

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Winter 2011

# Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

## My Vietnam

A DISTANT WAR GETS  
REAL IN A CENTRAL  
OREGON WINTER

UO and the Peace Corps • Narcissa Whitman's Legacy • Autzen's Day After • One Cool Bike



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# Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

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**COVER** | A Vietnamese refugee and his son await rescue. Photo by Lt. Carl R. Begy courtesy of Defenselmagery.mil.



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# Oregon

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Editor's Note | Guy Maynard, Editor

## Happy Trails

My mother would be so proud.

During the long break I took between my sophomore (1969–70 at Boston University) and junior (1982–83 at the UO) years, she would occasionally return my letters to me—*edited*. I had always fancied myself as something of a writer, though I was making my living as a laborer and then a carpenter in those years. My mother and I had a steady and lively correspondence, but it bugged the hell out of her—a former teacher and a lifelong lover of literature—that I was a lousy speller and routinely ignored most rules of grammar.

She died before I made it back to school. I told her of my intentions in my last conversation with her. She was pleased but she had heard lots of grand plans from me over the years and had no reason to think this one was any more likely to happen than all the others that hadn't.

Well, mum, I did it. Not only that but I've managed to make my living for the past twenty-seven years as an editor, the last sixteen as editor of the magazine of the flagship university of the state of Oregon. An editor. She wouldn't believe it.

I hardly believe it myself.

This is my last issue as the editor of *Oregon Quarterly*. This was a dream job when I got it and it's a dream job still. A dream job because I'm well paid to unearth and bring to life stories about the University and the state I love, working with amazing and talented people—both the staff of the magazine and the writers and photographers who contribute to it—and being given a remarkable level of support and independence by my colleagues and the administration of the UO.

Thanks to all of them and all of you, too. I've always tried to think about our readers as we build the issues of this magazine. What will engage and entertain and surprise you. What will make you think or make you laugh or rekindle some of the passion and sense of existential adventure you felt in the years when the greenwooded intellectual wonderland of the UO campus was the center of your universe.

During my time working here, I've sat in a lot of meetings where smart and dedicated people try to distill the essence of the UO experience to "messages" or "brand statements." In these days of low state funding and competition for the right kind of students, I guess we have to do those kinds of marketing exercises. But I've always believed the essence of the UO is this complex, messy, brightly colored, infinitely varied, surprisingly interrelated, wonderfully unconfined, sometimes oozy, sometimes hard-as-a-rock amalgam—like the world of ideas, like the world of people learning and exploring and working and playing with ideas.

You are the brand of the University of Oregon—and me, too—the alumni sent forth from this place into the world. We are the expression of the teaching and learning and growing that goes on here. And how do you put that into a paragraph or a tag line? I don't think you can. But we can tell your stories and stir your curiosity and throw some delightfully challenging ideas at you—in a magazine. Take a look at the ninety-two years of *Old Oregon* and *Oregon Quarterly* and you'll get a pretty good idea of what the University of Oregon was and is and strives to be. I hope the years under my editorship hold up well among the rest.

What an opportunity this has been. What fun.

Thanks.

I'm off to read *Ulysses*, deepen my relationship with Mount Pisgah, make some more headway on the project list for our old house on College Hill, see what writing I can do when I don't have to show up regularly at the office—still looking for ways to make my mother and my alma mater proud.

Go Ducks!

Take care,

gmaynard@uoregon.edu

# Investing in Oregon's future



Thanks to a generous gift from alumna Mary Corrigan Solari '46, the benefits of a UO education will now be easier to attain for middle-income Oregonians. Aware of the tough times these families face, Solari funded new scholarships for Oregon's talented students. The unique Solari scholarships provide \$5,000 a year for four years and will ensure that the best students in the state get the education they deserve—a sound investment in the future of all Oregonians.

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## Hoedads

I was part of the tribe of thirteen tree planters. Jerry R., Ed W., and John S. were our leaders. Back then, before the Hoedads, it was a bit of a struggle and no one saw much past the unit we were planting, certainly not far enough into the “tomorrow” to see the scenes depicted in your wonderful story of the Hoedads [“With a Human Face,” Autumn 2011]. So well done, my friend, the nostalgia sooooo deep in my heart.

A few years later, I did a brief stint with the Mud Sharks while searching out my old buddies, the Cougar Mountain boys. We two tribes united over one big unit on a side of Mary’s Peak. The last time I saw Ed Wemple he was standing atop dang near half a cord of wood that we had stacked so perfectly to form a solid but built-to-burn structure. Ed was giving an excited speech as the flames churned amidst the timbers.

We are all in some undefined line, asking of us equally undefined faith that the arrow of time does not pierce but leads to a grand mystery beyond imagination. But, after seeing this story, I would slap that arrow down and step sideways into a sluice that would rush me back to a slash-covered unit, 45 degrees, drizzling rain, Uniroyal tux, a double pack of trees on my hip bag, my friends with beards, beads, and braids, together again, blinded by optimism and simple, innocent love of life, stepping with a stride that delivered energy up the leg, across the back, down the arm, and into the blade tip of the hoedad.

*Don McCormick  
Zhongshan, China*

The Hoedad cover photo and the article about them [“With a Human Face”] was one of the best I have seen in *Oregon Quarterly*. It brought back memories of what the University was before it degenerated into an athletic disgrace. The Hoedads represented a time of commitment to public benefit when the University was a collection of scholars with great ideas and ideals, even if the formal certifications were sometimes weak. Thank you!

*Robert Olsen, PhD '74  
Eugene*

Thanks for your excellent story on the Hoedads. I lived in Eugene in the 1970s and had a Hoedad roommate named Slash. Also, my late husband, Nick Gallo '77, wrote a story for *Oregon Times Magazine* on the Hoedads in 1977 while he was working on his degree in journalism at the UO. The story helped launch his successful freelance writing career. Nick went on to write for many magazines, including the *Seattle Weekly*, *People*, and *Better Homes and Gardens*. We moved to Seattle, had two sons (Alex and Noah), and Nick eventually focused on travel writing. He won many awards and was honored twice with the “Pluma de Plata,” a distinguished award from the Mexican tourist industry. After his sudden death while on assignment in Greece in 2007, his fellow journalists started the “Nick Gallo Award” to recognize top travel writing about Mexico. He was fifty-seven years old.

But Robert Leo Heilman’s story on the Hoedads took me back to the beginning. What inspiring, playful, intense, crazy times those were. Nick used to say he took his retirement in his twenties since he never had a “real job” back then. I am thankful that he did, since he never made it to the age when most people retire.

*Laurie Brown '79  
Seattle*

**WEB EXTRA:** See Nick Gallo’s 1977 story about the Hoedads at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

Thanks for your article about the Hoedads. They, among other alternative communities in the Eugene area, exemplify much that was and is good in the communal view of things. I, too, was a tree planter in the early '70s, but in central Idaho and for the Forest Service. Our fire crew planted trees, rebuilt fences, dug trails and, of course, spent as much time as possible in the local bar while we awaited

**“Isn’t there something special about a university that provided a setting for us all to learn and grow together? I am grateful that I found my way to the UO.”**

the late summer fire bust and the fat paychecks it brought. I still remember the rude good humor of my coworkers, the thrill of getting out of a helicopter uncomfortably near a fire, Rainier beer, and the beauty of the Boise National Forest. But what I remember most is something you may have missed, given the focus of the article on the communal rather than the individual. Namely, tree planting is just plain hard, dirty work. I like to think that one or two decent jack pines are growing somewhere in Idaho as a tribute to the effort I put in! *Mens agitat molem.*

*Steve Thom '73  
Hopkins, Minnesota*

What a wonderful article on the Hoedads. In the many pieces that have been written about them, I’ve never seen one that captured so well their spirit, passion, and many contributions. Having worked closely with the Hoedads, however, I felt that a crucial part of their history was missing: their actions that led directly to the EPA cancelling the registration for 2,4,5-T (or Agent Orange), which had been widely used in the management of forests, rights-of-way, and pastures since the end of the Vietnam War.

The EPA’s 1979 decision—won in a titanic battle against some powerful corporations including Dow Chemical—was the culmination of court cases that came about largely because of Hoedad funding for research on the economic benefits and costs of using 2,4,5-T for forest management, rather than relying on well-known alternatives such as manual clearance of brush. What seemed a straightforward task—to analyze the accuracy of the Forest Service’s benefit-cost analysis of using 2,4,5-T for brush control—led to a yearlong research

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project that exposed the economic analysis as fraudulent and unsubstantiated. This resulted directly in the EPA's cancellation decision. The outcome for forest management and forest communities throughout the United States was profound. To me, this is one of the most amazing David and Goliath stories of the twentieth century.

*Jan Newton '69  
Doha, State of Qatar*

I was excited to see the article, "With a Human Face" by Robert Leo Heilman. Heilman is an excellent writer and well represents the Oregon experiences that many of us have been part of. I lived both in southern Oregon (Glide) and Eugene during those times, so I was around various Hoedad groups, and I continue to meet past co-op members years later. All their experiences are worthy of discussion and praise for such arduous cooperative work and living situations. Having 3,000 members (and 25 percent women!) over a twenty-four-year lifespan with the annual earnings (adjusted) of \$6 million, at their peak, is admirable. In addition, after the Hoedads folded in 1994, all the members that they could find received money back from their investment. That is pretty incredible. Thank you for this article and the online photographs.

*Nancy Hagood, MS '79  
Corvallis*

## More and Less Magic

As one fortunate to have visited Rancho La Puerta various times, I thoroughly enjoyed Lauren Kessler's piece ["Hands-On Magic," Autumn 2011] about Sarah Livia Brightwood Szekely. I particularly remember one visit during which much of the grounds were devoid of plant material. I was told that the owner's daughter was reintroducing native and hardy plants that would take less water and be less of a drain on the environment. By my next visit some years later, I learned that over a dozen different rosemarys added their

fragrance to the air, and the ambitious landscaping project had been completed. Each time I visit, I am deeply appreciative that a family cared enough to create such a place of renewal and learning. Their sensitive connection to every element of their environs is evident—from the hills and meadows of the ranch, to the organic farm, to all the people of Tecate with whom they enjoy a close and mutually beneficial relationship. It is a special treat to know that Brightwood Szekely cherishes Oregon and Tecate and that through two generations of her family's stewardship she has played a pivotal role in bringing parks, organic farming, and beauty to her adopted home in a way that benefits so many others.

*Jane Scheidecker '80  
Eugene*

I just finished reading the article on Sarah Livia Brightwood Szekely ["Hands-On Magic"] and was disappointed that no credit was given to my good friend and fellow alum, Chris Drayer '81, ASLA, who designed and supervised the construction of a large part of Rancho La Puerta's gardens over a period of thirteen years. He was awarded a design competition there while we were in school at the Department of Landscape Architecture and continued to work on the gardens full time for over a decade.

I visited the ranch on several occasions and watched firsthand the development of vast and prominent areas, some of them pictured in your article. The work was carried out by Drayer over the years, much of the time while he was living on the property. I hope that someday he will get the credit he deserves.

*Jeffrey Bale '81  
Portland*

I recently read "Hands-On Magic" in *Oregon Quarterly* and enjoyed it immensely. I was completely enchanted by the descriptions of the ranch and the services they have to offer. I am now looking into booking my next vacation there, thanks to the article.

*Shannon Richard '91, JD '99  
Eugene*

## Will Hunting

I was driving back into Eugene late this sunny afternoon, after swimming in the Coast Fork with our dog, and thinking how surely blessed we are as a community; how those who don't recognize that don't see the inter-

connected nature of our lives; how much it means to be a part of community; and to give as much as we receive.

Then, later tonight I read "Is There a Will?" [Editor's Note, Autumn 2011] and was surprised and happy at the similarity of sentiment. Thank you for your thoughts, and this kind of introduction to the magazine, which I think highly of, regardless of this dovetailing. Thank you, too, for the Hoedads article. Re: *Oregon Quarterly*, I like best Oregon's history.

*Peter M. K. Frost, JD '90  
Eugene*

I was touched and intrigued by the Editor's Note in the Autumn issue. Being the father of a recent UO graduate, I too see the need for a better education system. Too many times teachers pass on students that they did not want to have to deal with again instead of making sure they have done their job to educate that child. When this happens several times, you have a child in high school that can barely read or write at a third or fourth grade level. Nowhere in our Constitution does it say the government is responsible for education, but like many other elements of our lives, they have become the major provider of services, and seldom do they do as good a job as private companies. They did a survey in 2000 in the San Francisco Bay area to compare private education and public education systems. In the public sector there were 900,000 students enrolled and 4,000 administrators (not teachers); in the private sector there were 300,000 students and only 150 administrators. Private schools had test scores that were 10 percent to 30 percent higher than public schools. My conclusion is that the private sector has to be more accountable for the education they provide and is not top loaded with administrators. The private sector is run like a business and runs efficiently. Tell me where in government anything runs efficiently?

*Tom Williams  
Beaverton*

Not only is there not a will, there is an active opposition to public education in this country [Editor's Note, Autumn 2011]. It is infused with religion and anti-intellectualism. Closely related is the concept that "government is the problem," where the "will" is to eliminate perceived government interference in our lives. We are rather schizophrenic in this country when it comes to issues like education. We say it is critically important, vital to a democracy, necessary to compete in the

### 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](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).



### Correction

In the article “Fast-Forwarding Mendel” [Upfront, Autumn 2011], we mistakenly reported that the genomics research company Floragenex has worked with Monsanto. We regret the error.

world and then make it the first budget to be cut, over and over.

I am afraid that a goodly number of our citizenry in this country, who feel belittled by “latte-drinking elites” and threatened by what they see as moral decay, want us to turn back the clock to the nineteenth century. They have been conned into ostensible support for small government, fiscal responsibility, and laissez faire by those who actually want no government interference with their right to pollute, mistreat, and defraud; who want a penniless government that cannot regulate; who desire to pay no taxes while being protected in their efforts to secure largess for themselves by the government. All of this is smoke screened by playing upon people’s fears and creating division and gridlock. The rest of the country either doesn’t care or feels helpless to change the situation we face.

Thank you for your expression of hope. I don’t mean to be such a wet blanket, but until we reclaim our democracy I see little hope for progress and much energy being devoted to destroying the progress made.

*Lawrence Rosencrantz '67  
Portland*

Petty, petty. This is my reaction to the last paragraph in the Editor’s Note [Autumn 2011]. You don’t (won’t) get your way by bashing the military who’ve preserved your right to speak, read, and write in English—rather than German, Japanese, or Russian—or by slamming the billionaires who’ve built our economy into the standard of living you enjoy. How about some largeness of spirit and honest recognition of those who have invested so much in our nation?

*David R. Beach '59, JD '83  
Wilsonville*

### Our Shared Family Room

You asked what we thought of the OQ and you heard. When you reported the results of your reader survey [“What Do You Think?” Upfront, Autumn 2011], it felt like when the


lights come on after a movie. There I was, surrounded by my multigenerational classmates, sharing our collective family room, reading the OQ together. And didn’t I learn something about us! This diverse (including the ones who don’t like to be sermonized about it) group all have a shared experience, if only geographical. We love sports . . . or not; we desire hard science . . . or not, we must have the hard copy . . . or . . . not. This is who we are. I could list many labels

that categorize us, but I prefer to think we have far more in common . . . than not. Isn’t there something special about a university that provided a setting for us all to learn and grow together? I am grateful that I found my way to the UO. I also value how the OQ continues to be a mirror for us to reflect on our experiences and a window that gives us a peek at what’s to come.

*Jim Stark '77, MS '95  
Springfield*

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# Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

## Shadows and Light

In a vigorous cultural flowering, early twentieth-century immigrant Japanese photographers on the West Coast were remarkably successful in applying to their images an aesthetic brought from their homeland—decorative, suggestive, and poetic. Unfortunately, their success was all too brief, cut short by the events following the attack on Pearl Harbor, including internment and the confiscation of their cameras. The little-known history and art of the Seattle Camera Club is explored by coauthor Nicolette Bromberg, MA '74, MFA '76, in *Shadows of a Fleeting World* (University of Washington Press, 2011), excerpted below.

**My life as a historian has brought me vivid reminders of how partial is the remaining evidence of the whole human past, how casual and how accidental is the survival of its relics.**

— Daniel J. Boorstin, *Hidden History: Exploring Our Secret Past* (1987)

**D**URING THE 1920S, MANY JAPANESE immigrants on the West Coast found a successful way to both express themselves and to share in the culture of the West by making and exhibiting Pictorial art photography. So many of them were making photographs that they came together to form amateur camera clubs to share their love of the medium. They were amazingly successful. The photographs these immigrant photographers produced were exhibited in both national and international competitions and were included in nearly every book and magazine of popular photography. The artists were so talented and prolific that *The American Annual of Photography* noted in 1928 that, in various exhibitions, there had been “762 prints hung that were by Japanese photographers in the three [Pacific coast] states in contrast to 237 by non-Japanese photographers from the same region.” These were photographers who, in the words of the editor of the 1928 *American Annual of Photography*, “put a

lasting mark on photography in this country, the repercussions of which are echoing throughout the world.”

Los Angeles, San Francisco, and Seattle, in particular, had large and active camera clubs regularly producing and exhibiting work—yet a few decades later, most of this photography was lost, hidden away, or destroyed. Regrettably, most of the achievements of these enthusiastic and talented Japanese camera club members faded into obscurity, in part hastened by World War II and the internment of West Coast Japanese American citizens. After the war and for many decades later, their work was relatively unknown, as were their achievements. . . .

But in the 1920s, Pictorial photography was a perfect fit for the Seattle Camera Club’s Japanese Americans, with its emphasis on nature and emotion and presenting the photograph as art. It has been suggested that, for these immigrants, photography was a convenient way of maintaining their cultural heritage of Japanese arts and aesthetics. They came from a culture that prized art and design in daily life. As Boye De Mente noted in *Elements of Japanese Design*, “There is no other culture in which design and quality have played such a significant role in the day-to-day life of the people.”

. . . Pictorialism has been defined as “the conscious attempt to turn beautiful objects and experiences into beautiful

images.” This was the avant-garde style of its time that developed as photographers tried to gain acceptance of photography as an art form in the early part of the twentieth century. It often involved darkroom manipulation to make the work look more like “art.” However, by the time the Japanese photographers came to it, the emphasis had changed to less manipulation and more expression; and many of them did not print their own work or do darkroom manipulation. Their ideas were visualized in the camera rather than in the darkroom. They took the Pictorial ideas of expression of beauty and emotion and blended it with characteristic elements of Japanese art—use of patterns, flat surfaces, and lack of perspective. These Japanese American photographers were not seeking to be on the cutting edge of photography but found that the emotional and personal nature of Pictorial photography suited what they wanted to express about the world in their art. Indeed, by the 1920s, the Modernist “straight” photography movement, with its emphasis on sharp, clear forms and direct documentation of the subject, was already on its way to overshadowing Pictorialism.

[Key camera club figure Dr. Kyo] Koike discussed his ideas on why he saw Pictorial photography as an art in “Why I Am a Pictorial Photographer,” published in the September 1928 issue of *Photo-Era*:

“Some think pictorial photography is not a species of art; but I hold another



*Kusutora Matsuki, Sunlight in the Morning, ca. 1929, featured on the cover of Notan, June 14, 1929*

view. Some compare photography with painting pictures; but I think pictorial photography has its own standing, somewhat different from that of painting . . . I read a few photographic books and magazines to learn something about compositions; but it is certain my idea is based on Oriental tendency, much influenced by the Japanese literature and pictures to which I am accustomed. I understand Japanese poems; and I think pictorial photography should not be an imitation of paintings, but it should contain a feeling similar to that of poems.”

In “The Characteristics of Japanese Art,” written by Hoshin Kuroda and translated by Koike, the author writes that

while Western art focuses on “human life,” nature is more often the subject of Japanese art. The Japanese artist uses nature in an “idealistic” rather than realistic way: “Accordingly, the Japanese picture is not a real sketch, but is an ideal image of nature.” . . . Koike explained [in his “Pictorial Photography from a Japanese Standpoint” that to] “understand Japanese art, therefore you must shut your eyes and go far away to the slumber land where imagination governs the whole.” Koike saw himself as bringing the poetic “reverberation” from his Japanese culture together with the Western ideas of photography as an art to create his artistic sensibility.

Koike’s work was intimate and subtle poetry, whether it was a photograph of a muddy track through the woods or a tree in the snow that hinted of the soft sound of snow falling. His images are quiet and thoughtful, with the slightly soft focus and matt-surface photographic paper helping to make them experiences rather than documents. It was said of Koike’s work, “Our eyes are soothed by the gentle textural softness of snow; a shimmering surface of water becomes a moment of experience rather than a vision . . . for him photography was not self expression of ego, but it was an expression of a desire to gain quietude in himself, a way to convey the echo of his inner calling.” . . .

The legacy of Japanese culture meant that a sense of harmony was important in these Japanese Americans’ work and that the decorative styles of bold shapes and flat, two-dimensional patterns and shadows were also common characteristics. The name of the Seattle Camera Club’s journal, *Notan*, and the Japanese idea of this term was a key part of their work. Arthur Wesley Dow defined this as “darks and lights in harmonic relations,” which for the Pictorial photographer was the use of the negative space as a design element where the picture space maintains a balance between the dark and light elements. Koike explained in an article about the club in the November 13, 1925, *Photo-Era*, “We Japanese must, of course, work within the limit of Japanese ideas, and our art is decorative, suggestive and poetic. . . . Most of us have still to learn how to fill the picture space with a pleasing combination of light and shade, and telling but little. Suggest a story that fills our picture space with meaning, and with pleasure to the beholder. If one may add to this a ‘telling’ placement of light and dark, perhaps that is as near as I can get to what I have in mind as *Notan*.”

The Seattle Camera Club members not only loved photography, they also loved their adopted city. Seattle was a good place for creative Japanese immigrants who were interested in Pictorial photography. There was a large Japanese community for support and there were physical similarities to Japan in the landscape. Mount Rainier towers over the city and Mount Saint Helens farther south, then with its perfect ice-cream cone shape, was commonly called the Mount Fuji of the West. 🍷

## Over There but Still Here

Almost fifty years after serving as a Marine Corps helicopter pilot in the early years of America's involvement in Vietnam, Ken Babbs published a story set in that time and place titled *Who Shot the Water Buffalo: A Novel*. In this excerpt, the protagonist does what soldiers have done for as long as soldiers have been fighting wars—reflect on being away from home and do what they can to come to terms with their dangerous, boring, chaotic, and sometimes horrific predicament. Having come to campus in grand style earlier this year aboard the latest incarnation of the Merry Prankster's famed psychedelic bus *Further*, Babbs read from his book to an audience of students and community members.

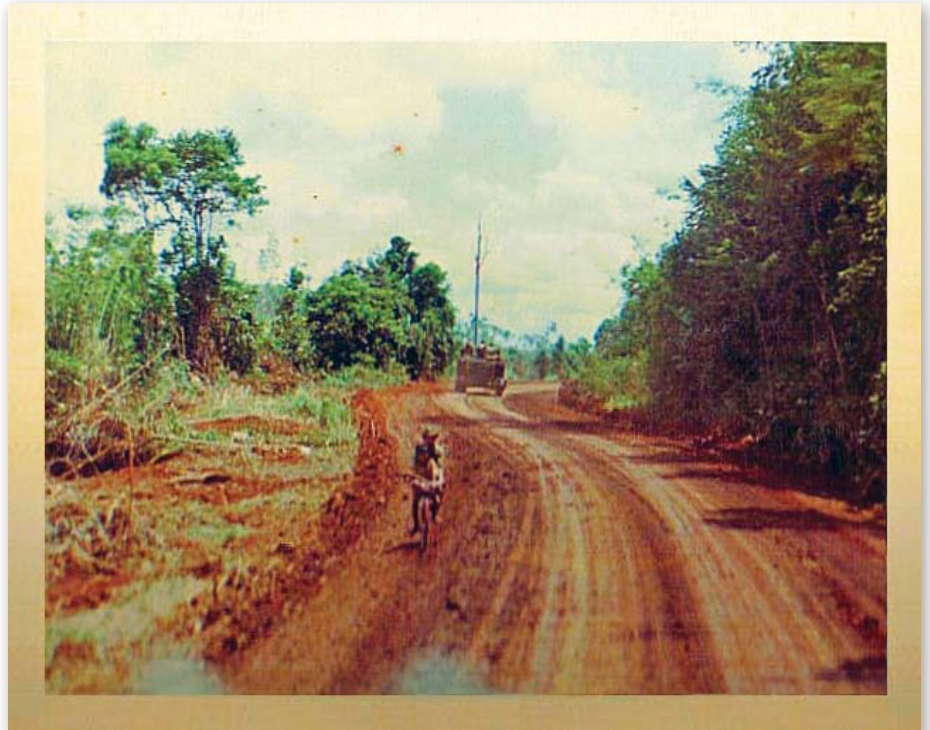
**T**HE SOUTHWEST MONSOON SIMMERS to a close. Three or four days of steady rain recede to afternoon showers of hard and fast duration. The nights are clear and a breeze rustles the tent flaps, but not enough to ward off the mosquitos. The morning sun bakes the runway and the water from yesterday's rain steams and dries. By noon a layer of wispy clouds boils in off the ocean and the muggy heat is at its worst.

Another month and the showers will end. The rice paddies will dry, the ground will be cracked and peeling, with dust rising and swirling on the fingertips of the wind. The hot season will be at its zenith and, along with the temperature, the war in the Delta will heat up.

Action and situation are muddled and confused, like a bowl of noodles. Politics and war. Impossible to move in one direction without a corresponding move in the other. What we get out of this depends on what we go in looking for. For some it is a medal, a badge of glory signifying so many combat missions. For others an opportunity to shoot up the countryside, let off pent-up frustrations.

In Washington it is a study of new tactics and weapons. In Saigon, an accumulation of American money and supplies. At an outpost in the boonies, it's beer, C-rations and rice, dropped from the skies by a green whirley-bladed bird, huge and splendid with its tricks and capers, delightful to watch and touch, particularly the amazing giants who make it perform.

Much of it gives us a feeling of satisfaction. Hauling food and supplies to isolated outposts. Evacuating wounded to the comfort and safety of a hospital. And we feel better knowing we're not the complete barbarians Hanoi Hannah makes us out to be. Still, we're reluctant to trust the villagers, the families who are trying to keep their homes together, plant and harvest their crops, live a peaceful life.



You, who write to us, can you understand, does this make sense? Your letters are like messages from another planet. Does someone sitting in an office crank them out to perpetuate an American myth? A central morale building where families and towns and friends are invented and their activities chronicled? A vacation is planned—was it ever completed? Baby has a fever. Does the fever continue? Time stops and remains stationary until the next letter arrives, and, like a freight train on a siding, the pace picks up and the train jogs ahead to the next switch where it sits until prodded forward again.

Hello there. I send my answer into the void. Hello there. I, too, am an American. I am over here but still one of you. When you read this do you know that I am in the jungle, mingling with small brown people, passing out C-ration candy to their kids? Do I have depth, voice, body, a kiss? Or am

I a picture hung on the wall, a projection on a piece of paper?

I write Rosey that I will comb the hills and the markets, peer into musty corners with my trusty jeweler's eyepiece screwed into my left farsighted eye, and search for the perfect piece of jade, the solitary gem, the translucent marvel, the only stone remaining in Vietnam that will fit into the final fine bracelet to emerge from the Orient. I hope it makes her happy.

The evening shower curtains down another Vietnamese sunset with its full Roy G Biv spectrum beaming through moisturized prisms. The wind whips the rain water under the tent flaps and skims a muddy sheen over the floor.

I feel better having talked to you. We will chat again. You are so many and we are so few. Who are the fortunate ones? I desire answers. *Adiós, hasta luego.* 📞

# Take action.

Today we're speaking on behalf of the entire medical community to give you some free advice. No matter where you live and no matter who your doctor is, early detection is the key to surviving cancer.

The American Cancer Society recommends an annual exam starting at age 40, and a clinical breast exam about every 3 years for women in their 20s and 30s. In the battle against breast cancer there's nothing more important you can do than schedule a mammogram. If you can't afford one, call Oregon Medical Group and we will help you make connections to resources for free and discounted services. Oregon Medical Group team members volunteer at and support these organizations – because it is our belief that every woman should have access to regular breast examinations.

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## Diet for a Small Planet

*Dinner salad or double-bacon cheeseburger? When dieting, some choices are obvious. But when it comes to cutting back on the amount of vital and scarce resources we, as a society, consume, the options are as numerous as the tradeoffs are complicated. Oregonians voiced their opinions about such issues in a survey, "How Much Is Enough? Examining the Public's Beliefs about Consumption," conducted by Ezra Markowitz, MS '08, and Tom Bowerman '69. An overview of the results is presented below in an article by Ronald Bailey titled "Deconsumption Versus Dematerialization: How to Protect the Environment by Doing More with Less," published in Reason magazine and on Reason.com.*

**"H**OW MUCH DO YOU AGREE or disagree with the following statement: We'd all be better off if we consumed less." That's a survey item reported in a new study by University of Oregon researcher Ezra Markowitz and Tom Bowerman of the Eugene, Oregon-based environmental polling and policy shop, PolicyInteractive. Their study, "How Much Is Enough? Examining the Public's Beliefs about Consumption," is in the [February 5, 2011] issue of the journal *Analyses of Social Issues and Public Policy*.

In five polls of Oregonians and one national survey, they find 74 to 80 percent of respondents "support reducing consumption and believe doing so would improve societal and individual well-being." Markowitz and Bowerman interpret their poll results as challenging "conventional wisdom about our collective and never-ending need for consumption of material goods." Armed with these poll results, they hope to persuade policymakers that Americans are ready to "deconsume" for the sake of the environment, cutting back purchases of material goods, and especially reducing their emissions of greenhouse gases.

Digging deeper in one poll, Markowitz and Bowerman found that 84 percent agreed that cutting consumption would "be better for the Earth," 67 percent agreed that we would then have more time to spend with family and friends, and 84 percent believed lowering consumption would lead to greater self-reliance. But talk is cheap, especially when answering pollsters' questions. So the researchers sensibly probed further with a poll that asked respondents to choose among several different public policy proposals aimed at cutting consumption. It's worth going through their results.

The Oregonians polled, it turns out, are not all that eager to tax their own consumption. Majorities were against a luxury




tax on houses bigger than 2,500 square feet or costing more than \$300,000 (62 percent opposed); a tax on houses bigger than 5,000 square feet and costing \$500,000 (50 percent opposed); a 10 cent per gallon gasoline tax (63 percent opposed); a program to tax energy when its price is low and invest the funds in conservation (64 percent opposed); charging a one cent fee for each kilowatt hour consumed once a household consumes \$100 of energy in a month (71 percent opposed); a luxury fee on second homes (56 percent opposed); a \$1,000 new vehicle tax on cars that get fewer than 25 miles per gallon (62 percent opposed); and a one cent per mile carbon tax on airplane travel (58 percent opposed).

These results mirror similar findings in

a June 2010 national poll by the Institute for Energy Research, which found that 70 percent of respondents opposed any new energy taxes aimed at reducing dependence on foreign oil or reducing greenhouse-gas emissions. The same poll found that 61 percent opposed any increase in gasoline taxes. In another politically liberal state, Massachusetts, a January 2010 poll asked about residents' support for the Cape Wind energy project. The pollsters found that "while 42 percent of respondents are less likely to support the Cape Wind project if their bill increased by \$50 per year, this percentage increases to 67 percent at the \$100 increase per year threshold and to 78 percent at the \$150 increase per year threshold."

Markowitz and Bowerman found that Oregonians were, however, happy to cut the consumption of the rich, favoring a 5 percent luxury tax on private yachts, airplanes, and motor homes (61 percent for). In addition, 76 percent are for utility rates structured so that the per unit charge goes up with increased energy consumption; 75 percent approve of making energy efficiency standards on new buildings stricter, and 57 percent favor boosting automobile fuel efficiency standards.

Taking into account the fact that their poll respondents don't seem much interested in policies aimed at encouraging deconsumption, Markowitz and Bowerman mildly observe that other policy avenues besides taxing consumption might be more fruitfully pursued. They suggest publicity campaigns. "If consuming less of non-essential goods and services is beneficial or necessary for long-term survival of our species, then it seems it would be prudent to publicize the widely held 'consume less' disposition," they write. They hope that if people knew that their neighbors favored deconsumption, a cultural shift in attitudes would lead to lower consumption. 

The Oregon Duck mascot is a white duck with a large orange beak, wearing a green cap with "OREGON" in yellow, a green shirt, and a yellow neckerchief with a large "O".

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BOOKSHELF

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.

**Devil Dolphins of Silver Lagoon and Other Stories** (CreateSpace, 2010) by Michael Bennett '72. Winner of the Pinnacle Summer 2011 Award for best travel book, this work offers "a behind-the-scenes view of the making of many of Flip Nicklin's *National Geographic* magazine stories of the last few decades (and other assorted craziness)."

**Holding Lies** (Skyhorse Publishing, 2011) by John Larison '02, MEd '05. In this debut novel, Larison takes readers into the woods of the Northwest where a community known for its "ferns and firs, rain and hot springs, salmon and whitewater" must come to terms with a recent murder.

**In Our Dreamtime** (Authors Choice Press,

2011) by James Burrill Angell '81. In this short story collection Angell pays homage to Ernest Hemingway's stories of Nick Adams as he devises his own set of global adventures. [Angell's essay "The Edge" originally appeared in the Spring 2011 issue of this magazine.]

**The Memoir of Jake Weedsong** (Serving House Books, 2011) by Timothy Schell '78. This novel stars Jake and Estuko Weedsong as they enjoy life on their Oregon vineyard. After being the targets of a hate crime, the couple devises an unusual sentence for their

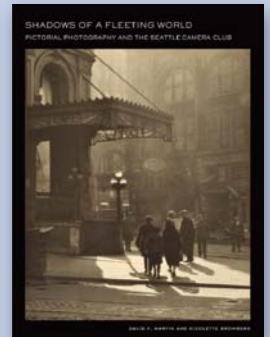
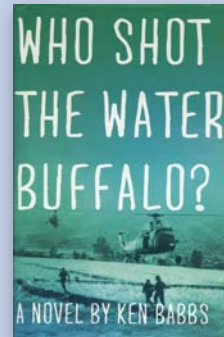
tormentors, one that "reminds us that men do not all live lives of quiet desperation, that in fact some live lives of quiet joy."

**Water Rights and Social Justice in the Mekong Region** (Earthscan, 2011) by Kate Lazarus '94, Nathan Badenoch, Nga Dao, and Bernadette P. Resurreccion. The Mekong region of Southeast Asia has "come to represent many of the important water governance challenges" facing the mainland. This book "shows how vitally important it is that water governance is democratized." @


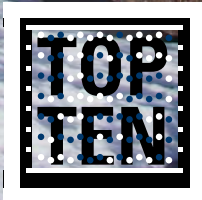
Excerpted in this issue

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North Sister Climb, August 2009 by Steve Kuhn





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## PRODUCT DESIGN

# Manifesting Innovation

*Product design students build a better bike.*

**I**T'S FIVE O'CLOCK, AND THE TEAM looks worried. Six product design students and two professors stand in a pothole-pocked parking lot in industrial northwest Portland, anxiously straining to make out the features of each cyclist who appears in the distance. Is that him? Is that? Nope.

Nine hours ago, Scott Warneke, the seventh member of their team, left Portland to complete the fifty-one-mile Oregon Manifest Field Test, riding the hand-built bicycle University students have labored for six months to conceptualize, refine, and fabricate. One by one, two dozen other contestants have pedaled their entries across the finish line, "utility bicycles" of all colors and shapes created by professional industrial designers, craft bike builders, and student teams from design schools across the country. But the minutes pass, and there's still no sign of Scott. The University team looks at each other. A few fat drops of rain splatter the pavement. Someone says it out loud: "Where is he?"

Oregon Manifest, a Portland nonprofit organization, dedicated its 2011 Constructor's Design Challenge to advancing the art and craft of the utility bicycle, and called on the country's top builders and designers to create approachable, adaptable, human-propelled car alternatives. Each Design Challenge utility bike would be designed to safely and comfortably carry both rider and cargo, and would feature



*Scott Warneke puts Duck-built bike through its paces.*

an antitheft system, fenders, lights, and a sturdy kickstand to facilitate loading or unloading. Finally, to ensure all that design flash was backed up by plenty of substance, the bikes would be subjected to a rigorous field test, replete with gravel, dirt roads, puddles, traffic, and hills.

Creating the University's answer to this challenge was a project that consumed the passions of a total of nineteen product design students over two terms. Their efforts were guided by a pair of professors who also happen to be professional industrial designers at well-respected crucibles of innovation: Christian Freissler of Ziba Design and James Molyneux of Nike's Innovation Kitchen. After a spring term spent researching and designing four prototype bikes, the summer team refined that "sea of ideas" into one ideal vehicle, engineered to meet the needs of any university student. The Campus Bike would be flexible, user-friendly, customizable, and almost completely maintenance-free, thanks to enclosed gears, a belt drive system that eliminates the grease and potential snags of a traditional bike chain, and airless tires filled with a high-density foam. No more greasy jean cuffs, no more squeaking gears, no more flat tires. With bike guru Dave Levy of Portland's Ti Cycles acting as mentor (and generously providing use of his workshop), the summer team built their bike from the ground up, doing every aspect of the construction themselves except the welding. As none of the students had ever built a bike before, countless new skills had to be acquired, and quickly. But their fresh, user-oriented approach also resulted in a finished product that's a bit unlike any bike you've ever seen.

On the first morning of the competition, thirty-four gleaming bicycles are wheeled into the atrium of Pacific Northwest College of Art for formal judging. A hubbub of builders, designers, and students wander up and down the row of bikes, exclaiming over the impeccable craftsmanship on display. Perched near the end of the long row, the completed Campus Bike looks both sturdy and nimble, with its bright green accents, angular frame, and small tires setting it instantly apart from the other bikes. The students proudly answer questions and demonstrate their creation's modular cargo rack, built-in storage compartment, and retractable bungee system. They explain how the badges that cover the modular system's attachment points when not in use can be customized (theirs feature the Oregon mascot and a stylized version of the leaping White Stag), how the green pedals, seat, handlebars, and frame inserts can be produced in any school's colors and easily interchanged to create a custom look. And they show off the bike's retractable fenders, which roll up like a window shade when not in use. Everyone's nuts for those fenders: by noon, photos of the bike are already making a splash on cycling and design blogs around the world.

## The People's Nag

Just 140 years ago, the ultimate in bicycle design was the penny-farthing, a mammoth-front-wheeled contraption upon which a rider precariously balanced. An attempt to learn to ride one inspired Mark Twain to remark, "Get a bicycle. You will not regret it, if you live." Fortunately, an Englishman named John Kemp Starley introduced the Rover Safety Bicycle in 1885, and established the basic silhouette we picture when we hear the word *bike*. The Rover Cycle Company was the first to attach a chain-drive system to the rear wheel, thus allowing both wheels to be of the same size and greatly increasing one's chances of surviving a ride on the thing.

Starley envisioned that the safety bicycle would become "the people's nag," a utilitarian means of conveyance as well as recreation. But as bike builders like Henry Ford and the Wright brothers turned their attention to perfecting other means of transport, the bicycle was banished to the realms of children and athletes for the majority of the American twentieth century. ©

—MM

At their presentation to the panel of four judges, the team demonstrates how their interpretation of "utility"—that is, whatever a university student needs right now—is answered by the Campus Bike. They show how quickly and easily the bike can go from hauling groceries to being optimized for rainy weather. They hand the judges the waterproof map of Eugene that folds into the perfect shape for storage in the bike's locking compartment. And as a grand finale, the presentation ends with a demonstration of how, with the push of a button, the spring-loaded kickstand slides up and into the hollow frame of the bike, out of sight and out of the way. The judges' eyes widen. "Let's see that kickstand again," someone says.

Panel judge Tinker Hatfield '77, Nike's vice president of innovation design and special projects, was greatly impressed by his first look at the students' bicycle. "I really felt like they had an inordinate amount of great ideas," he says. "[Their] ideas, execution, and presentation . . . all together, it was extremely impressive. So I'm proud to be a Duck right now." He grins. "As usual."

But unlike most University product design classes, where the presentation of a prototype marks the finish line, one large and looming obstacle still lay ahead for the Campus Bike team. Would their bike (and its engine, Scott) stand up to the rigors of the field test? The next evening, waiting anxiously at the finish line, they still weren't certain.

Finally, a little after 6:00 P.M., Scott rounds the last corner and is greeted by the cheers of his team, their fellow bike builders, and a crowd of local cycling enthusiasts. Scott glides into the final checkpoint, climbs off the bike, and gratefully hugs his teammates. He's exhausted and dehydrated, but both he and the bike finished the course intact.

At the awards ceremony, while each of the winning bicycles in the professionals' category generated appreciative oohs and applause for their astounding elegance and craftsmanship, the student category's champion created a special stir in the audience. One voice in the crowd managed to sum it all up as the University's award-winning bicycle was held up for all to admire: "Oh, that's cool!" ©

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

life's on... tune in



PHYSICS

# Written in the Stars

*Range-riding shepherd turned astrophysicist*

**P**ERHAPS IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE, one of the infinitude predicted by the many-worlds interpretation of quantum theory, Kathy Hadley, MS '05, PhD '11, never even glimpsed that fateful poster in a Yakima employment office announcing an opening for a part-time Halloween pumpkin face-painter, a poster that, in *this* universe, our universe, somehow led her—through a series of Rube Goldbergian actions and reactions, causes and effects—to a PhD in theoretical astrophysics from the University of Oregon.

In that parallel universe, Hadley might have never suffered the motorcycle accident that seriously injured her leg, rendering impossible her former peripatetic existence.

In that universe, she might still be working as a humble shepherd throughout the western United States, moving with her herd, adjusting to the seasons, communing with the land.

“It’s so amazing when you’re on a mountain, looking at the night sky,” says this Hadley, *our* Hadley, as she reminisces about her itinerant former life from the lookout of her office in the physics department on the fourth floor of Willamette Hall. “It’s like you’re discovering it for the first time. It’s breathtaking.”

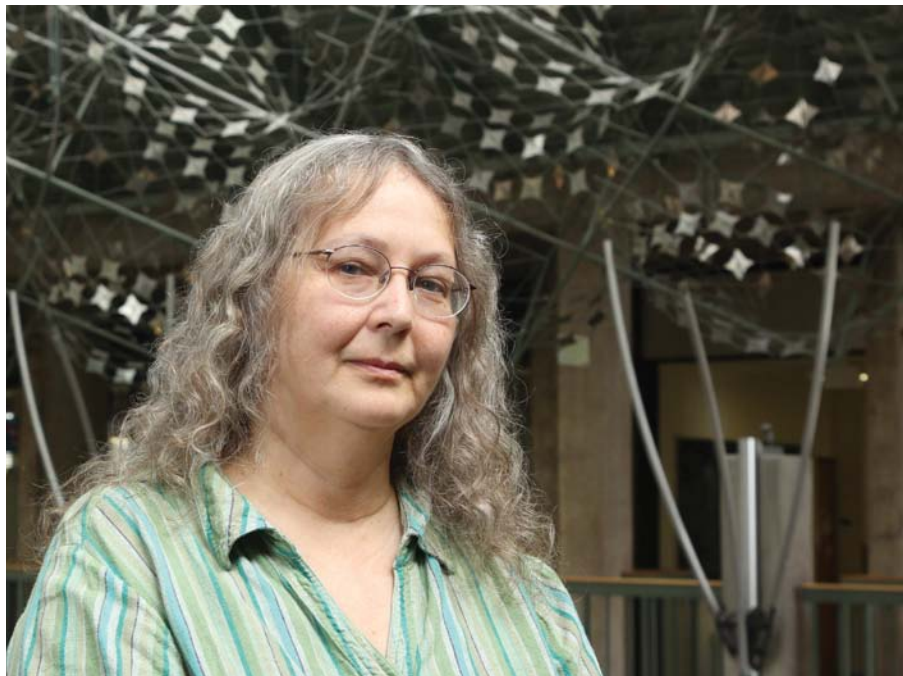
Maybe her long-ago late-night stargazing was the inciting event that put her on a path toward theoretical physics. Imagine if, in that other universe, the glittering field of stars had instead been concealed by thick cloud cover . . .

But who can say? Perhaps physics would have tracked her down in that universe as well, through a completely different series of unlikely events.

“It was as if physics chose *me*,” says Hadley, and her serene conviction on this matter makes one wonder if her career path wasn’t, in fact, written in the stars.

“I loved physics before I knew to call it physics. I remember being fascinated watching galaxy-like shapes form in the foam as I stirred a cup of hot chocolate.”

Hadley’s work explores the complex mechanisms of star birth and solar system



“I loved physics before I knew to call it physics.”—Kathy Hadley

formation: *magnetohydrodynamics*, to be inscrutably precise.

This is the process by which the universe comes to know itself: A molecular cloud in deep space condenses to give birth to a star, around which accretes a disc of dusty gas, rocks, and chemicals, out of which planets begin to agglomerate.

These planets orbit their central star in perfect lockstep—a docile flock.

Like most shepherds in the American West, Hadley and her husband, Jay, found themselves laid off during the late-autumn and winter months, when heavy snowfall transforms mountain passes into impasses. One October, in search of temporary work, she walked into a Yakima employment office, pored over the job openings, and felt dispirited.

“I knew how to track animals and find water—skills that don’t really transfer to the real world,” she says.

Then, a particular flier caught her eye: an artist was needed to paint faces on pumpkins for Halloween.

The equations of motion governing Hadley’s life quickly took shape after that:

*(Hadley<sub>shepherd</sub> + Job as Pumpkin Face-Painter) × Chance Encounter with Stranger from Yakima Community College = Job as Note-Taker for Quadriplegic YCC Student*

“She could only nod or shake her head,” she says of the student. “She communicated letter by letter.”

Add a whole lot of compassion to the equation. Raise it to the power of patience.

*[(Hadley<sub>note-taker</sub> + Classes<sub>YCC</sub>) ÷ Motorcycle Accident] × Lifelong Interest<sub>science</sub> = Hadley<sub>physicist-in-training</sub>*

Only in *this* universe.

“Physics is like boot camp,” says Hadley. “The decision to pursue it has to come from within. You have to love the journey.”

Despite the complexity of her work, it was the fundamental nature of physics that initially drew her into its fold—in particular, its reputation as being the most foundational of all the physical sciences. In studying star formation, she has tackled one of the most basic and esoteric of

## Now she teaches students at the UO and Lane Community College—and finds herself using shepherding principles when she leads her undergraduate physics classes.

all physical processes, for stars are the hydrogen-powered furnaces wherein all the heavier elements of the periodic table are forged and distributed in supernova explosions. *All* is stardust, from the carbon atoms in a shepherd's sun-scorched skin to the potassium atoms in a sheep's fleece.

What could be more complex? What could be more fundamental?

"Physics is the ultimate story problem," she says.

Hadley has searched for answers her whole life, scouring land and sky for her soul's purpose. She left college in her twenties, and she and Jay herded sheep in the mountains and deserts of Idaho, Wyoming, and much of the rest of the American West for twenty-five years. Her daily routine, in those hardscrabble days: She and Jay would rise at dawn and spend their time corralling sheep, climbing mountains, and hiking for miles over rugged terrain and patches of deadfall.

"What could be better?" she says.

But the shepherding life wasn't always romantic and beautiful, she says; sometimes it was romantic and *harsh*. The couple endured blizzards, thunderstorms, heat waves—Mother Nature at her most furious. Hadley frequently found herself face-to-face with fundamental forces of nature: rain, wind, bears. As far as life-paths go, it was a terrific fit.

"It was clean and pure and gave me a huge amount of time to think and find myself."

And she grew to love and respect the sheep under her care. She would gaze at the clouds and landscape and ponder whatever it is one ponders when deep in nature and deep in thought; at the same time, her sheep

stared at the ground and chewed their cud, each species ruminant in its own way.

She learned that there is no one-size-fits-all approach to herding sheep. In time, she developed different shepherding styles to suit the distinct personality of each herd.

"I recognized that they are conscious beings with different personalities," she says. "Some wanted to be held, some wanted to be free, some wanted me to hold them as loosely as possible, giving as much free rein as possible without chasing."

Now she teaches students at the UO and Lane Community College—and finds herself using shepherding principles when she leads her undergraduate physics classes.


"Each class has its own identity," she says. "Students develop a feeling of community."

Hadley trusts in her own pedagogical instincts, honed by twenty-five years in the wilderness. In one recent class, for instance, during a lecture on the complex behavior of molecules within a gas, she made the topic come alive by passing around a bag of 600 balloons of many col-


ors to her students filling a large lecture hall. They proceeded to blow up the balloons, bind them in pairs, and bat them around in what looked like a crazy game of volleyball. In essence, they built a gas.

"It was beautiful," says Hadley, smiling at the memory. "A big gas of spinning, colorful balloons. Students were standing, laughing, jumping. It was great."

In another universe, perhaps this balloon demonstration never happened. But it is difficult to imagine Hadley, in any universe, not surrounded by scores of sentient beings—whether *Homo sapiens*, *Ovis aries*, or some other species—who look to her for guidance.

In *this* universe, though, the demo did occur. And there stood Hadley, the shepherd turned astrophysicist, at the head of the classroom, while all around her a multitude of shimmering orbs were breathed into existence, expanding, rising, and spinning, filling the room's airspace with movement and color and sound, where just moments before there had been nothing at all. 

— Eric R. Tucker, MS '11



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## ARTS AND SCIENCES

# Scholarship in the Digital Age

*The world goes techno for academics too.*

**I**F DIGITAL SCHOLARS IN THE HUMANITIES had a rallying cry, it might be something like “Free access for all” or “Information liberation.”

But academics are more inclined to act than to protest, and in what is likely the quietest revolution you’ve never heard of, humanities scholars across the country, including at the UO, are employing digital tools and collaborating with library specialists and IT geeks to create new modes of conducting research and new ways of disseminating it to wider audiences.

David Wacks, the former chair of the UO Romance languages department, has described digital scholarship as “anything a humanities scholar does that is mediated digitally, especially when such mediation opens discussion beyond a small circle of academic specialists.”

At the UO these efforts are taking many forms. Doug Blandy, an associate dean at the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, is a team leader for a collaborative, online project among several American and Chinese universities called ChinaVine. The site [www.chinavine.org](http://www.chinavine.org) educates users about Chinese folk art and was recently redesigned to incorporate links to social media sites as well as photo sharing, audio, and video platforms to make it easier for users to interact.

The earlier version of the website provided information but was “a one-sided conversation,” with few opportunities for visitors to get involved. “Now there are multiple modes of entry through which people will engage with the product,” Blandy says.

Fundamentally, digital scholarship heralds a new way of thinking about access to information, says Robert Long, poet and UO assistant director of faculty development. “It is about sharing information and breaking down institutional barriers,” he says. “It’s about making information freely available to anyone who has an Internet connection.”

Expanding access to scholarly work is a major push behind the creation of online, open-access academic journals. Traditionally, Long explains, print journals were the place for scholarly research in almost



**Fruit of the Vine**  
Students and scholars from the UO, Central Florida University, the Folk Art Institute at Shandong University of Art and Design, and Beijing Normal University collaborate digitally on the ChinaVine website.

all humanities fields. They maintained respected peer-review standards and were the publishing brass ring for tenure-track scholars. Get your research accepted by these elite journals and you nailed your publishing requirement.

But the downside of the system is that it is expensive and exclusive. An annual subscription to just one of these journals could cost a library “tens of thousands of dollars,” he says, and even when the journals went online, subscription costs remained high.

But today, Long says, software developers committed to the idea of democratizing information have developed “open source” software that allows libraries and scholars to create their own online academic journals. “They can be as complicated and as robust as people want them to be, and peer-reviewed [to any degree] they would like,” he says. Most significantly, access to the journals is free.

These online journals are not just online or PDF versions of a print product, says Karen Estlund, head of digital services for UO Libraries, but are their own entity.

“They transform scholarship beyond just reproducing the print artifact and turn it into something richer by taking advantage of things we can do in an online environment,” she says. Increasingly, she adds, more universities are accepting work published in online journals as counting toward tenure.

One pioneering example of digital scholarship is the work of Massimo Lollini, a UO Italian language and literature professor. Lollini is a scholar of Francesco Petrarca, a fourteenth-century poet who invented the Italian sonnet form. In trying to make the study of Petrarca more engaging to students, Lollini created a website called the Oregon Petrarca Open Book, which allows users from around the globe to view different translations of Petrarca’s *Canzoniere* simultaneously, read scholars’ critiques, and discuss their findings.

In working with the site, Lollini saw possibilities for broadening its scope. This past spring he went online with *Humanist Studies & the Digital Age*, an online, peer-reviewed, open-access, international journal ([journals.oregondigital.org/hsda](http://journals.oregondigital.org/hsda)) that explores the intersection of the humanities and the digital age. The second edition appeared in the fall.

Writing and reading are still at the core of the human enterprise, Lollini wrote in the introduction to the first issue, “but in the new technological and social context they acquire unprecedented forms even when they recover usages of orality and sensory experiences.” Hence the need for “transferring our cultural legacy from earlier forms into digital technology.”

Long helped establish the framework for an online, student-run, undergraduate

research journal, *OUR Journal*, which was activated in the fall. Carol Stabile, a professor in the English department and at the School of Journalism and Communication whose scholarship has included analysis of the online game the World of Warcraft, plans to have her journal, *Ada: A Journal of Gender, New Media, and Technology*, online by the fall of 2012.

“It’s an exciting moment in academic publishing,” says Stabile, who is also the director of the UO Center for the Study of Women in Society. “Things are in crisis and things are changing. But it also means that people who have a different vision of how this might work also have the opportunity to try new things and to innovate. And that’s pretty cool.”

— Alice Tallmadge, MA '87

## Prepping Future Digital Scholars

In 2009, an informal group of UO students and faculty and staff members formed the Digital Scholars to further awareness of campus resources available for faculty members and students interested in digital scholarship.

The group maintains a collaborative blog ([uodigschol.wordpress.com](http://uodigschol.wordpress.com)) and an e-mail listserv for publishing articles and sharing information about grant opportunities in digital scholarship. It has also created a proposal for a twenty-four-credit cross-disciplinary certification program in new media and culture for graduate students, which would concentrate on understanding new media both as a focus of research and its use in conducting research. The proposal, one of the first of its kind in the country, is currently wending its way through the Oregon University System system for approval.

The certification would not only be exceptionally helpful in students’ research, says English professor Carol Stabile, but will better prepare students for employment, whether within or outside academia. “Our graduate students need to have a critical understanding of new media and culture if they’re going to be competitive,” she asserts. “Even if they’re headed for a traditional career path, if they can use digital tools, teach new media, they’re going to have a leg up.”

—AT



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I N B R I E F



**Slug Queen** Using the stage name of Holly GoSlugly, Debbie Williamson-Smith was named Slug Queen at the annual competition held in conjunction with the Eugene Celebration since 1984. When not gallivanting in the guise of GoSlugly, Williamson-Smith serves as communications manager for the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

### A Helping Hand for 250

A major gift from Mary Corrigan Solari '46 has funded \$5 million in new scholarships for at least 250 middle-income students. The Mary Corrigan and Richard Solari Scholarship awards will be for \$5,000 per year, renewable for up to four years. Qualifying applicants must attend all four years of high school in Oregon with a GPA of at least 3.60.

### Green Chemistry Green

The Center for Sustainable Materials Chemistry—a collaboration among scientists at the UO and OSU established by a National Science Foundation grant in 2008—is moving into a second phase under a new five-year, \$20 million NSF grant that will allow the center to expand green-chemistry research and development and boost efforts to commercialize new technologies and basic discoveries.

### The Military-Friendly UO

The UO has been identified as a top military-friendly school by *G.I. Jobs* magazine, an honor putting the UO in the top 20 percent of colleges, universities, and trade schools nationwide, according to the magazine.

### Never Too Loud at Autzen

The UO is now captioning athletics events at Autzen Stadium, joining just a handful of other universities around the country. The in-sta-

dium announcements by Don Essig and game officials, and voice-over of programming during stoppage of play, is displayed as text on the giant Duck Vision scoreboard—helpful for those with hearing loss and most everyone else in a venue famed for its loud fans.

### An Ounce of Online Prevention . . .

This fall, all incoming first-year and transfer students under the age of twenty-one were asked to take AlcoholEdu for College, a web-based alcohol abuse prevention program about responsible alcohol behaviors and sexual assault issues—an effort to help students make healthy and safe choices as they transition to college.

### New Hand on the Baton

The Oregon Bach Festival has named thirty-five-year-old British conductor and keyboardist Matthew Halls as its next artistic director. Halls will assume artistic leadership after the 2013 season, succeeding Helmuth Rilling, the founding artistic director from Stuttgart, Germany, who will continue as director emeritus.

### A Credit to the University

The UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art has again achieved accreditation by the American Association of Museums—the highest national recognition for a museum. The JSMA is one of just six museums in Oregon to receive such accreditation. @





JACK LIU

## Taking Flight

Located in one of the most disadvantaged areas of Sacramento, California, S.A.C. Prep is a public charter middle school focused on preparing kids for academic success. Three years ago, one S.A.C. Prep class adopted the UO as “their” school—the “O” flag hanging proudly in the classroom, accompanied by lots of dreaming and encouragement about a future of studying in Eugene. In the summer of 2011, a flock of Sacramento ducklings migrated north to experience “their” university firsthand—staying in a UO residence hall, eating in a dining commons, meeting undergrads, and touring the campus. “We see this as an investment in students, some of whom might one day become Ducks,” says Jim Williams ’68, general manager of the Duck Store, which sponsored the visit. 



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THE BEST . . .  
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Former University president Prince Lucien Campbell lent his name to campus's most ill matched set of sites. The first is hard to miss. At eight stories, PLC Hall is both the tallest and the ugliest building on campus. Thankfully, bordering the other side of the lawn from this ode to

utilitarian efficiency is a spot far more charming. Here, in the Prince Lucien Campbell Memorial Courtyard, any pair of lovebirds can hope to find a roost.

The courtyard is nestled at the center of the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, an institution

Prince Lucien Campbell, the man, championed during his years as University president (1902–25). Campbell did not live to see the opening of the museum in 1933, but the courtyard bearing his name would have won the love of this patron of the arts.

Despite its location off the museum lobby, the courtyard is easy to miss, hidden as it is behind two large and heavy doors. Once inside this oasis, it is even easier to forget you're at the heart of a busy university. Although it has no roof and is open to the world, all outside noise somehow seems to evaporate along its column-lined corridors. Lush green plants caress the central reflecting pool at the head of which kneel two stone musicians. Perhaps the pair, reminiscent as they are of mischievous fairies and fawns, once flitted through *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Behind their kneeling figures rises a small cupola glowing with gold tile. It's a breathtaking surprise hidden from view until one takes the time to wander all the way down the courtyard.

Beneath this golden dome many a couple can be imagined to have stolen a kiss. Far from the watchful gaze of resident assistants, professors, and parents, the only witness to young love is Prince Lucien Campbell. The president's stone bust watches over this testament to romance, hidden as it is in the shadow of PLC. @

—Elisabeth Kramer

*This is the first in a series of student-written essays, each describing a superlative aspect of campus.*



Elisabeth Kramer is a journalism major in the Robert D. Clark Honors College.

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## The Multimedia Frontier

The fact that you are reading these words proves that journalism as it has been practiced for the past 400 years is not altogether an extinct breed. But just as the modern era has transformed phonographs into iPods, the era of inky newsprint is making way for a new age of journalism, one unbound by column inches and evening press deadlines.

Take journalist Alex Kotlowitz. For the past two decades, Kotlowitz' award-winning books and magazine articles have represented excellence in print journalism. But when he was approached by *Hoop Dreams* director Steve James about transforming a print article into a documentary film, Kotlowitz not only agreed, but signed on as a producer. In April, Kotlowitz will visit the White Stag Block to discuss how he made the leap to multimedia journalism and his role in creating the critically acclaimed documentary *The Interrupters*.

Throughout the winter and spring of this year, the George S. Turnbull Portland Center will be hosting a series of workshops, presentations, and short courses that spotlight the work of multimedia journalists and introduce some of the field's most successful professionals, all in preparation for the launch of its new master's degree program in the fall of 2012.

The master's degree in multimedia journalism is designed to equip students not only to tell stories across a broad spectrum of media formats, but also to provide a foundation in the entrepreneurial and business skills a working journalist needs in today's increasingly freelance-driven marketplace.

Lauren Kessler, MS '75, who will serve as the academic director of the program, says that it aims to foster "thoughtful, innovative, nimble journalists." While the heart and soul of each course will remain rooted in the ethics-driven work of disseminating information by telling compelling, well-crafted stories, students will also develop the skills needed to package their stories through whatever combination of text, photos, audio, and video will best deepen and enrich the viewer's experience. By preparing students to tackle the challenges and opportunities ahead, the Turnbull Center is ensuring that University graduates will be among those shaping the next chapter of journalism's history.



Ameena Matthews, right, violence interrupter, from the documentary *The Interrupters*

### Coming Events

#### Who Is the New Journalist?

DEC. 3, 1:00–5:00 PM.

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Three innovative, hard-working—and successful—Northwest multimedia journalists talk about (and show) what it takes to do what they do.

#### What is Television?

MARCH 1–3

A conference exploring the past, present, and future of television. The event will feature keynote speakers, roundtables, paper presentations, and screenings, in an attempt to answer questions about the changing nature of television.

#### Alex Kotlowitz

APRIL 18

Mark your calendar now for an evening of discussion with Kotlowitz and a screening of his film *The Interrupters*, and stay tuned to the Turnbull Center's website for updated information.

For more information on the master's degree in multimedia journalism and related upcoming events, visit [journalism.uoregon.edu/turnbull](http://journalism.uoregon.edu/turnbull).



—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

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by the American Association  
of Museums?



The Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art took it upon itself to see how it measures up against the highest standards in the museum field and it not only met those standards, it far exceeded them. Re-accreditation puts the JSMA on a par with other accredited museums such as The Getty in Los Angeles, the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco and the Smithsonian in Washington.

— FORD W. BELL, AAM PRESIDENT



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— JILL HARTZ, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

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PROFile

Howard Davis

Professor of Architecture

Go no further than the door of Howard Davis's office to see the impression the acclaimed architecture professor has left on students. An elaborate mantle, like the frame of some exquisite piece of art, borders the entrance of 321 Lawrence Hall on three sides, all a gift from a student.

"He designed his final project so that the half-scale fits around my door. Then he built it and gave it to me," Davis recalls.

The student, Tom Kerr, MArch '90, studied with Davis more than twenty years ago but the two remain in touch and, whenever possible, visit one another. One memorable trip was Davis's journey to India while Kerr was studying on a Fulbright scholarship. Kerr showed his former professor some of the country's most famous buildings, an experience Davis notes as his "introduction to Asia." Davis's relationship with Kerr is just one of many enduring student-teacher ties he has fostered in twenty-five years at the UO.

During those decades, Davis has traveled frequently, often to visit Ducks in the far-flung reaches of the world. Just this past summer, Davis could be found in Italy, then Japan, advising students studying abroad. After a brief pit stop in Eugene, he spent September leading Ducks around London.

"Architects are supposed to travel," he says. "There's so much significant architecture all over the world and it's very important to experience it firsthand. It's sort of like how professors of literature read everything. We try to see buildings."

When Davis and his students visit a city, he encourages them to talk with locals. The goal, he says, is to understand the active role buildings play in people's lives.

"The thing about this architecture school is that for some reason students who come to the UO are predisposed to thinking about architecture in cultural and environmental terms," he says. "They're very receptive to the idea that buildings are not abstract objects that just land from outer space. They understand that buildings are anchored in the world of people, of cities, of the environment."

This rare disposition, Davis adds, makes his job all the better because students come in



ready to learn. He verified as much a couple of years ago while teaching a seminar. Davis asked the students how many had come to the UO because they expect to make a difference in the world. Every student raised a hand.


**Name:** Howard Davis

**Education:** BS '68, The Cooper Union; MS '70, Northwestern University; MArch '74, University of California at Berkeley

**Teaching Experience:** Twenty-five years at the UO.

**Awards:** In 2009, received both a Distinguished Professorship award from the Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture and a Faculty Excellence Award. Two years later, won the UO's Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching and the Van Evera Bailey Faculty Award.

**Off-Campus:** Davis, who has visited every continent except Antarctica, hopes to next travel to Peru, Bolivia, and Finland.

**Last Word:** "I think I do have an impact on students, but I think that they're ready to be taught. We're all doing it together." 

— Elisabeth Kramer

## On the Air

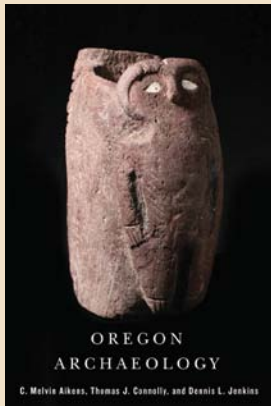
ESPN's popular *College GameDay* program broadcast from the memorial quadrangle early on the morning of this year's Oregon–Arizona State football game. Counting the ensuing 41–27 victory, the Ducks are 5–1 with the ESPN crew in town.



JACK LIU

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### Oregon Archaeology

by C. MELVIN AIKENS, THOMAS J. CONNOLLY, and DENNIS L. JENKINS of the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History

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# Corps Values

The UO and the state of Oregon have been long and lasting contributors to the international vision of the Peace Corps.

BY ALICE TALLMADGE

**I**t was October 1972. The East African country of Uganda was in the grip of the brutal dictator Idi Amin and twenty-two-year-old Peace Corps volunteer Ernie Niemi '70 was in a tight spot. The Peace Corps had decided to pull its volunteers out of the country, but to avoid retaliation it scheduled a conference in Kampala, the country's capital and site of its major airport, and said all volunteers were required to attend. On Niemi's way to Kampala, 300 miles from the boarding school where he had been teaching chemistry and physics for eighteen months, he had to pass through several roadblocks. At one, he was confronted by a security guard whose son was a student of Niemi's.

"He said, 'You cannot leave. My son must have a teacher,'" Niemi remembers. With the guard's rifle pointed straight at him, Niemi used his most persuasive Swahili to convince the man he would be back in two days. The guard lowered his rifle and let him pass. Niemi didn't return for almost thirty years.

Niemi's Peace Corps experience involved more than just the dramatic evacuation. "It was a life-changing event in many different dimensions," says Niemi, now a senior economist at ECONorthwest, an economic consulting firm in Eugene. "It continues to change my life."

Niemi is one of more than 1,000 UO graduates who have joined the Peace Corps since its founding fifty years ago. For most, their time overseas has left an indelible imprint. In exchange for living without running water, electricity, and easy access to outside communication, for enduring intestinal trials and hot humid climates, these volunteers got the chance to discover how adept they were at adapting. They learned to pilot motorcycles through the jungle. They discovered what it took to dig wells and build walls by hand. They organized community cleanups and sports programs. They got to see their lives back home from the perspective of people who had scant resources and limited opportunities, and who nev-

ertheless opened their hearts to strangers who usually barely knew their language.

They learned to live without cars, to communicate with rudimentary language skills, and to move at a slower, more deliberate pace. And to grow up.

"The Peace Corps throws you in the deep end, and either you pick up on things and get it, or you don't," says Erin Tyburski '08, who served in Kenya from 2009 to 2011. "It opens your eyes to the world in a way you could never expect. You learn that this is life, that it's real, and these are the challenges."

Oregon has been a top Peace Corps recruiting state for decades, and the UO has continuously been the state's lead-

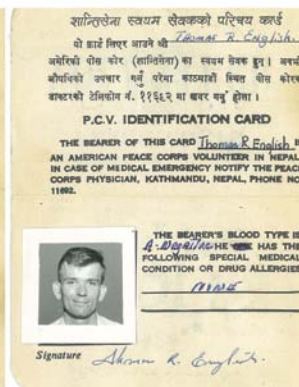
ing education institution for producing volunteers. Linda Forthun, a regional recruiter in the Seattle Peace Corps office, attributes the steady flow of UO Peace Corps applicants to the University's mindset, high energy campus recruiters, and a local, involved cadre of returned Peace Corps volunteers.

"Students at the UO think globally," she says. "It's such a cliché, but they get it. And students at the UO are very

service-oriented. I don't know if that exists everywhere."

In an essay he wrote for *Newsweek* this past January, Sean Smith '96, former L.A. bureau chief of *Entertainment Weekly*, blamed his midlife decision to sign up with the Peace Corps on Angelina Jolie. While on assignment in Mumbai in 2006, he asked the high-wattage star how she coped with the suffering she witnessed in her role as a UN ambassador. "She said it was painful, yes, but it wasn't debilitating because she was active. Her work was bringing attention to crises in the world," he wrote. Her comment stuck, and when Smith, now forty-three, became disenchanted with Hollywood's flash and shimmer, he knew where to turn. He is now an HIV-AIDS outreach volunteer in rural South Africa.

"I don't think you can attend the UO and immerse your-



self in that community without longing to open your mind to the greater world,” he says. “It is a place that encourages students to question and explore and challenge and think about themselves not as isolated entities, but as parts of a great, interconnected whole.”

Interested students also can tap the experience of members of the local West Cascade Peace Corps Association, a group of returned volunteers who appear on panels and at information sessions. “There’s a dynamic interaction between people who have gone and people who want to go,” Forthun says. “It speaks to the value of the experience, that people who went forty, fifty years ago are still so active. It infuses new prospects with enthusiasm.”

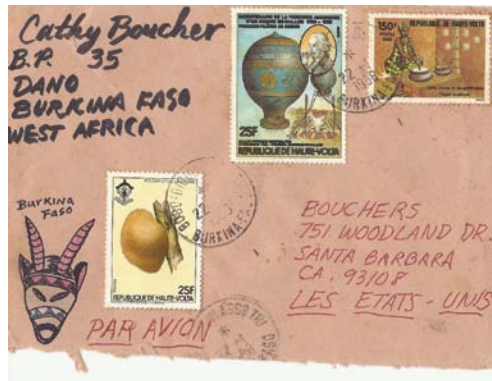
James Cloutier '63, MFA '69, a recent president of the West Cascade group, was an advocate of international exchange even before President John Kennedy officially established the Peace Corps in March 1961. Cloutier promoted the fledgling idea as a campus recruiter and as student body vice president. His efforts got a boost from then-UO president Arthur Fleming, who had been named a member of the Peace Corps’s first advisory council. “He believed in the importance of internationalizing uni-

versities and getting students to see the world,” Cloutier says.

In 1964, Cloutier, armed with zeal and his new degree in arts education, was in the first group of volunteers to go to Kenya. He and his five coworkers were assigned to work in a massive land settlement program as agricultural officers, overseeing the formation of agricultural co-ops and veterinarian programs. “The irony of it all was that very few of us had any experience in agriculture,” he says. Back then, the Peace Corps’ philosophy was to recruit liberal arts graduates rather than individuals with technical skills, he says. “The theory was that liberal arts grads could more quickly adapt to learning what was needed to teach the local population.”

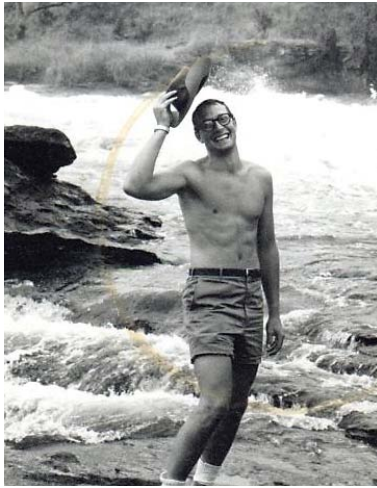
But that approach frustrated some of the first volunteers, says Gregg Smith '63, who went through ten weeks of training at the UO’s Bean Hall—one of several training sites set up by the Peace Corps in its early years—in preparation for their stint in Nepal. Once in Nepal, Smith’s group was assigned to work in a rural development program. It didn’t take long for them to realize how ill-equipped they were for the task.

“We were supposed to help train Nepali village development workers, but none of us had any education in



Opposite page: Peace Corps identification card for Thomas English '65, MA '67, who served in Nepal. Above: Letter home from Catherine Boucher '84, who served in Burkina Faso in the mid-1980s. Below: Women hauling millet in Burkina Faso.





development or related activities,” Smith says. “We had nothing to offer. We were embarrassed. We were supposed to be helping, but we had no way to do that, because we had no training assets.”

Smith, who became the first employee and then-head of what is now the Oregon Department of Housing and Community Services, says his experience,

although frustrating, was valuable. “It was a good education in humility—to realize how little we had to offer. And that these other cultures were highly sophisticated, highly intelligent, and wanting a better life, but their resources were very limited.”

For many volunteers, their time in the Peace Corps was more than a memorable experience. Some met their spouses while overseas. It led others to decide on their career trajectory. A few, like Niemi, are still discovering the full impact of their service.

About ten years ago, he was contacted by one of his former students and learned that the village where he had lived had suffered two waves of attacks, one by Amin’s army and later by forces opposing him. The soldiers gutted classrooms, looted supplies, and destroyed the newly built water system. Several teachers had disappeared.

But many villagers still remembered the young chemistry teacher who had taught them concepts they could understand and treated them as individuals. When Niemi returned in 2008, bringing along his wife, son, and some laptop computers, he and his family were greeted as honored guests. The whole school turned out to welcome him. One by one, several of his former students described what his teaching had meant. Some told him that, if not for the education he had provided, they might not be alive.

Others said it had allowed them to move forward in ways that otherwise wouldn’t have been possible.

“I helped them find a door that gave them advantages later in their lives,” says Niemi.

Niemi and his family now support the education of several girls in the village. One of his students has visited him in Eugene. He is still assimilating the unexpected gift of learning the full story of his eighteen months of youthful effort, four decades ago.

“I had no idea,” he says.

*Alice Tallmadge, MA '87, is an adjunct instructor at the UO School of Journalism and Communication and a freelance writer. She lives in Springfield. Her last feature for Oregon Quarterly was “¿Podemos?” (Summer 2009).*







AMY ERPARIAN



THOMAS ENGLISH

Opposite page: James Cloutier '63, MFA '69, was a member of the first Peace Corps group in Kenya. Top left: Students at the Saint Christopher School for the Deaf in Jamaica, where Amy Ekparian '07 served 2008–10. Bottom: Children at the school in Gulayria, Nepal, where Thomas English served 1966–68. Photo was taken on a return visit in 2005.

## Sarah Kreisman

Sarah Kreisman '02 remembers the moment when she accepted the jungle on Panama's steamy Caribbean coast as her temporary home. A year into her stint, she opened her favorite cereal that she had hauled from town, three hours away. It was full of ants. "I never thought I'd eat ants, but being in the jungle, you either give your cereal to the ants, or just deal with it. I said, 'Dang it. I'm going to eat it.'"

Kreisman decided to join the Peace Corps in part to break out of the safe "bubble" she felt she was living in. Sent to Panama in 2005, she got what she was looking for. "Nothing would ever be the same after being in the Peace Corps," she says. "I went in as a girl and I came out as a woman."

Her house in the steamy jungle on the Caribbean coast was a wooden hut with a palm thatched roof that she shared with scorpions and spiders. The people in her village spoke a dialect she wasn't familiar with. They were deeply religious; she was not. She is outgoing; they were not. "A lot of times there were situations where I didn't express my true feelings about things—where I thought it was my responsibility not to rock the boat. But it wore on me," she says.

Despite their differences, the villagers appreciated her. After two years as an agricultural systems extension worker, she stayed another year as a regional volunteer coordinator. Her takeaways? Leadership skills—the ability to take charge, to delegate, and to organize large events. "I would recommend the Peace Corps to anybody," she says.

## Erin Tyburski

When Erin Tyburski '08 first began blogging about her Peace Corps experience in Kenya, she described "romanticized" scenes, such as running on red dirt roads with barefooted children and participating in a project that used camels for plowing.

But as time went on, the romanticism was replaced by frustration and even cynicism as she became aware of the deeply ingrained challenges of the complex culture she was immersed in. "I am so thoroughly disappointed and disgusted with an overbearing chunk of organized religion that I have trouble even considering the

positive implications of its existence,” she wrote, sixteen months into her stay.

Tyburski ended up pouring her energy into a project to build a children’s activity center. The challenge of transforming a barren patch of dirt into a playground took seven months and required a hand-dug well, two plantings of trees, fence construction, water line hookups, and a truckload of patience. She tapped friends and family for funds to buy playground equipment—three sets of swings, three slides, three see-saws, two sets of monkey bars, and a basketball hoop. The project was completed a week and a half before her assignment was up last December.

Tyburski is now back in Kenya, working at an economic development nonprofit in systems and project development. Of her time in the Peace Corps, she says, “I would not take back any of my rich, diverse, challenging, exciting, life-changing experiences for the world.”

## Don Messerschmidt

Some Peace Corps volunteers decided to attend the UO after their time overseas. Don Messerschmidt ’70, PhD ’74, enrolled at the UO following his two-year Peace Corps stint in Nepal, from 1963 to 1965. There, he and his coworker vaccinated more than 25,000 children against smallpox, using whiskey as a disinfectant and vaccines dropped from helicopters or that they carried in backpacks from Pokhara, a two-day walk from their post. After earning a doctorate in anthropology from the UO, he became an international development consultant. He went back to Nepal and stayed for thirty-five years, consulting, raising his family, and teaching in Nepali colleges. In 2009, he moved back to Vancouver, Washington, but he continues to lead treks in Nepal and take students on summer study trips.

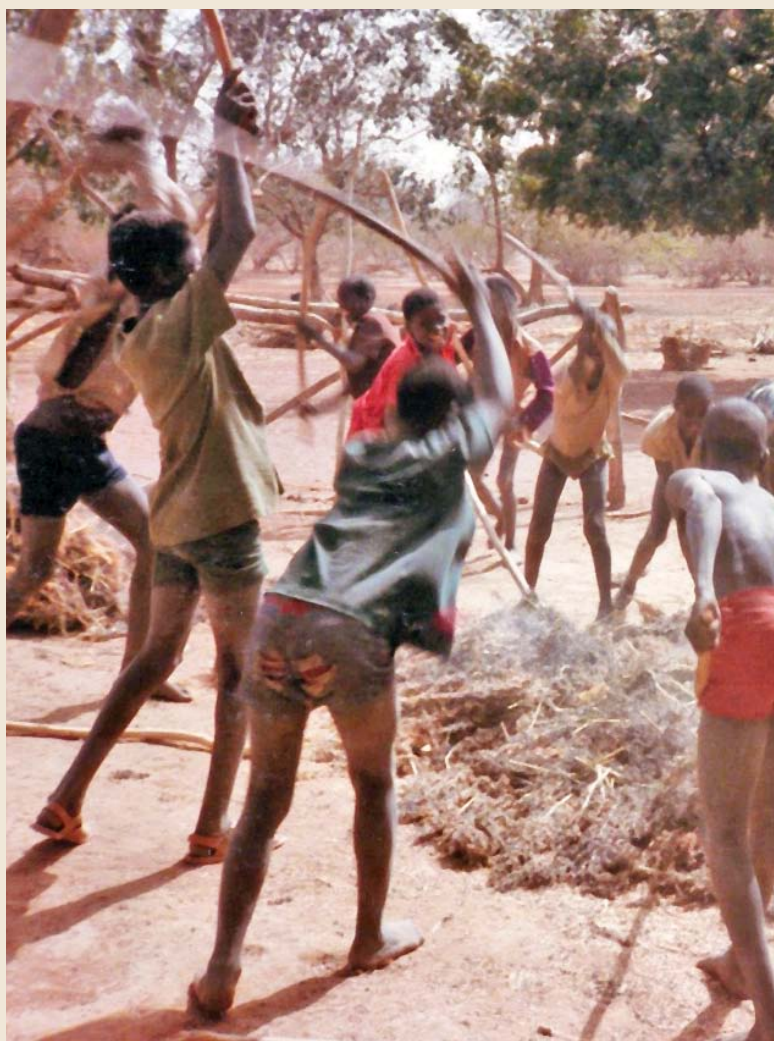
In the early 1970s, Messerschmidt helped resettle a small group of Tibetan immigrants from Maine to the Portland-Vancouver area, and they became the core of what today is a vital Tibetan community. At a recent function, he thanked the community leaders for their generosity. They responded, he says, by telling him, “If it weren’t for you, Don, we wouldn’t be here.”

## Andy Biehl

Andy Biehl was a pole vaulter at Western Washington University, and when the Peace Corps assigned him to the island of Saint Lucia in the Caribbean, he brought his enthusiasm for the sport with him. Pole vaulting wasn’t a popular sport on the island, so he started a club for young athletes. At first, their commitment was



COURTESY CATHERINE BOUCHER





COURTESY ANDY BIEHL

Clockwise from top left: Catherine Boucher in Burkina Faso; Andy Biehl (center), a masters student at the Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, with medal-winning pole vaulters in Saint Lucia in 2009; Ernie Niemi '70 with former students at Saint Charles Lwanga College, Koboko, West Nile, Uganda, on a return visit in 2006; threshing millet during Boucher's stint in Burkina Faso.



COURTESY ERNIE NIEMI

spotty—some came, then disappeared. Or different youths showed up every week. But he persevered. At the club's first national meet, his vaulters walked away with a gold and a silver medal. "It was one of the best nights of my life," he says.

Encouraged, Biehl took it on himself to further raise the profile of pole vaulting on the island. In December 2009, with the support of the government, he set up a community pole vaulting event in the capital city using a portable plywood runway. "The athletes jumped in front of 200–300 people," he says. "Everyone was thrilled. Guys in the media were asking, 'When's the next one?'"

By the time Biehl, now twenty-seven, returned to the United States, he had jettisoned his former career plans in favor of sports marketing. He's now enrolled in the University's Warsaw Sports Marketing Center at the Lundquist College of Business. In December, he's returning to Saint Lucia to run a coach's development camp and to oversee street exhibitions. "I'm able to employ everything I'm learning in ways that really change lives," he says.



COURTESY CATHERINE BOUCHER

## Nathan Bucholz

Nathan Bucholz '00 was familiar with the Peace Corps from an early age. His uncle, Daniel Kraushaar '71, was a volunteer in the 1970s and afterward worked in public health throughout Africa and Asia. Bucholz remembers being dazzled by the family's photographs and stories when they'd come to visit. As he grew up, he nurtured a desire to live and travel in foreign places, and eventually joined the Peace Corps in 2003, destined for Ukraine. When he landed in Kiev, he says, "I remembered everything being gray—the buildings, the snow, the sky, even the clothing people wore."

Little by little he mastered the language and became comfortable in his job with a scouting organization. He took on a number of projects, including holding a weekly English club for Ukrainian youths and securing a grant to rewire the electrical system in a local orphanage. And he met his future wife.

While in the Peace Corps, Bucholz says, "I gained confidence and perspective on what I felt was important in life. The thrill of living abroad left me with a desire to do it again." Today, Bucholz lives in London and works for Google as its travel industry manager. His wife recently gave birth to the couple's first child. "He will grow up speaking both Russian and English," Bucholz says. 🌐

—AT

# My Vietnam

A distant war gets real in a Central Oregon winter.

BY ELLEN WATERSTON

**I**'m on the front line of the baby boomers, born in 1946, six years after the youngest of my three older siblings, each of them twenty-four months apart in a family planning sort of way. Because they were all sent off to boarding schools by the time I was six, not uncommon in the New England I called home, I was basically an only child, a tag-along, relegated to accompanying my mother on her various errands. She apparently felt this unplanned fourth child needed explaining, maybe because she was forty-two years old when she gave birth and it was unusual, in those days, to be so old with a child so young. Whatever the reason, in casual conversations with bank tellers, gas attendants, and hair dressers my mother would, unprompted, introduce me as her “surprise,” “accident,” “mistake,” or “afterthought.” If not stirring feelings of unwelcome in me, it must have prompted slightly inappropriate images of unbridled passion between my mother and father in the imagination of the postal clerk. A lot of adults leapt into the postwar sack, producing a crop of us oops and accidents thanks to couples’ happy and incautious reunions after World War II. My mother related that the halls of the Boston Lying-in Hospital were lined with cots, filled with women in the throes of labor. That husbands had made it home was worth celebrating.

I heard plenty of stories of that war’s dreadful hardships, but as a child, in the embrace of family and community and the abstraction of a country at peace, couldn’t relate. The newsreels shown before the feature at the movie theaters rendered that war nothing more than scary fiction, branding the goose step, the locked right arm raised in salute by thousands of uniformed men, the ominous shape of the mushroom cloud—as live-action metaphors for evil. Drills

that required we get under our small, steel-bellied, wood-topped desks at grade school—nothing but a game and a welcome relief from practicing multiplication tables. Visiting a bomb shelter, speculating about the neighbor who had lost a leg in the war and held up one sock with a thumb tack, stories of rationing butter, of blackouts, the oft repeated adages (“Mend and make do”; “Waste not, want not”; “A stitch in time saves nine”)—nothing made the reality of war sink in.

Nothing, that is, until I first heard my father’s night terrors, his screams, my mother calling out to him, the thin, metallic sound of the chain on the bedside lamp being pulled with the hope that the light would return him to the reality of where he was, retrieving him from wherever he had descended to. I lay awake in my bed in my room down the hall wondering what could have happened to my strong, steady father that made him cry out like that. War. War was the answer. Rolling a ball under my bed before I climbed in became *de rigueur*. I was terrified of something shapeless, unknown. If my father, the center of my universe, could be scared, then the universe had no center. What he made of those dreams, he would never recount. As an intelligence officer, his activities were classified for years and he would not speak about them. When they were finally declassified, he didn’t want to.

Maybe it’s our fatal flaw as humans that most of us can’t care, get motivated, get engaged, have compassion about important social and political issues until and unless they affect us personally. Until there is no more gas at the gas pump. Until it is your son or daughter who does not return from Afghanistan. And even if we have strong feelings one way or another, our inclination to be socially or politically engaged is overwhelmed by busy-ness, so little time left in the day to weigh in . . . what with bills, jobs, families. But sometimes



something jolts us into a deeper understanding.

My generation's war was Vietnam. I was, at best, a diletante protester, selective marcher, could sound smart about Allard Lowenstein's success in turning anti-Vietnam War protest into a mainstream cause, but didn't actively volunteer for Americans for Democratic Action. Could claim some knowledge of the bumpy history of the Students for a Democratic Society, but never joined. More, I was a bystander, entertained by the creative solutions some of my friends adopted to avoid being drafted—feigning bad eyesight, bad backs, or escaping to Canada.

In paradoxical juxtaposition to another "war" of that time, the women's liberation movement, as a female I profited from the Vietnam War. As young, male draftees were shipped away to fight after college, I shipped off to Africa, having received a travel-and-study fellowship previously only offered to male candidates. The fellowship didn't provide qualifying men exemption from the draft, so the opportunity was reluctantly opened to women. Being in Africa in those days (early '70s) meant you were truly far away—to talk with anyone in the United States was done through ham radio, letters took forever. I was now even further removed from what was taking place in the United States as war protests escalated as the war continued.

Settling into a job on return, of course I heard of friends of friends who were returning from combat, had witnessed death, loss of friends and limb. But I didn't know them personally. Did I begin to understand what they had been through? No, not at all. Certainly I saw images of war on television, when I stopped long enough to watch. I was moved, troubled, but only briefly. The images represented an abstraction, one that hadn't affected me directly or personally. Life was good lived as a hothouse plant. I was more interested in those I heard about who were headed west in VW vans painted psychedelic colors to join communes, live in tepees, pursue lifestyles that embodied peace and love and distanced them from anything that smacked of establishment including their home towns, their parents, traditional jobs.

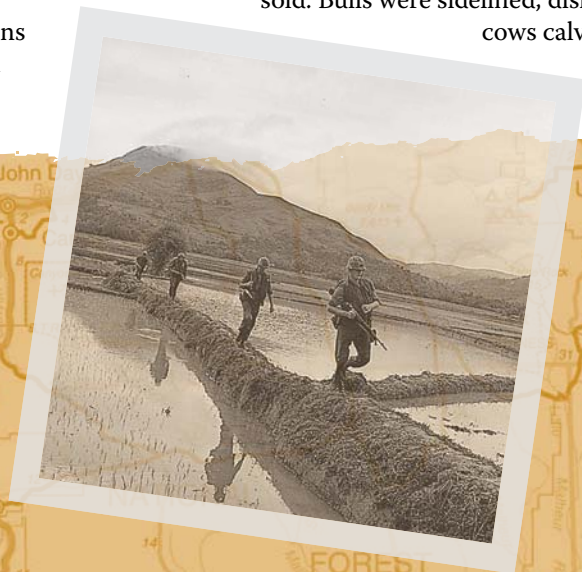
I followed them west. Not for reasons of political passion


or social vision, but for love—of a man and of adventure. By 1975, when the last refugees were evacuated from South Vietnam, I was out of college, finished with graduate studies, married, and pregnant with my second child. Though not making it all the way to the Pacific Ocean, my husband and I had got close: a cattle ranch in Central Oregon forty miles from pavement, hours from groceries. It was, oddly enough, here I would come, albeit belatedly, to truly, viscerally understand the Vietnam War.

**I**t's still true of the upper country of the high desert—when some note- or gossip-worthy development or occurrence takes place, word travels fast between the farflung ranches aided, in those days, by party lines, brandings, meetings of the PauMau (Paulina-Maury Mountains) women's club, community team ropings, or chance encounters between pickups along the miles of dirt roads that lace through the sage-covered reaches of the country—one rancher lowering his window, aiming a fine line of brown tobacco juice to the ground while taking in the latest news delivered by his neighbor. Even by upper-country standards, where any manner of unusual tales unfold, this was a doozie.

December of 1975. Word was that a Vietnamese family had been moved into an isolated cabin near Post, Oregon, to work on an adjacent ranch. A young couple with one, two, three kids. It made no sense. It was the dead of a serious winter. Speculation. Rumor. The owner? Absentee. Living in California. Were there cattle to feed? No one seemed to think so. Maybe. Whaddya make of it? Damned if I know. Didn't he have a local buckaroo feeding the cattle? Gonna need firewood. Damn straight. What is there for them to do? Nothing much, not this time of year.

That was true. By December most cow-calf operators in and around Post and Paulina had already sold that year's crop of calves. Mother cows had been pregnancy checked. Culls—cows that came up "dry," hadn't bred back—had been sold. Bulls were sidelined, dismissed until after the cows calved the next spring, relegated to a





separate pasture. They stood around all day, kind of broody and useless looking. All but one of the cavvy of ranch horses were turned out until spring. The summer wranglers and the hay crew had long since left. In our high desert ranch house it was only my husband, myself, and our toddler at the dinner table, and outside, the pristine silence of the winter desert, the sallow moon illuminating an infinity pool of white snow that fell away at the dark edge of the night. It was the one time of year ranchers could take some time away. Reno, Las Vegas, Mexico. The hired man could keep the water troughs open, do the feeding—put the pickup in low gear and let it hobbledly across the hardpan fields while he tossed hay bales off the back to the line of waiting cows.

So it was reasonable to question why a couple had been hired this time of year. And from Vietnam, of all things. I was determined to find an answer, albeit for embarrassingly self-serving and naive reasons (I thought I could bone up on my French with them). On my way into Prineville to do errands I'd stop at the Post store for directions to their cabin. It turned out to be the right action for the wrong reasons. Funny how that works. I left our ranch early that morning, armed with the usual long list of things to do: doctor's appointment ("Your turn for a preg check," my husband said), groceries, salt licks and supplement for the cows, grain for the horses.

To understand how a family from Vietnam could have possibly wound up in Post, Oregon, meant delving deeper into my generation's war. It turned out there was an explanation. Goes like this: After ten years of protests in the United States and terrible bloodshed in Vietnam, in 1973 the Paris Peace Accords were signed and the last of the U.S. troops left Saigon despite the fact that fighting between the North and South Vietnamese persisted. The South, cut off at the knees by the U.S. departure, was unable to defend against an offensive by the North Vietnamese, resulting in the fall of Saigon. As the North Vietnamese closed in on the capital, a massive helicopter evacuation was staged. The last whirlybird took off from Saigon on April 30, 1975. The pro-American South Vietnamese civilians left behind swarmed the shores in hopes of fleeing the country by sea. One hundred thousand lucky "boat people," as they came to be called, managed to reach U.S. military ships moored off the coast and were taken aboard.

Meanwhile the International Rescue Committee scrambled to set up refugee camps in other Southeast Asian countries and the United States. California military bases, along with others in the United States, became processing centers. The priority was to find, as quickly and efficiently as possible, housing, jobs, sponsors for the refugees. To speed the process along, government grants of \$500 per refugee were offered to private settlement efforts. Place a family of four: \$2,000. Ten families of that size: \$20,000. Starts to be a good business proposition. Good things happened but so did greed and graft. Some created fictitious businesses and left families stranded with no resources or understanding where they were or what they were to do.



**O**n my way to town, I navigated miles of roads covered with snow so light it billowed behind my car like white dust. I reached the plowed paved road and turned toward Post.

The banks of the Crooked River were sawtoothed with brittle fingers of ice reaching into the river. Rye grass, teasel, and the nose hairs of the cattle were lined with frost. Steam rose off the water that still moved. It was cold.


I got to Post and inquired inside the general store. The owner cocked her head to the west, in the direction of a dirt road that led away from the store toward the river. I got back in my car and drove down the road she had indicated, eventually pulling up in front of a small, primitive cabin. Smoke steamed out of a rusty metal chimney pipe. I knocked.

A tiny young woman with a cap of jet black hair stuck her head out, opening the door only a crack. I announced my name. The door was abruptly closed. There was a lot of rapid conversation in Vietnamese. I waited. Then the door was opened slowly. I said hello again in English and French, said my name pointing at myself, ridiculously holding up my English/French dictionary, this time to a man, lean, handsome, who eyed me suspiciously, then cautiously gestured me inside. The cabin had a single bed, a wood stove, a table. The few kitchen utensils were arranged carefully and precisely on the table: knives, spatula, a pot, a few plates. A toddler was tucked in the bed, the young woman, now seated at the table, held a baby to her breast.

Suddenly a torrent of words, gestures from her husband. Opening empty cupboards. Patting his stomach. Rubbing his crisscrossed forearms to indicate how cold, including his wife and children in his pantomime. I too resorted to improvised sign language. *I would drive* I imitated turning a steering wheel, *talk* I imitated a telephone, *would bring to them* . . . after my solo charades they seemed to understand I was concerned and would help them. Amidst excited chatter on their part, we exchanged names. I also wrote down my phone number—not that they had a phone, although there was one at the Post store. But what would we have been able to say to one another? They passed the slip of paper back and forth as though it was a visa to heaven, tracing my writing with their fingers. They rehearsed my name over and over running my first name and last initial together into one. *EllieB, EllieB, EllieB*. My list of errands had just grown a lot longer.

What unfolded was nothing short of a fast-acting miracle produced by a small army of caring people in Prineville. I had little to do with it, had only to blow on the pilot light of compassion and concern, make a few calls once I got to town and within days, a house was obtained, a former Marine who spoke Vietnamese helped Mr. V. get a driver's license, a job at a mill. I, amidst all this, delivered my second child and returned to the ranch. Telephone conversations over the next few weeks confirmed that clothing, household supplies, and a car had been donated.

Piecing their story together, this is what I came up with. Mr. V., formerly a farmer, had worked for the American



military and so was in significant danger when Saigon was overtaken by the North Vietnamese. He, his wife, and their firstborn managed to get on a cargo boat and were delivered to Guam, where their second child was born. They then were transported to Camp Pendleton in California, joining thousands of refugees there. At first, according to reports, refugees were allowed to turn down sponsor offers if the climate at the proposed relocation site was deemed too cold or it meant separating family members or the work was unfamiliar. But to speed things up, the American government under President Gerald Ford decided to allow only two declines and then they had to go. According to the stories making their way up and down the Crooked River valley, the Post ranch owner had created a landscape company in California, placing numbers of families. Did he end up with one extra family? Have to stick them somewhere so sent them to his ranch in Oregon? Whatever had brought them to Post, a second relocation effort took shape, this time not across the Pacific but across a sagebrush ocean, this time not on a cargo ship but within the hold of a caring group of Central Oregonians. This time a much shorter distance—from Post to Prineville, Oregon.

Over the next ten years or so, my young children and I would enjoy exotic (to us) meals with Mr. and Mrs. V., many photos taken, much chatter in incomprehensible English. A gift from Mr. V. of a tiny carved ivory Buddha remains one of my most treasured possessions. Inside, their house was an orderly hive of things carefully saved . . . shoes, wrapping paper, small boxes. They were recycling before it was the thing to do. Mending, making do, stitching in time, wasting nothing.

I moved away from our ranch and the Prineville area. It would not be until the summer of 2010, recalling them and determined to reconnect on the thirty-fifth anniversary of the evacuation of Saigon, that we would reunite. We met at a Chinese restaurant in Prineville. They weren't happy about my disappearance. *Where EllieB? We look EllieB. We try call. No name phone book.* (My efforts to explain I had returned to my maiden name were lost on them.) *We think, EllieB no friend? We worry EllieB.* Stories of receiving citizenship, working, fishing. All five of their children have finished school. The youngest is contemplating becoming a doctor. Though Mr. V. drives the same car obtained for him way back then, he proudly stated he had purchased a car and a computer for each of his children. The one luxury he permits himself—a satellite television package so he can watch the news of Vietnam in Vietnamese. He and his wife want and have worked hard for what all of us want—to create a better life for our children. They talk to me of their dreams of retiring, getting a camper, and traveling the United States. We all nod in enthusiastic agreement with what fun that would be.

I let them know I must be going. Mr. V. walks with me to my car, talking a blue but heavily accented streak. I watch a young, white, twenty-something Prineville youth walk by, his jeans slung low. What was that look? Dislike? Disdain? Distrust? Worse? Fired by the rhetoric coming from Arizona, from antiimmigrant newscasts and political candidates, from

voices of intolerance and fear, what can small-town youths be expected to know of compassion, of a OneAmerica, as Indian-born and Seattle-based immigrant activist Pramila Jayapal advocates for? And unless a father has returned from a war and cries out in their night, what can they understand of the reality of war, can any of us understand?

While visiting the Oregon Coast recently, I decided to indulge myself with a manicure. I looked in the *Yellow Pages* and randomly picked a salon, making an appointment at B Nail. I found the location in the shopping mall at the entrance to town. I walked in. Two Vietnamese women in surgical masks sat at small tables working silently, purposefully on the hands or feet of their women clients, gesturing to them to place their foot in the wash basin, their hand in the fluted finger bowl. A metallic portrait of the Buddha was hung on one wall. On the opposite wall, a painting of very stylized bright white horses rearing into purple and pink clouds. I was directed to a tall, fit, young Vietnamese man. I sat down across a narrow table from him and placed my hands, palms down, like some sort of supplicant, on a white hand towel in front of him. He examined each finger, one by one, picking them up and dropping them like playing the reeds of a kalimba. He then went to work shaping my nails, turning my hand in his palm this way and that with professional dispatch as though filleting a fish or shaping dough, finally applying scarlet polish on each nail. Two brown-eyed children stuck their heads in the door at the rear of the storefront. He said something in Vietnamese that sent them obediently back, closing the door quietly behind them. *Your daughters? Yes. Back from school? Yes. Good students? Yes. Very good. Very good.* He smiled. I smiled.

There we sat, across from one another, my sixty-year old hand supported in his thirty-year-old palm—mismatched in size, age, color, yet joined in some sort of inadvertent, circumstantial prayer or arrested applause. I was startled by the sudden sensation that our life stories were being transmitted one hand to the other through a palpable current of shared compassion for whatever arc of history and story brought him here, whatever arc of history and story brought me here, what of war he had heard from his parents, his grandparents, what hardships we had both, any of us everywhere, endured, what triumphs.

My hand floating in his palm I felt hope that we are all up to the ultimate and critical relocation that beckons—from a divided America, a divided globe, to a unified and tolerant one. Raising the red lacquer-soaked brush in the air like a conductor, he asked for my other hand. ©

*Ellen Waterston is the author of Where the Crooked River Rises (Oregon State University Press, 2010). She has also written Then There Was No Mountain, a memoir, and two books of poetry, Between Desert Seasons and I Am Madagascar, the winners of the Willa prize in poetry in 2009 and 2005, respectively. She was the winner of the 2008 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. She lives in Bend.*



PAUL KANE SKETCH BELIEVED TO BE OF NARCISSE WHITMAN, CA. 1846 - OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY





# Narcissa Red

BY DEBRA GWARTNEY

**A** FRIEND AND I PULLED INTO WALLA Walla, Washington, on a rain-brightened Friday afternoon last year—a wet thunderstorm having passed through that morning as other storms would come and go during our stay. The moisture had left a sheen on the golden hills of the Palouse, a shimmer on the Blue Mountains to the east, accentuating the lushness of a valley full of opportunity and promise of the Chamber of Commerce variety. Driving in, it seemed still possible to start a successful business here, grow crops to take to market, to buy a house for a reasonable price, and settle into the friendly community.

I'd convinced Cheryl to travel to Walla Walla with me not for any of these long-term pursuits, but instead for a weekend of poking around in the lives of a particular missionary couple, the first white family to settle in the Columbia Basin. Marcus and Narcissa Whitman had also found the area lush, inviting, when they arrived in 1836. They planned to stay until they were old and frail, doing the work they felt they'd been called to do, but instead they'd met a violent end in 1847. They've been cast as martyrs of the West, as "angels of mercy," ever since.

It's Narcissa Whitman who's long fascinated me. She's been billed as the first white woman to cross the Rocky Mountains, having stepped over the Continental Divide (with co-missionary Eliza Spalding on her heels) on July 4, 1836. I feel a certain tie to her as one of the millions of white women born in her wake. I'm a fifth-generation Idahoan, and lately curious about a legacy that I believe reaches all the way back to her.

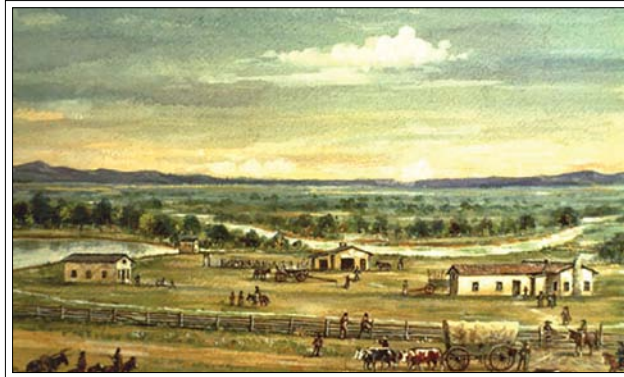
Narcissa and Eliza, on their long journey with husbands Marcus Whitman and Henry Spalding, as well as an entourage of more seasoned trackers and mountain men, traveled alongside a single wagon of belongings (they'd started out with two wagons; the larger one was abandoned at Fort Laramie). Though the small Dearborn actually belonged to the Spaldings, it carried, among other items, Narcissa's pre-

cious trunk; in that trunk were bright print dresses Narcissa thought "would delight the savages across the mountains," and boxes of her dishes and books. This wagon, splintered, beaten up, in need of constant repair to the point that it was finally reduced to a two-wheel cart, was fairly dragged over the daunting range of jagged peaks. Still, news of the accomplishment reached those east of the Mississippi enthralled with the "frontier," a mysterious land of plenty where they

believed they could start their lives over again. Because Narcissa Whitman—far from a sturdy outdoorswoman—had made the five-month trip, sleeping on the ground, cooking with buffalo chips, eating dried meat for weeks on end, as men coaxed a wagon over rough terrain, many others, including my own ancestors, were certain they could do the same.

A century and a half after the launch of the massive western emigration, Cheryl and I checked into the Marcus Whitman. The grand hotel sits smack in the middle of a downtown that trembles with twenty-first century vibrancy: small shops full of trendy knick-knacks and good cheese, tiny coffee houses redolent of freshly ground beans. This Walla Walla Valley, where wheat has been king and a certain variety of sweet onion has reigned, has become a prime tourist destination due to the gorgeous wines produced there. When I'd planned my research trip for early May days, I had no idea that Spring Release fell on the same weekend, an annual event when hordes of enthusiasts show up to sample new offerings from local wineries, L'Ecole, Seven Hills, Bunchgrass, Flying Trout, and Whitman Cellars among them. Watching the vans outside the hotel prepare to transport folks on days of tipping, I could almost feel Narcissa's disappointment: of the habits she most loathed (and she loathed many), those who gave into spirits troubled her most—she wouldn't even allow Marcus to carry a small jar of alcohol in his medical satchel. Whitman Cellars Winery! Surely she spun in her grave over that one.

I'd insisted we stay at the overpriced hotel, opulent (in an



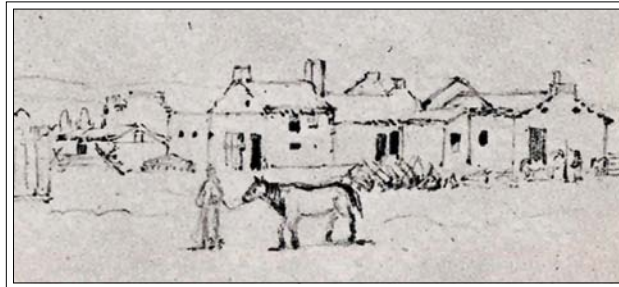
WHITMAN MISSION AT WAIILATPU, WASHINGTON, CA. 1847—PAINTING BY WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON, COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

old-fashioned sort of way, from brocade on the sofas to dusty chandeliers) beyond any standards Marcus himself would have tolerated. He was perfectly happy in the simple lap-sided house he'd built for his wife and the child conceived on their journey west. (Their home and outbuildings, gone now, were located eight miles from the hotel at the Protestant mission called Waiilatpu.) Guests of the hotel, built in the late 1920s by local citizens in Marcus' honor, can stroll through an art gallery, perusing the thirty-five oil paintings depicting an ever-serene couple, Marcus and Narcissa, from their perfunctory wedding in Amity, New York, to the day in November 1847 when their skulls were split open by the Cayuse Indians who they'd come to "save."

Soon after we'd dropped our bags in the lavish suite, we returned to the front desk. I asked the young clerk to guide us to the gallery, and she pointed to a staircase, handing me a brochure about the artist, Dave Manuel, who began his work in 1972, based largely on Narcissa's journals and letters home. He'd finished the paintings, pure hagiography, in time for the nation's bicentennial. I'd read many books about Narcissa and Marcus, and during a month at the American Antiquarian Society Library in Worcester, Massachusetts, I'd done little but try to wrap my head around their missionary drive, tightly locked with the spirit of Manifest Destiny that had gripped the nation in the mid-1800s—so I was disingenuous when I asked the clerk who Marcus was.

She shrugged, turned a little red in the face. "I'm not sure. There's a statue of him down the street," she said, pointing in a different direction. "I think he's the first one to settle in this area. A missionary, maybe?"

Sure, this is the fate of most founders—who recalls much about the character of, say, Lt. Peter Puget, Judge Matthew Deady, or even Eugene Skinner?—but I was disappointed that Marcus and, I assume, his wife were so sketchily recalled. I was about to argue the importance of studying their lives, their time here in the Columbia Basin, these people who were the forebears of local agricultural ambitions and religious principles, but the clerk looked bored with me. I glanced around at groups of women and men in colorful weekend garb studying maps and making plans for hours of imbibing. I realized that I, too, was ready to indulge in the delights of the small city. We skipped Dave Manuel's earnest images for the time being, and headed to the bar, where Cheryl and I shared a plate of morel ragu, topped with grilled asparagus and a duck egg. The meal was delicious enough that we returned the next evening and ordered the same. And, despite my research subjects' disdain for such an activity, we shared a bottle of Marcus Whitman red wine, produced especially for this restaurant, available nowhere else, and so smooth, so polished, I leaned back in the fat chair and sighed with pleasure.



**N**ARCISSA PRENTISS WHITMAN, RAISED in upstate New York by a mother who was quietly yet doggedly fervent in her religious beliefs, was one of thousands swept into what's known as the Second Great Awakening. Narcissa's spiritual rebirth came early, at age eleven, and it set her in the one and only direction for her life that she would accept: she was to become a missionary. "I frequently desired to go to the heathen but only half-heartedly and it was not till [her religious transformation] that I felt to consecrate myself without reserve to the Missionary work waiting the leadings of Providence concerning me." She was certain she held the answers to life's predicaments and could guide others on the only righteous path to Eternity. Crowds of others who felt the same jammed churches in the Finger Lakes District. They swooned over the Arminian theological tenets of personal salvation, a one-on-one relationship with Jesus, and the belief that "every person can be saved through revivals." Such practices would remedy the evils of society, straighten the moral fiber of the populace, and allow the return of the Messiah. Here's how Nard Jones in

his 1959 book, *The Great Command*, describes the movement: "The romanticism of the first half of the nineteenth century has been called 'the most widespread intellectual force ever liberated in the United States.' Mixed with Puritanism and Calvinism, with Jeffersonian democracy and the frontier spirit, it became, more-

over, a highly explosive force." This fervor spread through East Coast churches, their brethren directed to bring enlightenment to those considered heathens, to convert native tribes all over the globe to Christianity, and to introduce them to a democratic system of government. Narcissa had read, as did thousands of others, an 1833 story in the *Christian Advocate* newspaper that fit perfectly with this calling. The story was about four "Flat-Head" men (actually, Nez Perce) traveling a tremendous distance to find William Clark (whom they remembered from his 1805 passage through their country) in Saint Louis. The *Advocate* report insisted that they'd done so out of a desperate desire to know the Bible. But an interview with a Nez Perce elder in 1892, written up by ethnologist Alice C. Fletcher, casts their intention in a different light: "Old Speaking Eagle was of a philosophic turn of mind, and the question as to whether the sun was father and the earth mother of the human race was one that occupied him. . ." When Speaking Eagle heard about the white man's Jesus, son of God, he wondered, "How can the sun make a boy?" Fletcher continues: "It was the discussion of such questions as these that led the four men to determine to find the trail of Lewis and Clark and ask them about facts concerning the sun and the earth."

These nuances did not make their way into the *Christian*

*Advocate* article, which was illustrated with a drawing—the artist’s conjecture of a crudely flattened forehead—and a description of the manner in which baby skulls were shaped this way (strong wood, buckskin straps). Narcissa swore to all around her that she would go to these people, whom she excoriated before she even met them for their savage nature—mothers who tied boards to infant heads for an entire year!—and would fulfill their hearts’ desire for the Word of God. She would teach them civility and a Jeffersonian notion of governance. She would instill the proper faith in an Edenic land and await the return of the savior.

Narcissa’s interest in applying to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was ignited after reading the *Advocate* story. But she knew that a single woman would not be allowed to travel to the frontier West (the ABCFM had shipped single women off to India and the Sandwich Islands; the West, however, was a different matter), and that only marriage would get her there.

Narcissa was in her late twenties, considered an old maid in her community. It’s not that she hadn’t been offered marriage proposals—men had expressed interest, certainly, though some were put off by her tendency to attend church three, four, sometimes five times a day, her never-ceasing prayers, her even more religious mother looming over her. The suitors included Henry Spalding, a man she found (whom most everyone found) rude, backward, a whiner with too many sniveling complaints. She turned down Spalding’s proposal on the spot, not realizing that she would be stuck with him hounding her about her shortcomings all the way west, and every time he visited or wrote a scolding letter from his mission in current day Lapwai, Idaho, to her mission. As Jones writes, “He would never forgive her until she was dead.”

Just when a husband—and thus missionary work—seemed beyond Narcissa, she heard about Marcus Whitman, a doctor in his thirties whose calling was every bit as burning as hers. He heard about her, too, and traveled to Amity for a visit. After a couple of hours of discussion with him in her parents’ parlor, she emerged engaged.

Marcus and Narcissa met only once or twice before their wedding. They exchanged letters during the periods they were apart (including the eleven months of Marcus’s “trial trip” to the western frontier in 1835, when he surveyed the terrain, met native people and errant mountain men, and experienced plenty of travails). They knew nothing of each other’s habits or predilections, but no matter. Since the board of missionaries insisted that only legally wedded couples could go west, a marriage certificate would get them to the land called Oregon. The two near-strangers stood in her family’s Presbyterian Church on February 18, 1836, Narcissa swathed in a black bombazine dress, and were hastily pronounced man and wife. Then they were on their way, with stops to raise funds and garner support and find equipment for the long journey to the very ends of the Earth as they knew it. Narcissa Whitman, described as “buxom,” “curvy,” “substantial,” five-foot-eight and one hundred thirty-six pounds on

her wedding day, headed west with the gangly and sometimes overwrought Marcus, never to return, never again to see the parents and sisters she adored. She was twenty-seven years old and a few months after the launch of their journey, she was pregnant for the only time she’d bear a child.

Narcissa gave up every comfort in life so she could spread her message to a tribe, it turned out, who hadn’t asked for it. They didn’t want it, they had not traveled to see General Clark and ask about the white man’s Bible, they did not tie boards to infant skulls to flatten foreheads. Yet they were nearly destroyed in the end because the Whitmans had moved to their country and practiced among them.

The Whitmans’ profound lack of awareness toward the Cayuse catalyzed a simmering anger that exploded on a cold November day in 1847. Thirteen people, including Marcus and Narcissa, died horribly, and their deaths set in motion vast changes that helped shape the West. News of the violence at Waiilatpu reached those forming a government in Oregon City, inciting former mountain men and frightened settlers to enact laws that made it easier to remove native people from their lands, not only to support commerce but also to create administrative and enforcement agencies suited to Anglo needs. Lawmakers in Washington, D.C., swiftly voted to create a territory called Oregon and to place it under U.S. rule, never addressing the sovereignty of the nations already established there. And war—which would nearly decimate a tribe already half wiped out by illness—was declared on the Cayuse and any tribe that might aid the Cayuse.

In a strange way, I see now, the Whitmans were as appropriated for others’ needs and notions in their own day as they are today. Back then, they were instantly turned into iconic martyrs, the violence of their deaths used to inflame fears and to promote political causes. These days, Narcissa and Marcus are reduced to a name on a hotel, a label on a bottle of wine, a statue of him downtown, of her at Whitman College. Hardly remembered for the forces they were when they lived, for the ideals and principles they brought west, many of which continue to resonate through the nation’s mythology, reinforcing our image of the American frontier.

**O**N SATURDAY, CHERYL AND I DROVE out to Waiilatpu. In contrast to the hundreds of cars in winery parking lots and tourists filling the streets downtown, we were the only visitors at the mission site. We were alone wandering through the displays, peering into glass cases full of native tools, implements, baskets, and, across the room, a pair of Marcus’s glasses, a torn Bible, a few chipped dishes rescued from the mission after the Cayuse burned it. In the center of the room on an elevated platform, a tableau mimics the first encounter of missionaries and Cayuse—a clumsy effort, considering that these life-size mannequins were designed to display spring outfits or fetching bikinis in a department store window, not the ill-fitting and faded pioneer dress on Mannequin Narcissa or

the buckskin coat and coonskin hat on Mannequin Marcus. The Cayuse female forms are small—teenaged-size—with faintly darker skin. They carry baskets and wear hats expertly woven from the native grasses that once dominated the landscape. The Indian women gaze with wonder at the newcomers who'll change their lives forever.

We noticed that the rain had lifted—threat of lightning gone now—so Cheryl and I went out to the mission grounds. I wanted to stand at the exact spot of Narcissa's death as it's been chronicled by survivors' reports; I wanted to wander by the grave (all thirteen buried together), and then locate her baby's headstone, lost in the brushy hillside. We strolled across green grass mowed meticulously, as if for a golf course, stopping to read a sign explaining that the National Park Service had begun to restore the meadows and hill-sides to the original rye grasses and riverside tule, the prime vegetation there when the Whitmans arrived. Though the missionaries continued to call the location Waiilatpu—"place of the rye grass people"—one of Marcus's main goals was to yank up the grass, to plow it under and teach the native people to become farmers who'd stay in one spot, grow food, live in homes, resign their nomadic ways. Evidence of his efforts abound at the site: the thriving peach and apple orchard near the river where their daughter Alice drowned at age two, his ingenious series of irrigation canals, the (reconstructed) grist mill silent now in the stream.

The killings at Waiilatpu, and the resulting war, closed the valley to settlers until around 1860. But after that, families moved in and farming took hold—dryland farming, with just enough rain off the Blue Mountains and some of the planet's best topsoil making this a nearly perfect place to grow wheat and legumes. Cheryl and I had visited another museum, at Fort Walla Walla, earlier—a series of giant warehouses displaying massive enactments of former agricultural practices, the "33-mule team with Harris Combine & Chandoney Hitch," in particular, with all thirty-three animals straining at the bit. This museum is replete with mannequins, as well—that team of horses (plaster mules apparently not available), with human forms at the helm of the combine and hanging from the sides, all of them dusty and so dented and marred that just standing there, I felt distinctly that the heyday of harvesting wheat off steep hills has passed.

The heyday of wineries is now. Our last stop on Saturday was at Whitman Cellars, a quaint building downtown, walls lined with barrels and, on this Spring Tasting day, thrumming with music, activity, and happy men and women waiting to pour us sips of wine. We hurried in out of the rain to pay our five-dollar entrance fee and fell into the fun, nibbling at the chocolate samples, loading up on cheese and crackers, and making our way from one wine table to the next.

The vintage I kept my eye out for was, of course, Narcissa Red. The name, which I'd only recently heard, had both fascinated and repelled me since I'd read this description on a local website:

"Ask about the story of Narcissa Whitman, the namesake

of Whitman Cellars' red blend, and you know you're in for a serious wine. The 'W' on the bottle stands for Whitman, the brave and idealistic young couple Marcus and Narcissa who traveled west to set up a Christian mission amongst the Cayuse people only to be killed before their time. Narcissa was one of the first women to cross the Rocky Mountains and make it to Walla Walla. Along with their religious ideals, the Whitman's [sic] unfortunately brought disease with them, and their pathology wiped out the children of the Cayuse. So it was a matter of survival for the locals that the Whitman's [sic] be killed and the buildings of their mission destroyed. This is just the kind of story that inspires strength and perseverance, and the story has resonated in the area ever since."

It's not clear which part of the story "inspires strength and perseverance" or even which part still resonates—though I find it curious that the author of this paragraph fails to note Narcissa's disdain for alcohol of all types. Nor has he researched enough history to understand that it was not the Whitmans who brought illness to the valley, but the measles- and typhoid-ridden wagon trains that moved down the Oregon Trail and often stopped at Waiilatpu for supplies and rest beginning around 1843. It's true that at least half of the tribe died from pathogens against which they had no defense. The crux of trouble for the Whitmans, however, was that the Cayuse couldn't fathom why Marcus, who had presented himself as a medicine man, was unable to effectively mitigate the epidemics. In Cayuse tradition, a *tewat* who could not heal had to pay with his own life.

**T**HE ATTACK ON THE WHITMANS BEGAN with a Cayuse man burying a tomahawk in Marcus's head, splattering blood on Narcissa and nearby children, and continued with the slaughter of any man or boy found out in the open. Then Narcissa was shot in the breast. She'd been standing near a living room window, peering between the curtains, when the rifle ball came through the glass and slammed into her. A few hours later, she was persuaded by some of the young Cayuse leaders to come outside, ostensibly to negotiate a truce ("God has raised us up a friend," Narcissa said in accepting the offer). She had gathered her adopted children to her in the upstairs bedroom and was too weak by then to walk, so a man and young woman carried her out on the living room settee. But as soon as the far end of the sofa was out the door, a line of fire erupted, wounding the girl and killing the man who carried her. This time, Narcissa was riddled with bullets.

Narcissa's adopted daughter Catherine Sager, in her eyewitness description of the mayhem, reported the events this way:

"Mrs. Whitman was shot through the face as she lay on the settee. Every groan the sufferer made was answered with blows from clubs. One Indian had her by the hair when another shot at and missed her, the ball going through the hand of him that was pulling her hair. When they thought life was ex-

tinct, they threw her into the mud, and night coming on, they left. . .” Catherine describes the children, including herself, huddled alone upstairs, drenched in Narcissa’s blood and crying out for water. “Never shall I forget that awful night. I think of it now with a shudder. I wished that it might always stay dark, or that we might be crushed by the roof falling on us.”

**S**O, YES, EVEN ONE HUNDRED SIXTY YEARS after her death, a “serious” red wine seems rather insensitive.

When I spotted the Whitman Cellars winemaker slipping out to his car and away from the lively crowds, I followed him. He let me ask him a few questions in the parking lot about his decision to name this wine after Narcissa Whitman. He regarded the label as a way to honor her, he said. And, yes, of course, he knew how she’d died. He folded his arms across his chest, not unfriendly but impatient. I could tell he’d faced these questions before, and I really had no new way of reiterating the obvious: a strict teetotaler, a deeply religious woman, whose hastily buried body was dug up by animals, reburied by the surviving women and children, then dug up again, the hanks of her red hair left strewn across the wet meadow—just how could you consider it an honor to put her name on a bottle of red wine?

Although I don’t recall his exact words, the winemaker finished our conversation with a sentiment that stuck with me, so much so that I turned it over all that night, so that I turn it over still. Basically, he said that Narcissa Whitman’s time in the Walla Walla Valley had led to *this* reality—the development of rich agricultural lands, to thriving farms, and, more recently, to an acknowledgement that the loess soil, deposited by ancient glaciers, makes for terrific *terroir* and, thus, terrific wine. This reality, no other. The Whitmans came to set change in motion and set change in motion they did, though not the ones they’d planned for. I believe the winemaker was asking me, What good does it do to pretend otherwise?

**A**FTER HE LEFT, I WENT BACK INSIDE and purchased some Narcissa Red wine. An odd choice, I suppose, given the objections I’d just expressed to the winemaker about the label. Uncomfortable as it is to admit, his logic made sense to me. I’m as much a product of my time as the clerk at the hotel and the others who’ve let the Whitmans drift into folklore; those ready to promote only the present, the further development of former Cayuse lands and the unexamined commercialization of Western history, which seems to be working out well for nearly all of them—except, it seems, for Whitman Cellars, which closed earlier this year, after defaulting on several loans.

Cheryl and I actually bought a case of Narcissa Red and brought it home. I opened my six bottles slowly, over a long period of time and only for the most special of occasions. Every time a cork pops, I think of Narcissa: way back there at the start of a history that leads to today, to me and others like me rooting through the folklore and mythology of the West, trying to make peace with the contradictions of the past.

I did visit the art gallery at the hotel before we left on Sunday morning. I stayed only a few minutes, as put off by the images, the overselling of her as a saint unflinching in her devotion, as I am by Narcissa’s name on the bottle of wine.

The night before they died, according to Nard Jones’s biography, Marcus returned home from the Indian encampment aware of the brewing anger aimed at him and his wife. The two sat up past midnight, whispering so as to not alarm the nine children in their care—many in their beds near death from the measles. Narcissa wept as her husband warned her of the violence they would surely face, but she didn’t beg him to pack up and leave. Nor did he offer to get her away from there, from danger. The Whitmans, whether or not they admitted aloud to one another the mistakes they’d made, the shortfalls of their efforts, held on to each other and chose to endure the consequences of their eleven-year sojourn at Waiilatpu.

Most histories, including the one depicted in the Manual paintings, jump over this moment of reckoning, this acknowledgement between the couple that things would not end well. That’s too bad. The fear and the doubt that plagued them

that night make Marcus and Narcissa more real and more brave. I prefer to remember her this way: afraid, yet stalwart. Full of despair, yet unyielding in her determination to care for those who depended on her. Maybe even, perhaps, ready to accept that she had helped bring this on.

There’s much still to sort out. But alone in my home in Oregon, a century and half past the end of Waiilatpu, I pour the wine named for her in a glass. I swirl it until the red color deepens. Before I drink, I lift the glass and toast Narcissa Prentiss Whitman. All that she came with, all that she left behind. ☪

*Debra Gwartney is working on a book about Narcissa Prentiss Whitman. She first wrote about her for Old Oregon (“Narcissa,” Winter 1992). Gwartney, winner of the 2000 Oregon Quarterly essay contest and judge for that contest in 2011, is the author of Live Through This: A Mother’s Memoir of Runaway Daughters and Reclaimed Love (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009) and is on the faculty of Pacific University’s Master of Fine Arts in Writing program. She lives in Finn Rock.*

**WEB EXTRA:** Read Debra Gwartney’s 1992 story about Narcissa Whitman at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).





**Saturday, September 17, 7:30 A.M.** The sun is barely up over Autzen Stadium. Kickoff for today's game against Missouri State is scheduled for 12:30 P.M. But another game is already well under way.

Steve Green, the athletics department's maintenance and labor coordinator (you might say he's the Chip Kelly of cleanup), zooms around on a golf cart. He's been with the department for twenty-one years and has been overseeing stadium cleanup for the past seventeen years.

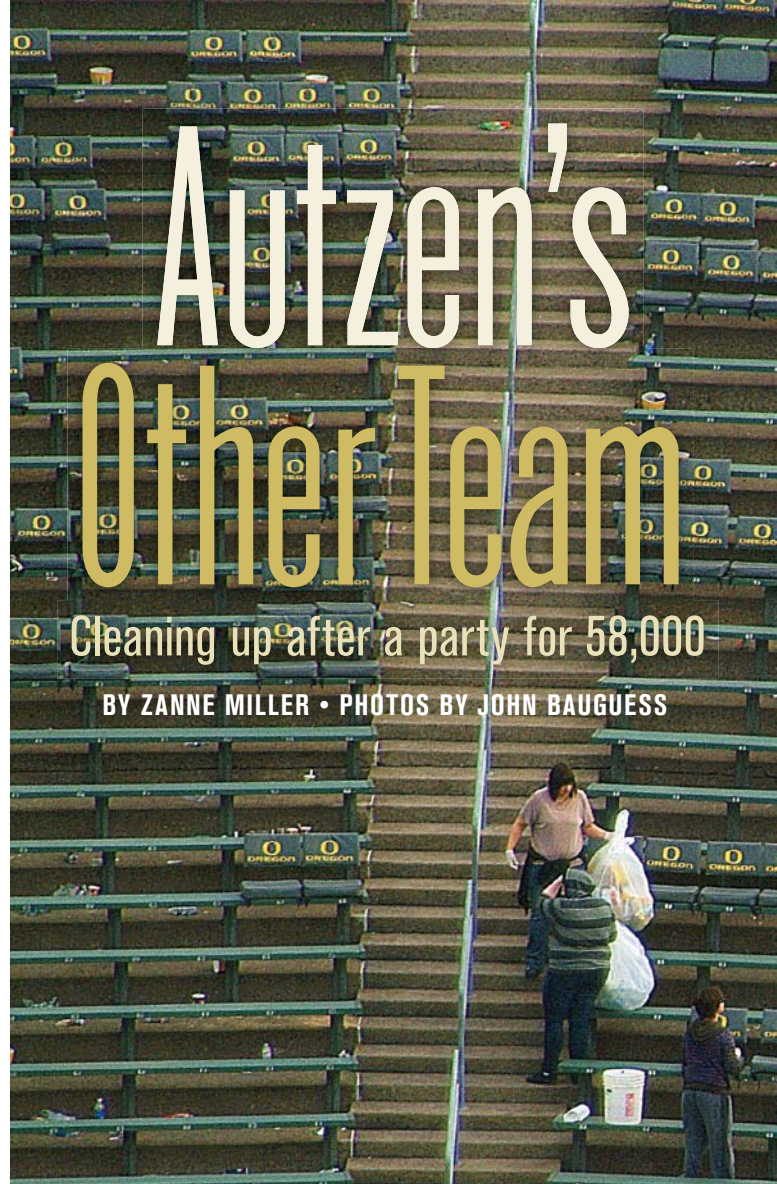
He directs another facilities employee on the placement of large blue and green recycling bins outside the south entrance. He's always smiling and greets almost everyone by name.

During football season, the facilities crew is in constant prep mode. Game day work had begun on Friday morning, when about fifty men and women from the UO's Army ROTC program ran from campus, wiped down all the seats in the stadium, and ran back across the river. In doing this, they raise money for adventure training, while junior members of the battalion develop leadership skills, coordinating the group, strategizing ways to make the process more efficient.

A group of thirty parents and students from A3 charter school in Springfield operates the "Beverage Recovery System." Wearing plastic gloves and all manner of Ducks gear, they'll be stationed by the recycle bins with gopher grabbers (long-handled "claws" that let them pick up bottles and cans without touching them), encouraging fans to drain their drinks into buckets (the stew will later be flushed down a sanitary line) and to place their empties in the appropriate receptacles.

At a pay rate of \$650 per game, the work represents the bulk of A3's fundraising effort. "We made \$3,600 last season," says Lonni Sexton, who works full-time at Knight Library and has led the A3 group for many years. "We get to watch the game. We help people recycle."

Green assigns every group one job for the entire season. The North Eugene boys' soccer team and girls' dance team keep the bathrooms neat. The Willamette High School boys' soccer team is the go-to group for on-the-spot cleanups and "general running around." The Thurston cheer team is in the Moshofsky Center, monitoring garbage, clearing tables, and



encouraging composting; tomorrow, they'll be on cleanup.

By the end of the day Sunday, about twenty groups with more than 350 community members will have taken part.

To clean up at Autzen—and throughout the year at other UO athletic facilities—is an attractive alternative to selling cookie dough, gift wrap, or candy bars, or hosting garage sales or car washes, all of which require a lot of effort for sometimes negligible gain.

"This is more straightforward," Sexton says. "We show up at Autzen with a group of people, we work a few hours, and we get paid."

North Eugene soccer coach Salvador Barajas '00 notes that with budget cuts in the school districts, teams are strapped. Uniforms, shoes, and travel to games, plus the physical exams required for play are already out of reach for many players. "Some of these kids otherwise would never have a chance to come to Autzen," he adds. "It's good for them to be part of the community, and it enables them to play."

It's a win-win, Green says: the athletics department would pay private contractors a lot more to do any of these jobs.

While recycling began at Autzen at the time of the 2002



“I grew up rooting against the Ducks,” says OSU grad Mike Simons, “and now I have to pick up their garbage.”

expansion, it's only the second week of a pilot program between the athletics department and Oregon Beverage Recycling Cooperative (OBRC) to have student groups collect returnables from the tailgate lot. April Hovas, OBRC's senior relationship manager, notes that eighty-five pounds of aluminum and fifty cases of glass were redeemed after the Ducks home opener against Nevada.

When school is in session, the job (and the nickel per container) will belong to students from the Climate Justice League at the UO, but today a small but determined group—five adults and a little boy about eight—from Our Father's House, a church in Springfield, and a group called Celebrate Recovery, is charged with the task.

A sustainability committee was formed in the UO athletics department in summer 2010 and is cochaired by Bob Beals, associate athletics director of operations and events. In addition to evaluating practices throughout the department, one of its goals is to reduce waste and increase recycling at the games.

This is the first year the department has tried composting inside the “Mo,” as well as in the president's and athletics director's suites. These three areas are the pilot for a zero

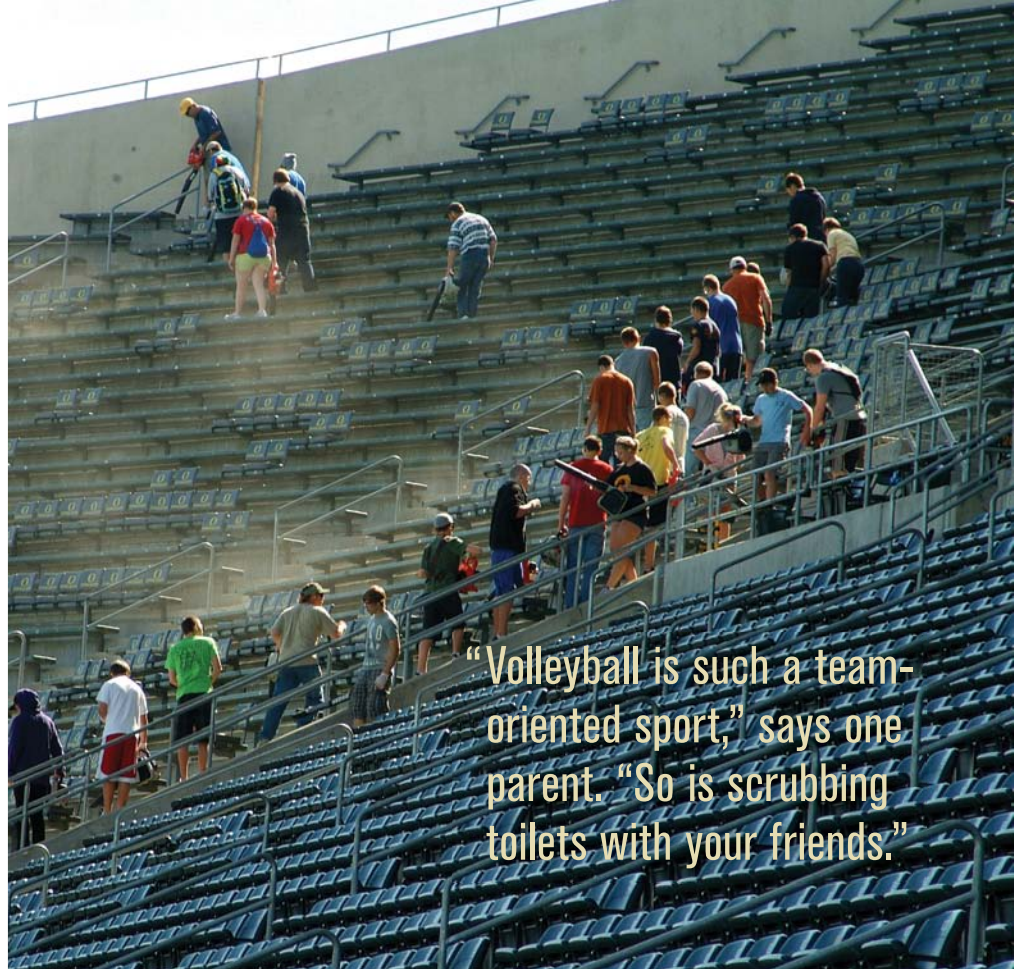
waste initiative, with a goal to expand to at least all forty of the suites in the upcoming years.

About an hour to kickoff, the band and cheerleaders are pumping up the pregame crowd in PK Park. Springfield resident Carl Buchanan laughs when asked to consider the cleanup. “It'd be phenomenal, wouldn't it? This many people . . . I imagine they'll find stuff everywhere.” Kay Schoeler of Klamath Falls thinks it'd be “horrific.” Eleven-year-old Maddie from Bend mulls it over. “It's gotta be really messy, and it would take a lot of hard work.” Other Ducks fans characterize the job of cleaning up as “crappy,” “extensive,” “intense,” “time-consuming,” “a Herculean task.”

“I definitely would *not* want that job.”

Green says he doesn't worry about the immensity of the task. “As long as everyone does their part, it works.” He and his staff hustle about during the game, always available by radio. But for them, the game is the eye of the hurricane.

The Ducks soundly defeat Missouri State, 56–7. After any one of the eight UO touchdowns, you can hear the roar a mile away in south Eugene; 58,847 Duck fans make a lot of noise. And a lot of mess. Sunday will be, as Green and Beals describe it, an “all out war.”



“Volleyball is such a team-oriented sport,” says one parent. “So is scrubbing toilets with your friends.”

**Sunday morning, 7:00 A.M.** It's quiet. A dozen or so Boy Scouts from Troop 100 make their way through the empty parking lot picking up trash. White tailgating tents still stand, but nobody is inside.

In the Moshofsky Center, the chairs and tables are gone. The Thurston cheerleading squad is back. In a line, they'll walk the 110,000-square-foot floor with large push brooms, sweeping up every speck of debris left by a tailgate party for 5,000 people. “Any time I can get the kids on campus, thinking about college, it's a good thing,” says coach James Underwood. “And it's good for them to work and see a tangible reward.” The reward, for his team, is competition fees, uniforms, and bus transportation to games.

Sixteen-year-old Haley Randall, a junior at Thurston who would like to attend the UO, says sweeping for two hours straight is hard work, but it's fun spending time as a team. At 8:00 A.M., she says, Moshofsky was “a total mess. Garbage everywhere, those newspaper

things, pompom shreadings, food, messy stuff, nasty stuff. How are people so messy? But we're getting paid for this, so it's all good.”

Facilities employee Robert McCoy is supervising the cleanup. When it's finished, he'll oversee the dismantling of eighty-four rolls of PortaFloor and about thirty squares of Visqueen that cover the practice turf. It'll be put away until the next home game.

There are also lost-and-found items: glasses, wallets, car keys, cell phones, binoculars. Wedding rings or gas barbecue grills, occasionally. If it's cold out, “a mountain” of mittens, hats, blankets, coats. There are no especially unusual items today that Green knows of. The strangest thing anyone's ever left behind? “A full waterbed in the parking lot, after a Grateful Dead concert,” says Green. “That was mind-boggling.”

The North Eugene girls' soccer team picks up trash on the river bike path and in Alton Baker Park. Troop 100 cleans the parking lot, PK Park, and the perimeter of the stadium. For this task, they'll earn about \$1,400,

minus their own costs for insurance, says Katrina Sugar, parent organizer for the group.

In small groups, members of the Webfoot Juniors volleyball club, a regional club run by former UO volleyball coach Cathy Nelson, sweep, pick up trash, scrub the toilets, sinks, and mirrors in Autzen's fourteen sets of public restrooms (eleven inside, three outside) and the visiting team's locker room—and then the dads in the group come through and sanitize everything. Their goal is to complete the entire job in about two hours.

“When the kids think too much about this job, it grosses them out,” says a parent. “But they usually have a good time.” The job is a way for girls to help pay for their fees and other expenses, which can reach almost \$4,000 for elite players, she says.

“Volleyball is such a team-oriented sport,” she says. “So is scrubbing toilets with your friends.”

Facilities employee Jesse Bendix is supervising the bathroom crew today. “I don't think there is a short straw here,” he says. “It's all about the





parents and the kids, and everyone's happy to be here."

Even Mike Simons, head coach of Thurston High School's wrestling team, is smiling as he picks up popcorn containers, water bottles, and discarded *Game Day* newspapers. The team is responsible for one-third of the stadium bowl. Simons was a wrestler for Oregon State. "I grew up rooting against the Ducks," he says, "and now I have to pick up their garbage."

Ami Wick, drum major for the Thurston marching band, is motivating her team on the other side of the bowl. Her group of twenty-eight will average about six bags of garbage each. "There's a lot more we can recycle, which is great," she adds. "But this reminds me *never* to throw trash on the ground."

More than seventy members of the River Road Swim Club, home to North Eugene High School's water polo and swim teams, will walk through the stands with leaf blowers to finish the cleanup. They recently unveiled a \$25,000 scoreboard—paid for with money earned working for the athletics department.

At \$1,800 per cleanup, this is one of the better paying jobs—but it requires more skill and personnel. Green leads them in a huddle. Everyone must wear eye protection and earplugs. He admonishes the kids that "the leaf blowers aren't toys." "Gas Dads" will be stationed around the area and will keep the group moving. "Looks like we're a little short-handed today," Green says. "We're going to have to work hard and fast. I don't have a problem sending you back to do it over." Green doesn't have to settle for mediocrity—there's a long waiting list of people who would like the job.

The roar of gas-powered engines goes up like a cheer.

Scout Troop 260 has managed the cleaning of the concourse and driveways of Autzen—working in concert with the street sweeper from Mid-State Industrial Services—since 2001. Laura Lahey restocks garbage bags and refuels the troop's leaf blowers with gasoline. She says: "People say, 'you pick up garbage at Autzen . . . and that's fun?'"

It is fun. "The best part of this job is that it's always different. You never

know what to expect, so you're prepared for anything," says Green. "That, and working with people. I get to work with the same groups for years and years, so I see kids grow up, families develop. It's very cool.

"There are a lot of parents who would rather write a check," he says, "and there are those who can't. This is great for those who can't."

By 1:00 P.M., the parking lot by the Moshofsky Center is full again. The Ducks football players are back, reviewing video of Saturday's game and prepping for the next one.

On Monday, Green will come into work and process payroll for the more than twenty different service groups. Local waste disposal company Sanipac will come and haul away 17.7 tons of garbage, 11 tons of recycling, and 400 pounds of compost.

It's like the party never happened. ©

*Zanne Miller, MS '97, is a project manager at the UO School of Journalism and Communication.*

**WEB EXTRA:** See more Autzen cleanup photos at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

## The Coolest Instrument

*Douglas Jenkins and a crew of Portland cellists create truly alternative music.*

ONE DAY NOT LONG AFTER HE arrived at the UO as a freshman in 1994, Douglas Jenkins '98 needed cash. He headed to Eugene's Buy and Sell Music Center to sell a vintage 1964 Fender amplifier, and spotted a relatively inexpensive cello. He couldn't take his eyes off it.

Jenkins had never played a cello, but "I knew it was the coolest instrument in the orchestra." Classical music echoed through his childhood home on the Hawaiian island of Oahu, out of the radio and from his father's Tchaikovsky records. It provided a refuge for the scrawny kid who felt like a misfit in Hawaii. "I was the *haole* guy who's really skinny and never fit in," he remembers. "So I grew my hair long and hung out with the punk rock kids. But I didn't fit in with them either. I wanted something more intellectual. [Classical music] was an escape, but I also truly loved it. I was enraptured."

So when he spotted that surprisingly affordable cello, Jenkins decided to trade the amp for it. Accustomed to teaching himself to play instruments, he picked up some used instruction books—but after a few months of sawing away on his first bowed instrument, it was obvious he needed help. He turned to the University, heading to the UO's Community Music Institute, which offers music instruction to children in the Eugene area. The staff there pointed him toward CMI's director, Sylvie Spengler—who happened to be the Eugene Symphony's principal cellist. In 1995, Jenkins tried playing for her one of the famous J. S. Bach solo cello suites.

"Doug was very determined to play the cello and it was very charming," Spengler

recalls. "He was able to teach himself, and he obviously had talent." He also desperately needed proper instruction.

Most of Spengler's students were children, as young as eight, and the older ones generally had years of playing behind them. But touched by his eagerness and resolve, she agreed to give Jenkins private lessons, teaching him proper posture and other rudiments—starting with "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

"He was so determined and enthusiastic about learning the cello that when he couldn't afford lessons, we would work out some trade," says Spengler, who also gave him her complimentary ticket to symphony concerts and wound up renting him a room in her house.

Along with studying for his bachelor's degree in English, he spent his undergraduate years practicing cello, learning how to write arrangements from orchestration textbooks, and studying basic music theory. He also learned by doing—in public, applying his lessons to scores for "crazy experimental films," playing in rock bands, even composing a surprisingly effective two-cello score for himself and his strict yet generous teacher to perform as live accompaniment to a 1920s silent film, *Sunrise*, at a UO Cultural Forum film series event.

Following his graduation, Jenkins studied with UO cello professor Steven Pologe for a year, then moved home to Honolulu and enrolled in graduate school there. But he wasn't happy, he confided to Pologe during a visit to Eugene. Then why, his old teacher asked Jenkins, was he going to graduate school? At this stage, if Jenkins wanted to play in an

orchestra, Pologe said, he just needed to practice and take auditions—a graduate degree wouldn't help him get such a job. His teacher's advice struck home and made Jenkins wonder if an orchestra job was really what he wanted anyway.

Jenkins eventually returned to the mainland and earned a master's degree in education from Portland's Lewis and Clark College, then began teaching English in Lebanon, Oregon—a nonmusic job that provided needed balance to his hours of self-guided cello practice. He found an apartment in a farmhouse that would let him practice all night without disturbing anyone. Now he just needed to figure out what he was practicing for.

A few days after Jenkins took a teaching job at a Portland high school in 2004, a chance encounter with an old bandmate from Eugene, Dan Enberg '01, '09, led to their forming an ensemble, Bright Red Paper, committed to playing their own sounds. Jenkins was back in the music world—on his own terms.

The band played improvisational, cello-driven rock, winning raves from Portland's music press. Eventually growing into a guitar-bass-drum-vocals-cello quintet, the band wound up touring nationally.

But just when BRP seemed poised on the brink of a breakthrough, Jenkins was invited to join a start-up side project by another cellist, who wanted a band where cellists could play together for fun. The group included the now-renowned solo cellist Zoe Keating and a couple other veteran cellists who'd ventured beyond classical boundaries. In October 2006, nine of them performed in a Portland bar,



**Group Portrait with Celli** Members of the Portland Cello Project, including Douglas Jenkins (back row, right)

Doug Fir Lounge. The show drew 200 fans, entirely by word of mouth, because the press couldn't figure out how to cover an unknown band of cellists that played classical music—Handel, Vivaldi, Villa-Lobos.

After the founder of what was now officially dubbed the Portland Cello Project left the city a few months later, Jenkins (who had experience with booking and publicity via BRP) took over. Members of the city's burgeoning indie rock scene started sitting in, and collaborations grew as quickly as Jenkins could cook up arrangements of songs by everyone from some of Portland's best indie musicians to Britney Spears ("Toxic"), Beethoven, Michael Jackson, and others. The ensemble gained broad exposure when Portland's Dandy Warhols invited PCP to join them for a studio session at Southern California's influential KCRW radio. Portland Cello Project played to all of Jenkins's lifelong strengths—his do-it-yourself attitude (rather than relying on institutions) and his love of both classical and pop music. Now he wouldn't have to choose between them.

PCP's ascent in the five years since its founding belies any notion that the ensemble's success may be due to its nov-

elty alone. The band's first CD, released in 2009, consisted entirely of collaborations with pop musicians. Its roster of partners includes Peter, Paul, and Mary's Peter Yarrow, Sleater-Kinney indie queen Corin Tucker, and many more.

PCP's tour last winter took the cellists to New York, Calgary, Montana, Idaho, Baton Rouge, and beyond. Now a licensed LLC business, the group faces the same challenges any touring band does—dealing with club owners, tight margins, and so on. Continuing his lifelong DIY inclinations, Jenkins still does most of the management and publicity himself, and the band has invested in a touring van large enough to hold the players and their cellos (that require purchase of an extra seat on airplanes) and now stays two to a room in "nice" hotels, he says. Last summer's tour actually made a little money—an unprecedented outcome that told Jenkins that the band had really made it as a professional ensemble, although none of the twenty cellists on his roster (they usually tour with six to eight) has yet quit a day job. Jenkins says he reinvests half his take in the band, and continues to teach English when possible at a Portland high school.

Now thirty-five, Jenkins maintains his connections with Eugene, taking occasional lessons from "my mainland mom" Spengler. Portland Cello Project performed this summer at the UO's Oregon Bach Festival. "It was such an honor to have been invited," he says, and he celebrated the occasion by scoring out a flurry of fugues drawn from hip-hop music, which the band performed in an all-acoustic show in the Hult Center lobby. And he got to see every cellist's hero, Yo-Yo Ma, again. They also played at the annual Art and the Vineyard outdoor festival, synchronizing their version of "America the Beautiful" to the July 4 fireworks display.

"That's the best thing about Portland Cello Project," Jenkins says. "We're lucky enough to play serious music at the Bach Festival, and then play completely different crazy pop shows at clubs. It's the best of all worlds, for sure."

In the fifteen years since buying that first cello, the skinny kid from Hawaii is approaching rock star status. The group releases its fourth CD, which will be split between hip-hop tracks and music by classical composers such as J. S. Bach and Lili Boulanger, next spring. 📍

—Brett Campbell, MS '96

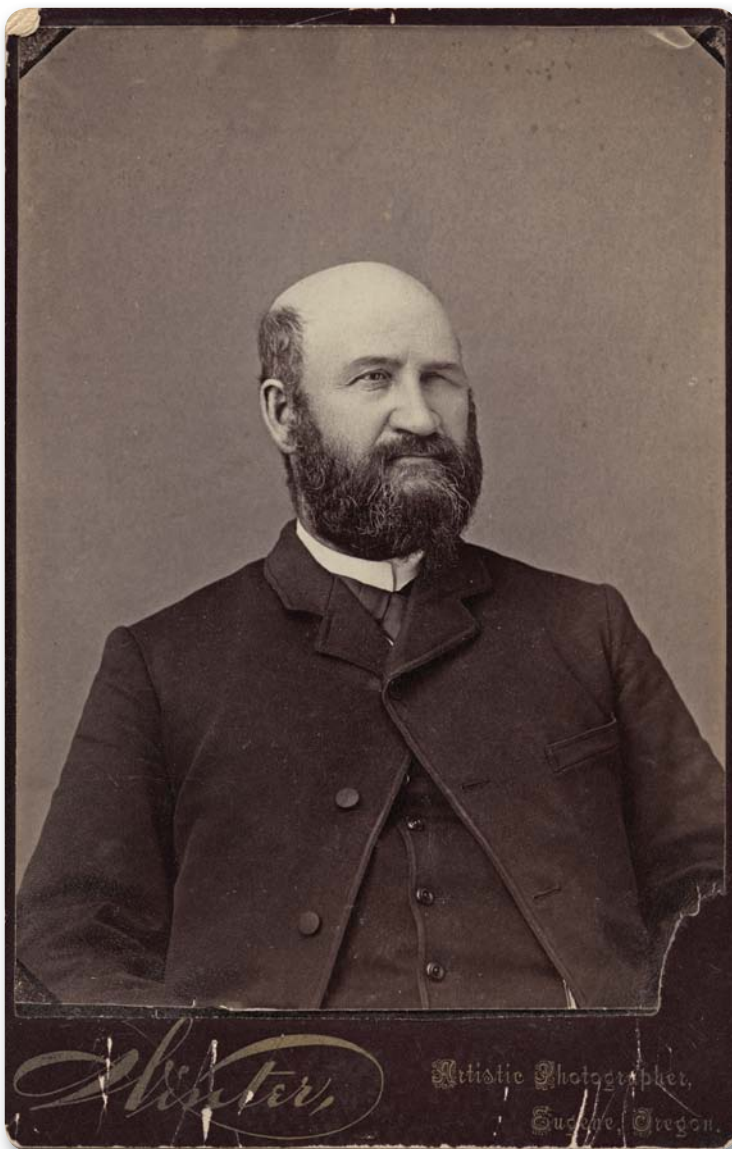
# The Waltons

*Memorial to a UO founder and his family to be preserved in granite.*

WHEN JUDGE JOSHUA JONES Walton Jr. was buried on December 23, 1909, the entire rolling stock of the Eugene street railway line was needed to convey the crowd of mourners following his coffin to the cemetery. Deemed by the *Daily Guard* as “one of the largest funerals ever held in Eugene,” Walton’s service included a number of leading locals including University president Prince Lucien Campbell as pallbearer. A pioneer, a lawyer, and a UO founding father, Walton lived for seventy-one years, fifty-one of which he spent in Eugene earning a reputation as one of the state’s most highly respected citizens. Now, more than a century after his death, the monument standing sentinel over the graves of the judge and his family crumbles into ruins, held up by nothing more than duct tape and the good intentions of a few community members.

The word *territory* still tailed Oregon’s name and Eugene wasn’t yet a city when the Waltons arrived out West. The eldest of eight children, Walton was born in Rushville, Indiana, to Joshua Jones Sr. and Ann Shockley (whose first cousin, the family claims, was the soon-to-be famous Confederate general Robert E. Lee). Walton was just eleven when his family left all they knew to travel 2,200 miles on the first gold-dusted surge of western migration. The family’s pioneer past would be fundamental to their legacy; one of the few engravings still visible on the Walton obelisk reads “crossed the plains with ox team 1849.”

Their hardscrabble journey into the unknown included giving birth along the trail (Walton’s sister Amanda was born in Humboldt County, California, at the end of the family’s westward trek) and surviving the opening blows of the Rogue River Wars. Driven north by the carnage, the family settled in Eugene in 1858, where Walton began reading law and joined the city’s bar association. In the decades to come, he moved between positions of power, serving as a deputy district attorney, U.S. land commissioner, and state legislator. He also became a judge, a position that made his name well known throughout



*Judge Joshua Jones Walton Jr.*

Lane County. When Route 126 opened up the county’s western edge, the then-new town of Walton took its name from the notable local.

Walton’s best move, however, came later when he claimed the University of Oregon for Eugene. He was instrumental in convincing the Oregon legislature to choose not Salem, not Portland, but the lesser-known, lesser-populated Eugene for the location of the state’s flagship university. He smoothed flared tempers as the

community strained to raise the school’s seed money (\$50,000, equal to about \$900,000 today). When even that large sum wasn’t enough, the judge, cemetery lore holds, left his chambers to go door-to-door seeking donations. He took anything, from chickens to bushels of wheat, that could be bartered for the funds needed to complete the UO’s first building. With Walton’s support, the city rallied and Deady Hall got its roof.

For thirty more years, Walton contin-

ued to watch over the school as a member of the Board of Regents. He also saw two of his own children attend the UO. Daughter Ada began classes the first day the school opened, eventually earning her degree in




1885. Walton's youngest child, Pauline, graduated in 1906 and spent twenty-five years working with the University library. She was the only one of her father's children to see his service to the UO formally recognized in 1957 when his name was chosen for the school's new residence hall. In the ensuing five decades, more than 30,000 new Ducks have called the Walton Complex home.

The family's own residence also has its part in Eugene history. Driving along Franklin Boulevard, generations of people have passed by what was, first, the Walton homestead, then, for decades, Moreno's Mexican Restaurant, and most recently, Bates Steak House and Saloon. When Walton owned the land, orchards covered it and a water tower rose roughly where the U.S. District Courthouse stands today. The Waltons called 433 East Broadway home for almost a hundred years until daughter Pauline sold the house shortly before her death in 1966.

Pauline was the last Walton to join the family plot in the Eugene Pioneer Cemetery, where the judge had been laid to rest fifty-seven years earlier. Bordered on three sides by the UO campus, the cemetery's

sixteen acres are maintained by the Eugene Pioneer Cemetery Association (EPCA) with the Walton memorial standing just off its center square. To keep stone pieces from falling on to passersby, the EPCA elected to mummify the memorial in duct tape. The unsightly result raised much concern in citizens who contacted the EPCA fearing the historic site had been vandalized. By the end of 2012, the association plans to do away with the tape and replace the obelisk.

"The original monument was made of sandstone from the old Eugene quarry," says EPCA member Dorothy Brandner. "That type of stone erodes very quickly so it makes more sense to simply build a new monument using granite."

This heartier material, EPCA members hope, will keep the memorial as much a part of Oregon history as is the family it honors. 

—Elisabeth Kramer

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ELISABETH KRAMER

# To Publish, Redefined

*A poetry press rooted in the Willamette Valley is not your typical publishing house.*

*The way every season contains the next  
and foreshadows it.*

*The yellow leaves in the summer green.  
The shining branch, deep in the heart of  
the tree.*

—Chris Anderson,  
from “The Watchful Tree,”  
*The Next Thing Always Belongs*

**I**N THE LIVING ROOM OF A HOUSE in the eastern foothills of Oregon’s Coast Range, the seven staff members of Airlie Press are holding their monthly meeting, beginning with bread and soup from the garden outside. It’s July, and poetry, per se, is out of season. This day’s discussion is all business: sales figures, donor thank-yous, grant applications, social marketing. Cecelia Hagen MFA ’76 passes out copies of the press kit she has prepared, promoting her own and Chris Anderson’s forthcoming poetry collections. Not until September will the group begin editing the manuscript set for fall 2012 release—that of Salem poet Stephanie Lenox, who has just updated the group on the status of the press’s e-newsletter.

But back to this year’s titles: where to have the launch party? The Corvallis public library? Wrong vibe, and you can’t serve food, Donna Henderson notes. The Catholic church? Too churchy, says Anderson, a Catholic deacon, but the Unitarian church might work. The Corvallis Arts Center? Someone makes a note to check.

Airlie Press, clearly, is not your typical publishing house. It’s a poetry publishing collective, one of only a handful in the country. It exists solely by the sweat and passion of the poets themselves, publishing beautiful books by fine Oregon poets without losing money. Not an easy trick.

*First of all, you sleep too much. You never  
suffer  
bouts of insomnia, waking aghast in the  
soundless dark  
in dread of your impending death. Fur-  
thermore*



**Word Work** Collective members Chris Anderson (left), Stephanie Lenox (center), and Cecelia Hagen

*you hate to sit . . . If you strive for anything  
at all  
it’s for happiness—and who wants to hear  
daily updates  
from the land of the blissfully contented?*

—Jessica Lamb, from “Denial of the  
Minor Poet’s Petition for a Change in  
Stature,” *Last Apples of Late Empires*

In 1973, a handful of poets in the Boston area founded a regional, nonprofit collective press, Alice James Books, designed to involve authors in the publishing process. Its success inspired the founding of a similar collective—Sixteen Rivers Press—in the San Francisco Bay Area in 1999. In 2007, four Willamette Valley poets decided to follow the Sixteen Rivers model, pooling their resources and launching their own collective press. Between individual book sales, subscription orders, and donations, Airlie has so far managed to achieve its goal: pub-

lish one or two collections by Oregon poets each year without losing money or costing the poet anything other than time.

In poetry, *making* money is rarely part of the equation. Poets never quit their day jobs.

How the press works: Each poet whose work is accepted for publication agrees to participate in the work of the press for three years. Meaning, participate in the call for manuscripts and the manuscript vetting, the editing, the design discussions, the marketing and publicity—everything required to publish and promote a book.

“It’s kind of daunting,” says Hagen. She joined Airlie Press in 2010, and her collection *Entering* was published in fall 2011. She was on the staff of the UO’s *Northwest Review* from 1982 to 1990, but Airlie Press has been an education nonetheless. “Poets are not very business-oriented,” she says, “and there are a lot of details, and there’s that loner mentality. . . .”

“I mean, we’re all *poets*—we don’t have MBAs!” says Anderson, an English professor at Oregon State University for twenty-five years, whose *The Next Thing Always Belongs* was also released this fall. “I had not written a receipt since I worked at Sears when I was eighteen.” But someone at the press had to take charge of the website, and he was it. “I’ve actually become moderately competent at content management,” he says, just a little smug.

*Crack a sentence open and you will have  
an adoration of mountains  
at dusk, you will have a dim day-line  
under the sunset,  
like a decoration at the bottom of a  
lampshade.*

—Anita Sullivan, from “About Sunset,”  
*Garden of Beasts*

Airlie Press has not gone unnoticed. *The Eddy Fence* was a finalist—one of five selected from among nearly fifty poetry nominees—for the 2011 Oregon Book Awards. It was also a finalist for da Vinci Eye honors for superior cover artwork from the Eric Hoffer Award, a nationwide com-

petition for short prose and independent books; credit there goes to Cheryl McLean, MA '85, of Corvallis, who has designed all of Airlie Press's books, and Monmouth artist Richard Bunse for his watercolor "Black Rock." Both *The Eddy Fence* and *Last Apples of Late Empires* were reviewed in the literary review *Poetry Flash*, and *Valparaiso Poetry Review* listed both *Out of Refusal* and *Garden of Beasts* as recommended books.

Paulann Petersen, Oregon's poet laureate, is a member of Airlie Press's advisory board and a fervent champion. "Oregon is a state replete with good working poets, remarkably so," she says, but given current conditions, getting a full-length manuscript of poems published is tough. "By limiting its boundaries to the Willamette Valley, and by setting high standards for the poetry that will appear on its pages," she says, Airlie Press "guarantees that one or two more excellent collections from Oregon poets will get published each year"—filling what she calls an "achingly empty space."

Airlie Press exclusively publishes work by Willamette Valley poets for one simple reason: That's where the work gets done. Though there's plenty of e-mailing between meetings, members of the collective gather at the same spot in the middle of the valley, in person, every month, all year long. Jessica Lamb of Portland currently represents the collective's north pole, Carter McKenzie of Dexter the south pole.

As for the name, the genesis of the press was a poetry group that had been meeting for several years at Henderson's house—a quiet spot west of Highway 99W roughly equidistant from Portland and Eugene, a mile off Airlie Road, next door to Airlie Winery, near where Scotland's Earl of Airlie owned a railroad terminus in the 1800s. Her house became the press's meeting place, too, and the name seemed a natural. *Airlie*, it seems, is derived from the Old English *hoer*, for rocks, and *leah*, for a fenced enclosure. A farm by the rocks: a place of arduous, honest work. Not unlike poetry-making.

*The only way to begin  
is to pick up the brush  
and paint what's out there,  
starting to coat white paper  
with the invisible sheen of water.*

—Cecelia Hagen, from "What's Out There," *Entering*

The three-year commitment of the original four members has long since ended. But as of this writing, none of the four plans to leave the collective, not yet. "I want to feel that I'm still making a contribution," says Anita Sullivan, whose *Garden of Beasts* was published in 2010. "It's obviously a lot more than the ego trip of just getting your book published."

"There's this moment for poetry right

now," Hagen adds. "As publishing houses get swallowed up and get bigger, it creates spaces for these smaller, more innovative things. I've done a lot of volunteer writing stuff—*Northwest Review*, other things—but this is fun. It's a lot of work, but it's work you like to do."

Says Sullivan, with an apologetic grin: "I think it is a little addictive." @

—Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85

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# Freedom Can't Protect Itself

*Duck takes top job with the Nevada ACLU.*

IT'S HARD TO PINPOINT EXACTLY what it was that convinced Dane Claussen '84 to join the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) some thirty-two years ago.

As a budding journalist at Crescent Valley High School in Corvallis, Claussen likely had his interest kindled by curiosity over the First Amendment rights of students. At the same time, the ACLU was very much in the news, a target of national attention over its controversial opposition to efforts to outlaw neo-Nazi parades in Skokie, Illinois. The ACLU saw the matter as a free speech issue—a position later upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Although the Skokie case certainly wasn't the primary reason he joined the ACLU, Claussen, forty-eight, has long supported the organization's willingness to do just what it did—wade deep into the public fight to support constitutionally protected free speech and expression.

This year, Claussen went back to his roots, philosophically speaking. He took his thirty-two-year-old ACLU membership to a new level, leaving a tenured teaching position as chair of faculty at the School of Communication at Point Park University in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to become executive director of the ACLU of Nevada.

"Over the years I've been a member, I haven't always agreed with all the positions the organization has taken—I don't know that every member does. But the ACLU takes so many important positions on such a wide range of issues," Claussen says. "It's the diversity of those issues that I'm interested in."

You want issues? He's got issues. Racial justice. Religious freedom. Police practices. Voting rights. Criminal justice. Open government. Free speech. Privacy rights. Education. With the U.S. Constitution's Bill of Rights as a guide, the organization works to protect individual rights and civil liberties through legislation, litigation, and community education.

And though it may seem a considerable and unusual career leap, Claussen has found the move to be a good fit. As a journalist and educator—his primary focus



Author John Grisham, Dane Claussen, and Bill Moushey, founder and director of the Innocence Institute of Point Park University, at a fundraiser gala in March 2010.

was media law and regulation, with a First Amendment emphasis—he's no stranger to public service and the political arena.

Born in Salem, the fifth-generation Northwesterner was raised in a home where politics were a fact of life. "My parents were working on Mark Hatfield's campaign back in the 1950s," he recalls.

Growing up, an early love for history found root in what would become a life-long passion for stamp collecting. While in high school, Claussen was already writing columns on the subject. He would go on to edit two of the world's largest magazines on stamp collecting, serve as president of the American Philatelic Society Writers Unit #30, and eventually be elected a Fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society in London.

He arrived at the UO in the early 1980s determined to become a journalist. He quickly found his way to a job at the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, serving—during his freshman year—as associate editor on the student government beat.

Frustrated with the lack of divergent perspectives being expressed on campus issues, Claussen would eventually help found the *Oregon Commentator*, launched

in October 1983 as "a conservative journal of opinion."

"There was a certain amount of 'stick-it-in-the-eye-of-the-Emerald' spirit," he chuckles. "The *ODE* was the only student media on campus, really. So the paper loomed large on campus in framing things and setting the agenda."

The *Commentator* was housed in an office at the EMU that was "honest to God, probably the size of a large closet," and Claussen paid production costs for the first issue out of his own pocket. The experience was fun and exhausting, exhilarating and humbling. And it was a remarkable classroom all its own.

"At the time, and since, I think it was important to have an alternative on campus, to be part of that voice," he says. "I'm glad that I did it." And that voice has continued; *By the Barrel: 25 Years of the Oregon Commentator* was recently published (see "Beware the Underdog," in the Spring 2010 *Oregon Quarterly*).

Following graduation, Claussen earned an MBA in corporate finance and labor relations from the University of Chicago, followed by several years spent editing and publishing community newspapers and newsweeklies as well as business and trade magazines.

"One thing I've always told people about journalism is don't get too excited about getting a job at a big daily—you'll be a small cog in a big wheel. The smaller the medium, the more diversity, variety, experience, and responsibility you'll get," he says.

Claussen went on to earn an MS degree in mass communications from Kansas State University and a PhD in mass communication from the University of Georgia, launching a solid academic career.

But after more than a decade of teach-



ing on the college level, he found that he was ready for something new, the next big challenge.

“Certainly, I had accomplished a lot of what I’d wanted to accomplish,” Claussen says. “It was a huge step in my life to resign a tenured full professor’s position. There were a lot of considerations.

“After all these years as a member of the ACLU, I guess you could just say I’m finally putting my mouth where my money is,” he adds.

With his new job, Claussen moved from the editorial sidelines squarely into a role as public watchdog, advocate, and legislative lobbyist. Suddenly he was in the center of some of the state’s stickiest hot-button issues.

It was exactly what he’d hoped for.

“The Nevada state legislature meets only once every two years, starting in early February,” he recalls. “We were reading every bill that was of even potential interest.”

Within weeks of starting the job early this year, Claussen had become a legisla-

tive lobbyist. A talented and knowledgeable staff helped ease the way. In journalism, you frame the news. Now, he was making it.

There were pleasant surprises—the ACLU was geared up to fight a number of anti-immigration bills that were introduced, which never even got hearings. The Nevada Legislature also passed several bills that extended nondiscrimination protections to the lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgendered community.

And there were disappointments. An effort to impose a two-year moratorium on the death penalty never got off the ground. Even a proposed study to examine the costs of implementing the death penalty in Nevada was vetoed by Governor Brian Sandoval.

Then there was the work that might seem, well, somewhat unique to the region. The rights of celebrity impersonators to work on Las Vegas sidewalks. The rights of visitors attending the Burning Man festival. Simplifying the state’s complex rules for the restoration of voting rights for felons who have completed their criminal sentence—

a system so complicated and cumbersome that many county clerks can’t even understand it, Claussen says.

As in journalism, the ACLU presents different challenges, fresh issues every day. And that appeals to Claussen.

“Sometimes, you have to convince yourself and others that there is more to Las Vegas than just the strip—there are real people, real lives. Teachers, truck drivers, and dentists. It’s not just all blackjack dealers.”

Every day, Claussen knows that he is doing work that matters. And it is good to be back on familiar ground.

“I know the West. I understand the West,” he explains. “I understand the constituencies of liberals, conservatives, and libertarians that you can find throughout the West, and most of them are very strong. To know something about the history and the people and the politics of the West, that’s all very helpful. If I’d taken an executive director’s job in Arkansas, I might go years before I understood the place.”

—Kimber Williams, MS '95

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# Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

## 1920s

**Flavia Sherwood** '27 recently donned some UO regalia and spent the day at the Portland International Raceway, combining her two passions: NASCAR and the Ducks.

## 1930s

October 1 marked the one-hundredth birthday of **Kate (Cochran) Dotson** '35. After thirty years as a teacher at Oakdale High School in Oakdale, California, Dotson now lives in Modesto.

## 1940s

After practicing law since 1947, **Norman J. Wiener** '41, JD '47, shares his experiences as a partner at a West Coast law firm in his new memoir, *Sixty-Four Years at Miller Nash*.

**Fenna Klingberg** '47 lives in Fishtail, Montana, with a view of the Beartooth Mountains. To keep busy during her retirement, she manages sixty acres of land with two gardens and volunteers for the local organization Project Hope.

## 1950s

Retired teacher **Frank Walsh** '51, MEd '65, is writing a series of history articles for *Pacific Coast Living*, a monthly newspaper in Coos Bay.

## 1960s


■ **Mira Frohnmayr** '60 received the University of Oregon Distinguished Alumna Award in June. This annual award recognizes an outstanding former student who has made a difference in the community through teaching and performing music. Frohnmayr has taught in higher education for more than forty-five years.

Returning from a six-month tour of the Middle East "with a ring-side seat for the thrilling political uprisings of the Arab Spring," **Alaby Blivet** '63 stopped by the *Oregon Quarterly* offices to wish his old friend editor Guy Maynard a glorious retirement and present him with a T-shirt, purchased in Cairo's Tahrir Square amid 300,000 pro-democracy protesters, emblazoned with the slogan "POWER TO THE PEOPLE!"

**Albert Drake** '62, MFA '66, published his twenty-sixth book, *Overtures to Motion* (Throttlers Press, 2011). Three



### CLASS NOTABLE

**Krystyn "Kriquet" Servis** '08, who majored in Russian and East European studies in the College of Arts and Sciences as well as digital art in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, trekked in the Rocky Mountains of Colorado between Grays Peak and Torreys Peak, two summits of more than 14,000 feet. 

earlier books have been rereleased as e-books.

Longview, Washington, artist **Joe M. Fischer**, MFA '63, completed a reading of Guy Maynard's "exceptional" novel, *The Risk of Being Ridiculous*, and comments, "If you desire a realistic trip back in time, read Guy's novel."

**John F. Heilbronner**, MEd '63, MS '73, and his wife,

Esther, received Habitat for Humanity's 2011 Lifetime Achievement Award for their outstanding service to the mid-Willamette and Salem-area community. The couple lives in Stayton, enjoying retirement after each teaching thirty-four years in Oregon schools. Three generations of their family have attended or graduated from the UO.

**Sally (Christensen) Wittman** '63 will soon be celebrating her seventieth birthday and invites old friends to contact her via her website. Wittman lives in Santa Cruz, California, where she made a "sideways career move" from writing and illustrating children's books to painting.

Earlier this fall, **Jon Jay Cruson** '64, MFA '67, received an art residency at Playa, a nonprofit organization near Summer Lake. His work also appeared recently at Eugene's White Lotus Galley in a one-person show, and one of his paintings has been purchased for the Oregon State Capitol collection.

**Ray A. Allen** '65 authored *Oregon Coast Bridges* (North Left Coast Press, 2011), the first comprehensive book on the subject. Profiling forty of the state's most notable bridges, *Oregon Coast Bridges* features hundreds of photographs including historic images from the Oregon Department of Transportation.

**Rebecca Lee "Becky" Darling** '65, MA '69, self-published a novel, *Just Out of Reach* (lulu.com, 2011), which is now available on Amazon.

**Gene H. McIntyre**, MA '65, PhD '69, continues to enjoy his retirement a dozen years in. He sends his best wishes to all Oregon graduates. A degree from the UO, he says, will always open doors just as it did for him during his career.

**Don Clark** '67 joins the first board of directors of the Center for Religion, Education, and Public Policy at California State University, Bakersfield.

**Ron Wigginton**, MFA '68, received a Morris Graves Foundation Fellowship to further his ongoing series of paintings in residence at "The Lake," Graves' home and studio in Loleta, California.

## 1970s

**William Bailey** '70 coauthored two books for fellow lawyers, one of which he wrote with his brother **Robert** '68. William Bailey credits his teachers at the UO for giving him the inspiration to "change the way lawyers communicate." His son, also named **Robert Bailey**, graduated from the UO in 2003.

**Robert G. Shibley** '70 has been a professor of architecture and planning at the University at Buffalo, State University of New York (UB) since 1982. Last academic year, he was awarded the UB President's Medal and became dean

of the School of Architecture and Planning. He is also a member of the American Institute of Architects College of Fellows.

**Steve Berg** '71 founded Grass Strip, a nonprofit organization that promotes aviation education. Berg, who lives in Midway, Georgia, hosted the foundation's second open house in October. The event featured vintage cars and airplanes.

**Steve Poff** '74 credits his thirty-five-year career in social work, counseling, and human services to the insights he made while earning his general social studies degree at the UO. Poff lives in Ellensburg, Washington.

A new grandpa, **Mike Donovan**, MMus '76, moved to Wilkesboro, North Carolina, to be closer to his daughter's family. He also recently retired from teaching and would love to reconnect with old classmates (mike.laura.donovan@gmail.com).

For the 2011–12 academic year, **Wanda M. L. Lee**, MA '77, PhD '79, was chosen as an American Council on Education Fellow, a position awarded to the nation's leading university faculty members. Lee recently served as dean of faculty affairs and professional development for San Francisco State University and will spend the upcoming school year at De Anza College in Cupertino, California.

**Gaylord Reagan**, PhD '78, received his basic engineering certification from the defense industry employer The Analytic Sciences Corporation. Reagan is currently drafting a contract proposal and serving as manager of a customer project.

For her work translating Dominique Charpin's *Reading and Writing in Babylon*, **Jane Marie Todd**, MA '79, MA '81, PhD '83, won the prestigious French-American Foundation and the Florence Gould Foundation Translation Prize. The award recognizes a superior English translation of French nonfiction prose. Todd works as a freelance translator based in Portland.

## 1980s

**Randol B. Fletcher** '80 authored *Hidden History of Civil War Oregon* (The History Press, 2011), which shares the

stories of Oregon's Civil War veterans. Fletcher lives in Winchester, Virginia, where he works as a federal disaster official for FEMA.

■ In January, **Ron van der Veen** '81 joined the Seattle office of DLR Group, where he works as a principal with a focus on design quality in sustainability.

**William Badrick** '83 is principal at Portland-based home design and planning business Design Vision. In 2010, he was a finalist to design the Calgary Bridge and is currently one of twenty-two international finalists to design the National Navajo Code Talkers Museum.

■ **Martha Clarkson** '83 was one of only three national recipients of the International Interior Design Association Leadership Award, which honors an outstanding commitment to design and business. Clarkson worked for fourteen years at two Seattle-based architecture firms before joining Microsoft's real estate division, where she has managed workplace design for the last fourteen years. See her essay on page 64.

During summer 2011, **Maria (Artiz) Saenz**, MA '83, PhD '86, published a book, *Addiction in Context: A Philosophical Perspective* (Trafford Publishing, 2011), dealing with the issue of addiction as a cultural and social phenomenon.

**L. J. Sellers** '83 shares her experiences as a journalist and a mystery and suspense writer in her new book *Write First, Clean Later* (Spellbinder Press, 2011). Sellers is the author of the Detective Jackson mysteries.

■ On August 29, 2011, *Space News International* named **Kjell Karlsen** '87 one of ten people who made a difference in space last year. Karlsen is president of satellite launch company Sea Launch AG. He lives in Rolling Hills Estates, California, with his wife of twenty years, **Karen (Mackin) Karlsen** '86.

**Mike Shippey** '89 accepted the position as statewide roadside development program coordinator with the Oregon Department of Transportation. Shippey also runs Coyote Creek Ecological Services and serves as president of the Willamette Resources and Education Network board. He lives in Eugene with his wife of thirty-four years, **Mary Minniti** '75. The couple is expecting their first grandchild.

## 1990s

Originally from Lincoln City, U.S. Army Lt. Col. **Theo K. Moore** '90 served in Afghanistan until November 2011. Moore and his wife await the arrival of their third child, a boy.

As one of 150 people selected by NASA in a Twitter competition, **Susannah Bodman** '91 got a front-row seat to view the final space shuttle launch on July 8, 2011. When not watching history in the making, Bodman works as an editor of the *Statesman Journal* in Salem.

**Michael J. Hampton** '91 is the new director of career development and services at Linfield College. He is also founder of procareer.com, a career counseling and coaching website.

U.S. Army Lt. Col. **Jeremy B. Moore** '93 commands a stability transition unit in the Eighty-Second Airborne Division.

**Shauna L. Nosler** '93 published her first book, *The Caretakers* (CreateSpace, 2011). Before attempting a book, Nosler wrote short stories during college about the ups and downs of sorority life at the UO.

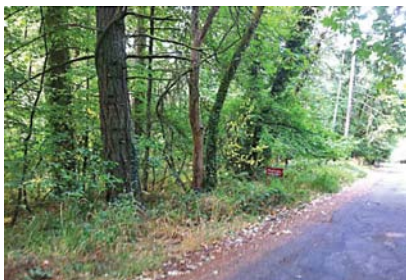
**Jason Cortlund** '94 just wrapped postproduction on his feature-length narrative film *Now, Forager*, about New York's wild mushroom hunters. The film is set to premiere in early 2012.

■ Lt. Col. **Lance Englet** '94 joins the UO as a courtesy professor of military science. A recent graduate from the Center for Homeland Defense and Security, Englet received his commission through the UO's ROTC program in 1994.

Owner of Costello Kennedy Landscape Architecture **Matthew Kennedy** '94 was selected to develop a new destination on the Lewis and Clark National Trail for Nebraska's Ponca Tribe.

■ This September, **Rico Lea** '94 opened his new franchise business, Paul Davis Emergency Services. Lea also owns two businesses in Albany: a Red Robin Gourmet Burgers and Carino's Italian. He lives in Eugene with his wife, **Kirsten Henry-Lea** '92, and their family.

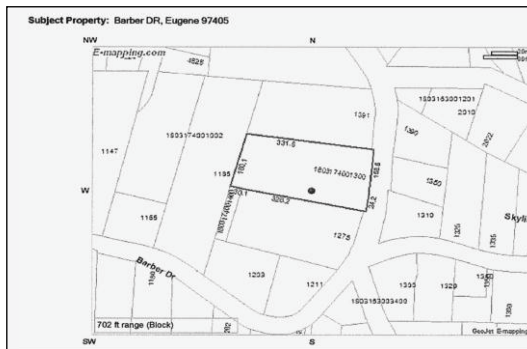
Dean of arts at the University of Ghana, Legon, **Emmanuel Kweku Osam**, PhD '94, has been promoted to the position



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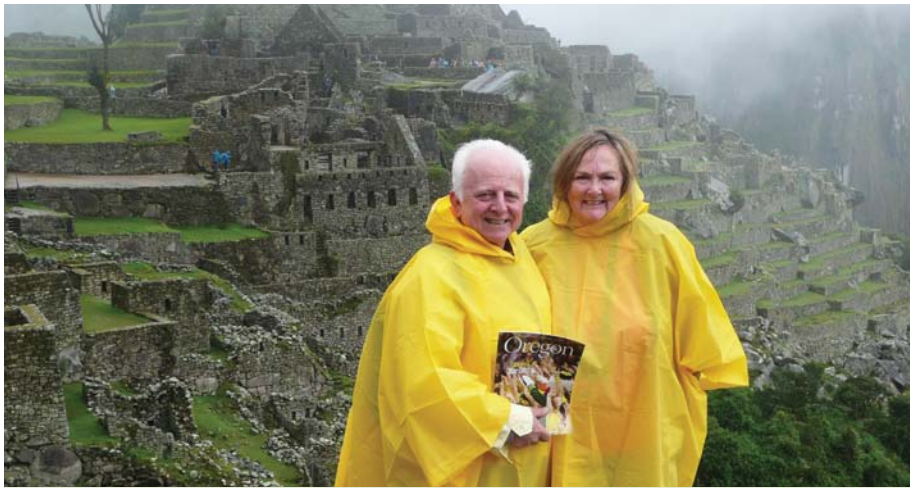
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### DUCKS AFIELD

■ **Kip Knight**, MEd '66, DEd '68, and his wife, Eileen, recently traveled to Peru, including a visit to Machu Picchu. Now retired and living in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, Knight formerly taught in Cottage Grove and at the college level at the University of Miami, the University of Delaware, and the American University of Beirut. @

**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 background information and details of your class year and degree to [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).

COURTESY KIP KNIGHT

of pro vice chancellor (equivalent to vice president). Osam is married to **Susanna (De-Veer) Osam**, MA '93.

**Karianne Fallow** '95 joined Red Sky Public Relations in Boise, Idaho. She and husband Tony have a two-year-old and are expecting their second child in December.

**Julia Manela** '95, JD '02, **Natalie Scott**, JD '02, and **Loren Scott**, JD '02, and have opened a new law firm in Eugene. The Scott Law Group deals with cases involving bankruptcy, creditor representation, and other business matters. For the third year in a row, Loren was chosen by *Super Lawyers* magazine as a Rising Star in the field of bankruptcy and creditor and debtor rights.

**Luke Harrington** '98 works as a concept artist at Maxis Electronic Arts in San Francisco, California. Previously Harrington taught matte painting at the Art Institute of Sunnyvale.

## 2000s

**Corey Maynard**, MBA '01, has been named vice president of marketing at Fiskars Brands—Gerber Gear in Portland.

**Colin McArthur** '01, MCRP '06, is a new partner at the Eugene-based landscape architecture and planning firm Cameron McCarthy (formerly Cameron McCarthy Gilbert & Scheibe). McArthur has worked for the firm since 2005.

**Natalie Scott**, JD '02, **Loren Scott**, JD '02, and **Julia Manela** '95, JD '02, have opened a new law firm in Eugene. The Scott Law Group deals with cases involving

## Wanted: Personal Essays

On subjects of interest to *Oregon Quarterly* readers for "Duck Tales" (see p. 64\*)

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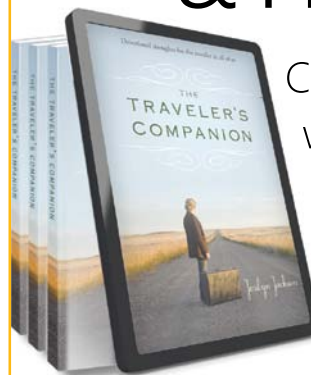
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bankruptcy, creditor representation, and other business matters. For the third year in a row, Loren was chosen by *Super Lawyers* magazine as a Rising Star in the field of bankruptcy and creditor and debtor rights.

■ **Travis M. Smith** '03 was promoted to director of development for the College of Business at Oregon State University. He works at the OSU Foundation's Portland office.

■ **Katie Nollenberger** '04, '06, departed in October for the Peace Corps in Colombia. She is teaching English alongside public school teachers.

■ This past June, **Juliette Moore** '05 graduated from the Chicago Medical School at Rosalind Franklin University of Medicine and Science. She began her residency as a general surgeon at Kaiser Permanente Hospital in Los Angeles, California.

For the past three years **Annie Brandjord** '07 has worked in Washington, D.C., for USAID Contracts focusing on international health projects. She left this job in October to join the Peace Corps in Mali.

■ **Eric T. Cook** '07 recently started a new position in Portland as the operations and human resource manager for interactive marketing agency the PDC Group.

■ **Christopher Young**, MArch '07, was promoted to associate at Ratcliff Architecture in Emeryville, California. Since 2008 Young has worked at Ratcliff, where he has assisted in projects including the multimillion-dollar Acute Tower Replacement Project for Highland Hospital in Oakland.

Eugene-based brand design firm Funk/Levis & Associates hired **Lindsey Autry** '08 to work on the account management team in the new position of digital media coordinator. Autry's experience with marketing and digital media began at Fifth Street Public Market, where she worked as marketing assistant for two years.

■ **Monica Ortiz** '09 will serve as a youth delegate for her home country, the Philippines, at COP-17, the largest meeting of United Nations members to discuss climate change. This year's conference is in Durban, South Africa.

## 2010s

■ **Joe McRae** '10 is a new account executive at Funk/Levis & Associates, a brand design firm in Eugene. McRae has nine years of experience in the design field.

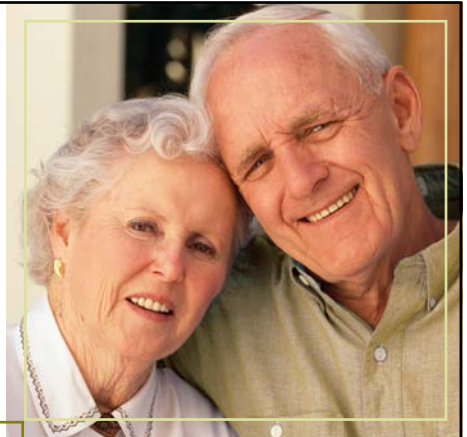
## In Memoriam

CAS Alumni Fellow **Charles F. Delzell** '41 died March 28. He was ninety-one. A World War II vet, Delzell served in Northern Africa and Italy in the U.S. Army's Criminal Investigation Division. He spent the majority of his career as a professor at Vanderbilt University, where he taught modern European history. During his career, Delzell received numerous awards, including Vanderbilt's Thomas Jefferson Award for Distinguished Service. His book *Mussolini's Enemies: The Italian Anti-Fascist Resistance* (Princeton University Press, 1961) is considered a seminal work on Italy's anti-Fascist organizations.

The last surviving starter of the NCAA's first championship basketball team, **John Dick** '41 died September 22 at age ninety-two. Dick was a senior member and captain of the Tall Firs in 1939, the year the team claimed the UO's sole NCAA basketball championship and first national team title. Also while at the UO, Dick served as student body

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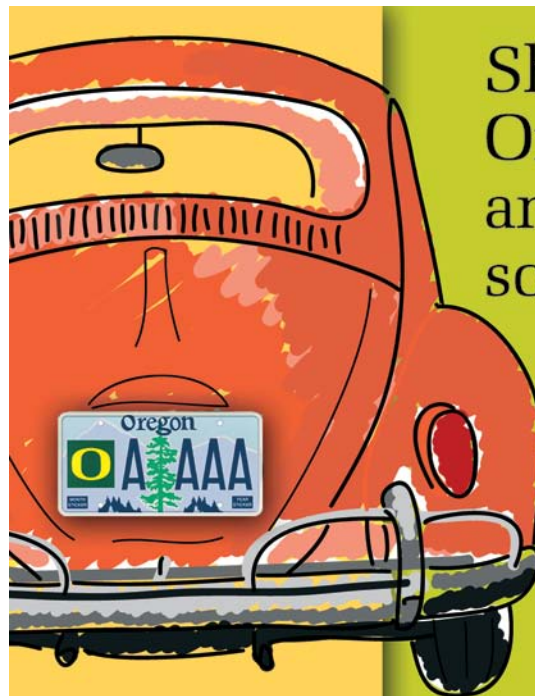


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president, Sigma Nu brother, and ROTC member. After graduation, he made his career in the Navy, in which he had enlisted the day after Pearl Harbor. Having served in three wars, Dick retired in 1973 as a rear admiral. Known throughout his life by his military title, the admiral spent his retirement attending Ducks basketball games and practices in his varsity jacket. Dick's love of sports led to his nomination as the first inductee to the Pac-10's Hall of Honor in 2002 and continued work with UO athletics. He was a member of the UO Alumni Association for seventy-one years.

Editor of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* from 1946 to 1947 **Marguerite "Beaver" (Wittwer) Wright** '47 died August 27. Born in Scharnachtal, Switzerland, Wright died in Portland. During World War II, Wright used the sheet-metal craft she learned as a journalism major to build ships in California for the war effort. After college, Wright was hired as the first editorial assistant of former Oregon governor Charles A. Sprague, then editor-publisher of *The Statesman* in Salem. During her lifetime, Wright filled a number of prestigious positions, including aide to the attorney general and director of communication for the Oregon Historical Society. She and husband Thomas Wright celebrated a sixty-fifth wedding anniversary this past June.

World War II veteran **William Dean Ireland** '48 died May 7 at the age of eighty-five. Ireland spent his service in Hawaii where he grew to love Hawaiian music and "aloha" shirts. After the war, he returned to the mainland to study at the UO. While at school, he met his wife, **Carolyn Hinson** '48. The two were married for sixty-two years. Ireland worked as vice president of the security trust department at Bank

of America in San Francisco for twenty-two years. Upon his retirement in 1983, he and Carolyn spent many a vacation traveling the country in their motor home.

Recently eighty-three, **Paul N. McCracken Jr.** '49 died at home on July 25. A member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, McCracken joined the ROTC while at the UO. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Reserve where he continued to serve until his retirement as a full colonel. Shortly after graduation, McCracken married **Sally Moore** '50, his wife of almost sixty-one years. McCracken spent his career in the lumber business and volunteered for both the World Forestry Center and the Oregon Wildlife Heritage Foundation, both of which recognized him for his dedicated service. During the latter half of his life, McCracken purchased timberland to protect fish and wildlife, work that led to the establishment of the McCracken Woodlands LLC.

**John H. "Jack" Sullivan** '49 died May 7 at age eighty-eight. During his time at the UO, Sullivan enlisted in the U.S. Army infantry and served in the South Pacific during World War II. After his honorable discharge from the military, Sullivan returned to school and finished his degree. He also married Elizabeth Miller, whom he met in Eugene; this year marks the couple's sixty-second wedding anniversary. Sullivan made his career as a professor at schools including Washington State College, the College of Idaho, and the University of Idaho, where he taught foreign languages until his retirement in 1986. He and his wife spent their last years traveling around the world.

**Richard "Dick" Dorr** '52, MM '75, died July 25 with his family by his side. A U.S. Navy veteran, Dorr taught high

school band for more than forty years. After retiring from teaching, Dorr founded the bus line company Discovery Charters. He served on the board of directors for the California Bus Association (CBA), where he was president from 1995 to 1997. He retired again, this time from the bus industry, in 1999 and devoted his time to the Arroyo Grande Lions Club and the Dallas Rotary Club. He rooted for the San Francisco 49ers, San Francisco Giants, and the Oregon Ducks.

UO Foundation trustee and emerita president **Carolyn Chambers** '53 died August 8 at age seventy-nine. Chambers started her career early by launching Chambers Communications at age twenty-five. Two years later she received the license for KEZI-TV, which has been on the air for more than fifty years with Chambers at the helm until last December. Throughout her various successes in business, she has generously supported her alma mater. Donations from Chambers include a \$1 million gift to the School of Law to establish the Center for Law and Entrepreneurship and funding to the School of Journalism and Communication to create the Carolyn S. Chambers Electronic Media Center. She received a number of awards honoring her service to the UO including the Lundquist College of Business "Alumni Trailblazer" Visionaries Award, the Pioneer Award, the Distinguished Service Award, and the Presidential Medal.

**Donald V. Picker** '53 died on September 23, a few weeks short of his eightieth birthday. Before retiring on the Oregon Coast, Picker worked as a detective in the police

*Continued on page 63*

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Doug Peacock is a naturalist, outdoorsman, and author of *Walking it Off: A Veteran's Chronicle of War And Wilderness* (2005). He was a friend of author Edward Abbey, and served as the model for the character George Hayduke in Abbey's famous novel *The Monkey Wrench Gang*.

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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Winter issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



*Deady of Winter* Photo from a full-page holiday greeting to readers of Old Oregon, December 1931

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**UO Alumni Calendar**

Go to [uoalumni.com/events](http://uoalumni.com/events) for detailed information

**November 3–19**  
**Civil War blood drive**  
STATEWIDE

**November 15**  
**Duck Biz Networking Lunch**  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

**December 10**  
**Chapter holiday party and  
scholarship fundraiser**  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

**February 24**  
**Chapter scholarship  
fundraiser**  
HONOLULU, HAWAII

**April 2012 (TBA)**  
**President's reception**  
WASHINGTON, D.C.



**1921** Physical education instructor H. A. Scott, formerly of Columbia University, notes better general health and fewer unusually fat men at Oregon compared with eastern schools. He attributes the disparities to sturdy genetic stock and vigorous outdoor activities (including working hard jobs in the summer) while easterners often loll around beaches or resorts.

**1931** UO faculty and staff members vote unanimously to approve Governor Meier's request that all state employees give one day's pay each month for five months to aid in unemployment relief.

**1941** On December 8, nine o'clock classes are cancelled and students and faculty members flock to Gerlinger Hall to listen to a radio broadcast of Franklin Roosevelt delivering his "day of infamy" address to Congress about the Pearl Harbor attack.

**1951** A retrospective of the University's first seventy-five years is published, including a list of the twenty-three football coaches who guided the teams between 1894 and 1950 with a combined record of 220 wins, 158 losses, and 33 ties.

**1961** Sigma Chi becomes the last fraternity to remove restrictive membership eligibility clauses based on race from its constitution in compli-

ance with an ultimatum from the State Board of Higher Education.

**1971** The UO is selected as the site for the 1972 Olympic track-and-field trials, and longtime UO coach Bill Bowerman '34, MEd '53, is named head coach of the track-and-field team that will compete in next summer's sure-to-be eventful games in Munich, Germany.

**1981** Professor Barry Bates of the UO Bio-mechanics Laboratory studies shoe design and function with an eye to reducing the injuries suffered by nearly a quarter of America's estimated 40 million joggers.

**1991** The Association of Oregon Recyclers names the UO Campus Recycling Program, which coordinates the recycling of some twenty-five tons of paper a month, the state's best educational and promotional effort for recycling.

**2001** The University Computing Center digitizes the 1931 *Oregana* yearbook and places it on the Internet (31yearbook.uoregon.edu). The book is bathed in the last rays of Jazz Age optimism with proms, hops, and grand balls; summer cruises to Alaska and Hawaii; the polo team playing in Chicago; and the debate team touring Japan, India, Mexico, and Australia.



CLASS NOTES *Continued*

department in Newport Beach, California. Picker and his wife, Dorothy, were married forty-six years.

**J. William Neuner '63** died June 8 at the age of seventy. A member of Delta Upsilon fraternity, Neuner lived in Eugene after graduation before moving home to Roseburg and purchasing an accounting firm, known today as Neuner, Davidson & Cooley. Neuner is a past president of the Roseburg City Council and served as a member of the city's chamber of commerce. In his spare time, he loved to watch UO football and was known by friends and family as "Mr. Duck."

## Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Former dean of the UO School of Law **Derrick Bell** died October 5. He was eighty. Bell was a pioneer of studying racism in the U.S. legal system with his book *Race, Racism, and American Law* remaining a standard of the field almost four decades after its initial publishing. The first tenured black professor of Harvard Law School, Bell came to the UO in 1980 where he worked for five years. Bell resigned from prestigious positions over differences involving race and hiring practices; he left both Harvard and the UO under such circumstances. Before becoming a scholar, Bell was an ROTC member and served in the Air Force.

Professor emeritus of architecture and World War II veteran **John Briscoe** died July 8. Briscoe worked at the UO from 1953 until his retirement in 1987, time he spent on a number of department projects including research with the Energy Studies in Buildings Lab. He was also a partner in Eugene-based firm Briscoe & Berry Architects, president of the Oregon Council of Architects, and member on the Oregon Board of Architect Examiners.

Emeritus professor of sociology **Lawrence Carter, MA '70, PhD '73**, died of multiple sclerosis on October 5 at the age of sixty-eight. A demographer, Carter made major methodological breakthroughs in the study of mortality rates, in particular, the "Lee-Carter Method," developed in conjunction with Ronald Lee of the University of California at Berkeley. Carter's areas of research included demography, statistical research methods, and urban sociology.

■ **Walter Neil "Mac" McLaughlin '49** died on August 10. He served in Asia during World War II. He later attended the UO on the GI Bill and married his wife Marion. They were married sixty-four years. After briefly working as a state auditor, McLaughlin returned to the UO, where he began a career of more than three decades, retiring as the director of business affairs. His work at the UO was highly praised; former University president Paul Olum once wrote of McLaughlin's "exceptional loyalty to the University." McLaughlin also served as the president of the Western Association of College and University Business Officers.

World War II Army veteran **Donald S. Taylor** died July 7 at age eighty-six. Taylor taught in the UO English department for thirty-eight years, receiving professor emeritus status

### In Memoriam Policy

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice of the deceased UO alumni. 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](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).

in 2000. During his time at the university, Taylor was head of the classics department, director of English graduate studies, and head of the ethnic studies department.

Just a few weeks short of her eighty-seventh birthday, **Adele Celeste Ulrich** died on August 4. Ulrich's career at the UO began in 1979 as a professor. She later became dean of the now closed College of Human Development and Performance and, after her retirement in 1990, was promoted to dean emerita. Ulrich gave over 500 speeches around the world and authored more than 300 articles for various journals. She was a lifelong Girl Scout, serving on the Girl Scouts Western Rivers Council. She also worked with the AARP Bill Payer Program and the Lane County

Legal Aide Services-Senior Law Service.

Professor emeritus **A. Kingsley Weatherhead** died August 29 at the age of eighty-seven. Born in England, Weatherhead served in the navy during World War II. After the war, he earned degrees at Cambridge University and the University of Edinburgh before immigrating to America. Weatherhead began his thirty-year career at the UO in 1960 when he was hired as one of the English department's first modern literature specialists. In 2005, Weatherhead received an endowed professorship in his name as a gift from **Bob Lee, PhD '66**, and wife Gloria. Weatherhead was Bob's graduate adviser and dissertation director. 📖

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# The Best Laid Plans

*A pair of surprises for a quarter-century celebration*

*By Martha Clarkson '83*

Every fall the same ten friends attend the fiercest rivalry in the Pac-12, the Oregon Ducks vs. the Washington Huskies. I'm a Duck, my husband Jim's a Husky, the eight friends are a mix, and we have plenty of time on the train from Seattle to Eugene to trade team jabs and predict the score. In Eugene, we take over a bed and breakfast, and 2010 was no different, except that the Sunday after the game was our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. In a postgame coma and on a train all day back to Seattle, we knew the last thing we'd feel like doing was celebrating the milestone when we got home. So we arranged to fly from Eugene to Phoenix and steal a few days of sunshine.

Initially it seemed possible to pack for both trips—the damp chill of Eugene's Autzen Stadium and the seventies predicted in Arizona. We could send our game clothes home with friends and desert garb doesn't take up much room. When we started to consider what we'd really need in both places, however, packing seemed more complicated. But our daughter volunteered to do a bag swap at SeaTac airport, where we had a layover for two hours anyway.

The previous spring, Jim and I had flown to San Francisco for a getaway weekend and spent our last morning at that city's Museum of Modern Art. We'd been there once before, when it first opened, and, as designers, admired the building as much as the art. We meandered through the gift shop on our way out as we always do, rarely buying anything but appreciating the well-designed merchandise.

On shelves backlit by a strong sun, an acrylic sculpture caught Jim's eye. The artist was Vasa, known for his small acrylic cubes. But this was larger, maybe ten inches tall, a monolith made up of planes of blue, red, yellow, and green. There were two others—an arch in orange and a pyramid in green—but it was the monolith and its deep cobalt blue that attracted him. On the plane home from San Francisco, I realized it was a perfect anniversary gift and I was smugly proud that I had six months to spare.

But going home from that trip meant picking up our regular life—work, writing, dinners with friends—and the sculpture was forgotten. Two months passed before I made the time to call the gift shop. All three of the sculptures in the window were gone. Where could I get one? The saleswoman suggested two other contemporary museums. No luck. I checked eBay and found Vasa's



work, but not the monolith. Summer passed and I occasionally checked some websites, each time kicking myself for not calling the museum sooner. Then in September I hit the jackpot, finding the number and address for his studio in Los Angeles. I e-mailed. Vasa himself e-mailed back. He gave me an assistant to work with, and she sent a photo of the piece to assure we were discussing the same thing. I sent the check and had the sculpture mailed to a neighbor, so Jim wouldn't see the package. I was excited and relieved.

As they had for years, the Oregon Ducks won the match-up last year—53–16. Sunday morning in Eugene, Jim and I woke to an early alarm because we had to catch our plane to Phoenix. The monolith was in a padded case in the bag my daughter would hand off to me at SeaTac. Jim turned the light on in our room and handed me a wrapped gift.

"I thought we were doing presents tonight," I said, because we had reservations at a special place on Camelback Mountain.

"I know, I just want to do it now!"

The package was rectangular and sharp-edged. Heavy, too, and though I couldn't believe it, I knew what it was. The monolith. For a wild minute or two, my heart lowered into my stomach and I was filled with disappointment, all the while giving him my best attempts at being pleased and surprised. But then I realized how fitting it was that we'd chosen the same gift for this memorable anniversary. At the time we got married, out of the thousands of wedding cards in the world, we'd both—on our own—selected the same one to give each other.

I didn't let on to Jim about my gift, just carted my new monolith carefully to breakfast to show it off. At SeaTac, our daughter dutifully showed up for the luggage swap. One acrylic monolith went back with her, one joined me on the plane to Phoenix, disguised in its zippered bag.

Dinner that night, to say the least, included a second big surprise. ©

*Martha Clarkson manages workplace design for Microsoft. She is also a poet and fiction writer, and recipient of a Washington State Poets William Stafford Award and a Pushcart nomination. Her work is listed under "Notable Stories" in Best American Nonrequired Readings for 2007 and 2009. She is the poetry editor for Word Riot.*

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