* would survive in a quality form after this year. I feel that now is the best time to let it be known that I really don't give a tinker's dam about what happens to the paper after I am gone. Hell, the only reason I cared at all so far this year was in the hope of getting some good recommendations out of faculty and administrator types.

Now let me stress a couple of comments in numerical order, like I love to do. First, I have stressed over and over again that the quality of the newspaper was due to an excellent staff. That was a lie. The quality of the paper this year was only due to two people: Paul Hehn and me. And in fact, Paul and I didn't even have to put much work into it. Sure, I know I fed you guys all that stuff about all the hard work involved in putting out a paper, but that was just to get some sympathy from some girls I had the hots for. In actuality, neither Paul nor I had to put that much work into it at all. It was no problem to do better than the last editors. And the way we figure it, anything we do will be proclaimed great by the huge mass of people out there that are convinced we're brilliant. There is no talent involved in editing a paper. All you have to do is make any wild decision that comes into your head and then act as if it was the result of a lot of thinking.

Second, it wouldn't bother me at all if the paper just shut down next year. In fact, it would make me feel pretty damn good if it did. The idea that the *Collegian* couldn't go on without either me or Paul at the helm is really attractive to me. But since I firmly believe that things stumble along without me, I'm sure that the *Collegian* will too. It probably won't have that je ne sais pas that I put into it, but few things do. To round this whole thing out, let me just say that I think Kay McCaw is still as sexy as ever. (Hopefully, my mentioning her here will benefit me in the 'long

run' if you know what I mean.)

SRM

Erlich knows Hehn

Paul Hehn was born in various places, mostly in California. He did lots of things with lots of people. His life didn't really begin until he came here, where he met lots more people working for the *Collegian*. Yes, the paper, with its various and sundry members enjoyed favor in Paul's mind. There are others, he discovered, who were also born in various places. Steve Miller figured most prominently here.

Steve smoked and drank and didn't come home at all to their house, where Paul lived with Kevin and Gordon and Mark. Most importantly, Steve was Editor of the paper, a thing Paul had once been, but was only a staff member now.

Lots of people visited their home, called Duckshire. One of them was Matt Erlich. Matt was a densely populated individual, with many ideas and rapier wit. Matt tended to follow the lead of Paul, and once in awhile, they went many places with the others. They never went to France, or the rest of Europe either.

Many times, in writing editorials for the *Collegian*, Paul would begin to write where Matt left off. In these instances, Paul would often stray from the subject entirely and begin writing about whatever he damn-well pleased. For example, he would sometimes write about a particular group of people and now stupid he thought they were. This would generate contempt sometimes, which Paul loved. As he once said, "I'm sorry, but it is an unending source of amusement to me that people get angry over a bunch of lousy words." And lousy words they were, too.

Unfortunately, many times the lousy words that Paul and Matt wrote together, although that is a lie of course, would actually please some people. Paul became frustrated at this, and would often scream at no one in particular, "Boy Howdy but that's a bummer!" He was not known for his ability to articulate his feelings.

He did, however, once buy a pair of red and blue striped terry cloth socks at the Metropolitan, which Paul called, "the finest department store known to modern America." He paid only fifty cents for the socks, and they are still in good condition. "That's just the way some things go," he was once quoted as saying. MJE

Letters

To the Editors:

who I think are good people who attend a good university that is to say a good place and a fine place with good things not so many bad things are there.

Although I have been dead that is to say a member of the not so living of you who do live and who are not dead I am still writing furiously with all of my self-proclaimed genius because you see I really am a genius in the most profound sense. In fact, I have written a poem for you—and I hope that you will see fit to print the poem of which for you I have to have been written and it goes it sounds it reads like this:

Good Golly Miss Molly
Good Golly Miss Molly
Tutti Frutti ah rutti

I hope you have enjoyed my genius as much as I have been doing for the many past centuries like so many American soldiers who used to bed down on my front porch and warble ditties in the middle of the night. Gertrude Stein, still not quite dead enough.

To the Editor:

Counting flowers on the wall, that don't bother me at all. Playin' solitaire 'til dawn, with a deck of fifty-one. Smokin' cigarettes and watchin' Captain Kangaroo—now don't tell me, I've nothin' to do.

Randy Lowry,
Pretty darn close to the President's Office.

To the Editor:

Who wears short shorts? I wear short shorts!
Suzanne Thomas,
Doney Hall

To the Editor:

Hi! You all own a share in OSPIRG. Would you like to find out what we've been doing with your money? We aren't going to tell you unless you start coming to our meetings. Crusaders for the Public OSPIRG

To the Editor:

Now let me get this straight, this letter...this one here...that's signed by me is not really by me. Instead, it's making fun of me. Do I have that right?
Paul Hammer
Everywhere, it seems

To the Editor:

Third Place! Third Place! Tell us it is not true! What happened? We were so good last year. It couldn't have been a fluke, it just couldn't! It must have been rigged. We don't know why, but somehow the Juniors and the Seniors must have bribed the judges or something. Oh God, We can't believe we really took third place.
The Class of '84
Still whining

To the Editor:

I am confused as hell as to what plane of reality we are supposed to be working on here. I am writing this letter to you, and I am going to sign it with my own real name, but

won't everyone think that somebody else wrote it and just signed my name to it? If this isn't bad enough, as I am writing this I have this overwhelming desire to mention myself, but I know that I am going to mention myself when I sign the thing, but I am afraid that nobody will believe that I am really talking about me. What the hell do I do? Maybe I should ask Paul Hammer.
Sincerely,
Really Sincerely,
Paul Hehn

To the Editor:

I am sick and tired of it around here! Every morning I get some smart-alec kid who calls up and asks, "what are you eating under there?" I am mad as hell, and I don't get it. Under where?
Holli Davenport,
University Center

To the Editor:

Know where I can buy an ounce? Got any beer? Party Hearty!
Every Teenage Kid in America

To the Editor:

What should I do if I...I mean someone I know has seen Adolf Hitler wandering the streets of Salem. At first I kind of passed it off, and then I...I mean, someone I know realized that he was taking a class from a man named Hess. Maybe the name is Leland and not Rudolf, but still doesn't that seem like a bit too much of a coincidence? And then I realized that they

teach German here. Now I'm not sure how New Math works, but as far as I'm concerned two and two and two still add up to four. Could you please advise me...I mean, someone I know real-quick like.

Bruce Bornholdt
Ivan's Grandson

To the Editor:

What exactly am I supposed to be doing? You know, I thought that the secretary merely had to do the typing, filing, and sit around a lot with my shirt off. But I get up here and found that they hired a bunch of girls and Jim Lottsfeldt to do that. I've rearranged the office seven times, but I think Chuck is catching on that I don't know what I'm doing. Do you guys need any typing done?
John Mulvihill,
ASWU Secretary

To the Editor:

Why don't you ever print poems in the paper anymore. As an unbiased reader, that was always my favorite part of the paper. The poems you printed were usually brilliant insights into the human condition and were typically not hindered by rhyme or meter or such. Maybe if you started putting poems in again, I could earn a little more drug money. All those people who submitted free verse last semester

To the Editor:

Here's a little riddle that I

made up. If two of them is a twofer and three of them is a threefer, what's a fourfer? Four of them. I bet you said something like to separate three and five. Well, I fooled you 'cause I'm not that clever.

Steve Prothero
Anywhere but class

To the Editor:

What did Maintenance ever do with that other rolling black chair that we had in the office? It's been over a month now, and I'm kinda getting teed-off.
Kevin Higgins,
Druid Business Manager

To the Editor:

What walks on four legs in the morning, two in the afternoon, and three at night? Give up? My lush husband.
Libby Yocom

To the Editor:

C'mon guys. I gave you all jobs last summer, why don't you just lay off?
Buzz Yocom

To the Editor:

You know, you can pick your friends, and you can pick your nose, but you can't wipe your friends on your shirtsleeve.
Phil Hanni

To the Editor:

I am friendlier than Spillane, and not nearly as goofy looking as Lottsfeldt. So where are all the chicks?
Hance Haney,
Dreamland

Investigating gets results

Editor's Note: This week's fantastically creative and insightful interview with a Professor was supposed to be on one of those guys in Sociology, but we couldn't find any of them so we did it on Rose instead. But she wouldn't tell us nothin' so we did a bunch of investigative reporting and this is what we got:

Doug P. all around nice guy and atypical SAE: "I've been working in the Bookstore for a long time now, and have naturally heard my share of stories about the old...I mean Rose. Seems that George the Whatever actually had 3 daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret and Rose. Rose being the oldest was away at boarding school in New Jersey when her old man croaked off. But like nobody told her or anything so she didn't know. Then nasty old Liz goes ahead and gets crowned Queen of the Britons, without even asking Rose. By the time Rose found out it was 1968 or '69 and way too late to change anything. Where was Rose all this time you may ask? And well you may. She was in the Pacific fighting the Red Menace. But what it all boils down to is that Rose is the rightful Queen of all England. She's not pretentious about it though. Nosirreebobb."

Steve M. WU UFO expert: "It

all seems to trace back to a bunch of students that disappeared about 50 years ago. Off they went to some neat place, but in exchange for the students this strange lifeform was left in the Quad. As you can guess, that was Rose. Ever look real close at her name? Rose LaPlante. Hmmm. A rose is a plant, right? As I cleverly surmised, those alien beings are really **plant-people**. So Rose isn't human at all. She's some sort of a smart bush."

Kevin G. undercover auditor: "To the best of my recollection there is little to no truth to the rumor that textbooks are marked up 300-400%. Rose works damn hard for all those trips to Bermuda and the Orient."

Rock Trivia Quiz

by Paul Femur

1. How come the rest of Lynyrd Skynyrd doesn't just die?
2. Why did Stevie Wonder and Paul McCartney make a record together anyway?
3. What the hell makes Rick Springfield think he's a musician?
4. What took these musicians so long to die;
 - 1) Elton John
 - 2) Fabian
 - 3) Leo Sayer
 - 4) Steve Miller
 - 5) Elvis Presley
5. One of these musicians is out of place, guess which.
 - 1) Sammy Hagar
 - 2) Edward Van Halen
 - 3) Ted Nugent
 - 4) Ozzy Osborn
 - 5) Beethoven

Some of the Answers
 2. Money.
 5. If you don't know, I won't tell you.
 4. What does it matter, if they're all dead anyway.

1. Mona, I've finally decided where I'd like to make my career: State Farm!



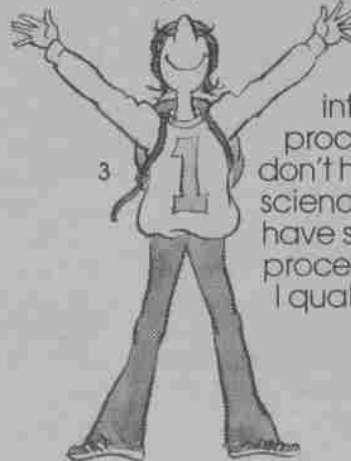
2. State Farm? Great Plowshares! You're going to be a soil tiller. Living an agrarian lifestyle!

3. Come on now! State Farm is an insurance company.



4. Virgil, you're going to be a salesman? How could you? Even if they'd have you...

5. Mona, there's more to insurance than selling policies. Insurance is opportunity. State Farm is looking for people interested in a data processing career. I don't have a computer science degree but I do have six hours of data processing courses. So I qualify!



6. No way, Mona. State Farm is looking for men and women with any degree and six to nine hours of data processing courses. Of course, you've got to be interested in a data processing career.



7. Good grief! They're omnivorous.

8. No, but they're also interested in people in mathematics, accounting, law and actuarial sciences.



9. Incidentally, the pay is great!

10. Uh, Virgil, wear a clean pair of jeans to the interview.

For information on career opportunities at State Farm write Ron Prewitt, Assistant Director, Home Office Personnel Relations, One State Farm Plaza, Bloomington, Illinois 61701 or contact your Campus Placement Director, or visit the State Farm Recruiter on campus April 7, 1982
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