

The Magazine of the University of Oregon — Winter 2010

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

Farewell, Mac Court

Kayaks and Cameras • Photography and Poetry • Physics and Art • Kim Stafford



UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON

From 10,000 B.C. to 1945 A.D.
All Agriculture Was Organic.



We owe the future.

King Estate
— Oregon wines —

1,033 Certified Organic Acres
Family Owned & Independent
Learn More: www.kingestate.com

King Estate uses estate grown organic grapes and sustainably
farmed grapes from our extended family of growers.

Oh, the Places They Will Go!



Kiana Vakil-Gilani, Class of 2010



The Office of Admissions is seeking future Ducks. We invite you to recommend your children, grandchildren, and friends who are searching for the right university.

Recommend future Ducks at: admissions.uoregon.edu/alumni

**Office of Admissions
1217 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-1217
800-BE-A-DUCK
541-346-3201**

EO/AA/ADA institution committed to cultural diversity.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



28 Mac Court Remembered



34 Kayaking for Conservation



39 Oregon Master



44 Fractal Detective

COVER | Oregon Duck with the Pit Crew at Mac Court. Photo by Jack Liu.



Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

OregonQuarterly.com

FEATURES

28

ALWAYS A CLASSIC

We say goodbye to Mac Court with photographs and excerpts from the book, *Mac Court Memories: An Illustrated History of Mac Court*.

34

TRAVELS WITH TRIP

by Todd Schwartz

Trip Jennings '06 has kayaked some of the most dangerous rivers in the world. Now he's using his kayak and a video camera to take on some of the dangers that threaten the world's wildest places.

39

ENTERING THE PICTURE: THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

by Susan Rich

An almost-forgotten early twentieth century photographer inspires a twenty-first century poet.

44

THE CURSE OF JACKSON POLLOCK: THE TRUTH BEHIND THE WORLD'S GREATEST ART SCANDAL

by Richard Taylor

A UO physicist becomes a key player in a multi-million dollar drama about paintings.

DEPARTMENTS

4 EDITOR'S NOTE

6 LETTERS

8 UPFRONT | Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Slavery Then and Now

by Nicholas Kristof and Sheryl WuDunn

Little Things So Big

by Brian Doyle

The Startling Ways of the Heart

by Kim Stafford

16 UPFRONT | News, Notables, Innovations

Inside Inside-Out

The Crossing Guard

Teach Your Children Well

Smoothie Operator

PROFile: Mark Unno

Around the Block

48 OLD OREGON

Iconic Inspiration

Infamous Last Words

Heaven on Earth

On the Future of Rapidly Morphing Media

A Duck Walks into a Bar . . .

Class Notes

UO Alumni Calendar

Decades

64 DUCK TAILS

Moonlight Bivouac

by Frederick Reimers

We're feeling good about Oregon.

Oregon Medical Group has assembled a team of physicians and staff of the highest caliber. We are a patient-centered, multi-specialty practice that defies convention and enjoys a strong reputation with our patients, providers and community. We are also fortunate enough to be located smack dab in the middle of some of the country's best outdoor recreation.

Oregon Medical Group provides services from 16 locations in Eugene and Springfield. In addition to primary care, we offer specialty medical services including: allergy, audiology, dermatology, gastroenterology, lab service, obstetrics, gynecology, otolaryngology, physical therapy, radiology and imaging services.

Oregon is the kind of place where you can have it all. An ideal blend of lifestyle and an extraordinary team of physicians who'll make feeling good, easy.

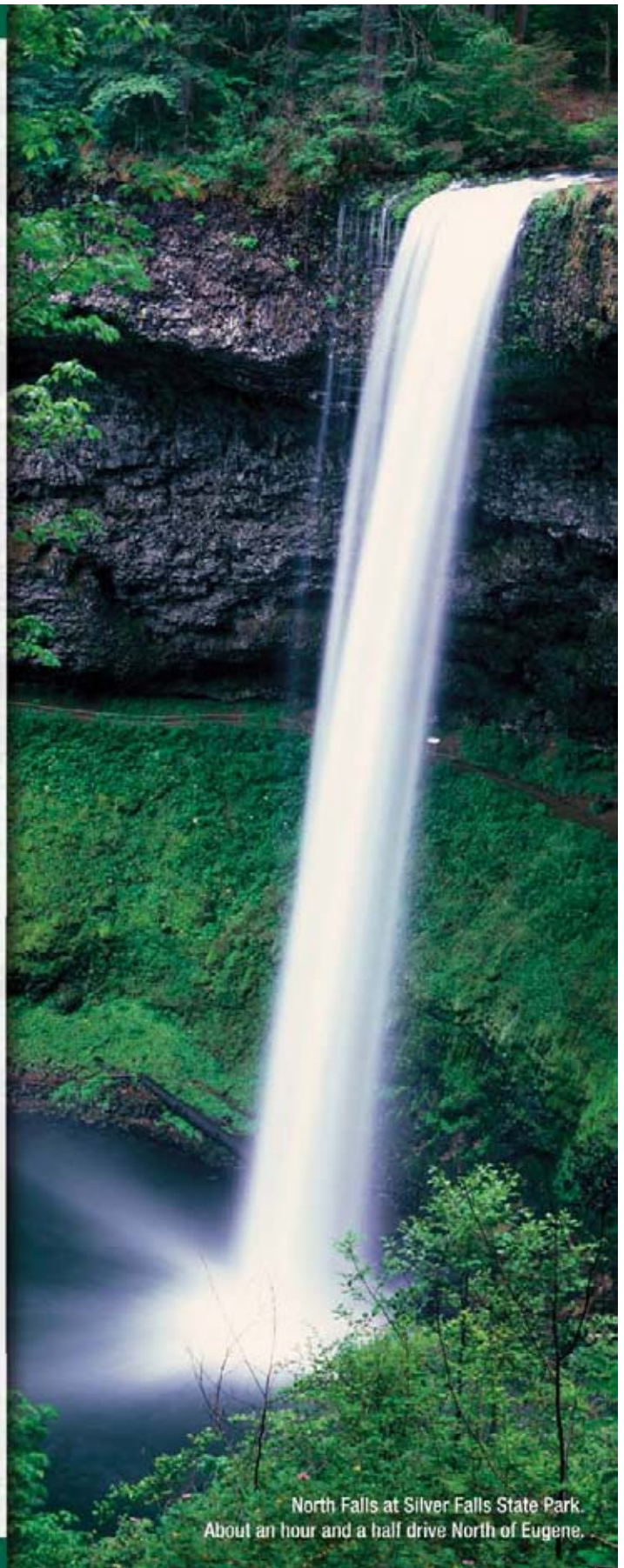


Be well.

To find out more about Oregon Medical Group including our after hours clinics call (541) 242-4300

16 Conveniently Located Neighborhood Clinics
In Eugene and Springfield

www.OregonMedicalGroup.com
www.OregonMedicalGroupJobs.com



North Falls at Silver Falls State Park.
About an hour and a half drive North of Eugene.

Oregon

QUARTERLY

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
WINTER 2010 • VOLUME 90 NUMBER 2

EDITOR

Guy Maynard

MANAGING EDITOR

Ross West

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Susan Thelen

ART DIRECTOR

Tim Jordan

PORTLAND CONTRIBUTING EDITOR

Mindy Moreland

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jack Liu, John Bauguess

OFFICE MANAGER

Shelly Cooper

PROOFREADERS

John Crosiar, Scott Skelton

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

Mark Blaine, Betsy Boyd, Kathi O'Neil Dordevic,
Kim Evans, David Funk, Kathleen Holt, Mark Johnson,
Ann Mack, Alexandra Mock, Barbara West

WEBSITE

OregonQuarterly.com

OFFICE ADDRESS

204 Alder Building
818 East 15th Avenue
Eugene OR 97403-5228
Phone 541-346-5045
Fax 541-346-5571

EDITORIAL

541-346-5047

ADVERTISING

541-346-5046

SUBSCRIPTIONS

\$30 per year domestic
\$40 per year international

E-MAIL

quarterly@uoregon.edu

OREGON QUARTERLY is published by the UO in March, June, August, and November and distributed free to alumni. Printed in the USA on recycled paper. Copyright 2010 University of Oregon. All rights reserved. Views expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the UO administration.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Alumni Records, 1204 University
of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403-1204
541-302-0336, alumrec@uoregon.edu

ADMINISTRATION

President: Richard W. Larrivee

Senior Vice President and Provost: James C. Bean;
Vice President for University Relations: Michael Redding;
Vice President for Finance and Administration: Frances
Dyke; Vice President for Student Affairs: Robin Holmes;
Vice President for Research and Graduate Studies:
Richard Linton; Vice President for Institutional Equity
and Diversity: Charles Martinez; Vice President for
Development: Michael Andreason; Associate Vice
President for Public and Government Affairs: Betsy Boyd;
Executive Director of the UO Alumni Association: Daniel
Rodriguez

UO INFORMATION

541-346-1000



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

The University of Oregon is an equal-opportunity, affirmative-action institution committed to cultural diversity and compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act. This publication will be made available in accessible formats upon request: 541-346-5048.

Editor's Note | Guy Maynard, Editor

Books Live

Anyone concerned about the future of books should plan on spending a weekend in Portland early next fall. There is this amazing event called Wordstock, where people turn out by the thousands to listen to authors read, hear talks about the publishing business, go to workshops, and visit the 120 exhibitors, including publishers and graduate programs and nonprofit organizations that support writing and thinking and that wonderful, sensual, stimulating, often-pronounced-dead content container: the book. Hallelujah!

Portland book-lovers, forgive me, I am a latecomer to Wordstock, which started in 2005. And I was there this year primarily as an author, reading from my first book, *The Risk of Being Ridiculous*. But I will go back as a book fan. The lineup of authors (more than 200 altogether) was remarkable. National stars like Karl Marlantes, author of the best-selling Vietnam War novel *Matterhorn*; National Book Critics Circle Award-winner Jonathan Lethem; David Rakoff, author most recently of *Half Empty*, who followed his Wordstock appearance with a visit to *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*; and Maile Meloy, whose short story collection, *Both Ways Is the Only Way I Want It*, was named one of the ten best books of 2009 by *The New York Times Book Review*. And there were plenty of Northwest literary heroes, too, including many that you've seen in these pages: Lauren Kessler, MS '75, Kim Stafford '71, MA '73, PhD '79 (see page 12), Susan Rich MFA '96 (see page 39), Brian Doyle (see page 10), Ana Maria Spagna '89, and Robin Cody. It was like a rock festival with multiple stages, with as many as twelve readings, panels, or workshops going on at the same time—the wonderful dilemma of too many good choices. There were three other readings I would have gone to in my time slot if it weren't sort of important for me to be at my own session.

The incredible thing is this bookish extravaganza is put on almost entirely by volunteers. Wordstock has just three paid staff members including Executive Director Greg Netzer. A team of twenty-five volunteers worked with Netzer all year long to plan the event. Forty more helped put up posters and distribute other promotional materials. And 325 signed up to help during the weekend of the festival.

Netzer estimates that 13,000 people came to Wordstock this year. He says Saturday, October 9, was the busiest day he's seen in his five years as executive director. This was his e-mail response when I asked about reactions to this year's event: "One of our authors—Maile Meloy, who was our book club pick and is an insanely talented fiction writer—said she'd never seen so many people in one place because of books and writing. Another, Thea Cooper, the Seattle author of a book about the discovery of insulin, practically begged me to let her help with the festival next year: 'Even if it meant just licking envelopes.' Another participant—Kevin Smokler, the CEO of BookTour.com, who was here for a panel on the new world of publishing—told me he loved it so much, he'd come back on his own dime 'to slop drinks' if it would help. And David Vann, a New York-based novelist and storyteller, wrote this: 'I'm really impressed by what the festival has become. I'm doing ten international festivals this year and have wondered why we don't have similarly great events in the U.S., but Wordstock really is the same kind of great.'"

Dates haven't been set for next year's festival, but Netzer says there are ongoing opportunities for people to become involved with Wordstock, especially with its efforts to support writing education in the schools and other community activities between festivals. You can get more information from its website at www.wordstockfestival.com. Long live books!

gmaynard@uoregon.edu



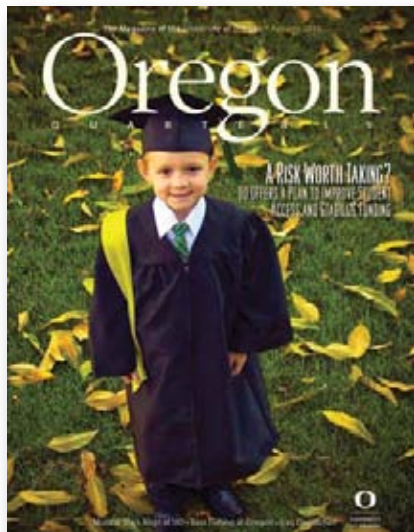
Coming in May

Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford

Alumni Center



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



Bold Plan and Risks

While I was unable to connect with the optimism underlying President Lariviere’s plan to change both the governance and the budgeting for the UO [“Tough Times, Bold Plan,” Autumn 2010], I do think the plan has considerable creativity. Establishing local governing boards for each state institution would, indeed, create more time for the local boards to deal with the unique issues of each institution. The downside, of course, is that local boards would also have more time to pester, cajole, demand reports of one kind or another on an already fully engaged administrative staff. Boards take on lives of their own.

Some discussion of how the University intends to manage its costs going forward would have been reassuring. A Goldwater Institute study of public colleges and universities found that tuition has been rising much faster than prices in general. During the 1993–2007 period, enrollments increased by 15 percent. This increase should have improved scale and lowered costs. It did not. The number of administrative staff [members] per 100 students during the same period increased by 39 percent and inflation-adjusted spending on administration per student increased by 61 percent. By contrast, instructional staff [members] increased by only 18 percent and instructional spending by just 39 percent.

*Joseph E. Murray
Salem*

I took the advice in Guy Maynard’s “Editor’s Note” and read both “Tough Times, Bold Plan” and “A Risk Worth Taking” by Brent

Walth [Autumn 2010]. I agree with Maynard. The greatest risk is to do nothing and continue to saddle Oregon’s best and brightest with ever-increasing debt loads.

Lariviere’s idea is, at a minimum, audacious. The legislature has, for various reasons—some outside its control and some from a lack of will power, which is within its control—eroded the commitment to young Oregonians for an affordable public higher education. Something this bold just might work and deserves serious consideration by everyone from loyal alumni to the governor and the legislature. For me, the answer to Walth’s rhetorical question is an emphatic yes! It is worth the risk.

Keep up the high-quality journalism. I look forward to and read every issue cover to cover.

*Evan Mandigo ’67
Bismarck, North Dakota*

Thanks to Brent Walth for the excellent piece [“A Risk Worth Taking?”] on the proposed “bold plan” to develop “stable financing” for the UO using a state guarantee for University investments. This financing scheme raises a basic question: Who does the University serve? As an alumnus and faculty member (1969–71), I have watched the University move away from its primary mission—educating a diverse population of Oregon undergraduates—to the pursuit of administration, faculty, and alumni goals—research grants, graduate programs, and athletics.

Due to the uncertainty of markets and nonstudent interests involved, this proposal will most likely result in more expensive in-state tuition, a less diverse undergraduate student body, and fewer resources for undergraduate education. If the UO wants to become a private university, then raise donor money and go, and free public funding for OSU and PSU.

*Lawrence (Larry) Shadbolt ’64
Portland*

I don’t blame President Lariviere for wanting to untie his wagon from the State of Oregon. The article “Tough Times, Bold Plan” clearly documents the state’s failure to adequately fund higher education over the last twenty years—and in particular the University of Oregon. The fact that the University continues to thrive given such relatively poor state support is a tribute to the sacrifices and ingenuity of former and current staff [members], students, and donors.

“The fact that the University continues to thrive given such relatively poor state support is a tribute to the sacrifices and ingenuity of former and current staff [members], students, and donors.”

But Lariviere’s plan fails on two counts. One, it relies on a massive debt issuance and the unrealistic assumption that related bond proceeds will yield 9 percent once invested in the stock market. This assumption is considered “reasonable” given the [UO] foundation’s investment record since 1994. Conveniently not mentioned is the fact that the Dow Jones Industrial Average was flat between 2000 and 2010. Also not discussed is the prognosis shared by most economists of slow economic growth and low investment returns over the next decade.

The second weakness is that it relies on a disconnect from the State of Oregon. This is tempting given the state’s poor record of funding higher education and its budget forecast of future deficits. But, it’s also shortsighted and selfish. Great universities and leaders don’t turn inward when times are tough. Instead, they join others to work for a better future together. The UO officials should join legislators and other state leaders in working to put our state’s fiscal house back in order. Like it or not, the State of Oregon and the UO are joined at the hip—and one cannot prosper while the other one suffers.

*Courtney Wilton ’80
Portland*

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

The magazine welcomes all letters, but reserves the right to edit for space and clarity. Send your comments to Editor, Oregon Quarterly, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403-5228; via fax at 541-346-5571; or via e-mail at quarterly@uoregon.edu.

I continue to be so impressed by *Oregon Quarterly*. I have a pile of them on my coffee table at home and sometimes at my clinic (to share with patients). This is still the best magazine published in Oregon. I read it cover to cover, just like I read *Esquire*.

I was so charged by the bio of Richard Lariviere ["An Aspirational Sort," Winter 2009] that I went to a Duck Club meeting in Bend to hear him speak, and invited both Richard and Jan on "the most beautiful horse ride in the mountains you'll ever get to do." Now, the Autumn edition gives such a precise explanation of the funding plan ["Tough Times, Bold Plan"]. I'm talking this up with anyone who slightly expresses interest, now that I know how to present the proposal.

Bonnie Malone '74
Sisters

Measuring Success

I was much attracted to the article, "The Measure of Success" [UpFront, Autumn 2010]. I particularly was impressed that UO professors of physics have discovered there are students who despite their low high school grade point averages, attained high GPAs through "hard-working" in classes. I experienced that phenomenon after I enrolled in the UO in January 1946. The UO had decided that those of us who had served in World War II should be allowed a chance to prove we could master the demands of higher education, despite our lowly high school records.

I gained two degrees from the UO. The University of California at Berkeley then was enough impressed that it allowed me to earn a doctorate there. I wonder, as did the UO physics professors, should not the powers that be at the UO allow the enrollment of more students such as I?

Patrick Groff '49, MS '51
San Diego, California

Inspid or Inspired?

Four pages in the *Oregon Quarterly* devoted to Ellen Waterston's essay "Day in Court" [Summer 2010]? A distilled summation: Ellen, a serial scofflaw, rockets across the High Desert landscape, untethered children "ricocheting" about while she trolls for random connections with a notoriously lax but strangely persistent state trooper. That was then, when she still "saw only possibility" for

her life. Fast forward. Ellen is back out in the Oregon desert speeding on the "ribbon of death" as she ruminates on the disappointing children and failed relationships that have dashed her "naive" hopes for her life. Reverie interrupted by karma and flashing lights, she opts for her day in court to challenge the historically shirked imposition of the People's will on her rate of speed. While there she kills time with cliché and cynical book cover projections on her fellow defendants until arriving at the catalyst for her redemption; the long suffering, humble, and meek Mexican farm worker. Undisclosed traffic citation dismissed against said Mexican. "Bravo!" Ellen's faith restored in the order of things, and "the possibility of happy outcomes." The end. The insipid "message" essay; what would the OQ be without one? Perhaps something I would look forward to reading.

J. D. Weeland
Palm Springs, California

I am an instructor in college reading and writing at Portland Community College. I used Ellen Waterston's essay, "Day in Court" [Summer 2010] with my college reading class. I was beyond pleased with the student responses to this lovely essay. I really never know what will touch them, but this one certainly did. I have many students from different cultures, and as you might imagine, my two Mexican women were clear and immediate about their feelings for the Mexican man—his commitment to his family and respect for the law. I weep when I think of him all dressed up for court, and Waterston's "bravo" when the judge ruled so fairly (in all cases, really). My students wrote their response to the writing after much discussion in small groups about the various levels of the essay, which are many. I want to share this learning experience, for you never know where a piece of writing may lead. My students were not all highly successful in school, so when something speaks to me, I am never sure that it will convey a universal message to them—this essay did and all I can say is "thank you" to Ellen Waterston.

Sonja Grove '67, EdD '95
Portland

Editor's note: We had to edit some of these letters to make them all fit. Read complete letters at OregonQuarterly.com. For more information about "The New Partnership" with the state that UO officials have proposed, visit newpartnership.uoregon.edu.

FLY EASY...
fly **EUG**.com

EUGENE AIRPORT
541-682-5544

Editor's note: We had to edit some of these letters to make them all fit. Read complete letters at OregonQuarterly.com. For more information about "The New Partnership" with the state that UO officials have proposed, visit newpartnership.uoregon.edu.

Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Bangladesh: A sixteen-year-old Bangladeshi sex worker holds a photo of herself before she was trafficked into prostitution.



Slavery Then and Now

After winning a Pulitzer Prize for their reporting on the 1989 Tiananmen Square protests, husband and wife journalists Nicholas Kristof (a Yamhill native) and Sheryl WuDunn turned their attention to what they see as one of the great humanitarian issues of the day, the oppression of women. Their book, *Half the Sky: Turning Oppression into Opportunity for Women Worldwide* (Alfred A. Knopf, 2009), received a great deal of critical attention, in part due to the parallels it drew between today's sex industry and the slave trade of old. In May, WuDunn will be on campus to deliver the Lorwin Lecture, one of many events scheduled as part of this year's inaugural Lorwin Lectureship on Civil Rights and Civil Liberties series presented by the UO Center for the Study of Women in Society.

OUR OWN ESTIMATE IS THAT there are 3 million women and girls (and a very small number of boys) worldwide who can be fairly termed enslaved in the sex trade. That is a conservative estimate that does not include many others who are manipulated and intimidated into prostitution. Nor does it include millions more who are under eighteen and cannot meaningfully consent to work in brothels. We are talking about 3 million people who in effect are the property of another person and in many cases could be killed by their owner with impunity.

Technically, trafficking is often defined as taking someone (by force or deception) across an international border. The U.S. State Department has estimated that between 600,000 and 800,000 people are trafficked across international borders each year, 80 percent of them women and girls, mostly for sexual exploitation. Since Meena [a woman profiled earlier in the book] didn't cross a border, she wasn't trafficked in the traditional sense. That's also true of most people who are enslaved in brothels. As the U.S. State Department notes, its estimate doesn't include "millions of victims around the world who are trafficked within their own national borders."

In contrast, in the peak decade of the transatlantic slave trade, the 1780s, an average of just under eighty thousand slaves were shipped annually across the Atlantic from Africa to the New World. The average then dropped to a bit more than fifty thousand between 1811 and 1850. In other words, far more women and girls are shipped into brothels each year in the early twenty-first century than African slaves were shipped into slave plantations

each year in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries—although the overall population was of course far smaller then. As the journal *Foreign Affairs* observed: "Whatever the exact number is, it seems almost certain that the modern global slave trade is larger in absolute terms than the Atlantic slave trade in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was."

As on slave plantations two centuries ago, there are few practical restraints on slave owners. In 1791, North Carolina decreed that killing a slave amounted to "murder," and Georgia later established that killing or maiming a slave was legally the same as killing or maiming a white person. But these doctrines existed more on paper than on plantations, just as Pakistani laws exist in the statute books but don't impede brothel owners who choose to eliminate troublesome girls.


While there has been progress in addressing many humanitarian issues in the last few decades, sex slavery has actually worsened. One reason for that is the collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe and Indochina. In Romania and other countries, the immediate result was economic distress, and everywhere criminal gangs arose and filled the power vacuum. Capitalism created new markets for rice and potatoes, but also for female flesh.

A second reason for the growth of trafficking is globalization. A generation ago, people stayed at home; now it is easier and cheaper to set out for the city or a distant country. A Nigerian girl whose mother never left her tribal area may now find herself in a brothel in Italy. In rural Moldova, it is possible to drive from village to village and not find a female between the ages of sixteen and thirty.

A third reason for the worsening situ-

"Whatever the exact number is, it seems almost certain that the modern global slave trade is larger in absolute terms than the Atlantic slave trade in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries."

ation is AIDS. Being sold to a brothel was always a hideous fate, but not usually a death sentence. Now it often is. And because of the fear of AIDS, customers prefer younger girls whom they believe are less likely to be infected. In both Asia and Africa, there is also a legend that AIDS can be cured by sex with a virgin, and that has nurtured demand for young girls kidnapped from their villages.

These factors explain our emphasis on sex slaves as opposed to other kinds of forced labor. Anybody who has spent time in Indian brothels and also, say, at Indian brick kilns knows that it is better to be enslaved working a kiln. Kiln workers most likely live together with their families, and their work does not expose them to the risk of AIDS, so there's always hope of escape down the road. 

Little Things So Big

"The only music I can compose is that of little things," once observed Giacomo Puccini, the man behind the operas La Bohème, Tosca, and Madama Butterfly. This line serves as a fitting epigraph for Brian Doyle's Mink River (OSU Press, 2010), excerpted below, a novel as lyrical and musical as it is keenly observant, endlessly playful, and deeply rooted in the lives of the many denizens of Neawanaka, a fictional town on the Oregon Coast where stories grow and tangle and amaze like blackberry vines, and magic and grace fall down like a gentle November mist. Doyle, a nationally known writer and a recent judge of Oregon Quarterly's annual Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, is the editor of Portland, the University of Portland's magazine.



What Matters

Hawks huddled disgruntled against hissing snow. Wrens in winter thickets. Swallows carving and swimming and slicing fat grinning summer air. Frozen dew outlining every single blade of grass. Salmonberries blackberries thimbleberries raspberries cloudberrries snowberries strawberries blueberries gooseberries. My children learning to read. The sinuous liquid flow of rivers and minks and cats. Fresh bread with waaaaaaay too much butter. My children's hands when they cup my ancient grizzled face in their hands. Exuberance and ebullience. Tears of sorrow which are the salt sea of the heart. Sleep in every form from doze to bone-weary. The shivering ache of a saxophone and the yearning of an oboe. Folding laundry hot from the dryer. Cobblers and tailors. A spotless kitchen floor. The way horses smell in spring. Postcards on which the sender has written so much that he or she can barely squeeze in a signature. Opera on the radio. Toothbrushes. The postman's grin. The green sifting powdery snow of cedar pollen on my porch every year. The way a heron labors through the sky with such vast elderly dignity. People who care about hubcaps. The cheerful ears of dogs. All photographs of every sort. Tip-jars. Wineglasses. The way barbers sweep up circles of hair after haircuts. Handkerchiefs. Libraries. Poems read aloud by older poets. Fedoras. Excellent knives. The very idea of albatrosses. Thesaurii. The tiny screws that hold spectacles together. Book marginalia done with the lightest possible pencil. People who keep dead languages alive. Wooden rulers. Fresh-mown lawns. First-basemen's mitts. Dishracks. The way my sons smell after their baths. The moons of Jupiter, especially Io. All manner of boats. The fact that



The Lewis and Clark River near Astoria

our species produced Edmund Burke. Naps of every size. Junior Policemen badges. Walrusssses. Cassocks and surplices. The orphaned caps of long-lost pens. Welcome-mats and ice-cream trucks. All manner of bees. Cabbages and kings. Eulogy and elegy and puppetry. Fingernail-clippers. The rigging of sailing ships. Ironing-boards. Hoes and scythes. The mysterious clips that girls wear in their hair. Boddhisatvas and beauticians. Porters and portmanteaus. Camas and canvas. Bass and bluefish. Furriers and farriers. Trout and grout. Peach pies of any size. The sprawling porches of old hotels and the old men who sprawl upon them. The snoring of children. The burble of owls. The sound of my daughter typing her papers for school in the other room.

The sound of my sons wrangling and wrestling and howling and yowling. All sounds of whatever tone and tenor issuing from my children. My children, and all other forms of coupled pain and joy; which is to say everything alive; which is to say all prayers; which is what I just did.



What The River Thinks

Salmon and steelhead and cutthroat trout. Fir needles. Salmonberries dropping suddenly and being snapped up by trout who think them orange insects. Alder and spruce roots drinking me always their

eager thin little rude roots poking at me. Rocks and pebbles and grains of stone and splinters of stone and huge stones and slabs and beaver and mink and crawdads and feces from the effluent treatment plant upriver. Rain and mist and fog and gale and drizzle and howl and owl. Asters and arrow-grass. Finger creeks feeder creeks streams ditches seeps and springs. Row-boats and rafts. Canoes and chicory. Men and women and children. Dead and alive. Willows and beer bottles and blackberry and ducklings and wood sorrel and rubber boots and foxglove and buttercup and rushes and slugs and snails and velvetgrass and wild cucumber and orbweaver spiders and that woman singing with her feet in me singing. Baneberry and beargrass. Thrush and hemlock and coffee grounds. Thimbleberry and heron. Smelt and moss and water ouzels and bears and bear scat. Bramble and bracken. Elk drinking me cougar drinking me. Ground-cedar and ground-ivy and ground-pine and ground-sel. Sometimes a lost loon. Cinquefoil and eelgrass. Vultures and voles. Water striders mosquitos mosquito-hawks. Dock and dewberry. Moths and mergansers. Huckleberry and snowberry. Hawks and osprey. Water wheels and beaver dams. Deer and lupine. Red currant. Trees and logs and trunks and branches and bark and duff. I eat everything. Elderberry and evening primrose. Bulrush and burdock. I know them all. They yearn for me. Caddis fly and coralroot. I do not begin nor do I cease. Foamflower fleecflower fireweed. I always am always will be. Lily and lotus. Swell and surge and ripple and roar and roil and boil. I go to the Mother. Madrone and mistmaiden. The Mother takes me in. Nettle and ninebark. Pelt and peppergrass. She waits for me. Pine-sap and poppy. I bring her all small waters. Raspberry and rockcress. I draw them I lure them I accept them. Salal and satin-flower. She is all waters. Tansy and trillium. She drinks me. Velvetgrass and vernalgrass. I begin as a sheen on leaves high in the hills, a wet idea, a motion, a dream, a rune, and then I am a ripple, and I gather the small waters to me, the little wet children, the rills of the hills, and we are me and run to Her muscling through wood and stone cutting through everything singing and shouting roiling and rippling and there She is waiting and whispering her salty arms always opening always open always o. (Q)

Get your ducks in a row, and retire with confidence.

CHARLENE CARTER, CFP®
BARRON'S TOP 100 WOMEN FINANCIAL
ADVISORS' 2010*



Charlene Carter, CFP®
President

Comprehensive Financial Planning
 Investment Management - fee based
 Retirement & Income Planning



Jenny Hector, MBA
Financial Advisor

Get to know your fellow alumni.



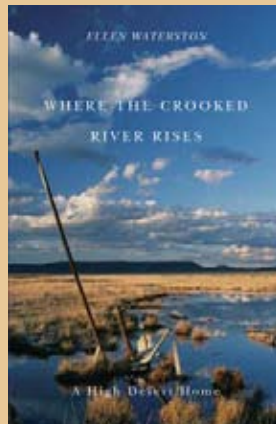
541.683.2900

871 Country Club Rd., Eugene
 1234 Rhododendron Dr., Florence
www.carterandcarter.com

Securities offered through RAYMOND JAMES FINANCIAL SERVICES, INC. Member FINRA/SIPC.

*Ranking reflects the volume of assets overseen by the advisors and their teams, revenues generated for the firms and the quality of the advisors' practices. Past performance is not indicative of future results. Individual experiences may vary.

Give the gift of Northwest voices & places...



new from **Oregon State University Press**

Where the Crooked River Rises
A High Desert Home
 ELLEN WATERSTON
 Paperback, \$18.95



Discovering Main Street
Travel Adventures in Small Towns of the Northwest
 FOSTER CHURCH
 Paperback, \$18.95

OSU Press books are available in bookstores, by calling 1-800-426-3797, or online at <http://oregonstate.edu/dept/press>



The Startling Ways of the Heart

Surviving your parent's death can have many challenges—dealing with difficult emotions, the details and paperwork, and, sometimes, unexpected discoveries about someone you thought you knew. Such was the experience of Kim Stafford '71, MA '73, PhD '79, following the death of his father, poet and pacifist William Stafford, who served as poet laureate for both the United States (1970–71) and Oregon (1974–89). This poem and others inspired by Stafford family stories related to their Midwestern roots appear in a chapbook titled *Prairie Prescription*, due out soon from Limberlost Press.



Blue Brick from the Midwest

After my father collapsed like a bolt of light, toppled without a word, I was the one to enter his study, find the jagged note to our mother he scratched as he reeled, the freight train of his departure hurtling through his heart—

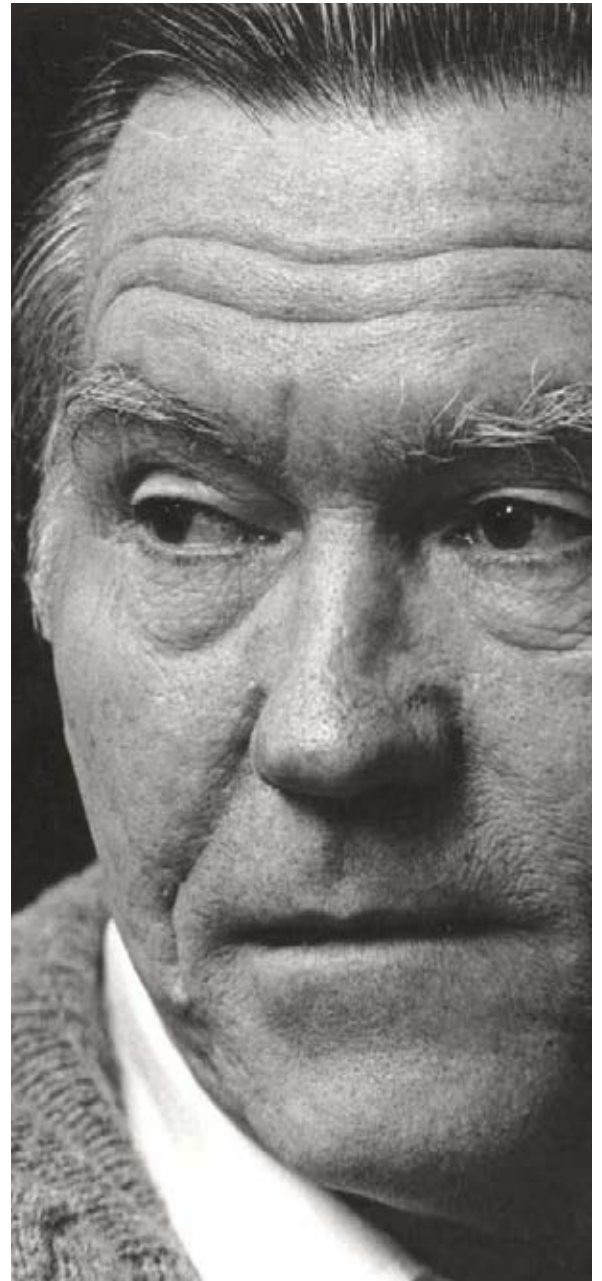
and
 all
 my
 love

—a sentiment he did not speak in 79 years as tough customer, affable but stern, inert when grief came, reserved as granite when my brother died, cracking plaintive jokes when we trembled in the hospital, mother going under the knife.

His way was trenchant, oblique. He distrusted those who talk about God, preferring to honor the holy with a glance, a nod, or silence. Delving deeper, the day he died, we found in his sock drawer, under that scant set of flimsy raiment, the fetching photo of the flirt: our mother, coy at the sink, looking back over her shoulder, dressed only in an apron with a big bow. No fool like an old fool.

And delving deeper, at the back of the bottom file (the niche where one would hide the stuff of blackmail) I touched the blue brick of love letters our mother had sent him when they courted in the war—brittle leaves kissed snug together and bound with string, the trove he had carried in secret through every move since 1943. She knew them not, nor had his. “Oh, Billy,” she said.

Father, early years taught your way with the heart's contraband when the dirty thirties blunted your bravado, tornado snatched your friends, the war your tenderness, and left you with these secrets hoarded for us to find when you were gone. @



William Stafford taught writing at Lewis & Clark College for more than thirty years. He published sixty-seven volumes of poetry and prose and won the National Book Award in 1963.

LEWIS AND CLARK COLLEGE SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, STAFFORD PHOTOGRAPHS / CHRIS RITTER

Essay Submissions Wanted

Oregon Quarterly is currently accepting essay contest submissions. Entries should address ideas that affect the Northwest. Contest judge Debra Gwartney will choose the top three winners in each category.

Open Category:

FIRST PRIZE \$750

SECOND PRIZE \$300

THIRD PRIZE \$100

Student Category:

FIRST PRIZE \$500

SECOND PRIZE \$200

THIRD PRIZE \$75

No fee to enter! Winning open-category essay will appear in the magazine.

ENTRY DEADLINE: **January 15, 2011**

FIND COMPLETE GUIDELINES AT
OregonQuarterly.com

“These essays sing with the rich diversity of our Northwest perspectives.”

GUY MAYNARD, EDITOR, *OREGON QUARTERLY*,
THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Twelfth Annual Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest

The *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay contest is presented by:

Oregon
QUARTERLY

O THE DUCK STORE



Under Cover of Duckness When junior and Sigma Nu president Gawain Harman (left) came to the UO two years ago, mom Diane Greening (center) stitched him an "O" quilt (rear). When younger brother Andrew Harman followed this fall, she did it again.

JACK LIU

B O O K S H E L F


Selected new books written by UO faculty members and alumni and received at the Oregon Quarterly office. Quoted remarks are from publishers' notes or reviews.

Tears of the Mountain (Unbridled Books, 2010) by John Addiego '75, MFA '77. "*Tears of the Mountain* chronicles a single day in one man's life—July 4, 1876—along with a series of flashbacks that all lead up to an eventful Centennial Independence Day celebration. . . . John Addiego fills this tale of America's coming of age with wit and lively prose, seamlessly moving back and forth through time in a novel that recognizes both our darker side and our promise."

The Art of Exile (Bilingual Press, 2009) by William Archila, MFA '02. A collection of poems that explore the unrest in El Salvador in the 1980s and the impact on Central American immigrants. "Archila bridges race and class, metaphor and reality with astuteness, mingling humor and pain with a skill that denigrates neither."

The Lumberman's Frontier: Three Centuries of Land Use, Society, and Change in America's Forests (Oregon State University Press, 2010) by Thomas R. Cox, MS '59, PhD '69. ". . . Neither glorifies economic development nor falls into the maw of gloom-and-doom. It puts individual actors at center stage, allowing the points of view of the workers and lumbermen to emerge."

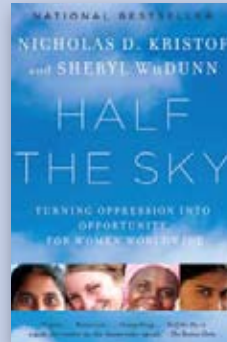
On Tact, & the Made Up World (University of Iowa Press, 2010) by Michele Glazer '79. "Michele Glazer's poems take on questions of being and value, exploring not just *what* is, but *how* it is. . . . From this collision of passion and severity come poems that are strange and darkly beautiful."

The Risk of Being Ridiculous: A Historical Novel of Love and Revolution (Hellgate Press, 2010) by *Oregon Quarterly* editor Guy Maynard '84 is set in Boston 1969–70. Nineteen-year-old Ben Tucker feverishly pursues the long-shot love of his life, Sarah Stein, amidst his tribe of long-haired freaks who mix radical politics, a love of rock and roll, and celebratory drug use in their desperate search for lives that make sense in a world distorted by war, racism, and bankrupt values. 

Excerpted in this issue

HALF THE SKY by Nicholas D. Kristof and Sheryl WuDunn. Copyright © 2009 by Nicholas D. Kristof and Sheryl WuDunn. Published by arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, an imprint of the Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group, a division of Random House, Inc., New York. Currently available in paperback from Vintage Books.

MINK RIVER by Brian Doyle. Copyright 2010 OSU Press.



Jolynn Mitchell, Class of '10, Apparel/Footwear Strategic Consultant

For 25 years, the Oregon Executive MBA program has been bringing together outstanding faculty from the three flagship Oregon universities and outstanding students, who are professional leaders of the Northwest. The tradition continues with over 850 alumni. Join us for this program delivered in Portland.

Find out about our program at oemba.uoregon.edu
Now Accepting Applications. Call (503) 276-3622 or toll-free (866) 996-3622



A University of Oregon degree in partnership with Oregon State University and Portland State University.

Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

ROBERT D. CLARK HONORS COLLEGE

Inside Inside-Out

Program takes students, teachers, and opportunity to the Oregon pen.

IN PRISON, JAMES* SAYS, YOU SEARCH for events to mark the passage of time. The ton after filthy ton of hospital laundry that cycles through his work area, the gang-infused mealtimes that are stressful, often downright dangerous—these certainly don't alleviate the stark gray sameness of the months and years. If you can afford new music, you order a CD. Then, for the next six weeks, you look forward to the delivery of that audio escape. Brief meetings with family in the crowded, bus-station-like visiting room provide just a sweet glimpse at the world that still exists beyond the electronic metal gates and twenty-five foot walls that surround the Oregon State Penitentiary (OSP).

Ten years into a twenty-five-year sentence, James was seeking productive ways to make the years pass more quickly. Good work habits and smart choices moved him beyond what he calls the “knucklehead phase”—fighting the system and other inmates—to earn respect from his peers, supervisors, and even the guards. In an issue of the *Walled Street Bulletin*, OSP's inmate newsletter, James read about an upcoming class to be offered by the Inside-Out Prison Exchange Program. Though he was interested, he wondered if he could hack the college-level course work. Incarcerated since he was seventeen, he had earned a GED during his first years inside, but still felt unsure of his skills. He applied for admission to the course, passed the interview process, and was accepted.

That first Inside-Out course, administered through Oregon State University, focused on juvenile delinquency. Propped against his cell wall with a pillow at his back, James read voraciously with the clanging, echoing noise of his 2,000-plus neighbors in the background. He learned about the adolescent brain and that skills like reasoning and judgment are still developing until the mid-twenties. He began to understand himself and the paths that led to his own crime. But perhaps most important, with the support of his classmates and instructor, James learned that he could learn—he passed the class with high marks and was encouraged to continue. Fortified by that achievement, James was ready to get serious and do whatever he could to ensure a successful future once he was released from prison.

UO Professor Steven Shankman had hosted Inside-Out's founder and national director, Lori Pompa of Temple University, in 2004 when she lectured on-campus at the Oregon Humanities Center about Inside-Out and corrections education. Intrigued by Pompa's enthusiastic description of Inside-Out, Shankman signed on for the instructor training at Pennsylvania's Graterford Prison.

“I have to say, it was scary at first. I'd never been in a penitentiary before,” he says. But that fear quickly gave way to seeing opportunities. “Those guys have an incredible range of life experiences, and they brought that background into class

discussions.” As a literary scholar, Shankman envisioned applying the inmates' hard-knocks knowledge to deep reading of texts. Nationwide, most Inside-Out classes focus on criminology and criminal justice, but Shankman decided to highlight the works of the great Russian novelist Fyodor Dostoevsky, who spent four years in a Siberian prison.

He enlisted other UO faculty members to take the Inside-Out training and Richard Kraus, then-director of the UO's Robert D. Clark Honors College, promised to support the program and promote it to honors college students. The UO's first Inside-Out class was slated for spring 2007.

Katie*, carrying a double major in Spanish and comparative literature at the Clark Honors College, had recently entered the UO as a sophomore due to plenty of AP credits earned in high school. She had no qualms about the academic demands of the Inside-Out course; she just wanted to challenge the boundaries of her white, middle-class upbringing.

The first day of her Inside-Out class reminded Katie, bizarrely, of the boy-girl seating arrangement at a middle-school dance: Students were to sit in a circle of chairs, “outside” students alternating with “inside” students. “It's a very intense experience to be in a classroom with people who are . . . so *not* who you think of as your peers,” she says. “It made me realize how many prejudices I had, and didn't even know I had.” She doubted the Inside-Out



Inside student contributors to the Summer 2010 issue of *Turned Inside-Out*

discussions would be as deeply academic as those in her on-campus courses. Her honors college classmates expressed similar concerns, wondering what they would talk about with the inside students. What common ground could they possibly find?

James, enrolled for his second Inside-Out class, chose a seat next to Katie. From their reading assignment of 100 pages, the two had selected the same Dostoevsky passage to review for class that day, a section from *The House of the Dead*: "There are bad people everywhere, and good ones among the bad . . . And who knows? These people are perhaps by no means so much worse than [those] who have remained outside the prison. . . ."

Katie's response echoed the sentiments of many in the class: "So here we are, together in our imperfectness. . . I am enter-

ing into a prison in a completely different set of circumstances than the narrator, but I come with a similar set of hopes and expectations . . . I hope that we find each other to be more similar than different. People are people. That seems to me to be the point of the passage, and a vital fact in living life."

James noted his appreciation for the author's point of view, the way that Dostoevsky's characters always showed empathy for the viewpoints and emotions of other people. He also saw striking correlations between life in Dostoevsky's Siberian prison and his own incarceration. "When Dostoevsky [writes about being] on the yard, feeling frustration with the inmates around him, or when he's in the shower, disgusted with being surrounded by so many naked men," James says, ". . . we feel those same things. A lot of his experiences,

though they happened so long ago and in a different country, are exactly how the prison experience is today."

There's a magic that happens during Inside-Out classes, says Shankman, and it's different from what he's seen in the many regular university classes he's taught. "It's incredibly inspiring," he says. "People are able to be vulnerable. . . The texts are absorbed by the students and reflected in deeply personal ways; the writing is astounding. The students step up and do the reading not because they want to please the teacher but because they feel a responsibility to the other students, to be able to have good discussions."

James knows that part of the magic is mutual respect felt by the two groups of students. "We can barely believe these people would leave their campus and drive sixty miles to have a class with us," he says. "The books and the discussions are great, but maybe the best part is seeing that we can still think well, and learn, and communicate with people on the outside."

After her Inside-Out experience, Katie remained focused on corrections education. In 2009, after taking a second Inside-Out class, she also completed the Inside-Out instructor training as one of the youngest attendees in the history of the program. As part of her Clark Honors College thesis, she and James (along with Madeline, another 2009 outside student) received permission to work together as editors on a student publication, *Turned Inside-Out*, which was published in June 2010, the same month that Katie received her bachelor's degree (see *Web Extra* below).

James continues to take classes through OSP's "College Inside" program. "I can't walk from my cell to the yard, or from the yard to my job without being questioned by other inmates about my classes," he says. "Tons of guys want to know how they can get involved, too." He recently completed all lower-division requirements and is working toward his bachelor's degree as classes are available. ②

—Katherine Gries '05, MA '09

**Inside-Out rules state that last names of students may not be used in the classroom. That rule is applied in this article as well.*

Web Extra

To read *Turned Inside-Out* online or to read "Background on Inside-Out at the UO," go to OregonQuarterly.com

COMPUTATIONAL INTELLIGENCE

The Crossing Guard

UO research professor creates puzzles for The New York Times.

MATTHEW GINSBERG COULD be considered a traffic cop of sorts.

Research professor at the UO's Computational Intelligence Research Laboratory and cofounder of the spinoff company On Time Systems, Ginsberg applies artificial intelligence to create, for example, "optimization" software programs that smartly route U.S. Air Force flights—conserving some twenty million gallons of fuel per year—and steer shipbuilders efficiently through unimaginably complex jobs for the U.S. Navy. On Time Systems' latest venture, a smartphone-based application called Green Driver, taps real-time traffic light data to show drivers the quickest of many possible routes to a destination.

And while his work involves guiding people, planes, and processes through puzzling challenges, Ginsberg's hobby is creating challenging puzzles. As a crossword puzzle constructor—perhaps crossing guard is the better comparison here—Ginsberg shepherds words across (and down) into clever, sometimes mind-bending intersections.

Ginsberg created his first crossword puzzles in the 1970s when, as a senior at Wesleyan University, he wrote software that could fill a grid with words. "It's basically a massive search problem," he says, "and people then didn't know nearly as much as they know now about that class of problem."

For about thirty years, throughout his work in mathematics, computer science, and artificial intelligence at Oxford (where he earned his PhD in mathematics at age twenty-four), Stanford, and Oregon, Ginsberg occasionally revisited crossword design. He took it up in earnest in 2007, and in January of 2008 had his first puzzle published in that most hallowed crossword medium, *The New York Times*.

Ginsberg since has created some of the most original and memorable theme puzzles published by the *Times* in recent years.

"Every puzzle of his is based on a novel, slightly offbeat idea, involving a severe constraint of some sort, which he then brilliantly executes, with a first-rate con-



Puzzlemaker Matthew Ginsberg

struction to boot," says *Times* crossword editor Will Shortz. "Whatever idea he pursues, he likes to push it to its very limit. Every puzzle of his is a bit of a surprise. And I like that."

Shortz surprised his crossword legions on Sunday, May 16, 2010, when he published a theme puzzle by Ginsberg called "Double Crossers." Within its grid, ten squares, which typically would each be filled in with one letter, were further separated into four squares (see square 74 in photo). Puzzled puzzlers eventually discovered that each quadrant awaited four letters that would unite two overlapping, two-part down and across answers, each pair varying by two letters.

For example, one clue, "Like Enron," yielded the answer "IN THE RED IN THE END," with the two overlaying three-word phrases diverging only in the double-crossed square (underlined). The clue for the intersecting answer read "Knock again." The answer: "RETRY ENTRY."

"I especially liked how TIME WASTER became TIME WASTER by changing just two letters—and then had two other common words [CONVERSION/CONVENTION] crossing those changed letters in the other direction," Shortz says.

(Having trouble visualizing the concept? See "Double Crossers," along with Ginsberg's twenty-one other puzzles published in the *Times*, at www.xwordinfo.com/authors.)

"Double Crossers" actually sparked a minor flap among the *Times*' crossword diehards. Many solvers use Across Lite software to complete the daily puzzle, but the program couldn't handle the quartered squares of this atypical grid. Before Ginsberg and the *Times*' crossword blogger could piece together a patched electronic file, those who normally completed the puzzle onscreen had to print out the puzzle and solve it on paper.

"All of the online solvers were mad," says Ginsberg. "There was this online brouhaha about whether I was a hero or a goat." (Read comments and Ginsberg's responses on the *Times*' Wordplay blog at tinyurl.com/25r6y6v.)

Detractors aside, "Double Crossers" represented the type of technically sophisticated puzzle borne of Ginsberg's man-machine construction methods.

"First of all, Matt has a gigantic database of potential crossword entries—one of the largest in the business—so he's able to achieve intricate constructions other people can't," explains Shortz, who publishes the work of more than 100 puzzle makers each year. "He also has an excellent sense of what makes a good or great crossword entry and what doesn't."

Surprisingly, Ginsberg admits to being "truly horrible" at solving crosswords. "But I look at the *Times* puzzle pretty much every day because I'm interested in themes and I always try to do something no one has done before."

As with his "day job" optimization work, Ginsberg's puzzle construction begins with a problem that has myriad possible solutions. "There are many different ways of filling a grid, and you want to find the best one," he says.

Ginsberg starts a puzzle grid by entering his theme words, which he often culls from database search results that match certain parameters. Finding the twenty pairs of slightly varied words and phrases that could unite *and* intersect with two others in “Double Crossers,” for example, would be a daunting task without a computer’s enormous computational power.

Similarly, man and microprocessor teamed up to concoct the portman-teau entries in “Compound Fractures,” a November 1, 2009, *Times* theme puzzle by Ginsberg and Pete Muller, a longtime associate and collaborator. Muller had the initial idea, and Ginsberg then wrote a program to merge words that shared sequences of several letters. Finally, the authors crafted clever definitions for the most inspired of these Frankenwords. RETROSPECTACLES became “Eyewear providing hindsight”; GUITARISTOCRAT, a “Noble Les Paul”; and SPORADICAL, an “Intermittent revolutionary.”

To help in assembling the remainder of puzzles, Ginsberg maintains a database filled with entries harvested from electronically published crosswords. This is not to make his task easier, he says, but to help him avoid overused entries. “I want to have fresh clues,” he stresses, citing “Fabled slacker” for HARE as one of his favorites.

Ginsberg uses closely supervised “auto-fill” to flesh out his puzzle grids. The computer suggests words to fill each slot, and then Ginsberg chooses the ones he likes best, revisits any trouble spots, and finally writes the clues. “I’ll gradually fill it in, usually in six to eight hours, in sort of a team effort between me and the computer,” he says.

The quality of Ginsberg’s meticulous work is apparent to Shortz.

“When I get a puzzle from Matt, I get the feeling that he’s explored all the best possibilities for the construction,” Shortz says. “I don’t have to second-guess him and ask ‘Did you try this instead?’ He already tried everything and chose the optimal result.”

Contestants at Shortz’s annual American Crossword Puzzle Tournament (chronicled in the 2006 documentary film *Wordplay*) also don’t have to second-guess results at the competition thanks to a program Ginsberg wrote to assist human judges in scoring and scanning puzzle forms for errors.

... Ginsberg’s puzzle construction begins with a problem that has myriad possible solutions. “There are many different ways of filling a grid, and you want to find the best one,” he says.

All of this human-computer crossword crossover raises a compelling question for Ginsberg, who in the 1990s developed GIB (Ginsberg’s Intelligent Bridgeplayer), widely regarded as the first bridge software to approach the level of expert human players. Couldn’t a program also be written to create crosswords as skillfully as the best human constructors?

Well, he says, it is easy to program a computer to design “good” crosswords unassisted. That’s why he prefers to create puzzles infused with thematic links, wordplay, wit, and subtlety—the type favored by Shortz, and the kind that can be schemed in the human mind but not (yet) in the realm of artificial intelligence.

Ginsberg devised one puzzle built on the theme of contronyms, or words that can mean one thing and the opposite. Entries included “Add to or remove from” (TRIM); “Easy to see or impossible to see” (TRANSPARENT); and “Confirmation or uncertainty” (RESERVATION).

“There is this interesting bit of emotional tension in these words that mean their opposite,” explains Ginsberg who, literally, wrote the book on the *Essentials of Artificial Intelligence* (Morgan Kaufmann, 1993). “Coming up with an idea like that is completely beyond what computers can do at the moment. And I work with computers eight hours a day as it is, so I always try to do something with a genesis that is entirely human.”

After all, guiding words into wondrous intersections still requires the guiding hands of a gifted crossing guard. @

—Joel Gorthy ’98

Coming up at the White Stag Block

GLOBAL PORTLAND: THE SUSTAINABLE EDGE

Lectures, exhibits, workshops and conversations related to this theme, through June

COMMUNITY CINEMA SERIES

Documentaries and discussions, each month through June

BEYOND GREEN JOBS: THE NEXT AMERICAN ECONOMY

Lecture by Van Jones, January 25

PIONEER AWARD GALA

May 2011

WHITE BOX EXHIBITIONS

Rotating shows exploring contemporary art



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
PORTLAND

Visit us in Portland’s Old Town Chinatown
at the White Stag Block, 70 NW Couch Street.

pdx.uoregon.edu

503 412-3696



EO/AA/ADA institution
committed to cultural diversity.

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Teach Your Children Well

College of Education Center on Teaching and Learning

AN ENORMOUS EXTERIOR CLOCK four stories up its brick façade tends to draw peoples' attention to the top of the new HEDCO Education Building that now anchors the southwest corner of campus. But Carrie Thomas Beck, PhD '98, and her staff of reading tutors and graduate teaching fellows are doing some pretty amazing work in a far-off corner of the ground floor. That's where Thomas Beck directs the Reading Clinic of the Center on Teaching and Learning (CTL), now in its third year of operation as a division within the UO's College of Education.

Each term, the Reading Clinic serves thirty grade K–6 students with low reading scores from Lane County schools. The children all come from low-income families, and the service is free. In private rooms, tutors lead them through one-on-one phonics drills and oral reading exercises, while parents watch and listen from an adjoining room. Thomas Beck herself might pop in on a session to guide the student or tutor as needed. The tutors use reading programs that are classroom-tested and recognized as being among the best for intensive intervention. Some of them, with names like Read Naturally, Horizons, and Corrective Reading, were developed right here by researchers in the College of Education, which is celebrating its 100th anniversary this year.

Innovation and leadership in reading instruction are nothing new to the College of Education. When President George W. Bush launched the No Child Left Behind (NCLB) Act, CTL served as one of the nation's three technical assistance centers for Reading First, NCLB's \$1 billion-per-year initiative to bring struggling children up to or above grade level in reading by the end of third grade. The need for such an initiative was underscored by the National Report Card for 2003 (the first year of Reading First funding), which revealed that 37 percent of America's fourth graders were underperforming in this crucial subject.

CTL also directly administered Oregon Reading First, the state's piece of the national program, which reached into fifty



Building skills, opening minds

schools around Oregon to serve 15,000 grade K–3 students. Over the course of a seven-year funding cycle that ended in September, CTL staff members trained classroom teachers to implement reading interventions tailored to meet students' varying levels of need. The results? Performance improved in every element of reading. More and more students came up to benchmark achievement level with each year of funding, and their performance kept getting better the longer the interventions continued. Oregon Reading First upheld a core belief that has guided the work of the College of Education all along: give teachers adequate resources and the right tools for the job, and there's no child they can't inspire to succeed.

"We know the odds," says the College of Education's Roland Good, associate professor of school psychology, "If you're on track [in reading] at the end of first grade, there's a 90 to 95 percent chance you'll be on track at the end of second grade. If you're well below benchmark at the end of first grade, the odds drop to 10 to 15 percent." But, he emphasizes, these figures are only predictions and not guarantees. The odds can be beaten. "The role of intervention is to ruin the prediction," he says.

The College of Education was trailblazing a path to more effective ways to teach reading as early as the 1960s, when Siegfried Engelmann and UO colleagues pioneered the concept of "direct instruction." This tightly scripted approach, with its emphasis on repetitious sound and word recognition drills, stirred up a good deal of controversy but also won many followers. And when put to the test against other leading interventions of the day in Project Follow Through (an early follow-up to Head Start), Engelmann says, "We whumped 'em."

Engelmann still develops programs through his own Eugene-based firm, Engelmann-Becker Corporation, and asserts that "Education is all about identifying what you want kids to know, determining what they don't know, then designing programs to fill the gap."

Stan Paine, PhD '78, heads professional development for CTL and credits the direct instructional approach with helping educators move away from an outdated notion. "The old paradigm for the teaching of reading can be described as 'constant input-variable outcomes,' the idea being that schools taught every child the same thing, the same way, and accepted that there would be different results from child to child," explains Paine. Today's best interventions take the approach that every child should receive a basic level of instruction, then "kids who need more get more." So schools, he says, must educate kids to meet benchmarks.

And what are benchmarks? Think of them as expected levels of competence to be reached incrementally over time. Measuring where kids are and how well they're progressing in relation to benchmarks has long defined the work of Roland Good and Ruth Kaminski, MS '84, PhD '92. The data system they developed as College of Education researchers in the 1990s, called Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills (DIBELS, rhymes with dribbles), is used in more than 15,000 schools nationwide, serving more than four million children in grades K–6.

To administer DIBELS in the class-

room, teachers lead students through a series of minute-long exercises in identifying sounds, putting them together into words, supplying missing words for sentences, and other basic language-related tasks. They are brief enough that teachers can work with one student at a time. The data obtained reveal students' skill levels in key components of reading, such as phonics, vocabulary, and comprehension. Armed with this information, teachers know how much extra support certain kids may need, and in what particular areas, and can focus their instruction accordingly.

In Eugene's Bethel School District, where DIBELS and direct instruction-style interventions have long been in use together, Reading Coordinator Rhonda Wolter '76, ME '83, says, "we've made huge gains." Each year, Bethel's incoming kindergartners consistently read at a level well below the national average. Yet, by the end of third grade, 90 percent read at or above grade level. Drew Braun, PhD '92, the district's director of instruction, affirms that kids have consistently been brought up to benchmark levels in reading within two years, regardless of what grade they started in the district.

With the expiration of Reading First funding, CTL's next big project is developing an online version of Oregon Reading First, allowing schools to provide the same high level of intervention on their own. It won't be "just a PowerPoint presentation," Paine insists, but will include voiceovers, step-by-step instructions, and links to relevant resources, and will even accommodate remote coaching. To prepare for this, CTL spent the last of its Reading First funding to train a network of instructional coaches, so that districts can nurture and develop their own in-house expertise to train teachers and evaluate the effectiveness of classroom instruction.

Paine is excited by the possibilities this offers. "If I were a school principal today—and I was one for twenty-two years—I would say, 'This is a great opportunity for us to continue to apply the lessons we've learned. We don't have the money to hire instructors or trainers, but I can use this as an instructional design plan.'"

He might also have said it's the next step in affirming the College of Education's century-old belief that success for every child is within reach. @

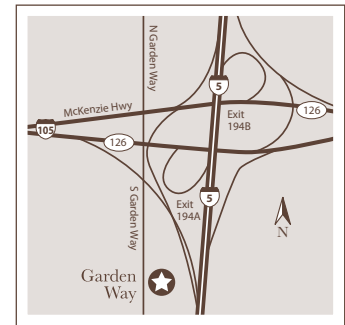
—Dana Magliari, MA '98



Brand New Retirement Community in Eugene!

Garden Way is an ideal retirement community for seniors with a zest for life and an active lifestyle. Our community offers many amenities to simplify your life, so you can focus on enjoying each and every day including:

- Healthy Chef-Prepared Meals (3 Daily)
- Fun Social Activities and Outings
- Daily Wellness and Fitness Program
- Smoke-Free and Pet Friendly
- Weekly Housekeeping and Linen Service
- Paid Utilities (Except Telephone)
- Flexible Transportation 7 Days a Week
- Caring Live-In Managers Available to You 24/7



175 SOUTH GARDEN WAY | EUGENE, OR 97401 | Tel: (541) 393-2766
www.SunshineRetirementLiving.com

Choose the UO

The School of Architecture and Allied Arts is one of six professional schools at the University of Oregon with degree programs in Eugene and Portland.

We're dedicated to giving our students the power to positively affect not just their own future, but also the people, communities, and environments around them.

Students come here ready to explore, learn and create. They leave with the ability to question critically, think logically, communicate clearly, act creatively, and live ethically.

In short, we empower our students to make good.

EO/AA/ADA institution committed to cultural diversity.



Arch

AAd

HP

IArc

LA

Art

PPPM

ArH

DA

PD



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
School of Architecture and Allied Arts

Visit aaa.uoregon.edu

Smoothie Operator

Supporting Duck football one sweet, cool cup at a time

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-five. That's how many smoothies—orange creamsicle, triple berry, and strawberry kiwi—that Gary Bertelsen is making on a rainy Friday morning in his Ben and Jerry's store on Coburg Road in Eugene, with country music blaring, his cousin, Julie Golf, assisting, three high-tech blenders whirring, and his cell phone ringing intermittently in the background. The shop is not open yet—it's only 9:00 A.M. The cacophony is deafening, kind of like the sound in Autzen Stadium after a touchdown. Pour, whirr, pour. Approximately ninety bananas, twelve-and-a-half gallons of frozen yogurt, about twenty-two gallons of juice, and thirty pounds of berries—combining to make more than sixty gallons of fruity goodness.

Across town, 120 UO football players are blocking, tackling, passing, running, sweating, and burning up vital nutrients and a zillion calories—in other words, it's a routine practice the day before a game (in this case, the early-season contest with Portland State). The smoothies are for the team, part of an overall nutrition program developed by James Harris, assistant athletic director and chief nutritionist for the UO athletic department. Bertelsen has also served smoothies to the UO women's volleyball, soccer, and softball teams, as well as men's lacrosse during the past five years.

"After a workout, you're exhausted. You've used up all your energy. You're breaking down muscle mass. On the Friday before the game, you've got to replenish that," Harris explains. The smoothies, he says, are part of the pregame plan. "It helps with recovery. There's simple sugar and fruit juice. There's protein, which helps to repair muscles. And it tastes incredible. The coaches love them. The players love them."

To be clear, there's nothing in the smoothies that isn't in what's sold at Ben and Jerry's every day. No supplements, protein powder, or the like. Says Harris, "The only thing he could add per NCAA rules would be protein, but there is a calculation to determine the permissible amount."

Bertelsen lines the smoothies up in



Big Gulp 300-pound lineman Jordan Holmes enjoys an orange creamsicle smoothie.

rows, snaps plastic lids on the 175 twenty-two-ounce cups, and adds a straw for each. He moves the finished product onto shelves in his walk-in freezer. There they will sit for the next hour or so, until he gets the call that practice is wrapping up. "Not bad," he says, checking his watch. That took exactly fifty minutes. He cleans up the sticky counters and he waits.

He uses the time to work the phones, taking care of details. One challenge: his crew is spread really thin, at venues literally hundreds of miles apart. He operates an ice cream booth at the Cuthbert Amphitheater in Eugene and he's short a couple staff members for tonight's show, Furthur with Bob Weir and Phil Lesh from The Grateful Dead. Many of Bertelsen's employees who would usually be on hand to fill in are still at the Pendleton Round-Up. He and his wife, Megan Bertelsen '92, just returned from a week at Cycle Oregon, a bicycle tour that begins and ends in Elgin, Oregon, with stops in Enterprise; Clarkston, Washington; Waitsburg, Washington; and Pendleton. Gary and Megan participated, but not on bikes—they scooped ice cream and served the hungry pedalers 800 smoothies a day. After a five-hour drive back to Eugene, Gary went directly to scoop ice

cream at the Cuthbert Amphitheater, and he'll be there again tonight.

He's everywhere—as ubiquitous as the Bertelsen name is in Eugene. His parents, lifelong Eugene residents, own several campus properties. His great-grandfather, Hans Bertelsen, was an early settler (fittingly, a dairy farmer). Bertelsen Road is in fact named after his family, most of them Duck fans (though perhaps none so dedicated as his father, Roger, who just attended his 250th straight game at Autzen Stadium). Gary, who like Megan is a South Eugene High School graduate, is regularly seen at local outdoor events with his Ben and Jerry's mobile operation, a complement to the two stores in Eugene he's owned since 2000. Before that, as anyone who attended the UO in this period may remember, he and his family owned the popular Bubba's restaurant for seventeen years, with two locations, on Alder Street and on East 19th Avenue. He's the smiling guy who was almost always there behind the counter—but he gave that up in 2001. "You had to be married to it. I was having kids," he says. "I didn't want to work that hard."

He's a devoted dad—somewhere in the midst of running two Ben and Jerry's stores (he sold his third store, in Bend, about a

year ago), scooping ice cream for fair-and-concertgoers, and making smoothies for five UO athletic teams, he finds time to share after-school pickup duties with Megan.

Family time, especially in summers, is often taking smoothies to the teams, pre- or postgame. "It's a great way to get the whole family together," says Megan, for whom smoothies are a bit of a departure from her career as a physical therapist with Sacred Heart's Orthopedic Sports and Spine Therapy in Eugene. "We've had a good time with it." And the smoothie gig supplies the family with plenty of shared moments and memories. "One lacrosse game, it started snowing," Megan remembers. "And there we were waiting to hand out smoothies."

To the family, he's Dad, but around the UO athletic department, he's "that smoothie guy." As in, "where's that smoothie guy?" which is what one of the equipment managers asks shortly before practice ends. Gary's there, having filled three large Igloo ice chests with smoothies and ice and hefted them into the back of his dark blue Dodge pickup. He takes a prime spot near the Moshofsky Center, wheels the coolers in on a hand truck, and then runs back to grab a folding table. The smoothies stay in their coolers while he waits right outside the tunnel. Practice is running late, and he wants them to stay frozen. He waits patiently, waving or saying hello to just about everyone who comes by.

Then it's show time.

A steady stream of football players, coaches, and other staff members emerge from Autzen, walk by the table, and grab a frozen treat. "Wait till you see them," Bertelsen says. "On TV they all look so big. But they're just young guys."

"Thank you, sir."

"Hey! My favorite part of the week, right there. Thanks, man."

"What's good? Ok, thanks. Thank you, sir!"

There are only a few variations on this theme—a couple fist bumps, a couple thumbs up—but despite a grueling practice in the rain, every last player seems to be smiling.

And, Gary's comments aside, some of the team members *are* just as big, if not bigger, than they appear on TV. Senior Jordan Holmes, a 6-foot 5-inch, 300-pound offensive lineman for the Ducks, for

example. He's tried all the flavors. Today it's orange creamsicle, his favorite. Holmes loves the smoothies because they're cold and he knows they're good for him. "They're refreshing, and pretty much delicious," he says.

Coach Chip Kelly is among the last coming out of Autzen, after supervising end-of-practice drills. Only a few lonely smoothies remain, melting in their cups and leaving rings of condensation on the

table. Bertelsen reaches into the cooler and hands the coach his very own, still frozen—triple berry with a green straw, as always. Coach Kelly takes the smoothie, thanks Bertelsen, and heads over to talk with a group of reporters standing by.

When asked how many smoothies he's made for UO athletic teams in total, Gary laughs—there's no way he could count, he says. @

—Zanne Miller, MS '97

WELLS FARGO BROADWAY in EUGENE Duck Fans Save 10%
Tickets to select performances on sale NOW!
www.BroadwayInEugene.com/green. Password code: **green**
 Hilton BI-MART

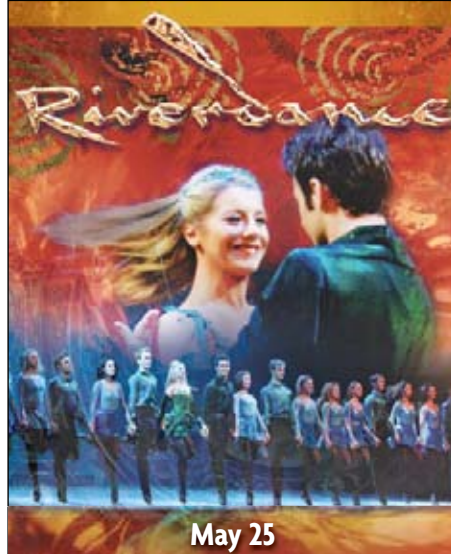
WINNER 8 2007 TONY AWARDS

INCLUDING BEST MUSICAL
 January 25
SPRING AWAKENING

February 5

LEGALLY BLONDE
The Musical
 Photo: Kaiti Turning

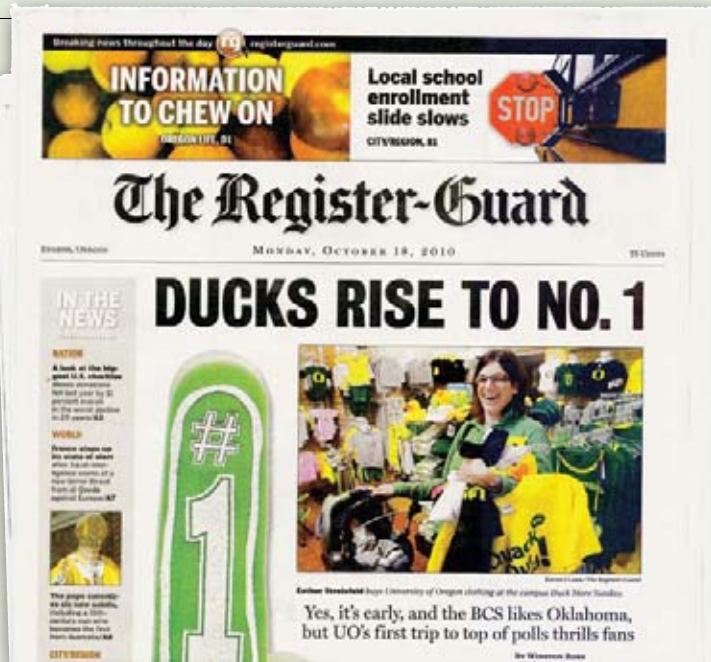

 A NEW MUSICAL
WICKED
 THE UNTOLD STORY OF THE WITCHES OF OZ
 April 21 & 24
 Duck discount available for 4/21 and 4/24 evening performances only.
 All tickets for April 20–May 1 on sale soon!


RIVERDANCE
 May 25

life's on... tune in



I N B R I E F



A First First For the first time ever, the UO Ducks are deemed the best college football team in the nation, according to mid-October rankings by the Associated Press and USA Today/ESPN (#2 on the BCS poll). Another milestone came two weeks later when, following a drubbing of USC, the UO topped all three polls.

Monday, Monday

Spring graduation ceremonies have been permanently moved to Monday (June 18 this year) after a successful campus-wide commencement celebration on a Monday this past June.

Florida Gold

The UO Gospel Singers, under the direction of former UO football player **Andiel Brown '08**, now instructor of gospel choirs and ensembles, took top honors in a September competition with a dozen choirs from around the country at the Disney Gospel Choir Fest at Disney World in Florida.

Posts Filled

Mia Tuan, professor of education studies and director of the UO Center on Diversity and Community, has been named associate dean of the Graduate School. The UO's first public records officer has been named; **Elizabeth Denecke** brings a breadth of experience in law and higher education, including tracking state and federal confidentiality laws with the firm of Miller Nash in Portland, and working on public records laws as senior assistant attorney general with the Oregon Department of Justice. **Randy Geller** is the

UO's new general counsel. He served as deputy general counsel since 2006.

Poll Positions

- The UO ranks 111 in the "Best National Universities" list (up from 115 last year) and the UO Lundquist College of Business ranks forty-second on the "Best Business Programs" list, according to U.S. News Media Group's 2011 America's Best Colleges survey of 1,400 schools. Another finding: 28 percent of this year's UO freshmen graduated in the top 10 percent of their high school classes (up 2 and 5 percent respectively from the previous two years' levels).
- Among 222 top American research institutions, the UO's geography, psychology, and biology programs ranked third, sixth, and eighteenth, respectively, in citations per publication, according to a recent study by the National Research Council. Geography also placed third in publications per faculty member while biology was tenth in awards received per faculty member.
- The UO has been named as one of only nineteen universities to receive five-stars for having a welcoming atmosphere for lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender students, as ranked in a survey of 230 schools by *Campus Pride* magazine.

JORDAN SCHNITZER
MUSEUM OF ART

Did You Know

The JSMA partnered
with over 30 departments
last year.

- CINEMA STUDIES ■ ART
- ART HISTORY ■
- ARCHITECTURE ■ JOURNALISM
- PHOTOGRAPHY ■ MUSIC ■
- ENVIRONMENTAL LAW ■ LAW
- ENGLISH ■ WOMEN'S AND
- GENDER STUDIES ■ HISTORY
- GEOGRAPHY ■ ARTS AND
- ADMINISTRATION ■ ROMANCE
- LANGUAGES ■ RELIGIOUS
- STUDIES ■ LATIN AMERICAN
- STUDIES ■ CENTER FOR ASIAN
- AND PACIFIC STUDIES ■ EAST
- ASIAN LANGUAGES AND
- LITERATURE ■ EDUCATION
- STUDIES ■ ANTHROPOLOGY
- LINGUISTICS ■ CREATIVE
- WRITING ■ COMPARATIVE
- LITERATURE ■ WAYNE MORSE
- CENTER FOR LAW AND
- POLITICS ■ PHILOSOPHY ■
- CLASSICS ■ ASIAN STUDIES
- ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES
- POLITICAL SCIENCE ■
- INTERNATIONAL STUDIES ■
- DANCE ■ ETHNIC STUDIES

Was yours one of them?

jsma.uoregon.edu
(541) 346-3027

EO/AA/ADA institution committed to cultural diversity



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

PROFile

Mark Unno

Associate Professor of Religious Studies



Imagine taking a class field trip . . . to a slaughterhouse. Last year, students in Mark Unno's "Bull in the China Shop" seminar experienced those intense sights, sounds, and, well, smells. The course explored the slaughter and eating of food-source animals across Asian religions, many of which are typically stereotyped as vegetarian.

"But there are specific episodes in early Asian texts—Daoism, Confucianism, and medieval Japanese Buddhism—that refer to the slaughter and consumption of oxen," says Unno, who specializes in East Asian religions and Buddhism. "In order to really understand the significance of the topic, I wanted students to have a visceral experience of the facts of animal slaughter."

The course also included readings and a campus lecture by Temple Grandin, an award-winning scientist noted for her revolutionary work in compassionate livestock care and food production practices. "Her work places these topics within her larger exploration of worldview including God, the divine, and the ultimate," says Unno. "She even makes references to Zen Buddhism."

Some religious studies students want to learn

more about the religion in their family backgrounds; others, like Unno, are interested in studying religious customs different from their own. Some are on a personal quest for religious meaning and significance. Others want to analyze various religions for consistencies rather than looking for something to believe in. Even atheists have a place in the discussion, says Unno, since atheism is really just another kind of belief commitment.

"In religious studies, we don't assume faith," he says. "We don't teach religion, we teach *about* religion. I'm interested in exploring with students the critical questioning of religion, while having them come away with an appreciation for sympathetic understanding." The winner of numerous UO teaching awards, Unno insists that his students enlighten him nearly as much as his research and scholarly pursuits. "I may have the specialized knowledge," he says, "but we're on an intellectual adventure together."

Name: Mark Unno

Education: BA, 1982, Oberlin College; MA, 1991, Stanford University; PhD, 1994, Stanford University.

Teaching Experience: Member of the UO faculty since 2000. Previously, he taught for four years at Carleton College in Minnesota.

Awards: Rippey Innovative Teaching Award, 2005–7 and 2009–11; Oregon Humanities Center Teaching Fellowship, 2005–6; Robert F. and Evelyn Nelson Wulf Professorship in the Humanities, 2005–6; Coleman-Guitteau Teaching and Research Fellowship, 2009; Thomas F. Herman Faculty Teaching Award, 2010.

Off-Campus: He and his wife enjoy Eugene's many walking and hiking trails, and attending the many wine, music, and arts festivals and fairs in the Lane County area. They also like gardening, though "my wife does most of the actual work, and I enjoy the product!"

Last Word: "Be a citizen of the world, not just an accidental tourist." @

—Katherine Gries '05, MA '09



ORDER YOUR PIECE OF HISTORY!

Each poster is eleven inches by seventeen inches printed and suitable for framing. Posters are \$35 each, or \$30 each if ordering two or more. Price includes shipping and handling charges. Make checks (no credit cards accepted) payable to:

OREGON QUARTERLY/RB POSTER

5228 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-5228

These official 2010 Rose Bowl commemorative posters were created for the University of Oregon by Paul A. Lanquist ("PAL"), a Northwest artist who currently lives near Mt. St. Helens, Washington with his wife and family.

Bulk orders or questions? Email us:
sthelen@uoregon.edu

Oregon
QUARTERLY

AROUND THE BLOCK • THE UO IN PORTLAND •



From *The Calling* Bilal Ansari is in the Muslim chaplaincy program at Hartford Seminary.

First Filmsday

Downtown Portland throws open its gallery doors every First Thursday, welcoming the city to a party in honor of the visual arts. Thanks to a partnership with Oregon Public Broadcasting, the University of Oregon in Portland at the White Stag Block is extending the First Week festivities and inviting the public to celebrate independent filmmaking on the first Wednesday of every month.

The UO's George S. Turnbull Portland Center is one of more than sixty-five sites across the country where local communities are invited to gather for free screenings of documentaries featured on Independent Lens, the award-winning PBS television series. The screening program, called Community Cinema, features independently produced documentaries followed by panel discussions featuring local experts, filmmakers, and community activists.

Both the films and the panelists are specially chosen to get Portlanders grappling with some of the most complex and thorny social issues of our times; most as multifaceted as they are hard to talk about. Last year, more than 40,000 people attended Community Cinema events across the nation, wrestling with issues such as autism, intellectual property, immigrant and refugee rights, organ donation, and the role of the elderly in modern society.

This year, the White Stag Block is host to the only Community Cinema events in Oregon, but those who live outside the Portland area can also view the films, by tuning in to OPB or their local PBS affiliate. Visit www.pbs.org/independentlens for details and local showtimes.

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

Upcoming Community Cinema events include:

The Calling

December 1, 2010, 6–8 p.m.

A behind-the-scenes look at young Americans—Christian, Jewish, Catholic, and Muslim—preparing to become the nation's next generation of religious leaders.

For Once in My Life

January 5, 2011, 6–8 p.m.

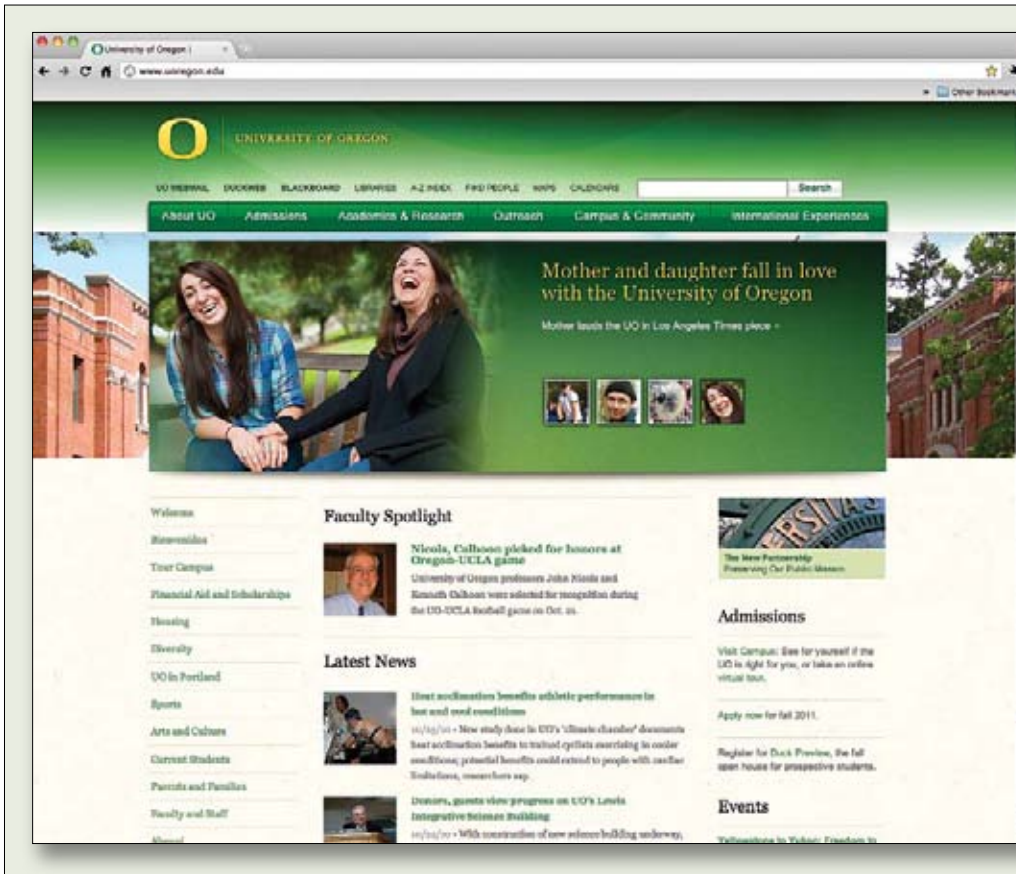
The story of a unique band of singers and musicians, who have a wide range of mental and physical disabilities as well as musical abilities that extend into ranges of pure genius.

Me Facing Life: Cyntoia's Story

February 2, 2011, 6–8 p.m.

Cyntoia Brown was an average teenager in an American town. But a series of bad decisions led the sixteen-year-old into a situation that ended with her killing a man who had picked her up for sex. She was sentenced to life in a Tennessee prison, meaning she will serve a minimum of fifty-one years.

For more information and a complete list of this year's documentaries, visit turnbullcenter.uoregon.edu and click on "Turnbull Calendar."



Front Page News

The UO homepage has a new look, designed to make it more functional and easier to use—especially for prospective students and their families. Clearly identified links take the site visitor to information about admissions, housing, scholarships, financial aid, arts and culture, or to a special page for parents and families. The site renovation upgrades the “Find People” tool and improves the University’s online public events calendar, while the “Bienvenidos” link provides information in Spanish. Designers worked closely with UO Disability Services to ensure the new site exceeds web accessibility standards. @

See for yourself, visit www.uoregon.edu

WINTER DEALS!
TravelLaneCounty.org/UO-deals



Ducks Play Here...



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON









Warm up with a hand-crafted brew around the fire at Ninkasi’s tasting room, and discuss whether your favorite college hangout was Rennie’s or Taylor’s. Reminisce about basketball games at Mac Court while you experience one at the new Matthew Knight Arena. Remember a rare snowy day spent exploring Hendricks Park while you plan your Willamette Pass skiing getaway. Let us remind you of everything you love about being an Oregon Duck, and guide you to the Eugene, Cascades & Coast adventures you never knew. Come play with us!




TravelLaneCounty.org/UO-deals • 800.547.5445 • Eugene, Oregon



PHOTOGRAPHY - UNIVERSITY OF OREGON MARKETING, RICHARD SWEET, OREGON BY KAYAK, MICHAEL KEVIN DALY, HUGH BARTON, REVENA E. ANGERSTEIN, TVA ARCHITECTS/ROBERT THOMPSON

MCARTHUR COURT

Always



The last basketball game will be played at McArthur Court on January 1, 2011, as the Duck men take the court against Arizona State. Though there is great excitement about the move to the new Matthew Knight Arena, it will still be hard to say goodbye to a classic setting that holds so many memories for UO alumni and community members. To bid farewell to our dear friend—the Igloo, the Pit, Mac Court—*Oregon Quarterly* offers a sampling of the photographs and text in a fine book published by the UO Department of Intercollegiate Athletics, *Mac Court Memories: An Illustrated History of Mac Court*, written by Scott Gummer '86. The UO is still deliberating about the future of Mac Court. If feasible, the building will be reused rather than torn down and replaced. A consultant hired to test the building's adaptability issued a report last spring that concluded that Mac Court could be used to address some of the projected space needs of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, if that is the direction the University decides to go.



ABOVE: The steel and wood framework of Mac Court during construction in 1926. TOP RIGHT: Clifton Nesmith McArthur '01, for whom Mac Court was named, is at far right. McArthur, who was the first president of the student body and student athletic director, later served as speaker of the Oregon House of Representatives and as a congressman. BELOW: an ivy-covered Mac Court overlooking a 1947 baseball game at Howe Field.



a Classic



• • •
Webfoot News student newspaper, June 8, 1926

“A new \$185,000 basketball pavilion will be finished by October 1926 with an estimated seating capacity of 8,000. The building will form the center for the new physical education group and will be erected on the present military drill field. The financing of the pavilion has been entirely done by the student body with the \$5 quarterly building fee. The structure promises to be the last word in auditoriums of the basketball type and is considered by architects to be one of the most modern in the United States. It also accommodates dressing rooms for varsity sports and for visiting teams. One of the features of the pavilion is its ample floor space for two full basketball practice courts and large area for basket shooting.”



• • •
Plans for the arena were moving forward. The commission for the design of the pavilion was awarded to noted architect Ellis Lawrence, and construction commenced in June 1926. Given the building's rounded white exterior, students took to calling it “the Igloo.” Officially, the university named the arena McArthur Court in honor of Clifton Nesmith McArthur, Oregon's first student body president, first student director of athletics, and the founding editor of the *Oregon Weekly* student newspaper.

McArthur Court hosted its first game on January 14, 1927. Oregon defeated Willamette 38–10 that day and rolled to the Northern Division title with an 8–2 record. However, despite their winning ways, [Coach William] Reinhart was not pleased. He felt his players were too focused on individual accomplishments, so when the time came to submit his ballot for Northern Division All-Stars, Reinhart did not nominate a single player from his title-winning squad.



● ● ●

Charlie Warren, UO basketball, 1959–62

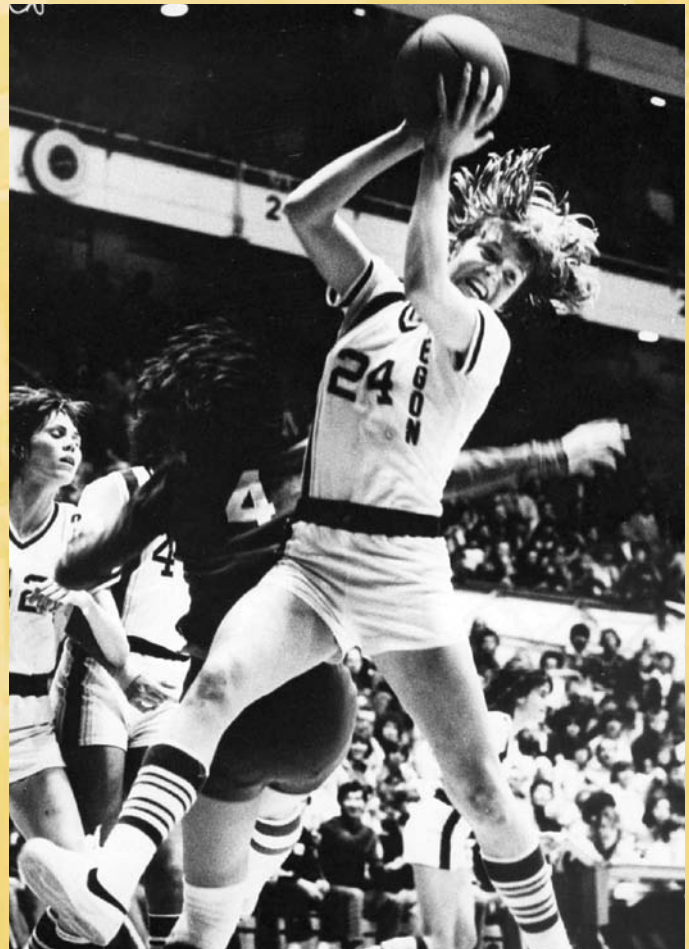
“I have more history than most in Mac Court because my father, John Warren, was the Oregon basketball coach in the 1940s. As a boy, I would shoot around with some of the greats like Jim Loscutoff, plus I was the team water boy, so I got to sit on the bench during games. When I was in junior high, we used to sneak into the gym all the time on weekends to play basketball, and I would imagine I was playing in front of thousands of people—and then I did!

“My best memory is playing Oregon State in the final game of my junior year. Back then, the two rivals played for the Chancellor’s Trophy. The Beavers won it in 1953 and never lost it—until 1961, when I made a basket with one second left to win the game and take the trophy. Mac Court has served us well, but it is time. I am just glad I never had to play here as an opponent.”

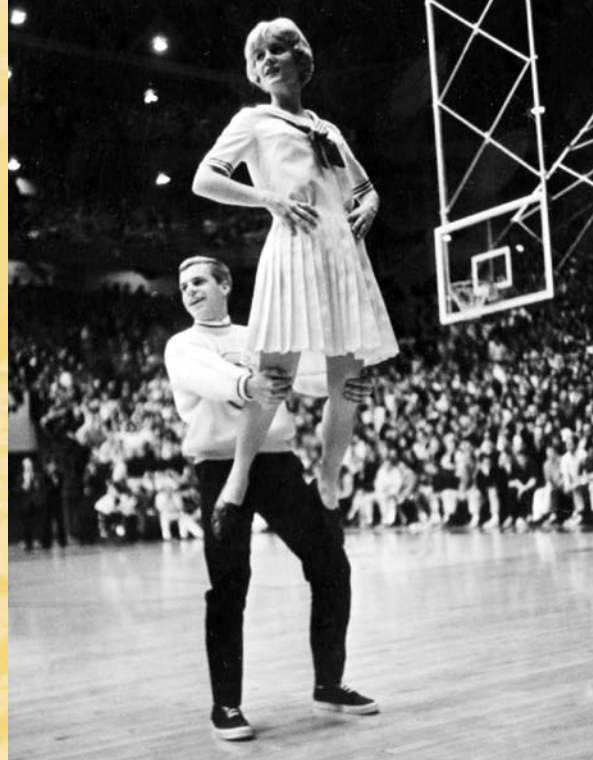
● ● ●

Mac Court got a face-lift before the 1954–55 season. The capacity grew to 10,000, and when Oregon State came to town, a standing-room-only crowd of 10,972 set a new attendance record. [Jim] Loscutoff starred for the Webfoots that season, averaging just under 20 points and a school-record 17.1 rebounds per game. On January 28, 1955, Loscutoff scored 35 points and hauled in 32 rebounds, a school record that stands to this day.

Despite Coach [Bill] Borchers’ reputation as a disciplinarian, Loscutoff was the team’s clown prince. He joined a halftime jump rope exhibition during a game against Idaho, then later, while teammate Howard Page sat on the ball to stall, Loscutoff lay down on the floor next to him, drawing the ire of the Idaho fans.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: The 1947 men’s basketball team with Coach John Warren at far right; an undated photo of cheerleaders; Ron Lee ’76 drives to the hoop against USC; Bev Smith ’88 grabs one of her Oregon record 1,362 rebounds.



● ● ●

Ron Lee '76, UO basketball, 1973–76

“Mac Court has a pulse. You can feel the beat. You can hear the fans stomping when you are down in the locker room—boom! boom! boom!—and then you run upstairs and it hits you—bam! You run out onto the floor and the place is going wild. You feel the adrenaline. You feel the love. It’s hard to put into words; you almost have to have seen and heard and felt it for yourself to truly understand the magic of Mac Court.

“I don’t think that could ever be replicated. Oregon’s new arena will be loud, and the fans will be on top of the action, and it will have its own personality. But the Pit is, and always will be, a one-of-a-kind experience.

“It has been thirty-five years since I last laced ‘em up at McArthur Court, but when I walk through the door and the place is packed and ten thousand Duck fans are screaming and yelling, I still feel it. I’m psyched. I’m pumped up. I’m ready to get out there and get after it. All I’d need is a pair of sneakers.”

● ● ●

Dick Harter, UO men’s basketball coach, 1971–78

“The Pit was a tremendous recruiting advantage. It was known as a place where the fans were off-the-charts loud, loyal, and supportive. When we brought recruits here, they would have to think, ‘My god, I’d love to play in front of people who care that much.’ And we had fans who really cared that much. Each game at Mac Court seemed louder than the last. Who did the fans dislike the most? The Bruins? The Huskies? The Beavers? It was a tie. The fans disliked them all equally.”

● ● ●

Mac Court hosted an epic upset on February 19, 1966, when the Ducks dumped defending national champion UCLA by a score of 79–72. [Coach Steve] Belko had called it a month before; after [UCLA Coach John] Wooden played his starters into the final minutes of a 32-point blowout in Los Angeles, the Oregon coach went on record stating that UCLA’s tactics could “come back to haunt them.” Before a packed Mac Court, the Ducks earned their first victory over the Bruins since 1950.

● ● ●

Greg Ballard '77, UO basketball, 1974–77

“Mac Court is about history and tradition. For me, it represents something that was very classic, not just in Oregon but also around the country, because you never see an arena like this. The ivy on the outside of the building, balconies on the inside that went up and not out, how close the students were, the swinging of the scoreboard when you had 10,000 fans stomping and screaming. Right before you come upstairs from the locker room, you can hear all this yelling and banging from the students and fans getting riled up before the game. And when you take the court, the crescendo of applause is something you just never forget.”



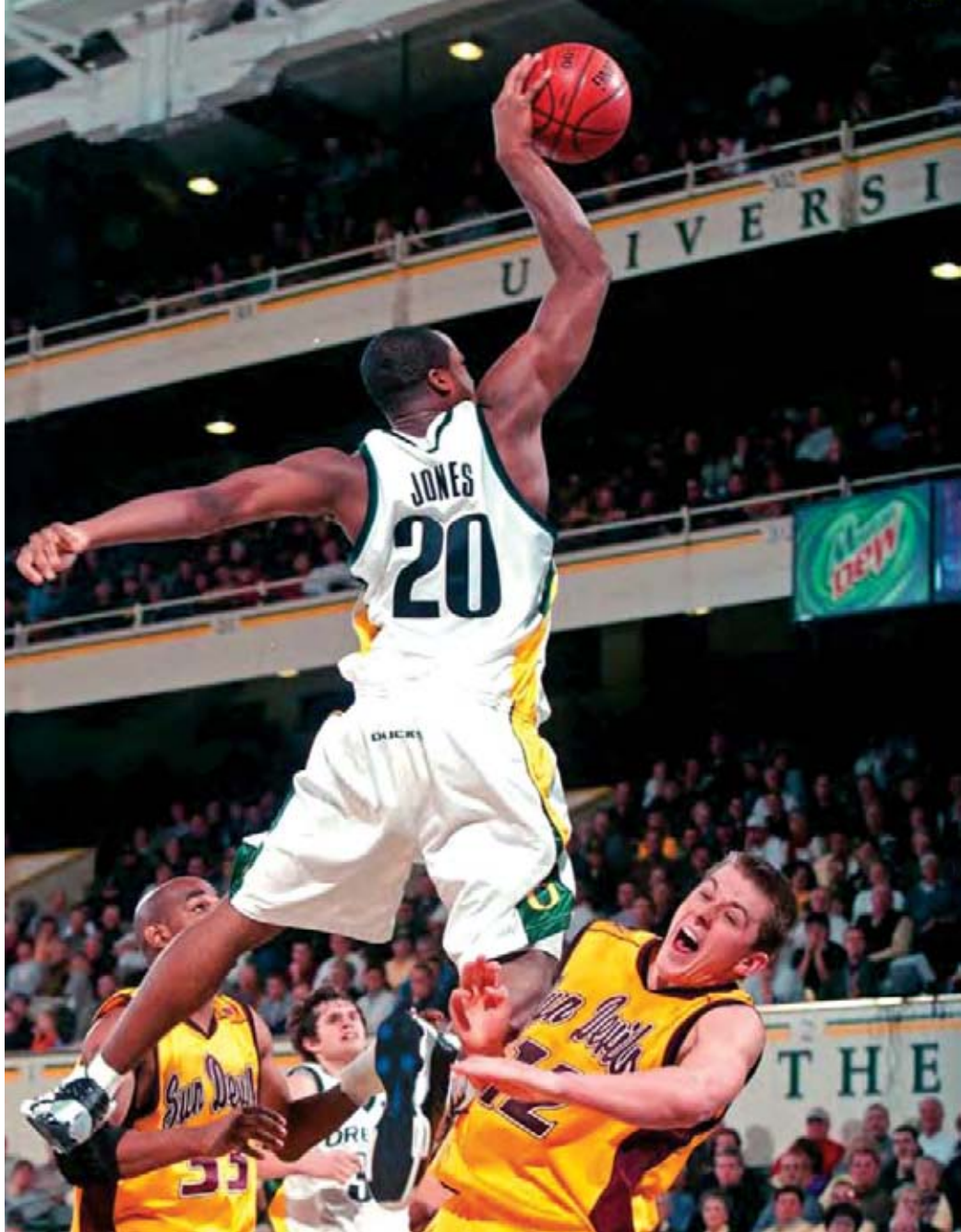
McArthur Court has served a multitude of purposes for University of Oregon students since its opening, hosting everything from physical education classes to homecoming dances and more. For many a Duck, the arena was the first and the last campus building visited: convocations and commencements have both been staged at Mac Court. Class registration, too, became a rite of passage at Mac Court starting in 1969. Before then, students had to hoof it around campus to each department office to sign up for classes, but the move to Mac Court both centralized and sped up the process. During registration, upward of 500 students per hour crisscrossed the floor, running from table to table to sign up for classes. That ended with the advent of the Internet; today students register *online* instead of standing *in line*.



Terrell Brandon '90, UO basketball, 1990–91

“Every once in a while, I would be in Mac Court shooting before practice, and I would see students pop their head in; the building was locked, but they’d made their way through a passage that connects Esslinger Hall to Mac Court. Guys would sneak in just to put their foot on the floor. I would invite them in and we would shoot around until I had to tell them they had to go because Coach [Don] Monson was on his way. A couple times I bumped into those guys later on campus and they said, ‘You don’t know me, but you let me play on Mac Court and I just want to say that I really appreciated that.’ I remember it because I know they remember it.”

Top: Fred Jones '02 is poised for an emphatic slam dunk against Arizona State; bottom left: the Duck with the Pit Crew; bottom right: cheerleaders in the era of the “O.”





Top: the “closed sections” board, circa 1969, when class registration was held at Mac Court. Middle left: the king himself, Elvis Presley, played at Mac Court in November 1976, one of his last concerts. Middle right: a student tries to register in late 1960s or 1970s. Bottom: future president John F. Kennedy talks to a student during a visit to Mac Court in 1959.



Over the decades, McArthur Court has played host to many of the biggest names in entertainment and politics. The venerable arena even staged a sold-out heavyweight boxing match when, in 1931, a crowd of more than 8,000, the largest ever to pack Mac Court at the time, saw former world champion Jack Dempsey trade blows with Jimmy “The Coos Bay Killer” Byrne. Eugene’s reputation as a hotbed of political activism has drawn many a national figure to campus, most recently in 2008 when then presidential candidate Barack Obama headlined a “Stand for Change Rally” at Mac Court. Playing to a boisterous crowd whose cheers reached decibel levels higher than any recorded at a Ducks basketball game, Obama’s first words were, “Wow, so is this what they call ‘the Pit!’” . . .

Among the most popular performers were the Grateful Dead, who played Mac Court three times over three decades: in May 1969, January 1978, and August 1981. Tickets to the 1978 show cost \$5.50 for students. Nearly 7,500 fans endured sweltering conditions in the summer of 1981, with many revelers dancing right on through the intermission. The band, beloved in Oregon, fittingly ended that show’s final set with “Good Lovin’.”




While McArthur Court’s history is steeped largely in men’s basketball, the venue has also been the home of a variety of other exceptional University sports teams and athletes, notably women’s basketball. The Ducks have packed the Pit with crowds as large as 9,738, a record set in 1996 when the Ducks delivered a 69–60 victory over Oregon State.

The program began play in 1973–74 under coach Jane Spearing. Nancy Mikleton took over the following season and stayed for two, but it was not until the following year, 1976–77, that the Ducks posted Oregon’s first winning record, going 11–6 under new coach Elwin Heiny. Blessed by a string of exceptional athletes, Oregon would go fourteen straight seasons without a losing record under Heiny, climbing as high as number nine in the national rankings, making three appearances in the NCAA tournament, and winning the 1989 Women’s National Invitation Tournament.



Aaron Brooks '07, UO basketball, 2004–07

“Mac Court will always be with me—and not just because I have two of the players’ chairs with the Fighting Duck on them. Other teams may not have enjoyed coming in and playing here; if you did not have heart, the Pit would eat you up. But guys were jealous. They wished they played in Mac Court and got the kind of love and support the Ducks did. I never looked at Mac Court as being old. To me, it was always a classic. There is lots of talk about the new place, but here’s the thing: the fans make the court. Oregon is going to have a great new arena, but it’s already got the greatest fans. And that is the ultimate home court advantage.” 

Travels with Trip

From pro kayaker to National Geographic Society expedition leader to environmental documentary filmmaker, Trip Jennings '06 is exactly on course.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ
PHOTOS BY SKIP BROWN

Face-down on the sandy bank of the lower Congo River, with men pointing AK-47s at his back and yelling furiously and incomprehensibly in the local Lingala dialect, several thoughts cascaded like Class 5 white water through Trip Jennings' mind.

The first was a notion he had never once entertained on any of his many adventures around the world, kayaking off 100-foot waterfalls, dodging giant killer whirlpools, being chased by crocodiles and such—the notion that this time he really was about to die.

The second thought was that if he could just get to his video camera, this would make some awesome footage for the film.

The next was what a damn shame it would be that he and five other of the world's best expedition kayakers (including his friends and fellow adventurers Kyle Dickman

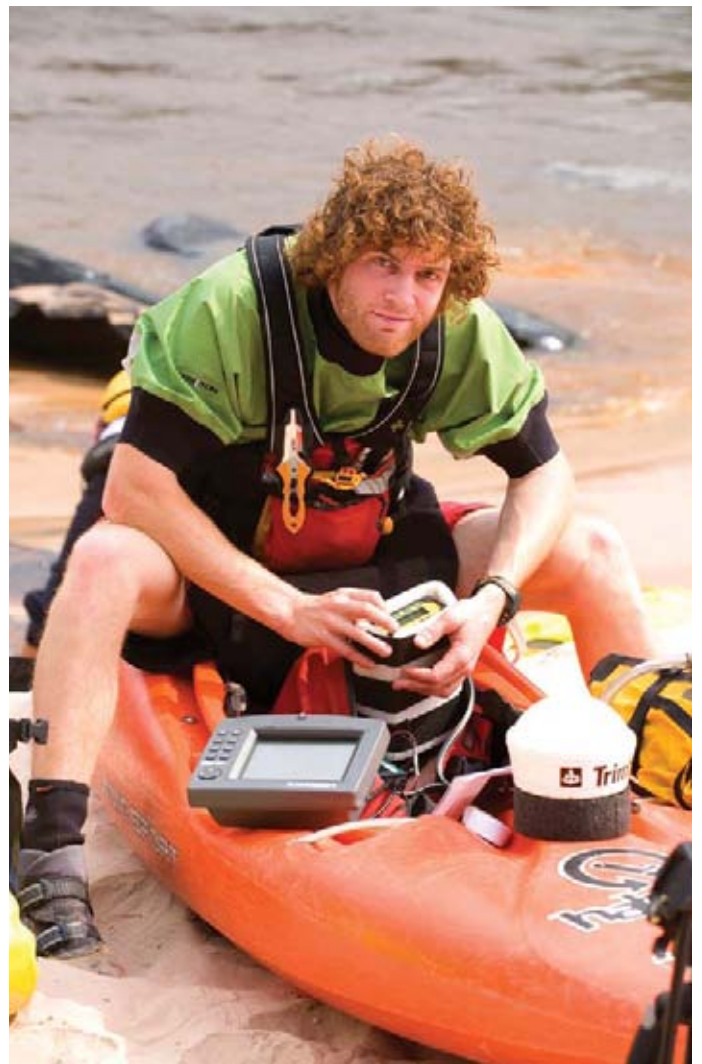
'06 and Andy Maser '07) had survived a never-before-run section of the wild and deadly lower Congo rapids, the most terrifying stretch of white water Jennings had ever seen, only to be shot in the back fifty miles from the nearest road by these rebel soldiers—or Congolese military soldiers, or rogue ex-military, or maybe just bandits. In the many conflict zones of the Democratic Republic of the Congo, it is often hard to tell who is trying to kill you.

Finally, Jennings thought that if he could just show them the piece of paper in his camera bag, a government letter signed by the DRC's minister of public information, it might save the prone kayakers. Not that any of these men cared about the minister of public information, but shooting the guests of a high-ranking official might be more trouble than it was worth.

Jennings lifted his head to try to say something in broken French to the man who appeared to be the leader. Unbelievably, the gunmen managed to scream at him even louder. *Sonofabitch*, Jennings thought, *give me a twenty-foot-deep kayak-eating whirlpool any day.*

Jennings first climbed into a white-water kayak—the small plastic boats that are worn almost like clothing and allow paddlers to run rivers like a kind of aquatic centaur, half human, half hull—when he was eleven years old. It was love at first roll.





Clockwise from above left: kayakers paddle near one of the many gigantic holes of the lower Congo River; Trip Jennings works on GPS and depth-finding equipment mounted in his kayak; the Epicocity crew on the Congo River (from left to right: Scott Feindel, Andy Maser, Jennings, Kyle Dickman, and LJ Grothe); setting up camp along the Congo River.

On following pages: page 36, Congolese fisherman in his dugout canoe or panga on the lower Congo River; page 37, Kyle Dickman stares at one of the many house-size waves that he is about to paddle through. The Kinsuka rapid is just below Kinshasa and contains some of the world's largest white water waves; page 38, at the end of the expedition, Jennings gives his kayak to a local.

Growing up in Richmond, Virginia, Jennings had never been very good at the various team sports he tried. But then he attended a summer camp founded by a family friend, got into the kayak, and listened to a very brief description of how to roll back upright when he tipped over—which he did almost immediately. Jennings swept his paddle underwater as instructed and popped up like toaster pastry. Anyone who has spent long moments hanging underwater from a kayak, swishing the paddle around with all the effectiveness of stirring a milkshake with dental floss, and contemplating what is euphemistically called a “wet exit,” will recognize the magnitude of first-try success.

Jennings had found his thing.

Now twenty-seven, he remembers the moment powerfully. “The instant I started paddling,” Jennings says, “it felt right, it felt awesome. I had no idea at age eleven what it would mean, but I knew I wanted to kayak a lot.”

One of the founders of the camp—where Jennings would go on to work many summers as a counselor and then as director of the rock climbing and kayaking programs—was a pro-level kayaker who became the paddling prodigy’s mentor. Soon Jennings was taking part in competitions around the East Coast. He did well enough that in high school he was offered a sponsorship by a well-known manufacturer, Perception Kayaks, to join their junior pro team.

It was young guy heaven: the first of three summers spent on a forty-foot RV piled high with kayaks and fueled by testosterone, traveling the country in the company of Jennings’ childhood kayaking heroes, going to competitions and paddling

all the best white water in America—including Oregon, where once again he felt the call of the awesome.

Jennings had found his place.

“We’d paddled a lot of beautiful spots,” he says, “but we got to Oregon and it all hit me, the rivers, the waterfalls, the mountains and big trees—this was where I wanted to be. I came out to stay a year later.”



To stay and, at his parents’ insistence, to go to college. He roomed with Maser, whom he’d met back east, and was introduced to Dickman on a rock climbing trip. They formed an adventurous trio.

“Trip is the eternal optimist,” Dickman says. “It doesn’t matter how bad things are, he’s always sure it will work out okay. He’s the first to get you into trouble, and the first to get you out.”

“It’s true,” echoes Maser. “Trip is always willing to get as far out there as you can get. He’ll engage with anyone, no matter how hostile they might seem—or be. Sometimes it actually comes in handy.”

The guys with the AK-47s hadn’t shot him yet, so Jennings figured it was time to get proactive.

“Our expeditions are very consensus-based,” he explains, “because we’re all

taking a lot of risks and I don’t ever want to tell someone to do something dangerous that they don’t want to do. So we don’t really think of anyone as the ‘boss,’ but I’m actually listed on the National Geographic grants as the leader, which only comes back to haunt me in situations like that, when people start pointing at me: ‘Oh, you’ve got guns? Oh yeah, you definitely want to talk to *him*, the tall red-headed guy.’”

So the tall red-headed guy kept repeating in not-very-good French that he was going to get up and get a piece of paper that would explain everything. He rose slowly into a torrent of Lingala, but no bullets, and carefully pulled the official document from his camera bag. But it was written in formal French, and the leader of the gunmen couldn’t read it. Neither, it appeared, could anyone else. Finally, the most educated bad guy was located, who translated the letter from French into Lingala. The leader frowned at the six kayakers, barefoot and bare-chested in the warm morning, who had carefully risen to their feet. He pointed to their shoes and shirts, indicating that they should put them on. Then he motioned with his gun for them to walk up into the jungle.

“Oh, *great*,” Jennings remembers thinking, “now we’re being taken captive. I do not want to be a hostage at *all*. The Congo is a *bad* place to be a hostage! Nothing in my life had ever prepared me to deal with anything like this. Then my buddy Kyle looked at me, looked at them all pointing up into the jungle, looked back at me, then looked at them and said, ‘Nope. No way.’ And I’m thinking, ‘That’s *brilliant!* Just say *no!*’”

And so the kayakers all turned and began slowly packing up their gear—which

took what seemed like an eternity, as their tents were still up and everything they carried with them was all over the river bank—while the irate gunmen waved their weapons and shouted threats. The plan, if you could call it that, was that if the shooting started the paddlers would all run in different directions, hoping at least someone would get away. To *where*, exactly, was an agenda item for later. Jennings and the others tried to concentrate on packing up—tried not to imagine the first blast ringing in their ears, scattering birds into the African sky.

Jennings took some extra time to finish school—the lure of kayaking was simply too strong. In 2003, after his final summer traveling with the Perception team, he started a video production company called the Epicocity Project. Or, put another way, he convinced two of his buddies to buy an old Subaru with him and just go traveling, sleeping in the car, paddling “sick” white water, and making videos in the genre Jennings affectionately calls “kayak porn.”

“It was the quintessential road trip,” he says. “I dedicated a year and half to that, working ridiculous jobs to get the money together to shoot the next segment. Like one time I worked construction and they were renovating a house with an eighteen-inch crawl space that needed to be dug to twenty-four inches. So they handed me a tarp, a shovel, and a headlamp and said, ‘See you in three weeks.’ All I could think was that it was going to get me to Chile to film the next segment.”

The first film he shot and produced was named “Best

Kayak Video of the Year” by *Paddler Magazine*.

Jennings had found his work.

Eventually, he graduated from the UO with a degree in Spanish literature—something of a major of convenience, but being fluent in Spanish has often been helpful. Along the way, he found a mentor and kindred spirit in UO journalism professor and kayaker Bill Ryan.

What came after graduation has surprised even Jennings, although he'd been dreaming about something like it since he was a kid. He's become a modern-day explorer, expedition leader, and conservation filmmaker. Which you will not find listed at a college job fair.

“The whole time I've been kayaking, I've always been passionate about protecting the places we play,” Jennings says, “and the more I traveled the world to paddle, the more I was blessed to experience some of the most pristine wilderness areas in a way very few people can. I began to see that these areas are so threatened—on the way to these places I always wound up traveling through some of the most destroyed and devastated landscapes there are. The intersection between civilization and the wilderness is usually the place where anything goes; it's like the Wild West out there. You see the clear cuts, the dams, the mines, the markets with the bush meat hanging in the street. I felt like I had a responsibility to tell a bigger, more complex, and more important story than just paddling sick white water. People are going to watch kayaking media, so why not use the opportunity to talk about environmental protection?”

Jennings began looking for funding for an expedition to the never-before-kayaked Pandi River in Papua New

Guinea, part of the world's third-largest remaining tropical rainforest wilderness area. He heard that the National Geographic Society had just initiated a new program called the Young Explorers grant. The fit seemed ideal—the society was looking for projects that combined youth-oriented adventure,



conservation, and science—so Jennings made his pitch. In 2007, he became the second recipient of a Young Explorer grant.

Jennings had found his calling.

So he was off to paddle and film on the Pandi. The following year he made the Congo trip—in Trip-like fashion.

“The National Geographic people had just a short section of the lower Congo in mind when they made the grant,” says Dickman, “but when we got to Africa, Trip pulls out the map and says, ‘Why don't we make a first descent of this whole eighty-five-mile section! It will be great!’ And of course we listened to him.”

Then, in 2009, a National Geographic grant supported Jennings as he paddled the Rio Roosevelt, a tributary of the Amazon, with a group of scientists. Located in the world's largest tropical rainforest wilderness area, the river got its English name after Teddy Roosevelt paddled down it in 1916.

An expedition to Laos followed, and Jennings has recently received another Young Explorer grant to return to the Congo—only this time they won't be paddling the lower Congo. This time the expedition isn't about kayaking rapids, but instead about the rapidly dwindling elephant popula-

tion, and fighting the international ivory poachers who are killing 10 percent of the remaining elephants every year. This time, in fact, they're going to the most dangerous part of the country.

With everything hurriedly packed—minus the items the Congo gunmen decided to keep: Jennings' watch, various iPods, all of the expedition's water bottles, and one pair of socks—Jennings and his fellow kayakers climbed in their boats and paddled away at Olympic gold medal pace, still ready for the angry, but now somewhat confused, owners of the AK-47s to open fire. But the only sounds were paddles pulling the water and lungs pulling the air.

As soon as Jennings figured they were safely out of range downriver, he yelled at the group to pull over to the shore. Before everyone was

out of their kayaks, Jennings had his video camera out and began interviewing each member of the expedition.

“When I'd gotten a little brave with the gunmen,” he recalls, “I'd actually pulled out the videocam and pointed to it and to them, like ‘Can I film you?’ They didn't react very well to that at all, so I didn't get any footage. But the interviews with all of us right after, that was some great stuff that made it into the film!”

“That's Trip,” Maser laughs. “Another time, we're on a 200-mile kayak trip in the middle of nowhere in Tibet when the Chinese cracked down on the country. All the borders are closed with us inside them, and we're hiding under a bridge in the boats as a Chinese military convoy rolls over it above us—and you just know Trip is thinking, ‘Man, I've gotta film this.’”

“If there was a limit to be pushed,” Dickman adds, “Trip would push it. But recently, as he's gotten older, he's learning to back off a bit.”

Should you decide to kayak off a waterfall—a 100-footer such as Jennings has done, or just a little everyday thirty-three-footer, such as you'll find on Jennings' favorite river to run in the world, the Little White Salmon on the Washington side of the Columbia River Gorge—you'll use a move which was pioneered in Jennings' adopted home state and is called the Oregon tuck. You'll paddle over the falls (imagine a ten-story building with water running off the roof and plunging into a swimming pool at the bottom) and you'll extend your last stroke so you don't overrotate during the drop.

The last paddle stroke, in fact, controls your angle the whole way down, so it better be a good one. Then, at the last second, you'll do a sort of crunch toward the bow of the kayak, putting your forearm on the deck and your forehead on your arm. You'll clear the paddle out along the side of the kayak. The goal is for the boat to enter the water perfectly vertical, stabbing it like a knife, with your body tightly tucked in. Do it right and all you'll have left is to work your way back to the surface and away from the roiling pool. Do it slightly wrong, and you'll break your paddle or your nose or both. Do it much more than slightly wrong, and you'll break your life.

"The way you land is everything—you can totally destroy yourself," Jennings points out, somewhat unnecessarily.

Which is what happened last summer, when a close friend of Jennings missed his line off a waterfall and suffered life-threatening head injuries. Jennings and the rest of the group spent three hours trying to keep their friend from hypothermia, and trying to keep his spine in traction until the helicopter arrived.

"My buddy nearly died that day, and that just changed the game for me," says Jennings. "I'm at the point in the sport now where I'm not going to push the physical limits of kayaking anymore. But I still plan to push the geographical limits, I guess you could say, doing expedition kayaking, running rivers in places where people didn't think we could. That's what I love these days."

And in fact, Jennings will trade his paddle for a metaphorical pith helmet on his next expedition to the Congo, where he will complete the world tropical wilderness hat trick, hiking across the

planet's second-largest natural rainforest area, which includes Virunga National Park. Once again, Maser and Dickman will be with him. Unfortunately, the park is in the eastern Congo, the hottest conflict zone in the country. Called the Elephant Ivory Project, the expedition will film the threatened elephants and help a University of Washington research team battle the illegal ivory trade by collecting samples of elephant dung.



Samuel Wasser, director of the UW's Center for Conservation Biology, spent thirty years in Africa and has seen the slaughter of elephants firsthand. And while the common perception in the United States may be that impoverished locals are killing these animals for a few dollars, the truth is that large, well-funded international ivory cartels, operating much like drug cartels, are behind the slaughter. They are enabled (and supplied with automatic weapons) by the Congolese military. The bulk of the ivory goes to the world's two largest markets for it: China and the United States. That's another common misconception—that only Asia buys ivory. Go to any knife and gun show in America and you will see tables covered with illegal ivory handles and grips.

Many of the buyers probably don't know they are directly contributing to the extinction of one of the world's most iconic wild animals.

Wasser heard about Jennings during a National Geographic presentation that featured Jennings' first Congo journey. To Wasser, the unflappable young kayaker seemed a perfect fit for a project in this vast, remote, and "tricky" part of the Congo.

Jennings' expedition will send the elephant scat to Wasser, who will compare the DNA in the samples to that taken from confiscated ivory. The results will enable Wasser's team to build a detailed map of where poachers operate, as an intelligence tool for Interpol's Wildlife Crimes Unit, as well as for antipoaching teams on the ground in the Congo and other law enforcement officials, prosecutors, and diplomats trying to fight the global ivory trade.


"The great thing about this expedition," Jennings says, "even beyond the fact that we're trekking across hundreds of miles of spectacular wild jungle, is that we'll be working closely and getting major input from the Congolese people and tribal leaders who are doing amazing things to protect elephants. I think it is incredibly important for this work to be wanted by, guided by, and supported by the local people. It's inappropriate to come in as a Westerner and start telling people how to manage their wildlife, like they know nothing. That seems like just another form of colonialism to me. And another huge benefit of working with the locals is that they'll help us not get killed by other locals!"

This time, Jennings will have local guides to help the expedition stay away from trouble—something they

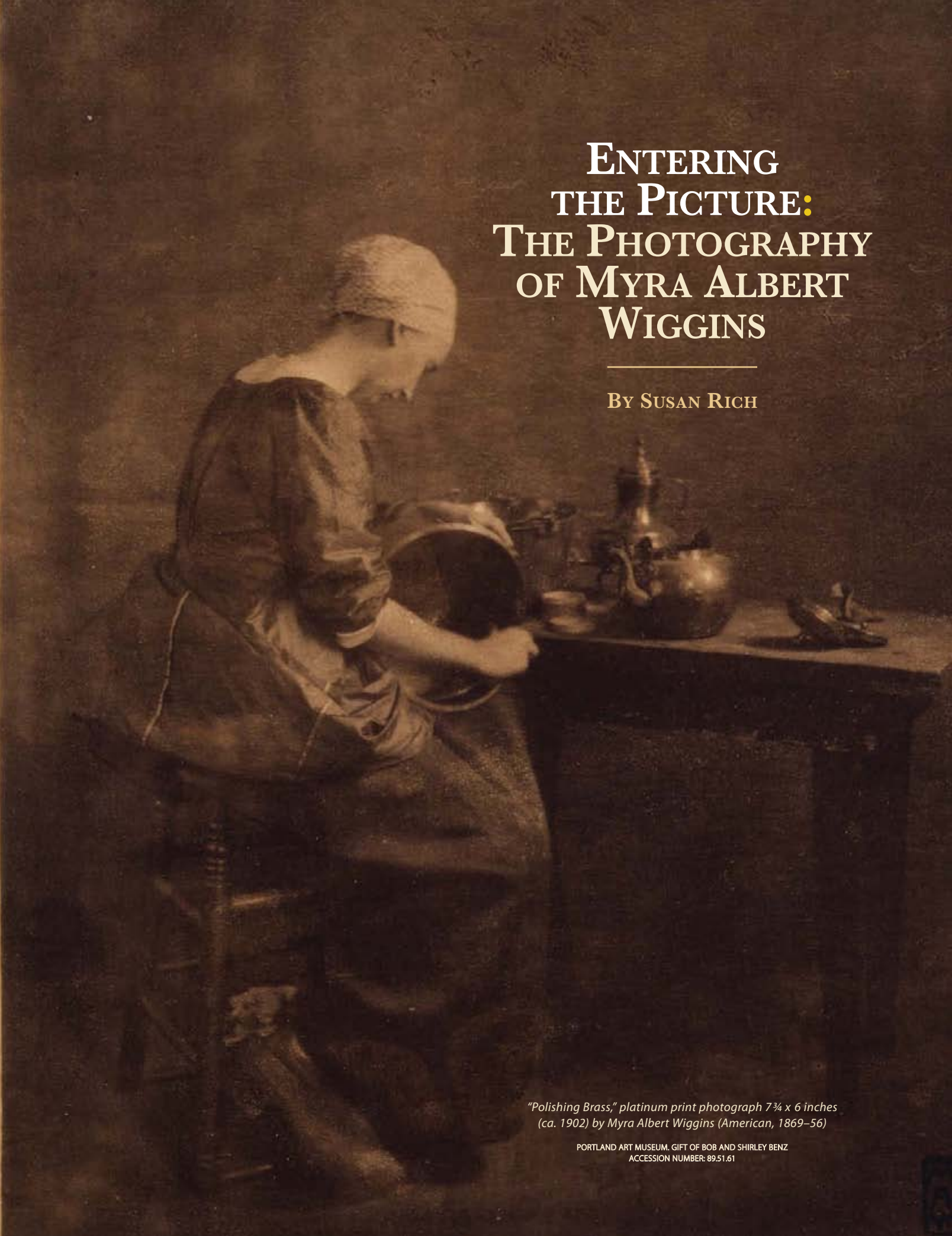
couldn't do on the Congo river trip because only the world's top kayakers could have survived the Class 5 white water.

Beyond the DNA evidence for Wasser's team, the end product for Jennings will be an exciting film and TV show mixing, as always, adventure, science, and conservation. The film will be useful as an educational tool, both on the ground in the Congo and in the United States, for conservation and environmental nonprofit organizations working to save the remaining elephants.

What began in a small, brightly colored plastic boat at a Virginia summer camp has come full roll. Jennings swept his paddle and popped up into his dreams: Half the year in beautiful Oregon, running his production company (when not running the Little White Salmon) and shooting fundraising videos for nonprofit organizations about which he cares; the other half exploring and kayaking in the wild places around the world—not to plant the flag like his nineteenth-century predecessor on the lower Congo, Henry Stanley, but to plant instead the seeds of a commitment to protecting what little is left of the wilderness.

"Yeah," Jennings says, "I'm blown away that I can actually pay the bills doing this. I'm amazingly lucky. My goal is to continue producing outdoor environmental films and to tell the best story we can that is also the most productive for the conservation movement. And at least one or two of those expeditions each year should involve kayaks—and at least a little sick white water!" 

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland writer whose main experiences with white water have come in a hot tub with the jets turned up.



ENTERING
THE PICTURE:
THE PHOTOGRAPHY
OF MYRA ALBERT
WIGGINS

BY SUSAN RICH

*"Polishing Brass," platinum print photograph 7¾ x 6 inches
(ca. 1902) by Myra Albert Wiggins (American, 1869–56)*

PORTLAND ART MUSEUM. GIFT OF BOB AND SHIRLEY BENZ
ACCESSION NUMBER: 89.51.61

I remember that afternoon ten years ago quite clearly. The month is November, it is a Wednesday as I make my way through the darkening hallways of the Frye Art Museum in Seattle. There is less than an hour to go until closing when I am assaulted, hit over the head, by art. A framed image of a young girl at a simple table holds me in its place. I can't look away. As in the sight of a new, mysterious lover, I find myself transfixed.

Instinctively, I scribble down a few lines and close my notebook. I go on with my life. But the photograph calls me back. There's an inexplicable detail in the courage of the child's spoon against the window's broad horizon that I need to experience again. Four years after my initial visit, I return to the museum in search of that same piece. With the assistance and agile detective work of the gift shop cashier, I find that I've fallen for the photograph "Hunger Is the Best Cook" by Oregon photographer Myra Albert Wiggins.

Myra Albert Wiggins, born in Salem in 1869, entered the world as the daughter of a successful and eccentric banker. Perhaps this is why Wiggins enjoyed a great deal of freedom. She packed horses into the mountains with glass plates for her photographs, studied painting in New York, and cruised alone to Jerusalem while still a new mother. Wiggins lived all of her life, except for her three years of art school, in Oregon and Washington. She made her living as an "amateur" photographer, exhibiting her work and often winning awards. Today the term "amateur" would more closely coincide with art photographer—someone whose emphasis is on creativity. This is different from a photographer more interested in the business of snapping portraits and fine homes. These photographers Wiggins dismissed as "professional."

Much of what I've learned concerning Wiggins's life I gleaned from Carole Glauber's excellent book, *Witch of Kodakery* (Washington State University Press, 1997). Through this account, I began to understand the facts of Myra Albert Wiggins's history.

Wiggins not only created award-winning photographs, she painted, taught voice, wrote a regular column for the *Seattle Times*, and gave "lantern lectures"—a precursor to PowerPoint presentations—out of her home. In other words, she was intrepid. How can one not admire her spunk? As an early adopter of the camera and the bicycle, she was the You-

Tube channel host, the "app" inventor of her time. And although Wiggins had the advantages of a wealthy childhood, her economic situation reversed course dramatically when she married childhood sweetheart Fred Wiggins on November 24, 1894, at the First Presbyterian Church in Salem.

Fred Wiggins worked as a clerk at the Holverson and Company Dry Good Store. Surely, Myra's father, president of the Capital National Bank, must have warned her against marrying the boy. And although Fred eventually graduated from store clerk to owning his own shop to running a plant nursery in Toppenish, his business ventures were largely failures. Ultimately he became a traveling salesman crisscrossing the country by train one hundred and seven times. Myra's photographs often paid the bills.



Today there is no listing for Wiggins at the National Museum of Women, and the Smithsonian's website mentions only one of her photographs: "Augustus Saint-Gauden's Class at Art Students League 1892 or 1893." Now in the twenty-first century, Myra Albert Wiggins is in danger of extinction—like so many artists before her. Why is Myra Albert Wiggins a miniscule footnote in early American photography? And why am I so drawn to her work?

What I do know is that her photograph "Hunger Is the Best Cook" arrested me, spoke to me in ways far beyond the image on the wall—an image that I didn't understand as a photograph but more as poetry. In a way, I entered the photograph like Jane and Michael Banks enter the chalk drawing on the London pavement and, along with Mary Poppins, canter over soft hills via three painted carousel stallions. The photograph transported me into the room with the child, alone, moving me toward an unknowable taste from a magic spoon.

Somehow I have to confess: I became that child—and at the same time was unexpectedly transported to my own lonely childhood. Through the photograph I was able to transcend time and space; to move in history back to 1898, to a little girl, feet dangling, face intent on her task.

It strikes me that this movement both outside the self and at the same time further into one's personal history is exactly what poetry accomplishes. And what I've now learned, visual art can also do. There's a fancy word for writing about visual art: *ekphrasis*. It derives from the Greek and literally means to "speak out." Yes, I believe pictures do speak although it's a trick to hear what they truly want to tell us.

For a long time, I was suspicious of ekphrastic work. It seemed for people of another pedigree—those with fountain pens and a fluid knowledge of, say, Greek. To begin writing about Wiggins's work, I needed to understand my own definition of *ekphrasis*. What I came up with is this: Ekphrastic poetry is a written response to a visual painting, photograph, dance, sculpture, Ikea catalog, child's drawing, or bumper



PORTLAND ART MUSEUM. GIFT OF BOB AND SHIRLEY BENZ / ACCESSION NUMBER: 89.51.78A

"Hunger Is the Best Cook," platinum print photograph 4½ x 6½ inches (ca. 1898) by Myra Albert Wiggins

sticker. An ekphrastic poem begins with inspiration from another piece of art and with the understanding that art begets art.

I began my project understanding nothing of late nineteenth-century photography. In fact, that night in the museum, I believed I was looking at a Dutch painting, not a photograph at all. Looking directly at "Hunger Is the Best Cook," this is what I wrote:

Dark bowl, small mouth, sumptuous spoon—

*Whatever there is
There's not much here*

My first ekphrastic attempt was to describe what I could see as well as what I could not. Whatever oatmeal or apple brown betty the girl hopes to eat is suspended in the dark, held in midair. There's a cinematic quality to this piece—a moment caught out of time that exists in the continuous present. The viewer can never know what comes next in this hungry child's life. Perhaps this is part of the mystery that elevates art and makes the ordinary so extraordinary.

As I drafted "Hunger Is the Best Cook," I spent a good

deal of time staring at a copy of the photograph in the Frye's catalog from the show *Pioneer Women Photographers*. And yet, little of the photograph finds its way into the poem, except for the girl. Most of the poem questions how art does what it does. Viewing this piece on a museum wall, it never occurred to me that the photographer had built the table specifically for this picture, cut black construction paper to divide the window into six panes, or dressed her three-year-old daughter head to toe in a Dutch peasant outfit from another time period.

The more I learned, the more interested I became. Here was a woman staging her photographs—connecting photography to cinema from the very beginning. The piece is a fiction—the room a stage, her daughter far from a hungry peasant. I felt even more intrigued by the piece knowing her lie had appeared so true.



By the time I began writing "Polishing Brass" a few years later, I'd read of Wiggins's acceptance in key New York art circles of her day. For a brief moment, from roughly 1903



*"Fred's Portrait," platinum print photograph 7 7/8 x 6 inches
by Myra Albert Wiggins*

to 1909, Wiggins claimed a corner of the international spotlight. In 1903, she was honored with a one-woman show at the Chicago Art Institute. In 1904, Alfred Stieglitz included her work in the photographs he sent to The Hague International Photo Exhibition. Her images hung beside the work of Stieglitz, Sarah Ladd, and Edward Steichen representing the best of the photo-secessionists—the early twentieth-century movement that promoted photography as fine art. Sadly, Wiggins's fame was short-lived. Today, familiarity with her work has all but disappeared.

And so a photograph of her maidservant, Alma Schmidt, polishing a brass pan seemed linked to Wiggins's own obscurity. Only through Glauber's account of the photographer's domestic life does it become clear who the models are for many of Wiggins's prints. Yet, in more than a dozen works, the same young woman continues to polish brass, spin wool, serve food, and attend a child—all in a Dutch peasant costume. Who was this young woman beyond a servant in the Wiggins's home? What did she make of her mistress's art? Their relationship exists somewhere in the photograph, but it seemed I could only imagine it.

"Polishing Brass," an extended meditation on beauty and its deceptions, was one of the more difficult poems for me to write. How to pay tribute to the unknown model without a poem entirely made of questions? Again, I began with the image in front of me:

rivulet of vertebrae

*vestige of one breath-
takingly long*

*and sexual arm
which grasps*

the ledge

Already, I've imposed my own point of view on the work. The figure has been transformed into a sexy icon—no longer a mere maidservant. Here is a young woman seen, but not known, more than a hundred years after her picture was taken. Taken into the twenty-first century—but without a history. Has something been pillaged from her dignity, to be remembered only as a maidservant doubling as a model in Dutch hand-me-downs?

In the late nineteenth century, when daguerreotypes and then, later, photography first became popular, a friend might ask in just these words, "Have you been taken yet?" Perhaps the advent of photography in the secular world conveniently played with the language and ideas of the Rapture?

The poem pushes to extend beyond the frame of the picture, to connect the afternoon of Wiggins and Alma working on the composition together with the moment the reader experiences the poem, no matter where in the world she may be: *Almeria, Soho, Barcelona*. I want to transcend the image and find the flesh-and-blood woman who stood before the lens. Who was Alma Schmidt? Whom did she love?

Once again, it is what isn't here that interests me the most. As poet and essayist Mark Doty observed recently, "You don't need a poem to show you the work of art . . . that's how not to write an ekphrastic poem."

Instead, he said—and I am paraphrasing here—we write ekphrastic poems to focus and examine our own experience from that visual anchor. The image is a container for our own emotional context. It carries our obsessions. A good ekphrastic poem both acknowledges its source and moves away from it.




In "Mr. Albert Wiggins Recalls Their Arrangement," the springboard of the image all but disappears. The persona poem, in the voice of Myra's husband, Fred, is based instead on a line from Glauber's text. She states that at an exhibition at the Seattle Art Museum where three of Myra's pieces were shown, Fred, "bursting with pride," walked around the show stating he was "just Mr. Myra Wiggins." In the photographs of Fred Wiggins, he looks every part the serious businessman—handlebar mustache and receding hairline. I feel sorry for Fred. His car dealership went broke, his nursery plants died in a cold snap, and he was still working as a salesman well into his eighties.

Before taking on Fred's voice, I had never written a poem from a man's point of view. And yet, I became convinced that I understood Fred Wiggins intimately. Or did I? Maybe his jovial nature and overt praise of his wife reminded me subconsciously of another man I had known. Only in reflection could I see why Fred was so familiar to me.

There were long separations when either Fred or Myra traveled for work. Glauber portrays a strong and loving marriage—but no one could possibly know how the pair felt about one another. In later years, they were strapped for cash as Myra's frequent letters imploring Fred to send money shows.



I have spent four years in the company of Myra Albert Wiggins. To date, I've written a little more than a dozen

poems inspired by her photographs, her paintings, her husband, and her grandmother. What have I learned? That photographs can speak; they can jump out at me from museum walls and paperback books. Perhaps the impulse to create art is not bound by time or space, that although Wiggins never became famous, her work has indeed outlived her. That poetry and image can become one. At the time of her death, Myra Albert Wiggins was working on a new painting in her Seattle studio. She was a lively eighty-seven. 

Susan Rich, MFA '96, is a poet who lives in Seattle. The poems referred to in this essay are from her most recent collection, The Alchemist's Kitchen (White Pine Press, 2010).

Web Extra

Read the poems "Polishing Brass" and "Mr. Albert Wiggins Recalls Their Arrangement" at OregonQuarterly.com

HUNGER IS THE BEST COOK

—after a photograph of Myra Albert Wiggins, 1898

Dark bowl, small mouth, sumptuous spoon —

Whatever there is
there's not much here,

but the girl's intent —

enraptured nearly in the pause
and trick of it, the mythic

mirror of abeyance. Her body

opens toward the rim
of awe — all lick and swallow,

imagination readying the tongue.

* * *

Is art simply a hymn to reconfiguration:

Wild huckleberries,
wedge of bread, broken chaff

from the season's ripe wheat?

The museum patron
presumes the sharp taste —

believes fully in the meal

where the spoon doesn't waver —
where the girl will

never bring this moment to its end and eat —

* * *

But this is not the story

of the actual:
moon-faced, well-fed,

photographer's daughter

re-clothed and then
again, for a mother's ambitious narrative.

The costume, the curtains, the fable

rise in what the woman
called *The Vermeer Style* —

deficiency reshaped for pleasure's sake.

* * *

Fistfuls of wildflowers

rupture the room as she shoots
frame after frame

cajoling the unstudied studio pose.

Is her family shrapnel or daisy chain?
Wiggins' curved hand

charting the shutter: half right, half wrong —

lighting through to
the alchemist's kitchen —

—Susan Rich

*Richard Taylor in front
of a fake Pollock*

PHOTO BY MICHELE TAYLOR





The Curse of Jackson Pollock

The Truth behind the World's Greatest Art Scandal

BY RICHARD TAYLOR

Ruth Kligman knew all about the darkness that haunted the world of Jackson Pollock. Fifty years earlier, when she was his mistress, she had seen it firsthand the night the notoriously troubled artist drove off a narrow country lane, killing himself, her best friend, and traumatizing Kligman for life.

The first time I talked to her, she warned me of how the New York art scene was littered with victims of Pollock's curse: artists, art dealers, and criminals hoping to sell Pollock-like paintings for large sums of money were all touched by it. The curse got so ugly that the Pollock-Krasner Foundation, charged with authenticating paintings in the past, refused to consider new works after 1996.

But in May 2005, a New York art collector announced that thirty-two potential Pollocks had been found in an old storage locker owned by Alex Matter, the son of a friend of Pollock. Were they the find of the century?

Forced to reconvene its authentication work, the Pollock-Krasner Foundation asked me to help out. When my findings appeared in *The New York Times* the following year, Kligman called me. "The curse has got you now," she said.

Reporters from Reuters, the Associated Press, and the BBC had also called. In the reasoned atmosphere of the University of Oregon physics department, I had to admit that my prospects for evading the Pollock curse weren't looking good. I peered at the darkening February clouds outside my window. Was this how curses descend?

Pollock shocked the art world back in the 1940s by pouring paint directly from a can onto canvases laid out horizontally across the floor. The results were staggering—vast, tangled webs of paint. I was ten years old when I first saw them in a Pollock catalog. The pages were yellowed and crammed with arcane art terminology; the paintings were printed in serious monochrome. But the black and white images could not diminish the magnificence of Pollock's patterns from my hungry eyes.

Although I was excited by art, my fascination with patterns took me into physics. I studied electronic devices and explored the way electricity flows through them. This flow resembles a river spreading into tributaries: the main channel branched into smaller rivers and these in turn split into smaller and smaller streams. This repetition of patterns at increasingly fine sizes is called fractal. They occurred not only in my devices, but also throughout nature.

The more I looked at fractal patterns, the more I was reminded of Pollock's poured paintings. And when I looked at his paintings, I noticed that the paint splatters seemed to spread across his canvases like the flow of electricity through our devices. Using software designed for detecting fractals in our electronic devices, I determined that Pollock filled his canvases with nature's fractal patterns. In 1999, I published that study in *Nature*. Collaborations with psychologists followed, showing that the human eye had a natural ability to spot fractals, and this detection reduced the viewer's stress levels. We concluded that the presence of these relaxing fractals in Pollock's work might be the secret behind his success.

The Oregon sky was an optimistic blue when Adam Micolich, the coauthor of my *Nature* article, came to visit in the summer of 2005. We discussed the newly found trove of Matter paintings while canoeing around Waldo Lake. I told him that my UO group had been asked to perform a fractal analysis on them, and the results would be top secret. The request had come from the guru of the Pollock world, Francis O'Connor. I was thrilled! O'Connor had authored the Pollock catalog I picked up as a kid.

At first glance, O'Connor and I had little in common. At sixty-eight, he had spent his life mixing with the New York art crowd. O'Connor wrote the Pollock *Catalogue Raisonné* and was on the authentication committee at the Pollock-Krasner Foundation. I was a forty-two-year-old physicist living in Eugene, a sleepy town whose greatest art legacy might well be the tie-dyed T-shirt. Yet we were drawn together by the growing crisis surrounding the Matter paintings.

I saw O'Connor as a sentinel, serving as the last defense line for Pollock's legacy. He told me he could tell the visual signature of a real Pollock in seconds, but his evaluations were so intrinsic that they were hard for him to describe in words, especially in nasty court cases brought on by disap-

pointed collectors. Over the years, he'd been sued many times. Although the lawsuits were never successful, he'd lost his appetite for making his opinions known.

Paddling across the lake, I told Adam about our recent Pollock results. When the computers searched through known Pollock imitations, none of them had the specific fractal signature of the real thing. Perhaps O'Connor's eye was a natural version of our software, serving as a sensitive fractal detector that could distinguish between genuine Pollocks and copies. Our computers could then provide the quantitative support that O'Connor's visual assessments needed. That's exactly what O'Connor had in mind when, several weeks earlier, he inquired, only half jokingly, if FedEx made it out as far as Oregon.

Soon after, transparencies of the Matter artworks arrived at my office, and the investigation of the world's biggest art controversy shifted from New York to Eugene. My research group started three weeks of round-the-clock work. I paced the corridors, knowing that the department's cultural horizons were being expanded. Renowned for studies of optics and astronomy, we were now headed for the untested territory of art.

In the meantime, with a fortune at stake and professional careers on the line, two of the main Pollock authenticators went for each other's throats. The Pollock curse was in full flow, and the press loved it. Ellen Landau, an art historian and previous member of the foundation's authenticity team, called the disputed artworks "pure Jackson." Another of the foundation's authenticators and *Raisonné* coauthor, Eugene Thaw, retorted that he would never endorse them. O'Connor declared his skepticism but expressed his open mindedness to any evidence that might emerge. At this point, only he knew that my fractal analysis was under way.

His faith in my work grew to a point where, after having read in *The New York Times* about birds attacking pedestrians in downtown Eugene, he said I should avoid the area at all costs. The results must get through to New York!

In early July, I flew out to the foundation's office near Central Park to deliver our findings. I finally had come face to face with O'Connor, thirty years after poring over his Pollock book. The meeting started with a formal declaration by the foundation's chairman: "Gentlemen, you may remove your jackets." Unfortunately, I wasn't wearing a jacket. But I was secretly pleased that I had stopped in an army surplus store on the way to the meeting to ditch my shorts in favor of long pants. Protocols were quickly swept aside as the sentinels from art and science joined forces to protect the Pollock legacy.

We all acknowledged the unprecedented nature of the meeting. For the first time, computers were playing a significant role in determining the fate of artworks. Furthermore, this new game was being played out in a physics laboratory located among the forests of far-off Oregon, not in the back rooms of New York galleries. We left the meeting in agree-

For the first time, computers were playing a significant role in determining the fate of artworks. Furthermore, this new game was being played out in a physics laboratory located among the forests of far-off Oregon, not in the back rooms of New York galleries.

ment that the authenticity reports shouldn't be released until they were integrated with the more traditional research under way. This included a team of detectives checking the history behind the discovery to see if it was consistent with Pollock's life.

This search for new information about the paintings had no bounds. When we heard that *The Independent* newspaper in England was due to publish a story about the history of the discovery of the Matter paintings before American newspapers, I called my mum into action. She walked down to the village store in the north of England, bought the paper, and faxed the article to me. I faxed the article on to Francis, who was astonished that I, in hippy-dippy Eugene, could get news faster than the foundation's network of spies.

The summer of 2005 took me on a roller coaster ride of excitement and trepidation. I remember visiting a street fair in Seattle where a young kid had a contraption that measured stress. When he wired me up, the needle shot off the scale. In November, the stakes were raised even higher when a genuine Pollock sold for \$140 million—the highest price ever paid for a painting. Soon after, word leaked out that computers had been employed to unravel the growing scandal. It seemed the whole world wanted to know if the disputed works bore the fractal signature of real Pollocks.

Rumors circulated in the increasing void of information, including that of a photograph showing Pollock in front of one of the paintings. If true, this would constitute proof of their authenticity. As 2006 rolled in, and rumors for and against authenticity grew, the foundation decided it was "put up or shut up" time. Our conclusions were released to *The New York Times* on February 9. The front-page headline announced: "Computer Analysis Suggests Not Pollocks." If evidence existed showing the paintings were genuine, then our release would hopefully trigger a counter release of opposing evidence. It was finally time for all to show their hands.

The press reported that some of the paintings had already been sold. I decided to phone the foundation to seek reassurance. "They're not happy," I blurted out to its lawyer. "What did you expect?" he replied. "You've just lost them at least \$40 million." With Kligman's words reverberating in

my mind, I sensed the hunger of lawyers for new victims of the curse.


The foundation said that the majority of Pollock scholars wouldn't express their opinions for fear of being sued. Francis and I were two of only a few voices daring to be heard. We weren't braver than the others; we simply had the advantage of standing behind scientific data. His eye and our computers agreed that the paintings were so varied that several artists might have been involved.

So began a waiting game that dragged on for the longest year of my life. The mysterious photograph never surfaced. Lawsuits didn't materialize either, despite Matter's litigation specialist telling *The Wall Street Journal* that fractal analysis was "dubious." I was, though, warned to expect public attempts to discredit our analysis.

Eventually, a student from Landau's university told *The New York Times* that she believed Pollock paintings weren't fractal. The media initially relished the "student takes on expert" story but it fell apart when Benoit Mandelbrot, the scientist who discovered fractals, publicly backed our results.

When more worrying threats to "get me" surfaced, opportunities to work in New Zealand started to look very attractive. I phoned O'Connor for advice. "Flee," he said, "and forget this nonsense." But he told me that I must return, hinting that the strategy behind the release of our reports was working: people were coming forth with information and other researchers were joining the investigation. Flying back from New Zealand a month later, I stopped off in Easter Island to find that, even in this remote place, the local newspaper was covering the controversy.

Finally, in January 2007, scientists from Harvard released paint analysis of the disputed works, showing that some of the pigments weren't commercially available until the 1980s, thirty years after Pollock's death. This was supported by paint analysis from another group showing that the initials "JP" were also added after his death. These investigations supported our conclusions. Matter's lawyer described the science as flawed. But when a renowned pigment expert denounced his criticisms as "unlikely to the point of fantasy," the game was over.

Asked why the "Matter matter" had dragged on so long, one Pollock scholar, Pepe Karmel, concluded: "Fear." Science had broken through this fear to defend the Pollock legacy. Today, more than a dozen groups around the world use fractal analysis to examine artworks. The art world will never be the same again. For me, the curse has lifted. 

Richard Taylor is an associate professor of physics at the University of Oregon. His book, Fractal Expressionism: The Art and Science of Jackson Pollock, will be published by World Scientific early in 2011. This essay was a finalist in the 2010 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. Taylor dedicates this article to Ruth Kligman (1930–2010).

Iconic Inspiration

Teacher develops innovative approach to help students live what they learn.

ICONS ARE ALL AROUND US—SOME we admire, others inspire us, and sometimes they come in the form of a sixth-grade teacher.

In her student days at the UO, Maryanne Obersinner '93 didn't know much about icons—or that the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, into which she'd sometimes duck to take a peaceful break from her busy schedule, housed an extensive permanent collection of icon artwork and artifacts. Yet, for the past twelve years, icons have played a significant role in her life—and the lives of nearly 600 students that have passed through the O'Hara Catholic School classroom in Eugene where she teaches.

Icons are the centerpiece of Obersinner's Living Saints Project that connects her students with the University, the community, and perhaps the divine. The idea for the project grew out of a workshop she attended in 1998 where another teacher showed photographs of students dressed up as saints. "My mind just started to light up with ideas," Obersinner says. She saw how the study of a saint could lend itself perfectly to interdisciplinary learning. Integrating social studies, visual arts, history, religion, and geography, students could learn about the context in which their saint lived—from the culture and politics of the period to the artwork and textiles. And with nearly 10,000 saints (and "blesseds"—those beatified by the Catholic Church) from which to choose, the possible areas of study are nearly endless, circling the globe and extending far back in history.

Students in her sixth-grade class each select a Catholic saint and, for the next

three months, immerse themselves in that saint's world. After thoroughly researching and writing about their subject (which introduces them to skills such as library research and citing references), students are asked to get creative with three art assignments: an ancient map, an illuminated manuscript, and a painted iconic rendering of their saint.

That's where the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art (JSMA) comes in. The museum's education and outreach program called ArtsBridge provides stipends to University of Oregon scholars to conduct arts-related workshops and provide professional development to the community. Many of the creative ideas used in the Living Saints curriculum have come directly from these scholars. For instance, one UO scholar taught students how to prepare the paper for their "ancient" map project: apply a special "secret antiquification fluid" (brown tempera paint mixed with water) to tracing paper, allow to dry, crinkle vigorously, then smooth, and, *voila*, a surface ready for a young cartographer.

"The scholars not only have the knowledge, but they're also interested in working with kids and sharing their skills," Obersinner said. "We're really fortunate that we have ArtsBridge through the University working with us."

To prepare for the icon-painting assignment, the students took a field trip to the JSMA's A. Dean and Lucile I. McKenzie Russian Icon Gallery, which features artwork dating from as far back as the fourteenth century. They also heard a classroom talk about icons by A. Dean McKenzie himself, professor emeritus in

the School of Architecture and Allied Arts and an expert on the subject.

A local iconographer, Teresa Danovich, volunteers her time to help students learn the sacred art of "writing" an icon. "People speak of 'writing an icon' because the sacred icons were intended to tell a story at a time when people often couldn't read," Obersinner explains. The paintings are rich with symbolism, so to help people understand the stories of the saints and the scripture, every detail conveys meaning. For instance, Saint Peter holds keys to illustrate the authority given him by Christ; Saint Michael the Archangel carries a spear to signify his position as a warrior. Colors are symbolic, too: black might signify evil, red may denote a martyr, purple robes indicate royalty, and brown clothing represent poverty or a monastic life. Icon artists painted the dark colors first and the lighter colors later to symbolize emerging spirituality. They also honored the spiritual aspect of their work by prayer and fasting.

"Many of the students say that writing an icon is not like any other kind of art they've done," says Obersinner. "They try to be focused and prayerful as they tell this story. It's pretty amazing."

The students call her Mrs. O, and her saints project has become legendary at O'Hara School. "On the first day of school they'll ask me, 'when do we *get* to start?'" she says, "it's not 'when do we *have* to start?'" Many students even begin the term with a saint already in mind. "It was something I had looked forward to since first grade," says former student Ethan Smith, who focused on Saint Sebastian. "I thought it was cool that Saint Sebastian was the



Top: Joshua Haggas portraying Saint Dominic. Below (left to right): Icons representing Saint Damien of Molokai by Kai Harper, Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton by Devon Daniel, and Saint Martin of Tours by Christian Spears.

patron saint of athletes. . . I wanted to pick a saint who represented someone who had a similar background [to me] and loves athletics like I do.”

Last spring the Living Saints exhibit—fifty-two sacred icon paintings (acrylic on canvas) created by Mrs. O’s students—hung on the walls of the JSMA. Along with regular museumgoers, about 5,000 schoolchildren viewed the icons. Claire Farrington was one of the proud student-artists whose work was on display. “It was so cool because everybody could see it and schools took field trips to see our artwork,” she says.

Capping each year’s Living Saints Project is a public presentation at O’Hara School. Students dress as their saint and stay in character while fielding questions from nearly a thousand guests who wend their way through the school’s gym and come face to face with personages such as Saint Ignatius of Loyola, dressed in faux chain mail; Blessed Kateri Tekakwitha, a Mohawk-Algonquian woman in traditional Indian attire; or Saint Edith Stein in full habit.

Public speaking can be daunting for a twelve-year-old, but after three months of living and breathing their saints, Obersinner says, not only do her kids know their stuff, they take it very seriously. “One year I had a student that I forgot to call by his saint’s name and he wouldn’t respond to me!” she recalls, laughing.

The Living Saints Project garnered the 2008 Catholic Schools for Tomorrow Award for Innovations in Education in the category of Total Community Involvement, presented by *Today’s Catholic Teacher* magazine. And in 2009, Obersinner won the Distinguished Teacher Award for the Northwest region given by the National Catholic Educators Association.

She acknowledges that it’s an honor to be recognized, but for Obersinner the true reward comes from her students. “You see these young people as they go through the presentation and it’s like they’ve just grown two feet taller that day,” she says. “They’re so proud of what they’ve done.”

For Marcella Buser, a student in this year’s class who chose to interpret Saint Margaret of Cortona, the project was an edifying experience. “Mrs. O. had us live what we were learning,” she said. “I’m sad that I’m not going to have her as a teacher anymore.”

— Sharleen Nelson ’06

Infamous Last Words

What would you say with your head in a noose?

ROBERT ELDER '00 WAS IN HIS mid-twenties and single when he began researching his book, *Last Words of the Executed* (University of Chicago Press, 2010), a compilation of the final statements of more than 900 convicted criminals who faced death by hanging, firing squad, electric chair, or lethal injections.

By the time he completed the book, he was thirty-three, married, and the father of one-year-old twins.

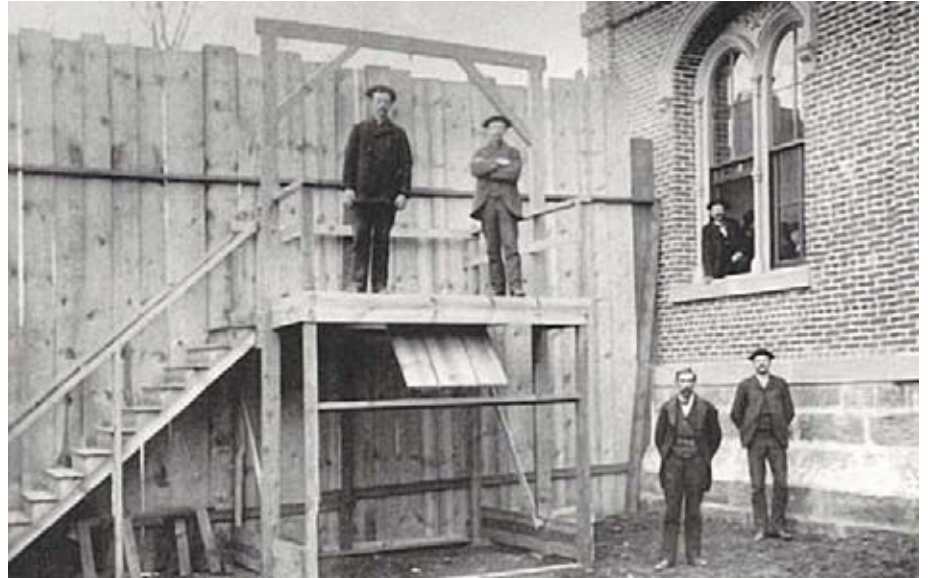
Getting to the finish line was tough, the Chicago journalist says. "I hadn't expected to have children during [the writing of the book]. I had to spend time with people who were accused of horrific child murder, molestation, rape, and abuse. My wife, who was researching with me every step of the way, was pregnant with twins. We were having grisly, difficult conversations, and it just wasn't pleasant."

Elder, who has written for *The New York Times*, *Chicago Tribune*, and *Salon*, spent seven years searching through newspaper archives and prison records, reading through more than 6,000 written and oral recordings of executed prisoners' "last words." He was motivated by one of journalism's most esteemed aspirations, to give public voice to the traditionally voiceless.

"These are society's most dangerous, outcast members," Elder says. "Why is it a cultural ritual to record what they say? I wanted to have a laser beam focus on that central question."

For centuries, people's dying statements have been recorded and revered. "They matter because they can't be taken back," Elder says. "Death is an experience each of us has to go through. We all wonder, 'what does one say on the edge of oblivion?'"

The last words of those about to be executed have a particular resonance, Elder says, not only because of their circumstances but because, unlike most of us, these people know the exact time of their death and that their statements will be recorded. He was "appalled," he says, when he realized that although these "last words" existed in archives and records, no one had formally compiled them into a book. So he set to work.



Jacksonville gallows used to hang Lewis O'Neil in 1886

Elder chose the book's entries to reflect a variety of people, regions, periods, ethnic backgrounds, and cultural attitudes. Entries span 350 years, from 1659 to 2009. He also included "words I read that I could not shake, things that stuck with me," he says.

Early entries are often last words of individuals hanged for religious reasons, such as Quakers in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. "Yea, I have been in Paradise several days and now I am about to enter eternal happiness," were the final words of Mary Dyer, executed in 1660 for disobeying a banishment decree. Wayward soldiers are also represented. "I have been among drawn swords, flying bullets, roaring cannons, amidst all which, I knew not what Fear meant: but now I have appreciations of the dreadful wrath of God, in the other World, which I am going into, my soul within me, is amazed at it," said an unnamed military ring leader, executed in 1673 for treason and mutiny.

Most of the entries are from individuals whose names are known only to history, to specific geographical areas, or to those affected by the crimes, but some famous names made the cut, including accused witch Sarah Good, hung in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1692: "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take

away my life, God will give you blood to drink." Ted Bundy, executed by the electric chair in 1989, is also present: "I'd like you to give my love to my family and friends." Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh, executed in Indiana by lethal injection in 2001, didn't leave any words of his own but left behind the poem "Invictus" by William Ernest Henley: "It matters not how strait the gate/How charged with punishments the scroll/ I am the master of my fate/I am the captain of my soul."

Oral historian Studs Terkel, who wrote the book's foreword, commented that what he would remember best about the book "is its poetry—the actual poetry in the speech of people at the most traumatic moment of their lives."

Elder says he did not intend the book to take a stand on the issue of capital punishment. However, many of the soon-to-be executed used their last words to proclaim their innocence and at least one *was* innocent of the murder for which he was put to death. In recent years, many used their last words to rail against capital punishment and plead for the practice to be abolished.

But brief descriptions of the crimes for which each of the speakers was put to death provide essential context for their often-desperate words. Some of the crimes

were the result of impulse, passion, mental illness, greed, or revenge. But others were cold-blooded and grisly: Frank Rose, executed by a Utah firing squad in 1904, shot his wife on Christmas Day and left his two-year-old son, without food or water, with his mother's body for two days. Gordon Northcott, executed by hanging in 1930, admitted to torturing, molesting, and killing twenty young men and boys. Jason Massey, killed by lethal injection in Texas in 2001, raped, stabbed, disemboweled, decapitated, and mutilated a thirteen-year-old girl.

Initially, Elder wasn't going to include

Closer to Home . . .

Oregon has never executed a woman, as Diane Goeres-Gardner '71, MA '83, found in researching her second book, *Murder, Morality and Madness* (Caxton Press, 2009). The book delves into the background of all eighteen Oregon women accused of murder from the mid-1800s to the mid-1900s. Goeres-Gardner combed through archives of newspapers, court documents, and police arrest records to discover the context of the women's crimes, the judicial process the women went through, and the living conditions convicted women endured in prison.

Goeres-Gardner's research exposed the time's contradictory attitude toward women. The prevailing Victorian view was that women were too weak and frail of mind to vote, much less carry out such a dastardly deed as murder. On the other hand, the press and the public didn't hesitate to excoriate some of the women before they were tried. And if a woman was sent to prison, the conditions she faced were stark and isolating. "I thought I would find women had been discriminated against," Goeres-Gardner said, "but not how badly they were discriminated against. How cold-blooded it could be at times, how blatant and how vicious."

And how exploitive. During that period Portland was known for being a "mecca for vice and sin." The 1880 census listed fifty-eight prostitutes living and working in Portland. By 1912 there were more than 400 houses of prostitution on Portland's west side. Prostitution was prosecuted, but only to a degree. Fines and payoffs to police paid for a major portion of the civic government operating in the city. Economically, bawdy houses were "a source of income to the police, the politicians, the physicians, the liquor dealers, and the municipality."

—AT


descriptions of the crimes because he didn't want them to divert attention from the focus of the book. But eventually, he says, "I was convinced by my wife and a couple of editors that it would give the book greater context, depth, and resonance. You can feel empathy for the person speaking, but when put in the context of the crime, it makes you feel conflicted. It creates emotional and cognitive dissonance with the reader."

Elder visited Salem, Massachusetts, while on a recent tour promoting the book. Although the town has erected a memorial reminding people of the town's intolerant past, the actual site where nineteen people were executed for witchcraft, Gallows Hill, is now a playground. "I was stunned it was not more of a memorial, but at least the area is going to good use," he says. "And I like it that they don't call it something else."

In order to lighten his mood while writing *Last Words*, Elder, who has been a film critic, embarked on a second book based on interviews with thirty directors discussing the movies that made them want to be a director. Working on the book was a life

saver, he says. "You can't spend that much time on such a dark subject and keep your perspective and sanity."

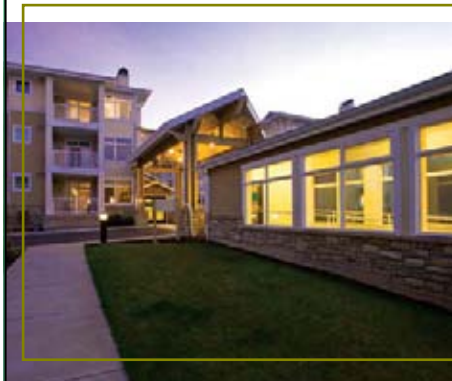
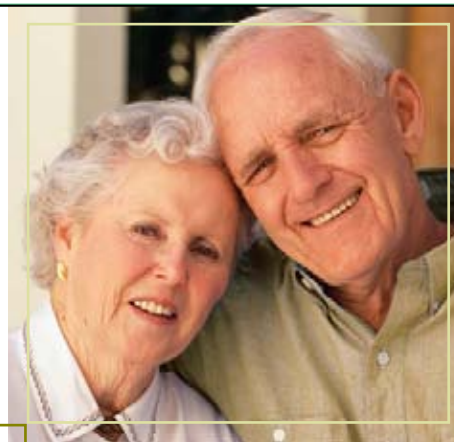
Last year, Elder was laid off from his decade-long reporting job at the *Chicago Tribune*, which gave him time to address ideas that had been languishing in his back pocket for years. He set up two websites asking people to send in their stories of relationship beginnings and endings. "I just wanted to do something fun, frivolous, and light as air," he says. He is apparently graced with a journalist's Midas touch—both *ItWasOverWhen.com* and *ItWasLoveWhen.com* went viral, and he signed a contract for two books based on the collected stories. He is now a regional editor for AOL's *Patch.com*, a local news website covering eleven states.

Elder has been named the School of Journalism and Communication's 2010 Eric Allen Outstanding Young Alumnus. He will be honored during the school's Hall of Achievement dinner and reception in November 2010. 

—Alice Tallmadge '87

Retirement And Peace of Mind

In winter, it is the warmth and security of Cascade Manor that matters most. While you are chatting with new friends in our cozy Fireside Lounge, we're assuring your future with accredited Continuing Care.



Eugene's first and only Continuing Care Retirement Community.
Three levels of care for your future

Call for a tour: 541-342-5901



Cascade
MANOR

65 West 30th Ave. • Eugene, OR 97405 • www.retirement.org
An affiliate of Pacific Retirement Services, Inc.



Heaven on Earth

The Willamette meteorite and its twin in orbit

A DEEPLY PITTED, BELL-SHAPED fiberglass rock about the size of a VW Bug sits outside the UO's Museum of Natural and Cultural History. On a recent afternoon, a woman in a turquoise cardigan and matching sun visor walked right past it. Several cyclists in shorts and flip-flops pedaled on by. A UO law student running to class mentioned that she sees the rock every day. "I think it's an abstract sculpture," she says.

In fact, the object is a replica of the Willamette meteorite. According to UO geology professor emeritus William Orr, the real meteorite has a "fascinating history from the time it arrived on Earth to the present."

Indians celebrated it. Farmers hijacked it. Then it was exhibited at the 1905 Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition in Portland. Immediately thereafter, New York City's American Museum of Natural History acquired it. More than 100 years later, it's still on display, but in a slightly smaller form. Curators sawed off a twenty-eight-pound lump in 1998 and traded it for a meteorite from Mars.

Dick Pugh, a member of the Cascadia Meteorite Laboratory at Portland State University, believes the Willamette meteorite was part of a planet, which was created in the asteroid belts between Mars and Jupiter shortly after our solar system's formation. Asteroid collisions shattered the planet, creating fragments that circled the Earth for billions of years. Further collisions knocked at least one fragment out of its celestial holding pattern and onto a crash course with Earth.

Scientists agree that the Willamette meteorite's impact, which occurred some 15,000 years ago, must have been spectacular—essentially an iron and nickel bullet weighing more than fifteen tons slamming into Earth at supersonic speed. Orr believes the meteorite would have penetrated the Earth's surface by tens of meters.

During the next few thousand years, it got engulfed by an iceberg. At least 12,000 years ago, the Missoula Floods sent the meteorite-bearing iceberg through Idaho and Washington down the Columbia Gorge, past the present site of Portland and



Pit Crew Two boys sitting inside the Willamette meteorite at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City, 1911

into the northern Willamette Valley. When the iceberg melted, the meteorite became stranded on a ridge near the confluence of the Willamette and Tualatin rivers—not far south of Portland near the city of West Linn.

Pugh says that forests eventually grew up around the rock. "Birds and squirrels crapped on it. Leaves fell on it." Five tons rusted away over the millennia before it was discovered.

The Clackamas Indians called the meteorite *Tomanowos*, according to June Olson, writing in a 1999 article for *Smoke Signals*, the newspaper of the Confederated Tribes of the Grande Ronde. She explained that it belonged to tribal healers, and they believed it came from the moon. Young warriors washed their faces and dipped their arrowheads in the water that collected in the rock's pitted surface. "The water had special healing properties and was used by Native doctors to cure friends and relatives." By the 1850s, the U.S. government not only moved the Clackamas tribe to the Grande Ronde reservation—more than fifty miles away—but also prohibited Native religious ceremonies. "... The Clackamas people went no more to the site of *Tomanowos*," Olson wrote.

Owners of the Oregon Iron and Steel Company unknowingly became its new guardians when they bought land under the deposited rock. According to Pugh, neighboring farmers Ellis Hughes and Bill Dale found the meteorite during the autumn of 1902 while chopping wood for a local schoolhouse. Hughes threw a stone against it and it rang like a bell. Recognizing his target as a meteorite, Hughes tried to buy the land, but Oregon Iron and Steel refused his offer. So he stole it.

Hughes cut roads from his property through heavily forested terrain to the meteorite. With the help of a specially built, heavy-duty horse-drawn wagon, as well as winches, cables, and his stepson's back, he hauled the object away undetected. He enclosed it in a shed and charged the public ten cents per peek. The curiosity drew journalists from *The Oregonian* and *Scientific American*—and a lawyer from the Oregon Iron and Steel Company, who, by tracing the cart's tracks back to the hole the rock left in the ground, concluded it belonged to his employer.

Court battles ensued, and the company eventually prevailed. The meteorite then reversed its earlier path and journeyed down the Willamette River to Portland for

the Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition. As celebrations were coming to a close and Oregon Iron and Steel put it up for sale, Oregon politicians scrambled to find money to buy it.

They could not raise funds quickly enough, so the company sold it for \$26,000 to a wealthy New York socialite, who immediately donated it to the American Museum of Natural History in New York City. The meteorite made its final terrestrial migration by train—from Portland to Chicago, then eastward. A team of draft horses completed the meteorite's journey, hauling it from a New York City train station to the museum.

In 1990, nearly 40,000 Oregon and Washington schoolchildren signed a petition to repatriate the meteorite back to Oregon. Nine years after those efforts failed, the Confederated Tribes of Grande Ronde began legal maneuvers to return the meteorite to Oregon. But by then, it had become the centerpiece of the museum's newly opened Rose Center for Earth and Space. There was no earthly way to get it out of the building. The Grande Ronde Tribes and museum agreed that the Willamette meteorite would stay in New York City, but the museum would call it *Tomanowos*, describe its significance to the Clackamas Tribe, and allow members special access for spiritual ceremonies.


Like the real meteorite, the replica has led a transient life, though more obscure. In 1908, the Oregon Iron and Steel Company donated a plaster of Paris replica to the Condon Museum of Natural Science, which at the time was housed in the UO's Villard Hall. Seven years later, the museum relocated to the newly opened Johnson Hall, but the replica was relegated to a deserted corner in Villard Hall due to lack of exhibition space in the new gallery. In 1930, the replica was sent to the porch of McClure Hall, the site of the chemistry department. Professor O.F. Stafford told a *Daily Emerald* reporter that it would remain on the porch permanently.

But McClure Hall was razed in the early 1950s to make way for Allen Hall; it's not clear what happened to the plaster replica at that time. However, it re-appeared outside the Onyx Bridge building, which opened in 1962, and became the new home of the Museum of Natural History. Keith Richard, University archivist emeritus, says the replica was not permanently fixed in

place, and it made frequent, early-morning appearances around campus and in front of the president's house. Students even painted it.

When the UO moved the natural history museum (now called the Museum of Natural and Cultural History and celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary this year) from Onyx Bridge to its present location on East 15th Avenue in 1987, the meteorite moved with it. In 1993, artist Pete Helzer

used the plaster cast's original framework to make the fiberglass model now on display. Curators also decided to end its days as the object of fraternity house pranks by making it a permanent fixture in the museum's Glen Starlin Native Plant Courtyard.

When a visitor from Minnesota lingered in the sunny courtyard recently, taking in the replica, she remarked to her husband, "It's kinda cool." 

—Michele Taylor, MS '03, '10

Join us for the **Fred Meyer**

TAILGATE EVENT

FUN & SAVINGS the BIG GAME WEEKEND at your local Fred Meyer!

Join us for • games • prizes • raffles • great deals on team merchandise

FRIDAY & SATURDAY
(Game day!)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3
9AM - 6PM

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4
9AM - 3PM

West Eugene Fred Meyer
3333 West 11th Ave.

Santa Clara Fred Meyer
60 Division Street

Springfield Fred Meyer
650 Q Street



FRIDAY ONLY: \$1 HOT DOG & SODA



On the Future of Rapidly Morphing Media

Expert panel discusses where we are, where we are headed.

IT'S NO SURPRISE THAT PEOPLE PAY attention when UO alum Mike Jones '97 talks—he's the president of MySpace, an online social networking site with 120 million users worldwide. Jones recently joined six other UO alumni—all movers and shakers in Hollywood—at the stately Jonathan Club in downtown Los Angeles for "LA Confidential: UO Alumni on Media Mashups and Digital Dreams," a dynamic panel discussion on the rapidly changing landscape of journalism and media in the age of Facebook and Twitter.

More than ninety Southern California Ducks attended the event hosted by the UO Alumni Association and the School of Journalism and Communication.

Writer-producer Bryce Zabel '76 (*Lois and Clark*, and *Pandemic*) artfully guided the panel through a wide range of topics from the impact of social media on daily business practices to the role of ethics in the world of digital media.

Oregon's Tim Gleason, dean of the J school, joined the panel and shared his insights on the challenges of educating new generations of communicators at a time when students are often ahead of their instructors on the technology curve. Zabel noted that Gleason came to the event well-equipped with the latest technology—a hip new iPad. For Gleason that's a reflection of the school's efforts to enhance traditional journalistic storytelling with emerging technologies.

Branding is *the* word, according to panelist Barbara Blangiardi '79, a senior vice president at NBC Universal. Everything is a brand—from major television networks like NBC to individual television programs. Successful branding, she said, is key to attracting and retaining an audience that, in turn, attracts the advertisers who want to use your brand to sell their brand, and that's how money is made in Hollywood.

Glenn Cole '92 is the cofounder and creative director of 72andSunny, an international advertising and marketing company whose clients have included Xbox 360, Nike, Discovery Channel, and Quiksilver. He said companies need



MySpace president Mike Jones (right) with panel moderator Bryce Zabel

new media to expand their brands, but cautioned that if anybody tells you they know exactly what they are doing with it, they're lying to you. He admitted assigning his own company's Twitter and Facebook duties to younger staff members.

In television, knowing your audience is paramount. As executive vice president and co-owner of 44 Blue Productions, Stephanie Drachkovitch '79 is a leading producer of nonfiction television programming, including MSNBC's critically acclaimed *Lockup* franchise. Drachkovitch says social media has revolutionized the

way producers learn what audiences think about specific programs. Gone are the days of small focus groups in remote television markets that dictate the viewing options for the entire country. Today there is instantaneous feedback online. This kind of immediate audience research has even generated support for successful program spinoffs, she said.

Neil Everett '84, an ESPN SportsCenter anchor, provided the comic relief for the evening. Sporting Oregon Duckwear at the exclusive social club, Everett was nearly denied entry due to its unlike-L.A. dress code. "Am I the only one here who feels over-dressed?" he quipped. Asked if he uses social media or writes a sports blog to promote his on-air program, he replied wryly: "Only when I'm required to."


Do people still read newspapers? Drex Heikes '75, editor of *LA Weekly*, the nation's largest alternative weekly newspaper, offered his thoughts on the challenges facing publishers in a digital world that demands instant access to information and ever more online content. The publishing industry struggles to remain relevant as the average age of readers skews higher and fewer young people turn to the printed page.

Jones—the youngest Duck on the panel—was seated center stage and frequently found himself the center of attention. He took on a major challenge earlier this year when he became president of MySpace. The company's fortunes have faltered and Jones believes the company lost sight of its mission and diluted its brand. But he's confident he can revitalize the social network. A great deal rides on his leadership as MySpace launches a reboot this fall.

Jones showed early signs of the success that was in his future. When he graduated from the UO he was named Student Entrepreneur of the Year, having established his first web-consulting business during his junior year.

Zabel asked the panelists what they thought was the most important skill that new graduates will need to successfully navigate the rapidly changing world

of journalism and multimedia entertainment. The group almost universally agreed on an answer: the ability to write well and tell good stories—a timeless truism regardless of changes in technology. But Jones demurred—the only exception on the panel. While he agreed that the ability to write and tell stories is important, he believes that success lies in the ability to learn and use the tools that help you reach your audience.

Certainly nobody on the panel could disagree. Telling good stories is clearly the art and craft of their trade, but the ability to share those stories and connect with audiences will always be the key to their success. 

—Eric A. Stillwell '85

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uoalumni.com/events for detailed information

November 26

Football watch parties
VARIOUS LOCATIONS

December 4

Civil War watch parties
VARIOUS LOCATIONS

December 8

Alumni holiday party, scholarship fundraiser
WASHINGTON, DC

Postseason football pep rally, tailgate
TBD

January 18

Duck biz lunch
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

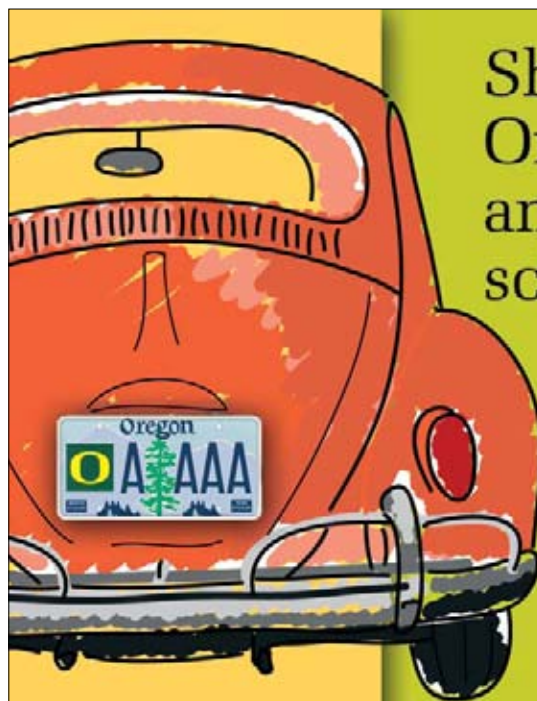
February 16

Duck biz lunch
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

March 3

President's reception
WASHINGTON, DC

 UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION




Show your Oregon pride and fund UO scholarships.

No matter where you go, or what you drive you can show your school colors and help fund academic scholarships by changing your plates to the official University of Oregon branded version.

Think of it as a bumper sticker ... that gives back.

Find out more by visiting uoalumni.com and search the keyword: license.

 UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



You're just a click away from the world's greatest music.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON RADIO
KWAX 91.1 FM

BROADCAST ON THE WEB AT
KWAX .COM

A Duck Walks into a Bar . . .

Oregon faithful—and one especially fluffy fan—gather in SF.

THERE'S A PLACE ON SAN FRANCISCO'S Sutter Street where *he* regularly appears in full feather. Webbed feet flop forward, waist wobbles, Jack-in-the-box-sized head balances an Oregon beanie.

Yes, *him*.

The Duck has been a staple of R Bar since the friendly neighborhood watering hole opened in March 2003. Owner Chris Fogarty '98 acquired the mascot's uniform from . . . well . . . let's just say he acquired it—and he and his patrons have been cheering madly for Oregon ever since. On football Saturdays, with six large-screen televisions tuned to the pregame festivities, an R Bar regular cues the Oregon fight song on the jukebox. Former UO cheerleader Ariel Ungerleider '05 is often on hand to help rally the room's shoulder-to-shoulder fans for the bar's adopted home team. Then the big moment, the much-loved Duck makes his grand waddlesome entrance. Cheers and whoops. Many customers reach for their cameras.

"A lot of [patrons] don't expect it," says co-owner Tod Alsman. "He'll come around the corner, and those people are like, 'What the . . .?'"

During one game, drink orders were rushing in so fast that R Bar's de facto manager Will Presley was pressed into service as a backup barkeeper—in *the Duck suit*. "It was very hard to grab bottles, fruit, and straws with the gloves on," he says. "But I don't think the fans cared it was taking me a little longer to mix the drinks—they were excited [that] they came for the mascot."

Many locals consider the R Bar the world's second-best spot to watch Ducks football.

"I mean, what bar that is not actually in your college town has the mascot appear and has the fight song on the jukebox?" says Rebecca Nally '97. "Everyone is so fired up . . . you can hear the crowd roaring from down the street. Other than Autzen, I wouldn't want to watch a game anywhere else."

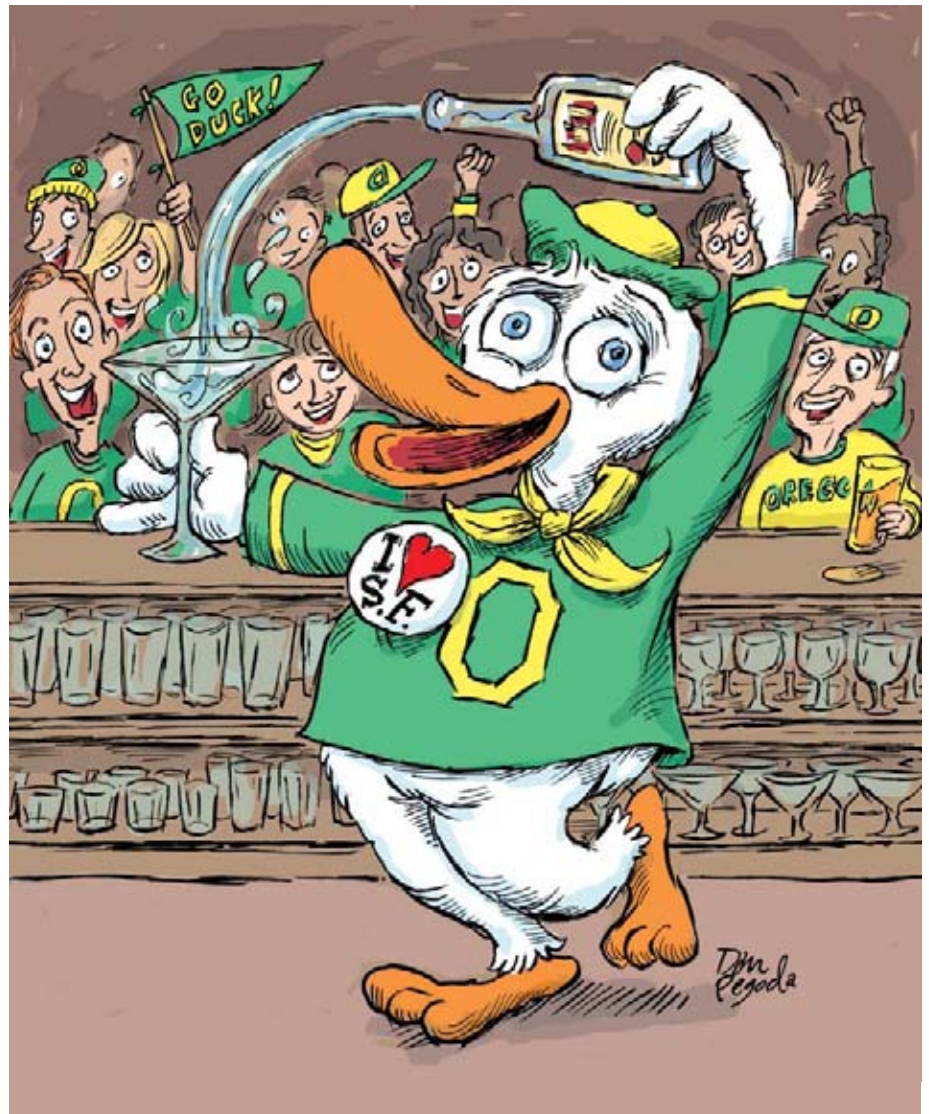
And she's not alone in that feeling. R Bar management is expecting standing room only for the December 4 Civil War clash.

"Those are the kind of games where you are getting beer and champagne poured all over you and you're hugging complete strangers," says hardcore Duck fan Jacquie Bischoff '99, who works for the San Francisco *Business Times*. "It's awesome." 📱

—Andrew Pentis

Are Ducks flocking together in your area to cheer on the team? Find out by going to uolumni.com and search for "football watch parties."

"I mean, what bar that is not actually in your college town has the mascot appear and has the fight song on the jukebox?"



DAN PEGODA

Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

George Stanley Jette '40 UO professor emeritus of landscape architecture, celebrated his 100th birthday with family, friends, and former students in October 2010. He was a UO professor for more than thirty-five years. His design work is still visible in many gardens in the Eugene area; he also assisted with the planning stages of the Hendrick's Park Rhododendron Garden and Mount Pisgah Arboretum. A Green Valley, Arizona, resident, he enjoys watching Oregon football and has traveled throughout the Southwest and Mexico since retiring.

June Goetze Quincy '49 is president of the Red Bluff-Tehama County (California) branch of the American Association of University Women (AAUW). Sixty years ago she was president of the AAUW in Forest Grove-Hillsboro, Oregon; she served two other AAUW branches in between. She is also busy volunteering with other organizations, including coordinating blood bank drives in Red Bluff.

1950s

Daniel Lees '58 is the author of *Artistic Leather of the Arts & Crafts Era* (Schiffer Publishing Ltd., 2009). The book, hailed by reviewers as a *catalogue raisonné* of the Arts and Crafts era, contains more than 400 images of leather designs and articles produced in the United States from 1905 to 1930. Lees is a J-school graduate and member of Phi Gamma Delta, and makes his home in Kirkland, Washington.

1960s

Joe M. Fischer '60, MFA '63, recently delivered the commissioned portraits of Dr. Lowell Eultus, an emeritus professor at OHSU, and his wife Janet. Fischer also completed a series of four children's portraits for Ben and Linda Nathan of El Paso, Texas.

Alaby Blivet '63 is convalescing following surgery. When a texting skateboarder collided with a car driven by a distracted cell phone user (both uninjured) the skateboard was sent hurtling through the air, smacking into and shattering Blivet's tibia as he was sipping espresso at a curbside café with his French bulldog Garance.

In May, **Arthur Joseph "Joey" Todd** '63 was voted the 2010 Oregon Substitute Teacher of the Year by the Oregon Substitute Teacher Association. He taught fulltime in Portland-area schools, 1963–69, then worked in the business world until he returned to teaching as a substitute in 1990. On his award nomination form, a Gresham High School

teacher noted, "Whenever the students find out that Mr. Todd is covering for me, they all cheer!" Todd sometimes rewards students with card tricks, magic, and sleight of hand. "All's fair in love, war, and education," he says.

Herbiana Ludwig '64 spent much of February and March on a cruise to the Antarctic Peninsula, South Georgia, and the Falklands on the Lindblad-National Geographic ship *Endeavour*. This past summer, she enjoyed Disney World with two of her grandchildren and visited cousins in Essen, Germany.

■ **Ginger (Leaming) Dehlinger** '65 is a retired teacher, software trainer, marketer, technical writer, sales manager, and HR manager who has recently added "author" to her varied résumé. She has written and self-published a novel, *Brute Heart*, which she describes as a coming-of-age novel that blends the charm of James Herriot's animal tales with darker, Sylvia Plath-like family drama. She lives in Bend.

After earning his psychology degree at the UO, **G. Roger Dorband** '67 worked for several years as a social worker, then earned a bachelor of fine arts degree at PSU. He exhibited sculpture for ten years and later turned his focus to photography. His recently published third book, *Out Here*, is a collaboration with Ursula K. Le Guin. The book, a celebration of Oregon's Steens Mountain country, has been lauded by the likes of poet Gary Snyder and environmentalist William Kittredge. Dorband lives in Astoria.

■ **Larry Baker** '67 has retired from Lewis & Clark Bank in Oregon City where he served as president and CEO and was one of the primary founders; he will continue to serve on the board of directors as president emeritus. Baker and his wife, Jan, live in Gresham and enjoy spending time with their grandchildren. They also travel, golf, and stay involved with civic activities.

1970s

J. Charles Sterin '71, MS '73, recently completed a new undergraduate mass media textbook for Pearson Higher Education; he also produced more than seventy documentary video segments for the companion website. The innovative book, eBook, and website, titled *Mass Media Revolution*, will be released in January 2011. Sterin continues to serve as Collegiate Professor of Communication Studies and Mass Media Law at the University of Maryland University College.


InnoCentive, Inc.—a worldwide open innovation community of more than 200,000 problem solvers—recognized **Dan Olson**, PhD '72, as a winner of its annual Top Solver awards for two physical science challenges he solved in

2009. Olson holds fifty-five U.S. patents and has twenty peer-reviewed journal publications. He lives in Bend.

Harley Leiber '73 retired from SAIF Corporation in 2007. He spent some time trekking in Nepal, and recently completed a home studio where he now spends his days writing and reading. He has recently undertaken a review of sociology textbooks and articles used by the Pac-10 universities to determine their factual accuracy and currency. The study will be published by University of California Press in November 2011.



CLASS NOTABLE

Fan on Board Marques McDowell '06 and Stephanie (Johnson) McDowell '06 are the proud parents of Autzen Brooks McDowell, so named "because we love to watch our Ducks play on Rich Brooks Field at Autzen Stadium." The family resides in Seattle ("it isn't very Duck friendly"), but recently traveled to Eugene for Autzen's first game (against the Huskies!) at his namesake stadium. 

COURTESY: MCDOWELL FAMILY

Bill O'Brien '73 and his wife Tracy recently celebrated their fortieth anniversary in Boulder, Colorado, then took off for Greece, Italy, and Spain to launch the rest of their lives together. O'Brien's business, Brock LLC, recently expanded to fifty employees in spite of the economic downturn.

Lester Friedman '74 is a broker with Coldwell Banker Morris Real Estate in Bend and has been named president of the Central Oregon Association of Realtors. He recently attended the week-long National Association of Realtors mid-year legislative meetings in Washington, D.C., where he met with Representative Greg Walden and Oregon senators Ron Wyden and Jeff Merkley to lobby for support of private property rights and home ownership protection.

Robin McFadden Kirschner '74 (and two coauthors) received the 2009 Linda Strangio Editor's Award from the *Journal of Radiology Nursing* for their article titled "Meeting OR Standards in the Evolving Interventional Radiology Procedure Room and Cardiac Catheterization Laboratory." The award was presented at the Society of Interventional Radiology Convention in Tampa, Florida, in March. She lives in Gilbert, Arizona.

John H. Lemmer MD '74 coauthored *Handbook of Patient Care in Cardiac Surgery* (Lippincott, Williams & Wilkins, 2010). The popular textbook is now in its seventh edition. He lives in Portland

Mike Dyer '76 is chief financial officer of Serenity Lane, a private, not-for-profit treatment center for alcohol and

other drug dependencies, which is headquartered in Eugene. He is a CPA and has also been CFO for Eugene Sand & Gravel, corporate controller for Obie Media, and an accountant for Coopers & Lybrand.

Charlie Soneson '76 relocated to Bandon three years ago. He has opened a deli in Wilson's Market, which has been a Bandon landmark since 1938. Soneson is now known as the "sandwich man extraordinaire" of Bandon.

A reception was held for **Richard Greenstone '77** to celebrate the October 1 opening of his "Reflected Eye" photography collection at Zindagi Salon in San Francisco. The group of seventeen photographs remains on display through January 31.

Matthew I. Berger, JD '79, formed the Matthew I. Berger Law Group in 2008 in Carpinteria, California. One focus of the practice is the realm of intellectual property (trademarks, copyrights, and trade secrets), while another is entertainment law. Berger is active with Rotary International and has been named a Rotary International Paul Harris Fellow.

James David '79 has written and published *From Hu To Saltalamacchia: One Fan's Ongoing Obsession With The Names and Lore of Major League Baseball* (No Sudden Moves Publishing, 2010). He is a frequent contributor to *Beckett Baseball Card Monthly* and other magazines.

Les Kanekuni '79, MS '85, was a quarterfinalist in the 2010 Nicholl Fellowships for his screenplay *Mr. Christian*. Only 326 out of 6,304 scripts reached this round. Sponsored

by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the Nicholl is the most prestigious screenwriting competition in the world.

1980s


Jesse Barton '80 has joined the board of directors of the Returning Veterans Project. The RVP is a nonprofit organization that provides confidential, no-cost counseling and health care services to veterans (and their family members) of the Iraq and Afghanistan campaigns. He is an attorney in Salem.

Randy Fletcher '80 has been appointed to an emergency management leadership position with the Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) in Winchester, Virginia.


Eric Benjaminson '81 was named by President Obama and confirmed by the Senate as the new U.S. Ambassador to Gabon and to Sao Tome and Principe in central Africa. His wife, Paula, and their Labrador retriever Maya will accompany him to his post in Libreville, Gabon.

Steve Jett '82 is enjoying the fast-paced world of automotive advertising as the national advertising manager for the Lexus division of Toyota. Outside of work, he says, "I spend time with my wife and two sons traveling, being outdoors, and rooting for the Ducks!"

■ **John Pellitier '82, MLA '85**, of Pellitier and Pellitier Landscape Architecture and Interior Design, was appointed




Oregon Humanities Center



Sustenance
2010-11

A year-long series of interdisciplinary events

ohc.uoregon.edu/sustenance.html



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

"Beyond Green Jobs: The Next American Economy"

Van Jones
Human rights pioneer and author of *The Green-Collar Economy*

January 24, 2011
7:30 p.m.
EMU Ballroom, UO campus





Photo: Zach Gross

January 25, 2011
5:45 p.m.
White Stag Block, UO in Portland

"The Restorative Power of the Natural World"

Richard Louv
Journalist and author of *Last Child in the Woods: Saving Our Children from Nature-Deficit Disorder*

March 7, 2011
7:30 p.m.
EMU Ballroom, UO campus



Visit our website to see past lectures and learn about upcoming events.
ohc.uoregon.edu • (541) 346-3934

TURNBULL PORTLAND CENTER

Leading-Edge Professional Education in Journalism and Communication in Oregon's Media Capital

We are accepting applications for our two innovative Master's degree programs for the 2011/2012 academic year.

STRATEGIC COMMUNICATION
The professional master's degree in Strategic Communication provides working professionals with management-level credentials needed to lead campaign teams, to manage communication programs, and to advance their careers. The program is designed as a part-time program; classes meet evenings and weekends at the Turnbull Center.

NEW! MULTIMEDIA JOURNALISM
To prepare the next generation of journalists for the emerging media environment (pending state approval).

turnbullcenter.uoregon.edu
(503) 412-3662



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
School of Journalism and Communication
George S. Turnbull Portland Center

by Governor Ted Kulongoski to a second four-year term on the Oregon State Landscape Architect Board. He has served on the board—which is responsible for monitoring health, safety, and public welfare in the practice of landscape architecture—since his original appointment in 2007. He lives in Eugene.

Kevin Lamb '83 has been appointed to the board of directors for Court Appointed Special Advocates (CASA), the voice of abused and neglected children in Lane County. He has been in the marketing communications department at PeaceHealth since 2004.

Barbara (Hicks) Guardino '84 enjoyed a fourteen-year career as a newspaper reporter, photojournalist, and copy-editor at a range of publications from *The Dalles Chronicle* in The Dalles to Patuxent Publishing Company in Baltimore County, Maryland. She is now working on various writing projects with members of her family. Find more information about her—and her recently published young adult novel *How I Met the Beatles (And How They Broke My Heart)*—at GuardinosWrite.com.

Jerry Ross, MA '84, was accepted as a visiting artist-scholar at the American Academy of Rome for three weeks in November and December 2010. Ross is also invited to participate in the December 2011 Florence (Italy) Biennale,

which has been recognized by the United Nations as an official partner in the Dialogue Among Civilizations program. Ross lives in Eugene.

Nancy Loo '86 recently left WFLD-TV Fox Chicago to join WGN-TV as a reporter and fill-in anchor. She can often be seen on WGN America, reporting for the midday news.

Aaron Schutz '87 is associate professor and chair of the Department of Educational Policy and Community Studies at the University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee. He works with community organizing groups, raising funds to provide nurses in local schools and create a neighborhood organizing effort to fight for jobs in the inner city. He has

two forthcoming books from Palgrave Macmillan: *Social Class, Social Action and Education: The Failure of Progressive Democracy* (2010), and *Collective Action for Social Change: An Introduction to Community Organizing* (2011).

Hugh Duvall, JD '88, is the author of *The Lawyer's Song, Navigating the Legal Wilderness*, which rose to Amazon.com's bestseller list in the category of Legal-Professional. He lives in Eugene.

Randi Millman-Brown, MA '88, is visual resources curator in the art history department at Ithaca College. Her photography was recently featured at an art show opening at Corners Gallery in Ithaca.



DUCKS AFIELD

“Sporting UO pride,” **Brian Van Hoy '07** poses in front of the Mayan ruins of Chichen Itza, which he visited with **McKenzie (Borman) Van Hoy '07** on their honeymoon in July. 📷

In Ducks Afield OQ publishes photos of graduates with UO regalia (hats, T-shirts, flags, and such) in the most distant or unlikely or exotic or lovely places imaginable. We can't use blurry shots and only high-resolution digital files, prints, or slides will reproduce well in our pages. Send your photo along with details and your class year and degree to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

MASCOT OF THE YEAR

VOTE FOR ME!
I'M THE DUCK AND I APPROVE OF THIS MESSAGE.

Vote for the Duck at capitalonebowl.com



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

PHOTO COURTESY BRIAN VAN HOY

Tom Bergeron, DMA '89, recently released a new CD with UO music alumnus and former guitar instructor **Garry Hagberg**, MA '76, PhD '82. *You've Changed* is on Bergeron's Teal Creek Music label, which now publishes sixteen titles. Bergeron is a professor of music at Western Oregon University in Monmouth; Hagberg is a professor of aesthetics and philosophy at Bard College in New York.

■ Ceramic artist and art educator **Jack M. Coelho**, MS '89, operates Jack M. Coelho Design LLC in Joseph. Examples of his ceramic artistry are included in the 2010 Lark Books publication *500 Vases: Contemporary Explorations of a Timeless Form*.

Charmaine (Fran) Leclair, MMus '89, PhD '95, is in Charleston, South Carolina, where she has begun a business, Music One Center for Creative Leadership, which offers a six-lesson e-mail course called Exploring the Essence of Music. She plans to offer an adult literacy program, using music as a tool to help with adult learning.

1990s

Patricia Hawes Maddox '90 was awarded the Social Security Administration's National Commissioner's citation for outstanding service to the agency over the past twenty years. She received the award at the agency's headquarters in Baltimore. She is currently the assistant district manager at the Murray, Utah, office. She and her children live in South Jordan, Utah.

Inkai Mu, March '90, who attended the UO under the name of Yingkai Mu, was promoted to principal at Kohn Pedersen Fox Associates in the fall. He has been responsible for many of their projects in China and Asia.

Melanie J. Reese, MS '90, recently accepted the dispute resolution coordinator position for the Idaho Department of Education. She oversees and aims to improve the special education dispute resolution processes throughout the state. She and her husband, **Stuart King** '91, live in Boise with their two boys, Braden and Taylor.

Sally Murdoch '91 recently celebrated her fifth year as a PR firm owner in Portland. Though her public relations specialties have been art, action sports, and beer with such international clients as DC Shoes, Nike 6.0, and Kona Brewing, she was recently called upon to offer up a new specialty: food cart PR. Murdoch's husband, James, owns the bustling food cart The Frying Scotsman in Portland, and both Sally and James were interviewed for an upcoming series appearing on "Eat Street" from Food Network Canada.

Kelly Kuo '96 is assistant conductor of the Cincinnati Chamber Orchestra and was one of three recipients of the 2009 Solti U.S. Assistance Awards, which honors the memory of the legendary conductor Sir George Solti. Kuo previously served as assistant conductor and répétiteur for Cincinnati Opera, Kentucky Opera, and Opera Pacific. Kuo has also served as cover conductor for Los Angeles Opera and Italy's Festival Euro Mediterraneo.

A collaborative work by **Riley McFerrin** '97 and **Dan Ness** '00 was displayed from August through November at the Together Gallery Annex in Portland. Titled *Psychic Deluge*, the installation of driftwood, twine, string, and video was inspired by driftwood on the beach and huts built by tweekers.

Merritt Gade '99 launched her Austin-based business (Merritt Gade Fine Handmade) in January 2009 and is enjoying a healthy second year in business. Combining her

skills in metal smithing and fiber arts, she designs, crafts, and sells unique pieces that range from bridal accessories to upholstered furniture. She says, "The fine arts aspect of my degree may have been slow to get started, but the education, experiences, and memories earned at the UO have been invaluable in my life since graduation." View her collection at merrittgade.com.

■ **Scot Turner** '99 and ■ **Leslie Stewart** '97 were married in October 2009 in Portland at McMenamins Kennedy School. They reside in Salem.

2000s

Katherine Luck '00 is editor of the *Journal Newspapers* in Seattle. She is an award-winning journalist and member of the Society of Professional Journalists.

■ **Brian Malloy** '01 has been selected as a Northern California Rising Stars 2010 by *Super Lawyers*, which recognizes the top young attorneys in Northern California. He works at the Brandt law firm in San Francisco, where he lives with his wife.

■ **Zachary Mull** '05 and **Kelly Powers** '05 married in August. Powers and Mull work together as videographers for Creative Catalyst Productions, Inc. in Albany, the city where they wed.

After graduation, **Malerie McCarty** '07 worked with the AmeriCorps ASPIRE program for two years, then earned a master's degree in educational leadership and policy from Portland State University. She moved to Stevenson, Washington, in winter 2010, and currently works for Bonneville Power Administration as a public utilities specialist.

In July, **Brian Van Hoy** '07 and **McKenzie Borman** '07 married in Portland. The couple met attending Kappa Kappa Gamma's Sapphire Ball at the UO in 2005. Van Hoy works at an investment firm in Vancouver, Washington, and Borman is a recent OHSU graduate, working as a nurse in Portland.

Mallory Gollick '08 works as a counselor in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at a residential eating disorder clinic for teenage girls, and was recently accepted to graduate school at Suffolk University in Boston. She lives in the Back Bay area of Boston and fondly remembers her days playing club lacrosse at the UO.

Sara Elizabeth Johnson, MFA '09, was one of six women to win a 2010 Rona Jaffe Foundation Writer's Award. The \$25,000 awards were presented September 23 in New York City. She also received a 2009–10 fellowship from the Fine Arts Work Center. Johnson's poems have most recently appeared in *Best New Poets 2009*, *New England Review*, and *Iron Horse Literary Review*.

In Memoriam

George Hitchcock '35 died in August at his home in Eugene; he was ninety-six. He was a poet, painter, playwright, labor activist, and an emeritus professor (UC Santa Cruz). His dedication to publishing spawned the literary magazine *kayak*, which he published singlehandedly for twenty years. Under the same imprint he published the early work of writers such as Raymond Carver, Philip Levine, and Robert Bly.

Doris Caroline Stein Young '43 died in February after a brief illness. Doris was a talented musician and played first violin in the Portland Junior Symphony by age twelve. While at the UO—where she met her husband, **Oglesby**

H. Young '44, JD '49—she was a member of the Alpha Phi sorority and the Order of the Emerald. One of their legacies is the Oglesby and Doris Young Scholarship at the UO law school. They enjoyed a rich and rewarding family life until Oglesby's death in 2003. Doris was a devoted wife and mother, and volunteered at Forest Hills Grade School after her own children were grown.

Charles Frederick Larson '44 died July 13 in Eugene at age eighty-eight. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II, and used his GI benefits to attend school at the UO, where he met Deborah Lewis, a UO librarian. They later married and raised five children together in the Eugene area. Larson became a licensed CPA and served as president of the Southern Oregon Chapter of CPAs. He also volunteered with many civic organizations including the Maude Kerns Art Center, Mount Pisgah Arboretum, the Eugene Symphony, and the UO museum of art.

Charles E. (Chuck) Nelson II '44 died on March 18, 2010, at the age of eighty-eight. He was a member of Beta Theta Pi and a letterman on the UO swimming team. Nelson was a captain in the U.S. Army during World War II and served in the Philippines.

David Neil Andrews '57, BLaw '59, of Eugene died on June 26 after a short battle with cancer. He was seventy-nine years old. He married **Beverly Brown** '59 in 1951. After passing the Oregon State Bar, he had a fifty-one-year legal career, and was a founding member of Hershner Hunter, LLP, of Eugene. While practicing law, he was an adjunct professor in both the UO's School of Law and College of Business, and served as a member of the UO Foundation board of trustees. He was active with numerous civic and legal organizations, and was involved with state and local politics. Andrews also served as an enlisted member of the Oregon National Guard (1947–50), a noncommissioned officer in the U.S. Air Force (1950–54), and as an intelligence officer in the Navy Reserve (1960–78).

Glen Wade Barnes '61 of Junction City died in July; he was seventy-four. He graduated from military school at Fort Richardson in 1951 and served in the Army from 1954 to 1957. He married Sandra Jean Clarke in 1960. After graduating from the UO, he worked as a construction draftsman for Boeing in Seattle, as a records supervisor and systems analyst for U.S. Plywood in Eugene, and as a systems analyst and millworker for Weyerhaeuser in Springfield.

Raymond Joseph Endres, PhD '61, died August 14 from complications of Parkinson's disease in Fair Oaks, California. He served in the Naval Air Training program until it was disbanded. Later, he enlisted with the 6th Marine Division, and was subsequently decorated with the Presidential Unit Citation—the highest award possible—for heroism with his unit on Okinawa. He married Bonnie Joy Catnach, and together they enjoyed forty-six years of marriage. Endres had a long career in education: He taught middle school in Montana; worked as a teaching fellow at the UO from 1958 to 1960; and taught and worked in administrative positions at Sacramento State College, Bowling Green University, and Sacramento State University.

Barry Gilmore '61 died at his home in Orinda, California, on June 23; he was seventy-two. After graduating from the UO, he completed three carrier tours in Vietnam as a flight officer, and later enjoyed a thirty-two-year career as a pilot for American Airlines. After retiring in 1998, he enjoyed travelling with his wife, Penny, and was a devoted Duck fan.

Tim Cook '62 died in June after a yearlong battle with brain cancer. After graduating from the UO, Cook earned a mas-

Tell us what's happening!

Send us news of yourself, your relatives, your friends—anyone who ever attended the University. Please include current addresses as well. **ATTENTION PARENTS:** Are you receiving your children's copies of *Oregon Quarterly*? If they now have a permanent address, please notify us.

CLASS NOTES—OREGON QUARTERLY

5228 UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
EUGENE OR 97403-5228
E-MAIL: OLDOREGON@UOREGON.EDU
CLASS NOTES FAX: (541) 346-5571

NAME, CLASS YEAR

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE, ZIP

OCCUPATION

TELEPHONE

E-MAIL

News Item:

SENT BY (NAME, CLASS YEAR):

WINTER 2010

No other Northwest media will deliver you this print audience.

NONE.

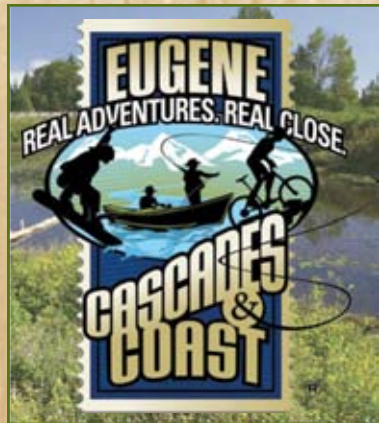
Oregon

QUARTERLY

The Magazine of the University of Oregon

Our magazine advertising works. Hard. For information, call **Susan Thelen**. She works hard, too.

(541) 346-5046
sthelen@uoregon.edu
OregonQuarterly.com



Ducks Play Here...

Remember all the things you love about being an Oregon Duck while you discover new adventures in the **Eugene, Cascades & Coast** region.

TravelLaneCounty.org/UO-deals



BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS MORE TO LEARN.

www.pdx.uoregon.edu

70 NW Couch St. Portland, OR 97209
(503) 412-3696
pdxinfo@uoregon.edu

An equal-opportunity affirmative-action institution committed to cultural diversity and compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
PORTLAND



Curiosity Never Retires

Osher Lifelong Learning Institute

Program sites in Eugene/Springfield, Central Oregon and Portland

<http://osher.uoregon.edu>
800-824-2714

EO/AA/ADA institution committed to cultural diversity.
© 2010 University of Oregon



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

ter's degree in history from Stanford and then entered the reservations field, working with numerous airlines, a cruise line, and the Disney Corporation. He finished his career in Texas as vice president of reservations for the Hilton Hotel Group. He loved running, competing in many marathons and half-marathons up until his diagnosis. He always maintained his fondness for Oregon and chose various spots in the state to host annual family reunions for his four children and their families.

Genevieve Browning Howell '64, a member and former president of Delta Gamma sorority, died in May from complications of ALS. Howell earned her master's degree at Hayward State University, then worked at an advertising agency in New York, taught in Walnut Creek, California, and spent three years as the consul general in Cancun, Mexico. She also worked as a counselor for junior high schools in Beaverton. Howell was an enthusiastic Duck fan.

Gloria Peters, MMus '69, died in December of respiratory failure at age eighty-one. She received her bachelor's

degree from Willamette University before attending the UO. She was an orchestra and humanities teacher for the Eugene School District, primarily North Eugene High School, until her retirement in 1987.

Vernon Hansen, PhD '71, died in June at OHSU in Portland. He was eighty-two years old. He was born and raised in Minnesota and served in the Marine Corps during World War II. He married Darleen Marschke in 1952, and they had three children. He taught health, U.S. history, and modern problems at Forest Grove High School; later he also coached basketball and football there, then moved into administration. He retired from his position of vice principal at Forest Grove in 1990.

Marcella Poppen, MMus '71, died in May 2009, following a career of more than sixty years in music education and church music, teaching at the college level and in Japan. She retired to Orange City, Iowa, where she served as an organist and enjoyed providing Kindermusic classes for young children and giving private piano lessons.

Lee C. Hebert '75, MA '78, died June 8 after a long battle with brain cancer. About ten years ago, Hebert was reunited with his college sweetheart **Sherry Wysong '77**, and they were married in February.

Tim E. Wallace '91 died at the age of forty-five while exercising in Portland. Wallace was active in the Oregon cross country and track programs while majoring in history and English. After graduation he was employed in the fishing industry and then spent fifteen years in several positions at Steel Rives LLP, eventually working as the network operations manager. Most recently, he

worked for the design firm Downstream LLC owned by fellow Oregon alum, **Tim Canfield '87**. Wallace was a proud Duck and a veritable encyclopedia of track and field statistics.

Faculty In Memoriam

Esther Elizabeth Matthews died in June at her home in Eugene. She taught at numerous institutions of higher education including Harvard and Columbia before coming to the UO in 1966 in counseling psychology. She retired in 1980 as professor emerita. She received the Distinguished Service and Leona Tyler Awards of the Oregon Personnel and Guidance Association. She is listed in the *World Who's Who (London)*, *Outstanding Educators of America*, *Who's Who in the West*, and *Who's Who of American Women*. Matthews was always interested in the intellectual and emotional development of women, and in 1987 the American Association for Counseling and Development recognized Matthews for her contribution to the promotion of human rights.

Janet Descutner died in July. She joined the UO dance faculty in 1971. She was on the Asian studies faculty and collaborated with UO theater arts colleagues on several Asian-Western fusion productions. Descutner served as chair of the dance department from 1988 to 1992 and retired from teaching in 1999. She served as editor for the book *Asian Dance (World of Dance)*, published in 2004.



In Memoriam Policy

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice. Editors reserve the right to edit for space and clarity. Send to *Oregon Quarterly*, In Memoriam, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403-5228. E-mail to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

**PROUD TO BE A DUCK?
JOIN THE UOAA TODAY**

Spirit Join your fellow Ducks at the Oregon Tailgate at an away game.

Pride Duck pride begins here—become a member.

Connection Be a mentor to a student. Advocate for higher education.

uoalumni.com

  UNIVERSITY OF OREGON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Winter issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



The original 1937 Knight Library building (expanded in 1950, 1966, and 1992) and the Memorial Quadrangle it faces are listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

1930 A \$10,000 grant from the Carnegie Corporation will help fund research work in art, literature, and music. A committee of eleven, including deans and department heads, will administer the grant, one of the most significant ever received by the University.

1940 The capacity of the UO's modern, half-million dollar library is put to the test as students set a record for books checked out—2,132 in a fourteen-hour period.

1950 After two popular campus-area establishments are caught serving beer to minors, the state liquor control commission takes action, suspending beer licenses for Taylor's and the College Side Inn for fifteen days.


1960 Under the headline "Scholarship Cornucopia" *Old Oregon* reports a record distribution of over \$107,845, easing financial concerns for some 450 students.

1970 A group of 150 students fling Frisbees in front of Johnson Hall protesting a noncredit course titled "Frisbee Techniques and Special Implications" not being allowed in an experimental alternative curriculum. Few women participate, a result, says one women's liberationist on hand, of women being denied

equal educational opportunity and "the countless prejudices shown against them by the educational Establishment, an Establishment comprised mainly of male chauvinists."

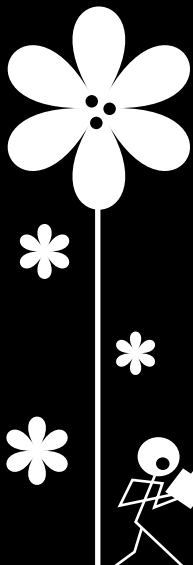
1980 Two new computers arrive on campus and create expectations for a boom in computing. Slated for administrative use, the new IBM 4341 replaces a 1966 machine that could handle only one program at a time. The new DEC 1091 is six times faster than its decade-old predecessor and will speed research efforts on the UO's 300 terminals.

1990 Campus administrators decide the Grateful Dead will not be invited to perform at Autzen Stadium next summer. This comes after two shows in June drew 60,000 fans and earned \$200,000 for the UO athletic department—but also resulted in drug-related arrests and overdoses.

2000 Returning to Eugene for a visit, Olympic gold medal winner Joaquin Cruz '88, who led the men's track team to a 1984 NCAA title and ran a school-record 3:53 mile, comments that he would like to see Oregon's flagging track tradition revive. "It is not dead," he says, "just resting." 

Address Changes.
Class Notes.
Letters to the Editor.
OregonQuarterly.com 

Still here
Buying and selling books in this community for 30 years



SMITH FAMILY BOOKSTORE
CAMPUS East 13th and Alder
DOWNTOWN East 5th and Willamette



FOR DUCKS BY DUCKS!



THE DUCK STORE
Serving the University of Oregon since 1920

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARIES - SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

Moonlight Bivouac

Frederick Reimers, MS '06

Unplanned bivouacs—sleeping outside without a tent or sleeping bag—aren't fun because, generally, something has gone wrong on your outdoor adventure. You are lost, often without a light, and sometimes needing rescue. You suffer the cold and sleepless night, working out just where, exactly, you went wrong. I've made a few accidental bivouacs, some pretty awful, but last August was my first in a perfectly functional truck, just yards from a busy state highway.

The trouble began in the late afternoon as I stood on the shoulder of Highway 126 east of Eugene with my thumb in the air. I'd just ridden the top fifteen miles of Oregon's McKenzie River Trail, one of the nation's best mountain bike rides, with my cousin Hans and our two dogs, and I was trying to hitchhike back to our truck. Hundreds of vehicles passed me standing there, at least one each minute, but no one stopped. A short guy in a bike helmet and dorky jersey plastered with logos, I was hardly threatening. Surely, someone could give a cyclist a fifteen-minute ride in the same direction they were heading.

Apparently not. After an hour and a half of inhaling exhaust, I began thinking bad thoughts, mean thoughts, about the people passing me up. Cars with empty seats. Pickup trucks with empty beds. Eventually, I didn't even bother to stick my thumb out when RVs appeared, denying them the chance to blow me off. (Nothing erodes dignity like refusal of a plea for help.) Spelling me, Hans had no better luck. Finally, with darkness approaching, I knew I'd better get on my bike.

I rode angrily, frustrated that our plan to save gas by bringing a single car had backfired. It took three hours to grind my way up the steep 2,000-foot hill. I wobbled through the last two miles in darkness without a light, cringing as each eighteen-wheeler blasted past, hoping they'd spotted me teetering along the white line. It was nine o'clock by the time I finally returned with the truck, but upon arriving, Hans told me that his dog, Beatrice, had run off into the woods not ten minutes earlier.

We called her name for two hours, walking up and down the road in the dark. Hans allowed, eventually, that she'd done this once before when he'd lost his temper. When I'd been gone so long, he finally lost his cool, hurling random expletives into the air, and she slinked off, alarmed. He'd probably made it worse by yelling at her to come back, he said. The other time, she'd stayed away all night.

So, there it is, I thought. Might as well get comfortable. We pulled the truck off onto a side road and reclined the seats. I ate a little trail mix and pulled my wool hat down as low as it would go. I've never been one to sleep on airplanes or buses, so was irritated that I'd be lying awake




all night, recycling thoughts. I thought about how Hans, even as a kid, had a temper. At summer camp, he'd get frustrated with a task and then start yelling and kicking things. Not that I could talk—just that afternoon, when Hans had relieved me at hanging a hopeless thumb over the blacktop, I'd thrown my bicycle onto the road in a tantrum and broken the rear wheel lever. "Dogs, they hold a mirror right up to you," Hans said, rustling around in the driver's seat.

Eventually, sometime after midnight, tired of stewing, I decided to get up and walk around. The McKenzie River, after all, is my favorite watershed in the world. The moon was nearly full and the old-growth fir and spruce towered around me, closing in a circle above my head. I walked to a bridge over the river with my dog trotting along beside. "Why don't you go find Beatrice?" I said. She just stood there looking up at me. The moonlight shone on the galloping rapid below the bridge, and it occurred to me that a lot of people would love to be standing right where I was just then. I

have a friend in Eugene who makes a ritual of hiking on full moon nights every month, whatever the weather.

There was a hot spring twenty yards downstream. I used the screen on my phone to light my way as I stumbled down to the pool, separated from the river by a circle of stones. I piled my clothes on a rock and slipped in. The spring was just a little above body temperature, and shallow, but it was a natural hot spring in a beautiful forest, and I had it all to myself. As I lay in the warm water, looking out at the river rushing by, I realized that someday I'd remember not the feelings of aggravation caused by the mistakes that led me here, but rather the spectacular situation I found myself in. If that's how I'll remember it, I thought, then why not enjoy the present as well? Isn't the point of adventure the thrill of the new and unique, and the profit of perspective? If so, I'd succeeded wildly. My mistakes had guided me to precisely where I needed to be. I floated in the spring and listened to the sounds of my dog happily snorting around in the woods nearby.

Relaxed, I returned to the truck and was able to get a few hours of sleep. In the morning, after another hour of calling for the dog, we drove to the ranger station to post signs for her. As soon as we got cell service, Hans got a message that Beatrice had been picked up not a quarter mile from where we'd spent the night, and was in safe keeping. I was glad that the one who really needed the ride had been the one to get it. 

Frederick Reimers is the former editor of Canoe and Kayak magazine and has written for Outside, Men's Journal, Skiing, and Powder. He and his cousin remain friends.



“The University of Oregon changed my life. That’s something that I would like to offer to others.”

—Jan E. Frydman '80

▲ Jan E. Frydman of Sweden is making a joint gift with his father, Pawel Frydman, for UO scholarships that they hope will help promote international understanding.

Inspired giving

When Jan Frydman’s father offered to join him in supporting something that he felt was very important in his life, his thoughts turned immediately to his alma mater in Eugene.

“The unusual mix of Americans and international students at the University of Oregon changed my life and my outlook on life,” says the 1980 UO graduate from Sweden, now head of international affairs for the European Commission in Brussels.

That’s why the Frydmans are making a \$1 million gift in their wills to support study abroad experiences through creation of the Frydman Fund for International Friendship and Cooperation at the UO.

“The best way to create genuine understanding between peoples is through firsthand experiences,” he says. “I have great respect for the University of Oregon’s ability to do this for us.”

Make a gift with lasting impact

You can help transform lives by including the University of Oregon in your will.

Contact us for more information

giftplan.uoregon.edu

phone: 800-289-2354

541-346-1687

e-mail: giftplan@uoregon.edu



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

The Office of Gift Planning does not render tax or legal advice to donors. We focus on providing information about the benefits of gift planning vehicles and leave it to the donors and their advisors to determine the benefit to their estates.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

OREGON QUARTERLY

5228 University of Oregon

Eugene OR 97403-5228

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

Non Profit
Organization
U.S. Postage
PAID
Portland OR
Permit No. 2160



**THE DUCK
STORE**

UODuckStore.com

Serving the University of Oregon since 1920

Welcome to The Duck Store, where
your purchases help support
University of Oregon students, faculty,
academics, athletics & the community.

With everyday book discounts,
and **Duck Deals** throughout the store,
it's easy to give back.

It's Quack Back - our promise to you.

