

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Spring 2013

Oregon

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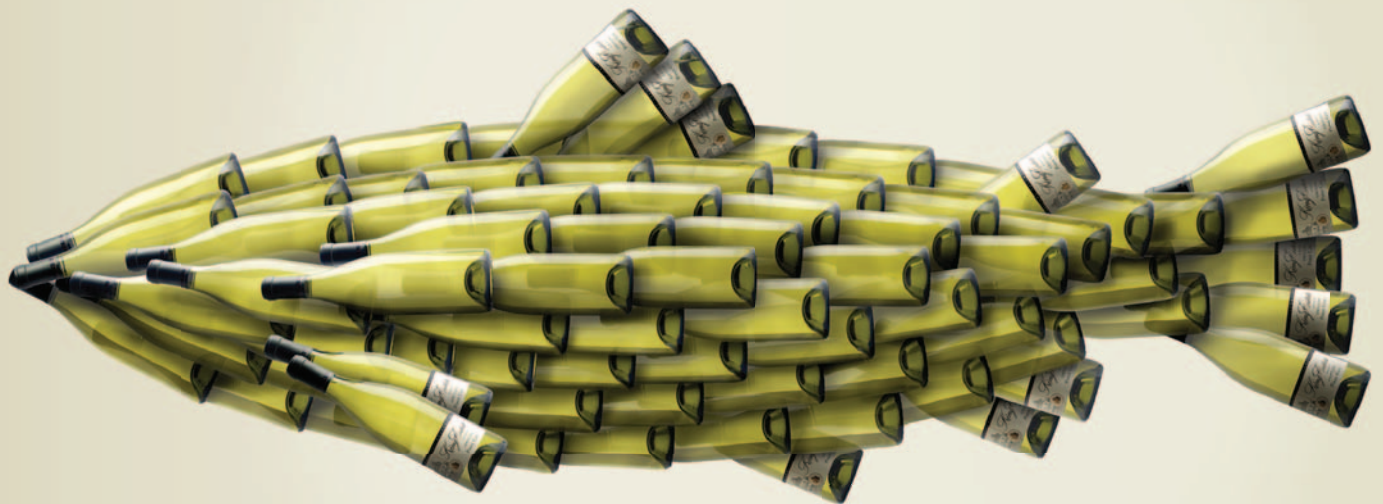


UO President Michael Gottfredson • The Story of a Dock • Citizen Detained



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COVER | Tammy Smith '86 makes history wearing the shoulder insignia of her new rank, brigadier general. Story, page 28.



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Brigadier General Tammy Smith '86 has served proudly throughout her military career. Since the repeal of "don't ask, don't tell," she has served openly as well.

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A Japanese dock set adrift by the 2011 tsunami washes up on an Oregon beach, a reminder of the history, and future, the two regions share.

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Seventy years ago, a 20-year-old business student was removed from the UO campus, destined for an Idaho concentration camp for the crime of looking like the enemy.

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Oregon

QUARTERLY

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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

Rhapsodic Utterances of Joy

Recently, my father gave me a packet of papers—letters and stories written by my grandfather. There was a carbon copy of a letter he had written to me when I was seven; a short novel serialized in 1955 in a Mennonite newspaper; essays about growing up in a Dutch-German settlement in the southern Ukraine around the time of the Russian revolution. My grandfather had stories to tell.



When I was a child, we would visit my grandparents each summer, and he would tell me stories. We would sit in his cool, book-lined study, blinds drawn against the fierce Oklahoma heat. Sometimes he would read to me; things no one else ever read, like his own version, in German, of Aesop's story of the fox and the grapes—*Der Fuchs und die Trauben*. Mostly, though, he would tell me stories of his childhood, about simple delights like learning to whistle or seeing an airplane fly overhead for the first time.

He tried to publish his writing, but Cold War America was not interested in stories of peasant life in early 20th-century Russia—not of the happy moments, like learning to whistle, nor of the somber ones, like surviving a famine. Still, a few found their way into print, which is how I came to read a short memoir, simply titled “Hunger,” in the Winter 1948 issue of *Books Abroad*, a journal of the University of Oklahoma, where he was a professor.

“One day 20 years ago, when I was still very new in America,” it begins, “I asked a fellow student whether he had ever heard Schubert’s *Ave Maria*. ‘Lots of times,’ he replied and began talking of something else. Some months before, I had heard for the first and only time this song of unearthly beauty, and since then had had to talk about it at every conceivable opportunity. I knew my friend to be fond of music and had expected rhapsodic utterances of joy at the mere recollection of the music which had filled my heart with rapture.”

The essay mentions “those dark years of the Russian revolution, of civil war and terror, of disease and famine,” but the “hunger” my grandfather described was not for food, but for culture. “Before I came to America,” he wrote, “I had not heard a single important piece of classical music. . . . I had not seen a single noteworthy work of the graphic arts. I had never witnessed a good theatrical performance. I had never been to a museum.”

My grandfather’s joy in art, in beauty, was what fascinated me about him. I remember the delight with which he would describe not only a work of art, but a flower in his garden, or the taste of an ice-cold 7-Up on a July Oklahoma day, or the carved-wood and blown-glass animals that decorated his study. Although he lived a comfortable life as a university professor, he never quite came to take these things for granted. Reading his words, I think about the wealth of art and literature that surrounds me: nearly two million books a few blocks away in Knight Library, musical and theatrical performances and art exhibitions almost any day on campus. At my fingertips, I have no fewer than 197 different versions of *Ave Maria* available to download instantly from iTunes. And I have the great privilege of editing *Oregon Quarterly*, of working, every single day, with people who have stories to tell. I’m grateful to my grandfather for reminding me not to take these things for granted.

Read Gerhard Wiens’s 1948 essay
“Hunger” at OregonQuarterly.com

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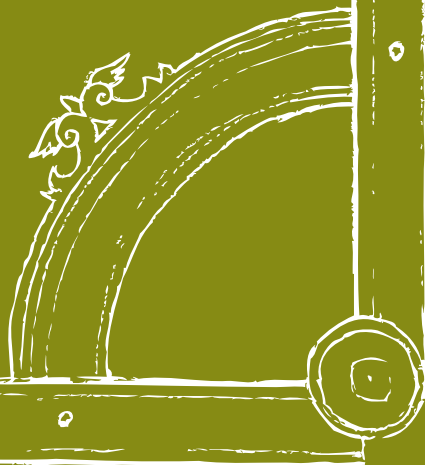
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Going Public

Regarding Ann Wiens’s “Public Offering” (“Editor’s Note,” Winter 2012), how much money will it take to satisfy the school system’s needs? This is always an issue, no matter how much money the voters in Oregon decide to give to the school system. The school district gets what they want, then the next time they have an opportunity, they say they need more . . . for the kids. Our politicians support schools, but surprisingly, the first thing they want to cut is schools. Does this make any sense? I guess it does if you want to scare people into giving (or forcing others to pay) more and more of their hard-earned money.

Can you tell me there’s absolutely no waste in the K–12 or college systems? Can you tell me there’s absolutely no way to cut costs? Can you tell me they are running as lean as absolutely possible?

How do you feel about those of us who are paying for this? We’re losing our jobs, our homes, our retirement savings, while you want us to give more and more. Or do you plan on taking more from the rich corporations? The same corporations that we work for? It sure would be nice to have a guaranteed raise every year. We haven’t seen one in at least three years, while the government takes more, and things cost more. It sure would be nice if all of us could be a teacher or have a government job. But who would pay all the taxes then?

Do you get your paycheck from the UO? If so, you probably don’t get it, which explains

your article. Do you not care about us? It seems like it. How about a little relief for us?

Darren Karr
West Linn

I find the statement “as resourceful parents” (“Public Offering,” Winter 2012) to be irritating at best, as I am sure there were any number of parents who were highly resourceful in Chicago whose children did not get into one of those “high-performing schools.” As was the case with my parents, their resourcefulness is no match for someone with a lot of resources. It would be far more accurate and fair to other parents who do the very best they can for their children to begin that sentence with, “As parents with resources such as education, influence, time, and money on our side . . .”

As to the rhetorical question, “Is this the degree to which we value education?” I would ask that it be applied to a school administrator who retires from their full time, \$120,000 position at 110 percent retirement pay and then is rehired part time by the same district for an additional \$120,000 per year. Please spare me the rebuttal as to why this would be fair, as the basis for any argument in favor of this situation comes down to being one or a combination of the following: “It’s not their fault, they’re entitled, it’s legal, and there’s nothing we can do to change it.” If you doubt me, just recast any school budget with the retirement contribution cut in half and see how it impacts the classroom.

Bob Peterson ’74
Portland

Ann Wiens responds—My editor’s note took issue with the inequities in public education, which have been exacerbated by a troubled economy and some of the very issues mentioned in the letters above. My view, which is consistent with the mission of the university, is that access to higher education must not be limited to those with the very resources Bob Peterson cites. The data are clear: when the state invests in public higher education, it sees a good return on its investment. But what do we do when there is little to invest, when Oregon households are hurting and state money has been overcommitted already? Governor Kitzhaber spoke to this in his State of the State address in January, warning of the increasing costs associated with maintaining the status quo for public education, let alone improving it. If increased state appropriations for education are not forthcoming, we must find

alternatives. We must be creative and, yes, resourceful. We don’t yet have the answers, but we must not avoid the discussion. On that, I believe, we agree.

Wyatt Harris’s Incredible Journey

I’ve never read anything quite like “Long Journey Home” in your Winter 2012 issue. What a remarkable story Wyatt Harris has lived, and what a brilliant article Kimber Williams crafted to tell it. Traveling recently in the province where Wyatt was born and abandoned (my wife is a native of another Yangtze River steel town) offered only hazy glimpses of the Chinese rural family life, but the article and photos brought it into focus. The extraordinary tide of fortune that carried Harris away from that life, and then brought him back to his birth family, reads like a movie screenplay—which it should probably be someday. Extraordinary.

Mike Gaynes ’78
Moss Beach, California

Thank you for writing this article. It was beautifully written and brought me to tears several times. As a mother of five (three adopted) children, it touched me deeply.

Jennifer Pressley
Johnson City, Tennessee

Know Your Penguins

I thoroughly enjoyed the article “To the End of the Earth” by Tom Titus and John Postlethwait (Winter 2012). The photography from Torres del Paine National Park and Antarctica is stunning. And, knowing some of the somewhat obsessive members of the UO Noon Runners, I’m not surprised by their running escapades in the far south. However, I must point out that the penguin on page 26 is not an Adélie penguin, but rather a gentoo

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 or e-mail quarterly@uoregon.edu.

INSPIRED



Jennifer Howard-Grenville, associate professor of management, illustrates how corporations, communities, and individuals can forge relationships that benefit the world as a whole:

- Prolific author, with seven articles published in journals since 2010 and three books
- Collaborative researcher with international academic and corporate partners
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“My work is about how people make change.”

JENNIFER HOWARD-GRENVILLE

The college is pleased to recognize Howard-Grenville as its 2013 Thomas C. Stewart Distinguished Professor.

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penguin, *Pygoscelis papua*, with a white patch above and behind the eye, a red-orange bill, and red-orange feet.

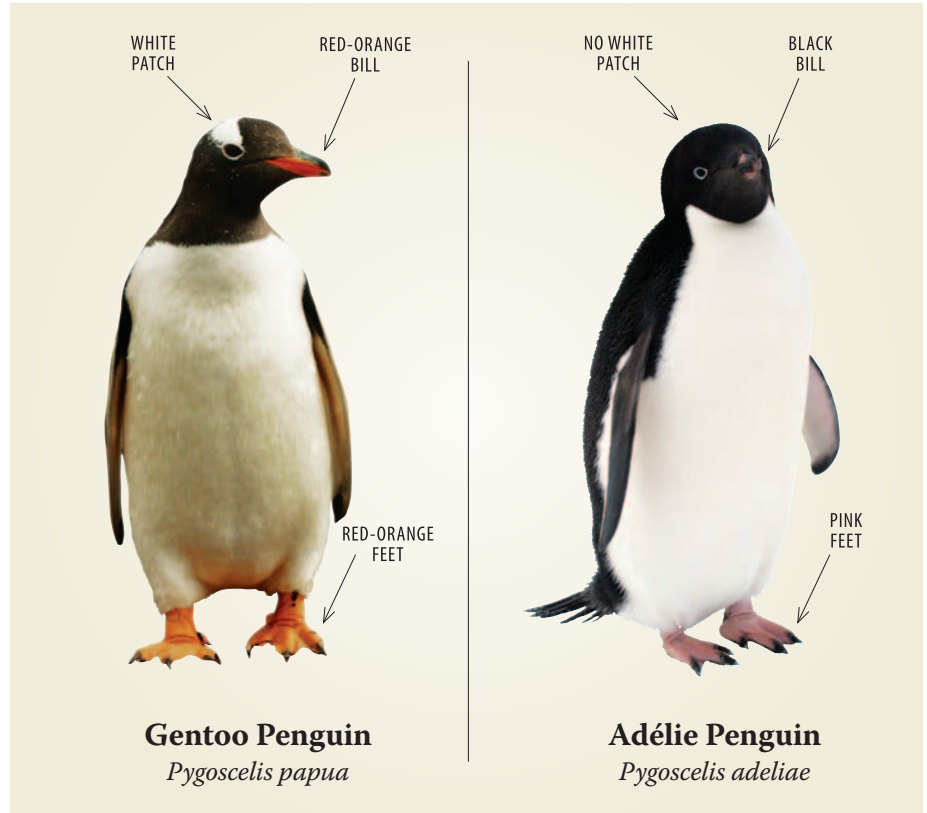
*Roger Robb, MBA '82
Springfield*

Editor—You are correct, of course. Lest others make the same mistake, we've created a handy penguin identification guide (right). We will never again confuse our gentoos with our Adélies.

Remembering 'Uni Hi'

The mention of University High School in "The Best . . . Place to See the Fall Leaves" (Winter 2012) caught my eye. The article triggered many fond memories. I was a student at "Uni Hi" in 1952 and '53. It was a great experience. Unfortunately, Uni Hi is almost completely forgotten except by the few of us still around. Thank you for mentioning Uni Hi.

*Glen Knowlton '58
Lacey, Washington*



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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

The First Time

In his memoir 100 Tricks Every Boy Can Do (Trinity University Press, 2012), noted Oregon writer Kim Stafford '71, MA '73, PhD '79, recounts a brief but transformative interaction in 1965 with Reverend Jim, an assistant pastor at the Stafford family's church. When the church's longtime leader took another parish posting, Jim was in the running to succeed the pastor, but did not get the job. After making plans to move on, Jim gave one final sermon to the church, a scorcher that got everyone's attention and rendered the congregation silent; it included "I want to talk about hypocrisy—your hypocrisy and mine." But this was only a warm up, part one of Jim's swan song. Part two—the part that forever changed Stafford's life—was still to come.

THE DEEPER THING, THE PART THAT stays with me at my core, happened that evening, at the meeting of the Presbyterian Youth, when Pastor Jim gave his last talk to my brother and me, and to our friends.

We were gathered in the upstairs Sunday school room, and the cookies had turned to crumbs on our laps. Pastor Jim had us in a circle of tan folding chairs. He sat quietly, looking around as we brushed our hands together to shake away the crumbs and fiddled with our empty punch cups, waiting. I was 15. Something about his manner had silenced us.

Then he stood, crossed the room, and closed the door. Once he was settled in his chair again, he looked around the room and smiled.

"I need to tell you something," he said, "that I suspect no one has told you. It's a subject parents may find difficult, but it must be said. Please forgive me if you find this subject awkward. I do, too, but I must go on."

We looked at each other, and then at the floor or out the window. I looked at him: crew-cut, pale blue knit shirt, black-framed glasses. He took a deep breath.

"You must be absolutely alone," he said, "and you must know you will not be interrupted—when you first make love to someone." He paused. His stare was level. He looked at me, at Carolyn, at my brother, Marilyn, Paul, Chuck, Nicolette, all around

the circle. He gave everyone his look. "There is only one first time, and no matter where you go from this experience, or who you may be with, after, this time will always be sacred."

In my mind the Bible was on fire, the Song of Solomon was being sung aloud, my dreams were being spoken by this plain-looking man with a clear voice.

"Sacred," he said. "I do not use this word lightly. Sacred. Pay attention with all you have in this time together, as close as you have ever been with another person. Feel what you feel. Be kind to one another. This is one of life's greatest gifts, God knows. So do not hurry."

It seemed there was no oxygen in the room. We lived on some other form of elixir.

"And after, do not brag. This private time will be with you all your life. Feel what you feel. Guard what you learn. Learn to love."

"You must be in a space where there is no hurry," he said again. "I need to tell you this very clearly, because there is so much in our culture that gives you a different idea: You must know that no one will interrupt you, because you are about to enter into a time that is yours alone, you two, and you need to be there slowly, and know exactly what you feel. This is not a place for your parents, or for your friends. This is only for the two of you. Love can happen, and be beautiful, and not leave scars on your heart, if you make it your own, in private, without fear, without ambition or pride. Take care of this other person

"Sacred," he said. "I do not use this word lightly. Sacred. Pay attention with all you have in this time together, as close as you have ever been with another person. Feel what you feel. Be kind to one another. This is one of life's greatest gifts, God knows. So do not hurry."

you lie down with. Sensation is a treasure. It is not designed for the backseat of a car, or a room in the house at a party where others might surprise you. Find a beautiful place and make it holy together. I am talking about love, and spirit, and a kind of light that settles over

all the world when you come to this gently.”

There was no sound in the room. We were a tableaux of figures. My brother with his lips slightly parted, staring far away. The twins, Carolyn and Marilyn askew, and Paul, the saxophone player from the high school band.

“You may not find the person this first time, the partner you will be with always. But you must find honesty. The first person you are with will always be part of who you are, will shape your loving ever after. Be private, be honest, and feel what you feel.”

Then Reverend Jim leaned back, as if shaking off a set of chains.

“I have enjoyed my time with you,” he said. “But before I left this church, I felt I needed to say these things to you. I wish you well.”

It had rained when we came out of the church, and the parking lot was dark. Some parents came to fetch us home. I looked back at the open door where Pastor Jim stood, watching us go. He wasn’t the Reverend any more. Just a figure in the dark doorway.

“We need to hurry,” said the driver of my car, someone’s father, “get you kids home for dinner.” I put my fingers to the textured trim by the window as we drove away.


I don’t remember talking with my brother about this amazing feat of telling. It was as if a code kept us in our separate cells of silence. Where does such a sermon, said slowly and in private, reside in a young person’s life?

When I hopped a freight at midnight later that spring, to serenade Carolyn with my clarinet, and was chased from her house by the family dog, I thought of Reverend Jim. When our father, before I left for college, told me nothing in detail about sex or women or each lonely man as a seeker after solace, I thought of Reverend Jim. When I kissed a girl for the first time in the winter of 1968, I thought of

Reverend Jim. And as that girl and I, my wife and I entered intimacy on our wedding night, dwelt there for some years, then drifted away from intimacy over a decade of slow departure, I thought of Reverend Jim.

The first time. Sacred. The Bible on fire. Feel what you feel . . . guard what you learn . . . learn to love.

Who schooled me in truth-telling? Was it my father, the great poet? Was it my

teachers in school? Was it the great books that guided me into teaching? Well, in some ways, yes. But at heart I am still in the presence, in the care, under the guidance of that stalwart teller of difficult things, Reverend Jim. 

WEB EXTRA: Hear Kim Stafford read an extended version of this excerpt and a recent poem he’s written about his experience at the UO at OregonQuarterly.com



Clear Economics, Muddled Politics

When it comes to a cure for economic collapse, austerity is currently the conventional wisdom. But history has shown austerity to be “an entirely perverse remedy,” says economist Robert Kuttner, 2012 Wayne Morse chair in residence at the University of Oregon’s Wayne Morse Center for Law and Politics. Kuttner is cofounder and coeditor of *The American Prospect* magazine, a columnist for the *Boston Globe*, and the author of 10 books on the U.S. economic system and the politics of markets, including *Debtor’s Prison: The Politics of Austerity vs. Possibility*, which comes out in May. At the UO this fall, he delivered a series of lectures titled *Untangling the Economy*. The following is adapted from the first of those lectures, “The Political Economy of Austerity,” in which Kuttner evoked America’s post–World War II economic boom as an example of fiscal policy that successfully curtailed recession, and warned of the “dismal politics” hindering economic recovery today.

ITITLED THIS LECTURE “THE Political Economy of Austerity” because everything about our response to the current economic collapse is political: Who benefits and who suffers, the adoption of this policy or that one, drastic reform or bailouts, how the crisis is used ideologically. Throughout, austerity—the reduction of the federal budget deficit—is the conventional wisdom. Yet, there is no plausible theory of economics to explain how a depressed economy can deflate to recovery.

To understand why, let’s recall what caused the collapse. It wasn’t excess public spending, large public debts, or the worry that interest rates would rise in 2023 because of the Social Security deficit.

Two kinds of *private* debt crashed the economy. The first was short-term debt incurred by banks to finance speculative debts, sometimes in ratios as high as 50 to 1. That means they borrowed \$50 for every dollar they had of their own capital. When the speculative debts went bad, the house of cards collapsed. That was the prime cause of the crash, which fed a downward spiral of lost jobs and dwindling government revenue. It worsened a 30-year trend in which the majority of American workers’ wages lagged behind productivity growth—by 2011, according to the Census Bureau, median household income had fallen back to the 1990 level.

The second kind of debt was that incurred by households to make up for this shortfall in income. Since the late 1970s, median incomes have lagged behind inflation, while costs, especially of housing, have exceeded it. Why? Throughout that period, interest rates kept falling. If you were trying to buy a \$300,000 house at 8 percent interest, and the mortgage interest rate dropped to 4 percent, suddenly



Economist Robert Kuttner

you could afford a \$600,000 house! But even though productivity doubled during that period, wages increased only about 11 percent—incomes were insufficient to support this increased purchasing power, and people gradually substituted debt for income. Banks made it easy to borrow; they came up with all kinds of devices for people to take out second and third mortgages. But if borrowing by households is propping up the economy and the housing bubble bursts, the whole thing collapses. Borrowing to sustain consumption is not sustainable.

The *New York Times* has branded this economic crisis the Great Recession, but

it is not a very apt description. A better term would be the Lesser Depression, because the dynamics are similar to those of the Great Depression, although not as catastrophic. Both follow a pattern the economist Irving Fisher described in his 1933 classic “The Debt-Deflation Theory of Great Depressions.” Debt deflation works like this: If a crash in asset prices—in this case houses—causes private debts to exceed the market value of their collateral, then people lose homes, banks suffer losses on mortgages as houses are unloaded, and the entire economy goes into a tailspin. Falling wages add to the collapse, creating prolonged, self-reinforcing deflation in economic activity. Depressions, as opposed to recessions, are invariably the result of financial collapses.

Consumers and businesses overwhelmed with debt face a choice. They can curtail spending to keep current on debt, or they can default on the debt and lose the collateral, further reducing prevailing prices. Either way, their actions worsen the general deflation. The Great Depression was a massive debt deflation. The current one is somewhat confined to the housing sector, but had the Federal Reserve not intervened with very low interest rates and massive aid to banks, this could have gone the way of the 1930s. Housing is the single largest asset of American households. The crash wiped out \$9 trillion worth of home equity. That makes you feel poorer.

The austerity lobby ignores all of this, however, and blames the crisis on deficits and the debt-to-GDP ratio that businesses are supposedly worrying about before they decide to invest. Just imagine a group of business leaders having dinner and saying, “I’m thinking of expanding, but I’m not sure what the debt-to-GDP ratio will be in 2023.” Anybody who thinks this is entirely

delusional. Yet, in 2008, a financial mogul by the name of Peter G. Peterson set up a foundation with a billion dollars of his own money to lobby for austerity.

It is a mark of the influence of this elite lobbying group that President Obama, at the very moment his stimulus program was making a little bit of a difference (although it was clearly inadequate to produce real recovery), became a convert to austerity. In 2010, Obama created the National Commission on Fiscal Responsibility and Reform—the Bowles-Simpson Commission. With this decision, the president painted himself into a corner where he had to take seriously the recommendations of an austerity commission of his own creation, recommendations that would lead to a premature fiscal contraction of a still rather fragile economy.


But there are economists who know what to do, who are proposing a much better set of policies. History's great example is World War II, the greatest unintended economic recovery program ever known. In the decade preceding the war, the deficit was low, between 4 and 6 percent of GDP, and the growth rate was terrific. Even so, unemployment remained about 14 percent on the eve of World War II. Then came Pearl Harbor, and the government entered about \$100 billion of war-production orders in six months. Unemployment melted away to 2 percent. Industry was recapitalized, workers were retrained and reemployed, and civilian living standards increased because people had decent jobs again. Even though half of the stuff we made was produced only to be blown up, GDP increased by 50 percent over four years. Most of the cost of the war was borrowed, however. By the end of World War II, the debt-to-GDP ratio was 120 percent. That's substantially more than the 2012 ratio of about 72 percent.

So, what did the statesmen and -women of 1945 do? Did they appoint an expert commission to target a reduced debt ratio in 1955? No. They worried that without the stimulus of war we would sink right back into the Great Depression. They worried about how we would reemploy 12 million returning GIs and the civilians who lost their jobs when the war-production effort ended. So instead of saying, "My God! We have to cut the deficit!" they enacted policy to increase the growth rate. People spent war bonds on down payments on homes,

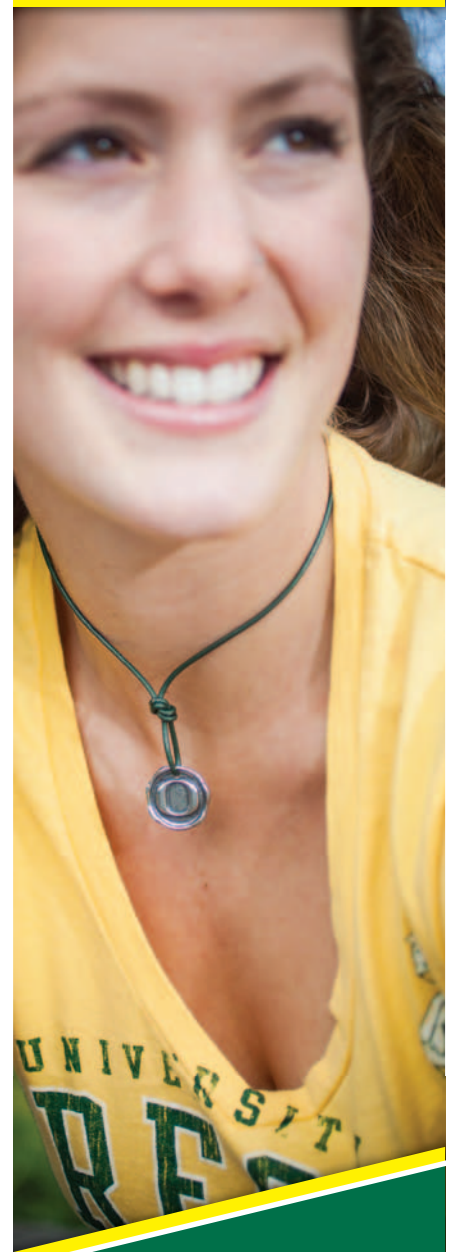
and there was a rocky year, but there was an almost seamless transition from the stimulus of the war to the stimulus of the postwar boom, because the economy after the war grew at a higher rate than the debt. By the late 1970s the debt ratio was down from 120 percent to about 27 percent, before the Reagan-era tax cuts sent it rising again.

Today's economy needs the stimulus of massive public investment that war-production spending provided in the 1930s, but without the war. The American Society of Civil Engineers estimates that we have a \$2.4 trillion shortfall in deferred maintenance on roads, bridges, water, and sewer systems. On top of that we need a new, 21st-century infrastructure: a smart electric grid, green buildings, universal broadband. This could be financed by borrowing—interest rates are lower than ever; take advantage of them.

But you can't talk about this today in mainstream politics, and this is the real tragedy for our era. Large-scale public investment of the sort that supported the post-World War II boom is simply off the table. Instead, Democrats and Republicans are debating whether the debt reduction should be \$4 trillion or \$5 trillion; whether we should reduce it by tax increases, or by program cuts. Look at Europe—every country that has suffered the effects of severe austerity programs has gone deeper into depression. I think the economics of what to do are clear, but the politics are muddled. Will politics allow us to get where we need to, or will we spend the next several years mired in first gear?

After his election victory, Obama took a small but significant step in the right direction when he insisted that the budget deal with Congress to avoid the first so-called fiscal cliff include tax increases on the wealthiest but no spending cuts. However, in future budget negotiations, the president will face intense pressure to cut spending and reduce the deficit. Obama should be clear that the recovery is too weak to cut spending. If anything, we need *more* public spending to make up for the shortfall in private demand. Once growth returns, the deficit ratio will decline, as it did after World War II. This is a pivotal moment in our national history. We have no choice but to keep struggling for sensible policies to save our economy and save our republic. 

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A Cold Slap in the Facebook

Today's students—dubbed Gen Y, millennials, and digital natives—are more immersed in more kinds of media for more hours per day than any previous generation. But what happens when these endless streams of information abruptly stop? That was the intriguing question posed by Harsha Gangadharbatla, an associate professor in the UO School of Journalism and Communication. He asked 50 Oregon undergraduates to unplug from all media (including the Internet, digital music players, smart phones, Twitter, Facebook, YouTube, and blogs, as well as older media such as books, newspapers, radio, and television) for 48 hours and then describe their experiences in essays. Gangadharbatla and graduate students Darshan Sawant and Lauren Bratslavsky wrote up the findings, largely based on these student responses, in a paper titled "Turn Off Everything: The Challenges and Consequences of Going on a Complete and Extended Media Fast." Judging by the student reflections appearing in the paper and excerpted below, the media fast proved to be an illuminating exercise.

Millennials are history's first "always connected" generation.*

Without music, it was difficult even to get homework done, as I had become accustomed to having some sort of background noise while taking notes or writing a paper.

... one of the most difficult things I have ever done in my life. Media is my life and without media I feel like I am cut off from civilization.

It was difficult and annoying and BORING most of all.

81% of Gen Y accesses Facebook daily, far ahead of the 44–45% who access blogs, newspapers, or TV shows daily.*

I found myself thinking more and more about what I was missing, just like a habitual user of a drug who was craving the next hit.

I felt immensely powerless and almost naked because I couldn't use any media.

I felt like half a person.

I typically check [Facebook] four or more times a day and was slowly dying by the lack of it.

I felt very vulnerable.

I cancelled my gym session with my best friend because I know that I can't exercise without music.

Americans spend more than 33 hours per week watching video [on various] screens.*

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I was forced to talk with people directly more often. . . . Word of mouth and face-to-face dialogue became much more important, given that I had no real sources to consult anymore.

After the first 24 hours I realized how productive I was and how much schoolwork I had finished without the media distracting me. It became normal for me not to check my Facebook . . . I felt a mix of disconnection from the world and a sense of refreshment from not consuming media and engaging in other productive activities with my time.

The young adult segment (18–34) is most likely to own a tablet or smartphone [and makes up] the bulk of television audiences, online video viewers, and social network or blog users.*

* Cited in "Turn Off Everything."

B O O K S H E L F

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

Measuring Marketing: 110+ Key Metrics Every Marketer Needs, Second Edition (Wiley, 2012) by John A. Davis, UO instructor of marketing. In this revised and updated edition,


Davis discusses in a "clear" and "thought-provoking" style how key metrics can be applied to an organization's marketing campaigns to measure their success.

Standing at the Water's Edge: Bob Straub's Battle for the Soul of Oregon (Oregon State University Press, 2012) by Charles K. Johnson '97. Illustrated with numerous historical photos, Johnson's "warm and witty" biography chronicles the life of Oregon governor Robert W. Straub, a politician remembered for his

leadership on matters of state finance and the environment.

Ecopoetics: The Language of Nature, the Nature of Language (University of Massachusetts Press, 2012) by Scott Knickerbocker, MA '02, PhD '06. In this volume, Knickerbocker takes "the next step in ecocriticism" by exploring how authors such as Wallace Stevens, Elizabeth Bishop, and Sylvia Plath use figurative language to evoke the natural world.

Becoming Who We Are: Temperament and Personality in Development (Guilford Publications, Inc., 2011) by Mary K. Rothbart, UO professor emerita of psychology. The book "examines the role of temperament in the development of personality and psychopathology." Written in a "direct and readable style," Rothbart's book offers new insights into the subject of psychological development through synthesis of theory, research, everyday observations, and clinical examples.

American Marriage: A Political Institution (University of Pennsylvania Press, 2012) by Priscilla Yamin, UO assistant professor of political science. In this "splendid contribution to the scholarship of politics and marriage," Yamin explores marriage in its moral, social, and civic contexts using specific examples from throughout American history. 

Do Your Favorite Things



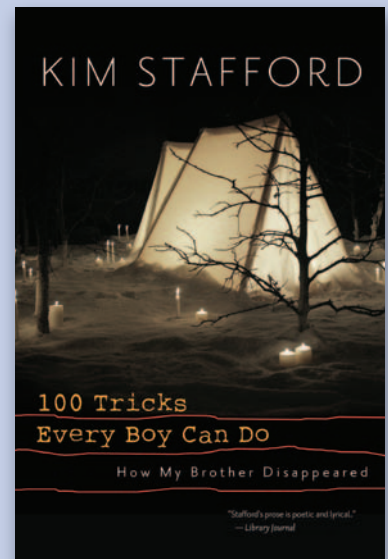
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HONORING
Gwendolyn & Charles Lillis Ph.D. '72
POSTHUMOUSLY HONORING
Art DeMuro



GWENDOLYN and CHARLES LILLIS are loyal Ducks, whose tremendous success in their careers has allowed them to support the UO through their philanthropy, as well as their time and expertise.

Gwendolyn Lillis has been a UO Foundation trustee since 2003, and served as the board chair from 2008-2009. She is a

former member of the Lundquist College of Business Advisory Council, UO Provost's Advisory Council, and the Campaign Leadership Committee. She currently serves as chair of the business school's Board of Advisors. Charles Lillis was a LCB Alumni Trailblazer, a founding investor of the Lundquist College of Business Finance and Securities Analysis Center (FSAC), and a member of the LCB Dean's Business Advisory Council. He received the 2008 Business Hall of Fame Award, and is currently a member of the FSAC Advisory Board.

In 2001, Gwendolyn and Charles Lillis were both awarded the UO Presidential Medal. Their leadership gifts made construction of the Lillis Business complex possible, and have served many areas across campus as well. We are honored to include Gwendolyn and Charles among the university's closest friends. They have served as leaders, teachers, and advocates, influencing countless students and helping shape the UO's future.



ART DEMURO began his career teaching at the high school level, but shortly after, he decided to turn to saving history, not teaching it. In 1991 he founded Venerable Properties in Portland, a company which sought to preserve Oregon's history and heritage through revitalization and redevelopment of

commercial real estate. One of Art's proudest projects was the successful redevelopment of the White Stag Block in Old Town Chinatown Portland—home to the University of Oregon in Portland.

In early 2012, Mr. DeMuro made generous gifts to advance the UO's Historic Preservation Program, the only program of its kind in the state of Oregon. It is a transformative gift that will forever alter the trajectory of the UO's small, but highly regarded program.

Tragically, Art DeMuro passed away on September 8, 2012 at age 57 after a brief battle with cancer. Art's passing has left a significant hole in Oregon's development and preservation community. His visionary leadership and generosity toward the UO makes him a perfect recipient for a 2013 Pioneer Award.

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Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations



The Robert and Beverly Lewis Integrative Science Building

SCIENCE

Under One Roof

New UO Science Building Designed to Stimulate Collaboration, Innovation

ONE OF THE MOST SIGNIFICANT trends in the research community is the concept of “integrative science,” meaning that researchers from different disciplines work together on projects, pooling their knowledge and resources. This cooperative approach is embedded in both the name and the architecture of the UO’s innovative new Robert and Beverly Lewis Integrative Science Building, which celebrated its grand opening in October.

“What makes the Lewis Building unique is that it was specifically designed from the ground up for interdisciplinary research,” says Kimberly Andrews Espy, vice president for research and innovation and dean of the graduate school. “Everything from the placement of the labs to the prevalence of shared spaces was designed to encourage the kinds of connections that will result in collaborative research projects.”

The 103,000-square-foot, \$65-million building, the latest addition to the Lorry I. Lokey Science Complex, houses a variety of research clusters, encompassing chemistry, biology, psychology, neuroscience, and more. The different sections of the four-story building intersect at an atrium complete with open stairways, stadium seating, and comfortable couches to encourage informal interactions and just plain hanging out. On one side, a wide section of the opaque glass wall serves as a three-story whiteboard where passersby can stop and brainstorm ideas.

The design concept works, says associate professor of psychology Mike Wehr, whose research lab is in the new building. “You bump into somebody from a different department on the way to the printer or to get a cup of coffee. You say, ‘Hey, I just had this crazy idea,’ and suddenly you’re writing on the whiteboard, cooking up an idea for

an experiment. It wouldn’t have happened if you had to walk across campus and make an appointment.”

Another feature inviting collaboration is the building’s unusual interior design: all the walls that face the atrium are made of glass (some clear, some opaque). This makes scientific research seem more accessible, says chemist Chris Knutson, a postdoctoral researcher at the Center for Sustainable Materials Chemistry. “Science is like martial arts,” he says. “It has a ranking system. If you are low in rank, you may not feel like you have the ability to communicate with those high in rank. But in this building, it’s like window-shopping. You look through the window and see science you want to do, and a near-peer doing it, and you are encouraged to participate.”

The Center for Sustainable Materials Chemistry is housed in labs on the fourth floor and also has a “characterization” facil-

PHOTOS COURTESY OF HDR ARCHITECTURE, INC.

ity in the basement where new products are evaluated for usefulness. “We are combining quite a few labs in one space,” Knutson says. “This increases face-to-face time with many groups and pools together a greater number of resources into a single area.”

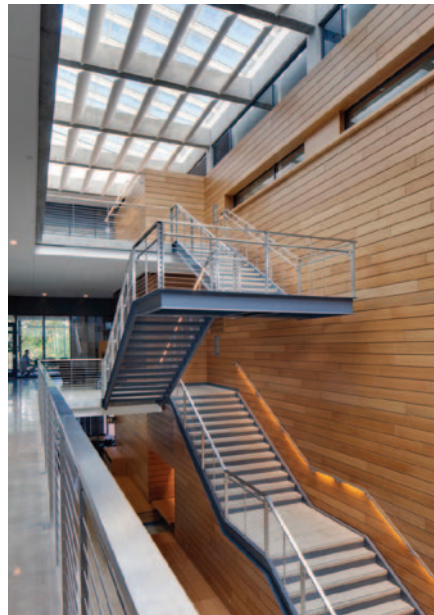
One of the center’s current projects is to invent less energy- and resource-intensive ways of making thin films for electronic applications such as computer display screens and flat-screen TVs. “We are using water as a means of processing high-grade electronic material into thin film, instead of using a vacuum, which is energy intensive and wasteful,” Knutson says. “This will revolutionize how sustainably these devices are manufactured.”

Working in the burgeoning field of “green chemistry,” these researchers are also coming up with exciting new ways to use nanotechnology to store energy derived from solar panels. “The big hurdle for solar is storage,” Knutson explains. In the lab, energy collected from solar panels is used to split water into oxygen and hydrogen, a clean-burning fuel. “It’s way better than battery storage, which has limited applicability to large-scale power generation,” he says. “The hydrogen fuel can be used to run a car or on a spaceship, without releasing carbon or greenhouse gases.”

Down on the first floor, Wehr, the psychology professor, is utilizing an exciting new science called optogenetics to study how the auditory system works. By implanting photosynthesis genes into certain neurons in the brains of mice, he can use light to stimulate these neurons and literally turn them on or off. “Optogenetics is one of the most amazing genetic tools to hit neuroscience in my lifetime,” Wehr says.

In one study with mice, Wehr turned off an entire class of auditory neurons that are inhibitory. Other neurons began to respond more and more vigorously to sound, and the mice then responded to quiet sounds as though they were loud. “It was like getting rid of the brakes in your car,” he says. From this, he theorized that the inhibitory neurons are critically involved in tuning out background noise. “They are poised to be like a volume knob in the brain. You can turn up the volume on things you want to hear, and turn down the volume on things you don’t want to hear.”

As people age, Wehr says, they often have trouble hearing conversations in a noisy room, even though they hear quite



A Place for Innovation *The Robert and Beverly Lewis Integrative Science Building is the first LEED-certified platinum building on campus and one of the most sustainable science buildings in North America. It will use 60 percent less electricity than code regulations.*

well in a quiet environment. “Understanding what the neurons are doing helps us understand age-related hearing loss,” he says. “This could ultimately translate into treatment or therapy that could improve people’s lives.”

Improving lives is also a goal for psychology professor Phil Fisher, whose research focuses on how kids’ early stressful experiences shape the architecture of their developing brains, later affecting learning, memory, developing friendships, and school performance. [See our story on some of Fisher’s work in the Winter 2012 issue.] Using the research-grade fMRI machine installed in the Lewis Building’s basement, Fisher is collaborating with two colleagues who each have research studies under way. Jennifer Pfeifer is studying how social rejection leads kids to take risks, and Elliot Berkman explores how behavioral training may be able to help kids have more control. “This is so exciting for us,” Fisher says. “So many of the families and children we work with have stress dating back to infancy and even the prenatal environment. This work has incredible relevance for people in high-risk populations.”

Fisher’s enthusiasm about the possibilities for collaborative research in the new building is palpable. “The new facility is a total and complete game-changer,” he says.

“The new facility is a total and complete game-changer. It will attract researchers from around the world.”

“It will attract researchers from around the world as well as high-level grad students. I think it will transform the landscape of integrative science, and we can create changes on a grand scale.”

The Lewis Building was funded in large part through private donations from Robert ’46 and Beverly ’48 Lewis and Lorry I. Lokey, along with William Swindells, the James R. Kuse Family Foundation, and Rosaria Haugland. About \$35 million more came from federal and state grants and state bonds. Scientific research facilities, it turns out, are a good investment—at the UO last year, more than \$120 million in sponsored research was brought in from sources outside the state. In addition, research innovations at the UO generated nearly \$7.9 million in licensing revenue for the Oregon economy.

A subtler form of economic development can be seen in the two “Partnership Spaces” in the building. These are available to the private sector, giving companies access to many of the high-tech tools both in the Lewis Building and the adjacent Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories. As of press time, the UO was talking with interested tenants. “Our private industry partners will soon be able to use those same high-tech tools and technologies and the building will catalyze external partnerships involving a host of academic, research, business, and entrepreneurial organizations,” Espy says.

But just as important as the advanced research going on within the Lewis Building, of course, are the opportunities the new facility affords students. “Students will have unprecedented access to labs and high-tech tools and equipment,” Espy says, “allowing them to gain critical thinking skills while training for the technologies of the future.”

—Rosemary Howe Camozzi ’96

NEUROSCIENCE

The Prof and the Pontiff

While millions of visitors travel to Rome each year, very few have business within the walls of Vatican City—and only a tiny fraction of these individuals end their day sleeping inside the world's smallest independent state at the "Vatican hotel." We recently heard about two who did, and we wanted to know more.

THEIR ADVENTURE STARTED OUT like a scene from a Dan Brown novel: whisked from the bustling Rome airport in a black, chauffeur-driven car, the university neuroscientist and his wife, a retired videographer, approach the heavily guarded Vatican City checkpoint where the driver flashes credentials, gaining access to the walled sanctum. When the car roars off (taking with it the *Da Vinci Code* melodrama), it leaves the couple at the doorstep of Domus Sanctae Marthae (Saint Martha's House), a stately hotel of about 130 rooms best known as the temporary residence for members of the College of Cardinals when the group convenes to elect a new pope (as it imminently will, following Benedict XVI's recent resignation). The hotel is a stone's throw due south from the left transept of Saint Peter's Basilica, a site of singular importance to the world's billion-plus Catholics.

"The hotel was very large, lightly staffed, and a remarkably low-key place," says Sharon Posner. "It seemed to be run primarily for internal Vatican needs—housing attendees at meetings, traveling scholars and clerics, that sort of thing." During her four-night stay she met a woman doing research for a Catholic magazine and chatted with a visiting professor.

"The rooms were very understated, with beautiful wood floors and lots of mahogany," she says. "I had a TV—not flat screen. The bathrooms were all marble and very nice. There was a simple cross over the bed." Her husband, Mike Posner, a UO professor emeritus of psychology, recalls an unusual feature of the hotel: all its rooms are singles—the long-married couple found themselves in separate quarters talking with one another over the telephone.

A professional meeting in Mike Posner's field brought the couple to the Vatican. It would be very different from the typical academic gathering, held not in some modern SheratonHiltonHyatt conference center, but in an architecturally striking



Science and Spirit Pope Benedict XVI and physicist Stephen Hawking at a 2008 meeting of the Pontifical Academy of Science; Hawking has been a member since 1986.

building originally constructed in 1561 as a summer residence for Pope Pius IV and now serving as home to the Pontifical Academy of Sciences (PAS).

The what? The PAS traces its roots to the Academy of the Lynxes, founded in Rome around 1600—Galileo was among its members. That group, which the PAS calls "the first exclusively scientific academy in the world," lasted less than 30 years and was reestablished as the Pontifical Academy of the New Lynxes in 1847. The Vatican acted again in 1936 to revive (and rename) the academy, which now focuses on six areas: fundamental science; science and technology of global problems; science for the problems of the developing world; scientific policy; bioethics; and epistemology. Appointed by the pope, 80 of the world's top scientists and academics from across many fields of research make up the academy along with church representatives. About 75 Nobel Prize winners have been members—including such one-name scientific luminaries as Marconi, Planck, Bohr, Heisenberg, and Hawking.

In an address to the PAS in 2008, Pope Benedict XVI shed some light on the

church's interest in science when he said, "Thanks to the natural sciences we have greatly increased our understanding of the uniqueness of humanity's place in the cosmos." A sampling of recent gatherings gives a sense of the breadth of PAS interests: Interactions between Global Change and Human Health, Scientific Insights into the Evolution of the Universe and of Life, Transgenic Plants for Food Security in the Context of Development, and Subnuclear Physics.

The Posners had come to Rome for Mike to participate in a meeting titled Neurosciences and the Human Person: New Perspectives on Human Activities.

"I was pleased that they thought I had something to contribute," says Posner, a National Medal of Science winner whose decades of productive research have spanned the structures and mechanisms underlying alertness, orienting to sensory events, and voluntary control of thoughts and ideas.

He moderated a panel discussion titled Towards a Neuroscientific Understanding of Free Will and also delivered a talk, How Genes and Experience Shape Will.

In preparation for his talk (written with Oregon colleagues Mary K. Rothbart and Pascale Voelker), he reviewed relevant scientific literature but also took the unusual step of reading through various papal addresses and encyclicals that touch on the idea of the will. “John Paul II talks about the development of the will, which is related to the same topic as our work,” he says.

Other presenters addressed the state of neuroscience from a wide variety of perspectives with talks on such topics as Developmental Sources of Prejudice, The Evolution of Cooperation, and Neuroscience of Self-Consciousness and Subjectivity. Given that the PAS is an arm of the Church, it is not surprising that the conference also included Cardinal Georges Cottier’s session, The Christian View of the Human Person and the Soul.

“I learned things from the lectures,” Mike says. “I heard a lot of things from outside my field.” He was especially engaged by a presentation on Human Origins from a Genomic Perspective by Svante Pääbo of the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology in Germany. “He talked about the Neanderthal genome,” recalls Posner. “It seems we are about 5 percent Neanderthal. Fascinating.”

Sharon attended several of the sessions, but also enjoyed exploring the 50-plus acres of the Vatican’s Renaissance- and Baroque-era gardens. “The grounds were beautifully well tended,” she says. “It was peaceful and very quiet.”

To a degree. Paved roads cut through the meandering garden paths. “There was not too much traffic,” she says, “but they drive *very* fast. You really have to watch yourself.”

While strolling, she was approached twice by security personnel who checked to make sure she was an authorized visitor. “Security was very tight,” she says. The gates into and out of the Vatican are controlled by the Pontifical Swiss Guards—who have had this job for 500 years. A curious mix of old and new, the guards dress in brightly striped Renaissance costumes, sometimes brandish medieval arms, and have the latest high-tech surveillance and security gear. Getting past the guards was easier than might be expected and decidedly low-tech, according to Sharon. “We just showed our room key and that got us right through.”

In addition to getting a guided tour of the Vatican Museum and Sistine Chapel,

conference attendees had an audience with the pope, meeting Benedict XVI in the spacious papal apartments, surrounded by huge frescoes and floors of exquisite inlaid stone.

Once the visitors entered and were in their places, the 85-year-old pope, whom Sharon describes as a “small frail man,” entered wearing his white cassock and other papal vestments. He welcomed the group and talked about the importance of education.

It was very much a replay of a scene the Posners had participated in almost a decade before. Mike had been invited to another PAS meeting toward the end of John Paul II’s long papacy (1978–2005). He remembers the charismatic pope, then in his early eighties, as “quite infirm.” John Paul glided into the greeting room seated on a chair atop a motorized platform. He spoke in English and Italian, and shook hands with each visitor.

One of the very practical values of scientific meetings is the intellectual cross-pollination that often takes place when experts gather. At the Pontifical Academy, Mike heard a talk on addiction by Nora D. Volkow, MD, director of America’s National Institute on Drug Abuse. Some of the problems of addiction she described brought to mind work Posner had done with UO research professor Yi-Yuan Tang. He immediately began playing matchmaker, and soon Volkow and Tang (who now also directs the Texas Tech Neuroimaging Institute) were planning a collaborative webinar focused on tobacco addiction.

“Addiction is relevant to the Church because they are concerned with all aspects of the human condition,” Posner says. “Things that can help people or illuminate the human condition are interesting to them.”

The 2012 meeting was the third in a series on neuroscience that has been hosted by the Pontifical Academy every 24 years since 1964. The conference’s printed prologue includes this reflection on the future: “We may imagine another meeting of our Academy on this same issue in 2036 but we certainly cannot predict the topics and the technologies that will be discussed then. Our fields are expanding rapidly and the scientific, philosophical, and theological challenges will increase accordingly.”

Amen. 

—Ross West, MFA ’84

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ATHLETICS

Generation Next

In hiring Mark Helfrich as head coach, the UO carries on a remarkable run of coaching consistency that separates the university from, it seems, any other major football program.

NEW OREGON HEAD COACH Mark Helfrich is a direct descendant, if we can look at this in a sort of biblical sense, of Oregon State alumnus and defensive specialist Rich Brooks, who took over the foundering UO football team in 1977. Brooks begat Mike Bellotti (his offensive coordinator); Bellotti begat Chip Kelly (his offensive coordinator); and Kelly—after shocking Ducks fans and the sports world by accepting the position of head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles after initially spurning NFL offers—begat Helfrich (*his* offensive coordinator).

The generations of Oregon football that began with Brooks reached some sort of summit at the 2013 Fiesta Bowl, as Kelly led the Ducks to a dominant 35–17 victory over the Kansas State University Wildcats. Kelly’s relatively brief but singu-

larly successful era at the UO was perhaps epitomized by a few minutes in that game’s second quarter.

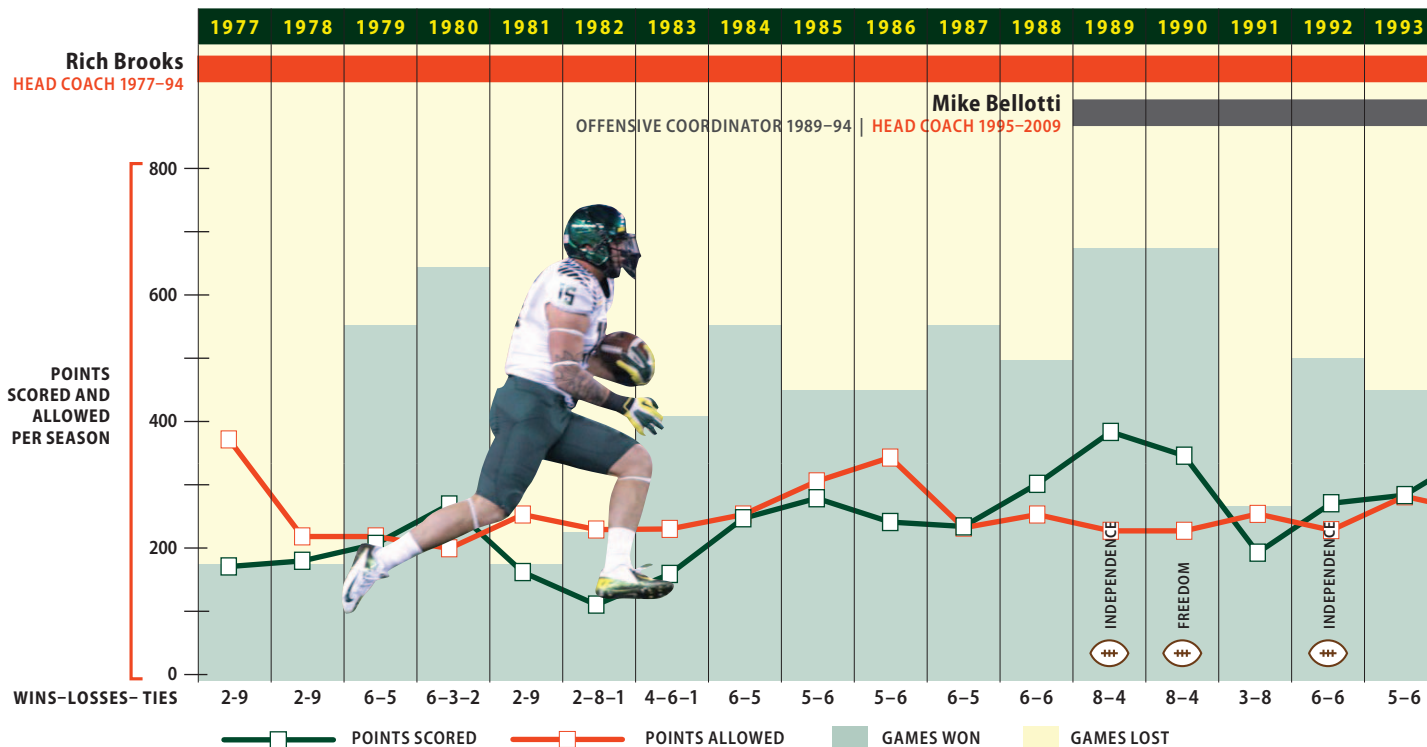
Kansas State had owned the quarter, scoring on the third play to cut Oregon’s early lead to 15–7. The UO offense gained only one yard in its next possession and punted. KSU drove to the UO three yard line before kicking a field goal: 15–10. Then, starting near midfield, the Ducks quickly faced a fourth down with four yards to go. KSU had momentum. The Ducks were sputtering. Giving the ball back to the Wildcats could mean giving up the lead. Few Ducks fans were surprised when Kelly called for a fake punt. But Kelly’s bold move failed, giving KSU great field position with plenty of time left before halftime.

The Wildcats drove to the UO 18 yard line, stopped just short of a first down on a

third-down pass play. But they flinched—literally. Unwilling to risk failing on fourth down, KSU tried to entice the Ducks into an offsides penalty, but a Wildcat moved first, giving KSU a five yard penalty. The ensuing field goal attempt missed. The Duck offense then put together a lightning quick drive, covering 77 yards in five plays and 46 seconds, scoring to boost their lead to 22–10 and effectively seizing control of the game.

Chip Kelly was never afraid to fail. His audacity, as well as his offensive wizardry, will now be tested in the National Football League. Although hugely successful overall, Kelly had his share of setbacks at the UO. His first game in 2009 against Boise State was a disaster, with little offense in a 19–8 loss and an infamous punch delivered by a star UO running back. Off-season trouble

Seasonal Stats for the Oregon Ducks, 1977–2012





Won the Day As players celebrate their victory over KSU in the 2013 Fiesta Bowl, head coach Chip Kelly (in visor, of course) looks to the future.

for key players became routine. An NCAA investigation is looking into questionable dealings with a recruiting service. Kelly's closed and seemingly brusque persona turned off some fans, donors, and, especially, local media.

But, like the UO's response to the failed fake punt in the Fiesta Bowl, Kelly's teams

responded to adversity and challenge with remarkable and unprecedented success. The statistics of the Kelly era are extraordinary:

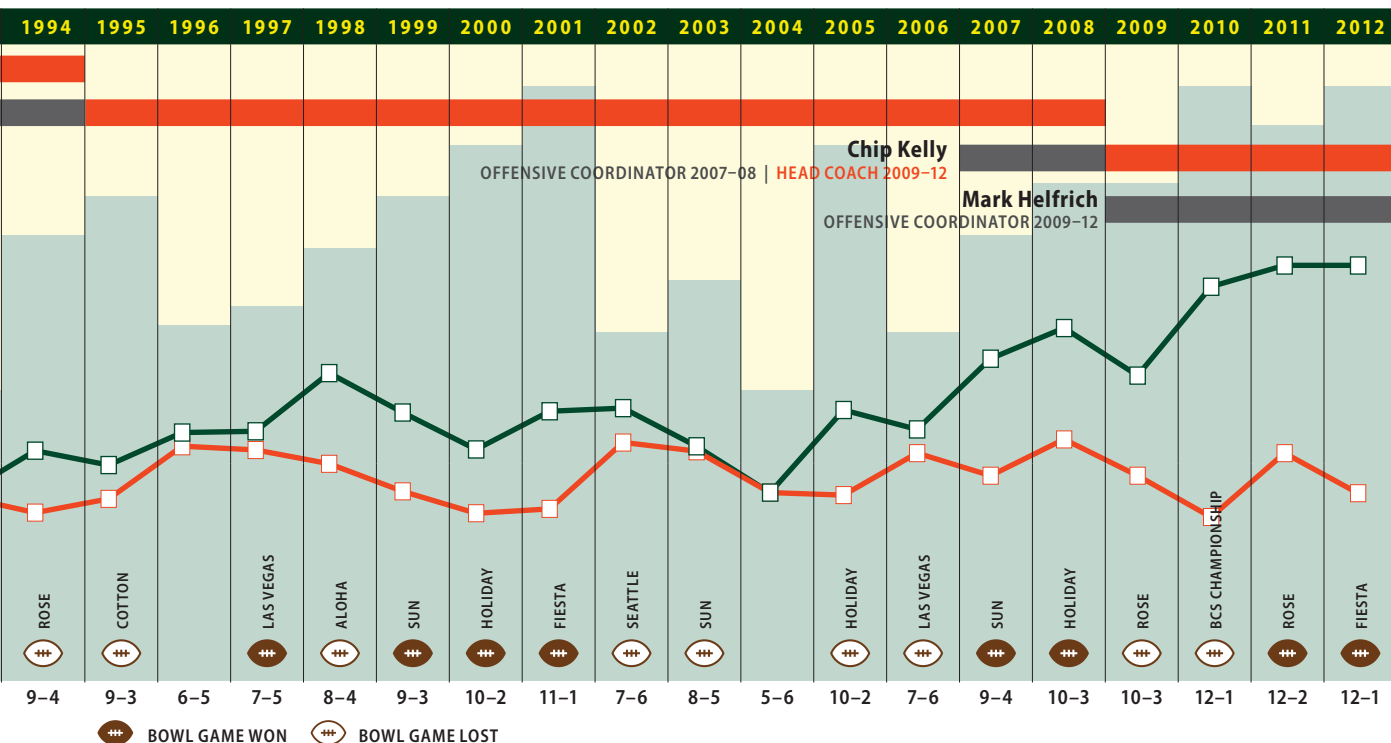
- A record of 46–7. Three of the losses came in the first year.
- Three conference championships

- Four straight BCS bowl games. Two straight wins.
- Final national rankings of eleventh, third, fourth, and second
- Average score: UO 45, Opponent 22

Oregon finished the year 12–1 (its third straight 12-win season) and ranked second in the nation. Whether this is the mountaintop or just another step on the football program's long climb remains to be seen.

Helfrich is an Oregon native who graduated from Coos Bay's Marshfield High School; both his parents are UO alumni. His coaching career included an earlier stint at the UO as a graduate assistant, and stops at Boise State, Arizona State, and Colorado before coming back to the Ducks in 2009. At a press conference following the announcement of his hiring, Helfrich, who got a five-year deal, said he hadn't quite convinced the UO to give him a "lifetime contract," but he hoped to earn that. "Coaching at Oregon is the pinnacle," he said. Asked how he would differ from Kelly, Helfrich would only give two specifics: "I won't wear a visor, and I'll eat more vegetables."

—Guy Maynard '84



INFOGRAPHIC BY TIM JORDAN; PHOTOS BY JACK LIU

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Lights, Camera, Art!

When *Ed's Co-ed*, the country's first full-length student film, made cinema history in 1929, it launched a vibrant filmmaking tradition at the university. Granted, the technology has changed dramatically over the past 84 years, but the desire to tell stories and share experiences in a way that is memorable and engaging remains constant.

Today, the School of Journalism and Communication is helping its students to master precisely those skills. The Portland Arts Journalism Experience is a weekend workshop where undergraduate journalism majors develop their abilities as multimedia journalists and documentary filmmakers through hands-on experience. Students work intensively for two days in small teams conducting interviews, gathering footage, recording sound, and editing these disparate elements into a cohesive narrative that tells the story of an individual artist and his or her passion for creation.

In October, workshop participants profiled Portland-area visual artists in cooperation with the annual Portland Open Studios tour. Documenting sculptors, painters, and printmakers at work posed a series of challenges for the student filmmakers: how to light a dark, century-old house without blowing a fuse; how to frame a close-up of a blowtorch melting wax without damaging the camera; how to film finished art hanging on studio walls in a dynamic way. As they explored ways to solve these problems, the students experimented with camera movement, focus, and lighting to create a compelling visual narrative. Meanwhile, they drew on their training as interviewers and storytellers to capture each artist's views on craft, process, and inspiration.

More recently, a group of 16 students, led by professor Tom Wheeler and visiting assistant professor Ed Madison, PhD '12, spent a weekend focused on prominent local musicians taking part in the 10th annual Portland Jazz Festival this February. The finished products of these whirlwind days provide a fascinating glimpse into the variety of artistic talent to be found in the Rose City, as well as the potential of young journalists learning to tell stories using the tools of a new century.

View the students' work by visiting journalism.uoregon.edu/turnbull/portfolio, or by searching for "SOJC" at vimeo.com.

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08



Students document artist Kindra Crickshrink at work in her studio during the October 2012 Portland Arts Journalism Experience workshop.

Calendar

UO Alumni Women's Roundtable: Women in Careers

MARCH 6, 6:00–8:00 P.M.

A panel discussion and reception with outstanding women graduates. More information at career.uoregon.edu/events/alumni

In the White Box Visual Laboratory

FEBRUARY 7–MARCH 23
REMAINS TO BE SEEN BY CLAIRE ZITZOW
AND GOLDFIELDS BY DAWN ROWE
TUESDAYS THROUGH SATURDAYS,
NOON–6:00 P.M.

More information at whitebox.uoregon.edu

What Is Radio? Exploring the Past, Present, and Future of Radio

APRIL 25–27

This conference on the changing nature of radio will feature a keynote lecture by award-winning journalist Charles Jaco. More information at journalism.uoregon.edu/whatis/radio/



THE BEST

... Place to Go Back in Time

It's how a library should smell—of books, dust, and old literature. Special Collections and University Archives at Knight Library is a largely unknown pocket of history located at the University of Oregon. Here, tens of thousands of documents and other items reside, collected from the university itself as well as from the Northwest and beyond; gathered, cataloged, and held for the curious historian or student wanting to take a journey back in time.


Students, faculty members, and the public access the archive, located on the library's second floor, through the book-lined, high-ceilinged Paulson Reading Room. In this academic sanctuary, silent researchers work with pieces retrieved from the collections amid Depression-era wall carvings, antique busts, and the light from exceptionally tall windows overlooking the Memorial Quadrangle.

The archives and special collections holdings are secured behind a code-locked door—off-limits to the public. But, as a student archivist, I've spent hundreds of hours behind the scenes, organizing the university's treasures. Four years of working here has made these little-known rooms a familiar maze to me.

The collections are housed on six floors of cramped but functional space reached from a single staircase barely a yard wide. Thousands of white cardboard boxes line dark, temperature-controlled aisles. Papers and documents of all kinds are stacked neatly on narrow shelves. At every turn there is something amazing: here are

original manuscripts and diaries from Ken Kesey, the papers of James Ivory and Ursula Le Guin; over there, paintings and sketches from famed Northwest artist Morris Graves.

I pull out a dusty box and get to work. Wearing white cotton gloves, I delicately handle newspapers detailing a shipwreck and presidential elections, slipping century-old, ink-stained pages into acid-free folders. I see postcards to President Woodrow Wilson, urging him to give women the right to vote. I hold in my hand letters sent by a Civil War major to his family from an 1864 battlefield. I lose myself. In the course of one short, five-hour shift I might live in the impassioned arguments for civil rights from the 1800s, dive into Nancy Ryles's 1981 campaign to the Oregon Senate, or be transported much further back in time, to the medieval period, peering at a hand-lettered Latin manuscript with 24-karat gold leaf details.

Deep within these walls, I lose cell phone reception, but gain access to centuries of thought and work from people I'll never meet. The collections are vast and seem never-ending, and as one collection is organized and put back upon its shelf, another is removed, bringing with it one more chunk of time for me to put in order. 

—Sydney Bouchat

"The Best . . ." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Sydney Bouchat, shown above, is a senior majoring in journalism and minoring in Japanese.



My name is Cale Bruckner, and I'm the Vice President of Concentric Sky. Our company creates apps and websites for companies and people on the move.

The internet. Mobile apps. Information at your fingertips. We live in a fast-paced world. Being in Eugene allows us to keep up, but still enjoy a great culture of creativity, innovation and inspiration. It's the perfect place to call home while serving clients all over the world.

To help them create and maintain their presence, we need to be able to move quickly too.

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— GERTRUDE BASS WARNER



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I N B R I E F



Big Changes In the Works for Student Union The Erb Memorial Union dates from the 1950s (expanded in the 1970s), when UO enrollment was a fraction of the nearly 25,000 students on campus today. The above image reflects a vision of how the improved EMU might look.

EMU Redo

UO students voted to approve a \$69 per term student fee that would support a \$100 million renovation and expansion of the Erb Memorial Union. The project will feature approximately 80,000 square feet of new space and 134,000 square feet of renovation (subject to change as architectural plans are finalized). If bonding to finance the project is okayed by the Oregon Legislature, groundbreaking could occur next year and the building project could be completed in the winter of 2017.

UO Ranked as a 'Best Value'

The UO has been named one of the 100 best values in public colleges by *Kiplinger's Personal Finance* magazine due to Oregon's "high four-year graduation rate, low average student debt at graduation, abundant financial aid, a low sticker price, and overall great value."

Building a Better Future

The UO architecture program in sustainable design education was named the nation's best for 2013, according to an annual report on architecture schools by the journal *DesignIntelligence*. The undergraduate architecture degree program is ranked overall at number 13 and in the top six of programs at public universities. There are 154 accredited architecture programs in the United States.

Faculty Members in the Spotlight

Geraldine Richmond, the UO's Richard M. and Patricia H. Noyes Professor of Chemistry, was appointed by President Obama to the 25-member governing board for the National Science Foundation.

Five University of Oregon professors have been honored with 2012–13 Fulbright awards to teach and conduct advanced research abroad. They are **Lisa Marie Gilman** '91, anthropology; **James Bradley Goes**, PhD '89, strategic management; **Garrett Hongo**, creative writing; **Nicolas Larco**, architecture; and **David Li**, English.

Seven UO professors are among the first class of fellows to be elected to the American Mathematical Society. They are current math faculty members **Peter Gilkey** and **Huaxin Lin**; emeritus math professors **Charles W. Curtis**, **William Kantor**, **Gary Seitz**, PhD '68, and **Lewis Ward**; and **Eugene Luks**, professor emeritus of computer and information science.

Women Athletes Shine

The Oregon women's cross-country team won the NCAA Cross-Country Championships in Louisville, Kentucky. The women's volleyball team played for the national championship—the team's first-ever final-four appearance—and lost in three sets to the University of Texas at Austin. 

PROFile

Paul W. Peppis

Associate Professor of English,
Associate Department Head



As a postdoctoral student 20 years ago at the University of Chicago, Paul Peppis was teaching an Aristotelian dialogue, *Nicomachean Ethics*, to a group of undergraduates, when a student raised his hand and asked a question about the perplexing text. Peppis provided what he thought was a reasonable answer. Even now, Peppis vividly recalls the student's reaction to what he said. "He sort of went back in his chair," Peppis says. "You could see that something had happened in his head." Today, in his English literature courses, Peppis tries to cultivate a learning environment where every student can achieve that kind of quintessential "aha!" moment.

When teaching material such as Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, which can seem distant and intimidating to students, Peppis finds creative ways to make texts relevant by tying the literature to students' everyday lives. For instance, people often think of Prince Hamlet as middle-aged, but Peppis points out, to many students' surprise, that the prince is about 17 years old. Suddenly, students see themselves in *Hamlet* and their own everyday conflicts appear more akin to the Dane's bizarre family drama—if perhaps less bloody.

Peppis also aids students in gaining a deeper understanding of characters in stories by perform-

ing dramatic readings. An accomplished speaker and self-described frustrated actor, he uses his oratory skills to perform tricky texts like William Faulkner's classic *As I Lay Dying*, a novel narrated from multiple perspectives. By reading dialogue from the book aloud in the voices of Faulkner's characters, Peppis helps students understand the novel, while giving life to complex characters in a way that lifts them off the printed page and into the real world. And, he notes, "The students seem to enjoy it."

Peppis trains his students in the literary techniques necessary to comprehend and analyze each assigned text. Through close reading and analytical exercises, his students develop strong arguments about the material. But Peppis, not one to let his students off easily, challenges their views about the reading by playing devil's advocate, forcing them to think critically and support opinions with textual evidence. By opening their minds to new strategies and ideas that support their claims, Peppis aims for his students to achieve literary revelations. "Even things that seem utterly incomprehensible can become understandable eventually," he says.


Name: Paul W. Peppis

Education: BA '84, Williams College; MA '87, PhD '93, University of Chicago.

Teaching Experience: Lecturer and instructor of graduate interns in 1993 at the University of Chicago. Joined the UO faculty as an associate professor of modern British literature in 1995. Served as director of undergraduate studies from 2003 to 2006.

Awards: 2012 Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching

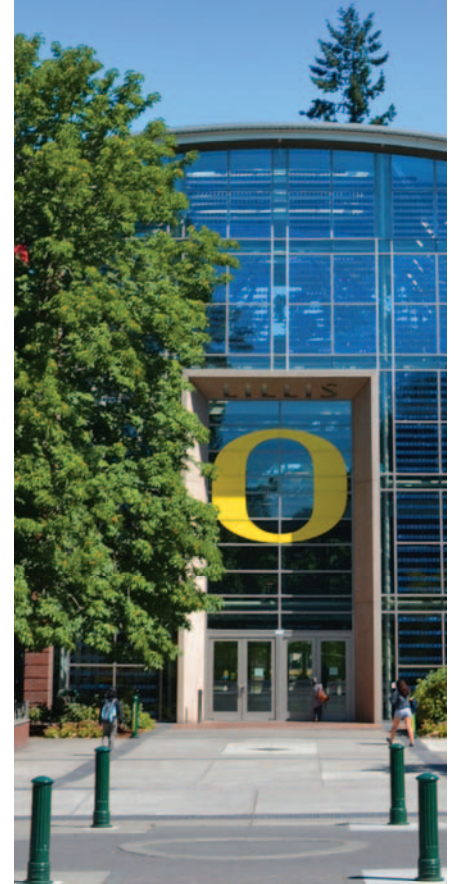
Off-Campus: When he's not listening to jazz records or taking in a new film with his wife, Peppis can be found cheering on the sidelines at his daughter's soccer matches or Skyping with his son at college.

Last Word: "I'm interested in thinking about literature as being a part of the world rather than apart from the world." 

—Brenna Houck

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

ALL THAT YOU CAN BE

Brigadier General Tammy Smith '86 has served proudly throughout her military career. Since the repeal of "don't ask, don't tell," she has served openly as well.

BY THOMAS FRANK
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BAUGUESS



Brigadier General Tammy Smith in downtown Oakland, Oregon, her hometown



IT IS AUGUST 10, 2012, AND TAMMY SMITH '86 is making history. Yet, despite her excitement, she is in military mode. Twenty-five years in the army have conditioned her to stay calm, alert, focused. More than 150 people have come to witness her promotion ceremony at the Women in Military Service for America Memorial at Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C. Smith listens to the national anthem and the Pledge of Allegiance. Her boss, Lieutenant General Jack C. Stultz, delivers a speech. "It's a great day for the army," he says, as Smith stands next to him on the stage, gazing out at the audience of friends, family, and colleagues. "We're here to celebrate a quiet professional who has proven over and over again that she has the abilities, the skills, everything it takes to be a great officer in the army."

The promotion order is read, and Smith stands tall while her wife, Tracey Hepner, and her father, Jack Smith, remove the shoulder insignia from her blue uniform coat. When Hepner pins on the star signifying Smith's new rank—brigadier general—she makes sure it is positioned correctly. Just for a split second, she rests her hand on Smith's shoulder. *No one can take this moment away from us*, she thinks. Applause erupts and Smith smiles, looking first to Hepner, then to her father. She takes off her coat and approaches Hepner's parents, Gayle and Ray, in the front row of the audience. Smith kneels down so Gayle, in a wheelchair, can replace the colonel's insignia on her shirt with the new general's star. There's nothing special about such family involvement in the pinning ceremony. Nevertheless, this family is making history. Tammy Smith has just become the first gay general officer to serve openly in the United States military.

"No one gets to stand behind this podium without help from others," Smith says in her speech. "We don't get here alone." She talks about her parents and how their example taught her the value of serving the community. She talks about the Future Farmers of America (FFA) advisor who told her, "Anything worth dreaming for is worth working for." She talks about army superiors who encouraged her, and military women who paved the way. "I stand on the shoulders of giants," she says. It isn't until the next day that she realizes she hadn't mentioned Hepner in her remarks. After so many years under "don't ask, don't tell," when keeping her military and private lives apart was paramount, she now had to retrain herself.

The policy had been in place for most of Smith's career. It meant that she, unlike many soldiers who

preceded her, was safe from persecution for her sexual orientation—as long as she kept it a secret. In 1993, when President Bill Clinton introduced the measure as a compromise between upholding a ban on gays in the military and a repeal thereof, Smith had considered it a victory. Gay rights activists, however, continued to point out the discrimination inherent in the policy. Public opinion began to shift, and eventually even military leaders would no longer defend the policy's main claim that the presence of gays and lesbians in the military "would create an unacceptable risk to the high standards of morale, good order and discipline, and unit cohesion that are the essence of military capability." In December 2010, Congress passed a bill to repeal "don't ask, don't tell," and the policy officially ended on September 20, 2011, less than a year before Smith and Hepner stood together on that stage.

THREE MONTHS AFTER HER PROMOTION ceremony, Smith is back in her hometown: Oakland, Oregon, a community of about 1,000 residents an hour or so south of Eugene. Mayor Bette Kheelley and other community leaders have gathered at Tolly's restaurant, a local landmark, to welcome one of the tiny town's most successful daughters, a quiet girl who made it big in the world. Tolly's is not a place lacking in decoration. On this chilly day in November, the usual mix of vintage soft drink signs and antique furniture has been joined by balloons, flags, and all things red, white, and blue.

When Smith enters the room accompanied by her father and her wife, air force veteran James Horton is among the first to greet her. Now commander of the local Veterans of Foreign Wars, Horton served in Vietnam, Thailand, and England over the course of a military career spanning more than 23 years. "Congratulations to you. You look good with this one," he tells her, pointing to the star on her shoulder.

"Thank you. I appreciate it."

"Next time I see you, maybe you will have two stars."

"You're putting a lot of pressure on me."

"Yeah, but you can take it."

Jack Smith watches proudly as his daughter works the room. Seeing her grow up, he always thought she was a thinker, not a pusher. He remembers when she would get up at 5:00 in the morning to practice shot put or another sport before going to school. Or when her commitment to seeing projects through to the end extended to breeding rabbits—even when it came time

to kill them, skin them, and sell them, all of which she did matter-of-factly. As excited as he is to see his daughter promoted, he is also concerned. Having served in the navy, he has seen what gay-bashing looks like. But here at Tolly's, Jack Smith pushes these somber thoughts aside and relishes the warm welcome the town extends to his daughter—and her partner. "I'm very fond of Tracey," he says.

After receiving congratulations from old friends and members of the city council, Smith steps up to give a toast. "It's just so wonderful that you guys came out tonight to greet me here in my hometown. I can't tell you how much I appreciate that," she says. "While you thank me for my service, I have to thank *you*, because it's the family support, the families that actually make it possible for the military members to go do their job." She looks at Hepner. "And I appreciate Tracey's support so much."

SMITH'S CAREER WOULD have taken a much different path had she stuck to her original plan—becoming an agricultural journalist. As a member of Future Farmers of America, she was selected to be the state reporter for the Oregon chapter after graduating from high school. She admired her predecessor and wanted to follow in his footsteps, to attend college and study journalism, but didn't know how she'd afford it. She was reading her FFA magazine when she stumbled across an ad. "No money for college?" it asked. "Let the Army show you how." Smith applied for and received a Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) scholarship to the University of Oregon. (While Smith joined the army, her fellow FFA reporter stuck to journalism. His name was Nicholas Kristof, and his path would lead to a position as a columnist at the *New York Times*.)

Thanks to FFA vocational classes, Smith knew how to weld, how to run a table saw, and how to talk au-



Tammy Smith's father, Jack Smith, and her wife, Tracey Hepner, participate in her promotion ceremony on August 10, 2012, in Washington, D.C.

U.S. ARMY RESERVE

thoritatively about dairy cows. But even though she had participated in leadership and public speaking activities in high school, she found herself unprepared for the rigors of higher education. She's the first to admit that she wasn't a particularly good student, and her goal of gaining admission to the UO's School of Journalism and Communication proved elusive. There was also disagreement in the ROTC cadre about her potential in the army. Smith was athletic, she liked the leadership aspects of ROTC, and she had no problems adjusting to military culture. But for some, she was not aggressive enough. Others argued that her leadership style was just different. As Smith sees it, she barely made it over the finish line—but she was determined, and finish she did, with a BS in history and a job waiting for her. "I finished on time," she says. "I was going into the army. I was proud of that."

Smith had enrolled at the UO in 1982, one of only two women in her ROTC class. It was just two years after the first female cadets had graduated from the United States Military Academy at West Point. It was also the year the Department of Defense

"It's the families that make it possible for the military members to go do their job."

first issued a directive banning homosexuals from the military, stating: "Homosexuality is incompatible with military service." Because of this policy, some faculty members at the University of Oregon launched an initiative to remove the ROTC program from campus. The Department of Military Science fought this initiative and was looking for an eloquent student to write a letter in support of the program. They turned to Smith. Even today she is baffled that she helped defend a policy that forced her to live a double life—at great emotional cost.

It was in her freshman year at college that Smith learned to keep her personal life separate from her life in the army. The summer before, while traveling with a carnival to earn some money, she had met a woman dressing like a man. "I was so intrigued by that," she would later recall. "It got me thinking: Wait a minute, what are other options?" She attended meetings of a campus support group for gay and lesbian students, where she found herself surrounded by people who, like her, were coming to terms with their sexual orientation and the societal discrimination surrounding it. She didn't feel she was struggling, particularly, but she knew she had to be alert. "I knew then that even though I was okay with it, this wasn't something that I should be public about." Being exposed would mean losing her scholarship.

And yet, when Smith went to basic training at Fort Lee, Virginia, after graduating from the UO in 1986, she found that secrecy also bred community—an underground culture with particular rules. You didn't out other people. Officers and enlisted soldiers supported each other. Back at work, however, you made up cover stories to hide your private life. And so began what Smith would later describe as a compartmentalized life. She com-

Scenes from Tammy Smith's November 2012 visit to her hometown of Oakland, Oregon, clockwise from top: A reporter interviews Smith and her father; Jack Smith has served as Oakland's mayor, city councilor, and police chief. At the Oakland Tavern, Smith views an American flag she sent back to her hometown during her deployment in Afghanistan. Smith (standing) chats with former classmates (clockwise from left) Steve Gilkison, Raylyn Shapori, Joy Young Gugel, and Craig Gugel. Tracey Hepner (in Oregon shirt) and Smith at the Oakland Tavern.

mitted herself fully to a career in the military—a career she loved—with the knowledge that she was accepting a risk. She had a military world and she had a private world. These worlds did not cross.

IN THE ARMY, SMITH GAINED a reputation as a true soldier, quiet but determined. She had made it through ROTC when the army was just beginning to integrate women. As she built her career, she ran warehouse operations in Panama and Costa Rica, where little resembled her small-town upbringing in Oakland. She jumped out of airplanes and became jumpmaster as soon as combat units began accepting women. A logistics expert with the army, she earned two master's degrees—an MA in management from Webster University and a master of strategic studies from the United States Army War College—and was progressing toward a PhD in management and organizational leadership from the University of Phoenix. She worked at the Pentagon, the bastion of military power.

As her career progressed, Smith kept her guard up, never revealing details of her private life at work. On vacation, however, she welcomed the chance to relax. She enjoyed travel, booking cruises and tours with Olivia, the leading lesbian travel agency, which knew how to protect the privacy of its customers. While on a cruise in the Caribbean in 2004, Smith, as usual, found herself gravitating toward the cultural excursions rather than hanging out on the beach. She kept running into an attractive and sophisticated woman from Cleveland, Ohio, who



seemed to share her interests.

Her name was Tracey Hepner, and she and Smith kept in touch after the cruise, beginning a long-distance relationship. Every night, Smith called Hepner at 9:01—when the minutes were free. Sometimes they'd just check in with each other; sometimes they'd talk for hours. They still traveled with

Olivia, one of the few places where they didn't have to worry about Smith being exposed. Two years into their relationship, they knew they'd stay together. Hepner, who had been working in her family's business selling air filters in Cleveland, moved in with Smith in Washington, D.C. She found a job as a behavioral detection

She had a military world and she had a private world. These worlds did not cross.

officer with the Transport Security Administration at Reagan National Airport.

Still, “don’t ask, don’t tell” cast a shadow over them. Hepner didn’t tell her coworkers about her private life, because being out could put Smith, who had been promoted to colonel in 2008, at risk. And danger loomed everywhere. The couple would be walking down a street or shopping at a grocery store and hear someone say, “Hi ma’am.” Without looking, Hepner would peel off and change direction. She knew she had to disappear when Smith was greeted by military personnel.

After more than two decades in the army, Smith had perfected strategies to keep her two lives apart. But the wall was beginning to crumble. She didn’t want to hide Hepner, who was such a significant part of her life. Yet, when she went to work, she had to pretend Hepner—her support system, the one who made her a better person and a better soldier—didn’t exist. Smith—who had always been the fighter, the one who saw things through to the end—felt miserable, defeated. She was sick of keeping up the charade. No longer did she want to be a part of the army if that meant hiding the person she loved.

Smith made a heartbreaking decision: more than two decades after completing ROTC training at the UO, after dedicating her life to the army, she put in her retirement papers. She started leaving her apartment in civilian clothes, only wearing her uniform at work. She was determined to make the transition, but she felt crushed. She would leave the military after 25 years, without having been deployed in wartime—without, she felt, having pulled her weight. She would leave incomplete. As Hepner saw it, Smith was exchanging one burden for another.



Above: Smith talks with ROTC senior class cadets during her Veteran’s Day visit to the UO campus as Hepner, in background, looks on. Opposite page, clockwise from left: Cadets Hailey Gregor, Andrew Moore, Jack Fogg, Anthony Arispe, Alexandria Davidson, and Isabel Cruz listen to Smith.

ON FEBRUARY 2, 2010, WHILE Smith was at work at the Pentagon, Hepner went up to Capitol Hill, entered the marble-faced Dirksen Senate Office Building, and sat down in a hearing room packed with gay rights leaders. The nation’s two top military officials—Secretary of Defense Robert Gates and Admiral Mike Mullen, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff—were scheduled to testify to the Senate Armed Services Committee about “don’t ask, don’t tell.” Hepner wanted to see for herself how the military establishment would talk about a policy that was about to force her partner out of the military and end her career.

Just a week earlier, President Obama had called for a repeal of “don’t ask, don’t tell” in his State of the Union address. Hepner listened carefully when Secretary Gates explained that the question was not *whether* to repeal the current law, but how to best prepare for it. Admiral Mullen expressed support for this position, but then struck a personal note. “No matter how I look at the issue, I cannot escape being troubled by the fact that we have in place a policy which forces young men and women to lie about who they are in order to defend their fellow citizens,” he said. When Hepner heard these words, joy washed over her. Looking around, she noticed that people had tears in their eyes.

At home later, Smith and Hepner got on the Internet and found a video of the testimony. When Smith listened to what the highest-ranking military officer had said publicly, she began to cry. *This is the first time*, she thought, *that a senior leader says I’m okay the way I am being in the military.* Admiral Mullen’s testimony shifted her perspective. If this policy is going to be overturned, she told Hepner, I’ll stay in. Smith rescinded her retirement and volunteered to deploy to Afghanistan. Her boss agreed on the condition that after her deployment she would put in her name for promotion—she was an outstanding officer, smart and dedicated, the kind of person the army needed. While deployed from December 2010 to October 2011, Smith served as chief of Army Reserve Affairs at Bagram Air Force Base, but also made trips throughout Afghanistan to check in on members of the Army Reserve. “I knew it was dangerous,” she says, “but I wasn’t afraid.”

As promised, Smith applied for promotion upon her return, and on May 9, 2012—eight months after the repeal of “don’t ask, don’t tell”—she found her name on a list issued by the secretary of defense announcing her promotion to general. Tammy Smith would be the first openly gay general in the United States Army and the first female flag officer to come out of the ROTC program at the University of Oregon.

IT'S THE MONDAY AFTER Veterans Day, and Brigadier General Tammy Smith is looking at the photo gallery of flag officers in the ROTC building on the UO campus. Her own image is impossible to miss; it stands out among the photographs of elderly men. She can't help but feel amused. If one needed any more proof of how far a small-town girl can make it, this was it.

Later, Smith talks to more than a dozen current ROTC cadets—many of them women—over breakfast burritos and orange juice. She's not here to lecture but to listen. "What's on your mind?" she asks the cadets. They tell her about branch choices and ask about her assignments. Hepner accompanies her. Two years ago this would not have been possible. Now, the situation could not feel more normal. As Smith and Hepner—who were married in Washington, D.C., on March 31,

2012—like to describe it, they are a military family that happens to be gay.

Smith doesn't miss an opportunity to talk about the importance of family support in the military. Not when she's talking to cadets, and not when she gives the keynote speech later that day at the UO Veterans Day event at the Ford Alumni Center. "They are the unsung heroes: parents, partners, spouses, children, siblings," she says. "When a soldier goes to training or deploys, a piece of that family goes along with them." Smith also takes a moment to reflect on the values that institutions such as the army and the University of Oregon instill. "The U.S. military attracts a certain type of citizen: somebody who wants to live their life in line with a set of tangible values and who has a propensity to serve the nation," she says. "The University of Oregon also attracts a certain type of citizen. Someone whose love is leader-

ship, inclusiveness, service, intellectual development, and balance."

After the ceremony, Smith and Hepner gather with friends and family members at Track Town Pizza. Smith's father has come up from Oakland, and good friends have come down from Portland. Smith has changed into civilian clothes and Hepner has put on an Oregon sweater. As everybody gets seated, Hepner stands up to give a toast. "There are families you are born into, and there are families that come along the way," she says. "You are all family. Thank you for your support."



Thomas Frank, MA '11, was a reporter for Kleine Zeitung, Austria's second-largest daily newspaper; Datum magazine; and the Austrian Broadcasting Corporation. He is currently pursuing a PhD in media studies at the University of Oregon.

ROTC AT THE UO

The Army Reserve Officer Training Corps (ROTC) is a college-based program that aims to recruit, retain, and develop cadets into future army leaders and prepare them for military service. The program at the University of Oregon was established shortly after the passage of the National Defense Act in 1916, and was mandatory for male freshmen and sophomores until 1962. During the Vietnam era, the presence of ROTC on many college campuses became controversial, and the UO was no exception. In January 1970, campus ROTC offices were vandalized, and when fire broke out in an ROTC storage area in Esslinger Hall, arson was suspected. The damage amounted to about \$250,000. Nevertheless, the UO faculty voted to continue the program.

For Lieutenant Colonel Lance Englet '94, professor and head of the Department of Military Science, ROTC combines the virtues of military service and the strengths of higher education. "The University of Oregon is such a great school when it comes to diversity," he says. "The degree that cadets are receiving here is helping them in this ever-changing and complex environment. Army leadership is adaptive."

Currently, there are about 350 UO students participating in the program. More than 80 of them are contracted to serve in the army, the Army Reserve, or the National Guard once they graduate. The competition for scholarships is considerable, and not all qualified candidates can be accepted. Last year, the program commissioned 19 officers, continuing a tradition of ROTC alumni who have gone on to successful careers in the military. The University of Oregon has produced more flag officers—general officers of high enough rank to fly their own command flag—than any other nonmilitary university in the country. Brigadier General Tammy Smith is the 47th.

—TF



Big Wave, Small World

A Japanese dock set adrift by the 2011 tsunami washes up on an Oregon beach, a reminder of the history, and future, the two regions share.

BY BONNIE HENDERSON



Tatsuo Tachibana with his fishing boat, the *Shinryo Maru No. 3*, in which he rode out the tsunami that struck Japan on March 11, 2011.

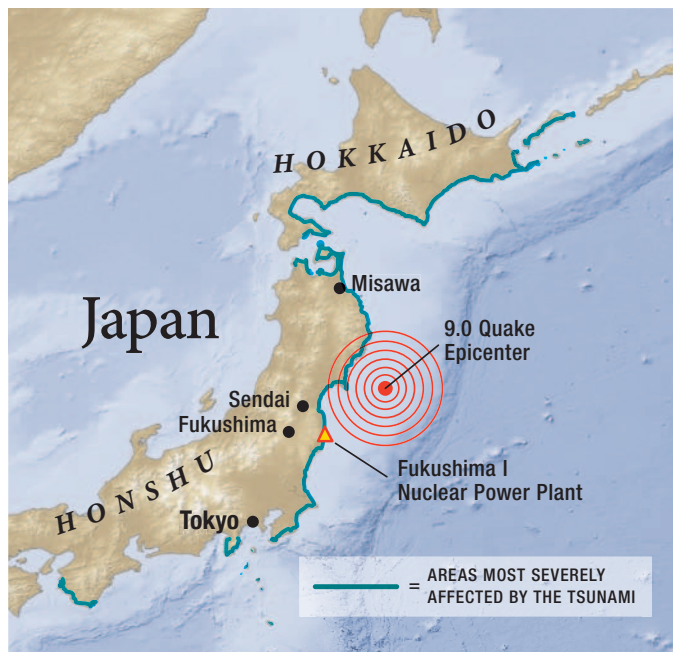
Tatsuo Tachibana and the rest of the fishermen at the Port of Misawa were nearing the end of a long day when they felt the first sharp jolt of an earthquake the afternoon of Friday, March 11, 2011. None of them were particularly alarmed; earthquakes are a routine occurrence on the north end of Honshu, as they are throughout Japan. Tachibana and the others waited inside the market building for the shaking to stop. But it didn't stop, not for four long minutes. By then, all the fishermen in the long, low, steel building had the same thought: *Get onto the open ocean*. Tsunamis are rare events, generated only by very large quakes, and this one seemed pretty big. They could evacuate to higher ground, but that would leave their fishing boats—key to their livelihood and, for some, their families' largest investment—at risk of being destroyed. To a man, they dropped what they were doing and headed to their boats.

The fleet had returned to port hours earlier, quickly unloading the morning's catch of surf clams at the four floating docks jutting out from the concrete pier perpendicular to the wharf. Constructed of concrete and steel and stuffed

with Styrofoam, the docks were extremely buoyant and as solid underfoot as the earth itself. Aluminum gangway ramps connected each floating dock to the fixed pier. Belt conveyors, one on each side of each ramp, also ran from dock to pier—that was the genius of these docks, installed just three years earlier. Before, the fishermen unloaded flats of squid or clams by hand, reaching them high overhead when the tide was low. Now, conveyor belts carried the flats up to the pier, where

helpers stacked them on pallets and, within seconds, forklifts loaded the pallets into waiting trucks. The docks and conveyors had halved the time it took to unload the entire fleet's catch, from four or five hours to just two. And time was of the essence—the faster the fishermen in Misawa could unload their catch, the better the price they'd fetch at the fish market in Tokyo, an eight- to ten-hour drive south.

Tachibana had spent that morning at the helm of the smaller of his two boats, the 50-foot *Shinryo Maru No. 3*, pulling a hydraulic dredge to trawl for surf clams. *Hokkigai*, or *hokki* in local parlance, were in high demand in Tokyo, where sushi chefs preferred the sweet taste of northern clams over those from southern waters. Tachibana, 70, and his



MAP BY TIM JORDAN

LEFT: Fishermen unload their catch of *hokki* (surf clams) using belt conveyors at one of Misawa's rebuilt docks. ABOVE: Misawa, Japan, is about 400 miles north of Tokyo. It was the northernmost port on Honshu, Japan's largest island, to sustain significant damage following the 9.0 earthquake that struck off the coast, triggering a devastating tsunami.

To a man, they dropped what they were doing and headed to their boats.

34-year-old son worked the winter clam harvest together. During the longer, more lucrative squid season from late June to December, Tachibana ran the *No. 3* and his son ran his second boat, the 75-foot *Shinryo Maru No. 11*.

Rather than heading home after unloading the catch that Friday afternoon, the fishermen had gathered in the market building. The end of *hokki* season was approaching, and on Sunday the fishermen would host the annual *hokki matsuri*—the surf-clam festival. The banners were already hung. Tachibana, head of the Misawa Fishery Cooperative's small-vessel division, was supervising the preparations: shelling clams and cutting samples for tasting. Vendors would be preparing and selling to-go dishes: *hokki* tempura, *hokki* with grated daikon radish, and *hokki* sushi, the quick-simmered tip of clam flesh bright crimson against a white block of rice.

The earthquake put a stop to all that. Tachibana told his son to start the engine on *Shinryo Maru No. 11* while he headed to *No. 3*. Both boats were tied up at the wharf a short walk from the market building; the floating docks were used only for unloading, and in midafternoon they stood empty.

Not until the *Shinryo Maru No. 3* was rounding the north

COURTESY MISAWA CITY HALL



Tachibana turned around and watched as the tsunami moved toward the shore . . . the land disappeared behind the great bulk of the cresting wave.

jetty did Tachibana notice, with a glance over his shoulder, that the *No. 11* hadn't moved from its moorage. He was a mile or so at sea when his boat crested one very long, low swell on an otherwise calm sea. Tachibana turned around and watched as the tsunami moved toward the shore. Then the land disappeared behind the great bulk of the cresting wave. It appeared to Tachibana that half the fleet was on the ocean now, maybe three dozen boats. As far as he could tell, the *No. 11*, his son's boat, was not among them.



Beach walkers were the first to spot the large piece of debris wallowing off the coast north of Newport, Oregon, on Monday, June 4, 2012. By the next morning it had lodged itself on the sand at Agate Beach. A plaque attached to the slab indicated it was a dock from the Port of Misawa, on the northern Japanese coast: one of four identical floating docks that had been set adrift 15 months earlier, after a magnitude 9.0 earthquake unleashed a devastating tsunami on the northeastern shore of Japan's Honshu island. Even before the dock appeared, Oregonians walking the beach that spring had seen litter they suspected came from the tsunami: a plethora of plastic bottles and fishing



OREGON PARKS AND RECREATION DEPARTMENT

floats, and a tide of Styrofoam slabs and shards. A soccer ball, a volleyball, and a motorcycle in its container found earlier off Alaska and British Columbia had been traced back to Honshu. This dock was the first piece of identifiable tsunami debris to wash up on an Oregon beach.

Fearing an invasion of nonnative marine life, state wildlife officials quickly had the dock scraped clean, burying two tons of sea life on the beach above the high-tide line (see sidebar, page 39). Within a day, people were flocking to Agate Beach to see the dock. Two months later, the dock was gone, cut up and hauled away, its concrete destined for recycling

into road-paving material. Set aside were the steel plaque, a section of dock adorned with blue waves by an Oregon graffiti artist, and the dock's 18 vertical rubber bumpers and 16 corroded but intact stainless steel boat tie-ups—to which the *Shinryo Maru No. 3* had been secured so many times. The wave-adorned chunk would become the centerpiece of a monument at Hatfield Marine Science Center in Newport. State parks officials would distribute other artifacts to selected Oregon museums, including the University of Oregon Museum of Natural and Cultural History.



Misawa is not in the heart of the 2011 tsunami impact zone. In fact, it was the northernmost port on Honshu to be significantly damaged. Misawa's own fraction of that calamity—2.3 square miles of inundated coastal plain, \$97 million in damage, 96 homes destroyed, a devastated fishing port, and two deaths—pales in comparison to that of towns and cities to the south. There, individual cities' death tolls numbered in the hundreds or thousands, and a nuclear catastrophe—the world's worst since the Chernobyl disaster in 1986—was set in motion. But that's the nature of disasters not our own: accumulations of intensely personal tragedies distilled into columns of numbers. This event was not without precedent in Misawa; tsunamis in 1933 and 1896 remain vivid in local memory, thanks to black-and-white photographs of wooden debris piles that were once family homes, of shivering survivors huddled outside makeshift lean-tos. The coincidence of a dock from that community showing up on the Oregon Coast 15 months after the most recent tsunami seems to underscore the connections between two far-removed points on the globe whose history, geology, economy, and fates were already surprisingly parallel.



Three miles north of the Port of Misawa, the two dozen children at Sabishiro Nursery School were nearing the end of their afternoon nap when the quake hit. They had expected to awaken to a party celebrating the school's three March birthdays. Instead, teachers grabbed sleeping infants and the older children did as they had been trained to do: they dove under the nearest table or desk, then headed outside as soon as the shaking stopped. The preschool sat at about 10 feet elevation and was located about a quarter-mile from the beach, just inside a 100-yard-wide forest of pine planted as a buffer after the 1933 Sanriku tsunami killed 26 people and destroyed 100 houses in Misawa. Even with that barrier forest, preschool director Noriko Moriya knew she needed to get the children out and up. Teachers, some with an infant under each arm, began leading the children to a community center up the hill as garbled voices on the town's public address system warned of a six-foot-high tsunami.



TATSUO TACHIBANA PHOTO BY BONNIE HENDERSON; ALL OTHERS COURTESY MISAWA CITY HALL

Teachers grabbed sleeping infants and the older children did as they had been trained to do: they dove under the nearest table or desk.

Children and teachers jammed into the center’s library until an aftershock sent them back outside. They resumed their chilly walk, stopping finally at the post office, where some teachers pulled out cell phones and tried to reach parents—cell phone service was spotty—and others flagged down panicked mothers driving toward the school.

Elsewhere in Misawa, hundreds of people were heading for high ground, though not as many as would have just a decade or two earlier. Misawa Air Base, home to more than 5,000 U.S. Army, Navy, and Air Force personnel as well as members of the Japan Self-Defense Forces, sits at

the north edge of town. All day, every day, the roar of F-16 fighter jets on approach to the airfield can be heard east of the base. Twenty years ago, the Japanese government began tearing down houses under the flight path, relocating residents and leaving much of the low coastal plain fortuitously uninhabited.

No one had evacuated as quickly as the staff of the Misawa Fishery Cooperative, whose offices were at the port. They knew that harbors, like bays, tend to amplify the damage wrought by tsunamis. Seiichiro Umetsu was among the last to leave. Driving out of the port, he paused where the road began its rise through the barrier forest, and turned

OPPOSITE PAGE: A metal plaque affixed to the dock that washed up on Oregon’s Agate Beach identified it as being from Misawa, Japan. THIS PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: The tsunami inundated 2.3 square miles of coastal plain and destroyed 96 homes in Misawa. Tatsuo Tachibana stands on one of Misawa’s rebuilt docks in November, 2012. Workers attempt to right the *Shinryo Maru No. 11*, which was swamped by the tsunami. Steel pilings, wrapped with the remains of a belt conveyor, stand firm with only open water where a floating dock once was.

“Earthquake! The ocean roars. Look! Here comes a tsunami.”

around for a last look. No wave had struck—yet—but the sea had begun to withdraw, as it often does prior to a tsunami. He noticed the port’s four floating docks, no longer wedged neatly between tall pairs of steel pilings, but all drifting freely. Somehow they had come loose during the draw-down. At that, Umetsu turned around, put the car back in gear, and sped up the hill.

Just before dark, a mat of floating debris overtook the *Shinryo Maru No. 3* and the other boats clustered two miles or so offshore. Communicating by radio, all the fishermen agreed to cut their engines and drift east for the night rather than risk entangling propellers in the lumber, fishing gear, and other wrack on the sea’s surface. At about midnight, one of the fishermen spotted a particularly large piece of debris: a dock, one the port’s four floating docks. He managed to tie up to it, thinking he might be able to tow it back to port later. It was impossible to not want to salvage it; those docks had changed the way the men fished, had helped make their work easier, safer, and more lucrative. Just as quickly, though, he realized the futility of trying to tow a dock many times his boat’s weight, and he set it free. Tachibana radioed the Japanese coast guard, asking that they keep an eye out for it. Then he and the others watched reluctantly as the dock disappeared into the night.

That was the last the fishermen of Misawa saw of their floating docks.



That wasn’t the last sighting of the docks, however. Ten days after the tsunami, the crew of a coast guard plane spotted three large docks floating 50 miles off Japan’s shore and nearly as far south as Tokyo. They were part of a huge debris field, of which only the largest pieces—fishing boats, mainly—could be identified from the air. A nearshore current runs south along the northern coast of Honshu; near Tokyo, it collides with the larger, northbound Kuroshio current, part of the great oceanic gyre that flows clockwise in the North Pacific Ocean. Here the three docks, and possibly the fourth, would have joined millions of tons of debris sweeping away from Japan and toward North America.

That at least one of the docks—riding high above the water, pushed by wind as well as current—would land on an Oregon beach months ahead of debris floating at or below the surface wasn’t surprising to oceanographers. That a dock of this size wasn’t reported by any ocean-going vessels between Japan and Oregon during its 15-month journey demonstrates just how vast the Pacific is, and how small in comparison is a 1,254-square-foot dock. A second dock from Misawa washed up on a remote Olympic Peninsula beach in

December. As of this writing, two of the Misawa docks remain at large, though what appeared to be a third was briefly spotted off the north coast of Hawaii’s Molokai island last September. Built to last, the docks could stay afloat for a very long time.



Residents returning to the port the day after the tsunami found everything in shambles. Magnified by the confines of the harbor, the highest of the waves to hit Misawa was taller than a two-story building. Eighty fishing boats were lost or destroyed. A huge fuel tank had been torn from its footings and relocated down the waterfront. Buildings were swept from their foundations; of those that stood, most were beyond repair. What used to be a paved road was now a deep gash in the sand. The breakwater was eroded. Although the steel pilings that had held the floating docks in place still stood, some were damaged, and the belt conveyors were a total loss, one of them upended and bent in half.

Returning to Sabishiro Nursery School, Noriko Moriya found that the one-story building had been inundated nearly to the rafters. Everything inside—children’s clothing, toys, books, futons, furniture, and somewhere among the wreckage, a couple of decorated birthday cakes—was a sodden, jumbled mess. The retreating wave had torn a hole through the kitchen wall and left brightly colored plastic playground equipment piled against a mangled cyclone fence.

One mile to the north, shards of red-painted metal were scattered in the pines and across what had been a favorite beach among the troops at Misawa Air Base. It was here in 1931 that two American pilots had taken off on what would become the first successful nonstop flight across the Pacific Ocean, ending east of Wenatchee, Washington. That event is a local point of pride; images of the plane, the *Miss Veedol*, adorn everything from the business cards of Misawa city officials to the Styrofoam boxes in which fishermen ship their catch. The red shards were all that remained of a scale-model *Miss Veedol* marking the site of the original gravel runway.

Just before dark, the first of a small vanguard of fishing boats began slipping back into Misawa harbor, dodging debris, with Tatsuo Tachibana in the lead. The coast guard had instructed the fleet to stay at sea, air-dropping them provisions: rice balls and bottles of water. But Tachibana was eager to get home and see his son. Late the night before, his wife had finally reached him by radio and let him know their son was safe. Before heading to the *Shinryo Maru No. 11*, he had dashed up the hill to buy cigarettes. By the time he got back, he could see the tsunami approaching the port. The *No. 11* had been destroyed. But Tachibana’s son was alive.




Nearly two years later, little evidence of the tsunami remains in Misawa. The preschool has been rebuilt at a new site up the hill, and a new *Miss Veedol* replica is in

place at the beach. New floating docks and belt conveyors were installed within six months.

A short distance north of the port stands a knoll topped by a Shinto shrine dedicated to Konpira, guardian spirit of seafarers. Next to the shrine a tall concrete column shaped like a lighthouse rises from sculpted waves that dash at its base. Like the nearby barrier forest, it dates from soon after the 1933 tsunami. A translation of the monument's inset bronze plaque reads "Earthquake! The ocean roars. Look! Here comes a tsunami."

That reminder resonates on the Oregon Coast as well. "We live in an area that is, in many ways, a mirror reflection of Japan, an area where we are dependent upon the coast for our livelihood, and a geologically active area, an area that has had its history changed by past tsunamis," says Chris Havel, the Oregon State Parks official tasked with disposing of the dock that washed ashore at Agate Beach and preserving pieces of it for posterity. Both Japan and Oregon sit at the junctures of colliding tectonic plates that periodically

generate earthquakes and, when the quakes are large enough, devastating tsunamis. An underwater fault line known as the Cascadia Subduction Zone, similar to the Japan Trench off northern Honshu, runs on the seafloor off the Pacific Northwest coast from Vancouver Island to near Eureka, California. Geologists believe this fault line has been the source of infrequent but devastating tsunami-generating earthquakes—as many as 40 over the past 10,000 years. Oregon's last great tsunami struck 313 years ago. Exactly when the next one will hit is impossible to predict, but scientists insist it is a matter of when, not if. Unlike the citizens of Misawa, Oregonians have no photos, no memorial markers on coastal knolls to remind them to stay alert.

What they do now have are pieces of a dock: objects that signify one nation's losses, and another's past—and future. 

Thank you to Yoko O'Brien, MA '00, of the Department of East Asian Languages and Literatures for translation assistance.

Concrete Emissary

Jessica Miller, PhD '04, was in her office at Hatfield Marine Science Center one day last June when she started hearing buzz about a large piece of marine debris that had washed up a few miles north at Agate Beach. After work, she and some colleagues headed out to have a look at what had by then been identified as a dock from Japan. But it wasn't the dock per se that caught the biologists' interest. It was the mass of marine organisms clinging to every inch of the structure below the waterline—about two tons of biomass, according to the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife (ODFW). The next morning Miller, a marine fisheries ecologist and associate professor at Oregon State University's Coastal Oregon Marine Experiment Station, headed back out with bucket and shovel to take samples before ODFW staff members disposed of the hitchhiking sea life.

She and her colleagues realized they had something unique on their hands: a virtually intact island of Japanese subtidal life still thriving after 15 months on the open ocean. Tsunamis like this one, large enough to pull big shoreline structures out to sea, are rare in locations where ocean currents push that debris toward North America. Previous comparable Japanese tsunamis occurred long ago, when there was less shoreline development and wharfs and docks were made of wood and would certainly have broken up in the time it takes to float across the Pacific. The 2011 event was the biggest Japanese tsunami since the advent of super-strong building materials impervious to the marine



environment. Ocean-going vessels, regularly cleaned and coated with a special paint, never carry this many marine organisms. Miller knew that this dock—the first of the quartet from Misawa to make landfall—might be the vanguard of a host of other tsunami-liberated structures still afloat and possibly destined for beaches on this side of the Pacific.

While others set to work identifying the algae, Miller began collaborating with scientists from around the United States, Canada, and Japan to identify nearly 100 species of fauna clinging to the dock. Some were harmless pelagic hitchhikers such as *Lepas anatifera*, the gooseneck barnacle beachcombers commonly find attached to driftwood or fishing gear stranded on the beach. Equally harmless were such species as *Oedignathus inermis*, the granular claw crab, native to both

the Pacific Northwest and Japan. But they also found, alive and well and ready to reproduce, some less benign stowaways. The Japanese shore crab *Hemigrapsus sanguineus*, for example: a diminutive bully already running roughshod over Atlantic coast natives from North Carolina to Maine, where it's thought to be partially responsible for declines in lobster and Chesapeake Bay blue crab populations. And *Asterias amurensis*, a deceptively charming purple-yellow sea star and voracious predator that appears on the International Union for Conservation of Nature's hit list of the world's 100 worst invasive species.

With funding from Oregon Sea Grant and the National Science Foundation, Miller is helping, as she puts it, to "characterize the inoculation risk" posed by the potential arrival of more tsunami debris rife with marine life, along with monitoring any such debris that does arrive and educating the public about how to prevent the spread of invasive species. But as a biologist whose research interests are focused on the evolution, development, and maintenance of life history diversity in fishes, Miller is also interested in what the dock may reveal about how species have evolved and dispersed throughout the North Pacific and the role of transoceanic transport in that process. "It's not that common to have these kinds of communities being pulled out into the ocean currents and transported," she observes. "It's a fairly novel dispersal mechanism."

—BH

Find a list of identified species, photos, and other details at OregonQuarterly.com.





The Trouble *for* Harry

“On the 12th of May, 1942, at 6 A.M., a convoy of soldiers came to Gamma Hall to get me.” So begins the story of Harry Fukuda '44, who, as a 20-year-old business major, was forcibly removed from the University of Oregon campus for the crime of looking like the enemy.

By Todd Schwartz '75

Photography by Michael McDermott

“There was a truck, a jeep, and a command car. These guys were fully armed, like I’m going to start a battle or run away! A young lieutenant pounds on the door and says, ‘I’m looking for Harry Fukuda!’ I open the door. I have my suitcase and a duffel bag. We go outside and the lieutenant asks me if I want to ride in the truck or the jeep. I told him that I’d like to ride in the command car with him, and he says okay. I get in, and the convoy drives me to the bus station.”

Harry Fukuda, now a buoyant 91-year-old, lives in a tidy ranch house in Southeast Portland. He was incarcerated—“evacuated” was the euphemism back then—after the Japanese Empire’s attack on Pearl Harbor that launched the United States into World War II. Five months before they came for him, one of more than 120,000 Japanese Americans removed from their homes and lives, Fukuda was just a typical UO junior. Then came the infamous Sunday in December 1941.

“We were getting ready to have dinner at Gamma Hall,” he remembers. “Someone turned on the radio. There was this terrified voice saying, ‘They’re bombing! They’re bombing!’ I couldn’t believe it was real. Shades of Orson Welles and the Martian attack. *Come on*, I thought, *Japan attacking the U.S.?* Then I thought, *If it is real—and it sounds pretty real—then what the hell is Japan thinking?* Then it struck me that we, Japanese Americans, are just beginning to overcome discrimination—what’s going to happen to us now? I looked around the room, hoping the guys I lived with weren’t going to jump up and say, ‘You are the enemy!’ I’m not the enemy . . . I don’t even know what’s going on! But no one turned on me at all, students or faculty, I have to say.

“The following weekend I went home to visit my parents—they managed a hotel in Portland in those days—and my father is packing a suitcase. I said, ‘What are you doing?’ He said, ‘Something bad is going to happen.’ ‘Dad,’ I said, ‘this is America. What are you talking about?’ ‘Believe me,’ he said, ‘something bad is coming.’ I couldn’t help but think, *Then what good is packing a suitcase?*

“Soon, they announced a curfew for Japanese people. And they took our radios away. I tried to keep a good attitude, but

you really didn’t know what was going to happen. Very few of the Japanese American students had returned to Eugene after winter break, but I was back in classes. Then they announced that all Japanese, whether we were American citizens or not, were going to be ‘evacuated.’ Each family was given a number and tags to wear on their lapels. We were told that on a given date we were to report to a designated street corner and await transportation to an assembly center. In our case it was an exposition yard in North Portland.”

In 1942, to be exact, it was a stockyard called the Pacific International Livestock Exposition, a sprawling cluster of cattle- and pigpens. The animals were cleared out to make way for the Japanese, 80 percent of whom were American citizens. A young reporter named Dick Nokes (who would, more than three decades later, become the editor of Portland’s *Oregonian* newspaper) drove out to watch the “evacuees” arrive.

“I was shocked,” Nokes would tell an *Oregonian* columnist many years hence. “I remember a little boy getting off a bus with his baseball glove and a baseball. I thought, *There’s a real American kid and now he’s regarded as an enemy of the country.* But at the time, you didn’t write anything like that.”

A few weeks before, in Eugene, Fukuda had been summoned to the post office. “In the middle of April, a team came down from Portland to register the Japanese in Eugene. The lead guy is treating me like the enemy. Finally, I said, ‘Please, just listen to me for a minute. Aren’t you a Boy Scout commissioner?’ He nodded. ‘Isn’t your name ___?’ And I gave him his name. ‘Isn’t your son in Explorer Troop ___?’ And I gave him the number. ‘Well, I was a Boy Scout with your son. Why are you being so belligerent?’ The man was okay to me after that.

“One of the men told me I was going to be sent to the camp in Tule Lake, California. I told him that my family was in Portland and they were going to be sent to Idaho. I wanted to be with them. He said, ‘Well, if you want to go to the assembly center in Portland, you’ll have to pay your own way.’ I think I’m the only evacuee who bought his own ticket to go to an internment camp!

“So that morning in May arrived. I’m in the convoy and we get to the Eugene bus station. There’s a long line of people waiting to buy tickets. The lieutenant tells everyone to step

back, walks up to the ticket window and says, 'Sell this man a ticket to Portland.' But the bus was already full. The lieutenant leans into the window and repeats, 'Sell this man a ticket to Portland!' So I buy one and we go out to the bus. The soldiers start to put my baggage on, and the bus driver comes out and says, 'Hey, the bus is full.' The lieutenant says, 'No, it's not,' and climbs on, points to a guy and says, 'You. Out.' The lieutenant tells the bus driver to give the man his ticket back, then he turns to me and says, 'Harry, good luck.' He shakes my hand and I get on the bus.

"We're driving up the highway to Portland and I'm seeing all these restricted things I'm sure I'm not supposed to be seeing: trucks full of soldiers, tanks, guns. Then we arrive in Portland and I walk out to the street and say to myself, 'Now what?' I expect to see some other armed convoy coming to get me, but after I stand there for 20 minutes I figure that no one is coming. I decide I must be the only free-roaming Japanese American in Portland! Nobody takes much notice—the average American can't tell a

Japanese person from a Chinese person, and there weren't supposed to be any Japanese people on the street, so they must have figured I was Chinese. I had no idea how I was going to get to the assembly center.

Then a car pulls up; a priest gets out and asks me if I'm going to the assembly center. Two nuns grab my bags and off we go. They drop me off at the gate, and a guard walks up and says, 'You can't be here.' I tell him that I've just come 110 miles to be here. He says, 'This is a restricted area. You have to be on the other side of the street.' And he walks away!

"I see a couple friends of mine inside the fence and they're saying, 'Harry, get the hell out of here! Go!' but I don't know where I would go. Seattle was the farthest away I'd ever been. Finally, another guard comes out and says, 'Are you Fukuda?

Come in.' I was glad that when they searched my bags they didn't find the three bottles of Johnny Walker I had hidden in my sweaters—my friends had sent me a message that it was pretty dry in there."

Fukuda and his family spent May to October of that year

in the converted livestock pens. Plywood had been laid down over the mud for floors and canvas hung for walls. Privacy was zero, comfort was about the same. One day the guards announced that everyone was getting a \$16 clothing allowance and they distributed some copies of the Montgomery Ward catalog. Fukuda used his money to buy a UO letterman's jacket.

"The days went by," he says, "as we waited for the concentration camp—they called them relocation camps—near Twin Falls to be completed. One day the guards came around and said that people with cars could move inland, away from the coast, if they wanted. Almost no one *had* cars in those days except the farmers, so a group of them from the Portland area moved over to Eastern Oregon. They lost their

crops, of course, and I don't think any of them ever got their land back. The people who went into the camps lost their businesses, their homes, most of their possessions. You figure 120,000 people . . . how much was lost by them to their neighbors and bosses and . . . ?

"Another day they came around and asked for volunteers who spoke Japanese to work as translators. I thought, *Like hell—you treat us like dirt then ask us to volunteer?* Some guys did it just to get out, including a couple guys I knew who could barely speak Japanese at all!

"In the fall of '42, they loaded us on trains for the trip to Idaho. They told us to pull down the shades and not to look out the windows. They were worried that we would see the Kaiser Aluminum plant in Troutdale—which most of us had



Harry Fukuda, now 91, holds a photo of himself as a young man, taken around 1943.

driven by a thousand times! We arrived at the camp in the remote Idaho desert, barbed wire all around it and a big guard tower. Bed check was at 9:00 P.M., and of course we all snuck out after and had card games till all hours.

“Once we were settled in, they came around and told us that if we could get accepted to a university away from the coast, we could get an early release. My mother jumped on that. ‘You *will* go to school,’ she said. ‘You will *not* volunteer for the army or to work on the farms around here.’ There was no discussion about it.”

It had long been Fukuda’s dream to graduate from the UO, and before he’d been removed from college he had gone around to all his professors, who agreed to give him a final grade even though he wouldn’t finish their classes. Then he went to Victor Morris ’15, MA ’20, dean of the business school, who assured Fukuda that he would waive the university’s residency rule. If the young business student could earn credits at some other school, they would transfer and he could graduate from the UO in absentia. Seven decades on, Fukuda remains grateful for that.

“I applied to the University of Texas, University of Illinois, and Drake,” Fukuda recalls. “I heard nothing from Texas; Illinois turned me down because they had an ROTC program on campus and I wasn’t allowed to see it—the fact that I had just *finished* ROTC at the UO didn’t seem to matter. But Drake accepted me.

“I took a train to Des Moines, Iowa. The American Friends, the Quaker group, helped me and three other Japanese American students find housing and part-time jobs. People in the Midwest were generally very accepting, very nice. The only scary thing I remember is that a friend of mine was in a bar one night and this big drunk guy walked up and said, ‘I killed a Jap just like you.’ Some other guys steered him away, fortunately.

“I just kept my head down and went to school. The Japanese credo was never do anything to shame your family and always obey authority. So that’s what I did. The only time in my life I had ever protested anything was when I was a freshman at the UO and a bunch of us protested the meatloaf in the dorms! (I’m not sure it was even meat. The university’s solution was to add more catsup.) So I kind of accepted things as they were. I had no ill feelings toward anyone; I held no rancor as time went on. I think when you go through an experience like that, the bad things fade in your mind, and you remember more of the good things.”


One of those good things was a girl Fukuda met in the Idaho camp, who would eventually become his wife. Another was graduating in 1944 with his business degree from the UO, by way of Drake.

There were no jobs for Japanese back home in Portland, so Fukuda went to Chicago. “I got a job working for a chemical company. It seemed that in the Midwest employers were eager to hire Japanese people from the camps, as they saw us as industrious and organized. I became the office manager after one week.”

On September 2, 1945, Fukuda ceased—at least officially—to be the enemy. He went to work for a homebuilder, a Marine vet who fought in the South Pacific—and who tirelessly defended Fukuda when anyone would begin to “cast aspersions.”

Fukuda built himself a house in Chicago, where he worked the length of his career in building and real estate development and raised five children. Eventually he retired, and they moved back to Portland. In 1990, he and his wife, who would pass away a few years later, each received a form letter of apology for “serious injustices” and \$20,000 from then-President George H. W. Bush and the U.S. government. The money helped build the tidy ranch house where today Harry Fukuda is happy to tell his story, before all the voices from those days are gone. Fukuda’s own voice is warm and forgiving.

“I was certainly aware that we were being denied our constitutional rights as American citizens, as a result of war hysteria, racism, and other factors. But Japanese Americans peacefully acceded to this treatment. The years have cooled the emotions and the rhetoric, and now what I really want to do is express my lifetime thanks to the UO, my professors, and especially Dean Morris, who made my graduation possible.

“People often ask me if I’m bitter about our internment. I have to be honest and say that the end result of the internment for me was very positive. If it hadn’t have happened, I wouldn’t have wound up in the Midwest, where I really feel that I had more opportunity and more acceptance than I would have found in Portland. Back in those days, most Midwesterners had no experience with and fewer prejudices about Asians. Of course the internment wasn’t a good thing, but I really have no complaints about my life. Does that make me a traitor to my own race, to feel that way? I don’t know. But that’s how it is.” 

Todd Schwartz ’75 is a Portland-based writer who wants to live to be 91 only if he can be 91 like Harry.

On Sunday, April 6, 2008, the UO awarded honorary degrees to 20 Japanese American students, 11 of them still living, whose lives and educations were interrupted when they were removed from the UO campus and ordered to internment camps in 1942. Dave Frohnmayer, then president of the university, presided over a ceremony attended by four of the new graduates and 60 or so family members of the former students.

IN THE FULLNESS OF TIME

SIX MONTHS INTO HIS PRESIDENCY,
MICHAEL R. GOTTFREDSON HAS BROUGHT A
MEASURED, THOUGHTFUL APPROACH TO THE
CHALLENGES FACING PUBLIC HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY ANN WIENS





Oregon Institute of Marine Biology Director Craig Young (right) leads the president and his wife on a tour of the coastal area surrounding the OIMB campus in Charleston.

EVERYBODY TALKS ABOUT the weather. People everywhere do this, of course, as they angle for common conversational ground. But the topic receives special attention in western Oregon, a region defined by its climate. And that attention is heightened when a newcomer is involved, especially if that newcomer is a native Californian. So the day's mercurial weather—clear one minute, pouring the next—dominates the conversation among the faculty members gathered in the back room of the Excelsior, a restaurant near campus, on this November day. They sip their drinks, awaiting the arrival of the university's new president, and discuss the rain.

Michael Gottfredson has been on the job since August 1. Prior to coming to Oregon, he spent 12 years as executive vice chancellor and provost, and professor of criminology, law, and society, at the University of California, Irvine. Before that, he served in progressively senior leadership positions over a 15-year tenure at the University of Arizona, including interim senior vice president for academic affairs and provost, vice provost, and vice president of undergraduate education. When Gottfredson's appointment as the UO's 17th president was announced in June, his former colleagues

were effusive in their praise, calling him "spectacular," "terrific," "in high demand," "a bastion of civility," "tough," "committed," "inspiring." They agreed that Oregon "hit the jackpot."

With just weeks to wrap up responsibilities at Irvine, pack, move, and complete a promised conference paper or two in his academic area of criminology, Gottfredson was on the go from the moment he arrived in Eugene. He immediately launched into an ambitious schedule of traveling around the state and beyond, meeting with alumni, business and community leaders, legislators, and peers within the Oregon University System. So he welcomes the chance, on this damp autumn evening, to spend some time with the faculty of the sociology department, his academic home.

Gottfredson arrives, shakes the raindrops from his coat, and falls easily into conversation with his new colleagues. He listens more than he talks. As the faculty members sense his interest in their work, the discussion moves quickly from the weather to publishing, research, the work that currently engages them. Gottfredson came up through the faculty ranks—a less common path for university presidents than it once was—and he is at home in this crowd. He understands the passion and focus of academic discourse, the excite-

ment of research, the joy of teaching. In his new role, he sees the challenges facing public higher education—reduced state appropriations, rising costs and student debt, growing skepticism about the value of a college degree—as opportunities to advance a much-needed reorganization of funding and governance systems.

A WEEK LATER, THE weather is again hogging the conversation. The president and his wife, Karol, are touring the UO's Oregon Institute of Marine Biology (OIMB) at Charleston, a tiny, coastal community near Coos Bay. The first stop is marine biologist Richard Emlet's lab, where Emlet and his graduate students are studying sea urchin larvae, looking for variations in evolution across species. Mia, the lab Chihuahua, growls at the president but wags her tail for Karol. "She likes double X chromosomes better than XY," quips the lab director.

Gottfredson clearly enjoys being in the lab among the scientists. "I poured starch gels in 1968," he tells Emlet with a laugh, referring to the preparation of a microscope medium used in molecular biology research. "I bet you don't use Heathkit power packs anymore." As an undergraduate at the University of California, Davis, Gottfredson worked in a plant genetics lab. "I was the lowest of assistants—I spent a lot of time washing petri dishes and the like," he says. "But I also got the opportunity to work with faculty, to learn about research in a hands-on way. I got to learn about creativity and experimentation, and the excitement of doing research, of figuring things out." He also worked as a research assistant for a law professor at Davis, doing statistical analyses. He was immediately drawn to the thrill of discovery. "I can still see the excitement of those students and professors as they designed their research and anticipated their results," he says, "and as they anticipated what some of the

applications of their discoveries might be.” He sees that excitement now in the labs. OIMB Director Craig Young encourages the graduate students to explain their research to the president, as he and Karol peer at larvae through microscopes, examine slides of oyster gonads, and watch a sea cucumber’s comically low-speed pursuit of a sea star across the bottom of a two-foot plastic tub.

Over lunch in the OIMB dining hall, students discuss the economic impact of their work on local industries, such as a study that has led to the creation of a successful prediction model of annual Dungeness crab populations. One of the most satisfying aspects of his job as president, Gottfredson says, is the unique perspective it offers on the vast scope of faculty and student accomplishments happening on a daily basis across departments, fields, and disciplines. While a graduate student at OIMB excitedly describes her work’s potential for improving the bottom line of an urban fish farm, the president can see it in context with other research going on throughout the university. “The cumulative effect is stunning,” he says, not only in terms of the advancement of knowledge, but in dollars and cents. Research-related activities at the UO generated \$110.6 million in revenue last year, the vast majority of it from outside the state. “It just knocks your socks off.”

After lunch, a high tide and choppy seas prevent a planned excursion on one of the UO’s research vessels, so the group instead boards a state van for a tour narrated by Jan Hodder, PhD ’86. Hodder’s intimate knowledge of the coastline is informed by years spent studying and teaching here. As she steers the van around sharp curves and through muddy potholes, the president quietly assesses each passenger’s seat-belt situation, interrupting Hodder’s report of a recent cougar sighting to remind a young staff member to buckle up. The day concludes with a meeting at OIMB with state represen-



The Gottfredsons join Ducks fans in cheering on their team before the 2013 Fiesta Bowl.

tative Caddy McKeown and, for the Gottfredsons, a long, rainy drive home to Eugene.

THE DEGREE TO WHICH HIS presence is required outside of Eugene, and even outside the state, is one of the things Gottfredson thinks might most surprise people about his job. “It’s even surprised me a little bit,” he admits. Much of his time is spent in Portland and Salem, working to move UO projects forward in the state’s legislative process. A plan to renovate the Erb Memorial Union, which Gottfredson describes as “long needed,” is currently under consideration, and a project to improve accessibility at Autzen Stadium is under way, scheduled for completion before the 2013 football season kicks off.

By far the most critical issue for the UO before the state legislature, says Gottfredson, is the creation of a new system of institutional governance. Currently, a central board governs the entire Oregon University System of seven universities. The UO and Portland State University are advocating for a new approach, one that enables universities to establish institutional public governing boards to strategically address the particular needs of each university. Gottfredson points out that this idea is not new, and did not originate with him, although

the opportunity to lead the UO in the ongoing process was one of the things that most attracted him to the job. Dave Frohnmayer, UO president from 1994 to 2009, was active on the issue, authoring several concept papers that helped shape the discussion moving forward. Frohnmayer’s successor, Richard Lariviere, lost his job after alienating the OUS chancellor and state board as he aggressively pushed his own “new partnership” vision for independent governance.

Gottfredson is as certain as his predecessor that a new governance model is necessary to preserve the University of Oregon as a premier public research university. But his style could not be more different. Oregon’s previous president was known for his exuberant manner, his impatience, and the signature fedoras that he frequently wore. Soft spoken and contemplative, humble and analytical, Gottfredson possesses a dry wit and deadpan delivery. He is known for his reliability, for keeping his cool, and for getting things done behind the scenes. He keeps his salt-and-pepper hair trimmed neat, and favors traditional suits. (When asked to come up with something her husband was *not* good at, Karol Gottfredson thinks for a moment, then offers, “Well, he’s not a fashionista.”)

Although Gottfredson exudes patience and has been known throughout his career as one who moves his agenda forward thoughtfully and deliberately,

JACK LUU

“WE NEED TO DEVELOP ALTERNATIVES TO THE STATES TO FINANCE OUR UNIVERSITIES. IT NEEDS TO BE DONE DIFFERENTLY, AND IT NEEDS TO BE DONE NOW.”

he speaks with urgency on the issue of governance. “Much of what has been on my mind in the six months I’ve been here, and that we’ll be addressing with a laser-like focus in the coming months, is the reorganization of public higher education,” he told a gathering of UO Alumni Association board members recently. “There is no initiative at this moment more important to the university than the institutional board bill that is making its way through the legislative process right now.”

The establishment of an institutional board—which Gottfredson stresses would be a *public* board—would have two primary benefits, he explains. First, it would give the university flexibility. For example, recent enrollment growth—important to offset the financial impact of reduced state appropriations—has led to an acute space crunch at the UO. “But even if we agreed on a building today,” Gottfredson says, “the quickest we could get a shovel in the ground is four years from now. So here we sit, in the most attractive borrowing environment in decades. We’re very highly rated if we were to issue bonds. Construction costs are low. We need the flexibility to be a responsive organization,” flexibility the current state process does not allow.

The second big benefit of an institutional board, he says, would be “the opportunity to associate a group of trustees with the university who have an intimate knowledge of the University of Oregon—the kind of university we are, our mission, our aspirations, what we do and how we do it.” This affinity is important for attracting the intellectual and financial commitment of trustees, he says. “It’s all about enhancing our ability to meet our mission.”

Speaking to the City Club of Eugene one Friday in December, Gottfredson



Karol Schmalenberger and Mike Gottfredson as teenagers in Davis, California, 1969.

reminds the assembled group of elected officials, community and business leaders, and members of the media that the concept of public higher education underlies the very nature of a liberal democracy. “When Abraham Lincoln took time out from thinking about the Civil War to sign the Morrill Act of 1862, the legislation that created land-grant universities, he knew that higher education was the key to individual economic and social mobility—and as a consequence, to the economic prosperity of a society,” says Gottfredson. “Access to it must not depend on status or station in life. It cannot be true that the highest quality educational experiences be available only to the upper class. He linked together the idea of access and quality, and made that bond one of the defining features of public education.

“If we still believe in the idea that access and quality are the twin pillars of the mission of public universities,” Gottfredson continues, leaving no doubt that this is *his* firm belief, “then we need to develop alternatives to the states to finance our universities.

It needs to be done differently, and it needs to be done now.”

While Gottfredson is clear that he will never give up on state funding—and finds Governor Kitzhaber’s support for state investment in education in his most recent budget proposals encouraging—he is also a pragmatist, noting that “there is no realistic basis for believing the state—here in Oregon or elsewhere—will be the solution to our dilemma. It’s progressed too far.” What’s needed, he says, is creativity. New thinking and new solutions.

KAROL GOTTFREDSON sips tea in a small, cozy sitting room at McMorrان House,

the University of Oregon president’s official residence since 1941. Craft projects and *Dora the Explorer* books offer evidence of a recent visit from the Gottfredsons’ young granddaughters. The president’s wife, who holds a master’s in education from the State University of New York, Albany and has spent her career in K–12 education and administration, talks about the man she has known since they were about ten years old, taking lessons from the same piano teacher in Davis. Both are multiple-generation westerners. “We both grew up in families that had pioneers in their backgrounds,” she says. “It sounds corny, I know, but there’s something to the idea of that can-do, pioneer spirit, the idea that nothing is insurmountable. When the river’s too high, you build a bridge across the river.

“Even though Michael didn’t hold elected offices in high school,” she continues, “he was always the go-to guy. He never gets rattled. He is methodical; he believes that you make a plan to fix things, and they will get done. He is always calm, and there is always a solution.” As an administrator, she says, “He is very strategic—which is a

different thing than being political. He always looks for a solid solution, not a quick fix. He doesn't jump on things quickly without a lot of thought." She pauses and adds, laughing, "Except marrying me. I don't know what happened there!"

The Gottfredsons were married in 1970, when both were undergraduates at UC Davis. They dated in high school, although neither can pinpoint a first date. "We shared the same group of friends," she says, "and it kind of evolved into dating." Karol remembers riding on the back of Gottfredson's motorcycle, a Honda 350 he shared with his four brothers. (One of those brothers—Stephen Gottfredson '71, now a professor at Virginia Commonwealth University—is a Duck.)

Both completed their undergraduate degrees at UC Davis in 1973, he in psychology, she in American studies. Both worked their way through school. "It was a serious time on American college campuses; it was a serious time in this country," she says. "There was not a lot of frivolity." For fun, they went to concerts, hung out with friends, or went hiking. "Really, the same things we like to do now," she says, adding that their favorite vacations involve spending time with their family. Their adult children, their daughter-in-law, and their granddaughters, ages one and three, joined them at McMorrان House for Thanksgiving, and in Arizona in January for the Fiesta Bowl.

This is not the first time Karol has lived in Eugene. Her father—who, as football coach at UC Davis, once coached a young player named Mike Bellotti—took a sabbatical at the UO in 1963, and the Schmalenberger family lived just blocks from McMorrان House, the Gottfredsons' current home. "I went to Condon Elementary School, which is now the UO's Agate Hall," she says, noting that the family also spent several summers in Eugene. "One of my most memorable childhood moments was watching Rafer Johnson qualify for the 1960 Olympics




The Gottfredson family at the 2013 Fiesta Bowl, from left: Michael, daughter Kate, daughter-in-law Meghan, Karol, and son Bryan.

at Hayward Field," she recalls. "He broke the record for the most points in the decathlon, and I ran down on the field afterward and got his autograph. That was huge to me, it was one of the highlights of my childhood." As proof, she produces a scrapbook containing the autograph, as well as ribbons she won for the 440 and shot put in All-Comers meets at Hayward Field.

THE PRESIDENT IS SITTING in his office in Johnson Hall. He has been at the UO six months now. He has adjusted the office to his liking, painting a reddish-brown wall a straw color to lighten the room, and hanging artwork from the university's collections that provide a sense of place—semi-abstract landscapes and images of fir forests in deep greens and golds. From his desk, he can see a light rain dripping from the trees outside. It's a welcome rain, finally washing away a stubborn inversion that held the Willamette Valley under a blanket of freezing fog for more than a week.

A granite statue of Confucius, about 18 inches tall, watches over the room from an end table. "Pick it up," suggests the president. It is heavy—shockingly heavy. He laughs. "I'll tell you the story

of that Confucius," he says. "A former student of mine had gone on to teach at a university in Taipei, and invited me to visit. At lunch, the president of the university presented me with this statue of Confucius, the great teacher. As we know, teachers are very highly respected in Taiwanese culture and society. He told me they revere my student very much; he's a very prominent professor. They were delighted that the teacher of their teacher was at the university, so they presented this to me. It's one of my prized possessions."

There's a purity to the reverence for education, for knowledge, that the statue represents. Its weight and solidity, the human creativity and endeavor that coaxed it from a block of stone, seem symbolic of Gottfredson's view of the importance of the university. He often refers to the university as "a noble organization," using the word with absolute sincerity. "The University of Oregon is a premier public research university," he says, "and each of those words—'premier,' 'public,' and 'research'—is equally important. As such, our mission is to enhance the quality of life for people in the state, the nation, and the world. That's all we do. We don't have any other purpose. There are very few organizations that can say that." 

JACK LIU

Shaking It Off

UO alumnus Jack Heinemann perseveres after surviving the one-two punch of New Zealand earthquakes.

“**Y**OU KNOW YOU’RE FROM Christchurch when you sleep in one suburb, shower in another, collect water from another, and go to the toilet where you can.” University of Canterbury genetics professor Jack Heinemann, PhD ’89, used these words to describe his life after a deadly earthquake jolted the city on February 22, 2011—the second major quake to unnerve 375,000 residents in less than six months.

Seismologists estimate the 6.3 magnitude quake, with its shallow depth and epicenter just six miles from the Christchurch city center, shook the ground four times faster than the 9.0 quake in the Pacific Ocean that would trigger a devastating tsunami in Japan a few weeks later. In New Zealand, 185 people died; those suffering injuries numbered 6,500. One hundred thousand homes and buildings were damaged or destroyed, including the city’s 130-year-old neogothic cathedral. Two hundred miles of sewage pipes and 100 miles of water mains were severed. Liquefaction, the process of water-saturated sediment percolating to the Earth’s surface, forced 650,000 tons of stinking, sticky quicksand to bubble out of the ground.

Pacific Northwest residents are likely to someday face similar devastation from an earthquake emanating from the Cascadia fault line running roughly 50 miles off the coastline from southern Canada to northern California. A major quake and tsunami resulted from slippage of this fault in 1700; seismologists say it is due for another one at any time. According to studies published by the U.S. Geological Survey, there’s a 40

percent chance that a major quake will hit the southern Oregon Coast within the next 50 years. The predicted magnitude is 8.0 or above.

The first major earthquake to hit Christchurch since 1870 occurred on September 4, 2010. It struck at 4:35 A.M. Heinemann and his wife, Juliet Thorpe, were asleep. “There was a disconcerting amount of ground shaking,” he says. “There was no water. There was no power. It was winter—cold!” Heinemann and Thorpe got out of the house, then sat in their car listening to the news on the radio: significant, citywide damage but no fatalities. Hours later, a crystal-clear day dawned. The couple’s home emerged damaged, but livable.

Seven miles away at Canterbury University, however, Heinemann’s laboratory lay in shambles. His research group investigates proteins and biochemical pathways using *E. coli* bacteria. The researchers had just moved into a brand-new, “earthquake-proof” building. Still, “The quake did 10 years worth of settling in 30 seconds,” Heinemann says. Beakers and bottles of toxic chemicals crashed to the floor. Power surges destroyed freezers, thawing and ruining hundreds of plates of mutated bacteria. By the time HAZMAT teams cleaned up the mess and Heinemann reestablished his lab, his research had fallen months behind schedule—eons for researchers working with evolving bacteria.

By February, life was inching back toward normality—then the second, larger quake struck. Heinemann was away from the lab and in his office when the inflatable cow ornaments hanging from his ceil-

ing began swaying during the lunch hour on the second day of the new semester. He crouched under his desk as the shaking continued and wondered if it would ever stop. He phoned his wife, who was safe at work at the Christchurch Hospital, then fled. As he headed toward his designated evacuation point—the rugby fields across the road from campus—aftershocks rippled the grass and shook parked cars. He could only guess how badly the damage to his lab had been. Of more pressing concern, he needed to find out what was happening at home.

He left campus and headed in that direction, navigating his way around liquefaction, fractured roads, and traffic jams. As he drew closer, he could see that his recently renovated hillside house was gone. “All of the walls fell,” he says. “Three stories of concrete blocks fell. The solid foundation wall was broken, and the roof opened like a clam.” Heinemann went into triage mode. He wrenched open the twisted garage door and cleared a path around his pick-up truck and his “mobile disaster relief platform,” or pop-up trailer. He loaded them with whatever he could find: clothes, a few pots and pans, the cats.

The couple set up camp in their yard. On occasion they’d drive the 35 miles to Thorpe’s aunt’s house to fill water bottles and to shower. Their trips were limited by road damage and the amount of gasoline they could put in their car—no one could buy more than 2.5 gallons at a time. Basic amenities they’d taken for granted were gone; improvisation was the order of the day. “We had nice, tall buckets left over



Scenes of the destructive aftermath—including a mucky sinkhole—of the deadly 2011 Christchurch earthquake.

Since the September quake, 10,000 aftershocks have rocked—and continue to rock—Christchurch.

more than 150 jobs will have to be cut. “Everyone is worried. No one can sit back and say, ‘I’m safe.’”

Since the September quake, 10,000 aftershocks have rocked—and continue to rock—Christchurch. Before the earthquake it had a population similar to Eugene and Springfield, but 11,000 people have left permanently. They’ve lost homes, jobs, loved ones. Heinemann and Thorpe decided to stay, even after the June 6.4 magnitude and December 6.0 magnitude aftershocks sent S-waves through their newly purchased home.

For all the distress he’s endured, Heinemann remains surprisingly buoyant. “Some of the first people to contact me from overseas were UO colleagues Pete von Hippel, Eric Selker, and George Sprague,” he says. “I’m not in regular contact with them, so it was heartwarming and much appreciated.”

Sprague, a retired UO biology professor, says Heinemann was one of his more memorable students. “He brought his own imaginative, even outrageous ideas of what to work on. To his credit, his ideas came to fruition and were published in *Nature*. I was naturally deeply concerned about his welfare.”

Surviving Christchurch’s earthquakes has given Heinemann a new perspective on research progress, career success, losing his home while others lost their lives, and the comfort of distant friendships.

“I learned a lot about being resilient psychologically,” he says. “I’ve never had a bigger challenge.” Ever the scientist and ever the optimist, he adds, “And statistically, not many people survive two national disasters, so why leave now?”

—Michele Taylor '10, MS '03

from the renovation that made great toilets,” he says. “When the hardware stores finally opened, I bought very expensive toilet seats that sit on top of the buckets. This was heaven.” Their quake-frayed nerves were jolted again when, weeks later, the devastating Japanese earthquake and tsunami struck. “We watched what was happening, and we wanted to throw up,” he says. Christchurch’s inconveniences didn’t seem so bad after all.

In mid-March Christchurch was still looking like a war zone with many of its streets completely impassable. The university, too, was still a mess—lecture theaters were closed, the library was dealing with half a million books strewn across its floors—but administrators decided that

classes should resume. More improvisation was required. Heinemann recorded his lectures at home and posted them online. He held weekly review sessions in tents that fluttered in the wind. HAZMAT crews kept him out of his shattered lab until May, then allowed him back in to begin the rebuilding process once again.

Campus-wide financial crises followed. After wrecking teams razed a science lecture theater and an engineering building, insurance premiums skyrocketed. Undergraduate enrollment, which neared 19,000 students before the earthquakes, fell by thousands, causing a \$17 million-per-year drop in revenue. The university is now eating up its cash reserves at an estimated rate of \$85,000 per day. Heinemann expects

Doughnuts to Dollars

Sweet support for Kesey archive from Portland philanthropists

SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION occurs when one least expects it. Standing in line at Voodoo Doughnut in downtown Eugene, for instance. Keri Aronson, associate director of development for the University of Oregon Libraries, was doing just that one Saturday morning when her attention wandered from the revolving glass display case of voodoo-doll-shaped, Froot Loop-embellished, and bacon-maple-topped confections to a large photograph on the wall. The photo shows Ken Kesey '57—the late author, Merry Prankster, and UO journalism graduate—juggling.

Aronson, who is working to help the university acquire the acclaimed author's archives, sensed an affinity. She invited Voodoo owners Tres Shannon and Kenneth "Cat Daddy" Pogson to visit Knight Library for a firsthand look at the collection, which Kesey began depositing with the library in the 1960s, concerned that the original manuscripts, drawings, photographs, correspondence, and other papers would not be securely housed at his Pleasant Hill farm.

The collection is remarkable in scope, depth, and the level of insight it offers into the creative process of a writer known not only for his novels *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Sometimes a Great Notion*, but for giving voice to the American counterculture of the time. "Ken took us from the Beats to the hippies," says James Fox, who heads Special Collections and University Archives at the library. "He wasn't some drug-crazed cowboy. He was a subtle thinker dealing with complex issues—his work is prescient in ways. *Cuckoo's Nest* is about the forces that control us, about shame and guilt, the dangers of big pharma. If you read it today, it all stands up.

"And it's all *here*," Fox continues, gesturing toward an assortment of neatly organized, archival storage boxes. From one of the boxes, he produces a yellowed, typewritten manuscript. Numerous revisions are evident, with words and phrases crossed out, replaced, or rewritten. On the first page, a note is scrawled in pencil: *This is the only copy*. It is the original



The Tie-dye that Binds Voodoo Doughnut owners Cat Daddy Pogson (left) and Tres Shannon offer their support for the UO's acquisition of Ken Kesey's archives.

manuscript of *Sometimes a Great Notion*, widely considered an essential American novel, and certainly among the masterpieces of Northwest literature. Other boxes contain personal letters, additional manuscripts, and hundreds of pages that make up Kesey's *Jailhouse Journal*, many of them never published. Together, the materials illuminate both the creative process and the everyday life of a writer Fox considers critical to Oregon's identity.

Tres Shannon and Cat Daddy Pogson apparently agree. "They couldn't have been more excited about the collection and what it means to the state of Oregon," says Aronson, describing the pair's reaction when she showed them the Kesey archive. It seems likely Kesey would have approved of their response—they created a special doughnut, the Easy Peasy Lemon Kesey, topped with psychedelic-colored icing and, appropriately, a sugar cube. A portion of the proceeds from each Lemon Kesey supports the Kesey Fund, established through the UO Foundation to help purchase the collection, keeping it intact and accessible

They created a special doughnut, the Easy Peasy Lemon Kesey

to students and scholars at Knight Library.

In November, Shannon and Pogson presented the university with a giant, tie-dyed check for \$10,000. Much more must be raised to fulfill the university's—and Kesey's—dream of making Knight Library the collection's final home. But anyone bummed out by the amount of work still to be done may find solace in the lyrics of an old song Kesey liked to sing:

*As you go through life
Make this your goal
Watch the doughnut
Not the hole* 🍩

—Ann Wiens

WEB EXTRA: Learn more about the Kesey Collection and watch a video of the check presentation at OregonQuarterly.com.

UO ALUMNI CALENDAR

For detailed information visit: uoalumni.com/events
e-mail: alumni@uoregon.edu
call: 800-245-ALUM

March 1

Ducks on the Beach Scholarship Fundraiser
HONOLULU, HAWAII

March 2

Celebrate Oregon Scholarship Fundraiser
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

March 6

UO Alumni Women's Roundtable: Women in Careers
PORTLAND

March 19

Ducks Biz Lunch networking event Duck lecture series
PORTLAND

March 28

UO Faculty Concert at Steinway Hall
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

April 4

Career skills workshop
PORTLAND

April 16

Reception with UO President Michael Gottfredson
WASHINGTON, D.C.

April 27

Taste of Oregon scholarship fundraiser
SAN DIEGO

May 9

Career conversations with alumni
PORTLAND

May 21

Duck Biz Lunch networking event
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

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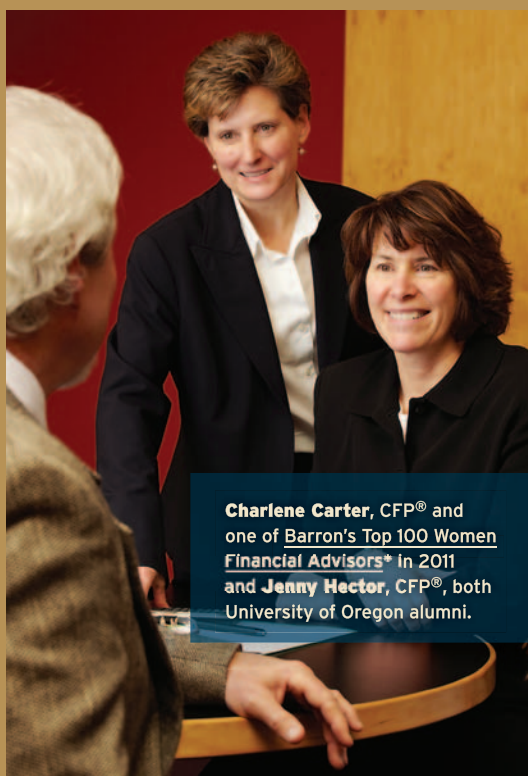
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Driving Lessons

A blind golfer passes the joy of the game to blind and visually challenged kids.

IN SEPTEMBER 2003, RON PLATH was a legally blind man seeking a purpose when he happened upon it at an Oregon golf course. Arriving at Willamette Valley Country Club outside Portland with his wife, Carolyn, Plath had planned to follow a group of friends playing in a fundraising tournament for the Oregon Lions Sight and Hearing Foundation. But children's voices instead drew him toward the club's practice range, where volunteer instructors were conducting a golf clinic for blind and visually impaired kids.

Listening to the instructors, Plath immediately realized he was the right guy with the right background to contribute to these kids' growth, development, and opportunities. He was a lifelong golfer who had continued to play the game despite losing most of his central vision to a progressive retinal disease called macular dystrophy; he had been an elementary-school teacher before deteriorating sight had prompted his retirement; and he had taught disabled students while pursuing a master's degree in adaptive physical education at Oregon several years earlier.

At a break in the clinic, Plath volunteered to help. For the next two hours he taught students from Oregon and Washington schools for the blind the basics of his favorite pastime and emerged transformed. "I don't think life-changing is too strong a word," he says of the experience.

The next year, Plath launched a series of weekly clinics for blind and visually challenged youths in partnership with the First Tee of Greater Portland, the local chapter of a national initiative that uses golf to build character in young people. In addition to leading those clinics each spring and fall, Plath teaches golf at two summer sports camps for blind athletes and conducts an annual kids' clinic in cooperation with the Oregon Lions. A 62-year-old Lake Oswego resident, he operates under the umbrella of the Northwest Blind Golfer Foundation, a nonprofit organization he established in 2006.

These efforts have coincided with his emergence as one of the world's best visu-



Golf Links Ron Plath instructs Mark Stewart, a student at the Washington State School for the Blind, during the 2010 Oregon Lions Sight and Hearing Foundation golf tournament at the Reserve Vineyards course in Aloha.

ally impaired golfers. Within days of witnessing the 2003 Willamette Valley clinic, he competed in his first United States Blind Golf Association national championship. "I was nervous, but I was fairly confident that I wouldn't completely embarrass myself," he says. Quite the contrary. While vying—with help from a sighted coach—against other visually impaired players and their coaches, he won five consecutive national crowns starting in 2004 and a world title in 2008. Plath's wife and father have been among those who have coached him in competition, a role that entails helping with alignment, judging distances, and watching shots. (Playing recreationally on familiar courses, he relies on his peripheral vision and periodic help from his regular playing partners.) With his tournament victories, Plath has gained self-assurance that he strives to impart to his students.

“Being able to play golf at a certain level breeds confidence.”

“Being able to play golf at a certain level breeds confidence,” he says, “even for the kids who have some success just hitting the ball. I’m hoping that carries over into other parts of their lives.”

Offered at the Children's Course in suburban Gladstone, Plath's First Tee clinics typically include a group of eight to 10 students from the Washington State School for the Blind and public school districts, most of them teenagers and some with multiple disabilities. Plath and other volunteer instructors start by explaining the game's tools and terminology, letting students feel different clubs and a ball before leading them on a walkabout to introduce course features. On the practice green, instructors teach kids how to roll the ball into the hole with a putter, starting from just a few inches then moving farther away incrementally. Eventually, students learn the full swing, with Plath and other instructors taking a hands-on approach to teach the proper motion. “A lot of times they just pick up [the club] like they're chopping wood, because they don't understand the rotation part of it,” Plath says. “They've never seen [a swing], so you have to demonstrate that.” After they drill the kids on various techniques, the instructors coach their students on properly striking the ball. Although students usually whiff several times at first, when they finally connect, they burst with joy. “That's why we do this,” Plath says. “Their happiness at making contact, they don't hide it. It's immediate.”

Plath's own path unfolded quite differently; it took him years to find fulfillment after specialists diagnosed him at 30 with macular dystrophy, a disease that typically strikes older patients. Before his diagnosis, which he had difficulty accepting at first, the Eugene native taught fifth and

sixth grades in Beaverton. As his vision worsened, making reading increasingly difficult, he began teaching physical education, but within a few years his students' faces became difficult to recognize from a distance. By 1987, just three years before President George H. W. Bush signed into law the Americans with Disabilities Act, Plath's declining vision impelled his premature retirement. "When I lost my job it was devastating," he says. "Thirty-seven is fairly young, and I wasn't ready to do nothing. Saying I was lost for a few years would be a fair comment." In this period, Plath worked in a golf retail store and launched a fund-raising venture producing golf calendars. Sixteen years passed before he discovered he could help kids with golf.


Plath had unwittingly prepared for his future mission by enrolling long ago—while he was still teaching—in the UO's master's degree program in adaptive physical education. As part of his studies, he instructed special-needs children in schools, including a wheelchair-bound boy named Danny. After teaching him basketball skills, Plath learned the boy was Stephen "Danny"

Downs, who became paralyzed after his mother, Diane Downs, shot him and his two sisters in Springfield in 1983. (One of Danny's sisters died, and a jury later convicted Diane of murder, attempted murder, and criminal assault.) Nearly three decades later, Plath considers the encounter a wonderful lesson. "I thought, 'His mother did this, and he knows his mother did this, and he still has an attitude where he's going to move forward,'" he says.

Although Plath's difficulty reading and the lack of assistive technology available at the time prompted him to forego the exam required to earn his master's degree, he believes his studies made his current endeavors possible. "I don't think there would be a Northwest Blind Golfer Foundation without my experience at the U of O," Plath says.

Through the foundation, Plath has introduced many kids to golf, among them Tanner Deck. A legally blind freshman at the Washington State School for the Blind, the 15-year-old began participating in Plath's clinics as a seventh grader. "At first I thought, 'I'm visually impaired, how am I

going to do this?'" Deck says. "Then I tried it and thought, 'This is fun.'" As a result of the clinics, Deck has begun playing golf with help from his father, Joe, and other family members. Although Plath realizes it is difficult for most visually impaired children and youths to take up golf in earnest without significant support from others, he strives to expose them to the possibility. And it is kids like Deck who fuel his efforts. "I know how much playing golf with my dad meant to me," he says. "If Tanner turned out to be the only one [to take up golf] out of all this, it's still worth it."

With a focus on ability rather than disability, Plath has broadened outlooks for many visually challenged kids. "Ron has been such a shining example of what you can do as a visually impaired person," says Adrienne Fernandez, the Washington State School for the Blind's recreation specialist. "He instills in the students not only his love for the game, but the ability to go out and have fun and be with friends. The joy of the game trickles down into the joy of life, and Ron exudes that." 

—Mike Cullity

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- Autzen Stadium
- Valley River Center
- Matthew Knight Arena
- Precious Cargo Museum Store
- Court Café

PORTLAND

- White Stag Historic Block
- Washington Square Mall
- Clackamas Town Center

BEND

- Bend River Mall

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1950s

A story by **Frank Walsh** '51, MEd '65, on the 1852 *Captain Lincoln* shipwreck site excavated by archaeologists on the Oregon Coast last July appeared in *Pacific Coast Living*. Researchers discovered the site of an encampment, known historically as Camp Castaway, on the North Spit of Coos Bay in 2009. Walsh says the Document Center at UO's Knight Library provided him with new and valuable material to develop his story.

1960s

Artist **Joe M. Fischer** '60, MFA '63, completed two portrait commissions for the O'Connor family in Longview, Washington, and the Nathans in El Paso, Texas. The Longview Country Club will feature a special exhibit of Fischer's paintings.

Alaby Blivet '63 has left his position as CEO of the Blivet Biscuit Works to lead the much larger, Philadelphia-based Eagle brand potato chip company. It was a hard decision, Blivet says, "but this is a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to play in the big league of the packaged snack industry." At a going-away party, friends, fans, and BBW staff members wished him success in his new job.

Bob Dewell '63, '65, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary with his wife, Kay, in September, two months before retiring and closing his architectural firm, Dewell and Associates, after a long career in California.

■ **Randall Franke** '69 was selected to serve as executive director of the United Way of the Mid-Willamette Valley, serving Marion, Polk, and Yamhill Counties.

1970s

■ **Howard W. Robertson** '70, MA '78, has published his sixth book of poetry, *Odes to the Ki of the Universe* (Publication Studio, 2012).

John Soennichsen '74, whose book *Washington's Channeled Scablands Guide* (Mountaineers Books, 2012) was excerpted in *OQ's* Autumn 2012 issue, received the John McClelland Award. The award was presented by the Washington State Historical Society for Soennichsen's article "A Toe in the Water: J. Harlen Bretz's First Field Exploration of Eastern Washington's Channeled Scablands," published in the 2011 issue of *Columbia: The Magazine of Northwest History*.

Milton Weaver '75, MS '77, now possesses a new Scotty Cameron custom-made putter stamped "Go Ducks" with green and yellow paint, grip, and head cover. He reports looking forward to taking the club out for a swing on the greens . . . once his broken leg heals.



DUCKS AFIELD

Who Says There's No 'O' in India? Vijay Chhabra '07 (left) and Justin Schneider '05 traveled in the fall to Dubai, Thailand, and India, where they are shown in this photo, at the Taj Mahal in Agra. 📷

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 rwest@uoregon.edu.

Scott Vaslev '76 had the pleasure of playing the Old Course at St. Andrews in Scotland on October 10, 2012.

■ **Howard Arnett**, JD '77, an adjunct professor and member of the Dean's Advisory Board in the School of Law, was selected by his peers to join the ranks of *The Best Lawyers in America 2012* for his work in Native American law at Karnopp Petersen LLP in Bend, Oregon.

Joan Bayhack '78 was named director of communications and development for Court Appointed Special Advo-

cates—Lane County, a program that trains volunteers to advocate for abused and neglected children.

Professor **Richard Dillman**, MA '75, PhD '76, PhD '78, was elected for a third term as chair of the English department at Saint Cloud State University in Saint Cloud, Minnesota, where he teaches nineteenth- and twentieth-century American literature.

■ **Kathleen Guiney** '78 celebrated 10 years of offering consulting services in the human resources field through

COURTESY JUSTIN SCHNEIDER

her company Yes! Your Human Resources Solution, which focuses on providing HR support and project management for growing companies.

The Oregon Restaurant and Lodging Association named **Richard Boyles** '79 their 2012 Hotelier of the Year. Boyles is president of InnSight Hotel Management Group, a company he founded in 1994.

Robert Rubinstein, MA '79, published a new book, *Twisted Words and Strange Ideas!* (self published, 2012), a compilation of excerpts from teen writings Rubenstein collected during 32 years of teaching at Roosevelt Middle School in Eugene. PJ Library selected his children's book *Zishe the Strongman* (Kar-Ben Books, 2010) for a second year of national distribution to Jewish children between the ages of four and eight.

1980s

Ken Martin '82, the UO record holder for the men's 3,000-meter steeplechase, started the WorkOut Cancer research fund to financially support studies on the effects of exercise on tumor physiology and on cancer treatment side effects.

Wayne Hess, MS '83, was named a fellow of the American Physical Society. Hess, a scientist with the U.S. Department of Energy's Pacific Northwest National Laboratory, is known for his research on how materials respond to light and has authored and coauthored more than 90 journal articles.

Chicago-based financial representative **Scott Goldstein** '85 was honored by Northwestern Mutual with membership in its 2012 Forum group, which recognizes an outstanding year of helping people achieve financial security.

John A. Heldt '85 published *The Journey* (self-published, 2012). This is the second novel in Heldt's Northwest Passage series.

1990s

Denise E. Clifton '91 published her first e-book, *Tales from the Rubble* (2012), with Tandemvines Publishing, a new company she founded with her husband, **Chris Cellars** '91. The book explores the stories behind San Francisco restaurants that opened following the 1906 earthquake and features new and historic photos, videos, and maps. Denise continues to work for the *Seattle Times* as the newsroom's mobile development specialist.

Tanya Hanson '91, JD '94, a career coach who works with lawyers and other professionals to discover their career identities, coauthored a book, *The New What Can You Do With a Law Degree? A Lawyer's Guide to Career Satisfaction Inside, Outside, and Around the Law* (DecisionBooks, 2012).

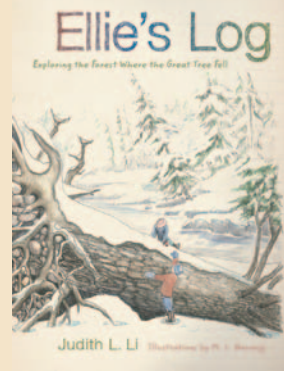
Honored as a "fearless advocate for kids," **Andy Nelson** '91 was the first-term recipient of the 2012–13 Education Celebration Award presented by Oregon College Savings Plan. Nelson, the band director at North Albany Middle School for 16 years, won \$1,500 plus an additional \$5,000 for his school.

Murray J. McAllister '93 is putting his training in the philosophy of the mind and epistemology to good use as a clinical psychologist. In 2012, he cofounded the Institute for Chronic Pain, a health policy think tank devoted to chronic pain management research.

Jason Cortlund '94, who wrote and codirected *Now, Forager*, a feature film about a couple who commercially

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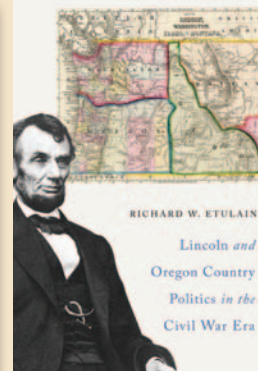
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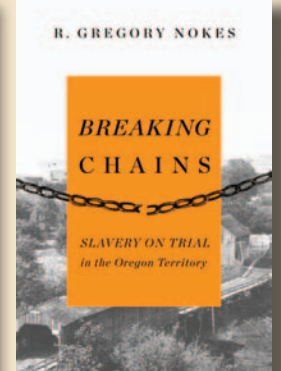


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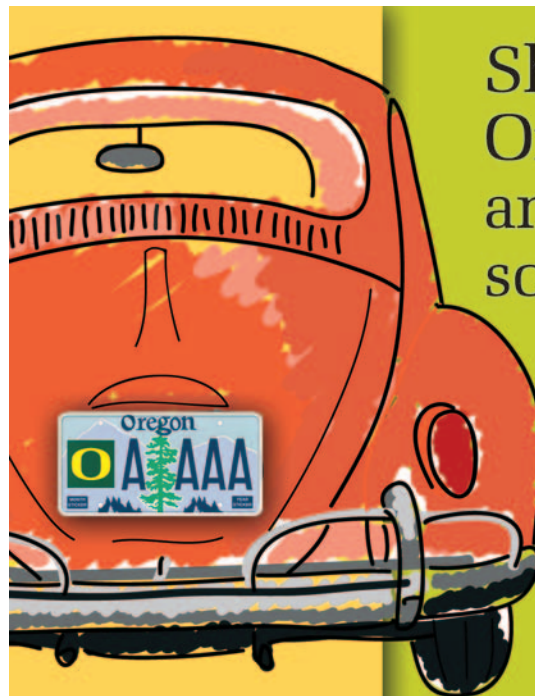
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R. Gregory Nokes

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forages for wild mushrooms, was nominated for a Gotham Independent Film Award for breakthrough director. Roger Ebert gave the film, which debuted at the International Film Festival Rotterdam and the New Directors–New Films festival at the Museum of Modern Art and Lincoln Center in New York, three and one half stars.

Alene (Smith Stickle) Davis '94 was promoted to associate principal at Sera, a multidiscipline architecture firm dedicated to sustainable design. An architect with 17 years of experience, Davis is the senior project leader for the new OUS-OHSU collaborative life sciences building under construction on Portland's south waterfront.

Kurt Barker '96 was ranked in a list of *The Best Lawyers in America 2012* for his work in the areas of employment, management and litigation, and labor and employment law. Barker is a lawyer at Karnopp Petersen LLP in Bend.

■ **Anne Marie Levis, MBA '96**, was recognized by the Eugene Area Chamber of Commerce as Woman Business Leader of the Year 2012. Levis is president of the UO Alumni Association; owner and president of Funk/Levis and Associates brand design, public relations, and advertising agency; and a member of the Eugene School District 4J board of directors.

■ **Joseph Robertson Jr., MBA '97**, president of Oregon Health and Science University since 2006, has been named to the board of directors of the Ford Family Foundation, a private, Roseburg-based charitable foundation.

Roy Zuniga, MS '98, received a top ranking in a list of "Best Business Professors" compiled by the *Economist*. Zuniga is dean of the Incae Business School in Costa Rica.

2000s

Robert K. Elder '00 has been named Lake County, Illinois, regional editor for Sun-Times Media. Elder will oversee the *Lake County News-Sun* and enhance digital efforts across all suburban properties, including the *News-Sun's* sister *Pioneer Press* publications.

Jessica Born '01 recently opened Sunnyside Montessori, an independent elementary school for guided learning in Bend.

Sam Adams '02, who served as mayor of Portland from 2009 to 2012, is the new executive director for the City Club of Portland. As executive director, Adams says he hopes to "engage a broader, more diverse group of voices from across the community as [the City Club's] research, advocacy, and programs evolve." Before his term as mayor, Adams was a Portland city commissioner, chief of staff for Portland mayor Vera Katz, and a policy assistant for U.S. congressman Peter DeFazio.

Brandon Barnett, MBA '02, director of business innovation at Intel Corporation, spoke in September at the Business Innovation Factory eighth annual Collaborative Innovation Summit in Providence, Rhode Island, which features leaders, entrepreneurs, and innovators who share their stories of transformation with representatives from more than 200 companies and eight countries.

Peter O. Watts, JD '02, received the *Daily Journal of Commerce's* 2012 Up and Coming Lawyer of the Year Award, which recognizes new attorneys who have demonstrated commitment to the legal profession and community. Watts practices business law at Jordan Ramis PC in Lake Oswego.

Chadwick Tolley, MFA '05, joined the faculty at Augusta State University in Georgia as an assistant professor in the Department of Art.

Julie A. Krogh '07 joined the law firm of Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck, located in Denver, Colorado, as a first-year associate in the real estate department.

Jeff Hinman, JD '09, is a new associate in the litigation department at Karnopp Petersen LLP, a firm located in Bend, where he focuses on business, commercial, and employment litigation.

2010s

Ricardo C. Castaneda '12 graduated from Navy Officer Candidate School and has received a commission as an ensign in the U. S. Navy while assigned at the Officer Training Command in Newport, Rhode Island.

■ **Elisabeth Kramer '12** is using journalistic skills sharpened as a former OQ intern in her new position as

special publications editor at the *Kitsap Sun* in northwest Washington.

Mary Lucarelli '12 recently embarked on a year of service with the Jesuit Volunteer Corps Northwest's Childbirth and Parenting Assistance Program in Spokane, Washington.

In Memoriam

Frances Watzek Warren '37 died September 29 at age 96. A member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, Warren raised two children and worked as a nurse with the Red Cross during World War II, while her husband was enlisted in the U. S. Army. Following her husband's death in combat, Warren moved her family to Arkansas and served as director of the Crossett Lumber Company. Returning to Oregon in 1948, she remarried and was active in philanthropy, volunteering throughout the Eugene community.

Russell Warren Cole '38 died November 11 at age 97. A lifelong "webfoot" and member of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, following graduation Cole began work at his father's company, C. W. Cole and Company, Inc. in Los Angeles, a commercial lighting manufacturer. Cole was drafted into the U.S. Coast Guard and later the U.S. Navy at the outbreak of World War II. Following his service, Cole returned to his father's company.

Gilbert Schnitzer '40 died November 18 in San Francisco at age 93. A World War II veteran and supporter of the arts, Schnitzer and his wife, **Thelma '40**, made many generous gifts to the university, including one in 2006 that provided for major expansions of the school's music facilities and the purchase of two new pianos. At the time, Schnitzer said the gift was a tribute to his "lifelong love affair" with his wife, whom he married while obtaining his degree in business from the UO. Following graduation, Schnitzer founded Industrial Air Products Company with his brothers in Portland, eventually expanding his father's business into several successful companies.

William "Bill" Maplethorpe '47 died November 8 at age 88. An enthusiastic Ducks fan and World War II veteran who retired as a commander in the U.S. Naval Reserve, Maplethorpe also served as district governor for Rotary

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International from 1974 to 1975 and was a member of Sigma Chi fraternity.

Estelle Greer McCafferty '50, the former manager of the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art gift shop, died October 6 at her home on the McKenzie River. She was 85. McCafferty was a Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority member. After graduation she worked in advertising at a firm in San Francisco and as a secretary at Hyster in Portland, before settling down with her husband in Eugene.

Kenneth Ralph Beers '51 died October 15 at age 86. Following his service as a marine in Hawaii and the South Pacific, Beers attended the UO and was a member of the Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity. After graduation, Beers moved to his hometown of Pocatello, Idaho, where he worked as a self-employed contractor, building more than 100 custom homes.

Donald S. Blair '51 died September 30 at age 89. A World War II veteran, Blair led a distinguished career as an architect in Oregon; the American Institute of Architects presented him with several design awards. In 1973, Blair moved his family to Hilton Head Island, South Carolina, where he worked for the Sea Pines Company, Home Building Management, and his own business, the Blair Company.

Janet (Macy) Lawrence '51 died October 30 at age 83. Born in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Lawrence moved to Eugene in 1950 when her father, **C. Ward Macy**, became head of the economics department at the UO. Lawrence was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

Trenton W. Huls '55 died July 29 at age 79. A lifelong supporter of Ducks baseball, Huls pitched for the UO in the 1954 College World Series, and was inducted into the UO Athletics Hall of Fame in 2008. After graduation, Huls moved back to his home state of California and became co-owner of a Culligan Water Conditioning business, where he worked for 40 years.

Invoking his right under Oregon's death with dignity law, **Ronald F. Abell, MA '60**, ended his life on February 11, 2012, after battling leukemia, emphysema, and other age-related ailments. He was 79. Abell had a distinguished journalism career, reporting for the *Oregonian*, *Eugene Register-Guard*, and the *Associated Press*, among others. Abell was also a political activist, editor, essayist, author, and writing teacher.

Caroline T. Sankovich '62 died November 17 at age 72. An English teacher, Sankovich taught many grade levels during her career and was the author of remedial English teaching guides for the Commonwealth of Virginia. Following her retirement, Sankovich became an active hospice volunteer and served on the boards of many organizations.

Bruce A. "Scoop" Fredstrom '69 died November 3 at age 70. A journalist and resident of Hartland, Nebraska, Fredstrom is remembered for his "sharp intellect, generous heart, and wonderful sense of humor."

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Roland Bartel died September 20 at age 93. Born in Hillsboro, Kansas, Bartel was a conscientious objector during World War II and served in the Civilian Public Service from 1941 to 1945. He became a professor of English at the UO in 1951 and taught for 35 years before retiring in 1986.

Thomas Lowell Blodgett, MFA '66, died on October 2 at age 72. After graduation, Blodgett became an art instructor

at Lane Community College and taught as an adjunct professor at the UO. Blodgett founded Crosssnake Studios, where he practiced and taught art to Eugene-area students.

Physics professor **J. David Cohen** died October 29 after a long illness. Cohen received his undergraduate degree from the University of Washington in 1968 and came to the UO in 1981. He was a former director of the Materials Science Institute and a prominent researcher in the fields of amorphous semiconductors and photovoltaics.

Associate professor emeritus of architecture and mid-century member of renowned architect Louis I. Kahn's firm, **Pasquale "Pat" Piccioni** died September 24 at age 87. Beginning his career at the UO in 1968, Piccioni left

his permanent mark on the architecture department by helping to establish a legacy of sustainable design with courses such as *Ecological Implications*. He remained active in the department after his retirement in 1988.

Joan Mimnaugh Pierson '50, MA '52, died May 5 at age 83. Pierson worked as an instructor in the English department and staff member in academic advising. As an undergraduate at Oregon she met her future husband, professor emeritus **Stanley Pierson '50**. The couple married in 1953 and spent years living in Europe together raising a family. In her fifties, Pierson became an ordained pastor, working in churches throughout Oregon.

Margaret Ann "Margo" Ramsing died November 8 at

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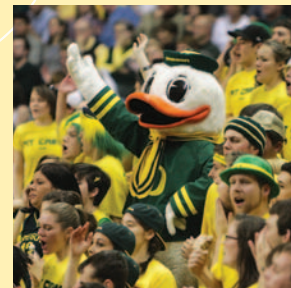
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age 75. Ramsing held a bachelor of education degree from Oregon State University and worked as director of international alumni relations at the UO. Born in Cottage Grove in 1937, Ramsing married the late Lundquist College of Business faculty member **Ken Ramsing**, MBA '62, PhD '65, in 1959. She is survived by three sons, Steven, **Stuart** '88, and **Ronald** '90.

Jack Steward died September 28 at age 88. A graduate of Oregon State University and retired major in the Air Force Reserves, Steward worked for the University of Oregon as personnel director from 1956 until his retirement in 1987.


Harry Fletcher Wolcott, MEd '73, died October 31 at age 83. An emeritus faculty member who served in the College of Education and the Department of Anthropology, Wolcott authored several ethnographic texts. He began his career in education, teaching in schools in the Bay Area. Wolcott accepted his teaching appointment at the UO in 1964, and he spent the remainder of his career here. He is survived by his partner of more than 42 years, **Norman Delue**, MEd '73. 

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.



CLASS NOTABLE

The Chicken and the Duck Christine (Rofer) Heinrichs '76 has published the second edition of her book *How to Raise Chickens* (Voyageur Press, 2013), which includes hundreds of photos of traditional breeds and provides advice on raising heritage birds in small flocks. Here she holds a white Dorking pullet, an especially old breed raised as far back as the Roman Empire. 

COURTESY CHRISTINE HEINRICHS

Wanted: Personal Essays

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

800–1,000 Words

Send submissions to:
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*For more examples, check our online archive at OregonQuarterly.com

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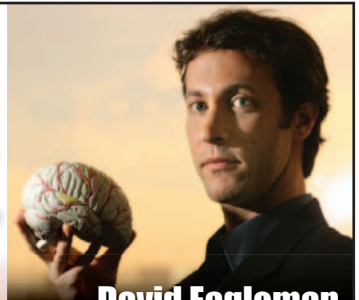
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2012–13 theme
a fresh look at the human condition
body, brain, heart, soul



David Eagleman

Tuesday, March 5, 2013

Neuroscientist and director of the Laboratory for Perception and Action, Baylor College of Medicine; author of *Incognito: The Secret Lives of the Brain* (2011)

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Jonathan Haidt

EUGENE:
Wednesday, May 29, 2013

PORTLAND:
Thursday, May 30, 2013
Thomas Cooley Professor of Ethical Leadership, New York University; author of *The Righteous Mind: Why Good People are Divided by Politics and Religion* (2012)

Tell us what's happening!

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

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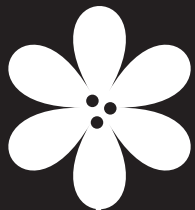
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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Spring issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



Jogging takes the campus community by storm in 1963 after coach Bill Bowerman '34, MEd '53, starts a recreational jogging club based on those he saw on a trip to New Zealand. Among the most enthusiastic are Sigma Kappa sorority members.

1923 "Carl Sandburg, Chicago poet, spoke on the University campus . . . and hung around the Eugene Public Market a great deal the next day," reports *Old Oregon*, noting that the literary lion stayed up talking with students until six in the morning.

1933 Preparations are under way for a banquet in honor of Bill Hayward as he begins his thirtieth season as Oregon's head track coach (and trainer for all the university's sports teams).

1943 *Old Oregon* dubs the UO "The College of the Unwanted but Necessary Art of War" as extracurricular activities are curtailed, women outnumber men on campus for the first time in decades, and the university prepares to become "a training center for premedical, meteorology, and Army basic students."

1953 A series of fireside talks by prominent faculty members includes the following topics: "Life on Other Worlds," "Financing Government—Everybody's Business," and "Little Killers," a discussion of viral diseases.


1963 Track coach Bill Bowerman returns from a month in New Zealand and introduces Eugene to "an exciting family activity" he discovered there, even writing a manual explaining how

to participate. The activity? Jogging!

1973 Seventeen years before passage of the Americans with Disabilities Act, the UO seeks to improve access to its facilities, due in large part to the efforts of Judy Bogen, assistant dean of students. In 1973, just 11 of the university's 38 major buildings are "barrier free."

1983 A \$3.5 million gift from Tektronix Inc. supports research to improve computer speed through the use of chips composed of III-V compounds rather than silicon. "Computer speed is a bottleneck that prevents many interesting problems from being tackled," notes UO physicist Richard Higgins.

1993 From Seattle's grunge scene to television's *Twin Peaks* and *Northern Exposure*, the Northwest finds itself, uncharacteristically, in the popular-culture spotlight. *OQ* writer Curt Hopkins '91 examines the fascination, and why the region is "the last weird place."

2003 With increased demand and climate change threatening Oregon's water supply, economists Ernie Niemi '70 and Ed Whitelaw propose addressing what they see as a looming social and economic catastrophe through changes in the allocation of water rights. 

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| The Biggest Loser RunWalk..... | Springfield | April 14 |
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| 40th Annual Aquafina Butte to Butte 10k run... Eugene | July 4 | |
| Mountain Bike Oregon | Oakridge..... | July 19-21 |

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| Prefontaine Classic (track & field)..... | Hayward Field.. | May 31-June 1 |
| NCAA Outdoor Track & Field Championships.. | Hayward Field..... | June 5-8 |
| Eugene Pro Rodeo | Eugene | July 3-6 |
| Sand Master Jam (sandboarding) | Florence | July 20 |

All dates are subject to change. Please check directly with the event to confirm.

Playing in the mud was never so fun. Dirty Dash Eugene, photo courtesy: David Putzier

Marathon Mom

By Melissa Hart

"First woman! It's the first woman!"

A horde of spectators, up at dawn to cheer for Eugene Marathon runners, hung over the bike-bridge railing and pointed down at me. Me, with my sloppy ponytails, my ancient Asics, my nine-minute-mile pace.

Up ahead, the two front-runners pounded up the steps to the bridge and vanished across it in a flash of tiny shorts and stunning calf muscles. A cameraman hung over the railing. "First woman!" He aimed his lens at me. I turned and fled.

I hadn't meant to infiltrate the marathon, but the course along the Willamette River path ran right in front of a townhouse I'd rented temporarily with my family. That Sunday morning, I just wanted to jog a leisurely six miles. "Is it okay to run on the path?"

The raincoated volunteer stationed at the purple 17-mile flag shrugged at me. "If you stay to the far right."

I did, carefully sidestepping the messages of encouragement looped in pink and blue chalk across the pavement. *Way to go, Shannon! Almost there, Dave!* Near the bridge, I stopped and bent to rescue a snail attempting to cross the path. Nevertheless, onlookers amped from cheering the front-running men caught sight of my ponytails and went wild.

Once upon a time, I ran marathons. I qualified for Boston up in Portland, jacked up on Gu packets and live music on every corner. I ran the McKenzie River ultramarathon, bounding over cantaloupe-sized chunks of lava, so euphoric over Oregon's beauty that I barely felt the yellow jackets plunging their stingers into my ankles.

Then I became a mother, and my mileage dwindled from 50 a week to 15 . . . if that. Other mom friends kept running, logging three-hour workouts with their baby joggers. "You should do a half-marathon with us," they told me. "Want to train for Big Sur?"

"No time."

I pleaded overwork. Two teaching jobs and a writing career left me few hours to spend with my daughter as it was. How could I waste three hours on a Saturday morning running, even if my kid might prefer pancakes and cartoons to our weekly hike? How could I leave my husband for an hour of speed work on a Monday night, even if he longed to read the paper undisturbed with a glass of Merlot? I couldn't fathom leaving my family to commit to a training schedule, even for an event that took place, literally, in my own front yard.

Marathoning in Eugene once took a long hiatus as well. Nike had sponsored one in the 1970s and '80s, but there had not been an official Eugene marathon for many years until the current race debuted in 2007. Initially, naysayers doubted many people would come from out of town to compete on the mostly flat, fast course, even though legendary runners Steve Prefontaine,



Alberto Salazar, and Mary Decker Slaney once trained on these paths. But now, hotels book up months in advance. Friends and family and runners with no desire to beat their knees into pulp line the route to cheer.

Perhaps another, wittier runner would have embraced the kudos coming at her from the bike bridge now—after all, there's no shame in a six-mile jog—but I turned tail like an imposter.

My shoes, soaked from the flight across wet grass, led me toward the Delta Ponds at the north end of town. An elderly couple stood by the entrance, photographing stalks of white and purple lupines. The man looked at me with a bemused expression. "Sweetheart?" He pointed toward the river path where we could just see an undulating line of runners in bright shorts and jerseys. "The race is over there."

I stumbled over a stump. "I'm not in good enough shape."

His smile felt like benediction. "You're doing great."

I *was*, I decided, as I ran along the gravel path around the ponds. New goslings paddled with their parents past logs dotted with

congregations of western pond turtles. Lupines and poppies and bright yellow mustard waved in a gentle breeze that rustled the maple leaves overhead. An osprey shrieked, fish in talons, sailing toward its nest of waiting babies. Not racing, I had time to notice these things. Idyllic, yes?

But at mile five, I felt the familiar, welcome ache of tired calf muscles and recalled long runs with friends, followed by coffee and cinnamon rolls at a local breakfast joint. I remembered exhausting hill workouts, the thrill of mile repeats on the high school track. I missed being a marathoner, devoting hours each week to seeing the world on foot, to demanding strength and speed from my body, to joining the race.

Suddenly, I wanted my daughter to see me out there honoring my passion, tending to body and soul, so that she'd learn to do the same.

I picked up my pace and ran home, blew past my husband and child on the couch, and hurried out to the balcony to stretch. Across the grass, the mid-pack athletes made their way along the river path—my people, the nine-minute milers. Some of them toted a few extra pounds. Some held their sides, obviously cramp-stricken. Some walked. No matter—the majority would cross the finish line, wrapped in silver space blankets and clutching their post-race bananas with weary, giddy smiles.

I'll never be "First Woman." I'm too slow for that. But next year, I'll be somewhere behind her, enjoying the run. 

Melissa Hart is the author of the memoir Gringa: A Contradictory Girlhood (Seal, 2009). She teaches in the University of Oregon's School of Journalism and Communication.

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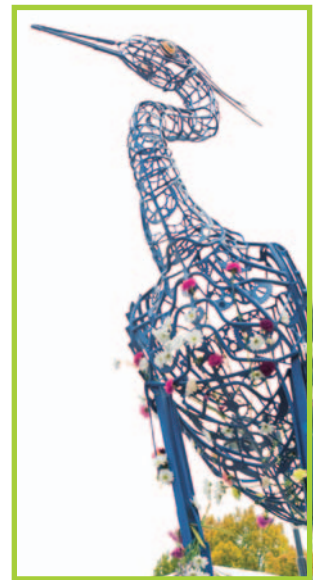
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