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Willamette University
COLLEGIAN

Advice is for losers

MARIKA MCCARTHEY
CONTRIBUTOR

The blinking cursor on a computer screen flashes like a metronome. But as you stare at it, you can almost convince yourself it is dancing.

Who cares about that vast, empty snowfield that is your Word document? Me, maybe. My editor, definitely. This is the third (and, like I'm realizing of a lot of things to happen this year, final) time I've written for this issue of the *Collegian*.

The OD issue.

Oh. Damn.

I don't need to be the one to articulate that this is a time for a new start, new beginning, new you. New friends, new state, new bedroom.

New school shoes, new balance.

See COLLEGE, Page 6

Home sweet Salem: The night's watch

ANNA FREITAS
STAFF WRITER

When time came to move off campus, I was warned of certain neighborhoods. I crossed my fingers that my mom wouldn't notice certain aspects of the one I moved into. Of course she noticed, and was quite alarmed by the group of men gathered at an old house for some unknown purpose.

My landlord had a different perspective: "The SOS Club down the street hasn't been a problem at all, it's actually really nice to have the club here. There's always someone there making sure our kids are safe."

Influenced by our protective moms, my housemates and I thought it strange that people attending AA and NA meetings would be seen as a neighborhood watch. We were afraid of those people, and I followed my mom's advice until recently.

I was already rethinking the golden rule of my upbringing—caution—which often kept me from challenging myself and reaching out to people. This process wasn't enough to stop me from avoiding half a block of my neighborhood until I started dating Chuck,* who lived next door to a "halfway house" on 14th street. The men there are always on the front porch or pacing along the sidewalk, and most have evident mental illnesses or disabilities.

Walking alone, I stared at the sidewalk, quickly passing the man playing the air piano. Chuck, however, always greeted them. When I was with him, I had to at least smile. These interactions, combined with events in my family and friends' lives, prompted some questions.

If Chuck's so friendly with his neighbors, and I've never had a reason to fear them besides appearances and assumptions, why was I afraid?

See SKETCH, Page 6

Please don't haze the rookie.

ERIC SPRESSER
STAFF WRITER

With NFL training camps in full swing, it's about that time again where we see pictures of the rookies getting taped to the goalposts or carrying seven sets of shoulder pads back to the locker room.

One of the all-time best training camp pranks was carried out by one of the best quarterbacks of all time. When the 49ers would host preseason at Sierra College in Rocklin, Calif., the dorms that they would stay in during training camp were just about a half mile down the road from the fields so most players would rent bikes to ride to and from practice.

Riding to practice usually wasn't too difficult for the rookies, but getting back to the dorms at night was a bit of a problem. Joe Montana would regularly throw the rookies' bikes into the trees right as the sun was setting so once the younger players got out of their evening meetings, they would not only find their bikes missing, but they also couldn't see clearly into the trees to even find them.

Montana himself didn't have to worry about his bike because he didn't have one, he would instead just take one of the bikes he chose not to throw in the trees and ride it home, leaving one special rookie searching the trees for a bike that he would never find.

Living in Salem, freshmen athletes don't have to worry about finding their bikes hidden in trees.

However, the experience of your first few weeks here are similar to that of rookies adjusting to their new lives at training camp.

Getting acclimated to a new place with almost entirely new people while also trying to figure out if you're studying enough for your new college classes and—if you're an athlete—trying to make a good first impression on your new teammates can be a lot to handle.

Luckily, most of the upperclassmen are happy to help the freshies out and answer any questions you might have, so don't hesitate to ask.

In my first week as a freshman on the soccer team, I stayed about as quiet as possible around my senior teammates, just trying to quietly blend in.

Our first three games that year were in Texas, and as we got out of the vans at the airport a senior on the team came up to me, looked at me and told me to take off my shirt because he wanted the medium I was wearing, instead of the large he had on.

I obliged with no argument, and ever since then, have rocked the large team polo that is still a little too big on me.

See BABY STEPS, Page 4

You're not in California anymore

NEBRASKA LUCAS
STAFF WRITER

1 **Drink PBR (and pretending to like it)**
I have to be honest. Pabst tastes like shit. And despite Lana Del Rey's attempt to fool us into thinking it would bring some otherworldly happiness with each sip, we all know it's basically the equivalent of sewer water. The fact that some people in this world seem to believe that true hipster status can only be achieved through the faux-working class aesthetic of drinking this frosty beverage blows my mind. PBR sucks.

The only reason that Oregonians drink PBR is because it's cheap, does the trick, and they don't want to pay more for an actual Oregon beer—like Hood River's own Session lager. Session is like PBR's older, cooler cousin who everyone likes better but they still hang with Pabst because he's got a pool and his mom is hot and it sort of makes up for the fact that he's so shitty.

2 **Getting a tattoo**
Yes, everyone in Oregon has a tattoo. Everyone and their mother has a nature tattoo of a mountain, a Douglas fir or a sparrow. But what you might not have seen in high school is the stick 'n' poke. The stick 'n' poke is a time-honored WU tradition combining the very best our college has to offer: little-to-no hygiene, dwindling bank accounts and the thought that all of us have when drunk—"Let's stick that in me."

*Editor's note: Do not let anyone stick you with anything ever. This is a terrible idea.

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Arts

Join Monty Python and seek the Holy Grail this Saturday: Salem Saturday Market is throwing a medieval block party. Local food vendors will be present and movie memorabilia will be distributed as door prizes so grab a blanket and your friends! The bash goes from 6 to 10:30 p.m. at the Salem Saturday Market site on Marion and Summer Streets. Admission is free with a suggested donation to benefit the Salem Keizer Education Foundation.

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Get pumped for the Willamette University night at the Volcanoes game on Saturday, Aug 29 by attending the spirit event on Wednesday, Aug. 26 on Brown Field. The minor league baseball team is hosting an inflated pitching cage and promotional event with the free opportunity to try your arm and grab some treats. The cage will be on campus from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.

• • •

Film enthusiasts are in for a treat at Level B Theater Pub. New York-based singer-songwriter Eytan Mirsky is performing alongside PDX Broadsides and Salem local Trask Schulte. Mirsky is best known for his work on "Chicago" and "A Beautiful Mind" and his song contributions to "Happiness" and "American Splendor." Catch these musicians at 8 p.m. on Friday, Aug. 21 for five dollars.

• • •

In an effort to promote an active lifestyle, Salem is putting on the third Salem Sunday Streets. Get to the event in any way that is not driving—so bike, skate, walk or float there. Local vendors will be located along the streets of downtown Salem and local performers will be playing on various stages, including Willamette professors and alumni. The event goes from noon to 4 p.m.

Got culture?
Contact Lifestyles Editor
Christine Smith <cssmith>

Don't ask me about my summer

LYRA KUHN
STAFF WRITER


SHAYNA WEIMER

The best part about Opening Days is also the worst part. There is so much excitement and pressure to make new friends, specifically with people who are vaguely connected to you by the fact that at one point in all your lives you were blessed by the Holy Hand of Willamette Admissions and also maybe are wearing the same ugly yellow Bearcat T-shirt.

If you are an introvert (or an extrovert who is terrified of people) the groups you are clumped into for the purpose of fostering community and a herd animal infrastructure provide you with your new friends.

Friends generally have things to say to each other. Someone bright decided to abscond with the most convenient conversation starter by introducing name tags with your name printed in bland but functional Helvetica font.

As if that weren't enough, your place of origin is printed beneath that, allowing for people to group together based on assumed similarities. This can be a mistake. Or it could be a serendipitous event hailed by much shrieking.

If you are an awkward animal, this may not help you. The usual conversation starters of "How was your summer?" or "What do you want to major in?" are about as interesting and helpful as a piece of cardboard.

What if your dinner companion has learned how to levitate or has taken up cross-breeding species of dragonflies and you are missing out on this information because you thought you wanted to hear about the third degree sunburn they brought back from Cabo? Despair and regret are not the feelings to start the semester with. Try these instead:

When a Dementor is about to kiss you, what is the happy memory you would use to fight them off with?

Have you or a family member ever been haunted? Or do you know of a good ghost story?

Would you taxidermy or clone your pet if you had the chance to?

If you could just get on a plane and go anywhere right now, where would you go?

When you were a kid, what did you want to be when you "grew up"?

If you could have dinner with anyone, who would it be?

What is the weirdest thing you have ever eaten?

Have you ever had a near-death accident?

What are your top three favorite movies?

What is your opinion on the Minions?

If all else fails, you can always ask them how they like their eggs cooked, or pretend that when you were 11 you definitely for sure saw an elephant in your state park. No one will believe you, but everyone will know you may be a little unhinged, which is always an exciting quality to have in a classmate.

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Top 4 signs you wish you were from Oregon

CONTINUED from Page 1

3 **Ceasing to Shave**
Oregon is the hairiest and most unwashed state in the country. True Oregonians bathe once a month to conserve water and shave even less frequently than that. Shaving points are scored like golf points, so naturally the lower on the body you go, the higher your score. A hairy unwashed head is worth about five points, a hairy unwashed beard, 15; armpits are 35 and anything below that is an automatic 50.

Buying Birkenstocks

4 Birks are a bit like the PBR of sandals. In their purest form—as a thick-strapped, brown shoe—they are hideously unattractive and clunky. Birks are an Oregon native but no one really knows how they got there or why.

They have all the qualities of your grandpa's sandals and if they weren't so dang comfy, I don't think anyone would ever wear them. They make your feet sweaty and pungent, and they give you the appearance of a new wave Jesus Christ.

Never wear them when it rains; they will turn spongey and make squishy sounds. Never wear them in West Virginia—they'll laugh at you. Never leave them near a campfire; they'll melt. And most importantly, never wear them on a date if you want anything remotely sexual to happen—it won't.

As told by a bitter Oregonian/Portlander

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NEBRASKA LUCAS

Roommate 101: Just live with it

JONAH MILLER
STAFF WRITER

Living with a roommate is no easy task. While all those sitcoms may have students conditioned to believe that college will be filled with roommates that put Ted and Marshall to shame, not every roommate pair is a perfect match. There are always a few hoops to jump through before we can start thinking about crafting those secret handshakes.

For those who are new to the concept of cohabitating a 12 by 19 foot space, here are a couple tips to help ease the transition. Not every roommate match is destined for greatness, but hopefully with these tips you will be able to at least keep from going at each other's throats.

1 **Actively try to get to know each other.**
Roommates do not necessarily need to be best friends, but pinpointing common interests early on can do a lot to help develop a positive room environment. Once the boxes are unloaded and the parents are gone, things can get pretty awkward for a few days. It is best to try to fill in the silence with questions. It only takes one common interest to spark something, so take the time to find it!

2 **Don't be a scrub, just use your buds.**
As hard as it may be to believe, your roommate might not dig that new Taylor Swift song as much as you do. So until you get a chance to gauge each other's musical tastes and tolerance for noise, plug in those headphones, or put down that guitar until a decent hour.

Later down the road the two of you may realize you share a burning love for (insert obscure hipster-approved band here), but until then, be respectful of boundaries. Your room should be a safe place of relaxation and retreat. Make sure your roommate is cool with your late-night Led Zeppelin jam sessions before you turn the volume up.

3 **Passive aggression doesn't work.**
Their laundry is all over the floor, they never lock the door and their closet smells like a campus squirrel crawled in and died in there. The college slob is a breed all too common here at Willamette. As a member of said species, I will tell you right now that we do not pick up on subtle hints.

We are not trying to be mean or repulsive, we really are just that oblivious. So instead of hiding cans of Febreeze under our pillows and waiting for us to take a hint, just come talk to us. Set down ground rules early on in the roommate relationship; roommate contracts exist for a reason.

Confrontation may be uncomfortable at first, but so is that smell. It is better to acknowledge pet peeves than to find yourself stuck in a vicious cycle of passive aggressive roommate warfare. There are only so many ways to utilize post-it notes before it gets old and your roommate is there to stay, so make it bearable for the both of you.

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Cool for the summer

CAMERON BEAN

TYLER GRISWOLD
STAFF WRITER

El Niño isn't the only phenomenon breaking heat records: Disney Channel darlings Demi Lovato, Selena Gomez and Hilary Duff returned to the music scene this summer with sultry singles that prove that commercial tastes have no time for clean-cut young adults. These child starlets are back and rebranded as sexy adults the patriarchy—I mean Disney has always meant for them to become.

Some may say that their paths were paved by beloved star-turned-Frankenstein's monster Miley Cyrus, or even Mickey Mouse club original hotties Britney and Christina before them, but these three singers can thank their management for spearheading this transformation.

Gomez's hit "Good For You," co-written by Justin Tranter, the lead singer of New York rock band Semi Precious Weapons, features heavily sexualized lyrics and vocals. Gomez is well past her "Wizard of Waverly Place" days and is set to release "Same Old Love" as her next single.

Duff follows the same outline for her single "Sparks," which was promoted heavily on the dating app Tinder. The exposure proved to be useful, especially considering that the age of the average Tinder user coincides with those who are most likely to have watched "Lizzie McGuire."

Like Gomez in "Good For You," Duff had no part in the composition, which tends to leave a track emotionless and dull. It is not a new trend for music to be highly sexualized, so are the preconceptions of a typical child star affecting how we view their transition into adulthood?

Lovato is back with a new haircut and seasonal jam "Cool for the Summer." The Disney Channel "Camp Rock" star has embraced a more commercial sound for the lead single, which is produced and written by Max Martin, the mastermind behind over twenty number one singles and countless top 10 hits. The song opens with a memorable synth piano hook before catchy vocals take over and explode into pop perfection. There is nothing "cool" about this steamy track, which the *Collegian* endorses as a genuine banger. "I just want to have some fun with you," Lovato croons. Me too, Demi. Me too.

Lovato seems to be leading the Mickey Mouse Club, as her single has received the most attention, though her fifth album has yet to be announced. If it follows the success that "Cool for the Summer" has earned in three short weeks, it will surely be her biggest album yet, and will reward her with an emancipation and separation from her younger self's career.

The public has welcomed back the former child stars and embraced their newfound sexuality, but I'm left with one question: Is it a ruse?

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BEARCAT BULLET

CHRISTINE SMITH
LIFESTYLES EDITOR

My first weeks at Willamette involved me, myself and Leslie Knope endlessly streaming from the confines of my comfy Kaneko room. I knew plenty of other students were out there looking to make new friends, and this experience would be leagues better than high school, but I could not force myself to socialize beyond the awkwardly strained Opening Days experiences.

I walked into Goudy and saw the biggest tables pushed together and filled with the Stepping Out crew. I did not participate in any of the Jump Start programs and instantly felt like all the friendships to be made on this small campus had already formed. It was classic (and nowhere near realistic) overthinking.

Luckily, my roommate was a lot more outgoing than me and refused to let me watch one more episode of "Parks & Rec" once the weekend came around. She dragged me out and I hated her for it, but the push was needed. Fast forward two years and here I am constantly on the go and trying every new adventure that comes my way. I hardly have time for Netflix these days beyond procrastinating essays via episodes of "Friends."

Get out; it really changes things. Pop the Willamette bubble. Get coffee somewhere besides the bistro, Starbucks or Dutch Bros for a change. Go to the strange art show where the performer screams incessantly about a rhombus; it may seem like a waste of five bucks in the moment, but that story is always there to tell now.

I have met plenty of people on campus who don't know much about downtown beyond the mall—which, I hate to break it to you, has little to offer. If you're a walker (or have recently convinced yourself that you are since you're carless), something as simple as roaming aimlessly through the aisles of Target sounds like an unattainable adventure. Sticking to what you know will lead to a dependence on Yelp when your family comes to visit and you don't know a dining location beyond the weekend Muchas runs and Goudy's hallowed halls.

Beyond this, I found my weekends blurring into one big headache before I decided to change it up every once in a while. Salem is no metropolitan, and the majority of folks under 20 are Bearcats, but that does not mean it will always be hopelessly boring. The mill right over by Kaneko often has out of the norm goings-ons like Oregon Trail Live or the Jane Austen Faire, and there are farmer's markets around town three days a week.

Salem is cute and downtown tries to be something. It even has a geo filter on Snapchat, so that must count for something. But where is Willamette's? We aren't UCLA, but surely we could get a funky little bearcat or Mill Stream filter. I hope someone with more artistic talent than my doodles gets on that.

Experience it all, and save the binge watching for when you're bedridden with the Willamette plague.

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Exercise your demons

BRAYDON CALDER
STAFF WRITER

I sat down and tried to write this article, after procrastinating (as I've learned to do so well) but only found myself drawing blanks. I've been on summer break, so thinking hasn't been my forte for the past couple months. As school and deadlines now approach, I'm starting to recall what it is like to feel stress.

What if I don't come up with anything to write about? Am I going to miss my first deadline? What If I'm not cut out for this?

After going through all this in my head, I stood up from the couch I had sunken into and I grabbed a football from the floor. I like tossing the ball in the air, off the walls and between my hands. It eases me.

Immediately, it seems, my thoughts start to transform from the rusty echoes of panic and stress to a productive mindset. I start to get some ideas about what to write and I have a newfound energy to get my work done.

In a toss, I realize my greatest stress reliever—sports.

Sports offer an escape from the different stressors in our life: schoolwork, jobs, finance--paying my mom back for those Nikes she just bought me.

They offer a distraction and a chance for us to take a break from the things we have to get done and the problems we are facing. They can help us recuperate when we've been sitting down trying to finish an assignment for a couple hours.

Not many students are aware that we have an amazing campus recreation department that puts on intramural athletics throughout the year for the entire student body to join.

They offer leagues in soccer, kickball, volleyball and much more. I play flag football and kickball every year. I always enjoy the people I play with and I especially enjoy the relief it gives me from my schoolwork.

The department also has club teams for various sports and an outdoor program that offers trips for a nominal fee throughout the year. Join the competitive club soccer team if you like, or take a trip to go rock climbing at Smith Rock, hiking at the Painted Hills or kayaking on the coast.

These opportunities are not just a great way for students to beat stress, but also are a way to meet new people who like the same sporty stuff as you.

If you don't feel like being competitive, you can go to the gym for a good old-fashioned work out. Willamette has a newly renovated fitness center that's nicer than my freshman dorm.

Plus, it has air conditioning.

The stress of being alive inevitably catches up with all of us. While you can find other outlets, being active won't give you a sugar-carb hangover.

Try going to the gym, joining an IM league or even getting a ball to toss in your room. Just try not to annoy your roommate with that last one.

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Shoes to fill: '14-'15 standouts

Cassie Tallman
Swimming

Brendon McCullough
Men's Basketball

Ashley Evans
Women's Basketball

Troy Conway
Baseball

GORDIE CLARY
COLUMNIST

For many athletes, the jump from high school athletics to college athletics can be difficult. Some athletes find the transition easier than others, and truly excel at their sport as first-year students.

At Willamette, the value of first-year Bearcats during the 2014-2015 year could be clearly seen across each sport. Here are a few of the many Bearcat athletes who had standout seasons as freshmen, each with promising careers ahead of them on the hardwood, in the field, on the track and in the water.

Cassie Tallman – Swimming

Despite her freshman status last year, Tallman had no problem developing an impressive resume for the Bearcats. The Seattle native's time of 2:27.81 was enough to break the all-time school record in the 200-yard breaststroke, and earn First Team All-Northwest Conference honors.

She also contributed to school records in the 200-yard individual medley, the 400-yard medley relay and the 200-yard medley relay. Along with all that, she was also named to the All-NWC Second Team for her effort in the 100-yard backstroke.

Cassie's career accolades are already impressive, so look for her in the pool this year working to improve on these already remarkable performances.

Brendon McCullough – Men's Basketball

McCullough was a common feature for Bearcat Hoop's 2014-2015 playoff run, starting in 22 of their 26 games. Hailing from San Antonio, Texas, the guard ranked third on the team with 270 points as the season wrapped up, including a season-high 22 points on Dec. 30 against Colorado College.

Brendon also averaged nearly 26 minutes per game, well enough for the third highest mark among all Bearcat ballers. Brendon will look to improve upon these promising numbers in the winter, as he will try to help the Willamette men's basketball team reach the postseason for a second consecutive year.

Ashley Evans – Women's Basketball

Evans stepped in and played very well last winter for the Bearcats, taking the floor 25 times, 13 as a starter. The point-guard from Canby, Oregon had a team-high 13 points at Linfield on Feb. 20, and a team high in rebounds with 6 against Lewis and Clark on Feb. 10.

She finished third among returning Bearcats last year with 94 total points, and third among returners in rebounds as well. The point guard will now try to improve upon these numbers in the winter, helping highlight an exciting and talented class of 2018 among both of the Bearcat basketball programs.

Troy Conway – Baseball

Conway started 23 games for the Bearcats, and finished with an impressive .322 batting average, good enough for the highest mark among returning players.

The second baseman, coming to Willamette from Moorpark, California, became known for his slick glove work on defense. Having earned the majority of his time as the Bearcats leadoff hitter, Troy was also a base stealing threat, going a perfect 6-6 on the year in stolen bases.

For the week of March 16-22 he received Northwest Conference Offensive Student Athlete of the Week honors after a big weekend against Lewis and Clark, which included a four-hit game. He will hope to help lead a young Willamette baseball team in the spring, which finished last year with a 21-18 record.

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Babysteps to D3 stardom

SAM KEECHLER

Sr. Eric Spresser has truly grown into his once comically large polo.

CONTINUED from Page 1

While I did have to switch shirts, those same seniors helped immensely with the everyday grind that at times is very challenging for a freshman. I would recommend trying to learn from them.

Whether that means discovering the secret bathrooms in Ford to hide in between classes, learning how to beat the lines at Goudy, or just figuring out where the printers are in the library, upperclassmen have lived it and are glad to lend a hand.

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Upcoming Events

Thursday, Aug 27
Women's Soccer
Northwest Christian (Exhib.)
Salem, Ore. | 7 p.m.

Tuesday, Sep 1
Women's Soccer
Corban
Salem, Ore. | 7 p.m.

Thursday, Sep 3
Men's Soccer
La Verne (Calif.)
Salem, Ore. | 7 p.m.

Friday, Sep 4
Volleyball
Mary Hardin-Baylor Tournament
vs. East Texas Baptist
Belton, Tex | 12 p.m. CDT

Volleyball
Mary Hardin-Baylor Tournament
vs. Trinity (Texas)
Belton, Tex. | 6:30 p.m. CDT

Saturday, Sep 5
Women's Soccer
Redlands (Calif.)
Salem, Ore. | 11 a.m.

Volleyball
Mary Hardin-Baylor Tournament
vs. Hardin Simmons (Texas)
Belton, Tex. | 12:30 p.m. CDT

Volleyball
Mary Hardin-Baylor Tournament
vs. Mary Hardin-Baylor (Texas)
Belton, Tex. | 4:30 p.m. CDT

Men's Soccer
Southwestern (Texas)
Salem, Ore. | 7 p.m.

Notes from the semi-pros

JESSE THOMPSON
STAFF WRITER

The transition to college can be a tumultuous and difficult time. Thrown out of your comfortable high school bubble, you suddenly find yourself in a new place, charged with making new friends, taking on a more difficult course load and washing your tighty whites without mommy's help.

While this time affords opportunities for personal growth and good times, for many students, it can be a very stressful period as well. Adding the commitment of NCAA athletics into your schedule can make this time even more hectic.

Even at the Division 3 level, playing a sport for your university requires a tremendous amount of time, energy and responsibility.

Finding the right balance between academics and athletics can be tough, but it's the name of the game if you want to be successful both in the classroom and on the field.

"You're in charge of your own schedule now, so make sure you have a good balance between athletics and academics and get your priorities set," senior golfer Taneesh Sra said.

Senior Willamette linebacker Henry Adelman urges incoming athletes to make schoolwork their top priority.

"The athletic stuff will come to you, [but] school is what's important," he said.

Adelman notes how getting a handle on his schoolwork first actually allows him to be more focused once he steps on the football field.

Sam Gonzalez, a senior on the men's soccer team, also stresses the importance of balance.

"Finding the right balance between athletics and academics can very challenging, especially as a first year student," Gonzalez said. "One way to remedy a potential imbalance is seeking out mentors in both spheres who can respond to the unique issues that student-athletes face."

Luckily for incoming Bearcats, mentors are not hard to come by at Willamette University. We pride ourselves on our oft-repeated motto—Not unto ourselves alone are we born.

Andrew Lum, a senior swimmer at Willamette found that Willamette's motto rings true in all facets of life on campus.

"Everyone is here to support you and help you learn and navigate this complex journey that we call college. I urge you all to find that professor, coach, teammate, friend or group on campus that you can talk to and be that reliable resource for you," Lum said. "You are all a part of the Bearcat ohana now. Ohana means family, and family means no one gets left behind, or forgotten."

So don't fret, baby Bearcats. While you may feel like you've been yanked from the support systems of youth, you have landed in a place in which are each other's support systems.

There will still be hard days. There will always be days when the practice hours and readings and papers seem to stack up to overwhelming amounts. It is during these times when it is imperative that you remember why you play the sport that you love, and that you are not alone.

"Every double day, every 5 a.m. practice, every night with curfew, every sore muscle and every stressful night of homework catch-up in the library are indescribably worth the memories made with your fellow teammates and best friends on and off the field," senior Veronica Ewers said.

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Dear fans: You raise me up

CARRIE FOX
STAFF WRITER

Coming from a small town school of about 800 students, I know what school spirit looks and feels like. What we lacked in numbers, we made up for in pregame pep rallies, tailgates and tricked out costumes.

Friends, families and members of the community always packed the stands from Friday night light football games to the volleyball matches against our rival high school. They even filled out the cross-country meets at the local park down the street.

When I first came to Willamette, I was afraid that school spirit would be lost in the thousands of students. However, what I found was that being a Bearcat felt exactly like home. I saw the same rivalries, rowdiness and support that I've always loved. The environment seemed delightfully familiar to the one I grew up with.

With 25 percent of students here being intercollegiate athletes, whether you play a sport or not, you're bound to know at least a few and students agree that's what makes going to games so fun.

"I enjoy spending my free time supporting my friends and classmates at games," sophomore Michael Chen said. "The best part is seeing people you know kill it."

As an athlete, having that support from your school and community is a real game changer.

"Being a Willamette athlete means that every sport is your community, and this community extends to non-athletes as well," sophomore softball player Kathryn Moore said.

"You build friendships within programs, and going to watch games where you know [the] other people playing is especially fun."

Senior football player Henry Adelman echoes these thoughts, and believes that fan support is crucial to athlete performance.

"Come to all sporting events and get rowdy and be loud, it can truly change the outcome of how our athletes perform," he said.

"Playing in front of a big crowd, knowing you're playing for something bigger than yourself, like school pride, is always added motivation."

So let's give our athletes what they deserve this year. Come out decked out, ready to be rowdy and support your entire Bearcat family at as many home games as possible. Together, let's make a year to remember.

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...And that's how I beat Shaq

AARON CARTER
TEEN HEARTTHROB

And it goes, and it goes, and it goes a little something like this. Hit It!

Aaron's in the house. Come on, get up, get up, I wanna make it bounce. Here we go, Aaron's in the house. Get up, get up, Aaron's in the house.

Yo guys, check it out. Guess what happened to me? (Another crazy story, come on AC). I was hanging at the court, just playing some ball, working on my game. (Yeah, we heard it all).

I heard the fans screaming, I thought it was for me, but then I saw a shadow—It was 12 foot 3. It was Shaquile O'Neal!

"What? What did he say?"

"How 'bout some one-on-one, do you wanna play?"

I told him why not, I got some time. But when I beat you real bad, try not to cry.

"Please Aaron, are you for real? One-on-one with Shaquile O'Neal?"

Yeah, 34 Centre from the L.A. Lakers.

"You must've been nervous."

I knew I could take him.

Stared at Shaq, psyched him out. I said O'Neal, you're in my house now. Start the game, the whistle blows. Pay attention close 'cause the story goes.

It's like boom (boom). I put it in the hoop like slam (slam). I heard the crowd screaming out jam (jam). I swear that I'm telling you the facts, cuz that's how I beat Shaq.

So check it out. I thought I had the lead, but then he started scoring mad points on me. I was scorin' the bricks. Was he hitting those shots? I knew that there was a way that I could make it stop.

I had a plan, that I could change the pace. I said, Yo Shaq you didn't tie your shoelace. He looked down, I stole the ball.

I'm taking him to school now, watch me all. A 3-pointer, nothing but net. Come on Shaq, had enough yet?

Down by two, I'm catching up. I guess you're getting nervous, cuz you already lost.

Dunk after dunk. Jam after jam. Cheerleaders are cheering, "Aaron's the man!"

Announcers were shocked, couldn't believe it was real. "I can't believe a kid just stuffed O'Neal."

One more second, was all that remained. I put the ball up. I put him in shame. I must admit that it sounds real crazy but the ball went in. Then he cried like a baby.

Sorry Shaq, I should've let you win. You're good too, and we can still be friends.

The fans went nuts. They put me on their shoulders. Then I heard a voice, and it sounded like my mother's.

"Get up for school, you're gonna be late!"

Ma, can't you see that I'm playing the game?

"How you could be playing if you're still in bed? Are you gettin' sick, did you hit your head?"

Aw, man it was all a dream. I guess that kinda thing could never happen to me.

If it was a dream and it wasn't real, how'd I get a jersey with the name O'Neal?

Woah.

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An open love letter to fresh(wo) men-nonbinary Bearcats

JESSE SANCHEZ
COLUMNIST

Running around naked and screaming may have been ok at home, but you've made it to the big kid sandbox now. Here are a few tips to help you play nice with the other children.

Don't be the person running down your hall screaming at 2 a.m. Some of your neighbors might have morning activities such as a rowing competition or a big hike.

Don't try to do everything. Seriously. People will say this to you dozens of times. Many will still not take heed. Really, everyone will say to limit yourself, but it doesn't seem to sink in no matter how many times we say it.

Be generous with your CM. We work really hard on your door dec's. Please, don't be the asshole who tears them down. We can figure something out. Go to hall events. Suggest different ones if you don't like the ones we plan.

You will probably be exposed to many new identities, some of which you may have never encountered before! It's wild. There might be moments of fear in which a student exposed to some new language might think, "I can't say anything because I might mess up and be offensive!" That's ok. Embrace the fuck-ups. College is for learning. Start a discussion when someone raises an issue. The worst response is to be dismissive and get angry.

Think about how your words, actions, and even position in the world are shaped by where you come from, who your parents are, what high school you went to, etc. Take a moment to ask yourself if maybe some factor in your life that you had zero control over might have given you some advantage over others. Then, think about what you can do to reduce that inequity. Changes as simple as learning and unlearning certain words can make a difference. Ask questions.

For those of you all read-up on that inclusive, anti-racist, queer-positive language, remember that we all have different starting points and levels of exposure. Be patient—within reason. Make teaching moments, and give people the benefit of the doubt. Beyond that, express frustration with individuals or even the institution if there is a refusal to change.

Lastly, smile! You'll be amazed at the positive interactions that can result from such a simple act. Even if it seems like those two roommates you occasionally half-wave to in the Bistro look like they've been friends forever, they probably met the same day you did.

There are people who are your kind of weird.

There is no way for Opening Days to not be an ultra-awkward experience. It's much better with friends.

Here's another secret: as much as we may try to make it seem like we're too cool for school, returning students are largely excited about having a new group of students on campus. Don't be afraid—we want new friends too.

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A sketch of Salem: It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood

COINTINUED from page 1

Why was I following my mom's advice, essentially "don't talk to strangers," and an extension of the protective wing I was trying to become independent of? How can she say SOS Club members are suspicious, when our family friend had been struggling with alcoholism? What makes him different, besides privileges and resources that others lack?

I started looking up. I saw the man who sat by the window wave and smile. I started waving back, and we waved to each other every day. Those moments always brightened my day, and I missed him when he got sick and wasn't by the window. I started saying hello to the man I paradoxically think of as Mr. Mitchel because he calls Chuck by that name. Instead of feeling anxious when I walked past them, I felt a connection that I rarely have with any neighbors.

I followed reflections with research. What I thought were halfway houses, implying recovery from substance dependence, aren't the only kind of group houses in Salem and the rest of the US.

Group houses are also common for developmental disabilities, mental illnesses such as depression and borderline personality disorder, mental disabilities such as Alzheimer's disease, and for transitioning out of prison. These services began to be funded by the Oregon Health Authority in response to the 1999 Olmstead Decision, which determined that state governments must actively promote community-based care options. While previous court cases determined that people with disabilities must be allowed to receive treatment and support in the "least restrictive setting," at that time it was rare to see the integrated model now found throughout Salem, where homes are located within mainstream neighborhoods and residents often participate in community service.

In spite of the benefits of these programs, persisting stigma leads many people like myself, my housemates, and our parents, to marginalize houses that are intended to reduce discrimination. Stigma deters people from seeking treatment, but the harm of stigma persists: one of the biggest factors in successful recovery, coping, or reintegration is a healthy support network. As Stephanie Vieu of Mid-Valley Behavioral Care Network notes, many group home residents lack healthy support networks.

Neighbors can, and should, become part of their new support network even by simply showing acceptance. However they may be perceived, people receiving care for mental illnesses and disabilities are our neighbors. The moment I reached out to my neighbors, the neighborhoods felt more complete. They felt more like home.

* This name has been changed

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College is for learning: Don't learn from other's mistakes

Above: Unpacking a life in the Matthews Third Floor lair McCarthy called home
Below: The author caught up in the throes of opening days experiencing her first days on campus

COINTINUED from page 1

I'm not going to be the one to say it, because it is going to be shouted at you, spelled out in alphabet soup, subliminal messages in the murmurs of the Mill Stream.

That is what this is expected to be. Reiterate things that I've said before. I'm a fountain of ideas.

Advice is fine. Novel, even. But, I'm learning, it's useless.

Useless like a fountain with the water shut off. Drought and doubt, waiting for the first Oregon rainstorm that will signal that summer is finally over. Dog days, and all. But you'll learn.

Because experience isn't universal. It has to be lived.

I could go over my word count thrice with bad decisions that resulted from the combination of youthful energy, alcohol and a naive sense of invincibility, in hopes that it will prevent a circa-sophomore year catastrophe.

But even if I did, it wouldn't be as effective as going off the rails, a tumbling trainwreck on State. Wouldn't be worth the street experience of mustering the strength to pick yourself up and chug, chug, chug back to the station, where parts get replaced and refinished—sometime by yourself, and sometimes with the help of others. Then you're OK. Still you, but different.

Someone too drunk once slurred to me: "You won't remember the nights you stayed in."

"Yes, but you won't remember the nights you don't remember," I thought as he walked away from me.

There is no overarching set of rules that, if followed, will unlock answers to life, the universe or anything. Lessons are learned around circular Goudy tables at Saturday brunch, be they accompanied by dehydration headaches or not.

Honestly, I don't know what advice you'll glean from this. Maybe handing out my wise words on a couple sheets of paper is hypocritical. Writing well is like a muscle, and mine atrophied after a summer of computer code and sunset bike rides.

Maybe you'll get nothing from this, and you'll let your choices be a coin toss. "Helpful" advice might be that, but is naiveté worth paddling against a current?

Time will tell.

In the meantime, just promise that you'll wear your bike helmet.

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Current events corner: Why I think the Iran deal sucks and so can you

LANCE ROSSI

JESSICA WEISS
COLUMNIST

I love nuclear nonproliferation, and I love anything that promotes the de-escalation of conflict. That's why I hate this deal.

For those of you who are not the least bit current events trackers, the glorious United States State Department has come together with Iran's Foreign Ministry to bring us, the people, a deal designed to halt the progress on proliferation of nuclear weapons in Iran.

We are told that this deal is ground-breaking and unprecedented because Iran has agreed to rigorous inspections of their facilities at a moment's notice (well, three to four weeks notice but who's counting), and thus we must rejoice because we have avoided impending disaster.

Cool. I think I got it. My problem is that the nukes AREN'T the problem.

What does a post-nuclear deal world look like? Nukes? No nukes? Personally, I don't care. In exchange for this amazing promise of nonproliferation, the world parts ways with Iran's infamous sanctions and Iran now receives access to all their foreign accounts. That's my problem.

We're paying them to promise us to not build weapons. Or we're giving them their money back. Whichever one works. But where is this money going?

Surely to the people of Iran, who have suffered at the hands of sanctions and their crippling effects, or to purchase more weapons? Iran's Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei has already pledged continued support to his friends– and by friends, I mean groups the U.S. and almost every other country have designated as terrorist organizations.

Why is this important? The nukes are taken care of; we can't have our cake and eat it too, right? Well considering that Iran wouldn't use a bomb even if they did have one because any country they would bomb would bomb them right back, I think we have a more immediate problem on our hands. Because one thing Iran isn't afraid of is flexing its guns.

Money to Hamas in the Gaza Strip, Hezbollah in Lebanon, Houthi rebels in Yemen, and (come on peace-lovers, I can't believe you're letting this one fly) Assad in Syria is NOT peaceful diplomacy, yet that's the company the Ayatollah keeps while refusing to warm up to the United States or our one ally in the Middle East, Israel. Actively working to destabilize nations by overthrowing leaders is policy the U.S. gets crucified for, particularly by pacifist policy people. So, why are we letting Iran do it?

The Middle East has become an increasingly concentrated mess of death and conflict, and I don't think we can even blame U.S. intervention anymore.

While the Saudis and Iran satisfy their need to destroy each other in Yemen, terrorist groups fight other terrorist groups and chemical weapon-loving dictators still enjoy power despite an estimated 250,000+ civilian death toll in their wake.

Here's the best part; we're totally agreeing to keep funding this if that deal gets passed. Meanwhile, Obama is still fooling us all by convincing us that the nukes are the problem.

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Editorial: We pee in the shower, too.

Dear Bearkittens,

There is an impossible spectrum of intuitions prickling through these opening days, a delusional range of emotions coursing at once through the one-block radius of campus. We feel it too. The thrill of reaching for the same grilled cheese sandwich as a cutie in the cafeteria, the confusing taste of words like "WULA," "bourgeois" or "psilocybe cyanescens," or perhaps the panic settling in your stomach when you realize you're committing years of your life to Salem. It never gets old, even when that change feels unavoidable. Years after our own beginnings, that energy still clings like a kindergartener to mom's pants when she tries to retreat back to the car.

Today, people will try to make you dwell on what brought you here. You can do that if you like. Throw yourself in it whole-heartedly. Take a chance in a name game, make out with your OD leader.

Or you can cringe the whole time, like I did, and stick by the kid from Arizona with the cool hair.

However you choose to deal is up to you. It's OK. It's been done before.

We often feel very lonely when we feel like we're doing something new, even if we've done it 11 times before. But statistically speaking, you're not any different from someone else.

You're not the only one who pees in the shower. You're not the only one who gets caught stealing corn muffins from Goudy. You're not the only one who feels very much Other on a predominantly white campus, in a predominantly white state. You're not the only one who wants so badly to play IM dodgeball, only to get paired with a team of D3 soccer players who kick your ass.

Last year someone wrote an article about our school's ex-farm in which they said, try to learn from those who fail, and always try to learn. Years earlier, in an Opening Days issue past, someone wrote in an open letter to Nick Symmonds, "When I wear track tank tops, my nipples stick out."

Sure, the *Collegian* is a great place to find slander about our most standout alumni. But it's also where we try to learn things from each other.

Of all the information shoved at you during your first few weeks here at Willamette, the *Collegian* is arguably the only material you'll receive that's coming directly from your peers.

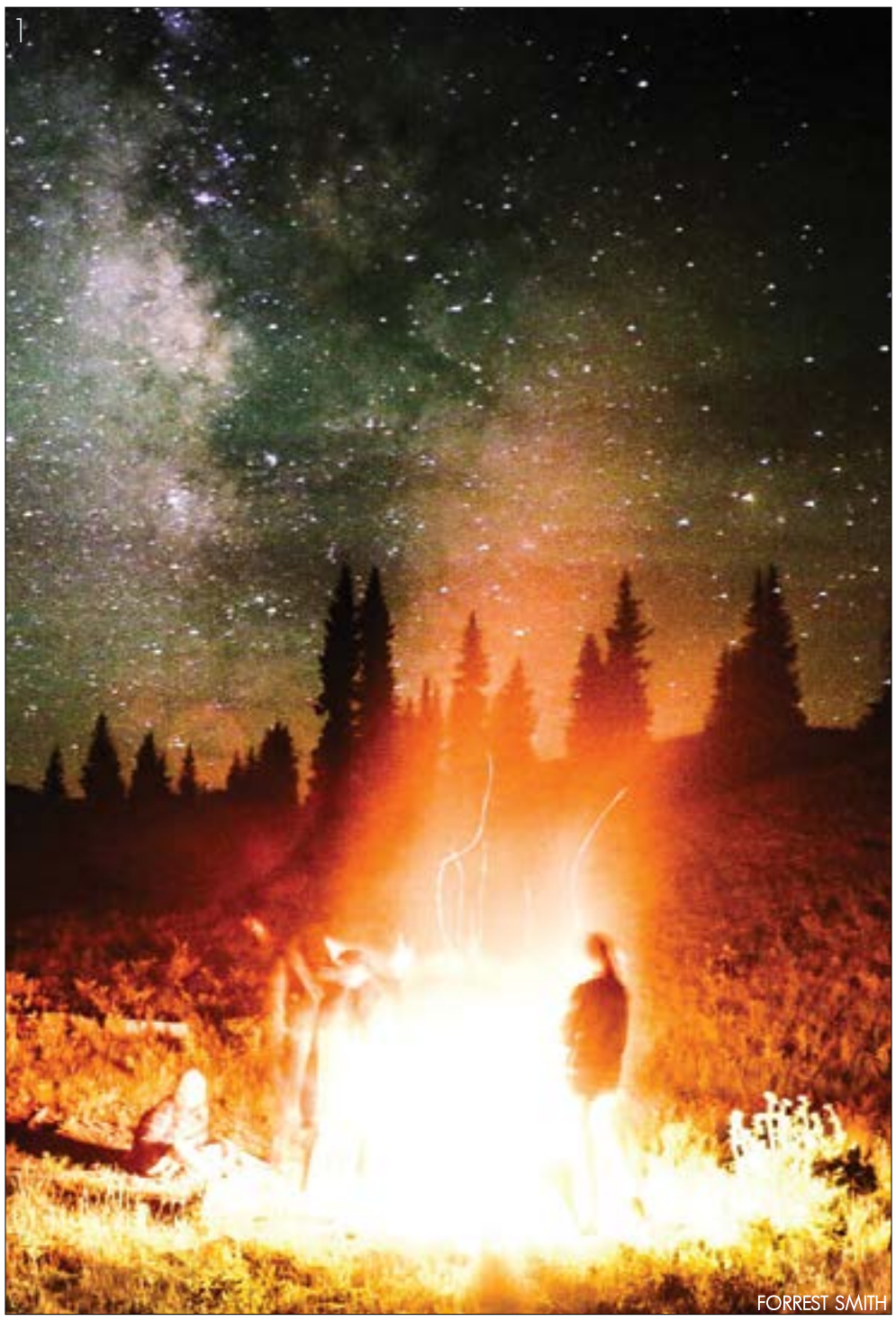
We're your teammates, your neighbors, your OD leaders and the people serving you coffee in the Bistro. We're motivated by only a meager paycheck and the desire to give students a voice.

And if you don't like something we say, we urge you to let us know. Write a letter to the editor.

Maybe you'll write for us one day, maybe you'll grow accustomed to using our painstakingly-crafted work as an umbrella on a way to your Wednesday morning class.

This is our paper, but this is your paper too.

Wild Bearcats: summer exploration for students



1. Sophomore Forrest Smith lights up the starry night with a campfire at Yellowstone National Park. 2. Senior Becca Brownlee takes a study break while abroad to backpack around the mountains of Chile. 3. Senior Beth Hladick firmly grasps the sheer rock face that she scales in Colorado. 4. Sophomore Kaela Gray whale- watches while from the view of her kayak in British Columbia. 5. Sophomore McCall Concannon chills in the Big Four Mountain ice caves. 6. Junior Guillermo Ramirez Jr. contemplates the hammock in which he will sleep later in the evening. 7. Senior Montana Miller and fellow summer camp counselors gather at dusk to salute the skyline. 8. Sophomore Michael Chen captures a spectacular twilight view of the Golden Gate Bridge.