

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY



**The Class of 1984
Proudly Presents
The Seventy-Third Annual Freshman Glee**

Willamette University
Cone Field House — Sparks Center
March 14, 1981 — 8:00 p.m.



Dedication

Freshman Glee dedication is given with enthusiasm and gratitude to G. Herbert Smith, a man whose perseverance and lifetime commitment to education kept Willamette strong in its pursuit of academic excellence. Serving as the University's President for 27 years, Dr. Smith helped make Willamette the outstanding institution it is today.

History

Freshman Glee began in 1909 when the class of 1912 challenged the other classes in a song competition—an event which became a tradition distinct to Willamette. In the past, Glee has been held in the Chapel of Waller Hall, the First Methodist Church, the Salem Armory, and the old Willamette Gym (today's Playhouse). Since 1975, Cone Field House has been used to accommodate the everpopular Freshman Glee. Originally, Freshman Glee was a simple presentation of songs on a bare stage. Over the years, elaborate sets, marching and complex formations have also become essential parts of this special event. Freshman Glee is Willamette's own tradition of the past, which will continue in the future.

Official Glee Judges of 1981

Lyrics/Composition: Alice Rose Jones, Mrs. Walter A. Buhler, Michael Crawford.

Vocal Rendition/Presentation: David Crane, Ron Jones, Dr. David Welch.

Marching/Formation: Gwen Crane, Ward Nelson, Col. Hugh Nelson, Norman Wheeler.

Judging and Rules

Freshman Glee is judged in three major categories: musical composition and lyrics, vocal rendition, and marching and formations. Musical composition and lyrics is based on originality, coordination, adaptability to the Glee theme and overall impact of the song. Vocal rendition is judged on expression, tone quality, and musicality. Marching and formations is judged on the basis of precision, originality, and overall effect. Using an established system, the judges award points for each of the three areas. The class accumulating the most points will be the winner of Freshman Glee.

Freshman Glee 1981 Program

Senior Songs	Senior Class
Glee Introduction	Jim Cox, Dean Olsen, Mike Unfred
Alma Mater	Dr. Paul Trueblood
"Sign of the Times"	Class of 1981
"We Can See The Stars"	Class of 1982
Entertainment	I.C.C. students
"The Yellow Brick Road"	Class of 1983
"Your Heart Will Find The Way"	Class of 1984
Entertainment	Dan Bruce and Rugby Team
Presentation of the Glee Banner	"Buzz" Yocom

Ode To Willamette

Words by Perry Reigleman, '12 — Music by F.S. Mendenhall, Dean of the School of Music

There's an old historic temple rising grandly through the years,
Where the oaken hearted fathers drew their strength for strong careers;
Down the years, its portals open, Gathered wise ones to its fold.
Breathed the spirit of the Westland Card'nal emblem 'bossed with gold.

Dear old School! How strong we love thee! 'Round thy mem'ries how we cling!
Glad some hearts beneath thy shadow, loyal hearts to thee we bring.
Old Willamette how we cherish all thy legends and thy lore,
Born upon the calm Pacific, Guides us onward ever more.

Spirit of the Golden Westland, breathing through the fathers tears,
Tells the story of the temple, bids us hope a down the years.
Sing, oh, sing of dear Willamette, Sing while hearts are young and true,
Sea to sea the chorus swelling, Dear Old School of our W.U.

Signs Of The Times

By Cathy Wade and Kerry Tymchuk
Class of 1981

The 1950's were a time to play,
High school proms and lover's lane.
Roller skates and motor bikes,
We all loved Lucy and we all liked Ike.
We all loved Lucy and we all liked Ike.

They wore pink poodles on their skirts—uh huh!
They greased their hair and they like to flirt—tee hee!
Elvis Presley was all the rage—oh, yes he was!
Oh, how those hips they swished and swayed!
Oh, how those hips they swished and swayed!

Too bad those times have gone away.
We missed the best of those "happy days."
Leather jackets and coonskin caps,
the 60's came . . . and we never looked back!

Peace . . . Peace . . . Peace . . .
We prayed for peace, but our brothers went to war,
and no one ever told us what they were fighting for.
And bullets took our heroes, like King and J.F.K.
And through the Beatles we escaped with dreams of yesterday,
while the hair grew on the hippies, we landed on the moon.
And the seventies changed our tune!

Bee-Gees, Disco, Streisand, Rocky, Big Mac,
and five onion rings.
Two, three, four, Robert Redford, Archie Bunker,
fly the friendly skies!
Pollution strikes, inflation hits, we kiss our bucks goodbye!
ERA and women's lib means no more girls and guys!
And there was Chorus Line, designer jeans, diets to look trim.
Wilbur Mills and Fannie Foxxe take a late night swim.
Gerry trips, Jimmy grins, Nixon's not a crook.
We celebrate 200 years and stop and take a look!
Kunte Kinte, John Travolta, running laps is in.
Franco Harris, Terry Bradshaw, Pittsburg wins again!
Push! Shove! Crash! Beep! We're running out of gas.
So we better stop right here and say,
So we better stop right here and say,
The Eighties . . . The Eighties . . . The Eighties . . .
They came at last!

We Can See The Stars

By Mark Simmer and Steve Miller

Class of 1982

Prologue:

We announce the Junior class
that is, providing we do pass
in an attempt to cast a light on yesterday.
So the future, we might find
will cast less burden on our minds
while the past may have some
wisdom to convey.

As the stars have always been
they may shine as we begin
on our road to contemplate eternity.
We will join in joyful throngs
in the style of old glee songs
hoping to revive our sense of history.

I.

We all came to college
to further our knowledge
so we may all one day be smart.
But unless we be snobs
we must also find jobs . . .
and unfortunately that is very hard.

We've all been good students
with patience and prudence
except when it comes to the books.
If we budget our time
then our grade-points will climb
and professors will not give us dirty looks.

We've lived on this campus—
although it may cramp us
the real world can give us a scare.
When our belief sours
in ivory towers
we recall we'd rather be here than out there.

II.

We've watched the moon beam
Down by the mill stream
We've felt the gentle rain
We've watched the stars glow
after the disco
we're walked the lovers' lane.

We've had our romance
We've had our slow dance
We've had our tender spats
But we've settled quarrels
We've kept our morals
Romantic diplomats.

I've made my love known
Beneath your window
Singing this serenade
As stars shine so brightly
Tell me you love me
And our dreams will never fade

III.

We are for Willamette University
We will stick by her through all adversity
When we're all rich financiers
We'll send our children here

We like our professors and they're really swell
Now we're full of knowledge
'cause they taught us well
Every evening we study
Or go to the library

In the dormitories we all sit and talk
But we go to bed each night at ten o'clock
Weekends we dress real smart

To take out our best sweetheart

When our boyfriends call we answer right away
We can't wait 'till we go out on Saturday
If the evening went just right
We'll give him a kiss goodnight

In our majors we are very diligent
When we leave we all will be intelligent
We never procrastinate
Or turn in our papers late

We are studying advanced biology
Music, History, and some Psychology
Economics, Poll. Sci.
We give them a college try

Afterword:

We will finish here next year
that is, if we persevere
in our attempt to get by with a passing grade
And with luck we just might find
That the future we've designed
Will be aided by the lessons of today

We have sung in styles of old
as the story is retold
of traditions from the time of Jason Lee.
But our look at days of yore
just reminds us what's in store
for the class that places last in Freshman Glee.

Finale:

We know where we are today
We have seen the past
As the stars show us the way
We know our dreams will last
We can see the stars right now.

The Yellow Brick Road

Words and Music by Crystal Mills
Class of 1983

Somewhere over the rainbow,
there is a pot of gold;
The finest of its treasures,
are the tales that we've been told,
Of Ice cream cones, and candy canes
evening strolls through lover's lane,
high school dances, first romances,
and love that lights the way . . .

CHORUS:

And now we follow the Yellow Brick Road;
Where it leads us no one knows;
But there'll always be a rainbow,
shinin' through our cloudy days;
Someday we will find that dreams
are made of gold,
But for now, we'll keep on followin' the
Yellow Brick Road.

Sometimes dreams are shattered,
and crumble at our feet;
But we always keep a steppin'
movin' to the rainbow beat.
The hard times and good times,
have made us what we are today;
It's time to leave the past behind
and time for us to say . . .

That we can follow the Yellow Brick Road;
Where it leads us, no one knows,
But we'll always have a rainbow
shinin' through our cloudy days.
Someday we will see our dreams were
made of Gold,
But for now we'll keep on followin' the
Yellow Brick Road.

We'll always think of Willy U.,
The times of change for me and you;
We're headin' for that pot of gold,
And we'll keep on steppin' and followin'
the Yellow Brick Road . . .
Yes we'll keep on steppin' and followin'
the Yellow Brick Road. . .

Your Heart Will Find The Way

Words and Music by Pam Jackson
Class of 1984

There is a sunrise on the way
Deep in my heart I feel the day
The breezes of the night blew out
my candle in the wind
And all alone I feel the dark
around me pressing in
It's hard to hold on through the
night
When searching blindly for the
light
I'm not sure where I'm going
but I do know where I've been
And I know if I can come
this far
I'll make it to the end

CHORUS:
Can you feel the joy inside you
Well just let the feeling grow
Though tomorrow's so uncertain
Your heart can always know
there's a morning dawning for you.
A very special day
So keep on the Road you're walking
And your heart will find the way.

INTERLUDE:
Can you feel it?
Can you feel it?
Deep inside you?
Let it grow
There's a morning
Dawning for you
There's a sunrise
Shining just for you
There's a new day
And it's your day
Let its light overflow.

Acknowledgements

SENIOR CLASS

Managers: Sue Bradford, Al Headrick
Song Leaders: Dave Smith, Kerry Tymchuk, Pam Beck,
Tracy Waggoner, Paula Hutchens
March Leader: Kelle Casebeer
Piano Players: Cathy Wade, Bill Berry
Song Writers: Cathy Wade, Kerry Tymchuk
T-Shirts: Dave Wisnom, Rick Scheafer, Tanya Murray
Senior Skits: Mark Stevenson, Anne Denecke

JUNIOR CLASS

Managers: Lori Roser, Lisa Partridge
Song Leaders: Steve Miller, Mark Simmer, Lori Roser,
Lisa Partridge
March Leaders: Jill Terry, Lisa Lazzareschi, Mindy Elliot
Piano Player: Barbara Delf
Song Writers: Steve Miller, Mark Simmer
T-Shirts: Mark McCarthy, Mary Chung

“Buzz” Yocom
President Hudson
Sally Howell
A.S.W.U.
Willamette Theatre Department
Willamette Music Department
Campus Maintenance
Rugby Team
Dan Bruce
Dave Wisnom
Patty Spangler

I.C.C. students
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Virginia Bothun
Richard Lord
Paul Trueblood
Judy Cullen (backdrop design)
Steve Lathrop
Carol McGowan
Shelly Sump
Susan Triem

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Managers: Crystal Mills, Mark Cain
Song Leaders: Jeff Harvey, Carrie Choate, Joy Shaad
March Leaders: Linda Boshears, Teresa Church,
Sarah Behrens
Piano Players: Crystal Mills, Carrie Choate
Songwriter: Crystal Mills
T-Shirts: Eric Gucker

FRESHMAN CLASS

Managers: Pam Byrne, Bonita Mason
Song Leaders: Chris Tolleson, Jill Ezzell
March Leaders: Andy Laudensleger, Anne Taylor
Piano Player: Susan Dobrinski
Song Writer: Pam Jackson
T-Shirts: Denette Jenkins, Jody Johnson

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