

COLLEGIAN

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER

VOLUME XCIX, NO. 13 · MARCH 15, 1989

Sophomores Win, Juniors Swim



Julie Fitzpatrick



Steve RYB

"You never know what gets into judges' minds sometimes," said Sophomore Glee Manager John Horton. He's not complaining though—his class won Glee for the second year in a row Saturday night.

True to form, Master of Ceremonies Buzz Yocom stated "I'm going to do this very quickly" before taking 14 minutes to announce the winners.

The sophomores collected 100 points, winning all three categories: 30 points in words and music, 30 in marching and

formations, and 40 in overall presentation. "We were pretty fortunate to win two years in a row," Horton said. "I would attribute it to the work of the class. It's gonna be tough (next year) to live up to the two victories."

The sophomores were trailed by the freshmen with 68 points, the seniors with 60 and the juniors with 52.

The other class managers had mixed reactions.

"I'm very pleased, considering our performance," said Freshman Manager Mark Lovre. "Our marching was less than
—continued on page 8

A Bit too Far

Tasteless Skits not Spirited

Smith Auditorium. Friday Night. Seniors exhibit the talented creativity that had been in check for three and a half years. What a talented group of individuals! Bravo!

Why is it that during Glee we

VANTAGEPoint

forced to witness an event that runs completely contrary to the spirit that is built up over the course of the week's events? This year's skits included personal slander to staff and students as well as degrading references to past campus happenings. In the spirit of Glee? Maybe skits of this tone should be rescheduled to sometime other than Glee, when class and school spirit are not on exhibition.

But then again, is what we saw on Friday really worth being scheduled anytime during the semester? Can the campus afford to tolerate an event that is explicitly blasphemous to all that Willamette

claims to stand for?

As Senior Skits stood last Friday, what do they stand for? A reflection of four years of liberal arts education? A healthy sense of class unity? An amusing sense of humor?

Perhaps the most disturbing facet of Senior Skits was not the blatant

tastelessness, or the yawnable performances by many class members, but the personal slander than was so prevalent throughout the evening. Everyone recognized that these slams were not hilarious, funny, or even mildly amusing, but clearly cheap shots that hit way below the belt.

What is even worse is that the skits could have been even more tasteless than they were had some

awards planned not been cut at the last minute because they were considered too extreme.

The Willamette community left Smith that evening with a mixed store of emotions: boredom, disgust, and disappointment. Seniors are worth more than they came across, and it's sad that the Class of '89 has no chance to correct their obvious blunder.

Senior Skits are designed to be a humorous look at life at Willamette. Let's not forget common standards of courtesy and consideration when poking fun at institutions or individuals.

In the future, even if Seniors insist on excluding talent from their skits, let's hope they can come off with something at least within a reasonable range of acceptability. Let's look at

Senior Skits in the only positive way possible: as a hard-learned lesson in decency.



Julie Fitzpatrick

COLLEGIAN

900 State St. Salem, OR 97301 503/370-6053

The Willamette Collegian is the official publication of the Associated Students of Willamette University, published weekly except during holidays and exam weeks. The contents of this publication are the opinions and responsibility of the Collegian and do not necessarily reflect the opinion of Willamette University or the Associated Students of Willamette University.

The Collegian encourages responses from its readers in the form of Letters to the Editor(s). Letters to the Editor(s) should be submitted typewritten, dated, and signed, as well as bearing the name and address of the sender. They are subject to editing and/or denial of publication at the editorial board's discretion. They must be submitted to the Collegian by Monday prior to publication.

Editors-in-Chief

Rick Spoonemore/Co-Editor
Duessa Easton/Co-Editor

Editorial

Pam Stucky/Managing Editor
Damon Ogden/Asst. Managing Editor
Tim Parks/Business Manager

Art/Production

Steve Elliott/Darkroom Manager
Julie Fitzpatrick/Darkroom Manager
Mike Brucker/Graphics
Brian Beede/Photographer

Core Writers

Gretchen Anders, Chris Joosse, Curt Kipp, Karl Koivisto, Pat Kurkoski, Craig Pepin, Kevin Ray, Howard Scherr, Steve Vanderheiden

Contributors

John Rehm, Sandy Fitzgerald, Tom Willett, Mike Tewfik

Letters

Frankly, Senior Skits Mired in Poor Taste

To the Editors:

It's time to ask next year's senior class to take a long, hard look at Senior Skits. No, I'm neither proposing we change their satirical nature nor that the University get into the business of censorship. I propose nothing of the sort.

It is clear to me, however, that some of the "awards" to students were deeply offensive, malicious, degrading and destructive. One

person's reaction was, "I hate Willamette." Can we justify "fun" at other people's expense when the outcome is to devastate students' sense of community and self-esteem?

I've been told by some that Senior Skits are all in fun and those who are lampooned need to accept it as such. Others tell me some of these attacks are, indeed, personal vendettas. Whichever is the case, if the result is a feeling of "needing to repair my reputation" or "being deeply offended" or "hating Willamette," there's something fundamentally wrong.

Can the Class of 1990 set a new, higher standard for future

classes to follow?

I want to extend my apology to those persons who were personally hurt and offended and emphasize that, in spite of the pain, truth had little or nothing to do with what may have been said.

On a brighter note, I want to congratulate all those who were connected with Freshman Glee. It was great fun, and I was impressed by the performances of every class. It remains a wonderful Willamette tradition.

Frank Meyer
Vice President for Student Affairs

Letters Cont.

KWHAT? Controversy

Clearing the Air with Facts

To the Editors:

Since the bulk of this section and a front page article two weeks ago in the *Collegian* were devoted to the issues and problems plaguing the Willamette radio station, I feel that I must try to help clear the air of frustration that hangs above that little three room area on the third floor of the University Center.

The truth is, the radio station has some problems but the people involved in the big debate have not been provided with all the facts or have not taken them into account when presenting their arguments. It appears that the most controversy surrounds the name change from KWU to KZON. Strangely enough, this issue relates to many of the other problems facing the station. Here are the facts:

FACT: KWU should have never been chosen as the station name in the first place. According to FCC regulations, a licensed radio or television station located west of the Mississippi River must have four call letters beginning with the letter "K." The person or persons who set up the Willamette radio station should have taken this into account. As a result, the station cannot expand beyond its current broadcast level with the name KWU.

FACT: When applying for an FCC license, the station must submit several sets of call letters, in order of preference. The first set that has not been previously assigned to another radio or television station will be assigned to the Willamette station. These letters, once assigned, cannot be changed on a "whim."

Here are some other facts to be considered:

FACT: The Willamette radio station cannot become a greater presence on campus without improved broadcast quality. This cannot happen without an FCC license and some increased revenues brought in by the station. On-air promotions can help to a certain point, but without better air quality, most Willamette students will turn their dials to clearer air.

FACT: The Willamette radio station possesses a viable target audience that is desired by many local advertisers. Ad revenues can be an important source of capital for the station. These revenues would prove extremely valuable in helping to upgrade the current system and to retire the station's five-figure debt.

As an applicant for station manager, I made these facts known to the policy board and the current station management. I was pleased to hear that Evan Rice has set goals for the station based on the ideas that I brought out in my interview.

In the future, it would be better to take these facts into account before we continue this "vacuum debate" over the radio station. This is our radio station. It is better to get behind it and try to make it successful, rather than stand in front and continually add links to the chains that are holding it to the ground.

Brian B. Seed
KWU/KZON News Director

Issue Focus, not People

To the Editors:

I found the article "KWhat?" to be very one-sided and wandering off the issue. I noticed right away that only station manager Evan Rice's comments were printed.

What I found to be most disturbing about the whole issue is the fact that the amendment itself has been put on the back burner. As for me, I saw the "Vote No" campaign posters everywhere, but saw no campaign for "Vote Yes." How are we, the community, supposed to know what is fact and what is "wide-spread misinformation?" Shouldn't the issues being investigated and reported be those which really are factual? Although the article tells a very interesting story, it seems to be part of the continuing "slander session" going on between Evan Rice and Dave Chiappetta. I, for one, wish it would stop here.

Melanie Sayuri Ono

Two Sides to KWHAT Story

To the Editors:

It is hard to tell whether the KWHAT? article had in mind the glorification of Evan Rice, the continued smearing of my reputation, or some combination of the two.

Regardless, the article's intention was definitely not the accurate and fair portrayal of a controversial issue.

There are always two sides to a story. The article's attempt to portray only one side of the KWU issue, coupled with Rice's distortions have led to the publication of several gross inaccuracies. The article makes the unsubstantiated claim that "wide spread misinformation about the proposed amendment were characteristic of the election." The only misinformation prevalent to date has been that published in the article itself.

The article notes Rice's claim that the defeat meant that the campus would be unable to "ever have an FM or broadcast AM station." Rice either should or does know that an official set of call letters are issued by the FCC after licensing. Having the students approve a set of four call letters is in no way a prerequisite for licensing.

Perhaps the most inaccurate claim represented in the article is Rice's assertion that "last year's manager was extremely unhelpful in acquainting me and others with the station." After being selected as KWU Manager, Rice made no attempt to contact me.

There should not be a need for me to write this letter. The claims and counter-claims I make here should have appeared in the original article.

David Chiappetta
Founder, KWU Radio

My Name is José

"And the winning class is...Y'know, this reminds me of a story..."



"It was funny the first three times!! SAY IT!!"

Relieved by the sophomore victory Saturday night, Craig Kennedy carefully shaves one of senior Alan Harper's eyebrows while sophomore Holly Dawson looks on. Harper also had one leg shaved, some hair cut off, and was forced to read a lewd poem at Delta Gamma dinner.



Nonchalantly wearing a toilet plunger on his head, junior Todd Enger tries to look casual while reading the newspaper in the Bistro as sophomores Paul Mobley and Laura Zinniker look on.



Clad only in an athletic supporter, senior Shawn Patrick ran across the quad from Doney to Kappa Sigma. Commented one observer, "I've never seen anyone run so fast."



A sticky, gooey, and sweet mess is the result of the popular traditional Glee bet of transforming someone into a human sundae.



Tredging the Mill Stream, Freshmen Bart Kellner and Jay Ostler brave the cold and rain of Blue Monday.



Top Ten Glee Bets

1. Sleeping in the Mill Stream by Jay Ostler
2. Jazz Saxophone in the Mill Stream, in boxers, by Malcolm Brown
3. One eye brow shaved off, haircut, and one leg shaved by Alan Harper
4. Throwing Marshmallows at Roger Hull during class by Dan Coble
5. "Jock run" by Shawn Patrick
6. Table dance with ice in his boxers by Jeff Gilbert
7. Karo and Aunt Jemima's syrup shower by Roger Kong
8. Hair dyed an odd sort of blond by Tim Brittan
9. Wear pajamas and walk to Pat Kurkoski's class, kiss him on the cheek, and say "thanks for last night!" by Rachel Ward
10. Dusting the path for Jenny Atherton while wearing a sign that states "I live to serve Jenny" by Pam Reynolds

Enjoying the sophomore's victory, Julianna DeLeo carefully lathers and shaves freshman Marty Steingrebe's right leg.

Sporting hot dogs on a string around his head and a sign saying "Bite My Wienies," Todd Twist made a speech for everyone in Jackson Plaza to hear.



Standing on Jay Ostler's bed, freshman T.J. Chandler gets a different view of the happenings in Jackson Plaza. Ostler spent Sunday night in this bed in the Mill Stream after losing a bet with Lars Blomberg.



Great pleasure was taken in shaving this head, the result of a bet between sophomore Amy Janzen and senior Shane Liu.

Freshman Perspective

Getting Buzzed at Glee

Glee. What a dumb-sounding word! When it was first explained to me, I had the immediate image of another overblown pep rally from high school. It sounds like a word that you can't justifiably say without pasting on a plastic smile and forcing your Adam's Apple up between your ears, for God's sake.

Of course, there were the constant reassurances that Glee is actually different, and that it's really a lot of fun. The only problem was that these placating reassurances came from the same people who had assured me that SAGA food is really all right, that it doesn't really rain that much in Salem, and it never, repeat never, snows here.

And then there were those people who assured me that Glee is perhaps the stupidest thing ever to

grace this campus, that only idiots participate, and that as a tradition they would favor nude, all-campus gelatin wrestling in the quad.

After listening to both sides in a heated debate, with each party hurling epithets from his or her sofa, I came to the conclusion that they were both right. For some, Glee is the best thing since peanut butter, and for others it's the worst thing to happen since the inception of New Coke.

Well, it's true. The people I saw having the most fun were the people involved—either through bets, spectating, or actual participation, whereas the same couch warriors that thought it was stupid didn't look too excited about anything. Strangely enough, I could understand their description of a thousand brainwashed-looking students

marching gaily to the accompaniment of a piano, even though I must admit that I found their performances very entertaining.

The night of Glee, after the competition was over, and "Buzz" had agonized the crowd with his extended announcement of the winners, I fell in with a pack of celebrating senior participants, and wound up a few blocks away from campus in an apartment having fun until about 4:00 in the morning.

Even if I hadn't enjoyed myself, and Glee itself were a full-blown idiot-fest, I would still say that Blue Monday justifies everything.

The point is that Glee is what you make it. Somehow, it's all a lot of fun, and a great deal more important to you if you stand to spend the night and morning of Blue Monday with your bed standing in the middle of the Mill Stream just outside of Jackson Plaza, or if somehow, somewhere, you will have to do something that ordinarily you would

prefer gargling Windex to.

My bet involved getting into the cupola (the chapel on top of Waller Hall) and shotgunning a couple of beverages to the tune of Mission Impossible no matter who won. Actually, a friend had to hum the part for me, and you ought to try it sometime if you have any questions.

From the Freshman perspective, Blue Monday is arguably the best part of Glee and should happen at least twice a month. Where else can you do things like launch marshmallows at your professors and get away with it? Are we going to be able to do this ever again? Only in College, and only at Willamette, I think. Remember, these are our formative years; let's enjoy them while we can!

I had a good time, and I think that it's a good thing—my only question is, can't we change the name a bit? Just kidding, guys.

—Chris Joosse

Blue Monday Brings Wet Dreams

by Pat Kurkoski

"It was not my idea of a wet dream," said freshman Jay Ostler, reflecting upon a damp and frigid night spent in a rain-soaked sleeping bag on a bed in the middle of Hudson's Bay. Not even a half-case of Coor's Light could keep him warm. "It was hard to get to sleep; people kept coming down to check if it was really true" that he had lost this bet to sophomore Lars Blomberg. Morning finally came for Ostler when Blomberg arrived with a bottle of beer at seven o'clock.

Although they conspired to give Ostler a night which "really sucked," cold gray skies and drizzle did little to dampen the spirit of revelry and general frivolity which marks Blue Monday. The cold and rain did, however, bring the Marriott catered picnic from the quad into Cone field house.

In spite of the weather, senior Suzanna Duffy described the day as "the most wild Monday I've ever

seen in the four years that I've been here." She noted that the bets were more original than in years past and described Oster and Blomberg's night in the Millstream bet as "classic."



The junior class, fourth place in Saturday night's Freshman Glee, got some extra marching practice late Monday morning as they made the

infamous Mill Stream walk. Because of the cold weather, more students than last year stood on the University Center's deck, successfully managing to avoid the water in the free-for-all millstreaming which followed the junior walk.

Many Willamette men were found to be sporting the latest fash-

Kappa Sigma wearing only an athletic supporter. Junior Jeff Gilbert, clad in boxer shorts filled with ice cubes, gave a table dance at dinner in the Lausanne cafeteria.

Students made fewer human sundaes this year, but during the Jackson Plaza festivities sophomore J.P. Moss put junior Roger Kong into a sticky situation when he poured one half of a gallon of Karo syrup and an equal amount of Aunt Jemima's syrup over Roger's head. Roger spent "about twenty minutes" in the shower working the syrup out of his hair.

Freshman Malcolm Brown got a large photo coverage in the Statesman-Journal of his Glee Bet pay-off: he played the saxophone in the middle of the Mill Stream clad only in boxer shorts decorated with red hearts.

Many students involved alcohol in their Blue Monday tradition. Several were rather drunk; however, senior Evan Rice noted that there was "a lot more alcohol" consumed on Blue Monday in his Freshman year.

Senior Perspective

Confessions of a Glee Snob

I'll just say it: I was a Glee Snob. You know the kind, the ones who become anxious every mid-March when they pass John Horton or Wendy Shoemaker and think to themselves "my god, what is my excuse going to be this year?"

My freshman year was easy; I wanted to see what Glee was about before I participated in it, and besides I told all my Gleeing friends "I have three more years to do it." Right. When I watched all those silly people trying to march in step, make formations that looked like giant amoebas and sing spoozy songs I knew I absolutely had to find something better to do.

During my sophomore and junior years I led my Glee friends on. "Oh, I'm planning to do it," I would say and then slyly add "if my paper for Dash is ahead of schedule." That, of course was the operative phrase, and seeing how I was never ahead of schedule (let alone on time) for a paper, I knew I was safe. Twice more I watched Glee from the bleachers with the rest of the Glee snobs.

This year, my last year to participate in Glee, I had all the usual answers lined up. When the topic came up at parties I'd set my beer down, get a serious look on my face and say "uh, you know that reminds me I was just leaving for the uh...library...I'm concentrating on

academics this semester."

But let's get down to it. Glee snobs don't really have anything better to do. It's the name. Glee. It conjures up images of a high-school rally squad flipping their short skirts high shouting "lean to the left, lean to the right..." And all that marching.

Liberal, laid back Glee snobs say "it reminds me of ROTC, Hitler youth brigades. Hey man, it restricts my individuality." Or we take a pseudo-intellectual stance: "Look, perhaps if I get through this Marxian critique of rainforest destruction in the upper Amazon basin I might have time but I must say that I really detest oppressive traditions when there are much more important things to be done."

The biggest factor, though, is the Glee Manager. As hard as it is for a Glee Snob to fathom, these people take this stuff seriously. Not only do they want you to ditch your classes to spend your time marching like an automaton and singing spoozy songs, they want you to win. As I discovered on my ninth grade football team, the term win takes precedence over fun in the demented minds of head coaches and Glee managers.

This year, the worst happened. Only after it was too late did I realize that my roommate was a Glee Manager. As I considered all my old excuses I contemplated "how can I

tell him that the event he has been dedicating a substantial portion of his life to is innane and irrelevant, and frankly, I had better things to do?" When last week rolled around I managed to let Monday slip by (I was doing research in the library). But by Tuesday I couldn't hold out any longer and the education of a young automaton began.

The first two days confirmed my suspicions. While the theme was innovation and novelty, we were making a lightbulb, a train and an umbrella. Worse, though, was that people didn't understand that I was just a misplaced Glee snob trying to fit in. They expected me to know how to march (in time), and sing (on key). When Alan Harper suggested I spend some time at home marching in front of a mirror and someone else told me it might be best if I "move my lips like I'm singing but keep my voice to myself," I hit rock bottom.

Suddenly, though, I noticed a release, a strange awakening and I felt my snobbery slipping away. As we sang on Thursday I looked around the room and saw that other former Glee snobs felt it too: we sounded great, we were getting comfortable with each other and somehow singing a song that rhymed Glee and Library seemed like the best thing in the world.

As our marching improved and I managed to keep in step more than half the time I started to buy Mike Tewfik's explanation of the novelty in our formations. We weren't just great and having a good time: the wheels on our train spun

and drips hit the umbrella and formed puddles. We were going to win.

Waiting outside of Sparks, ready to run on to the floor carried the nervous excitement of a team ready to burst out of the locker room and into the stadium. Former Glee snobs turned to each other with puzzled looks. Despite the striking similarity it all had to a pep rally, we were nervous and having fun. We were going to win.

We carried the excitement after our performance. Our train chugged and blew smoke and had wheels that turned. We watched the mistakes of the other classes with confidence. We were going to win.

Of course, it didn't turn out that way. Somehow the judges didn't find value in complex moves and precision turns. It only mattered for a few hours, until we all went to the senior party and the dance, and we realized the friends and sense of class that we had gained. And writing spooze like that proves how far I've come as an ex-Glee snob.

I write as the converted, one who has seen the Truth of Glee. To those still unconvinced to drop their snobbery and participate next year I can only point to two trends started this year. For the pseudo-intellectual, liberal, "it's stupid" Glee snob, the sophomores offered proof that Glee can contain meaningful messages.

And for those who cringe at the mechanical nature of it all, those "hey I'm an individual" Glee snobs, the TIU students showed us how to rock and roll.

—John Rehm

Pour Some Sugar on Me

People like to talk about the spirit of Glee, and this year's spirit was intended to incorporate a "Vision of Innovation." In that spirit, the first known review of Glee songs is offered for your amusement.

This year's set was a response to the widespread feeling that the judges like cutesy sentiments. If last year's songs weren't so sweet, this year's served up saccharine when all the judges really wanted was a little

sugar.

"Looking Through the Eyes

ONtheRecord

of a Child" and "Childhood Memories," the respective senior and junior offerings, gave a first-person history of youth, concluding with the innovation of new individuals joining the

ranks of adults. The seniors compared childhood and the newness of each experience, while the juniors gave vague accounts of "something new."

The sophomore song, "A Vision of Harmony," addressed local and international problems on an East/West scale—a stark contrast to the approach of the upperclassmen. The Kennedys and King were invoked in the talk of hope and dreams.

The freshman ditty, "Discovery," returned to the individual approach. The frosh had in common

with the seniors an emphasis on the discovery of each new day. "Everything will work out fine," the rookies assured us.

This comes at a time when it seems the innovation most needed at this school goes unactualized. A more amicable spirit towards daily interactions is lacking, as evidenced by this year's Senior Skits, some poor sportsmanship, and other incidental verbal brick throwing. It's only Glee, folks, but it's easy to get caught up in all that. Nevertheless, this year's Glee offered hope—marched to at any beat.

—Curt Kipp

SPECIAL

--continued from page one

Creative Innovation Presented

what it had been in practice. "We've seen Glee," he added, "we should have no problem winning Glee next year."

The Junior Managers weren't as pleased. "We got robbed—we deserved third," said Rob Patridge, Junior Manager. As for marching the Mill Stream, he added, "I'm looking for a jet ski."

"I don't understand why not having your left and right foot together isn't important anymore," said Junior Manager Lanny Ball.

"We learned a lot in four years at Willamette," said Manager Audra Harwood of the Seniors, "but we didn't learn how Glee was judged. It looks like the standard is going to be rounded corners and sappy songs."

Retiring Economics Professor Richard Gillis, to whom this year's Glee was dedicated, had a great

time. "It was a great privilege and pleasure to be honored," he said.

Some questions surrounded the judging. "The judging was incon-

system, each judge ranked the classes by category and those rankings were totalled to determine how the classes finished in each category. Now, the judges award each class raw scores, and the sum of those scores determines the rankings for each category. First place then receives 30 points, second 24, third 18, and fourth 12.

These scores are added to give the final ranking.

The seniors opened the evening with an introduction describing their four years of Glee. They followed with a composition called "Looking Through the Eyes of a Child,"

composed by Board, Wendy Shoemaker, and Diana Young. Their formations included a toy train, complete with turning wheels and steam coming from the engine, a light bulb that turned on and off with a working switch, and an umbrella with raindrops that fell over the sides.

The juniors followed suit, making their entrance by skipping in with toys. They sang "Childhood Memories," written by Lanny Ball, Dave Bertholf, Dawna Davies and Rob Patridge. For formations, the Juniors displayed a wagon, a Mr. Potato Head, and a Ms. Pac Man and

a ghost.

Next, the sophomores took the stage with a song by Horton and Laura Zinniker titled "A Vision of Harmony." Following their theme of harmony as a novelty, they marched in formation as a dollar and a cent sign, musical notes, and an eye that blinked.

Finally, the freshmen performed "Discovery," a song by Tim McFarland and Lila Brown. For formations, the Frosh presented the $E=mc^2$ formula, and an eye with a moving pupil.

The TIU students provided entertainment while the judges' scores were being tallied. Gillis remarked, "I really liked the TIU students."

Following the competition, Overall Glee Manager Chris Meier was relieved. "We're glad it's over," Meier stated. "It ran smoothly, except for a couple of hitches, thanks to the classes—they did a great job and made the night that much smoother."

"It was fun working with everyone," added Overall Manager Melanie Kirkpatrick.

Before announcing the first place class, Yocom made the two remaining unannounced classes, the juniors and sophomores, recite the following pledge: "I do solemnly promise to return the Glee banner to Brenda Freeman's office by 5 p.m. on Blue Monday, so help me Dr. Gillis."

—Curt Kipp & Steve Vanderheiden

The Results (Scaled), Raw

Words & Music

1. Sophomores (30) 106.5 pts
2. Freshmen (24) 87 pts
3. Juniors (18) 85 pts
4. Seniors (12) 82 pts

Overall Presentation

1. Sophomores (40) 91 pts
2. Freshmen (32) 77 pts
3. Seniors (24) 70 pts
4. Juniors (16) 65 pts

Marching & Formation

1. Sophomores (30) 75 pts
2. Seniors (24) 68 pts
3. Juniors (18) 63 pts
4. Freshmen (12) 58 pts

Total

1. Sophomores (100) 272.5 pts
2. Freshmen (68) 222 pts
3. Seniors (60) 220 pts
4. Juniors (48) 213 pts

sistent over the last four years," said Senior Manager Darren Board.

"Who do you try and please, your class or the judges?"

This year was the first under a new scoring system. Under the old

SUMMER JOBS TO SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT

EARN \$2,500 - \$3,500.

National campaign positions to pass clean air act, stop toxic pollution, tighten pesticide controls & promote comprehensive recycling, available in 18 states & D.C.

Interviews on campus 3/29,30.

Call Kate toll-free at 1-800-622-2202

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES.

Whatever college degree you earn, the Navy can help you make the most of it. As a Navy officer, you'll lead the adventure. You'll get advanced training and management experience as you advance your career in:

Financial Management
Inventory Control/Purchasing
Personnel Administration
Systems Analysis

You must have a BA/BS degree, be no more than 28 years old, pass an aptitude test and physical examination and be a U.S. citizen. Your benefits package includes 30 days' annual vacation, medical/dental/low-cost life insurance coverage plus many tax-free incentives. If you're interested in taking the lead, personally and professionally, call the Navy Management Programs Office at:

1-800-543-9820, Monday-Friday, 9AM-5PM

NAVY OFFICER
You are Tomorrow.
You are the Navy.

YOU QUALIFY FOR INSTANT CREDIT!

Start making credit purchases immediately! We will send you a Members Credit Card at once with **No Credit Check**. Buy any Jewelry, Clothing, Sporting Goods, Watches, Electronics & more! All with installment payments out of our **Giant 100+ Pages Catalog**. Take 12 months to repay. Your personal credit card is a second i.d., valuable for check cashing, etc. Plus, your Students Credit Group a-1 reference will be on file to help you obtain other credit cards. So send in your \$4 catalog deposit now. (Refundable with your first order)

MEMBERS
Students
Credit Group

P.O. Box 4649,
Fort Lauderdale
Florida 33338

kinko's
the copy center

OPEN 7 DAYS

Copies • Typesetting
FAX • Binding • UPS
Passport Photos
Full Color Laser Copies

364-7442

1220 State Street

OPEN EARLY • OPEN LATE