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Hot Wheels® fantasyland



ANDREW SHIMABUKU • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Debbie Kohn worked on a design for Kanewai District Park for a school project Monday afternoon in the architecture building.

Rape on Campus

By Ansley Brown
Ka Leo Contributing Writer

In college, parties are prevalent, alcohol flows freely, and sexual assaults are becoming commonplace. A study published this year with support from the U.S. Department of Justice brings to light a new epidemic: the underreporting of sexual assaults.

During September of this semester, there was a party on campus held annually by law school students. Early that morning, the Honolulu Police Department and Campus Security responded to a call about an apparent sexual assault. Several male students reported seeing another male assaulting a female.

When HPD and Campus Security arrived, the girl had left. The witnesses recounted what they had seen, but, because the girl was gone, no formal report was made. University of Hawai'i Campus Security captain Donald Dawson stated that "there was no crime because there was no victim."

If the University of Hawai'i had policies allowing third-party reporting, this incident would have been made public to all students and faculty while keeping the victim's identification confidential. Reporting sexual assaults is helpful in preventing similar crimes from occurring and in protecting the personal safety

of students and employees.

Congress passed the Student Right-to-Know and Campus Security Act in 1990 to require all Title IV eligible schools to publicly disclose crime statistics and security policies and procedures on campus. Fewer than 40 percent of colleges and uni-

**"There was
no crime
because there was
no victim."**

— Donald Dawson,
UH campus security captain.

versities are in full-compliance with the law that requires crime statistics on rapes and sexual assaults.

In 2001 there were 249,000 victims of rape, attempted rape or sexual assault. These are only the reported incidents. College campuses have become an area of increased sexual assaults. Based on a survey of 2,438 institutions, failure to report all required data was common, as were problems related to investigating sexual assault cases.

All Title IV eligible schools are required to provide Annual Security Reports detailing the amounts of on-campus crimes including forced and non-forced sexual assaults, burglary, theft and vandalism.

There are several problems that have arisen when reporting sexual crimes. As a result of highly publicized campus sexual assault trials, there have been numerous allegations of reports being mishandled by school officials. Only 37.6 percent of all schools require sexual assault

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The University of Hawai'i Women's Center coordinates the Sexual Assault Prevention Team, SAPT, a co-ed peer educational program that educates students on sexual assault and relationship violence prevention. Peer educators receive special training provided by the Women's Center, the Counseling Student Development Center, Campus Security, and the Kapi'olani Sex Abuse Treatment Center.

Located at: Queen Lili'uokalani Center for Student Services, Rm. 211,
Phone: 956-8059, Fax: 956-9314, E-mail: quemel@hawaii.edu

Clinton lectures
on globalization

By Andrew Whelan & Hilary Costa
The California Aggie
(U. California-Davis)

(U-WIRE) DAVIS, Calif. — Interdependence, integration and globalization. Just another lecture on an average day at the University of California at Davis, but with a not-so-average lecturer: William Jefferson Clinton, the 42nd President of the United States.

Visibly fatigued and hoarse-voiced from the early November elections, former President Clinton took the stage at the Robert and Margrit Mondavi Center for the Performing Arts to a resounding standing ovation Sunday afternoon, following a brief introduction by UCD Chancellor Larry Vanderhoef.

Clinton, perhaps the highest-profile speaker ever to visit UCD, launched into a historical, scientific and mostly philosophical examination of the challenges we face in today's increasingly globalized environment.

He painted a Hobbesian portrait of life in the newly interdependent world: at best, insecure and confined; at worst, "miserable and deadly."

Clinton discussed a security strategy that strives for integration — an international atmosphere that thrives on cooperation and partnerships between states. He cited the Marshall Plan, the U.S.-funded recon-

struction of Germany after World War II, as an example of the types of policies the United States should be pursuing in the 21st century. If people receive American assistance then they will be far less likely to turn to terrorism, he reasoned.

"Foreign assistance is national security, not charity," Clinton said, adding later that "it would be the best money we ever spent."

"We need to spend more money to make more partners and fewer terrorists," Clinton said, eliciting applause from the 1,800-person full house in Jackson Hall.

But the greatest and most important challenge facing today's younger generation is developing "habits of the mind and heart to live in a global environment," he said.

Citing spiritual doctrine from various faiths, Clinton emphasized the importance of embracing those who are different. "People have always wanted to think more of themselves by thinking less of other people," he said.

Speaking to the nearly 300 students in the audience, Clinton said he is optimistic that the future will be a safer place because today's students have more information, knowledge and, if nothing else, little option other than to establish a more secure world.

"We will share the future because we have no choice," he said. Clinton's speech was the hottest



Volunteers participate at Waikiki Aquarium's Alien Algae Clean-up on Saturday.

KATIE BLOCK
Ka Leo O Hawai'i

ticket in town since his lecture date was announced weeks ago. The audience consisted mainly of Mondavi Center donors, invited guests and students who waited overnight for the chance of securing one of 150 seats originally set aside for those enrolled at UCD. After those tickets were sold, a waiting list was created in case extra seats became available.

After Clinton's address at the Mondavi Center, the 635 students and community members who streamed into Freeborn Hall to watch a live simulcast of Clinton's speech jumped to their feet and cheered as ASUCD President C.S.

Lai announced that Clinton would stop at Freeborn Hall before leaving UCD.

Clinton pulled up to the west entrance of Freeborn Hall in a caravan of sport utility vehicles and police cars. With a flock of Secret Service agents in tow, he crossed the bike path and shook hands with Patwin Elementary School student Lucas Tuttle and his father, Martin. Lucas thanked Clinton for writing back after he sent the former President a letter.

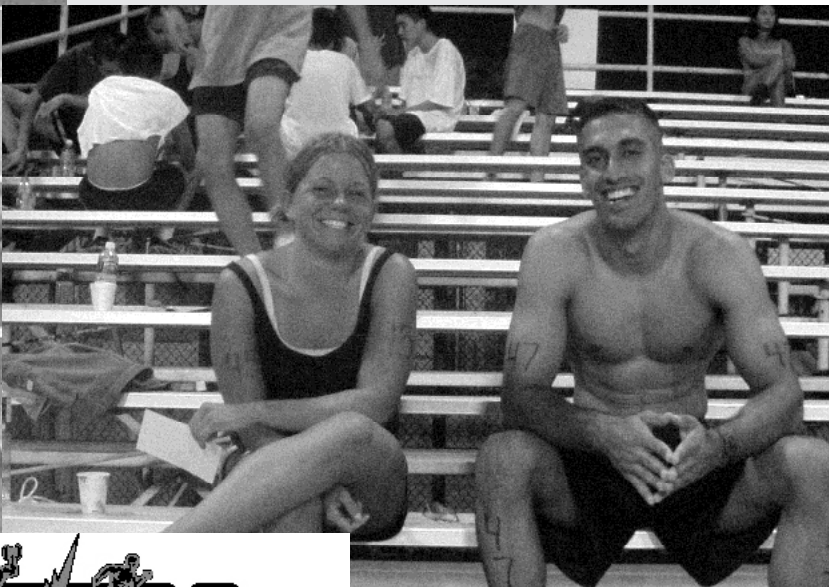
"I'm glad you received it," Clinton replied.

Freeborn Hall again erupted with applause when Clinton arrived. The for-

mer President joked that the Freeborn audience was lucky not to have paid to hear him speak, then addressed the crowd briefly about the impact individual citizens can make to affect change.

Clinton's trademark personableness shined as he descended from the stage to meet and greet his audience with handshakes and high-fives. The hall's 27 rows of seats emptied as the audience rushed to the Secret Service-laden barricade, some climbing over the chairs that stood in their way, for a chance to get up close to the former

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**By
Sandra Kim**
*Ka Leo
Contributing
Writer*

The afternoon sun scorched, the breeze blew faintly as high-energy music bumped, and more than 60 participants were pumped up and ready to test their strength and endurance in an ultimate body workout at Cooke Field on Nov. 9.

The University of Hawai'i Army ROTC sponsored the fourth annual STREND Fitness Challenge, which was free and open to the public. The event was held in an effort to involve the community with the UH ROTC program and to invite and encourage high school Junior ROTC (JROTC) cadets to stay with the program in college. "As ROTC, we like to host the event to promote awareness about the opportunities we offer as a part of

the University of Hawai'i," said Major Trey Johnson, UH ROTC faculty and event coordinator. "This challenge is for the overall athlete ... someone who is totally fit."

UH ROTC Executive Officer Ray O'Donnell said, "It's a good program to reach out to the community to give them a good view, and it's a fun sports recruiting event to introduce them (JROTC cadets) to the ROTC program."

In addition to high school cadets from McKinley, Hilo, Farrington, Kaiser and Campbell, Damien Memorial, college cadets, active army members, and other physically fit members of the community also participated in the short but grueling event. Trista Mustaine, a senior and UH ROTC cadet, noted that "the event helps build confidence and cohesion between the high school JROTC programs and the UH ROTC."

"It's a good physical workout," added Sara Horak, a senior at Hawai'i Pacific University. "I think it tells people about the UH Army ROTC program and the importance of physical fitness that should be built in everyone."

The event challenged the physical capabilities of the participants with various tests of physical strength. The first half of the event consisted of five upper body strength tests: bench press, pull up,

shoulder press, chin up and bar dip. Each competitor had two minutes to complete as many repetitions and moved directly into the next activity. The weights were based on the athlete's body weight. The second half of the challenge was a three-mile endurance run immediately after the completion of the five exercises.

"It's more than challenging," said Kellen Dickens, an observer and active army member from Fort Shafter. "It's a lot harder to do it on command, and it's hard to skip from one exercise to another. What's really going to determine this is the three-mile run because that takes a lot of endurance especially after all those exercises."

"After completing a challenge like this, it's a positive experience," said Marvis Vaiagae, UH ROTC Lieutenant. "It gives them confidence knowing that they can complete an event like this."

The event started at 3 p.m. and the last competitor crossed the finish line at around 7 p.m. Each participant completed all five strength exercises and the three-mile run. Medals were awarded to the top three finishers in each division. Other non-ROTC participants were also awarded medals. In addition to being physically fit, Johnson also emphasized that a ROTC cadet is someone who also

excels in academics and leadership. Johnson said that "the UH ROTC program is for the scholar-athlete-leader," and hopes that he will be able to recruit Hawaii's finest high school cadets to join the UH ROTC program.

Winners of the Strend Fitness Challenge (listed from first to third)

JROTC Male: Jon Cruz, Kaiser HS; Franklin Bravo, Farrington HS; Daniel Kishinami, Damien Memorial HS

JROTC Female: Amber Poling Kaiser HS; Natalie Change, Kaiser HS; Shawna Sasaki, Kaiser HS

ROTC Male: Ryan Thorton, UH; Ranjan Singh, UH; Andrew Tapla, HPU

ROTC Female: Lindsey Rowland, HPU; Trista Mustaine, UH; Sara Horak, HPU

Layin' the smack down is not what it's cut out to be



I don't want this to sound like another 'heroin is bad' story, and in no way am I promoting or discouraging anyone from trying any drug. But be warned.

First of all, I'm an 18-year-old white female who once lived in a pretty conservative suburb. My hometown was mostly filled with people who were very religious, self-righteous, and clean-cut. But my five junkie friends and I were never reluctant to admit what drugs we did.

If anyone found out, who the fuck cares ... until we tried smack. We've tried every drug pretty much before coming across heroin. One afternoon I was looking for some bud and my friend said he could get some smack.

I did heroin (snorted it) for the first time that night. Shit ... I never knew it hit you so fast. I felt like I could do anything and I didn't care about any of my problems. I felt so good. I had my five best friends with me, one of them was my crush who finally asked me out the day before. Everything made sense and things were great.

I was smacked out for 5 hours. All of us loved it. We kept doing it. More and more. I had a three-day rule about doing drugs, but I blew that off pretty quickly. As soon as we ran out we'd get more. We'd do this for six months. By the end of the fourth month, I was shit-broke and started stealing from my parents and friends. Mostly, I'd jack people at school. Rich fucking suburban kids always had money.

By that time, my junkie buddies rarely showed up to school and when they did, I kinda wished they'd stay home because they'd be so fucked up and I became paranoid that people would know "I" did heroin. I mean, shit, what kind of a lowlife does heroin?

I always thought that I would have to be the world's biggest asshole to get addicted to smack ... We'd do lines in the bathroom between classes. Sometimes in class. We had a lot of security at my school, and it was funny when they stopped me in the hall right after I did some — I'd bullshit my way out of trouble. And they'd have no clue.

I got off on pulling it off. It

felt great. Defy. Then all this shit began wearing me out and I felt sick even when I did have smack. I felt like my insides were all rotten. I felt like my body was deteriorating and decaying. I felt so dirty and diseased. I knew I had to get clean, but the withdrawals were unbearable. I snapped out of it when I almost over-dosed.

In no time, we decided we should shoot it to experience the best high and we'd use less to get more fucked up. The first time ... wow ... we felt like gods. The first time we injected, I shot everyone up because I knew how to do it. I didn't like doing it because I truly felt like I was bringing them one step closer to death. I felt guilty so we got someone else to help us.

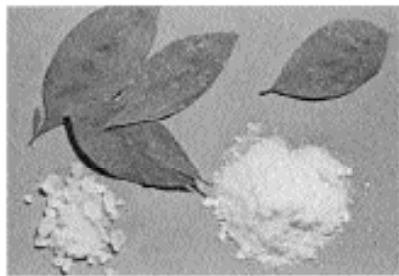
The person who was supposed to shoot us up kept fucking up. She'd repeatedly miss one of my friend's veins and just keep poking it over and over. She (unintentionally) skin-popped my other friend and poked through my boyfriend's vein, losing the hit.

Seeing all the abuse my friends were putting up with I shot myself up. As it turns out, the shit that I shot was uncut, unlike our other shit. I nodded off and passed out right away. I woke up feeling unfucking believably sick in my boyfriend's bed, alone. Later, I found out he was off with our 'friends' doing that shit. I broke down and cried for what seemed like hours. I realized they didn't give a flying fuck about me, even though we've been through everything together all through high school.

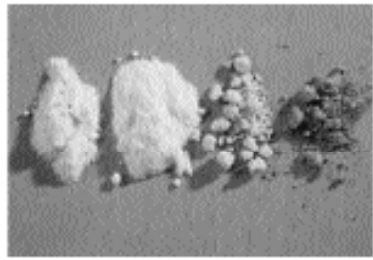
I felt so cheated. I decided to get my shit together and get clean. I'd go through four relapses and one more overdose, but I got clean within two months. I was the only one from our group to graduate last year. I felt like we all should've been there, like before. Now, one of us is in jail, one in rehab, two still doing it, and I'm in college. My ex-boyfriend and I drifted apart at the peak of our use. I felt like he kicked our relationship because he'd repeatedly choose smack over me.

Be warned. Heroin fucks you up. It's a bitch to stay clean. I fight it every single fuckin' day. Now I have to live with the fact that no matter what life brings, no matter how good I have it, I'll NEVER feel as good as I felt that first time shooting-up.

Because, when the smack begins to flow, I really don't care anymore.



cocaine



heroin



crystal meth



cannabis

PHOTOS COURTESY OF WWW.EROWID.ORG

For more information relating to these and other psychoactive substances check out www.erowid.org and contact your local physician or lawyer.

Crack tested my self-worth



I'd just turned 16 years old when Jake, Lurch and I ran away from a psychiatric hospital in Baton Rouge, La. Jake was from New Orleans and had friends that would let us stay with them, so we spent the night hitchhiking. Once at the place, Jake had to find his friends — since they were crack dealers, they moved often.

After several hours, Jake found them. He introduced us to Terry, Samantha and Jerome. They said we could stay with them and told us that they were moving within the week because their current house was under surveillance by the police. Every day, an unmarked police car parked a not-so-discreet distance from the house and monitored everything and everyone.

It didn't take long before Lurch and I were very curious about crack and crack dealing. After all of the stories about the effects of crack, I was curious to experiment. I said I'd like to try some, and Terry, the main dealer and supplier for the others, said he'd give me some.

He dragged me into the back bedroom and loaded a twenty-rock (a piece of crack that sold for \$20) into a glass pipe. He put the pipe to my lips and lit the rock. In the next 15 minutes I smoked \$70 worth of crack. Nothing was happening, Terry

kept loading the pipe up, and then, within seconds after the last hit, I was soaring. Every nerve-ending in my body was bustling and crackling with energy.

I felt vibrant and alive. My body tingled and my mind whirled. I felt invincible. I went charging around the house whooping and yelling. I even started for the door, shouting a challenge to the police officer watching the house. Terry, Lurch and Jake stopped me, and to calm me down Terry thrust a gallon of milk into my hands and made me drink the whole thing. Eventually I calmed down, but the damage was done: I'd tried crack, and I really liked what I'd experienced.

"I felt vibrant and alive. My body tingled and my mind whirled. I felt invincible."

— Anonymous.

I continued to smoke crack for the next month and, yet, I never paid for it. After we moved, Terry, Samantha and Jerome each took one of us escapees — I ended up living with Tammy, one of Jerome's girlfriends. A week after moving in,

Tammy got arrested for passing bad checks so I had the house to myself. I had crack addicts come in and smoke in the house in exchange for a cut of their crack. I even attempted to deal a little, but, after three deals, I'd gotten ripped off three times and was soon \$60 in debt to another dealer. After a three-day dry spell and the miserable and painful withdrawal symptoms that came with it, I decided that if I didn't get out of that situation soon I never would. It took me a week to make plans, and during that time I was smoking again.

Two days before I left I told everybody what I was planning on doing. They were supportive and encouraging, but warned me to be safe. I said my goodbyes, and the day before I left I paid a last visit to Terry because he asked me to stop by before leaving.

I went to Terry's and he invited me in, then he offered me a deal. He put up two \$100 bills and about \$200 worth of crack and offered them to me. He told me all I had to do was suck his dick and it was all mine. I told him no. Eventually, he had \$1,000 cash and \$300 worth of crack on the table. I told him no one final time and left. As I left his apartment I knew I was doing the right thing; I knew that if I stayed one more day his offer would appeal to me.

I left the next day. It took me one week to get home, and I never smoked crack again.

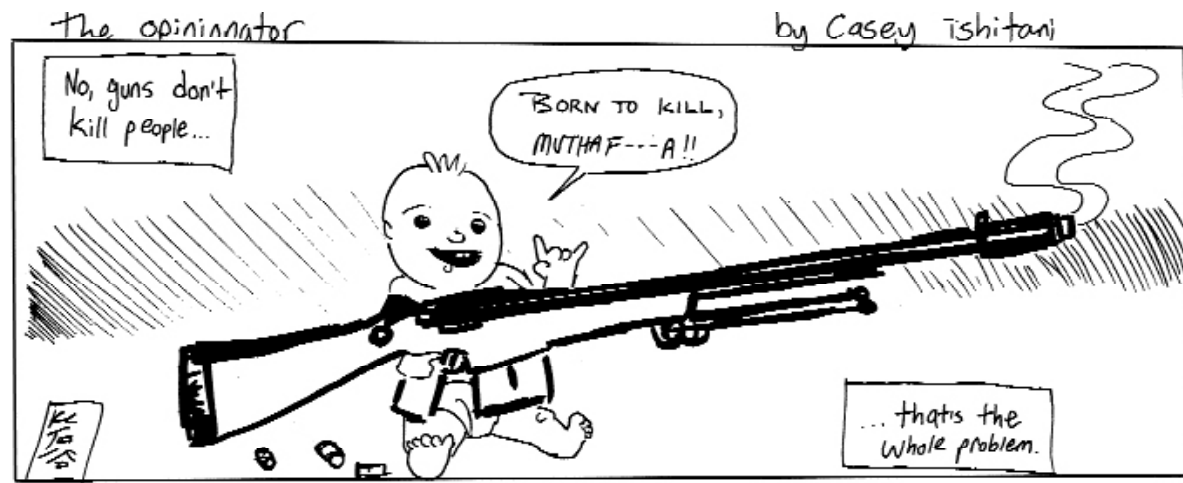
My story is not the rule, but rather, it is the exception. I was able to move out of the situation. I had somewhere else to go, to flee to. I

The Voice of Hawai'i

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Cola is seductive yet destructive for some

Cocaine: the glamour of a Hollywood movie and the sadness of Sunset Boulevard



GO ASK
ALICE
Cocaine

I've always had an interest in psychoactives. As a teenager, while other boys were exploring sports and forging vernal heterosexual relationships, I was reading Carlos Castaneda and Aldous Huxley. At present, I am 29, and am proud to say that I have been sober for over six months. During my teens and twenties I experimented with a wide variety of narcotics, stimulants and hallucinogens, both pharmacological and botanical, so I have a pretty broad experimental base of using psychotropes of every stripe.

Now, about coke, or 'cola,' as we initiates used to call it. If we called it 'cola,' we could allude to it casually and safely in telephone and grocery store conversations with our eavesdroppers none-the-wiser; we could be talking about stockpiling soft drinks for all they knew.

I first tried coke in Las Vegas in 1993, when I was 20 years old. I had befriended the piano player of a major R&B diva. After a sell-out concert at one of the Strip's big casinos, he took me backstage to party with other Vegas showbiz types. At 20, I was already a connoisseur of the finest pot, had dabbled in 'shrooms & morning glory seeds, and had ingested capsules of amphetamine at late-night discos. So, I was surprised to find that the two lines of coke I snorted here did absolutely nothing for me! I remember my right leg feeling numb or something, and my lips too, but that was it.

Then, for many years, it never crossed my path. Later, when I was 25, I was working as a musician & stand-up act in a nightclub. My buddies, the bartenders and waiters in the club, showed me their trick for appearing chirpy and responsive to customers all night long without flagging: 'cola.'

And coke, as any user will tell you, makes you speak more frankly (also essential to good comedy). Some dam of inhibition is sun-dered, and you feel just great about discussing the intimate crannies of your sexuality, for instance, with relative strangers. It feels surprisingly, refreshingly good to do so, and your listeners are often dazzled and impressed by your candor — that is, unless they are also tooted up and are racing ahead on their own juggernaut of conversational clouds.

I quickly learned why coke was the preferred drug of choice during the 1970's New York, Studio 54 years: coke can be glamorous. For one, it's prep and usage can be enhanced with various aesthetic accouterments, such as a 24-carat-gold, or glass, nasal straw-let; or mysterious little amber or cobalt glass apothecaries; coy little neck pendant/caches, or sexy, lozenge-shaped, beveled coffee-table mirrors. I loved the ritual of it all, which could be conducted in someone's den, or sexily and surrepti-

tiously in a disco bathroom. Coke was slick, urbane, grown-up, and not stinky, gothic-dark and teenage-suburban like smoking pot.

And coke makes one FEEL glamorous, like the sloe-eyed, cafe society celebrities sullenly, pan-chromatically, frozen in the fawning white flash of a Warhol halftone.

How can I best describe the feeling of a good coke high to someone unfamiliar with it? Like this: it's like living, real-time, in a Hollywood movie. Have you noticed how, in a movie, only the salient and dramatic moments of a character's story are spliced together? You never, for example, have to slog through the on-screen character's having to clip his toenails or pay bills or pop a black-head, or listen to long interstices of silence in the ramble of a desultory conversation.

This is reality for the coked: life is poetry; accelerated, shined, tweaked, pruned of its prosaic, pedestrian footage. Every utterance you or your fellow stonees make seems to be sharp, dramatic, witty, encapsulated — just like movie dialogue. Little transitional moments disappear: you find yourself engaged in group chatter one moment, then looking into their bathroom mirror the next, just like in an elegant film edit. Above all, there is an imminent thrill in your loins that something exciting — one doesn't know quite WHAT — is going to happen. Any second now.

What I didn't know about coke at the time I began using it frequently (up to an 8-ball a day), is that coke usage has a very predictable trajectory of effect in the habitual user that is consistent from user to user, from country to country. In other words, scientists know what it's going to do to you if you stay with it over a certain amount of time.

There is the so-called initial 'honeymoon phase' of coke usage in which every toot opens curtains on a shining, stimulating, funny evening. But gradually, the dopamine neurochemistry in one's brain begins to erode, exacerbated, surely, by the accompanying lack of sleep and inconsistent nutrition of the frequent user. The effects of coke change imperceptibly from euphoria, mirth, concupiscence & excitement, to irritability, inability to concentrate, and then eventually paranoia.

No drug can produce a paranoia quite like cocaine can. On pot, you wondered if your mommy & daddy might catch you toking; on acid, you wondered if you'd ever sleep again; but on coke you begin to be convinced that somebody's watching you, listening to your every word, even plugged into your inner thoughts and ideations all the time. Whomever you deem to be Big Brother: your folks, the local police, the Feds, the Narcs, the military/industrial complex, the Mafia, the FBI, the CIA, the Rand Corporation, Madison Avenue, Scotland Yard, the KGB, Interpol & Deutschebank — surely they have tracked you down, the deviant miscreant that you are, using their latest supersonic, high-tech, laser/ultrasound, infrared/ultraviolet espionage/surveillance devices.

Suddenly, the coke user has

no doubt that the TV's innocuous flicker is really filled with a persistent, subliminal meta-stream of thought-impregnating propaganda; one is sure that the TV screen itself secretly doubles as a Jetson-esque camera, with Men In Black analyzing your every eyeblink, monitoring your coked-up masturba-thons in front of porn videos. Everything is a vast conspiracy to EXPOSE YOU, CATCH YOU, NAIL YOU, BUST YOU, pin you down and scrutinize you like a cockroach.

As paranoia begins to color every moment of the coke user's life, stranger behavior creeps in: for instance, sure that the world beyond my house was intent on spying on me, I bought yards and yards of black rayon fabric, and tacked up bizarre, Addams-Family-looking curtains over EVERY window and EVERY door (even electrical outlets!!) of my house.

I would find myself spending long moments gazing furtively out my windows, scanning the lawn, trees and street for flickers of human or mechanical movement. At one point, I became convinced that a bird chirping in a nearby tree, was really a Tiki-Room-style clockwork, his chattering wooden bill programming me with encrypted commands from the military. My pupils, dazed and dilated from drug and insomnia, started to produce will-o'-the-wisp lights twinkling in the dark peripheries, which I mistook for camera flashes from some unnamed, yet zealous, inimical paparazzi.

It is at this time that I began to feel a stifling, anxious self-awareness, whose only balm was for me to crawl under my bedclothes, pulling the covers over my head till the unnamable fears subsided, The Enemy retreated.


During this phase of coke use, the sniffer rarely feels pleasure anymore: at morning's first toot he launches IMMEDIATELY into the gray-blue grip of The Big P. The user is now buying larger quantities of coke, and more frequently, but finding that the resultant intolerable paranoia is tweaking his conscience to flush the remaining expensive powder down the bathroom sink, and hide all the single-edged razor blades and demi-snipped peppermint-striped Dairy queen straws.

It is at this phase that the coke user KNOWS he is addicted, and is not sure what to do about it. If he is lucky — as I was — he will have trusted people in his life who will tolerate the hallucinations and delusions and support him in kicking this pernicious, diabolical habit.

When you finally do kick coke, be prepared for a month or two of monstrous depression and anhedonia (inability to find pleasure in any life pursuit or activity), and maybe a colossal weight gain. In my case, I took up smoking like Patsy Stone on Absolutely Fabulous. I later read that nicotine tickles the same 'pleasure centers' of the brain that coke does.

Do I regret my two-year 'coke phase'? No. All of life's experiences are valuable learning experiences. 'non, je ne regrette rien.'

A doobie helped discover divinity



When I was in
GO ASK
ALICE
Cannabis

high school, I was a social pot-smoker. I smoked with friends. But, one night I was alone in my house and bored with a nickel sack of bud just waiting to be smoked. I smoked the whole thing by myself in my garage out of a pipe I had made out of the mouthpiece of a trombone.

I realized I was extremely stoned when a chair in the garage started floating, and I stumbled back into my house to put away the pipe. After doing so, I went to the kitchen and stood there, just staring into space, thinking. My entire body felt like it was on fire and my spit tasted thick and bittersweet.

Hoping to get rid of the taste, I picked up a cookie sitting on the counter and attempted to eat it. I felt the crumbs sprinkle down into my stomach as I swallowed, and they felt as if they fizzled out of existence as they hit fire.

That's when my 'religious experience' started. My friends laughed when I told them because they know I don't believe in heaven or hell, or organized religion.

Everything from the cookie to my stomach became symbolized. The cookie was a sinner and there were specifics for what made it a sinner that I can't remember anymore. My tongue was coal, like purgatory almost, burning the 'sinner' and preparing it for the next level. My heart was fire and it felt

to explain to people how some drugs just aren't meant for everyone and, recently, I verified this personally. I'm a big fan of LSD and have used it for years without problems. Many people, however, have explained to me how much they don't like it, so I accepted the fact that it wasn't for everyone.

A short while ago I started using meth regularly simply because my town was dry of LSD and meth is everywhere and cheap. I soon realized that I wasn't meant for all drugs either. I had used meth several times in the past but never for days at a time. Well, one day I tweaked as usual after doing about two lines and waited another eight hours to do more to renew my high. The next two lines I did made me feel the usual tweak until about four hours into it when I noticed that things were glowing as if I was mildly hallucinating.

I remember thinking to myself that this wasn't too strange because a lot of people I know had commented that they had mild hallucinations sometimes. So I ignored this and occupied myself by talking to my friends online. About an hour passed and I shut off the computer and walked to get a drink. I looked over at my cats who happened to be fighting and out of nowhere they started shouting obscenities at each other. My face had a look of shock upon it as I realized that this wasn't something that happened to other people with such small amounts.

By this time the glowing had

like the cookie crumbs went straight through my heart and burned as they did. That prepared the 'sinner' for the final stage, my stomach, the pits of hell. It fell into the pits of hell and then disappeared into oblivion.

I stood in my kitchen just preaching and preaching about this to absolutely no one and I wished like hell there had been someone there to listen to me.

I realized that, although I was hungry, there was no way I could burn any more sinners, so I went to lay on my couch. I laid there for what seemed like hours, just thinking and thinking and thinking.

I closed my eyes and suddenly was taken inside my own brain for a psychedelic roller coaster ride within my mind. It's hard to describe, but I'll try my best. It was like a series of colorful tubes I was sliding through extremely fast, they were three dimensional and attached to other tubes. Attached to parts of the tubes were childhood memories, but not actual memories, more like memories of dreams I'd had as a child or things I had imagined.

It was intense. I remember screaming and holding my head and rolling around the couch and yelling 'oh my god!' over and over. During this experience I had the most vivid understanding of imagination, childhood, dreams, memory, how the human mind interprets information, and just life in general.

After the trip was over I passed out. I didn't realize that marijuana could be that intense. I'm glad I smoked it alone that day because otherwise my friends may have disturbed my understanding. I have never tripped out that bad before or since and it changed my life and my perception of myself.

intensified greatly and everything around me was a different color than usual and many things were shooting sparks and rays of light. There was a shadow of another person constantly next to mine who kept whispering random words in my ear. I could no longer breathe without consciously making myself do it so I spent every few seconds remembering to breathe for fear I would die.

I walked to the bathroom to splash some water on my face, which was very hot and there was a man pointing to the light switch with enthusiasm as if waiting for me to turn it on. I couldn't even see myself in the mirror because it had turned white. I was worried but I didn't panic because I didn't feel any different than when I was normally on meth. I was just hallucinating. I continued to have many hallucinations that would take forever to list and I became worried that I may end up schizophrenic when the drug wore off.

The only blessing in disguise I had was that, when I realized I was unable to sleep for obvious reasons, I just stopped making myself breathe and within a minute or two I was unconscious. I considered the fact that doing this may kill me, but I figured that when I fell asleep my body would return to breathing automatically and thankfully I was right.

I now choose to wait for LSD and don't particularly feel the need to become schizophrenic out of boredom. I don't really know if this will help anyone, but I felt the need to express the fact that drugs do different things to different people. I'd also like to add that four other people did the exact same meth with me and none of them experienced anything like this so there is no chance of it having an additive such as PCP unless they are all immune. So experiment carefully and find your drug of choice.-

Crystal Meth not my best drug experience



I've always tried
GO ASK
ALICE
Methamphetamine

I've always tried

I've always tried

COMICS & CROSSWORD

Crossword

ACROSS

1 Ecological districts

6 Follow closely

10 Auction others

14 English recedance

15 ABA member

16 Computer image

17 Roman driver

18 Disgusting

20 Galt

21 Supernatural event

23 Brake-lining material

27 Basement

28 Geroni's father

29 Mail of Cooperstown

31 Declares

32 Japanese beauty

35 Cognizant

37 Filling

38 According to fashion

40 Seed vessel

43 Crinkled cloth

44 Eastern

46 Cut fleece

48 Conclusion

51 Out of the wind

52 In a state of turmoil

54 Allusive

57 Gradual absorption

60 Units of poetic rhythm

61 Buckeye State

62 Tenement residences

65 Firetime

67 Singer Simone

68 Commonplace

69 Fencer's sword

70 Singer Williams

71 Make another attempt

DOWN

1 Female GI, once

2 Fire residue

3 Media business grp.

4 Small gables

5 Porcini' pests

6 Body art

7 Had dinner

8 Part of a list

9 Like gonads and odes

10 Claim or cyclist, e.g.

11 Frozen tape

12 Four quarters

13 Expressions of contempt

18 Mongrel for Dublin

22 Pileup

23 Ford growth

24 Ooze

25 Enticement

26 Polyn makers

30 A couple

33 Tweed type

34 Pub quaff

36 Nabokov heroine

39 Mimic

40 Hoop

41 Baudie and palera

42 Low grades

43 Train crew's car

45 Vellutia populace

48 Curly or Moa

47 Suppress

48 Wisam cousin

50 Pay the expenses

53 Rose or Filgg

55 Tennis do-over

58 Leg bone

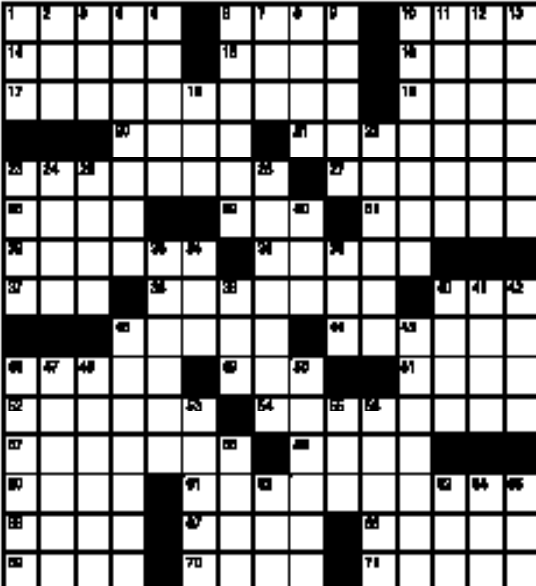
59 Whirl around

62 Common conjunction

63 Ferule fan

64 Black goo

65 Shifty



11/18/02

SOLUTIONS FOR 11/18/02

J	A	M	B		A	D	O	B	E		S	M	O	G
A	J	A	H		C	O	L	O	R		P	I	N	E
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E	G	G	S		U	T	T	E	R		I	B	L	E

POOR BOYS: GET A JOB

SO NOW THAT I'M A CARTOONIST, HOW MUCH AM I GETTING?

FIVE DOLLARS.

PER PANEL? NOW! I'M RICH!! YES!!!

NO, THAT'S FIVE BUCKS PER COMIC, BUDDY.

WOW! FIVE BUCKS! I'M RICH!! SUCK IT, DOLPHIN!!

PAUL

BY BILLY O'KEEFE www.mrbilly.com

SO YOU THINK YOU DESERVE A RAISE TO PAY FOR YOUR DATING LIFE. OK, FAIR ENOUGH.

YES, WOO-HOO! GOALLLLLL!

JUST PROMISE ME YOU WON'T SAY THAT AT ANY POINT ON YOUR DATE.

AWW, EVEN IF SHE LETS ME...

ESPECIALLY! GOOD LORD!

MISTER SAUSAGE

ERIC FONDA

HEY! WHAT'S WRONG?

MY... VIDEO... GAME...

YEAH! YOU'VE HAD TO WAIT OVER A WEEK TO PLAY IT!

HOW WAS IT?

WELL... I WANTED TO KEEP IT SAFE SO I HID IT... AND...

YOU FORGOT WHERE?

NO... MY MOM FOUND IT WITH MY PORNOS AND SHE THREW EVERYTHING AWAY!!

TODAY'S LESSON: HIDE YOUR PORNO GOOD.

Dragon Girl

Annie K.Y. Kwok

HELLO EVERYONE! SINCE MOST OF YOU FORGOT MY STORY, IT'S RECAP TIME!!

FIRST, I ENTERED THIS COLLEGE FROM CHINA & MET MARIKO FROM JAPAN. 2 STRANGE BOYS WERE STARING AT ME AND I DON'T KNOW WHY. THEN, THIS CAT FOLLOWED ME AROUND & I SAVED MARIKO FROM AUTHORIZED FIGURES WHEN I CAN'T FIGHT TOO...

THEN, THE CAT TOLD ME HE'S WHITE LIGHTNING & THAT I'M DAUGHTER OF JADE EMPEROR, WITH A MISSING TWIN BROTHER, & EMPEROR GOT KIDNAPPED BY THIS EVIL GUY, & I HAVE TO SAVE MY FATHER, CLAIM MY THRONE & FIND MY TWIN. THEN I WAS CHASED BY DARK MINISTERS & KILLED THEM WITH MY DRAGON BLADE...

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT? WILL I SAVE MY FATHER? WILL I FIND MY TWIN BROTHER IN TIME TO DEFEAT THE EVIL GUY? MY STORY WILL CONTINUE...

IN SPRING!! SEE YOU THERE!

For more opportunities and UH-related events, visit our Web site at www.kaleo.org.

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The Ka Leo Building
(across from the UH Bookstore lower entrance)
Monday-Friday 8a.m.-4:30 p.m.

Rates: \$1.25 per line (minimum 3 lines).
All caps and/or bold will add 25% to the cost of the ad.
Place an ad in four (4) consecutive issues and receive the fourth ad free!

Deadline: 3 p.m. the day before publication.

Payment: Pre-payment required. Cash, in-state checks, money orders, Visa and MasterCard accepted.

In Person: Stop by the Ka Leo Building.

Phone: 956-7043 E-Mail: classifieds@kaleo.org

Fax: 956-9962. Include ad text, classification, run dates and charge card information.

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P.O. Box 11674, Honolulu, HI 96828-0674

Homosexual lifestyle is normal

This is a story of one Italian-American family's de facto acceptance of their family's gay and lesbian members and how one of them came to "the gay paradise"

By Jamie Vituscka
Special to Ka Leo

When my cousin Jeff decided to tell the family he was gay during Thanksgiving dinner two years ago, I thought he was crazy. In a huge Italian family, you just don't do that sort of thing. But the speculations and rumors simply got too much for him to handle, and when one of my aunts asked him during dinner, he chose to come clean. The initial reaction was bad.

I can still remember my grandmother running around the house in a frenzy. She looked as if she were going to have a heart attack. I could tell that Jeff was scared. Some people left the room. I then stood up and told them all that I, too, am gay. From that point things got bizarre. A silence came over the room.

My grandfather stood up as if my cousin and I were going to get the most severe beating ever. My grandfather said in an unusually angry voice, "Doesn't anyone in this family like pussy anymore?" Dead silence.

Coming from a small town in southern New Jersey, I see Hawai'i as a "gay paradise" of the United States. Sure, it has many drawbacks, one of which is an overtly sexually active and promiscuous gay youth scene that revolves around drugs and partying. But at the same time, Hawai'i is still more accepting of gays and lesbians than most places in the world. Words such as "fag-got," "queer," "homo" and "fairy" have completely different meanings to me now than they did three years ago.

I decided to move to Hawai'i when I was 20 years old. At the time, I was attending Rutgers University in New Jersey, and I was the corresponding secretary of a well-respected social fraternity nicknamed "FIJI."

I was engaged to my girlfriend Courtney, a beautiful and intelligent Italian girl who wanted to be a veterinarian. Actually, I was miserable.

I was raised in a prominent Roman Catholic Italian family. Life was planned out for me from the

start — good education, Italian wife, large house, beautiful children. It didn't exactly turn out how my family had planned.

I was trapped in someone else's life. I looked around one day and realized that I needed to make a few changes or I was never going to be happy. I had a few experiences with guys in high school, but I never thought that I was gay.

My parents taught me that gay people were sinners and that homosexual acts would lead to a life in hell. So, I believed them. I came to Hawai'i three years ago with one of my fraternity brothers.

One day I woke up and told my girlfriend that I could no longer be with her because I didn't feel attracted to her anymore. She didn't understand how that was possible. She was gorgeous. She was smart. She could have any guy that she wanted. But I was gay.

Then there was Chris.

Chris and I had known each other for only a year. During that time, we had shared a room in the fraternity that we were both members of. We were sitting in our room one day when a special about Hawai'i came on the TV. By that time, I was already pretty much in love with him. He asked me if I wanted to get out of "this shitty state," and I was more than willing to go anywhere that he wanted me to.

At the end of the semester, we told our parents that we were going to move out to Hawai'i together. There was nothing really they could do to stop us. Why Hawai'i? It seemed logical at the time because it was the farthest from New Jersey we could get while remaining in the United States.

We knew nothing about the way of life here. Neither one of us had ever been to Hawai'i. In fact, we only had \$500 each, three suitcases, and no place to live.

It has not been an easy road. For the first year, I was still not able to accept being gay. I thought about how wrong I felt it still was, and I refused to ever let anyone know. Chris and I even went so far as to tell people that we were brothers.

That actually went on for about a year, until a friend came over and found us in bed together.

Then I was forced to confront all of my fears and confess to my family that I was gay. They were shocked. My father tried taking me out to strip clubs in hopes of curing my "sickness." Although my mother was the most accepting from the beginning, my only brother told me that he hopes that I decide to "come back to the other side."

My grandmother, who just happens to be born and raised in Sicily, told me that she knows a "great

"My parents taught me that gay people were sinners and that homosexual acts would lead to a life in hell."

shrink" who can help with my "problem." I braced myself for the worst possible outcome, but hoped for the best. I didn't want my family to think any less of me. At the same time, I wasn't about to live a lie to conform to other's ideas about what my life should be.

I felt in the end that my family would love me no matter what choice I made. Luckily, I was right. Within a year after I "came out," eight of my 32 cousins decided to admit that they, too, are gay. The family had no choice but to accept it.

The hardest obstacle for me is finding an identity in a world that labels me because of my sexuality. I see my sexuality as the smallest part of who I am. For some reason, most people believe that it is more important than that. There are acts that can be homosexual, but just

because someone participates in a homosexual act doesn't necessarily make him or her gay.

In fact, homosexuality has existed throughout history. Europe is far ahead of the United States in terms of social acceptance of gays and lesbians.

Many still believe that homosexuality cannot be a genetic trait. I am convinced that it is purely a genetic characteristic. On my mother's side of the family alone, I have nine gay cousins. In many ways, I am still forced to repress my sexuality to fit in.

At work and at school I act more masculine to conform and to avoid any confrontation with closed-minded individuals. The problem is that most people still cannot see that a man can love another man no less unconditionally than a man can love a woman.

In fact, I don't think that I am gay because I cannot have sex with a female. I surely can have sex with a female and find it as rewarding as sex with a male. So then, would that make me a heterosexual if one day I decided to have sex with a female again?

The answer is no. I define myself as gay because I cannot fall in love with a woman. My views on homosexuality changed when I realized just how accepting Hawai'i is of my lifestyle. Hawai'i has to be one of the most accepting places in the world for a gay or lesbian person to live.

True, I don't necessarily look or act feminine, but at the same time I have never once been discriminated against here. It wasn't until I went back home last December to visit my family in New Jersey that I realized how wrongly gays and lesbians are treated on the East Coast.

It is as different as night and day. Not only is the treatment of gays and lesbians better here, but there are many organizations and activities that cater to the gay lifestyle. There is a slew of gay bars and nightclubs here in Hawai'i, such as Angles and Fusion. And even an all-gay beach called Queens Surf that is located at the end of Waikiki

Beach.

There is an exclusively gay restaurant called Angles Bar and Grill and numerous hotels, including the Aston Waikiki Grand and Cabana, which cater to the large gay tourism industry. The GLCC (Gay and Lesbian Community Center) is an organization that provides assistance and counseling for the LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender) community here in Hawai'i.

There are numerous activities to participate in, such as the weekly gay cruises, art shows and theatrical productions. The gay community is very proud here in Hawai'i.

Still, there are things that could be done that would make gay life even easier. The Human Rights Campaign has helped in the nationwide fight for equality. Many changes must be made before this equality is achieved. Current laws still do not give us many of the same benefits that heterosexual people have. Gay and lesbian couples still don't have the same basic rights as heterosexual couples.

Right now I am very comfortable with my life. I am living the way that I choose to live.

A man can confess to the world his love for a woman. It can be written in huge letters across the sky. It can be screamed down the busiest of city streets. I still must whisper on this street. I cannot be heard when I keep getting silenced. I am silenced by a society that tells me to love a certain way.

My problem is that the traditional way leaves no room for choice. I am gay, and that is my choice.

Dialog on Diversity

Panel Discussion

**Creating Safe Campus Environments:
Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and
Transgender Issues in the UH System**

Today
1:30p.m.-2:30 p.m.
Marine Science Building
Room 100

UH de-feathers Owls at ‘The Nest’

By William Ching
Ka Leo Staff Writer

Playing in the city of Houston, it was Houston Ala who halted the Owls’ last minute attempt to upset Hawai‘i last Saturday at Rice Stadium.

Ala’s tackle of Greg Henderson on fourth down late in the final quarter sealed a heart-pounding 33-28 Western Athletic Conference victory for the Hawai‘i Bowl-bound University of Hawai‘i Warrior football team (8-2, 7-1 WAC). Rice University (4-7, 3-5 WAC) ended their season with the loss to the Warriors.

The Warriors struck first on a crisp opening drive, highlighted by a 31-yard Timmy Chang shovel pass to redshirt freshman receiver Nate Ilaoa. Senior running back Thero Mitchell capped off the series by powering his way past Owl line-backer Jeff Vanover for a 4-yard touchdown, and Hawai‘i took an early 7-0 lead.

The Warriors would struggle for the rest of the first half. Although Chang passed for 184 yards in the half, he was often inaccurate and threw his 13th interception of the season in the second quarter. A pass intended for wide receiver Neal Gossett found its way into the hands of Owl reserve cornerback Clifford Sparks at the Rice 4-yard line, killing a potential Warrior scoring opportunity.

The Owls tacked on 14 points in the first half on a pair of Robbie Beck touchdown runs. In the first quarter, Beck scored from 4 yards out. In the second quarter, he took a handoff from quarterback Kyle Herm and sprinted pass the Warrior defense en route to a 32-yard touchdown scamper. Beck finished with eight carries for 41 yards.

Hawaii’s Justin Ayat nailed a

28-yard field goal late in the second quarter to cut the Owls’ lead to 14-10 at intermission. Ayat also added a 21-yard field goal in the third quarter.

Chang, who suffered two of his worst performances of his collegiate career against Rice, finished 35-of-64 for 369 yards passing but was under pressure at times, especially in the first half. Senior defensive end Brandon Green, Rice’s leader on defense, sacked Chang for a 3-yard loss at the end of the first quarter.

In contrast, Herm and the Rice offense managed a balanced attack utilizing their flex-bone offense. The Owls gained 121 yards rushing and passed for 88 yards in the first half.

In a tale of two different halves for Hawai‘i, the second half opened with Hawai‘i gaining momentum in all three facets of the game. Led by linebacker Pisa Tinoisamoa, the Warrior defense held the Owls’ run-oriented offense to a three-and-out series. Tinoisamoa amassed 10 tackles in the game, including three for losses. The senior also added a sack good for a loss of nine yards.

After a 31-yard Travis Hale punt, the Hawai‘i offense took over and marched 57 yards, capped off by an 8-yard Chang touchdown pass to junior wide receiver Jeremiah Cockheran.

On the ensuing kickoff, reserve defensive back Lono Manners recovered a fumble by Rice’s Sean White. Three plays later, Chang threw a 17-yard pass to a wide-open Britton Komine for his team-leading eighth touchdown reception of the season. The Warriors led 23-14 at that point.

Rice, who had never previously lost to Hawai‘i, answered immediately. Running a reverse, Rice freshman receiver Marcus Battle found

daylight in the Warriors’ 4-4 defensive scheme and raced 60 yards to cut the Warriors’ lead to two.

The resilient Warriors answered back in the fourth quarter on Mitchell’s second touchdown run of the night. The score from 3 yards out gave the Warriors their biggest lead of the game at 33-21. Mitchell finished the game with 75 yards on five carries, including a thundering 41-yard dash in the third quarter.

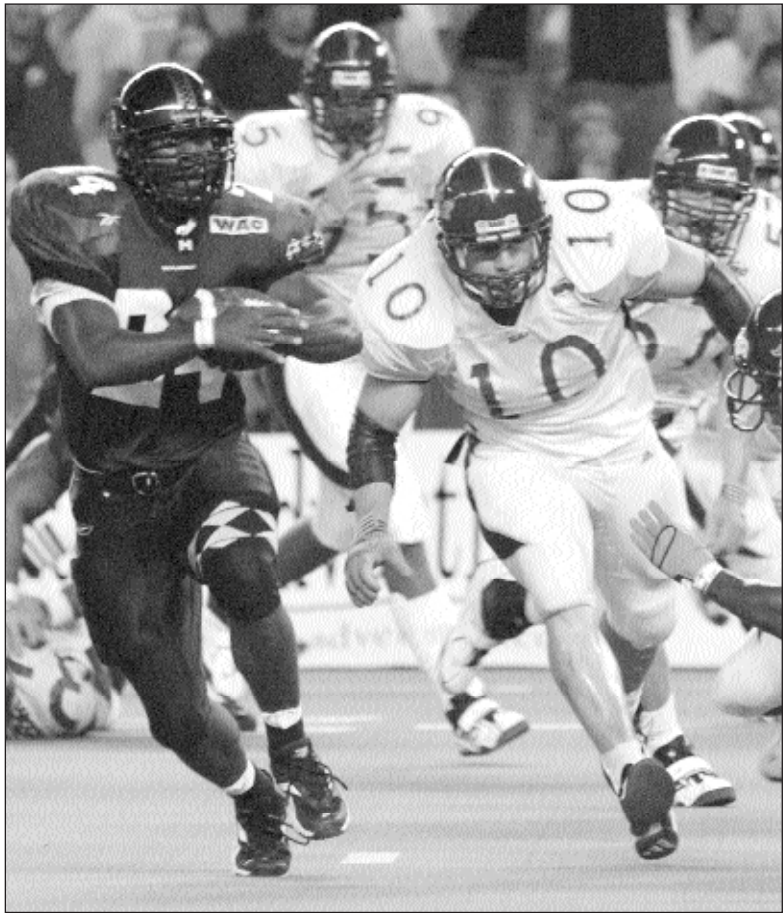
Hawai‘i, who was second in the nation in total offense averaging 520 yards per game, racked up 529 yards of offense against Rice, including an uncharacteristic 160 yards on the ground. They also managed to win the possession battle for only the second time this season (the other time being against San Jose State).

Hawai‘i made several key third down conversions in the second half. Ilaoa led the receiving corps with a career-high 10 receptions for 108 yards. Senior wide receiver Justin Colbert also contributed 80 yards on eight receptions.

Sophomore quarterback Greg Henderson, who guided Rice to a 27-24 victory over Hawai‘i last season as a freshman, was summoned by Rice head coach Ken Hatfield midway through the fourth quarter to replace Herm. Herm threw for 88 yards on 3-of-11 passing and one interception.

Henderson almost immediately worked his magic again. Battle was on the receiving end of a 54-yard touchdown toss from Henderson to make the game interesting at 33-28. Battle literally had to battle through two Warrior defenders to obtain possession of the ball and catch his second touchdown of the season. He finished with five receptions for 133 yards.

After an unsuccessful UH series, Rice regained possession at



JORDAN MURPH • Ka Leo O Hawai'i

Senior running back Thero Mitchell evades the Tulsa defensive line in a game earlier this season. He ran for 75 yards and two touchdowns against Rice.

their own 17-yard line with 1:52 remaining. Henderson engineered a 10-play drive that took the ball down to the Hawai‘i 11-yard line. On fourth-and-three, Ala broke through the line and brought down Henderson for a 4-yard loss to secure the victory. Henderson was 4-of-7 for 95 yards in the final quarter. As a team, Rice gained 410 yards of total offense with 227 of the yards coming on the ground.

With the victory, Hawai‘i will finish no lower than second the

WAC. The Warriors may still finish with a share of the WAC title if current WAC leader Boise State loses at Nevada this week.

Notes: Hawai‘i is ranked number 25 in the nation, receiving 86 points in the latest ESPN/USA Today Coaches Poll. The Warriors will begin a three-game home non-conference schedule starting with Conference USA member Cincinnati Bearcats this weekend at Aloha Stadium.

UH tested in Fresno, sweep past San Jose

Ka Leo Staff

The University of Hawai‘i Rainbow Wahine volleyball team finished the regular season this weekend, beating Fresno State in five games (30-19, 30-34, 25-30, 22-30, 15-10) and defeating San Jose State in three straight sets (30-18, 30-19, 30-17). The Rainbow Wahine (25-1) ended the season in first place in the Western Athletic Conference with a perfect 13-0 conference record.

In Friday’s contest against Fresno, the Rainbow Wahine played a match that went five games for the first and only time this season. When Fresno State visited Hawai‘i at the end of October, the ‘Bows won in three straight, but the Bulldogs came out and nearly took game one. When asked what the difference would be playing in Fresno, head coach Dave Shoji had said it would be dropping that first game. Hawai‘i, however, won the first two in California decisively. It was in the third when the Bulldogs made their move, winning

by five, and then winning the fourth by an ominous eight.

Second team All-WAC (2001) outside hitter Christy Burnett contributed 16 kills after sitting out in Hawai‘i due to an injury in practice before October’s game. Outside hitter Kristen Fenton led the team with 22 kills Friday night and middle blocker Carrie Hartt also contributed 16.

Hawai‘i edged out the Bulldogs in hitting percentage, .318 to .282. The Rainbow offense relied on junior left-side hitters Kim Willoughby and Lily Kahumoku. Willoughby came up with 30 kills and Kahumoku had great numbers, hitting .418 with a career-high 33 kills. Senior setters Jennifer Carey and Margaret Vakasausau contributed 30 and 39 assists, respectively. Melissa Villaroman played her way to the second highest number of digs in Wahine history, coming up with 33.

Hawai‘i was able to pull it out in the fifth game to remain undefeated in the WAC and affirm Fresno

State’s second place finish (22-5, 10-3 WAC). The close victory came after a loss to Stanford, now ranked number one in the country, and extended the ‘Bows streak to 64 consecutive WAC wins.

That streak went to 65 Saturday as the Rainbow Wahine dispatched the San Jose State Spartans in three. Hawai‘i did not let the Spartans break 20 points, as Willoughby put down 19 kills at .471. The ‘Bows came up with 65 digs and 14 blocks, holding the Spartans to a .024 attack percentage. Kahumoku hit .400 Saturday night, with 16 kills. Following her performance last weekend, she was voted WAC Player of the Week for the second time in her career. She also was named the National Player of the Week yesterday.

Hawai‘i now goes into the WAC tournament as the number one seed and ranked number two in the nation. Play begins Nov. 22 in Reno, Nev.

Chang qualifies for NCAAs again

By Stanley Lee

Ka Leo Senior Staff Writer

The University of Hawai‘i Rainbow Wahine cross country team had a good weekend. For one, it placed ninth out of 28 teams, its best finish ever at a regional. Secondly, junior Victoria Chang qualified for the National Collegiate Athletic Association Cross Country Championships.

Chang finished 12th out of 189 runners at the regionals last Saturday. The top four individuals not on a qualifying team from each region automatically qualified for the championships to be held Nov. 25 in Terre Haute, Ind. Chang’s 12th-place overall finish at regionals made her the second individual qualifier from the West region. The junior transfer previously qualified for Nationals as a freshman running for Stanford.

Chang’s former Cardinal squad took the team competition at its own Stanford Golf Course, with four of five scoring runners finishing in the top five for a team score

of 24. Arizona State finished a distant second, totaling 70 points. The two schools earned the West region’s two automatic team berths at the NCAA championships.

Yesterday, the NCAA also awarded both 21st-ranked UCLA and 24th-ranked Washington at-large team bids to the championships. Two runners from UCLA and one from Washington placed ahead of Chang, but because they are now heading to Terre Haute with their teams, Chang was able to move onto the list of automatic individual qualifiers from the West region.

Also scoring for the Rainbow Wahine at last weekend’s regionals were freshman Hanna Bremler, senior Jennifer Crumley, junior Robin McRobbie, and junior Teryn Bentley.



CHANG