

Photographs



and

Memories...



Class of '80

"To the lovers of college traditions it will be a sad day when some new college generation shall scorn GLEE and cast it into the pile of ever growing discarded college traditions."

Robert Moulton Gatke, Ph.D. 1942

... Introduced by the class of 1980

As a special tribute to the 69th annual

❖ ❖ ❖ Freshman Glee ❖ ❖ ❖



Spark's Center
March 12th, 1971
Eight O'clock p.m.





The Class of 1980 would like to dedicate the FRESHMAN GLEE OF 1977 to the Japanese Exchange Students on the Willamette Campus. Having recently arrived from the International College of Commerce and Economics near Tokyo, Japan, the students are studying courses in an American Studies Program while enrolled here at Willamette. As our honored guests and new friends, we would like to take this opportunity to welcome these students to our campus and especially, Willamette's annual GLEE tradition!

HISTORY

FRESHMAN GLEE began in 1909 when a challenge by the class of 1912 was issued to the other classes to meet them in a song competition. The first GLEE was held in the Chapel of Waller Hall. Soon, FRESHMAN GLEE grew in popularity and size and was moved into the First Methodist Church. As time progressed, Glee grew even larger and was performed in the Salem Armory. Upon completion of the old Willamette Gym (today's Playhouse), GLEE was once again moved into this "new" facility to accommodate an ever-growing crowd. Since 1975, FRESHMAN GLEE has been held in the Cone Field House of Spark's Center.

FRESHMAN GLEE originally was a simple presentation of songs on a bare stage. Over the years, elaborate sets, marching and complex formations developed as a GLEE tradition. Today, these are essential parts of each class' performance.

FRESHMAN GLEE rules, as developed by students over the years, are simple, yet important to GLEE as a whole. They are:

- a) any member of a class may participate
- b) all songs must be original, both in lyrics and text
- c) no instrument, other than piano, may be used
- d) no solos by any member of the class

"FRESHMAN GLEE is," according to the Wallulah of 1912, "an event belonging distinctly to Willamette. No other college in the Northwest, and as far as known, no other college in the country has a similar contest."

OFFICIAL GLEE JUDGES OF 1977

WORDS AND MUSIC: Dr. Melvin Geist, Dr. David Welch and David Hjelt

VOCAL RENDITION: Dr. Paul Trueblood, William Tweedy and Roger Kirchner

FORMATIONS: Ivan Novikoff, Cobe Grabenhorst, Jr. and J. Courtney Jones

FRESHMAN GLEE is judged in three major areas: words and music, vocal rendition and formations. The judges will award first through fourth place in each category and, using an established point system, the results will be tabulated. Words and music are judged on originality, coordination, adaptability to GLEE theme and overall impact of the song. Vocal rendition is judged on diction, expression, tone quality and musicality. Formations are judged according to precision, originality, and effect. Special thanks to our judges for their help and awards!

PROCESSION OF CLASSES

GLEE MANAGERS OPENING ADDRESS ERIC MORRISON, MARY JAEGER, KRISTIN FROST

SENIORS: "TAKING MY FEARS AWAY" CLASS OF '77

JUNIORS: "PICTUREBOOK DREAMS" CLASS OF '78

SOPHOMORES: "PASSING TIME" CLASS OF '79

FRESHMEN: "COLLECTED MEMORIES" CLASS OF '80

★ ★ ★ ★ ENTERTAINMENT ★ ★ ★ ★

PRESENTATION OF GLEE BANNER DEAN BUZZ YOCOM

“Taking My Fears Away”

Words and Music by KC Humphrey and Larry Jackson

yesterday, I walked alone
mountain trails and moonbright stone
I don't know why I'm here
so far away and on my own
 then you appear and call my name
 taking my fears away
 sooner or later, pictures fade
 but deeper in me they stay.

on our way, you walk beside
starless nights, a river side
I don't know where the river leads
somewhere past the tears I've cried
 then you appear and call my name
 taking my fears away
 sooner or later, pictures fade
 but deeper in me they stay.

time for thinking over
the trails that we have travelled
here's a photograph just taken yesterday
time was never better
for the storms or cloudy weather
can't erase the sunlight in the picture frame.

now, now that I see
all the paths left for me

now I have the memory of the day
when you came to me and called my name.

yesterday, I walked alone
something new; the river glowed
I don't know how it came to be
I was lost, you shared my load
 then you appear and call my name
 taking my fears away
 sooner or later, pictures fade
 but deeper in me they stay.

yesterday, you called my name
some things never fade;
then I watched you take my fears away.

© 1977 KC Humphrey

NOTES

“I am part of all that I have met, yet all experience is an arch where through gleams that untravelled world.”

Tennyson

In “Taking My Fears Away,” we walk the untravelled paths of our future. The sunlight for us lies in the memories of our four years at Willamette, the arch of our experience. We walk unafraid with these memories which never fade away.

“Picturebook Dreams”

Words and Music by Thomas R. Spivey and Andrew J. Gregg A.E.K.D.B.

When I'm feeling lonely and the rain on the window is running down
I open my picturebook, dusty and torn and let myself fly—
With dreams gone by—
The sun was still shining then, stormclouds and heartbreaks still far out
of sight
The faces and places long gone, Time washed them away
Like waves on the beach—so far out of reach.

Those crazy old dreams we shared, we thought they would never
come true
The plans and promises, broken and kept now lost in the years—
Between laughs and tears—
The times we had together, now all I have are photographs—
Fragments of different lives scattered like leaves
But they never grow old, always mine to hold.

CHORUS

Ahh—PICTUREBOOK DREAMS!
reliving my life on many a Rainy Day.
now I know what It means to have loved and to have lost.
Still I keep holding on
My yesterdays have all gone by —.

INTERLUDE

My mind is a gallery, Portraits of times out of my past
Vividly capture those long ago days
Pictures of you and me
Our time was still coming then, shaping our lives with Daydreams
and Plans
Emotions and Notions swirled in my head
Some set us free, but they took you from me.

I remember thinking long ago; that I'd never, never be growing old
So I asked all of you, and you agreed in songs we'd sung
at heart we're young—
So while we're still gathered here sunshine and blue sky surround
us above
Come, take my hand together we'll slip
Back into my PICTUREBOOK DREAMS.

CHORUS

Ahh—PICTUREBOOK DREAMS!
Memories captured to hold in my hands for a while
Now I know what it means to see faces and places
Now lost to the world
But they are still here with me.

NOTES

A photograph album, or “picturebook” as we have called it, holds memories of all kinds. Leafing through the pages, you may go back in time to see friends and places that remain in the past. Musically, the Interlude allows the listener to reflect on personal memories as the keyboards play. For us, the picturebook represents the breakwater for the waves that lap upon our lives. And for every new thing we take into our lives, we must also leave something behind.

Andrew J. Gregg
Valentine's Day 1977

“Passing Time”

By Ellen Baldwin and Benjie Bradford

Sitting at home alone, turning back the hands of time.
Letting the memories of your yesterdays float through your mind
Remembering that you had so much time dreaming of the person to be.
And the things you wanted to do, yet, Time passed so slowly.

Ahh—today your dreams aren't so many and the time that once passed slowly,
is now speeding right on by.
The world you want to conquer is still turning.
You realize that you're not the person you wanted to be,
but you're still going to make it through.

One day, many tomorrows from now, when our dreams have been fulfilled,
we'll sit and recall the hopes of our yesteryears.
Not seeing what we want to see, wanting to do it again,
our hopes and dreams of the past subside as tomorrow becomes yesterday,
and yesterday is no more.

Be all the things you want to be.
Let yourself be young and free,
for life is youthful and so are we.
The enemy we fight is not ourselves, but the moving of eternity.

NOTES

Time, the least understood dimension of which neither beginning nor end has been found.

We are but shadows passing through an endless corridor—never to return.

Ellen Baldwin

“Collected Memories”

By Michael G. O'Brien

Mother Nature she sent me here
With only the shirt on my back
And though memories of the “good times” haunt me
I can never go on back
to where I've come from.

Trailing down from Older Rivers
Sailing down to Golden Rivers
And you know, I'll keep traveling forever,
And you know, I'll keep traveling forever.

Dream
Let's look at our lives
Let's travel the skies
And Live!

If I had a wish, you know what I'd do?
I'd save up all the rest of my days
And spend my whole life with you.
But you're so far away.
You're so far away.

I look at your photograph
and think of all the memories we've shared.
Of old times and present times, too,
And all the crazy things that we dared.
But you're so far away.
You're still far away.

I'll write you a letter saying,
“I'm fine” and “how are you?”
and “I miss you.”
I've been thinking about you and
wishing you were here with me.

You know I'll keep traveling forever.
On my way.

NOTES

This song deals with two different, yet related interpretations of the theme. The first presents a person who dreams of the past but still strives to continue forward. The second looks at a common situation: how any photograph can stir memories within us all.

SINCERE "THANKS" TO:

GLEE MANAGERS: Mary Jaeger, Eric Morrison, Kristin Frost
Secretary: Susan Reynolds

Special Committees:

Judges: George Nunes, Jr.
Publicity: Elizabeth Geiger
Electrical and Set-up: Jay Mearns
Banquet: Nikki Alexander
Budget: Patti O'Bradovich
Decorations: Mark Terry, Tony Peterson
Blue Monday: Heather Reekie
Nostalgia: Sue Davies

And all the devoted members of these committees.



WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO:

GLEE FACULTY ADVISOR: Dean "Buzz" Yocom

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Andrew J. Gregg
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Lark Shipman
Jenny Wiser

Griffith Frost
Hunter Emerick
Mary Allen
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Leslie Wickman
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Nita DeMaris
Christie Dressler
Paul Ballinger
Pam Wiedkehr
Maintenance