

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Spring 2010

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

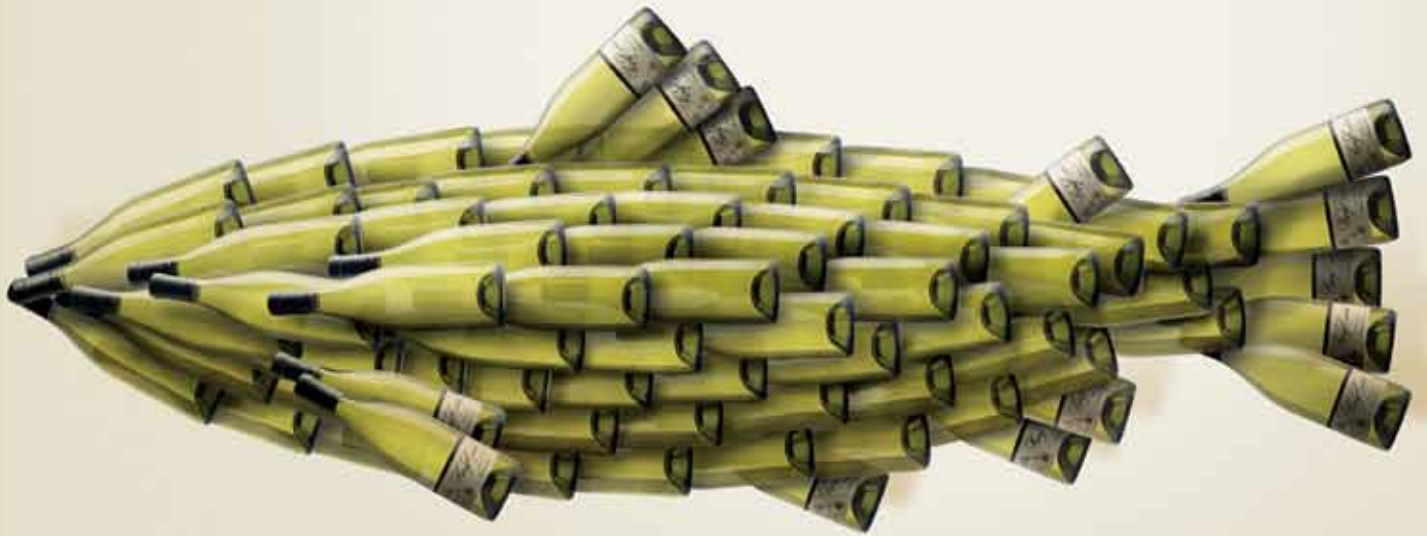
The Politics
of **Anger**



UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON

A Daughter's Odyssey • Saul Zaik • Rose Bowl! • Michael Posner

The way we care for our
rivers and lakes is our legacy.



We owe the future.



King Estate
— Oregon wines —

1,033 Certified Organic Acres
Farmed With No Synthetic Pesticides or Herbicides
100% Family Owned & Independent
Pinot Gris & Pinot Noir Specialist Since 1991
Learn More: www.kingestate.com

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

OregonQuarterly.com



28 Northwest Modern



34 Front of the Bus



38 Political Junkies?



42 We Love Our Ducks

COVER | Tea Party Protest, Hartford, Connecticut, April 15, 2009. Creative Commons Photo by Sage Ross.



FEATURES

28

THE ARC OF THE ARCHITECT

by Todd Schwartz

Saul Zaik's style of Northwest Modern architecture can be seen in homes, commercial buildings, and resorts around the state—and he's still eager to do more.

34

A FOOT SOLDIER'S BUS RIDE

by Ana Maria Spagna

An old, hazy story about her long-dead father inspires a daughter to explore an early battle in the civil rights movement.

38

AT THE ZOO

by Robert Leo Heilman

As anger has become a staple of the political discourse around the nation, an act of vandalism in Douglas County inspired this essay about gorillas, tea parties, and the heavy weight of our karmic footprint.

42

ROSE BOWL! ROSE BOWL!

Photos by Jack Liu

Images from the culmination of a magnificent season for the Oregon football team.

DEPARTMENTS

4 EDITOR'S NOTE

6 LETTERS

10 UPFRONT | *Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera*

A Square Gets His Mind Blown by Lila Marz Harper

Where Stories End, Where Stories Begin by H.L. Davis
And the Number One Reason to Avoid Doom and Gloom . . . by M. A. Sanjayan

16 UPFRONT | *News, Notables, Innovations*

Rock Star Economist
Beware the Underdog
When the Shirt Hit the Fans
PROFile: Michael Dreiling
Michael Posner Honored with National Medal of Science

46 OLD OREGON
Brewing Up Big Buzz
Student Alumni Association
Dentist Alfresco
Oregon's First Track-and-Field Superstar
UO Alumni Calendar
Class Notes
Decades

64 DUCK TALES
Rockin' the Bard
by Kim Cooper Findling

Book Your Summer!

IN OREGON



S U M M E R S E S S I O N

University of Oregon

June 21–August 13, 2010



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Big return from a small investment



Four-week courses, shorter workshops, seminars, and institutes are offered throughout the summer to fit your plans. Formal admission is not required.

Invest just four weeks, and complete a course that advances your professional goals. Or take a weeklong seminar just because the subject fascinates you. Even a two-day workshop can change the way you see the world.

Immerse yourself in art workshops, foreign



languages, environmental studies, computer science, journalism, marine biology, or music.

Take advantage of innovative, summer-only courses. Earn credit for an archaeological dig or a photography workshop while enjoying the great Oregon summer.

Important information about courses, including course descriptions, special programs, housing, registration, and fees can be found on the Summer Session website in early March or in the 2010 Summer Session Catalog, which is available in early April.

Registration begins May 3.

2010 SUMMER SCHEDULE

First four-week session: June 21–July 16

Second four-week session: July 19–August 13

Eight-week session: June 21–August 13

Twelve-week session: June 21–September 10

uosummer.uoregon.edu

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
SPRING 2010 • VOLUME 89 NUMBER 3

EDITOR

Guy Maynard

MANAGING EDITOR

Ross West

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Susan Thelen

ART DIRECTOR

Tim Jordan

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jack Liu, John Bauguess

OFFICE MANAGER

Shelly Cooper

PROOFREADERS

John Crosiar, Scott Skelton

INTERNS

Melissa Hoffman

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

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

WEBSITE

OregonQuarterly.com

OFFICE ADDRESS

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

EDITORIAL

541-346-5047

ADVERTISING

541-346-5046

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

E-MAIL

quarterly@uoregon.edu

OREGON QUARTERLY is published by the UO in March, June, August, and November and distributed free to alumni. Printed in the USA on recycled paper.

Copyright 2010 University of Oregon. All rights reserved. Views expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the UO administration.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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

ADMINISTRATION

President: Richard Lariviere

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

UO INFORMATION

541-346-1000



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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

Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

Free Speech, Hate, and Community

This winter term, the UO has hosted an open and free—and unplanned—colloquium on that bedrock principle of our country and our university: free speech.

In case you haven't heard, the University's commitment to free speech has been tested by a group called the Pacifica Forum, a "discussion" group founded by emeritus professor Orville Etter, which meets weekly on campus. The group is in no way affiliated with the University, but access to University facilities is one of the privileges granted to emeritus faculty members. In recent years, this open discussion "on war and peace, militarism and pacifism, violence and nonviolence," has become a safe haven for people with blatantly racist, sexist, and anti-Semitic views. Following a December meeting at which a forum participant reportedly gave a Nazi salute, students launched a series of protests with some calling for the University to ban the group from meeting on campus. In our Summer issue, we will present some student views of this controversy, which is still being heatedly debated.

But while the controversy continues, I want to salute the initial responses of student leadership, the University administration, and the University community. The student senate rejected a resolution that would have called for kicking the forum off campus, later passing a resolution supporting the students who were protesting against the forum. The administration condemned the content of the hateful speech coming out of the forum, but refused to use that as a pretense to ban it. To reduce tension, the administration wisely moved the forum meeting location from the EMU in proximity to student groups who were threatened by the rhetoric coming out of the forum or angry about it (or both) to Agate Hall on the southeastern edge of campus.

And when the tension surrounding these issues was ratcheted up a notch by vandalism—a swastika spray-painted into the carpet in the office of the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered, and Queer Alliance—the University community responded swiftly, condemning that act and offering support to the group who had been attacked through statements, vigils, and marches. The *Oregon Daily Emerald* quoted a freshman staff person from LGBTQA: "Seeing the way this community has responded to this event and the feeling of love . . . I know that, now, for every tear shed in the past couple of days, every time we felt broken, victimized, or sad . . . it was all worth it."

The spray painting is a crime for which the perpetrators should be prosecuted and punished. But free speech—even hateful speech—is a fundamental right of all Americans and should be protected, especially in places that make their living on the vitality of open discourse. Speech that challenges a community's normative values is the speech most in need of protection. In the past—the-not-too-distant past in some cases—speech that promoted interracial harmony, women's rights, peace, workers' rights, and open acceptance of gays and lesbians was considered destructive and evil—hateful, even—in some American communities (see page 34; see also related stories on pages 18 and 38).

An argument for banishing the Pacifica Forum is that the platform it provides for nouveau Nazis and others make some students feel unsafe on campus. Unfortunately—or fortunately, really—we can't and shouldn't try to make people feel safe by sheltering them from ideas that make them uncomfortable. But we can and should try to make them feel safe by responding as a community to those who preach hate and intolerance. If a community does not stand up to rebuke purveyors of bigotry, then people should feel unsafe and we are all the lesser for it.

But so far, through this unplanned real-world course of study, the UO has done well in teaching all of us about the complexities of free speech and the power of a community to defend its members from expressions of hate.

gmaynard@uoregon.edu

Clients Come First

(It's all about you!)



STAHANCYK KENT JOHNSON & HOOK ^{P.C.}

Family Law Estate Planning

Other firms practice with an "It's all about them" philosophy.
We believe that "It's all about you!" That's why... if you don't hire us, your spouse will.

www.oregondivorce.com



www.washington-divorce.com

PORTLAND
(503) 222-9115

BEND
(541) 318-9115

VANCOUVER
(360) 750-9115

ASTORIA
(503) 325-9117

PRINEVILLE
(541) 447-9115



Slim Memories

In 1986 I met Watermelon Slim ["Continuing Education," Winter 2009] at a blues jam at Taylor's, hosted by Roosterman, and we put a band together with Dick Robataille (drums) and Low Robert (bass). Slim sang and played harmonica, and I played guitar. The band was called Blues Fuse. We did gigs at some of the smaller clubs in town. If you saw any of those gigs you were fortunate. When he was "on," Slim was electrifying. I have some tapes of those gigs and they make my hair stand on end! My son was three at the time and Slim found a teddy bear somewhere (I don't want to know) that was about four feet high that he gave to him. It was a big hit. I'm so glad Slim is still out there working. Thank you for sharing his story. By the way, if anyone wants to get a flavor of what he does they should Google Watermelon Slim and see his video of "Smokestack Lightning." He is just amazingly authentic!

*Lawrence T. Ward Jr. '87, M.L.P. '94
Platteville, Wisconsin*

Middle Class Path?

The Winter issue arrived at our address since our daughter graduated from the UO but does not live at home. Two things stood out: one article entitled "A Pathway to Graduation" [UpFront] and the ad for "A Place to Call Home."

The article indicates that a select group of students who come from families earning less than \$28,000 are the recipients or winners of what I would call the "education lottery" with the parameters (those being income) chosen

by the University. The prize: tuition and fees paid for four years. How wonderful that they will graduate with no student loans. I would say in this economy that gives them a big step up. Is the University also placing them in jobs after graduation? As a resident of this state for twenty years plus with two daughters who graduated from the UO with student loans, this giveaway annoys me. As middle class people who have worked and paid our bills and taxes, we believe this exclusion of our children because we make too much money is economic discrimination. Don't you think that, given the chance, I would have loved to use my taxes specifically for my children so they would not have to be in debt? Yet they are taken and the University dispenses them as it sees fit. Has the University ever heard that when people are given things without having to do anything for them they generally don't appreciate the gift as much as if they had worked for it? Now the University will retort that these lucky few have to keep grades up and so on, but I say let them take student loans out like a majority of students and work a job as well as go to school. Having an income of less than \$28,000 does not mean that those students are less capable of staying in school because in the article it states that "many of these students were just as certain that they would find a way to attend college." Why didn't the University let them try?

The second comment concerns the ad for a building to be used as "the dynamic new entry point to the University of Oregon campus . . ." Why is the University in these times pursuing the building boom? Especially for structures whose sole purpose is other than educational? I realize that it is being funded by former graduates who have done well but why not concentrate on educating citizens without saddling them with ten or more years of debt?

A few suggestions from a taxpayer who would like my contribution used for the betterment of the students, not the glory of the University of Oregon and its administration. Why not have a tuition-and-fee freeze for middle-class students? Since the administration does not need to worry about the wealthy paying their student's bills and can provide tuition and fee costs for those making under \$28,000, it seems a fair treatment for all students. Isn't that what this "redistribution" is all about, making a level playing field for everyone? My last suggestion is, quit building structures that do not directly serve

"We believe this exclusion of our children because we make too much money is economic discrimination."

the students—instead focus, as I believe all universities should, on educating students to be productive and worthy people who will ultimately make this world a better place.

*Sheilah D. DeBlander
Salem*

Winter Pleasure

Your Winter 2009 issue was a pleasure. It made so many faces and facets of the UO, past and present, come alive. "America's Amazon," "Roman Holiday," and "Where Have All the Lesbians Gone?" [UpFront]—all show that academics can be a joy to read.

*Chris Dawe Bettis Adams '68, M.L.S. '69
Portland*

I really enjoyed the article "Roman Holiday" [UpFront]. Mary Jaeger did a nice job of telling us about some of the history behind our holiday customs. It's interesting to find out how far back in time that the origins of these traditions go. I especially liked the part about the master reversed with the slaves at holiday time. I know that when I was in the Army, the officers did serve the meal at holiday time. Thank you for having this article in the *Quarterly*.

*Keith Neal
Astoria*

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

We're feeling good about Oregon.

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

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

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

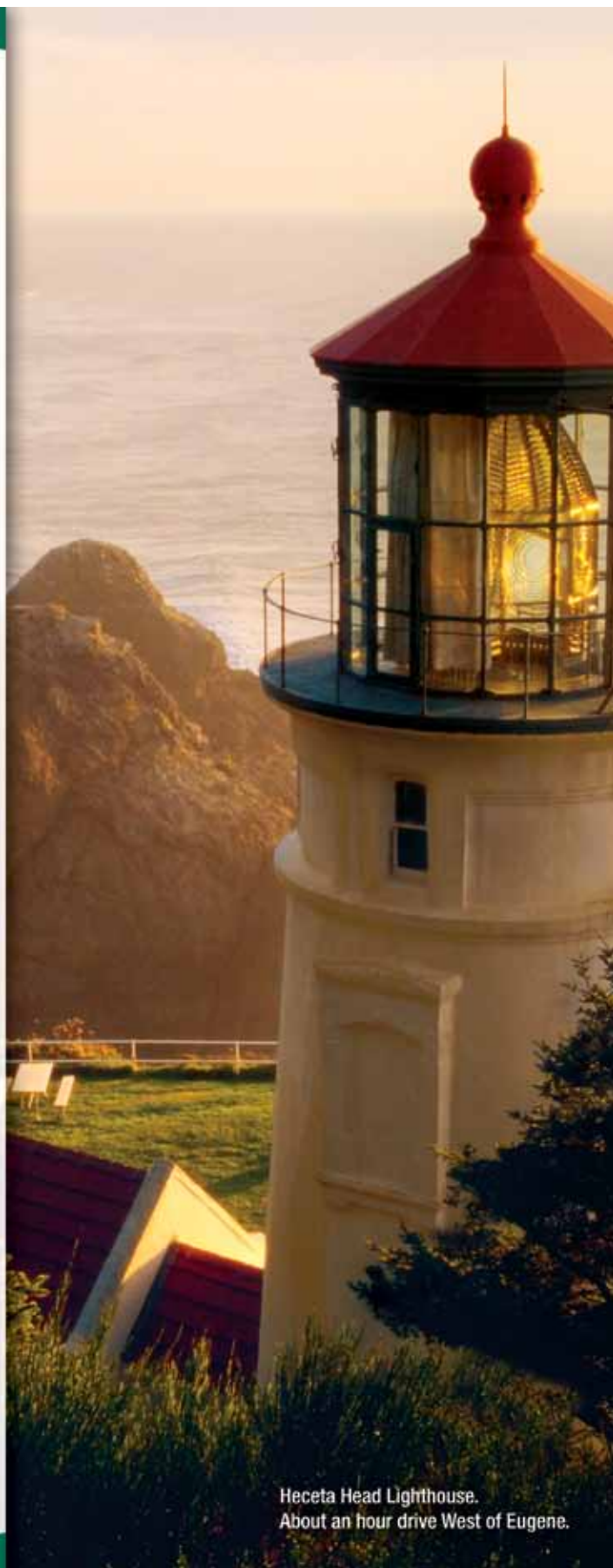


Be well.

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

16 Conveniently Located Neighborhood Clinics
In Eugene and Springfield

www.be-well-oregon.com
www.OregonMedicalGroupJobs.com



Heceta Head Lighthouse.
About an hour drive West of Eugene.

DUCK GEAR FOR EVERY SEASON OF THE YEAR.

O THE DUCK STORE

EUGENE • PORTLAND • BEND
UODuckStore.com



REGISTRATION OPEN NOW aaa.uoregon.edu/summerinthecity

SUMMER IN THE City

June – September 2010

Art + Design Workshops
Architecture Summer Session
Fabrication Lab Workshops
Design Camp

Spend your coolest summer in the greenest city—Portland, Oregon. Engage with university faculty members, local artists and designers as you study art, architecture and design. Credit and non-credit programs available.

Design Camp is an intensive nine-day experience geared toward high school students and adults interested in exploring the disciplines of architecture, digital arts, landscape architecture and product design.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
School of Architecture and Allied Arts
Portland

A&AA in Portland • White Stag Block • 70 N.W. Couch Street • Portland OR 97209-4038 • 503-412-3718

The Way We Weren't

The way you were not *all* of us were ["The Way We Were," Old Oregon, Winter 2009]. As curriculum director for McClymonds High School and eight feeder schools in Oakland, California, during the seventies, I worked with Sandy Seale, wife of Bobbie Seale, and had several meetings with Bobbie Seale of the Black Panther Party. As Sandy and Bobbie told me one night, "That's the way you white guys act, come down here and stand for nothing. It's your responsibility to stand for what will make our children successful and it's not the f**k word." Sandy was the department head of the English program and one of the founders of the California Writing Project.

*Leslie G. Wolfe '58, M.Ed. '61
Aurora*

More Klonoski

I was a student of Mr. Klonoski's ["Jim Klonoski: Deep Questions and Gored Oxes," Autumn 2009, by Rita Radostitz] on several occasions—only because he taught the bulk of the classes in my chosen subject area. He was a partisan and he would readily admit that. Anybody who holds an opinion to the contrary is deluding themselves (this means Radostitz). Klonoski liked putting the pressure on students—some would bend and some would break. I did not like him for his partisan politics or actions in the classroom, but I found it to be true of him, like the fictional Gunnery Sergeant Hartman, "the more you hate me, the more you will learn." To quote Klonoski, running his right hand through his white, thinning hair, his right foot up on a front row desk, he punctuated the air with, "Are you with me?"

*Stuart Pennington '90
Blaine, Washington*

Correction

In the letter from Gunnar Lundeberg '69 about Jim Klonoski (Letters, Winter 2009) we misspelled his name as well as the name of Professor Emeritus Daniel Goldrich. We apologize for these errors.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



SEEKING FUTURE DUCKS

The Office of Admissions invites you to tell us about your children, grandchildren, friends, and others who are searching for the right college.

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

Office of Admissions
1217 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-1217

(800) BE-A-DUCK
(541) 346-3201

Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

A Square Gets His Mind Blown

Is it a meditation on visions, visionaries, and, perhaps, even God; a wry critique of Victorian England; a playful—but useful—introduction to non-Euclidean geometry and the dizzying idea of dimensions; or all of these? Whatever it is, the slim volume titled *Flatland* has captivated readers for more than 125 years with its mind-blowing tale of interdimensional travel and the tragic conflict between those who can and cannot transcend established ideas. Lila Marz Harper, Ph.D. '96, a senior lecturer in the Department of English at Central Washington University, has edited a new edition of the book (Broadview Editions, 2010) and written a carefully annotated forty-three-page introduction, excerpted here.

EDWIN ABBOTT'S *FLATLAND* MAY be one of the most unclassifiable works of literature ever published. While it is acknowledged to be a classic of early science fiction, a work of Victorian social satire, and a religious allegory, it also presents, through its introduction to higher dimensions, an important contribution to the development of an area of mathematics that was eventually merged into non-Euclidean geometry. *Flatland* is an unusually effective work that spans disciplines and challenges divisional categories. Since its publication in 1884, the book's popularity has continued today as its readers have embraced it as science fiction, popular science, and metaphysics. Working from the groundwork of philosophical issues raised by Plato's *Republic*, *Flatland* merges social satire and geometry to produce a novel situated in two-dimensional space, a believable world populated by memorable inhabitants whose geometric shapes designate their positions in a complex social structure, one that bears some resemblance to the Victorian class structure.

The subtitle of *Flatland—A Romance of Many Dimensions*—refers not only to the physical dimensions covered in the book, but also to the many levels of interpretation from which the book can be approached. On one level, *Flatland* reflects Abbott's pedagogical ability to illuminate difficult

subjects, and it is valued by teachers of mathematics because it has proved to be an effective way to introduce students to the concepts of higher dimensions. Abbott himself was a member of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching (AIGT), the earliest British association devoted to the teaching of an academic discipline. Beginning in the 1870s, the AIGT challenged those who wished to limit the teaching of mathematics to Euclidean deduction and to what could be empirically demonstrated. In England, exams based on a thorough knowledge of Euclid's *Elements* were used as part of the entrance and advancement processes for military and government institutions; therefore, there was strong resistance to any change in the schools' mathematics curriculum. Additionally, such scientists as T. H. Huxley insisted that mathematical education was merely a deductive exercise, useful only in exercising mental faculties such as training in how to think. This position, however, was not acceptable to mathematicians of the nineteenth century, when the field was rebuilt on new logical foundations that went beyond what was easily visualized. Attempts to revise Euclid so as to make it easier for students to understand and to prepare students for less intuitively understood concepts led to a "textbook war," as traditionalists resisted any modification of Euclid. . . .

The realization that Euclidean geometry was not the only geometry possible was quite controversial in the late nineteenth century, and as *Flatland* gave its readers a clear image of the fourth dimension, it led the way to the concept of hyperspace and space-time (where the fourth dimension is a time function), concepts important to understanding Einstein's space-time continuum in his 1915 general theory of relativity. . . .

[I]n the 1870s, when the AIGT sought to revise a curriculum that was heavily based on Euclid's *Elements*, they had the foresight to see that new developments in mathematical research would require a different approach to the teaching of mathematics in England. By the 1850s, while other countries used a range of geometry textbooks, the English curriculum was committed to Euclid, so much so that between 1800 and 1850, 214 editions of Euclid's geometry were published. Discussions of the use of Euclid in the classroom became one of those *causes célèbres* created when a pedagogical issue becomes, under the influence of media attention, a representative of some basic element of national character or identity; this debate was not limited to academic publications, and it became surprisingly intense and personal as it was covered in the magazines of the day. One anonymous 1868 review (actually by Augustus De Morgan) of a



Like a three-dimensional being contemplating a two-dimensional world, this Turkic period image stone stands in Western Mongolia. From *Archeology and Landscape in the Mongolian Altai: An Atlas* (ESRI Press, 2010) by Esther Jacobson-Tepfer, Maude I. Kerns professor emerita in the UO Department of Art History; James Meacham '84, M.A. '92, cofounder and director of the InfoGraphics Lab in the UO geography department; and photographer Gary Tepfer '75.

new geometry textbook by James Wilson, published in *The Athenaeum*, declared that Euclid would not be replaced since “the old geometry is a very English subject . . .” Attacks on the primacy of Euclid in the teaching of mathematics continued up until the turn of the century, as Bertrand Russell criticized the consistency of the logic of the *Elements* in his 1902 essay “The Teaching of Euclid.”

Flatland reflects this pedagogical concern. The book has been a strong influence on the teaching of mathematics, as it encourages mathematical speculation and refutes the limitations placed on mathematics by others who would demand that the study of mathematics reflect the physical world. Thus, *Flatland*, in its consideration of how perception could be shaped by our sense of space, looks forward to later developments in theoretical mathematics

by encouraging the use of imagination in exploring new mathematical territory. As a result, nearly all popular books dealing with higher-dimensional geometry or relativity begin by introducing Abbott’s narrator, the Square, as a means of illustrating physical problems with perception.

To comprehend how much our perceptions are shaped by our physical space, all we have to do is to eavesdrop from our omniscient position in three dimensions to the goings on in Abbott’s two-dimensional world. Indeed, our relationship to *Flatland*’s two-dimensional society—we are able to see more than the inhabitants, yet not be seen ourselves—is very similar to the relationship between a reader and a novel.

Additionally, the inhabitants of *Flatland* are not truly alien; it is easy to identify with their emotions and behavior. The engaging

characterization of *Flatland*’s inhabitants is noted in Banesh Hoffmann’s description, published in his introduction to the 1952 Dover edition:

The inhabitants of *Flatland* are sentient beings, troubled by our troubles and moved by our emotions. Flat they may be physically, but their characters are well-rounded. They are our kin, our own flesh and blood. We romp with them in *Flatland*. And romping, we suddenly find ourselves looking anew at our own humdrum world with the wide-eyed wonder of youth.

Abbott’s ability to create believable, understandable characters who hold our attention, while still maintaining a physically alien world, makes *Flatland* successful. 🍷

Where Stories End, Where Stories Begin

A chance encounter with a Basque shepherd on a lonely road in eastern Oregon—an event that, seen through the keen eye of H. L. Davis (1894–1960) tells a far larger story. Sometimes called “the Northwest’s Mark Twain,” Davis is the region’s only winner of a Pulitzer Prize for fiction for his 1935 novel Honey in the Horn. Davis’s best writing—stories, essays, poems, letters, and excerpts from his most famous novels—are collected in Davis Country: H. L. Davis’s Northwest, edited by Brian Booth ‘58 and Glen Love, UO professor emeritus of English. The excerpt below is taken from an essay titled “Oregon,” first published in Holiday magazine in 1953.

ALL THE GREAT Basin is high country. The altitude of the flatlands around Picture Rock Pass is over 4,000 feet, and the mountains are twice that. In the short timber northeast of Picture Rock Pass are mule deer; to the southeast, around Hart Mountain, there are antelope. In between, lying under the huge hundred-mile length of mountain scarp known as the Abert Rim, is a chain of big alkali lakes—Silver Lake, Summer Lake, Abert Lake, Goose Lake. Some are over thirty miles long. During cycles of scant rainfall, they are dry beds of white alkali, as they were during the 1930s, and in 1858 when Lieutenant Philip H. Sheridan camped in the area on some obscure Indian campaign. When the cycle turns, they run full of water again, as they are beginning to do now. The water is too alkaline for any use except as scenery, and Abert Lake has a pronounced odor, but it is pleasanter to live with than the dust clouds, and the uselessness seems a small thing when the great flocks of wild ducks and geese and black-headed trumpeter swans begin to come down on it in their northward migration every spring.

There is something wild and freakish and exaggerated about this entire lake region in the spring. The colors are unimaginably vivid: deep blues, ferocious greens, blinding whites. Mallard ducks bob serenely on mud puddles a few feet from the road, indifferent to everybody. Sheep and wild geese are scattered out in a grass meadow together, cropping the grass side by side in a spirit of complete tolerance. Horses and cattle stand knee-deep in a roadside marsh, their heads submerged to the eyes, pasturing the growth of grass underneath the water. A tractor plowing a field moves through a cloud of white Mormon sea gulls, little sharp-winged



H. L. Davis, c. 1927

creatures, no bigger than pigeons and as tame, following the fresh-turned furrow in search of worms. A flock of white snow geese turning in the high sunlight after the earth has gone into shadow looks like an explosion of silver.

The black-headed swans trumpeting sound like a thousand French taxi horns all going at once. If you happen to be close when they come down, the gigantic wings sinking past into the shadows will scare the life out of you. It is no wonder that the Indians of this country spent so much of their time starting new religions.

. . . Frenchglen, Steens Mountains. Nobody hears much about the Steens

Mountains. They are near the southeastern corner of the state, a 10,000-foot wall separating the Great Basin on the west from the tributaries of the Snake River on the east. There is a wild-game refuge in a creek valley along the western rim, with antelope and pheasants and flocks of wild ducks and geese scattered all through it.

. . . The little lake high up in the mountains looked about as it did when we used to ride up over an old wagon road in the late summer to fish for speckled trout. It was small, not over a quarter of a mile long, and not shown on most maps at all. The thickets of dwarf cottonwood around it had not grown or dwindled, the water was rough and dark and piercingly cold, and the remains of old snowdrifts in the gullies back of it still had the curiously regular shapes that looked, at a little distance, like spires and towers and gables in a white town. There was no town anywhere near; the closest was over a hundred miles away. It looked as quiet as it always had at sundown—the dark water, the ghostly cottonwoods, the scrub willows along the bank, a few scrawny flowers spotting the coarse grass. About dark, a wind came up, and it began to rain and kept it up all night. By morning it had eased up a little, but the wind was stronger and it was spitting sleet. Being snowed in, in such a place, was not a tempting prospect. I loaded the soggy camp rig into the car, turned it around gingerly in the mud, and headed out.

There was a sheep camp in the cottonwoods at the head of the lake where the road turned down the mountain. The camp tender was striking camp to pull out, the tent hanging limp on the ridgepole and flapping cumbrously when the wind struck it, the pack mules standing humped against the grains of sleet and gouts of foam from the lake that kept pelting them. The sheep were already on the way out; they were



Sheep grazing in Jordan Valley

jammed so close together down the road that it was impossible to get the car into it. I stopped, and the herder called his dog and went ahead to clear a lane through them.

It was slow work trying to crowd them off into the cottonwood thicket and there was open ground beyond, so I waved to him to drive them on through to where they would have room to spread out. He nodded, and came back to stir up the tail-enders. It was not a big herd; three hundred, maybe, mostly old ewes, hardly enough for two full-grown men to be spending their time on. He got the tail-enders started, and stood back and dropped the cottonwood branch he had been urging them along with. I expected him to say something, but he looked away, watching the dog round up a few stragglers. He was about forty, heavy-boned and slow-looking and bashful, as if he was trying to avoid being spoken to. It struck me what the reason might be, and I took a chance on it.

“De Vascondaga, verdad?” I said.

That was it. He had been trying to dodge around admitting that he didn’t know English. A good many Basque sheepherders in that country didn’t.

“Si, Vizcaya,” he said. “Aldeano de Zarauz.”

Vizcaya was one of the Basque provinces. Vascondaga was the collective name for all of them. He was from the country adjoining some town named Zarauz.

“Hace mucho?” I said.

“Dos anos,” he said. “Mas o menos.”

He was not being exactly cooperative. I would have given a good deal to be able to sling a sentence or two of Euskera at him, just to see him jump, but wishing did no good. Spanish was the best I could manage. I tried a change of subject.

“It is slow moving a camp with pack mules,” I said.

“We work with what we have,” he said.

There didn’t seem much left to say on that. I tried the weather.

“Que tiempo malo,” I said.

“Hay cosas peores,” he said. “There are worse things.” He was loosening up a little.

He had something specific in mind, I thought. If he had been over here only two years—“You saw the Civil War in Spain?”

He nodded, and took a deep breath. “Nobody sees all of a war. I saw people shot. I saw our house burned. My father was shot. I didn’t see that, but I saw enough.”


“You are *desterrado*?” I said. It was a polite expression the Spaniards used for a political refugee. It meant some thing like exile.

“A little,” he said. Then he took it back. “No. I am not *desterrado*. This is my country, here. It is the only one I need.”


His handful of lumbering old ewes plodded down the open slope in the wind. The mules flinched and humped uneasily as a blast rattled sleet against them. Some torn leaves from the cottonwoods skimmed past.


“Some people would call it bleak,” I said. “Weather as cold as this.”


“Nobody can know what is good until he has seen what is bad,” he said. “Some people don’t know. I do.”


He went to help the camp tender with the packs. I drove out of the cottonwoods and through the sheep and on down the mountain. It was Oregon, all right: the place where stories begin that end somewhere else. It has no history of its own, only endings of histories from other places; it has no complete lives, only beginnings. There are worse things. 

FLY EASY...










EUGENE AIRPORT

541-682-5544



And the Number One Reason to Avoid Doom and Gloom ...

A top scientist for a top conservation organization reflects on global warming ... and realizes that "We have done a spectacular job of demoralizing and depressing people." Among the depressed and demoralized is funnyman David Letterman, who had M. A. Sanjayan '89, M.S. '91, a lead scientist with The Nature Conservancy, as a guest on his late-night television program. Sanjayan reflected on the experience in an article titled "And the Number One Reason to Avoid Doom and Gloom ..." in the Winter 2009 issue of Nature Conservancy magazine. Reprinted by permission of The Nature Conservancy. Copyright 2009.

DAVID LETTERMAN SEEMED depressed. His first question to me, right out of the gate, set the tone for the evening: "Is there anything positive to report?"

I had been preparing for this interview for weeks. Though I had done some live television before, late-night TV was in another league. As an undergraduate at the University of Oregon, my dorm mates and I ended evenings with Track Town Pizza and Letterman. Now, twenty years later, in the historic Ed Sullivan Theater on Broadway, with a live audience that included my parents, it was me in the hot seat.

I wanted to tell Letterman about the adventures I had had working for The Nature Conservancy. Maybe he would ask me about catching sharks by hand or about finding new species in the Solomon Islands. I have the best job in conservation, and I was excited to share my world with millions of viewers. On his desk I could see some of these ideas, printed by the show's producers in bold letters on a blue cue card. But Letterman barely glanced down. Instead, he pummeled me with grim, pointed questions about the fate of the planet, which he predicted was on the verge of "turning into a smoking cinder."

I could feel beads of sweat starting to form.

In hindsight, Letterman's bleak outlook should not have been unexpected. He had heard the environmentalists' message. We in the conservation movement have done a spectacular job of demoralizing and depressing people. The rhetoric that helped kick-start the modern movement in the late '70s and early '80s was useful for getting people's attention but terrible for harnessing it to do something positive. And now, what Letterman was really saying to me was simple: You have convinced me, a comedian, that the world is doomed.



If we are to create a movement that inspires people to action, we must present a better way forward. And despite all I have seen, I still believe in the power of humans, in our inventive spirit. We, for example, have reversed the fortunes of endangered species like wolves, something unthinkable a few decades ago. I remember the first time I camped in Yellowstone National Park. It was 1989, and


When the scientist is more optimistic than the comedian, I know we have blown our messaging about the state of the planet.

nowhere could you hope to even hear the howl of wolves. Today, I expect to encounter wolves on every visit. Meanwhile, the climate-change debate has managed to unite more nations around one issue—an environmental issue—than perhaps any other since the call to end apartheid.

I tell Letterman, sure, I wish we had started all this twenty years ago when the climate science became evident, but that doesn't mean we should delay now. And I say that if the wager is between humans solving or ignoring the crisis, I bet on humans solving it. Otherwise, there won't be anyone around to collect on the bet. That gets a rousing applause.

But Letterman remains skeptical. When the scientist is more optimistic than the comedian, I know we have blown our messaging about the state of the planet.

We put a man on the moon in less than a decade, Letterman tells me, because we thought the Russians were going to do it first. "Fear is a great motivator," he asserts.

Perhaps, but when I think about our message, it's not fear that comes to mind—it's resigned depression. And that never got anyone out of bed. 

Web Extra:

To watch Sanjayan's interview with David Letterman, visit OregonQuarterly.com

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.

The American Far West in the Twentieth Century (Yale University Press, 2008) by Earl Pomeroy (1915–2005), professor emeritus of history. "His final book is nothing short of the definitive source on the modern West."

Gringa: A Contradictory Girlhood (Seal Press, 2009) by Melissa Hart, adjunct instructor of journalism and communication. "Hart's coming-of-age memoir is a moving account of her struggle with the dichotomies of class, culture, and sexuality."

The Witch's Season (BookSurge Publishing, 2009) by Terry Frei '67. "Set amid campus and national unrest, the novel takes place on the fictional [and very Eugene-like] Cascade University campus during the late 1960s," football team members encounter triumph, controversy, and disappointment on and off the field.

Inheriting the Trade: A Northern Family Confronts Its Legacy as the Largest Slave-Trading Dynasty in U.S. History (Beacon Press, 2008) by Thomas Norman DeWolf '78. DeWolf's memoir recounts the journey he and family members take in coming to terms with their ancestors' shadows.

Looking Back: The Land at Eden's Gate (Pediment Publishing, 2008) by Mick Scott '64. "A hardbound coffee table-style book about the pioneering settlements of the upper Willamette Valley, the 'Eden' at the end of the Oregon Trail."

Oregon Fossils, Second Edition (Oregon State University Press, 2009) by Elizabeth L. Orr, collections manager of the Condon Collection at the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History, and William N. Orr, professor emeritus of geology and director of the Condon Collection. "An excellent reference for classroom and library use, for researchers, and for private collectors and hobbyists."

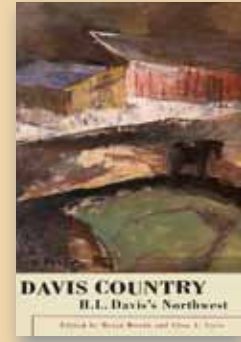
The Indian Who Bombed Berlin and Other Stories (Michigan State University Press, 2009) by longtime UO creative writing professor Ralph Salisbury. "Salisbury's stories are engaging and unique. He has a distinctive approach to assembling the elements of a narrative . . . like pieces of a dream."

For more Bookshelf entries, visit OregonQuarterly.com

Excerpted in this issue

FLATLAND (Broadview Editions, 2010) by Edwin Abbott, edited by Lila Marz Harper.

DAVIS COUNTRY: H. L. DAVIS'S NORTHWEST (OSU Press, 2009) edited by Brian Booth and Glen Love.



Reach Deep
Move Forward



Jon Voegelé, Class of '08, Regional VP of Agencies—Illinois Region, Country Financial

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

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



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

CELEBRATING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

ECONOMICS

Rock Star Economist

He keeps his finger on the pulse of Oregon's economy.

IT WAS LATE 2007 AND THE U.S. economy was roaring. The Dow Jones Industrial Average stood at almost 14,000, just a fraction below its all-time high, having rocketed from under 8,000 in 2003. On Monday, December 10, the Dow had tacked on yet another 100 points, but on Tuesday *The Oregonian* ran a startling, nearly half-page headline graphic topping its business section: “THE UO INDEX OF ECONOMIC INDICATORS HAS FALLEN 2.8 PERCENT IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS: A DECLINE OF MORE THAN 2 PERCENT IN A SIX-MONTH PERIOD SIGNALS THAT A RECESSION IS LIKELY IMMINENT.”

The man behind the index, issued monthly, was and is University of Oregon adjunct assistant professor of economics Tim Duy (*dew-ee*), M.S. '98, Ph.D. '98.

The story accompanying the headline said, “Duy’s outlook for the state struck some experts as alarmist” while others suspected that he “was the first person to voice the truth. . . A year from now, Duy . . . will be seen as a genius—or Chicken Little.”

Mensa 1, KFC 0.

Duy created the index in 2004. It combines data from seven sources, each reflecting some measure of the economy, together forming a sensitive gauge. Connect the index month to month and a trend line emerges. The indicators are U.S. consumer confidence figures and manufacturing orders, interest rate spreads, and specific to Oregon, stats for payrolls, initial unemployment claims, residential building permits, and truck-shipped goods.

“Some indicators go up, some down,”

Duy says. “How to tie them all together into one story, that is what I work the hardest at. It is like a huge mess of jigsaw puzzle pieces. The index puts them together into a coherent picture.”

Under the auspices of the UO’s Oregon Economic Forum (which he directs), Duy sends his monthly picture to six or seven hundred people—among them analysts, business owners and managers, policy wonks, and journalists. Those journalists produce stories for major media outlets statewide and greatly extend the reach of the index. “I usually have five or so interviews the day it goes out,” he says. (During the interview for this story, online stock market information and analysis service Seeking Alpha called Duy for expert comment.)

The index that generates all this attention comes from one tiny and nondescript office in Prince Lucien Campbell Hall filled with not much more than a desk, some books, a telephone and computer, family photos, and his kid’s artwork. Equally unassuming is Duy himself, a wearer of cowboy hats and boots, a lover of “both kinds of music—country *and* western.” He gets a kick out of having been described in various media as a liberal, a conservative, and a maverick—all in one month.

Though he sometimes finds it “a bit awkward” getting so much limelight while many economists around him toil in relative obscurity, he believes public outreach and service are vitally important for the University. “Everybody [in the department] is doing great work, many are lead-

ers in their field,” he says, but many of his colleagues also “don’t have the time for this kind of effort, or the disposition, or are in areas where it isn’t likely to happen.” For him it is a good fit all around, and work he’s eager to do.

Part of that work is public outreach—people want to see him face to face, hear him talk, ask him questions. This makes Duy a popular speaker with business and civic groups. “I try to limit my trips out of town to one drive a week, which amounts to around 800 miles a month,” he says. He recently drove from Eugene to Bend to speak at a meeting of the City Club of Central Oregon. He stayed the night and headed to Portland in the morning to address the West Side Economic Alliance. Medford and Salem are also regular destinations. And with the addition in the last few years of three region-specific business indexes (Portland Metro, Lane County, and Central Oregon) he’s more in demand than ever.

What do these audiences want to know? “I need to be prepared for insightful questions on a wide range of macroeconomic issues. It’s very difficult to ‘wing it,’” he says. With the recession, however, he often finds himself taking questions from people whose jobs have been taken away or are at least threatened by economic forces beyond their control. “It does not give me a warm feeling, to say the least. The only consolation is that people are sophisticated. I am usually just confirming what they already know.”

Many encounters are far less weighty;



UO economist Tim Duy

he often hears, “Oh, you’re *that* guy.” And the nearly inevitable follow-up question: will stock X go up or down? “Happens all the time,” he says with a shake of the head and a good-humored smile on his lips (which stay zipped when asked for tips).

Duy’s focus extends far beyond Oregon. He is an active and respected blogger about the actions and policies of the Federal Reserve. He writes the Fed Watch blog that appears on fellow UO economist Mark Thoma’s Economist’s View blog. An article titled “A Readers Guide to Econoblogs,” published this summer in *The Wall Street Journal*, called Economist’s View “a must-read” and “one-stop shopping for the most interesting economic news of the day.” The *Journal* described Duy’s Fed Watch as “smart” and said it provides “an inside look at what the Fed is actually up to and what it means to everyone else.”

After growing up in Chicago (“a typical Midwest upbringing”) with moves in his teen years to Dallas and Denver, he came west to attend the University of Puget Sound, earning a B.A. in economics in 1991. He also met Portlander, and future wife, Heather Walloch, J.D. ’96. Both avid backpackers, they hiked “probably every major trail and lots of minor ones” in the Olympic National Forest.

Following graduate school at Oregon, he took a job in Washington, D.C., for the U.S. Department of the Treasury as an economist in the International Affairs division. His work involved tracking monthly U.S. trade data and Japanese monetary policy as well as forecasting the U.S. trade deficit.

Duy drafted a paper that was to be discussed at a very large and, for him, very memorable meeting of Federal Reserve

He gets a kick out of having been described in various media as a liberal, a conservative, and a maverick—all in one month.

and treasury department bigwigs. In walked Larry Summers, then about to be named secretary of the treasury for President Clinton (and currently director of the Obama administration’s National Economic Council). When Summers turned his attention to Duy’s work, there was what seemed like an eternity before the esteemed economist declared the paper to be a terrific bit of research and analysis. Not long later, Duy scored a half-hour meeting with top Clinton economic adviser Robert Rubin—another feather in the cap of the young economist rapidly making a name for himself.

He knew he eventually wanted to return to the Northwest—and it was clear that path would lead through the private sector,” Duy says. So he took a position with the G7 Group, a political and economic consultancy for clients in the financial industry. There, he monitored the activities of the Federal Reserve and currency markets. He added to his list of contacts and gained more experience. Burnished résumé in hand, he got back to the Northwest, taking a position at the UO in 2002.

“The many people I met and the many connections I made in D.C. and later at G7 laid the foundation for my current work. Those connections helped establish my credibility in a world where it’s hard to gain credibility.”

His background and regular appearances in the mass media are also useful in establishing credibility with his students, he says, especially those in his economic forecasting course. “They see I’m a working practitioner, applying exactly the kinds of things I’m teaching them, practicing what I preach.”

And keeping close watch on Oregon’s economy. ☪

—Ross West, M.F.A. ’84

CAMPUS JOURNALISM

Beware the Underdog

Edgy and irreverent, conservative and sometimes sodden, the Oregon Commentator celebrates a quarter century of publication.

"If the content of the Oregon Commentator offends you, you're not alone . . . [but], if we do not permit offensive ideas to be given a forum, then we, not the Commentator, are the enemies of diversity."

—Oregon Daily Emerald editorial

"Never pick a fight with someone who buys ink by the barrel."

—Mark Twain

IN THE OPENING CHAPTER OF THE new book *By the Barrel: 25 Years of the Oregon Commentator*, publisher Timothy Dane Carbaugh writes, "The vernacular of the original *Commentator* was 'college intellectual,' a tone that soon intensified to 'pissed-off college intellectual."

"Pissed off enough to care," says Ossie Bladine '08, *OC*'s 2007–8 editor in chief, and "intelligent enough to know where the lines of moderation are," and, in trademark *OC* fashion, "to test those limits at every chance."

Here in the U.S.A., of course, such testing is protected as free speech by the Constitution and Supreme Court decisions that allow publications, as one *OC* writer gleefully put it, to "get away with damn near anything."

From the very first issue (October 24, 1983) the *OC* delivered its relentless, bare-knuckle treatment to such targets as the ASUO and OSPIRG—seemingly most galled by perceived ASUO misappropriation of student incidental fees, charged to each enrolled student and used to support all manner of student groups and activities (including the *OC*). Typical *OC* story: "The Incidental Fee Committee, Corruption, and You." Between 1993 and 1995, no less than thirty-five stories addressed incidental fees, each screaming bloody murder.

"What we lacked in professionalism we made up for with old-fashioned fighting spirit. . . . We were on the front lines . . . we called bullshit," says Bladine.

While a reader skimming the some-



The O.C.'s cheerful and fun-loving mascot, Sudsy O'Sullivan.

times expletive-laden, boozed-up prose of the magazine might confuse it for a college humor magazine (definitely parody, satire, spoofs, and lampooning aplenty), a sober ideological intensity undergirds the *OC*, reflected in this line from its 400-word mission statement: "We believe that the University is an important battleground in the 'war of ideas' and that the outcome of political battles of the future are, to a large degree, being determined on campuses today."

That war of ideas sometimes gets ugly. In the summer of 1997, the *OC* office was burgled and trashed, their computer stolen; a short time later the office door was defaced with swastikas.

The *OC* struck back—with words not cudgels—in a piece titled "Thievery and Douchebaggery."

The publication may have been in full-est flower a few years before the break-in, under the leadership of Owen Brennan '95. The staff and contributors (in lean years dwindling to a mere handful of true believers) swelled to thirty-four.

"Nobody was safe from Brennan and his staff," writes Carbaugh, "[the Incidental Fee Committee] chairs, the Black Student Union, *The Student Insurgent* . . . and

MEChA were subject to public deconstruction by the *Commentator*, [which] made no bones about who they thought were wasteful, unnecessary, hypocritical, or downright stupid."

When an issue featuring a cover story critical of MEChA mysteriously disappeared from distribution boxes in early 1994, Brennan republished the article in the next issue, under the headline "Read the Article They Don't Want You to Read." He also quadrupled the number of copies printed—"one for every student"—to stop any further efforts to silence the *OC*'s voice.

Earlier that same year Arnold Ismach, then dean of the School of Journalism and Communication, had written to congratulate Brennan and the *OC*: "The *Commentator* this year stands out as the best written, best edited, and certainly most thought-provoking journal at Oregon."

According to Senior Editor Scott Camp '94, Brennan was the *Commentator*'s "unquestioned visionary." Testimony to his enduring influence comes from 1999–2001 editor William Beutler '02: "I produced approximately twenty issues of the Damned Thing, about two or three of them stone classics, at least one utter garbage, and the rest somewhere in between.

This is what happens when an all-volunteer staff is led by a twenty-year-old whose craziest notions are held in check only by the thought ‘Would Owen Brennan have done this?’ Indeed, WWOBD?

A low point for the *OC* came in 1989 when editor Paul Coughlin '89 penned a vitriolic editorial on the “homosexual lifestyle.” (*By the Barrel* stresses, “the offending article was not in line with the typically libertarian-leaning editorial direction of the publication.”) As a result of the story, the ASUO attempted to cut funding for the *OC*, but “people started coming out of the woodwork to support us,” said Coughlin in a *Register-Guard* article on what had quickly morphed into a First Amendment test case. “Even people who hated our guts.”

This brouhaha, however, was nothing compared to “Bonergate.” Remember the political cartoons depicting the prophet Mohammad published by a Dutch newspaper in 2005—and the deadly riots they ignited? The *OC* reprinted the controversial images . . . and got zilch response. Or nearly zilch; soon thereafter, the UO's radical leftist newspaper, *The Student Insurgent* (once razzed by the *OC* as “still bitter over humankind's continuing hegemony over the adorable forest creatures”) published its own incendiary cartoons of Jesus in, *ahem*, some extremely objectionable depictions—hence Bonergate. The *OC* posted the *Insurgent's* little-noticed cartoons on the Internet. Soon conservative cable TV commentator Bill O'Reilly saw the cartoons—and went ballistic.

By this time Owen Brennan was a producer for *The O'Reilly Factor* program. Unable to find a spokesperson from the *Insurgent* willing to defend the cartoons, Brennan lined up *OC* editor Tyler Graf '07.

“I was only there to stand up for the rights of the assholes who printed the images,” Graf says. “There had been so many attempts to drive the *OC* into the ground over the years, based on our content, that I had to stick by my guns.”

In the broadcast, O'Reilly fumes about “the old ‘freedom of speech’ dodge” and the undergraduate Graf holds his own against the famously combative interviewer (“Well, I think that's an absurd thing to say, Bill.”).

“My point was simple,” Graf recounts. “Speech, no matter how odious, should not be silenced.”

But all high-minded theorizing and no play makes for a very dull magazine,

the last thing anyone would call the *OC*. No-holds-barred humor helps keep readers turning pages. An example: a piece called “Student Government Drinking Game”—printed soon after an ASUO vice president had been caught stealing merchandise from the student bookstore. The game's rules called for two drinks “for a VP caught shoplifting. A keg if that individual is run out of office. Two kegs if the individual claims their ‘resignation’ is due to racism, mean folks, and/or the military industrial complex.”

Ah yes, drinking—the magazine staff has a legendary love for the booze (“Our original plans to cover the Olympic Trials here in Eugene were thwarted by the jackbooted organizers,” wrote one disappointed *OC* correspondent. “Apparently you have to have ‘credentials’ and ‘not be visibly intoxicated’ to get a press pass.”). One day in 2001, after imbibing at campus-area pub Rennie's Landing (“the [*OC*] office away from the office”), staffers conceived *OC* mascot Sudsy O'Sullivan. (“Sudsy says: ‘Being the first to throw up at the party is like crossing the finish line first. And drunk.’”) Sudsy's life has been filled with scandalous exploits and much Sturm und Drang, leading most notably to his untimely death in May 2004 (from causes related to trying to make himself into a gigantic boilermaker), and, most remarkably, six months later, when he rose from the dead.

An *OC* editor once quipped there should be something offensive to every reader's sensibilities in every issue. By this measure, the publication is most certainly a thundering success.

“Maybe one day this magazine, this carbuncle on the ass of the University, will fold,” editor emeritus C. J. Ciaramella recently reflected on the publication's quarter-century legacy. “But ladies and gentlemen and transsexuals, today is not that day . . . As for the next twenty-five years, who can say? But if there's one thing you should know by now, it's this: Beware the underdog!” ☞

—Ross West, M.F.A. '84

[*By the Barrel* is available at the campus Duck Store and on the *OC* website, www.oregoncommentator.com]

Web Extra: Read Dave Frohnmayer on the *Oregon Commentator* at OregonQuarterly.com.

JORDAN SCHNITZER MUSEUM OF ART

The Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art Thanks University of Oregon Alumni for their Gifts of Art!



Robert Longo, American, b. 1953. *Joseph*, 2000. Lithograph (edition of 50), 70" x 40". Gift of Jordan D. Schnitzer ('73). 2004:8.2, © Robert Longo

Did you know that the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art

- Is a nationally accredited museum?
- Supports the academic curriculum?
- Organizes and presents exciting and insightful exhibitions?
- Has outstanding collections of art from Asia and America?
- Depends on the generosity of alumni?

jsma.uoregon.edu
(541) 346-3027

EO/AA/ADA institution committed
to cultural diversity



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

JOURNALISM

When the Shirt Hit the Fans

Fame and fortune (and a whole lot of fun) come to students behind the "I Love My Ducks" phenomenon.

A FEW YEARS BACK, TWO YOUNG guys came from North Bend to the UO to get an education, and beyond that, well . . . their plans were a wee bit fuzzy in the out years. As freshmen in the Carson Hall dormitory, they met the third musketeer; all shared a love for word-play, fun, music, fun, and heavy doses of Duck sports. Recently, the three rocketed into the surreal hyperspace of fame, overnight sensations riding on a thudding rap beat and a heartfelt tag line that might stick around for a long, long time.

Senior journalism majors Michael Bishop, Brian McAndrew, and Jamie Slade were involved with DuckU, "the University of Oregon's only student-produced TV show," for which they created a number of goofy and playful music videos under the group name Supwitchugirl (a contraction of the phrase "What's up with you, girl?"). But then something happened: the Duck football team crushed Arizona State on November 14, setting up the ultimate high-stakes Civil War game with Oregon State—for the first time in history, whichever team won would play in the Rose Bowl. Intoxicated by the scent of roses, Supwitchugirl wrote, shot, and edited "I Love My Ducks," a deliriously catchy rap video capturing fan excitement about the year's stunningly successful football team and exploding with Oregon pride.

"Brian edited it on Sunday," recalls Slade, "and we posted it on YouTube Monday night. By Tuesday morning we had thousands and thousands of hits."

Then came a phone call from the UO athletics department. There was a problem. In all their unbridled enthusiasm, Supwitchugirl had enlisted the help of the huge, cuddly, and much-loved Oregon Ducks mascot (or at least of one of the students who dress in the Duck costume), who shimmy, shakes, and waddles prominently in the video. Contractual details with Disney, however, make unauthorized use of the Duck a big fat no-no.

"So we yanked it from YouTube," Slade says. The decision was unpopular but necessary—the media gave voice to the seeming injustice many felt at the creative young



Supwitchugirl performing at Rose Bowl tailgater in Pasadena

men's heartfelt effort being squashed.

But controlling material on the Internet isn't easy; several copies of the video appeared and streamed around the world, were linked to, recopied, reposted, and viewed ten, thirty, sixty thousand times. In the past a record might go gold or platinum; "I Love My Ducks" went viral. At last count, the video, again on YouTube, has had almost 700,000 views.

"Voice of the Ducks" Jerry Allen played the song on his radio show, bubbling, "This video is great!" UO football coach Chip Kelly played it over and over to inspire the team and invited the young men who created it to his office to tell them how much he liked their work. Big league sports reporter Dan Patrick (mentioned in the rap's lyrics) talked about it on his website. Walking around on campus together, the three began hearing shouts of "Hey, you're the 'I Love My Ducks' guys."

"In a week we went from regular college students to a viral video sensation," Slade says.

But the group has no advice for others who might want to emulate their success. "You don't plan on making a viral video, it just happens," Slade says. "It blows up. No explanation."

And as far as all the media coverage that cast the athletics department as the

heavies and Supwitchugirl as the steam-rolled? Slade laughs, "The controversy was a blessing in disguise—it got us a lot of attention."

Part of that attention came by way of Supwitchugirl's Facebook page, which was drawing fans by the thousands. One thing the fans kept asking for was an "I Love My Ducks" T-shirt.

Supwitchugirl met with Jim Williams '68, general manager of the Duck Store, and talked about going into the T-shirt business. A signed contract soon gave the Duck Store an exclusive deal on the shirts—to be priced at \$12—and Supwitchugirl two bucks per sale. Less than forty-eight hours later, the first shirts arrived at the campus Duck Store—kelly green with blocky lettering, designed by senior digital arts major Tav Scott. The timing was perfect to take advantage of the intense excitement rapidly building for the Civil War game. "The response was overwhelming," Williams says. "It was impossible to keep up with demand."

The shirts sold out immediately. More shirts were ordered and more after that, all from longtime Duck Store supplier Identity by Sew On in Springfield. The shop scrambled to keep up, adding extra staff members, and extra shifts, working eighteen hours a day, seven days a week.

Fueled by social media buzz and traditional media stories now focused on the wild demand for the shirts, crowds of shirt-hunters swelled at the Duck Store. “I’ve never seen anything like it,” Williams recalls. “In all my thirty-eight years here, there has never been anything near this. It was my first experience of seeing firsthand the power of social media.”

The “I Love My Ducks” video (a version sans the Duck) thundered through the Autzen Stadium sound system and appeared on the jumbo screen at the December 3 Civil War game, driving fans nearly delirious. Following the UO victory (and with only twenty-some shopping days until Christmas), shirt sales skyrocketed. Orders poured in from around the country to the Duck Store’s mail-order operation, peaking at 1,000 T-shirts of all kinds per day, with ILMD by far the most popular.

The unprecedented demand quickly blew through all local stock of green shirts, and soon that of all West Coast suppliers. A run of black shirts filled in the gap until rush-ordered green shirts arrived from warehouses as far away as the East Coast.

In the weeks between the Civil War and Rose Bowl the suddenly white-hot group received numerous offers to make videos and commercials and invitations to perform. They made what was for two members (Bishop and McAndrew) a triumphant return to North Bend for a middle school performance.

“It was our Beatles moment. They were the rowdiest crowd we ever played for,” Slade laughs. “A girl in the front row was crying. We signed autographs for every kid in that school till our hands were sore.”

When the ILMD phenomenon first took off, an *Oregonian* story reported the group hoped to use their profits to pay for a trip to the Rose Bowl. But things had changed by late December. The UO Alumni Association now *hired* the group to perform at both the pep rally on Santa Monica pier and the pregame tailgate party in Pasadena—with thousands of Duck-crazed fans shouting out the chorus to what had become the team’s unofficial anthem. The group met quarterback Jeremiah Masoli (whose name is rhymed in the rap with *ravioli*) and other UO players. ESPN sportscaster Neil Everett ’84 sought out and congratulated the trio. “We weren’t just watching, we were part of everything,” Slade beams. “*It was so fun!*”

With T-shirt sales (and now sweat-shirts, hoodies, women’s-cut tops and even tiny toddler shirts) nearing 40,000, Supwitchugirl is looking at significant profits. Each member has travel in his plans; one says he will use the windfall to retire his student loans.

The benefits of their unlikely and meteoric rise extend beyond the financial. “It was a crash course in communications law,” Slade says. “There was no grade, but

a whole lot of learning.

“One other thing,” he adds with unmistakable pride. “People e-mail us from all over and say, ‘Now we’re Duck fans,’ and ‘We wish we had people like you at our university.’ That feels really good.”

—Ross West, M.F.A. ’84

Web Extra: View “I Love My Ducks” and other Supwitchugirl videos at OregonQuarterly.com.



The Oregon M.B.A. combines a solid foundation of core business courses with targeted electives and myriad applied learning opportunities focused on our four signature centers in

- Securities Analysis
- Innovation and Entrepreneurship
- Sustainable Business Practices
- Sports Business

These centers embody what Oregon is all about: hands-on, collegial, enterprising, welcoming, and socially and environmentally responsible.

We call it the Oregon Advantage.

FOCUSED. EXPERIENTIAL. PERSONAL.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
Lundquist College of Business

www.oregonmba.info



ORDER YOUR PIECE OF HISTORY!

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

OREGON QUARTERLY/RB POSTER

5228 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-5228

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

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

Oregon
QUARTERLY

I N B R I E F



Art in the Heart of Campus Anyone taking a tour of public art on the UO campus now has a new stop. Path/WEG II by sculptor Susi Rosenberg of Munich, Germany, is located in the quad near Straub Hall and the Student Recreation Center. The sculpture's indented square columns capture Eugene's ample rainfall. Rosenberg created the piece a decade ago while participating in an artist-in-residence program at the UO and later donated the piece to the University.

Rupp Wins 'Track-and-Field Heisman'

Following a stellar senior year (winning five NCAA indoor and outdoor titles), UO runner Galen Rupp '09 was the inaugural winner of the Bowerman Award, bestowed on the top U.S. collegiate male and female track-and-field athletes.

How Oregon Helps Oregon

A new website provides a one-stop overview of how the UO is reaching out to the residents and communities of Oregon—from small business clinics and high-tech collaboration to addressing issues of violence and exposing grade school kids to science. Visit AcademicOutreach.uoregon.edu/index.php.

Creative Writing Ranked in Top Ten

The UO's M.F.A. program in creative writing was ranked tenth in the nation by *Poets & Writers* magazine, in an analysis of the top fifty programs in the United States. The UO program also rated fifth in the magazine's postgraduate placement category, which ranks schools based on fellowships and awards.

Going Greener

The UO, along with some 650 other institutions of higher education, signed the American College

and University Presidents Climate Commitment, a pledge to improve environmental sustainability. Turning a commitment into reality requires a plan; the UO's Climate Action Plan is available for review and comment. Visit sustainability.uoregon.edu.


Research Funds Set Record

UO research funding in the first quarter of the 2009–10 fiscal year hit \$69.4 million—a 60 percent increase over the record-setting first quarter of \$43.4 million a year ago. The UO research funding record for an entire fiscal year is \$115.3 million, set in 2007–8.

Faculty Spotlight

Three University of Oregon scientists—physicist and Philip H. Knight Professor of Science James E. Brau and chemistry professors Victoria J. DeRose and David R. Tyler—have been chosen as fellows of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. G. Z. Brown, Philip H. Knight Professor of Architecture and Allied Arts, has earned a lifetime achievement award from the Oregon chapter of the Association of Professional Energy Managers.

Enrollment Up

UO enrollment increased 4.1 percent this fall to an all-time record of 22,386. Total Oregon resident enrollment, including undergraduates and graduates, increased to 14,644 this fall compared to 13,881 in 2008. 


SUSI ROSENBERG



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

A man with short dark hair and glasses, wearing a grey polo shirt, is pointing with his right hand towards a diagram on a chalkboard. The diagram shows a circular structure with several lines radiating from a central point, some ending in arrows. The chalkboard background has some faint, handwritten text, including "be between them" and "superposition".

Smart. Energetic. Passionate. Disciplined.
On and off the field.

A close-up, green-tinted photograph of a person's face, likely a student or athlete, looking slightly to the side. The image is partially obscured by the text and the top image.

The University of Oregon is more than the sum of its outstanding academic programs, game-changing research, and numerous honors. It's first and foremost about people—innovating and collaborating to make a difference in the world. Our energetic students, together with our passionate faculty, are working to help shape the future. Making the University of Oregon a place of momentum, discipline, and big ideas. Both on and off the field.

www.uochampions.org

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

life's on... tune in



PROFile

Michael Dreiling

Associate Professor of Sociology



Unlike many classrooms, where the air is stiff with silent listening and note taking, sociologist Michael Dreiling's classroom is often filled with conversation. In fact, his students are expected to speak up in class.

To get them talking, Dreiling asks tough questions. In his American Society course, for example, he asks: "How are you both a product and a producer in this moment?" At first, the students avert their eyes, extraordinarily interested in something written in their notebooks, so Dreiling invites them to begin by simply looking around at each other and observe. "What do you see?" he asks. A few moments pass before a hand raises. Then two more. Then another. One student observes: Most of us are wearing jeans; could that make us products of fashion? What about the way we behave in various situations? another student suggests. We're products of a specific social code. "Good," Dreiling encourages. "What else? How are you creating this reality?" Well, a student suggests, we purchase the clothes and adhere to trends, so we both create *and* perpetuate the fashion cycle. Another student speaks up: The social situations

that require specific behavior are all things that we created—classrooms, dog parks, or black tie functions. "Excellent thinking," Dreiling replies. "What might this mean for us?" As students respond, they begin to understand that the answer is only part of a larger question.

Dreiling compares sociology with a jigsaw puzzle. One can identify individual patterns, or pieces, but until they are fused with others, they are just pieces. When they're examined with and fitted into a box of other pieces, they create a larger image.

"The observations that the students make are essential," Dreiling says. They learn to look beyond themselves and understand how individual actions can affect the big picture—society as a whole.

Their newfound critical awareness, Dreiling believes, will serve them in any area of life. "The thing I always hope for," he says, "is that students walk away with an expanded field of perception."


Name: Michael Dreiling

Education: B.A. '90, University of California, Irvine; M.A. '93 and Ph.D. '97 University of Michigan

Teaching Experience: Graduate student instructor, teaching assistant, and lecturer at the University of Michigan, 1989–95. He joined the UO Department of Sociology as assistant professor in 1996. An associate professor since 2002, he was the sociology graduate program director 2003–8.

Awards: Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching in 2009; two-time winner of the Rippey Innovative Teaching Award in 2005 and 2008.

Off-Campus: Dreiling spends as much time as possible outdoors with his three kids. He enjoys gardening, trail running, and water sports.

Last Word: "There are many layers to social reality. Things are not always as they seem." 

—Melissa Hoffman

COURTESY MICHAEL DREILING

Life is measured in moments...

MAKE EVERY MOMENT COUNT.

Whether it was raising our family, pursuing careers or giving back to the community, we've done our best to make every moment of our lives count. The same is true now. That's why we chose a Brookdale® Senior Living community where there are endless opportunities to do the things that matter most to us, like travel, fitness, hobbies and enjoying the company of friends and family.

*Come see how our communities can help you make the most of your life.
It'll only take a moment.*

CALL TODAY FOR OREGON ALUMNI DISCOUNTS.*

CLARE BRIDGE BEAVERTON
Alzheimer's and Dementia Care
Daily Moments of SuccessSM
16655 NW Walker Rd., Beaverton, OR 97006
(503) 439-1653

CLARE BRIDGE BEND
Alzheimer's and Dementia Care
Daily Moments of SuccessSM
1099 NE Watt Way, Bend, OR 97701
(541) 385-4717

CLARE BRIDGE SALEM
Alzheimer's and Dementia Care
Daily Moments of SuccessSM
1355 Boone Rd., SE Salem, OR 97306
(503) 365-7500

CLARE BRIDGE TROUTDALE
Alzheimer's and Dementia Care
Daily Moments of SuccessSM
1201 SW Cherry Park Rd.,
Troutdale, OR 97060
(503) 465-8104

VILLAS ALBANY
Independent Living
Exceptional Experiences Every DaySM
1560 Davidson St. SE,
Albany, OR 97322
(541) 926-6800

VILLAS COURTYARD
Independent Living
Exceptional Experiences Every DaySM
1929 Grand Prairie Rd. SE
Albany, OR 97322
(541) 928-9536

VILLAS McMINNVILLE
Independent Living
Exceptional Experiences Every DaySM
Personal Care Community
775 NE 27th St.
McMinnville, OR 97128
(503) 472-3130

WYNWOOD ALBANY
PERSONALIZED Assisted Living
Respect for Individual PreferencesSM
2445 Geary St. SE, Albany, OR 97322
(541) 926-8200

WYNWOOD FOREST GROVE
Personal Care Community
3110 19th Ave., Forest Grove, OR 97116
(503) 357-3288

WYNWOOD McMINNVILLE
PERSONALIZED Assisted Living
Respect for Individual PreferencesSM
Alzheimer's and Dementia Care
Daily Moments of SuccessSM
721 NE 27th St., McMinnville, OR 97128
(503) 435-0100

WYNWOOD MT. HOOD
Personal Care Community
25200 SE Stark St., Gresham, OR 97030
(503) 665-4300

WYNWOOD ROGUE VALLEY
Personal Care Community
3033 Barnett Rd.
Medford, OR 97504
(541) 776-7600



BROOKDALE®
SENIOR LIVING

www.brookdaleliving.com

Exceptional Experiences Every Day, Respect for Individual Preferences and Daily Moments of Success are Service Marks of Brookdale Senior Living Inc., Nashville, TN, USA.
©Reg. U.S. Patent and TM Office

OTT/AROP/1-0809



BROOKDALE SENIOR LIVING HAS OVER 500 COMMUNITIES IN 35 STATES.

CALL OR VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.BROOKDALELIVING.COM

**Geographic restrictions apply. Call for specific details.*



Michael Posner Honored with National Medal of Science

University of Oregon emeritus professor of psychology Michael Posner was among nine recipients of the 2009 National Medal of Science, the highest honor given by the U.S. government to scientists, engineers, and inventors.

"It is a great honor for me, the areas of research in which I have been working, and the many students and collaborators who have been involved and are involved in these studies," Posner says.

The medal's accompanying citation reads, "For his innovative application of technology to the understanding of brain function, his incisive and accurate modeling of functional tasks, and his development of methodological and conceptual tools to help understand the mind and the development of brain networks of attention."

How did it feel to be honored by the president at the White House ceremony, receiving the award alongside such scientific luminaries as human-genome mapper J. Craig Ventner?


"It really brought home to me how important the vast sweep of scientific areas are to each other and to the future of our country," Posner says. "I was most appreciative that the president recognized that in his comments."

At the October 7 East Room event, President Obama said the recipients embody "the very best of American ingenuity and inspir[e] a new generation of thinkers and innovators. Their extraordinary achievements strengthen our nation every day—not just intellectually and technologically but also economically, by helping create new industries and opportunities that others before them could never have imagined."

Posner, who joined the UO faculty in 1965, is "a seminal figure in the whole field of cognitive neuroscience," says Lou Moses, head of the UO psychology department. His research contributions have been widely recognized; his work—his name appears on more than 200 academic journal articles—is among the most cited in the field. "Many of his publications have become citation classics," Moses says. In addition to the papers, Posner also coauthored the influential book *Images of Mind* (Scientific American Library, 1994).

"Posner's contributions to science transcend his own discoveries. He has had profound influence," says Rich Linton, UO vice president for research and graduate studies. "Mike's visionary leadership has been instrumental in launching countless scholars and programs into fruitful pursuit of the relationship between mind and brain."

For his achievements, Posner has won many major awards and honors, including a Guggenheim Fellowship and election to the National Academy of Sciences, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was named Oregon Scientist of the Year in 1995.

The National Medal of Science was created by statute in 1959 and is administered for the White House by the National Science Foundation. 

Web Extra: See the White House ceremony on video, visit OregonQuarterly.com

Faculty Excellence

**Accounting professor
Steve Matsunaga makes a
difference every day:**

- Inspiring undergraduates by making complex concepts accessible
- Publishing research in the top three academic journals in the past two years alone
- Mentoring Ph.D. students and advancing the research culture of the accounting department
- Garnering media coverage of his ideas in *The Wall Street Journal*, *CFO* magazine, and more.

In recognition, the University of Oregon Lundquist College of Business named Matsunaga the 2010 Thomas C. Stewart Distinguished Professor.

By empowering our faculty members as both world-class scholars and top-notch teachers, **Tom Stewart '72** is helping to perpetuate and expand our tradition of academic excellence.

You, too, can make a difference by supporting our Faculty Excellence Fund.

www.lcb.uoregon.edu/invest

Lundquist College of Business
Office of External Programs
1208 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-1208
541-346-3370



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
Lundquist College of Business



Above right: Saul Zaik in the living room of the home he designed for his family; top left: an addition to Timberline Lodge Zaik designed in 1968; middle left: the Feldman residence in Portland, designed by Zaik in the 1950s; lower left: Bigley residence, designed in 1962; immediate right: Zidell residence in Portland's west hills built on a three-foot-thick steel ship's mast in 1970 (exterior and interior); second from right: interior of the Inskeep residence, also in the west hills; far right: interior of Zaik residence.

the arc of the architect

In a career that spans fifty-eight years and counting, architect Saul Zaik '52 has become a very visible invisible man.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ | PORTRAITS BY TIM LABARGE

Firmitatis, utilitatis, venustatis.

These are what the architecture textbook identifies as the three defining principles of a good building. This particular textbook happens to have been written by the Roman architect Vitruvius early in the first century C.E., but not that much has really changed. A good building should (still) be durable, function in a manner suited to the people who will use it, and be delightful to the eye while uplifting to the spirit. Two out of three doesn't cut it—witness your average strip mall, gas station, or tract house.

It is the architect (from a combination of the early Greek words for “leader” and “builder”) who must create the balance. And it is a position of some responsibility: entire cultures, entire peoples, entire ages are remembered by their buildings. From the distance of forty centuries, the ancient Egyptians didn't merely *build* the pyramids, the ancient Egyptians *are* the pyramids. Ditto Rome's Coliseum, the Alhambra, Angkor Wat, Chichen Itza—the list illu-

minates high points of human history.

So the stakes are high, and in the last century or so, America has produced one true popular icon of architecture, the one name (or actually three) that almost anyone in the country can pull to mind: Frank Lloyd Wright. There are others in the pantheon, of course: Philip Johnson, Frank Gehry, Richard Meier, Michael Graves, I. M. Pei, Walter Gropius, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe, Eero Saarinen, Pietro Belluschi, Alvar Aalto—to name a plausible few.

The state of Oregon can claim one of the names on that rarified list, if more by an accident of geography than anything else. Pietro Belluschi was born in Italy and educated at Cornell. He came west in the mid-1920s to work as a mining engineer in Idaho, where he soon heard about a job as a draftsman in the office of the famous Portland architect A.E. Doyle. Within a few years of Doyle's death in 1928, Belluschi took over the firm and by the end of World War II had designed the landmark Equitable Building (now known as the Commonwealth Building)



ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOS COURTESY OF SAUL ZAIK

in Portland. It was one of the very first “glass box” office towers, and the first to use double-pane glass, aluminum cladding, and to be totally sealed and air-conditioned. The building made Belluschi an icon of modernist architecture and the hero for an exceptional group of Northwest architects, who would begin to come into their own at the halfway point of the twentieth century.

One of those young guys worked briefly in the office of Belluschi, Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill (BSOM), although by the time he



Top: Administration building at Crater Lake; middle: interior of Hege residence in Mount Tabor area of Portland; Naito residence in Salishan, designed in 1969.

arrived the famous architect had departed to be dean of the architecture school at MIT. A Portland native and recent graduate of the University of Oregon School of Architecture and Allied Arts, Saul Zaik would soon begin making quite a reputation of his own. As Louis Sullivan, the late-nineteenth-century architect of the early skyscrapers, famously said: “Form forever follows function.” The arc had begun.

Utilitatis

Some architects know their true calling from a very early age. Buildings speak to them; they hear music in structure and space. That was not Saul Zaik.

Born in 1926 in northwest Portland, just a few blocks from where his office stands today, Zaik grew up without much idea of what he wanted to do. He liked to draw, usually cars, and he enjoyed taking things apart to see how they were put together.

When Zaik was around twelve years old, an uncle took him aside and said, “Saul, the future is going to be in something called ‘television,’ so you want to take math and science and then go to Benson Polytechnic and learn about electricity.”

So Zaik did as prompted, attending the city’s lone vocational high school. He took math and science; he learned about electricity. Television, however, eluded him.

“I never could understand,” Zaik says today, “how you could send an electron through the air and get a TV picture. I still don’t, really.”

When he graduated from high school in 1944, the U.S. Navy called. Based on his education, Zaik went to what the military called radio school, but was actually training in the early electronics of the time. Again, too many electrons.

“I didn’t care much for it,” he remembers, “so I sort of just let it flow by.”

The Navy eventually sent him to

sea, just about the time the war ended, and Zaik spent a rather pleasant eighteen months on what was called the “Magic Carpet”—a transport ship ferrying troops between exciting San Francisco and beautiful Hawaii. It wasn’t exactly the Love Boat, but tougher tours have been served.

Discharged in 1946, Zaik was eager to get back to the Northwest. His plan was to attend Oregon State University and become an electrical engineer—but the Fates, or the electrons, or at least the campus housing department, had other ideas.

“There were so many vets going back to school at that time,” Zaik says, “that I didn’t find a very welcoming situation at OSU. There was just no housing available. So I tried the University of Oregon, and it was more friendly—they had just finished a new dorm for vets and I could move right in.”

Zaik soon found himself drawn to the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, and, as Oregon architecture writers Brian Libby and Bob Zaikoski note, “Zaik’s friends included not only the fellow young architecture students who would become his colleagues, but also artists like painters Carl Morris and Tom Hardy [’42, M.F.A. ’52], glass sculptor Fred Heidl, and potter Jim Bartell [’48].”

For Zaik, it was a freeing environment. “It was a different world in those days,” he says. “The architecture school was less structured, less formal. There were no grades, and it was a noncompetitive environment.” He particularly remembers the late architecture professor Bob Ferens and the late architectural history professor Marion Dean Ross.

It was a different world in many ways. Zaik’s tuition under the G.I. Bill was \$37 a term. Most of his fellow architecture students were, like Zaik, in their mid-twenties. And imagine some kids in the Class of 2013 pulling this off: Zaik and two of his fellow students got a G.I. loan, then designed and built a house while they were still in school. It was

Some architects know their true calling from a very early age. Buildings speak to them; they hear music in structure and space. That was not Saul Zaik.

out in what was then a brand new neighborhood, at 28th and Alder. Zaik laughs when he says that he keeps meaning to get down to Eugene and see if the house still stands today.

A snow skier since high school, Zaik also raced on the UO alpine ski team coached by none other than 10th Mountain Division veteran Bill Bowerman '34, M.Ed. '53. Zaik remembers that many team practices involved running along far behind the track guys.

Zaik graduated in 1952—his thesis was the plan and drawings for an imagined ski resort lodge at Diamond Peak in the Cascades—and returned to Portland in an energetic era full of growth and promise. An era when Zaik's friends, even barely out of college, could pull together \$300 or \$400 to pay him to design their first house, which they would build for less than \$10,000.

"That sure doesn't happen today," Zaik says with a shake of his head.

Venustatis

There is a homegrown architectural style variously called Northwest Regional or Northwest Modern. Depending on the interpretation, it began some seventy years ago with architects including Belluschi, John Yeon, and others, and probably reached its zenith in the heyday of talents like John Storrs, Van Evera Bailey, Herman Brookman and, of course, Saul Zaik. The style incorporates the clean lines and expanses

of glass used by the mid-century modernists with the warmth and solidity of local materials, primarily wood and stone, and pays particular attention to the demands and beauty of the site.

Once asked if Northwest Regional is valid in the context of more widely known architectural styles—the International Style of Le Corbusier and van der Rohe, for example—Zaik answered without hesitation: "It is absolutely valid. It is site-oriented in terms of sun and weather. It respects the vegetation of the site. . . . I think it has to do with a Northwest lifestyle. Our clients were outdoor people who appreciated the landscape and wanted to be connected to it and to preserve it."

In what writers Libby and Zaikoski call "the golden age of houses," from the mid-1950s to the early 1970s, lifelong outdoorsman Zaik would become perhaps the most "Oregon" of all the Northwest Regional architects.

A 1973 article in the magazine *Symposia* declared, "When one thinks of Oregon architecture, one immediately envisions weathered wood structures resembling Willamette Valley farm buildings. The Oregon architect of the current generation most sympathetic and skilled with this vernacular is Saul Zaik of Portland. His residences, condominiums, and apartments are to be found throughout Oregon, and like his predecessors [Wade] Pipes, Brookman, Yeon, and Belluschi, a Zaik home is easily identifiable. The shapes of his structures are sometimes complex, but always the roof lines are simple, and the resulting building is an easily understood statement of its use and its site."

But all of that was still to come when the Zaik arc began, first with a short stint in Portland, then a brief move to The Dalles to work with architect Boyd Jossey designing school buildings. He returned to Portland and the job with BSOM, his first project being an Army Air

Corps base, where he designed everything from the officers' quarters to the cold storage building to the runway lights. All along he was moonlighting, doing small houses for the aforementioned friends and acquaintances. Zaik married in 1955, and by the following year, as he reached his thirtieth birthday, he had enough work lined up to leave the big firm. Thus, in 1956, in a little Victorian rental house on the margin of downtown Portland, the so-called Fourteenth Street Gang was born.

The amazing group of young UO architecture alums included Zaik, William Fletcher '50, Donald Blair '51, John Reese '49, Frank Blachly '51, Alex Pierce '54, and designer George Schwarz '55. They shared space, ideas, laughs, and the occasional adult beverage. Sometimes they worked together on projects, but they all had individual practices.

It was during this period that Zaik designed the house that put him firmly on the map. Philip Feldman, heir to a large soap company, came to Zaik wanting a house on his property in the southwest hills of Portland. What emerged was a clean, sophisticated structure with floor-to-ceiling windows, vertical cedar siding, and a low-slung gable roof with broad, sheltering eaves.

"It is extremely modern in using very flush surfaces and wide panes of glass," Portland architect Don Rouzie, one of Zaik's longtime collaborators, told Libby and Zaikoski. "It is very simple. It doesn't jump out at you as being this terrific thing. But you get in there, and it's just awesome. You realize what Northwest Regional means."

After its completion in 1957, the Feldman house received numerous architectural design awards and achieved a fair amount of renown for Zaik. More than half a century later, the house was chosen as the audience favorite after being featured on a tour of Portland's most interesting mid-century and present-day contemporary homes. It seems people





Top: Saul Zaik in his home, built in 1959; middle: entry to Zaik residence; bottom: Zaik living room.

(still) found it delightful to the eye and uplifting to the spirit.

In 1959, Zaik created a house for a very demanding client: Saul Zaik and family. He has lived in it with his wife for half a century now, and his kids grew up there. He still thinks it is some of the best work he's ever done.

"It's kind of falling apart now," Zaik says, laughing. "It was really just an idea I had about living, which was that each person needs about 500 square feet in which to live comfortably. I look at my family today and wonder if we shaped the house, or the house shaped us."

Zaik's home is another deceptively simple design, separate pavilions working perfectly with the wooded site to make light and space come alive inside.

"Zaik's work is truly timeless, and rooted in every site he built upon," according to UO architecture alum Corey Martin '06, a principal with Portland's Path Architecture and one of Zaik's fans. "Fifty years after it was built, his personal residence is better than most new work. It is so simple yet dynamic, sophisticated, and humane."

In 1960, Blair and Zaik left the Fourteenth Street Gang to form Blair Zaik Architects, and the arc of Zaik's rise pitched up. While he continued to design a string of outstanding houses that remain as Northwest Regional icons today, Zaik also began a long string of successful commercial projects.

"Two things really got us going back then," Zaik says—and whenever Zaik speaks of one of his projects he virtually always uses the first person plural, ever willing to acknowledge the collaborative side of architectural design. "U.S. Bank began to hire a few young Turks to design branch buildings, and we got some awards and publicity for those. And then John Gray called."

In the early 1960s, Gray, who had taken a small Oregon saw chain company and turned it into

the world leader, decided to try his hand at developing resort and residential properties in what was then a radical way—with respect for the natural environment. He was at work on Salishan, his Oregon Coast development, when he discovered Zaik. Gray asked him to design the Longhouse Condominiums on the beach.

"John was always very quiet," Zaik remembers. "He would hire us to do a project, then go away and let us do our work. That kind of developer has gone away, I think! John Storrs was designing the main lodge, and he was very friendly, in a sarcastic kind of way. Whenever he looked at our drawings he would say something like, 'Why are you using floor-to-ceiling windows? Little kids will crash through them!'"

Happily, no youngsters plummeted through the glazing, and over the years the work with Gray led to some of Zaik's signature creations, designing the Ranch Cabins and the Meadow Houses at Sunriver in central Oregon, as well as the Bluff Condominiums back at Salishan. He also designed several homes in the two resorts, including residences for Phil Knight and Bill Naito.

In 1970, Arnold Zidell, a wealthy and slightly eccentric shipyard owner, offered Zaik an intriguing challenge. Zidell had a near-vertical piece of property overlooking all of Portland and a 100-foot-long, 3-foot-thick steel ship's mast he had salvaged from a decommissioned vessel. He wanted Zaik to design a round, rotating house on top of the mast, sort of a miniature Seattle Space Needle. Zaik looked at Zidell for a minute, then said, "Sure. That sounds like a lot of fun."

"Arnie was a far-out guy," Zaik adds today, "but that really wasn't the oddest request I've ever had as an architect! It was pretty simple, actually."

As a skier, Zaik had seen enough chairlift towers to know

Zaik has designed and built so much in this state that the odds are very high that you have seen—or even stayed in or worked in—one of his buildings.

how to use the mast—just sink a big concrete foundation to bedrock and bolt the mast onto it. Then hang the weight of the house from the top of the mast, cut to sixty feet, with a structure of steel trusses. As for rotating, the structural engineer counseled that it would be “imprudent.” What emerged was an octagonal two-story house with a ground floor nearly fifty feet in the air. The now-famous house likely would have earned Zaik several awards—had the publicity-averse Zidell ever allowed him to submit it.

Zaik begins to laugh as he describes the Zidell house. “It would be just impossible to do that today,” he says, imagining the apoplectic reaction that would paralyze the city planning office should someone propose building a house on a ship’s mast in 2010. “There are so many codes these days, that thing would be held up with a hundred steel cables and who knows what else—full-time helicopters maybe—of course, they’d throw you out if you even suggested the idea!”

Zaik wasn’t just a Northwest Modernist—he also had a deep affinity for the workmanship and style of circa-1930s National Park Service buildings, so he was thrilled to take on the expansion and renovation of Mount Hood’s landmark Timberline Lodge, built in 1938 by the Works Progress Administration. His 1968 addition to the lodge blends perfectly with the building’s original aesthetic, but a closer look reveals

hints of a more modern form with larger windows and extended roof planes. Zaik also oversaw restorations at Crater Lake Lodge and the Vista House at Crown Point in the Columbia River Gorge.

From residences and vacation homes to apartments and condos, from medical and commercial buildings to Oregon State University’s first computer center and several schools, Zaik’s work stands throughout Oregon. He has designed and built so much in this state that the odds are very high that you have seen—or even stayed in or worked in—one of his buildings. How then, can he be an invisible man?

Firmitatis

At eighty-three, Zaik still goes to the office each day. He’s happy to discuss the good old days, but whenever the phone rings, he’ll just about leap to get it.

“Could be a new client,” he says, and you can tell that, just as he still loves hiking and skiing, he still has the same fire for a new project, a new design challenge. He’s working on a few projects, but there’s always room for more—a rare opportunity for someone shopping for an architect: one of the legends of Northwest Modern architecture is still very much a going concern.

But Zaik confesses to feeling a bit like an invisible man now compared to the high profile he used to hold in Northwest architecture. He mentions it in passing and with good humor, but it’s clear that Zaik has little interest in fading away to join the pantheon—he’d rather book some gigs.

“Some of my best friends over the years have come out of doing houses,” he says, then laughs, “That’s mainly what’s keeping me going these days . . . repeat business!”


It isn’t the money he’s after; he’s driven instead by endless energy and an undimmed passion for de-

sign. Even budget issues don’t deter his drive.

“I’ve always loved the challenge,” he explains, “whether it’s the site or the client or the budget. From the beginning, if somebody came in and said ‘I want to build a house for a hundred bucks,’ I’d say, ‘Let’s go!’ But today the hardest thing is dealing with the city and all the codes. That really bothers me. They set such rigid standards for design, unrelated to the individual project. To me, the site always came first: how can I use it, how can I enhance it? It’s much tougher today to do interesting things with houses, but it can still be done.”

He follows everything that’s going on with new young architects and green technologies, particularly cheering on the sustainably designed urban infill projects that are the latest trend. But Zaik worries about what the economic future holds for the graduates coming out of architecture schools.

“We never made a whole lot of money,” he says, “but we managed to always find work and survive comfortably as a small firm. I don’t see that happening so much in the future. It’s very hard these days to start up with no cash like I did! What happens to all these kids we’re turning out? I always used to tell young architects that the way to get established was to do a great building that gets noticed. Where do they get the opportunity to do that now?”

It may have been easier back when Northwest Modernism’s most visible invisible architect began his arc, but if the hundreds of Saul Zaik-designed buildings that grace our state prove anything, it’s that whatever and whenever, talent will rise. 

Todd Schwartz ’75 is a Portland writer who once had thoughts of becoming an architect—until a somewhat disastrous high school career day at Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. But that’s another story.



A Foot Soldier's Bus Ride

A daughter's exploration into her father's past in the civil rights movement raises personal and historical questions.

BY ANA MARIA SPAGNA

Like a lot of good stories, this one started with wasting time. Ana Maria Spagna '89 was Googling her brother, Joe Spagna, and came upon a blurb from a book called Inside Agitators: White Southerners in the

Civil Rights Movement. She knew that couldn't be her brother. It had to be her father, also Joe Spagna, who died tragically while out jogging when she was young. So she ordered the book. She'd heard the story about his involvement in the civil rights movement before, but she didn't believe it. But there it was, in two paragraphs and a long footnote: he'd been arrested for riding a bus in Tallahassee, Florida, in 1957 and his case had gone all the way to the Supreme Court. Little beyond that was known.



Leonard Speed, Johnny Herndon, and Joe Spagna outside a Tallahassee courtroom in January 1957 after they had been arrested for riding in mixed racial groups during the Tallahassee bus boycott.

AP PHOTO

So, Spagna set out to uncover her father's story. The resulting book, *Test Ride on the Sunnyland Bus: A Daughter's Civil Rights Journey*, chronicles her pursuit of that story and all it meant for her and her family. The book won the 2009 River Teeth Literary Nonfiction Prize and will be published this spring by the University of Nebraska Press (nebraskapress.unl.edu). The excerpt presented here takes place when Spagna went to Tallahassee for the fiftieth anniversary celebration of the bus boycott during which her father was arrested.

In the morning, I go running and sweat-soak my shirt in two Florida minutes.

Back at the motel, I open a special fold-out section from the previous Sunday's *Tallahassee Democrat* dedicated to the boycott. The biggest news is that the publishers of the *Democrat* are apologizing, now in 2006, for having supported segregation in 1956 and beyond. This is yet another small gesture, one that cynics could easily dismiss as too little, too late—*fifty years* too late!—but celebration organizers last night were nearly ecstatic. If it's worth remembering who took risks, it's worth remembering who failed to do so.

I sip my coffee and page through now-familiar photos and sagas. I stop to study a timeline of the boycott and feel familiar discomfort. Here's the problem: the timeline shows that the boycott began when [Wilhelmina] Jakes and [Carrie] Patterson [sat next to a white woman on a Tallahassee bus and were arrested] in May 1956 and ended with victory when the Supreme Court ordered Montgomery [Alabama] to integrate city buses in December 1956. That makes Dad's role a little difficult to explain, since he rode the bus in January 1957, after the Montgomery order, because the boycott was flailing after the supposed victory. The problem isn't that my dad's role gets ignored. His name is listed alongside Johnny Herndon's and Leonard Speed's

in the fold-out on the "honor roll" of those who made the boycott a success. The problem is that, once you start explaining exactly what my dad and his friends tried to do, you come close to suggesting that, well, maybe the boycott wasn't such a success.

The fold-out section states in small print that Ordinance 741, the bogus save-segregation law they tried to prove unconstitutional by sitting together on the Sunnyland bus in 1957, was never actually repealed. It stayed on the books in Tallahassee until 1973, when the city took over bus service from the private company. Of course, I know that lousy ordinances stay on the books everywhere. Every so often someone puts out a list of ridiculous laws (no parachuting for women on Sunday in Florida) and obsolete laws (no washing a mule on the sidewalk in Virginia). But those laws weren't challenged all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court. People didn't risk their lives to challenge them. The fact that Ordinance 741 was never repealed feels to me, personally, like a slap. The fact that I can walk a mile south across the railroad tracks right now, in 2006, and see segregation thrive feels like something worse than that.

I remind myself that I haven't come to Tallahassee this time to worry over such things. I'm not here to figure anything out. But I have a few hours on my hands before a scheduled luncheon, so like an addict backsliding, I head to the library archives at FSU [Florida State University] to read more interview transcripts.

The first I find is with Dan Speed, the grocery owner and boycott leader, who discusses, among other topics, the test ride. The interviewer asks him if he had encouraged his son, Leonard, to take the test ride.

"No, I'll tell you what happened along that line," says Speed. "We had a meeting, and in that meeting we came to a decision that we needed (lost transcription). . . . We didn't have anyone in our group who was willing to go and, of course, one of the boys from FSU said,

History, it seems, is changeable. But some characters are utterly predictable.

'Well, I think that I can serve as one of the persons and help solicit somebody.'

"Joe Spagner (sic)?" asks the interviewer.

"Yeah, that's the guy. He said he could assist in doing it and I said I can help get somebody to work with the blacks and of course this is how that really got moving."

"They just got on it and sat down in front?"

"Oh, yes. It was understood. They knew what we wanted and they performed in that respect."

"And of course they were arrested. I mean the bus driver called the police?"

"They made pretty good rounds at first, and they had enough money to keep riding and I think they got tired of . . . (lost transcription)."

The interview stops cold, the photocopied text trailing off into oblivion. . . . This is beginning to seem suspicious. Were they hiding the truth from the Johns Committee, trying to keep the bus driver's behavior off the record, protecting my dad for some reason, or protecting all of them? Or was Dan Speed's voice simply difficult for the transcriber to hear on the recording? More to the point: Did the boys ride one bus or two or more? Were there three riders or six? I'll never know for sure.

As the week goes on, mention of Dan Speed, the architect of the carpool and treasurer of the ICC [Inter-Civic Council], the bailer-out of jailed protesters, will be rare and grudging at best. History, it seems, is changeable. But some characters are utterly predictable.

The next interview I find is with none other than Judge John Rudd, the municipal judge who tried my dad, who tried the Tallahassee Nine, who tried Patricia Stephens Due, who never

failed to lecture the defendants with thinly veiled disdain. The same bitterness permeates his comments twenty years after the fact, in 1978, once the civil rights movement was, for the most part, a done deal. He does not mince words.

About activists: “These people, they grab a little placard and bound up and down public streets. What are they accomplishing?”

About blacks: “I haven’t done a damn thing to them except support them. And they haven’t been victimized by me and my generation worth a damn. I don’t owe them anything.”

The interviewer begins to lose patience and steps in.

“Of course you know that the blacks come from slavery, and after the Civil War for 200 years, they were second class citizens.”

At this point Judge Rudd, as [my father’s friend] Jon Folsom would say, comes completely unglued.

“Well, now, I’m sick and tired of that theory and philosophy and that’s just a new approach to get further sympathy and something for nothing.”

I can live with the fact that change is slow. But the intentional slowing of it, the purposeful and wrongful manipulation of justice, can still enrage me.

* * *

I’m late for lunch.

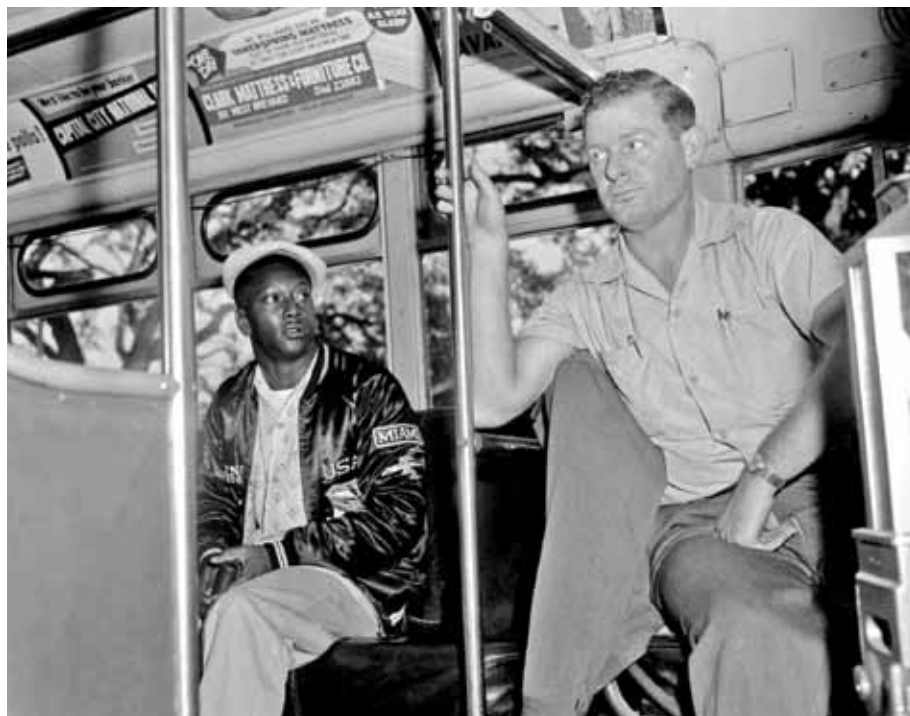
I’d found the community college campus and parked the rental car before I realized that I didn’t know where, exactly, on campus the event was to be held, so I call [anniversary organizer] Cynthia Williams’s cell phone from a pay phone in the student union.

“Where are you?” she cries.

Turns out they’re holding festivities awaiting my arrival. This I did not expect. I wanted to be a spectator, not an honored guest. I had gotten the distinct impression the night before that was exactly what I would be.

“In the student union,” I say. “I’m wearing a pink shirt.”

“OK,” she says. “Reverend Foutz will



Morris Thomas showed up on the wrong day to participate in a mass integrated bus ride during the 1956–57 Tallahassee protests. When he sat in the front, the driver turned off the engine and left, but this image came to symbolize the boycott.

be right there.”

Through double glass doors, I can see three men in suits walking fast, three abreast, across a wide nondescript lawn toward me, so I hang up and scurry out so they can get me where I belong.

“How are you this morning, Sister Spagna?”

And so it begins. For the rest of the week I will be Sister Spagna, which sounds somewhere between a nun, a radical lesbian feminist, and an honorary black woman. The name sounds silly enough that I nearly giggle, but it rolls from their tongues easily and is effused with warmth. They don’t mind that I’m late. They’re glad that I’m here. They whisk me into a large conference room where I shake hands and make apologies—so sorry, thank you, glad to be here. I can see immediately that I am underdressed yet again, and that I’m one of perhaps three white people in a room of a hundred or more.

“This is Sister Spagna,” Reverend Foutz says and seats me at a table up front with administrators from the

community college.

This luncheon honors Carrie Patterson and Wilhelmina Jakes, who sat on the bus in 1956 to start the boycott, though neither is in attendance. Jakes, a retired schoolteacher, could not make the long journey. Patterson is dead, strangled to death in 1969 at the age of thirty-three, likely in a domestic dispute. No one mentions that fact or the fact that no one was ever convicted of the crime.

On the dais sit ten prestigious black women including Patricia Stephens Due, the activist leader, the first to say: jail no bail. They are here to honor, in addition to Jakes and Patterson, women throughout Tallahassee who supported the boycott, many of whom are in the room, all of whom were brave and selfless and steadfast.

One of the women, a college professor, steps forward.

“God is good,” she says.

“Yes, he is,” the crowd responds.

By the time the next speaker stands to say “God is good” I won’t miss a beat.

“Yes, he is,” I will say.

I can live with the fact that change is slow. But the intentional slowing of it, the purposeful and wrongful manipulation of justice, can still enrage me.

I'll never get to the point where I yell "Amen." But Barbara DeVane does. She is white as can be, and she yells it louder than anyone in the room. She sports dangly bracelets and bright red lipstick, and she's the first on her feet for every ovation, the loudest in every response. She is utterly unselfconscious and apparently effective. Later, I'll Google her name to find her involved in every cause there is in Florida: women's rights, civil rights, workers' rights. When I crane my neck to see her, she smiles, winks, and waves, her forefingers flapping toward me playfully, and I relax.

After several speakers, Patricia Stephens Due stands last to address the importance of remembering history. The room grows still. She is a formidable presence with the dark glasses she's had to wear continuously for forty-five years, ever since her eyes were damaged by tear gas during a 1961 protest right here in Tallahassee. Her voice is low and slow and unyielding. And her favorite phrase is "foot soldiers," meaning those who actually hit the street back in the day, those who did something.

"Stories live forever," she says. "But storytellers don't. Listen to the foot soldiers while you can."

She could be speaking to me.

"If you don't tell your story, someone will tell it for you, and they will get it wrong."

After she finishes, a reporter approaches and asks me to tell my dad's story. The administrators politely stand to get in the food line, scooting behind my chair to pass, as I tell the story as honestly as I can: my father did his part, then skipped town.

"It was too dangerous," I say, "for him to stay."

The reporter scribbles fast.

I tell him how the family didn't know, how I came in January, how I admire Jakes and Patterson, how I am here to learn and not to be honored. Like a ballplayer after the big game, I try to say the right things. But I fail.

The administrators file back to their seats with plates of food.

"So, you've come all the way from Seattle?"

"Yes."

"And your father got arrested during the boycott?"

"Yes."

"Then he went to Washington?"

"No . . ." I start to explain that he went to California and then to South America. "But he jumped bail, right?"

"Right."

I try to explain that he had graduated, that he was encouraged to leave by his attorney. I list the same bogus excuses I've found inexcusable myself for months now.

"He could've gotten killed in jail," I say finally. "It was just too dangerous."

The conversation, already chilly, freezes hard. The woman's chin jerks upward slightly, defiantly, one eyebrow lifts over eyeglasses.

"Now you know. That's what it was like for my people every day," she says. She slows to enunciate: "Every. Single. Day."

"Yes," I say too fast and eager, staring down at my unused napkin shredded in my lap. "You're right. You're absolutely right."

From what I can tell, maybe a third of this room was alive during the boycott—they might remember it—and the rest, I'm guessing, don't need a special occasion to remember discrimination.

I stand, last in line, to fill my plate with baked chicken.

Reverend Foutz's young daughter, Yolanda, passes me as I make small talk with another woman, balancing my plate on one hand, to shake with the other.

"Yes, I came from Seattle. Thank you

for having me. I am honored to be here."

Yolanda pauses beside me, and reaches over in a one-arm hug, and pulls my collar straight. She pats my shoulder and smiles as if to say: you're doing just fine.

* * *
Patricia Stephens Due signs a copy of her book for me: "To the daughter of a foot soldier from FSU. Remember, the struggle continues." Laura Dixie, a woman who was spurred to action by bus discrimination in the late 1940s and had been an activist ever since, approaches.

"I never knew your father, but I certainly knew of him. We appreciate what he did for us. Thank you for coming."

"It's an honor to be here."

Just as I'm preparing to leave, Reverend Foutz puts a hand on my shoulder, to lead me toward the head table to meet C. K. Steele's sons and, with them, Carrie Patterson's son, up for the day from Tampa.

Derald Patterson reaches out for my hand with both of his.

"Your mother must've been a very brave woman," I say.

He smiles, head bowed, so two gold molars show, and shifts his neck to the side, adjusting the collar of his suit coat.

"I didn't know her well," he says. "She died when I was so young." He gestures toward the podium where her portrait is displayed front and center, right beside Jakes. "I'm only now beginning to understand."

"I know what you mean," I say. ©

Ana Maria Spagna is a 1989 graduate of the UO's Clark Honors College, and she will be on campus to read from Test Ride on the Sunnyland Bus as part of the college's fiftieth anniversary celebration May 6–7. She is the author of the essay collection Now Go Home: Wilderness, Belonging, and the Crosscut Saw and was the winner of the 2002 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. Spagna lives in Stehekin, Washington.

A close-up photograph of a man at a protest. He is wearing a dark baseball cap with yellow text that includes 'LIBERTY' and 'QUALITY'. He has glasses and his mouth is wide open as if shouting. He is holding a sign that has the word 'LIBERTY' printed on it. In the background, an American flag is visible against a clear blue sky. Several thin, dark vertical lines, possibly rebar or fence posts, are in the foreground, partially obscuring the man's face.

AT THE ZOO

By Robert Leo Heilman

Photography by Michael James Lessner

SMEARED WINDOWS AND TEA PARTIES EVOKE THOUGHTS OF GORILLAS AND OUR KARMIC FOOTPRINT.

Just recently, here in my own home county, someone splattered a front window of the local Democratic Party headquarters with a bucket-full of feces. Behind the glass was a life-sized cardboard cutout picture of President Barack Obama, who is an unpopular man in this neck of the Northwest woods for many reasons. It is impossible to know what motivated the unknown poop-flinger without a confession or claim of responsibility of some sort, but three likely possibilities come to mind: vandalism, political discontent, and racism.

Like any downtown section of any city, Roseburg has ongoing problems with vandalism. These, however, have always been the sort of things one might expect from teenage hooligans or drunken stew-bums. There has also been, over the years, some prankish vandalism at both the Republican and Democratic Party offices—Krazy Glue in the door locks and the like—but nothing before this has ever made such a splash.

When I picked up the newspaper and saw the front-page color photograph of that dreck-drenched window, I recalled vividly a morose gorilla who lived at the old Griffith Park zoo in Los Angeles fifty-something years ago. He was a large, old silverback whose unhappy fate was to sit all day in a small gazebo being gawked at by people.

The people encircled his small round steel cage completely and there was always a crowd. Since there is both proverbially and actually “always one in every crowd,” there was usually a yahoo, or two or more, trying to provoke a reaction from the sullen beast by waving their arms, shouting, and flicking cigarette butts at him. The gorilla, understandably, was discontented with his lot and expressed his malcontent with sad sour looks and by flinging feces against the glass barriers that surrounded his enclosure.

The ape, of course, had it in his nature to act as he did. Some fear-driven instinctual reaction to his unnaturally stressful life caused him to seek relief in the form which gorillas (and other great apes and monkeys) do. Since (most of the time anyway) humans don't fling excrement at each other, this—how we deal with our fear—is a difference between us, the humans and our near genetic relations, the apes.

We humans are blessed with two great advantages in the form of superior intelligence and superior culture when compared to the apes. For most of my life I believed that the apes, at best, had a very limited intelligence and, therefore, no culture at all. Nowadays it is known that chimpanzees and gorillas are at least as smart as an average four-year-old human—smart enough to develop culture.

Chimps, it turns out, do have a sort of culture. They learn things, invent, and teach others within their groups and pass

learning on to succeeding generations, much as we do. So, what keeps them from writing bad poetry and charging each other interest on loans? In short, why are they (so nearly identical to us genetically) chimps and why are we human? Many scientists now believe that the answer lies not so much in our differing brains as in our adrenal glands. Chimps have high levels of adrenalin, the “fight or flight” hormone. It is our human ability to remain comparatively calm in each other's presence that allows us to create civilizations and their apish inability to do so that condemns them to short, brutish lives in the brush. Call it love, call it trust, either way it seems, it is in fact we humans, the meekest of apes, who have inherited the earth. It is only the trusting and loving who are humane. To trust no one is, perhaps, worse than insanity—it may be atavistic, apish, less than fully human.

The window-splashing incident

would not trouble me nearly as much as it does if I only knew whether there was a reason for it or not. I hope that it was an irrational act, the result of some ill-considered (and perhaps drunken) momentary rage, or a simple matter of some unfortunate's coprophilia. In fact, I'd guess that there's about a 50 percent chance that it amounted to no more than a passing freakish event. Or, then again, it could have just as easily been a hate crime, premeditated and meant to instill fear. We do, after all, have a fairly recent history of local residents making politically motivated death threats and committing acts of vandalism aimed at driving their neighbors out of our county.

“Highly conservative” is the usual

description of the voters of Douglas County, and it is true that we Umpquans generally vote at a rate of 2–1 for Republican Party candidates and at the same rate against nearly every tax increase, no matter how laudable its purpose may be. But it has been an unusually anger-filled year here in Douglas County and in the nation itself as well. There were bitter “Tea Party” protests here in the spring and, this summer, so-called congressional “town hall” meetings that turned downright ugly and hateful at times.

Some of my friends and neighbors ask me, “Who are these people? Why are they so rude and so angry?” Much too distressingly often, they put it to me as, “How could they be so stupid?” without realizing just how arrogant and ignorant that question is. Others of my friends and neighbors are among the very people being asked about, and they are on the whole neither less nor more intelligent than the others.

I suppose that by *stupid* those people mean the all-too-human willingness to believe outrageous lies and specious

theories. I think perhaps *naïveté* might better (and more kindly) describe this tendency of people to believe in dubious (but comforting) half-truths and fictions—yet this word, too, comes up short. Brain power has nothing to do with it and neither does education. I have known many highly intelligent people who have this very same affliction and it is one that is present in every economic class and every nation and all races and both sexes, taking root in the uneducated and the highly educated alike. Intolerance, I think, is not really so much a matter of opinion as it is a symptom of underlying psychological problems—an indication of character flaws that are tied to unresolved anger, a generalized lack of trust, and an inability to remain calm when facing life’s ambiguities. There is an inevitable percentage of humanity that is distrustful, easily excitable, and emotionally unstable.

I have known a great many people over

the years—nice people, decent people—who cling to harmful and repugnant beliefs that are racist, homophobic, xenophobic, misogynistic, or politically intolerant. What they all have had in common is their high levels of frustration and fear. Each has felt insecure and cheated somehow, denied their fair share of power, ignored and disrespected. Many (though not all) have been economic losers, bitter about their failure to succeed. Some have been emotional cripples, unable to sustain loving relationships and unable to tolerate ambiguity. Many have had their lives fall apart due to compulsive boozing or drug abuse or gambling. Others have simply been crushed repeatedly by an indifferent and impersonal system of things that exploits them because it is profitable to do so. Some are people who blame themselves for having suffered terrible blows that came for no good reason at all. All became, in one way or another, shell-shocked veterans of life itself.

What is there to cling to when, by your own doing or by others or by cold fate, you have lost everything? Stripped of dignity, mired in failure, caged in by tough circumstances and uncontrollable forces, what is left to people but to embrace comforting nonsense and to rage against perceived injustice?

A while back I ran across a fellow who

wanted to know where Pomerania was located. We were in a local bookstore at the time and when a woman entered the store carrying a small, mostly white lap dog, he inquired loudly, “Where is Pomerania anyway?”

I explained to him that “Pomerania” was the name of a region located along the Baltic Sea coast in what is now northwestern Poland but which used to be northeastern Germany. “G’dansk is the biggest city there. It used to be called Danzig,” I added.

At the mention of the old port city at the mouth of the Vistula his eyes lit up. “Danzig,” he confidently informed me, “was named for the Tribe of Dan—one of the Lost Tribes of Israel.” He went on to describe how this particular Hebrew

tribe, which had been missing in action since Biblical times, had left the Promised Land to wander into Europe and left their name scattered across the face of the continent that they populated. The list of Lost Hebrew Tribe of Dan place-names, he explained, included any name in any language that featured a “d” and an “n” separated by any vowel: Danzig, Denmark, Scandinavia, London, Sardinia, the rivers Danube, Don, D’neister, and D’nieper had all been allegedly visited by these ancient Jewish name-leavers.

It seemed to me a peculiar misunderstanding of both European history and of the way languages work. But he was so clearly pleased with his display of erudition that I didn’t have the heart to tell him just how absurd what he was saying actually was. Besides, the conversation had taken place in the religious books section of the store and clearly these bizarre notions were somehow tied into his spiritual beliefs. Since it is one of the oddities of human nature that irrational beliefs are perversely reinforced by factual challenges to their validity I gave him up as an interesting nut-case.

Later, a quick Internet search for the term “Tribe of Dan” brought the matter into a more disturbing light. To begin with, I found that there actually is a contemporary Tribe of Dan but that no one suspects them of having been lost Hebrews since they are all black folks who live in West Africa.

What I did discover is that his rap is a popular one with an anti-Semitic White Power religious sect known as Identity Christians. Adherents to this movement believe that Jehovah, having cursed the Jews of the Holy Land, allowed his Chosen People designation to fall entirely upon the descendants of the Jewish Tribe of Dan, who were the ancestors of modern Christian Europeans, particularly the fairer-skinned inhabitants of the northern nations. Oregon, it seems, is currently home to two congregations of this odd persuasion, one located in Woodburn and the other in Eugene.

That there are malcontented people in

our society is not surprising. Things being as they are—theoretically egalitarian but factually equal only in our shared vulnerability to chance personal disaster—it is inevitable that some of us will have happier lives than others and that the discontented will resent the happiness of the contented and will view them with envy and distrust. This is sufficient evil in itself and creates, on its own, a good deal of trouble.

There are those in our society, though, who, seeing discontent and the fear behind it, want to use that fear and resentment to further their own ends. Just as the sight of the gorilla moping in his cage brought some people to pity the unhappy beast, some to scorn it, and others to taunt it for their own amusement, so seeing the fears of the downtrodden brings some to compassion and others to contemptuous exploitation.

A few years ago I ran into an old high

school buddy of mine while I was down in Los Angeles work-



STRIPPED OF DIGNITY, MIRED IN FAILURE, CAGED IN BY TOUGH CIRCUMSTANCES AND UNCONTROLLABLE FORCES, WHAT IS LEFT TO PEOPLE BUT TO EMBRACE COMFORTING NONSENSE AND TO RAGE AGAINST PERCEIVED INJUSTICE?

ing the tradeshow circuit. The town, I'd noticed, had changed in the decades since I'd left, not just physically, but culturally as well. Racism had, once again, become nearly mainstream thinking among an alarming portion of the white citizenry. There was much grousing about the increasing numbers of Armenians, Asians, and Hispanics living in the over-crowded county, a strong demographic fear of being overwhelmed by swarthy foreigners whose obscenely large families were allegedly bankrupting governmental resources. But it was a pleasure to see my school chum again, who, it turned out, was working as a city parks and recreation gardener at the new Griffith Park zoo. He invited me to visit him at his work for a private early-morning behind-the-scenes tour.

The new zoo is a much nicer place than the old one. The animals on display have more room to move about and their enclosures are designed to mimic natural conditions. We have come a long way, I saw, in learning how to reduce stress levels in captive wild animals. My old pal, however, seemed to have changed for the worse. Once an openhearted and unafraid artist, he too, I found, had taken to seeing himself as an oppressed member of an endangered, soon-to-be minority of white people. It disturbed me to hear him talk so vehemently about his anger and frustration over the political and social concerns of the moment. I wondered at it, at the time, and later learned that he habitually listened to talk-radio programming while raking leaves and planting flower beds.

I'm not sure why so many people whom I've met over the past decade or so get such a kick out of listening to a steady stream of bad news and outrageous commentary. I suppose, once again, it may come back to the adrenal glands. I think of the thrill-seeking of my youth and the exciting rush that rose within me with the risk of physical harm. Anger, too, brings on much the same hormonal waves. I've heard the term "politics junkie" used to describe my friend's habit and suspect that it may be more of a reality than merely a metaphor.

It saddens me to see my neighbors deceived. I don't blame them much though. Lying to people for profit has become a multibillion-dollar international industry. I condemn instead those who have deceived them, the professional liars and, even more so, those who employ the liars.

Those who profit from the subversion of reason, who inflame smoldering anger for personal or ideological gain, who appeal to the worst in human nature—to our anger, distrust, resentment, and greed—are much more dangerous to

the domestic tranquility of this nation than the majority of common criminals. A thief, a burglar, or a robber only harms a few victims, but those who spread anger-inducing lies may harm millions—and their harm often outlives them and perhaps circulates for centuries.

"It is the first duty of the humanist and the fundamental task of intelligence to ensure knowledge and understanding among men," according to Pablo Neruda, a man who certainly knew about such things. Of the demagogues, professional gasbags, spin doctors, and liars-for-hire who prey upon the vulnerable, I would ask, "If the old poet was right, then what is it to ensure ignorance and misunderstanding among people but to be working against humanity?"

Looking back on it, it was an odd

return to the zoo, a place I hadn't been since childhood. It seems strange to me now that I returned, after fifty years, to find that the animals are calmer and the people more resentful, frustrated, and angry. What would have happened, I wonder, if we'd spent our time and money coming up with ways to reduce our human worries instead of coming up with ways to increase our anxiety? We have, since Neolithic times, made tremendous advances intellectually and technologically but we have not advanced psychologically at all. We are still going about the world with our frightened caveman hearts that are increasingly ill-adapted to worrisome distractions and stimuli that would have been unimaginable just 100 years ago.

We seem, as a society, to have a great deal of trouble in learning to forgive each other. We suffer the ill effects of a sort of karmic footprint, rather like a carbon footprint. It is said that it takes 100 years for a pound of carbon dioxide to dissipate from the atmosphere. How long does it take for a hatred to no longer circulate? In some cases it can take a lifetime—for some cases, generations. My ancestors often used to say, "Forgiveness is the best revenge." I have returned to that saying many times over the years and always found it to be true. It tells me that by reacting to injury with anger or violence I am damaging myself more than I am my enemy. It really is better to forgive and forget and to leave the fear and anger and frustration to the harmful to bear than to carry those festering wounds within. This is what the best of humanity's teachers have taught since ancient times. 🌍

Robert Leo Heilman is the author of Overstory Zero: Real Life in Timber Country. He lives in Myrtle Creek.



OREGON ST. OREGON
19 17
3 3
4 QUARTER
BALL ON: 19
DOWN: 1 | YTG: 10

HONDA

13:00

REVENUE

REVENUE

REVENUE

REVENUE



Rose Bowl! Rose Bowl!

PHOTOS BY JACK LIU

OHIO STATE

100 90 80 70 60 50 40 30 20 10

OREGON



Thousands of Duck fans gathered in Pasadena, California, to cheer on the UO football team at the ninety-sixth Rose Bowl—including University president Richard Lariviere and his wife Jan (left, center) and Frances Bronet, dean of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts (bottom left), shown at the UO Alumni Association tailgate party before the game. The Pac-10 champion Ducks took a 17–16 lead early in the third quarter but ultimately lost to Ohio State University, 26–17.



Despite the New Year's Day loss, players like Kenjon Barner (lower right, page 43), Jeremiah Masoli and Eddie Pleasant (center, right), and Spencer Paysinger (bottom center, with coach Don Pellum) led the Ducks to a thrilling 10–3 season, one of only four ten-win seasons in Oregon history. The UO ended the year ranked eleventh in the country—and most of the players will return next season. Congratulations to Coach Chip Kelly and the entire team.



Construction began in February on the Ford Alumni Center (right of arena), scheduled for completion in March 2011



A Place to Call Home

The Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center will soon become the dynamic new point of entry to the University of Oregon campus—a beautiful new front door to one of the finest public universities in the U.S.

Where Ducks Connect

Sited at the new gateway to the university—along with the Matthew Knight Arena and John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes—the Ford Alumni Center will warmly welcome all visitors and immerse them in the pioneering spirit of the University of Oregon, providing equal parts inspiration and information.

The 60,000-square-foot center will provide first-class event and gathering space for alumni, campus activities and the community. This modern facility will provide every advantage to foster the important connections between the university and its many friends and supporters.

Be a Part of It! Funding for the Ford Alumni Center is nearly complete, but there's still time for you to take part. Visit uoalumni.com



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Brewing Up Big Buzz

Eugene beer makers aiming for total domination.

TALK ABOUT A BEER BUZZ. In barely four years of existence, Ninkasi Brewing Company of Eugene has grown into Oregon's seventh-largest brewery—no paltry feat in a state where icons such as Widmer, Deschutes, and Full Sail cap a roster of some eighty beer producers.

What's more, the upstart brewery's Total Domination IPA is the top-selling twenty-two-ounce bottled beer in the state.

And in the Eugene-Springfield area, Ninkasi products are available on draft or in bottles at almost 90 percent of the businesses where beer is sold, according to the brewery.

"One of my goals was what I call the 'Chico-fication' of Eugene," says co-owner Jamie Floyd '94, who studied sociology at the UO. "You go to Chico [California], and Sierra Nevada Brewing Company is part of the identity of the people. If Bend and Hood River and Newport are all going to have these big regional breweries, too, it's cool that we can provide that for Eugene."

But the hoppy hubbub that radiates from the Whiteaker-neighborhood brewery also has spawned burgeoning beer sales across Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Alaska. Along with Total Domination, Ninkasi's Believer Double Red Ale and Tricerahops Double IPA are among the top fifteen in the nation in the category of new bottled craft beers, according to supermarket scan data.

Floyd and partner Nikos Ridge have bucked the odds in an industry saturated in competition for tap handles and shelf space, but on their side is a buzz-marketing machine that pumps out swells of growth.

"What we do best is get in on the grassroots level, build brand awareness on the underground, and use that as leverage to bring product to people's attention," Floyd says. This brand-building approach involves extensive use of social media sites such as Twitter and guerrilla tactics that include using a Batman-style light projector to cast a towering Ninkasi logo onto prominent buildings.

All the touting, twitting, and bat-lighting have helped propel Ninkasi's production growth from 2,200 barrels in 2007 to 7,800 barrels in 2008, then to 17,000 barrels in 2009. Floyd expects output to reach 30,000 barrels in 2010, and the company is building a facility with 90,000-barrel capacity.

Brian Butenschoen, executive director of the Oregon Brewers Guild, describes Ninkasi's ascent as "phenomenal . . . A number of other breweries have opened up in the last ten years, but none that has grown like Ninkasi."

As a result, "we're seeing sales and marketing teams at other breweries trying to copy us," Floyd claims. "That's the biggest compliment we can get at our young age, that the big dogs are afraid of us."

In a small office next to a new tasting room, James Book and Winter Gibbs '09 spend their days brewing buzz via Facebook, Twitter, and rock 'n' roll.

Book, Ninkasi's marketing director, tasted the rock-star life as bass player in his former band, The Flies, which scored a top-five hit in 1998 with "Got You (Where I Want You)." Today he owns topsecret, a record label and production company. At a studio in the brewery's new offices, Book also will record, produce, and promote

Ninkasi-sponsored bands.

Working with Book is Gibbs, Ninkasi's viral marketing specialist, who has a degree from the UO School of Journalism and Communication with an emphasis in creative advertising.

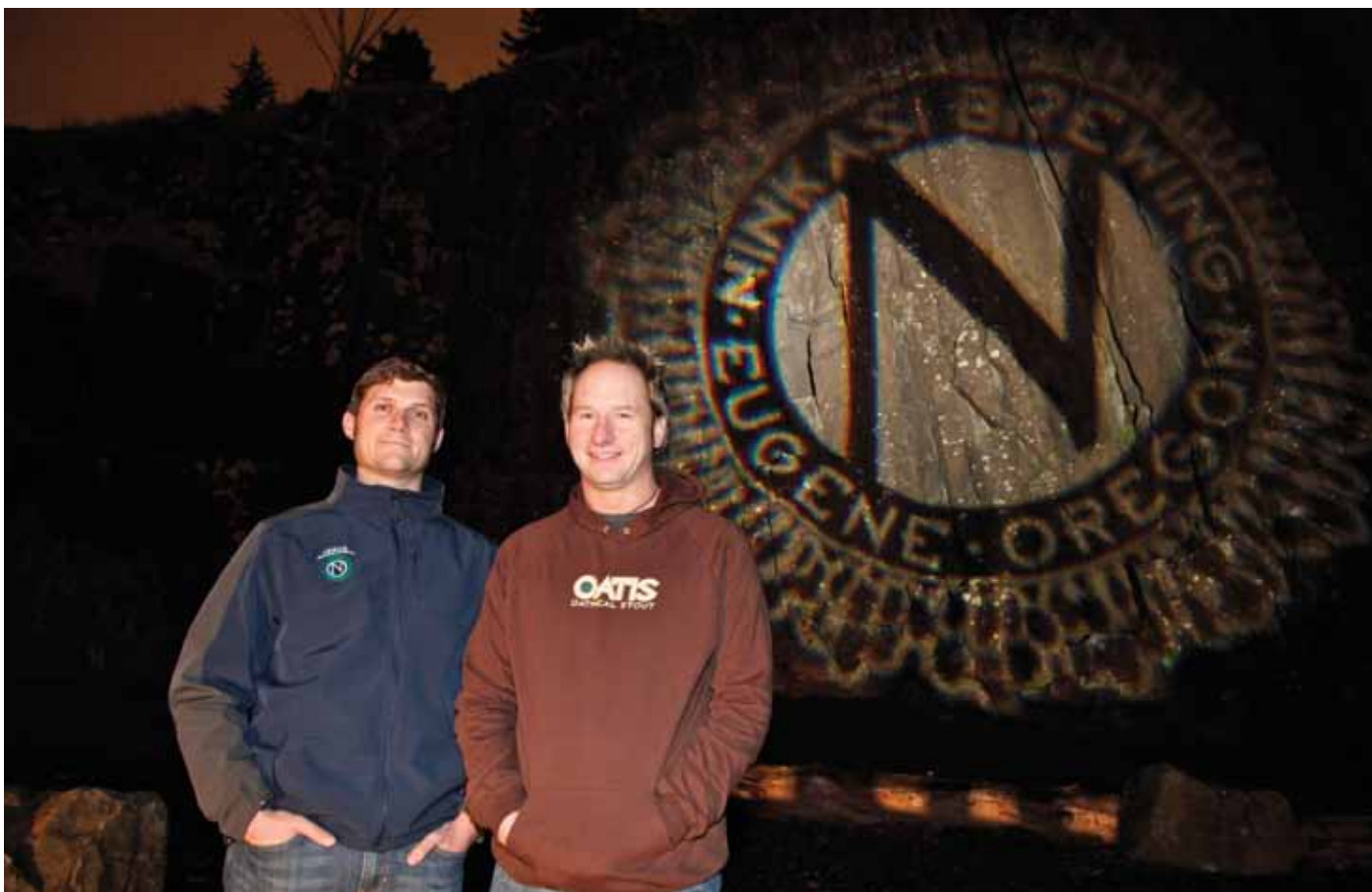
"Not that many breweries have a computer geek on staff specifically for social networking," says Floyd, who used MySpace in the brewery's early days to connect with pubs, music venues, bands, and fans.

Today Gibbs continuously nurtures Ninkasi's expanding online neighborhood, whether at his office computer or on the road with his iPhone. "I use Facebook as my base platform, and I have it set up to post back to Twitter," Gibbs says. He also receives alerts when anyone writes about Ninkasi on those sites or elsewhere on the web. "Some people don't even know we have a Twitter feed, and I can go directly to them, answer their question, and get them in the loop."

Almost 6,000 people are fans of Ninkasi on Facebook (www.facebook.com/ninkasibrewing) and some 1,600 follow it on Twitter (twitter.com/ninkasi). They receive updates regarding new beers, tasting events, concerts by sponsored bands, and more.

Sometimes Ninkasi mobilizes its followers to wield influence in the real world—say, to ask en masse for its beers at a certain bar—and in cyberspace. Last November, fans helped convince blogger Jay Brooks (brookstonbeerbulletin.com) that Ninkasi belonged on his list of the past decade's top ten new breweries.

Social networking yields tangible mar-



Ninkasi co-owners Nikos Ridge and Jamie Floyd at the Skinner Butte basalt columns illuminated with Ninkasi logo spotlight

keting advantages for the brewery, too, such as the detailed fan demographics in Facebook's weekly "Insights" report. "When we enter a new marketplace, we can track the relative consciousness and vibe," and use that to decide when to invest in print advertising or sponsorships, Floyd explains.

"We started our business right around the rise of social networking . . . and there's an argument that there's no way we could have broken the 15,000-barrel barrier in under four years without this sort of tool."

Kim Sheehan, professor of advertising in the School of Journalism and Communication, coauthored a 2008 book, *Building Buzz to Beat the Big Boys*, with Steve O'Leary '69. In it, they advise small business owners how to harness the power of word of mouth.

Consumers today want more information, control, and choice, and businesses can serve these needs with an online community that fosters dialogue, the authors note.

Engaging customers in this way has boosted Ninkasi, Floyd says. "We benefit

"We started our business right around the rise of social networking . . . and there's an argument that there's no way we could have broken the 15,000-barrel barrier in under four years without this sort of tool."

from the honesty of it, and people feel like they have played a part in our growth. The beer is good, but we're involved in their lives."

Sheehan and O'Leary also urge business owners to take certain marketing risks to ferment positive word of mouth for their brands.

Floyd and his agents of buzz face some risk as they slink around darkened cityscapes, fire up a portable generator, and use their spotlight to turn night to Ninkasi. "We're not invading anybody's space, but there's a certain amount of 'could we get thrown in jail for this?' We're gonna darn well find out," Floyd says, laughing. "We're going to stay as creative as possible in our marketing techniques."

Inspired and persistent marketing tactics, write Sheehan and O'Leary, are like "bonfires that you build to light the way to your store."

Soon, a giant "N" might slice through the night and land on the side of San Francisco's Transamerica Pyramid, lighting the way to Ninkasi for a new Northern California customer base. And anyone passing by with an iPhone will be able to tap the buzz with the latest in mobile Ninkasi-fication—the official Ninkasi app, new for 2010. @

—Joel Gorthy '98

Student Alumni Association Launched, Gaining Momentum

Students getting involved, learning, giving back

CARISSA SURACE KNOWS HOW a bad paint job can bring out her true colors. Upon seeing the Skinner Butte “O” smothered in orange on the eve of the 2009 Civil War football clash—likely the handiwork of some merry pranksters from Corvallis—the UO junior led a small but determined flock of Ducks up the hill with a few gallons of yellow paint to set things right.

This wasn’t just a case of Beaver pest control though. (The UO football squad took care of that on the gridiron, thank you very much.) It was the UO Student Alumni Association (SAA) at work, keeping Eugene yellow and green. If you ever ventured into the campus Duck Store during the week of a home football game last season, you might have seen people swarming a makeshift stand to pick up “Beat T-shirts” (as in “Beat USC,” and so on). Those in the crowd, too, were members of the SAA, at once snagging a perk of membership and showing their school colors.

Promoting school spirit, however, is only part of SAA’s mission. Regan Middleton-Moreland ’05, assistant director for student and alumni relations, says SAA was formed to unite current students with the UO Alumni Association and also to teach them the importance of private donations to the funding of a university education. Although less than a year old, the organization already boasts 900 dues-paying members and has made a mark on campus by taking on key roles in some established programs.

For example, SAA recruits speakers for a Career Center–sponsored panel series called “So You Want My Job.” These “Duck panels” bring UO alums back to campus to talk about their careers—and the often-unforeseen directions their career paths have taken. “We ask panelists to truly share their stories and give students practical indications of what they’ll find in the real world,” says Colleen Lewis, events coordinator for the Career Center.



Student Alumni Association member Carissa Surace, roller in hand, braves chilly December weather to restore the “O” atop Skinner Butte to its rightful color.

Amy Lodholz ’05 spoke on a Duck panel about her experiences as the volunteer coordinator for the Newberg Area Habitat for Humanity. “I was happy I had come,” she recalls. “A number of young girls—and my profession is primarily women—came up to me with big, glowing eyes, who wanted to do what I did.”

Carissa Surace attended the panel and was infected by Lodholz’s enthusiasm for public service. “What I took away [from the panel] is that you really have to love what you do,” Surace says. “Amy was very passionate, you could tell by the way she talked

about it. Ever since then, I’ve thought about Habitat for Humanity more and more.”

SAA will soon offer its members an even more direct way to connect with UO graduates, called Duck-to-Duck mentoring. Students will be able to e-mail alums for career advice, schedule an informational interview about their profession, or even shadow them at work to experience a “day on the job.” UO grads are already lining up to participate. “There are thirty mentors in [our] database,” Middleton-Moreland says.

SAA membership is open to all UO stu-

dents for a one-time dues payment. When recruiting members, Middleton-Moreland pitches a fact that's central to the other part of SAA's mission: private donations cover a large and increasing percentage of the cost of a student's UO education. To this end, SAA's next big act will be challenging the student alumni group at Oregon State to a fundraising civil war, through the use of an Internet search engine called GoodSearch.

Like a philanthropic cousin of Google, GoodSearch allows computer users to designate a school or nonprofit organization to receive a portion of its advertising revenue. In other words, UO students (and alumni, see sidebar) can raise money for the UO by doing what they already do anyway, surfing the Internet.

GoodSearch claims that "500 people searching four times a day will earn around \$7,300 in a year." If that's true, then 900 SAA members can raise a tidy sum for the UO. And if they can encourage all 23,000 UO students to do the same? Well, SAA doesn't reach that far yet, but you get the idea. They're thinking big.

In the meantime, count on the Skinner Butte "O" to be in good hands. As Middleton-Moreland says, "It's up to SAA to keep it yellow." All the orange paint in Corvallis says they can do it. ☺

—Dana Magliari, M.A. '98

How to Get Involved

INSPIRE Interested in being on a Duck panel and sharing your wisdom and advice with UO students? The Career Center would like to hear from you. Contact Colleen Lewis at lewis@uoregon.edu or call 541-346-6016.

MENTOR To learn details about becoming a mentor to a UO student, contact Regan Middleton-Moreland at moreland@uoregon.edu or visit: www.uoalumni.com/saa/mentoring.

GIVE (at no cost to you!) Help SAA beat the Beavers by making GoodSearch your Internet search engine. Visit www.goodsearch.com and enter University of Oregon as your beneficiary. One hundred and fifty thousand UO alumni can raise \$1 million per year. ☺



You manage information. AIM helps you master it.

The University of Oregon Applied Information Management Master's Degree blends flexible scheduling with a practical, applied approach to managing information. Fully online.

<http://aim.uoregon.edu>

O UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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



DRIVE THE O

Declare your devotion to the Ducks while you fund academic scholarships.

(Warning: May induce nostalgia, chest-thumping pride and constant whistling of the fight song.)

Who are you rooting for this season?
Visit us at uoalumni.com for details.

O
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

License plate illustrated for promotional purposes only. Vanity plates not available.

Dentist Alfresco

The Boy Scout slogan—"Do a good turn daily"—inspires a Eugene dentist to assist Cascade Medical Team with health care in rural Guatemala.

MILLIONS OF YOUNG PEOPLE enjoy Scouting activities every year, but many leave the organization and its do-good reputation behind as they become adults. Others, like Dr. Tom Macready '69, take the Boy Scout oath to heart and incorporate that helping philosophy into a lifetime of volunteer activities. Each spring since 2005, Macready has packed his dental tools and trekked to tiny villages in Guatemala with the Cascade Medical Team. Setting up where space is available, Macready offers his healing skills to the poverty-stricken Mayan people who live in the area. Sometimes there's a school room or patio available for Macready's use. Other times, a lawn is the best space available. "My first day working down there, my assistant kept laughing at me," he says. "I kept reaching up, trying to adjust my light . . . but it was the *sun!* I saw fifty-four people that day, and probably pulled 125 to 150 teeth."

Living in one of the poorest Latin American nations, Guatemala's citizens have endured decades of military occupation and civil war, which contributed to the unavailability of medical and dental care. "Imagine an area the size of Eugene-Springfield with only four or five doctors to support the entire population," says Macready. "That might be an equivalent. And, poor? Extended families, twelve or thirteen people, living in a dirt-floor, one-room shack made of cornstalks and a few bricks. Just a little piece of ground to grow a few crops. They're just barely surviving."

Affiliated with the international non-profit organization Helps International, Cascade Medical Team (CMT) was formed in 2002 to provide all-volunteer medical and community development assistance to Guatemala's rural population. Hauling mountains of duffel bags stuffed with medical equipment, CMT volunteers depart from airports throughout the United States to meet in Guatemala City. A convoy of buses ferries the team and provisions eighty-five miles over winding mountain roads to a location outside the town of Solola, headquarters for CMT's five-day mission. There, the hundred-plus crew



Despite primitive conditions, difficult travel, and armed guerrillas, volunteers such as Dr. Tom Macready take their medical skills to needy rural people.

of volunteers bunk and work in a former military base—think cement-block buildings and bare concrete floors. Dormitories house the volunteers, and a gymnasium provides room for cooking, meetings, and meals. Operating rooms, clinic areas, and pharmacy are all equipped with materials donated by suppliers or purchased with proceeds from CMT's fundraising events.

Clad in brightly colored, traditional hand-woven clothing, the hundreds of patients travel miles on rutted roads, arriving at Solola on foot or by bus. And for the many patients who can't travel, Macready and other medical professionals are guided to tiny, isolated villages to provide their

services. "There are still guerrilla gangs in some areas," says Macready, "so we have armed guards to escort us."

Due to lack of infrastructure, water contamination is rampant in rural Guatemala. In some areas, Macready says, bottled water may be more expensive than the soda pop purchased in two-liter bottles. "You'll see little kids walking around with a plastic bag full of pop with a straw stuck in it. The amount of advanced dental decay we see is staggering. We see children with huge holes in baby teeth. We see young adults missing many of their permanent teeth." Macready and the other dentists provide toothbrushes and basic dental

“The amount of advanced dental decay we see is staggering. We see children with huge holes in baby teeth. We see young adults missing many of their permanent teeth.”

hygiene education, “. . . and it’s amazing, since the first couple of years we did that, we’ve seen a marked improvement in these people already. They don’t *want* to hurt; they just didn’t know how to prevent it.” He says that providing clean water also makes a big difference: CMT now sends volunteers who are trained to install simple

water purifier systems to ease the clean-water shortage.

Macready says he receives from the Guatemalans a simple and sincere gratitude. Mayan customs are quite conservative—Americans are even asked to avoid wearing shorts and showing affection in public. “But sometimes I’ll finish a procedure, and the patient will turn and give me a big hug; I know that’s hard for them. They sometimes return later with a small gift, a woven purse or necklace they have made.”

Seeing that gracious generosity in the midst of debilitating poverty is what keeps Macready on the Cascade Medical Team’s roster of returning professionals. “I tell people, ‘sure, I have never worked so hard in my life, but really, I think I’m still trying to be an Eagle Scout,’” he says. “I’ve also been a [volunteer] scoutmaster for thirty-five years, and ‘Do a good turn daily’ is the Scout slogan. That’s a lifelong commitment. I followed the Scout oath and law today, but I have to do it tomorrow, too. So, I’m still trying . . .”

—Katherine Gries '05, M.A. '09

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uoalumni.com/events for detailed information

March 20

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

Day at the Races

GOLDEN GATE FIELDS
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

April 27

Bend Music Fest
BEND

May 11

Medford Music Fest
MEDFORD

May 14–15

Class of 1955 Reunion Celebration
EUGENE



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

OREGON SPIRIT TEE SLOGAN CONTEST, STARTS APRIL 1



Be the envy of Duck Fans, nationwide, when your slogan wins:

- 2010 season football tickets
- Duck Store shopping spree
- An unveiling party, in your honor, featuring
The Oregon Marching Band, Cheerleaders & Oregon Duck!

THE SPIRIT TEE SLOGAN CONTEST IS PRESENTED BY:
UO Marketing & Brand Management



Enter the 2010 Oregon Spirit Tee Slogan Contest for a chance to win. Contest starts on April 1. Spirit Tee sales support the Oregon Marching Band & Cheerleaders. Visit UODuckStore.com for details.

Become a fan of the Oregon Spirit Tee on Facebook.



Oregon's First Track-and-Field Superstar

Dan Kelly dashed his way into the book of world records.

ON JUNE 23, 1906, RUNNING under the colors of the Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland (as UO runners did in those days), Dan Kelly '08 broke world records in both the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes at the same track meet in Spokane, Washington. And in between the two events he won the broad jump.

Then, at the 1908 Olympics in London, England, Kelly won a silver medal in the broad jump as a member of the United States track-and-field team. Overseeing these victories was famed track coach Bill Hayward, namesake of the University of Oregon's Hayward Field.

Daniel James Kelly was born September 1, 1883, in Pueblo, Colorado, and moved with his Irish Catholic family to Baker City. Kelly grew up working in his father's blacksmith and wagon-making shop. After he became famous as the king of the 100-yard dash, newspaper articles made much of his small-town roots, including his blacksmith and horseshoeing experience.

By the time Kelly graduated from Baker High School in 1904, he had no doubt set BHS track records for the 100-, 220-, and 440-yard distances, plus high jump and broad jump. News articles described Kelly as "red-headed" and "freckled-faced," five feet ten-and-one-half inches tall, and weighing 150 pounds. A *New York Times* reporter wrote, "He is rather stockily built and hardly impresses the casual observer as a sprinter, but second glance shows the wonderful development of his legs, which furnishes him with his great speed."

Kelly spent his first post-high school year at Columbia University, a Catholic institution, today's University of Portland. During his year there, Kelly played football but made his lasting mark in track by setting school records in the 50-, 100-, and 220-yard dashes, plus competing in the shot put and hammer throw. One reporter described him as "almost the whole team."

In the fall of 1905, Kelly transferred to Eugene to study law at the University of Oregon, where he was a halfback on the football team and a standout sprinter and broad jumper under Hayward's tutelage.



1907 University of Oregon track-and-field team. Dan Kelly is at the right end of the middle row. Coach Bill Hayward is in the middle of back row.

(Hayward had become the UO's head track and basketball coach in 1904, and coached at Oregon for forty-four years.)

At the May 18, 1906, track meet between the UO and Oregon Agricultural College (OSU), Kelly accounted for 18 points in the UO's 76-46 victory. The sports editor of *The Oregonian* called Kelly's performance "little short of wonderful." Kelly tied the world 100-yard dash record in 9 4/5 seconds, ran the 220-yard dash in 22 4/5 seconds, and jumped 24 feet 2 1/4 inches, making him one of only three American broad jumpers to exceed 24 feet, and tied for first place in the high jump at 5 feet 2 inches. The reporter predicted, "Kelly should develop into a world-beater."

When Bill Hayward started coaching Kelly, his star as a track coach had yet to ascend. That changed on June 23, 1906, at a track meet in Spokane. "Dan Kelly, the phenomenal boy athlete from the University of Oregon, was the hero of the day," wrote a sports reporter. "This husky, freckle-faced youth, who hails from Baker City, Oregon, breasted the tape in the 100-yard dash in 9 3/5 seconds . . . beating the American amateur record. He won the broad jump with an astounding leap of 23 feet 9 1/2 inches, breaking the Northwest Associa-

tion record, and then went without cooling off right out on the track and equaled the American amateur record in the 220-yard dash, doing the distance in 21 1/5."

What the reporter didn't know at the time was that Kelly had broken the world record in the 100-yard dash. It wasn't until November 1906 that the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) certified Kelly's time as a world-record-breaking 9 3/5 seconds. In those days, runners competed in primitive running shoes on tracks of grass or cinders, and without the help of starting blocks.

Coach Hayward correctly predicted that Kelly's new record would stand for a long time: no one broke it until Eddie Tolan clocked 9 1/2 seconds twenty-three years later.

Kelly never again ran a 9.6-second 100. In the summer of 1907, he was the favorite to win the 100 at the AAU national championships in Jamestown, Virginia. The sultry heat took its toll on Kelly, who, under Hayward's watchful eye, finished in fifth place in the 100 and failed to finish the 220. But he didn't come away empty-handed. He won the broad jump with a leap of 23 feet 11 inches, the best jump by an AAU athlete in 1907, making Kelly Oregon's first national champion.

What the reporter didn't know at the time was that Kelly had broken the world record in the 100-yard dash.

In June 1908, Kelly telegraphed his parents from New York: "Chosen for Olympic team. Sail for England June 25." Coach Hayward accompanied Kelly and two other Oregon athletes to London. Their events: Kelly, broad jump; Albert C. Gilbert, 110-meter hurdles; and Forrest C. Smithson, pole vault. The trio of Oregonians fared well. Kelly received a silver medal with a running jump of 23 feet 3 1/4 inches; Gilbert won gold with a vault of 12 feet 2 inches; and Smithson also earned gold and set a world record running the 110-meter hurdles in 15 seconds flat. Back in

the United States, *Oregonian* reporter W. J. Petrain accompanied Kelly, Gilbert, and Smithson from New York City to Oregon via train sending dispatches about their welcome along the way as national heroes. President Theodore Roosevelt shook their hands.

In June 1909, a headline proclaimed, "Kelly's Career is Ended." Hayward announced that Kelly was laid up with a badly sprained ankle. A news story about "the famous red-haired sprinter" lamented, "The news of Kelly's injury comes as a blow to the sporting fraternity of the Northwest."

Out of the sports limelight and back in Baker City, Kelly returned to work in his father's blacksmith and farm implements shop. Six years later, in March, 1914, he again made headlines in *The Oregonian*: "Dan Kelly Fights, Is Bitten. Fast Sprinter Loses End of Finger in Saloon Brawl at Baker." Kelly, still dressed as an Irish comedian after having participated in a Saint Patrick's Day theatrical, and Hollister Bulger, who had both been drinking, "quarreled as to Kelly's ability as an actor,

which led to blows and the biting by Hollister, who fled from the police and is still missing."

The next, much sadder news story about Kelly appeared in the *Baker City Evening Herald* April 9, 1920. The headline read, "Dan Kelly, Renowned Athlete, Well Known Baker Boy is Dead." Around 1918 Kelly had set off to work as a logger in the woods near Fernie, British Columbia. It was from Fernie that his parents received a telegram with news that their son Dan had died April 8 of pneumonia. His body was returned to Baker for burial.

The University of Oregon has enshrined Kelly's name in its Athletic Hall of Fame: "In 1907, Dan Kelly became Oregon's first NCAA (then called Amateur Athletic Union) All-American in the long jump. Since then, more than 300 Oregon track-and-field stars have followed in his footsteps." In 1980, Kelly was in the first group of nine track-and-field athletes inducted into the Oregon Sports Hall of Fame and Museum, located in Portland. @

—Gary Dielman



University of Oregon Alumni Association



Why Membership Matters

- Whether you're interested in networking, hearing lectures from UO professors, athletics, staying connected with a monthly e-newsletter, travel, volunteering or the arts, there's something for every Duck.
- The UOAA has chapters and events all over the world, including Lane County, Portland, Puget Sound, California and beyond. As a member, you can be a part of the UO no matter where you live!
- If you're looking for money saving benefits, the cost of your membership can easily be paid for by taking advantage of Duck Deals. Save at places you shop, including Costco, T-Mobile, Hertz Car Rental, hotels, restaurants and much more.
- And what's even better is that your UOAA membership is 80% tax deductible!
- Membership matters. Your involvement helps the UOAA continue to support legislative advocacy for higher education, put on engaging events, connect alumni, recruit new students to the UO, and offer mentoring opportunities to current students.
- Show your support for the University of Oregon and be a part of the UOAA.



Join today! | uoalumni.com

Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

Jacqueline (Burdick) Duffy '44 wrote in to answer our call for 1940s grads. She is still alive and well in paradise, she writes, living in sunny Sarasota, Florida.

Donald Shaffer '48, a member of Sigma Nu fraternity, married a Chi Omega, **Elaine Taylor** '47, sixty-one years ago. Congratulations!

1950s

Frank K. Walsh '51, M. Ed. '65, is a member of an advisory team working to reestablish the Sawmill Tribal Trail, a historic trail between North Bend and the Empire district of Coos Bay, which was originally used by Coos Indians and then workers at the Asa Simpson Sawmill and Shipyard in North Bend.

Oregon Coast Council for the Arts named **John H. Baker** '56, M.F.A. '66, the 2009 Community Legend. Baker, a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and his wife, Carol, raised three children, Gordon, Larry, and **Ellen Franklin** '07 in Lincoln City.

■ **Alan C. Brunk** '59, a painter, and his wife Jane, a quilter, own the Twosome Art Studio in Toutle, Washington, a stop on the ARTrails of Southwest Washington tour.

1960s

Martin Scheffer '61, M.S. '63, has published *In Post-Communist Worlds: Living and Teaching in Estonia, Lithuania, Ukraine, and Uzbekistan* (iUniverse 2009) about his four-year, four-country experience as a visiting professor in the former Soviet Union. Scheffer and his wife, Judy, enjoy an active retirement split between travel, gardening, and grandchildren at their home in Nampa, Idaho.

Alaby Blivet '63 and wife **Sara Lee Cake** '45 recently traveled to Ukiah, California, to compete in the eighth annual ukiaHaiku festival. "ukiaHaiku?" said Blivet. "Weird, spell it backwards . . . it's still . . ." he paused, meditatively stroking his wispy beard, "ukiaHaiku."

"Sisters Rodeo," a painting by ■ **Joe M. Fischer**, M.F.A. '63, was acquired by John Laevitt, past president of the Sisters Rodeo Association.

Terry Melton, M.F.A. '64, reports that, unlike **Joe M. Fischer**, M.F.A. '63, he has sold nary a painting this quarter.



CLASS NOTABLE

Happy 105th Birthday! In November, **Flavia Marie (Ritter) Sherwood** '27 celebrated her 105th birthday. A music major in the days of the lindy hop, she still loves music, dancing, NASCAR racing, and reading OQ. @

Holistic health pioneer **Mahima R. Kundu**, M. Ed. '66, Ph. D. '67, retired to a career as a consultant and lecturer in yoga science, holistic health, and life management. Kundu is a frequent guest lecturer on cruise ships.

■ **Margie McBride Lehrman** '66, a member of Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, won an Emmy as part of the NBC news team selected for its 2008 election-night coverage. After thirty years at NBC, Lehrman retired in June.

1970s

James Kelley '70, M.Ed. '71, wrote *Cyclotron Factor* (Blue-water Press, 2009), a preteen novel about Buddy Alexander, who visits a government-run particle accelerator where he gains the capacity to travel backward and forward in time, leading to many crazy adventures as he learns to use and misuse this ability.

The Gaiian Odes (Evening Street Press, 2009), the fourth book of poems by **Howard W. Robertson** '70, M.A. '78, won the Sinclair Prize for Poetry.

Philip ("Mike") Reilly '71, a former Bowerman runner, writes in to report that his son, Mike, directed the dramatic film *Road to Victory*, which deals with concussions and the allegations of steroid abuse in college football.

Marel (Pander-Lynch) Kalyn '72, M.F.A. '79, taught paper-making and book arts for twenty-five years before undertaking her latest adventure as a certified activities facilitator with older adults. Her two sons, artists Jacob and Arnold Pander, shot a feature film, *Selfless*, in Portland. The film has received several awards, and will be shown on Comcast On-Demand in 2010.

■ **John ("Jack") Minan**, J.D. '72, professor of law at the University of San Diego, has coauthored *The Little White Book of Baseball Law* (ABA, 2009), which examines the rules of the game as well as actual cases involving issues such as player free agency, fan misbehavior, new stadium construction, and ticket scalping.

David A. Sonnenfeld '73 coedited his third book, *The Ecological Modernization Reader: Environmental Reform in Theory and Practice* (Routledge, 2009), a volume aimed at classroom, scholarly, and policymaking audiences. Sonnenfeld is a professor and chair of the environmental studies department at the State University of New York College of Environmental Science and Forestry in Syracuse.

Ruth Tiger '75 wrote *The Away Place* (Eloquent Books, 2009), a poignant story of a special bond between a man with Down syndrome and an idealistic doctoral student. Tiger lives with her husband, children, and grandchildren in Tacoma, Washington.

Lynne M. Webb '75, Ph.D. '80, a member of Delta Delta Delta sorority, is spending the spring semester 2010 as visiting professor in communication at Hong Kong Baptist University.

After careers in banking and with the Lane County government, **Susan Huff** '77 has spent the past nine years merchandising with Prologix in Sacramento, California.

John Harrison, M.A. '78, a public information officer for the Northwest Power and Conservation Council in Portland, wrote *A Woman Alone: Mona Bell, Sam Hill, and the Mansion on Bonneville Rock* (Frank Amato Publications, 2009). Harrison and his wife, **Dawn Ohrling Harrison** '74, an elder-law attorney in Vancouver, raised two sons, John and Andrew.

Denyse McGriff, M.S. '78, M.U.P. '79, has been elected to the Board of Advisors of the National Trust for Historic Preservation. McGriff, who lives in Oregon City, will serve as advisor to the national nonprofit preservation organization for an initial three-year term.

Rosanna Bowles, M.A. '79, has published *Coming Home: A Seasonal Guide to Celebrating Family Traditions* (Stewart, Tabori and Chang, 2010), which former UO president Dave Frohnmayer called "an immensely practical book with a wonderfully poetic feel."

■ **Rob Cross** '79 is vice president of investments with Wells Fargo Advisors in Portland. He also provides color commentary during televised Oregon Sports Network coverage of UO men's and women's basketball games.

1980s

Landscape architect **James Peter "JP" Shadley** '83 of Shadley Associates in Lexington, Massachusetts, became

a fellow of the American Society of Landscape Architecture.

Annette Gurdjian '84 won the Mayor's Choice Award in the 2009 Mayor's Art Show in Eugene for "Pioneer Couple," a composition of oil and photographs on paper.

David J. Tangvald '89, a member of Sigma Chi fraternity, is the president of the Portland Metropolitan Association of Realtors and a branch manager for Prudential Northwest Properties.

1990s

Michael Jordan '90 is a senior vice president with the professional services firm Jones Lang LaSalle, where he heads the corporate energy and sustainability services business. Jordan and his wife Kim are raising their four sons in West Linn.

Henry A. Ebarb, J.D. '92, earned a Ph.D. in sustainability education from Prescott College at the age of sixty-nine.

Brian Kelly '92 has been editor of the *South Whidbey Record* newspaper of Whidbey Island, Washington, for five years. The paper won fifteen state awards from the Washington Newspaper Association in October.

Marcy Jean Everest, Ph.D. '94, cowrote *Commonsense Guide to Current Affairs* (Pickwick Publications, 2009) with Vincent Frank Bedgone. Everest and her family live in central Florida.

Edward Sean Foxley '94 received his Ph.D. in medical physics from the University of Chicago in 2008.

Lila Marz Harper, Ph.D. '96, edited a Broadway edition of Edwin Abbott's mathematical fantasy, *Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions*, originally published in 1884. (See *Upfront* section.)

Portland lawyer **Diane Schwartz Sykes** '97 is the new leader of the Oregon Department of Justice civil rights program.

Heather Moye Schader '98 works in public relations and marketing with the Tempe, Arizona-based Pat Tillman Foundation, which was founded in memory of Tillman, a former NFL player with the Arizona Cardinals who enlisted in the aftermath of 9/11 and was killed while serving the U.S. Army in Afghanistan. Schader has been working in marketing for almost a decade.

2000s

Inspired by a business class project at the UO, **Matt Thomas** '02 started Townshends Tea, a tea company based in Portland.

Cassandra Manuelito-Kerkuliet, Ph.D. '05, is president of Seattle's Antioch University.

■ **Jessica (Gilbert) Ryder** '06, a kindergarten teacher, married Bradley Ryder, a California Highway Patrol officer, in June 2009 at Black Butte Ranch in Sisters. The couple is making their home in San Jose, California.

Sally-Shannon Scales '07 is the television adviser for the United States Senate office of Republican leader Senator Mitch McConnell.

Retirement And Peace of Mind

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



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

Call for a tour: 541-342-5901



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



■ **Alisha Wimberly** '09 is the owner, manager, and nutritionist at KORU Health Center in Eugene.

In Memoriam

Kenneth W. Cole '38, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, died at the age of ninety-three. After serving in the U.S. Army as a first lieutenant during World War II, Cole worked as both a certified public accountant and a member of the Oregon State Bar.

Barbara Lois (Ketchum) Proebstel '38, a member of Alpha Omicron Pi sorority, died at age ninety-two. Ketchum married Richard D. Proebstel and later became an active Cub Scout den mother with their son John's group. After her husband died in 1960, Ketchum Proebstel worked for nearly a decade as an elementary school librarian. She enjoyed spending time with her family as well as playing bridge.

Charles "Chuck" Anderson '47, a member of Kappa Sigma, died from postpolio syndrome at the age of eighty-five. Anderson served in World War II on a submarine chaser

In Memoriam Policy

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

and later served as the executive officer on the USS Pinola during the Korean War. Anderson moved to Olympia, Washington, where he began a successful career in real estate. Later, he started Charles Anderson and Associates, a real estate appraisal company. Nicknamed "Skipper," he enjoyed sharing his passion for boating and his intimate knowledge of the local waters, gained over a lifetime of cruising from Puget Sound to Alaska.

Eugene native **Roy Lincoln Smith** '50 died recently from heart disease. After serving in the U.S. Army Signal corps during World War II, he married **Louise Rickabaugh** '45 and had a twenty-five-year career with Gerber Products Company in Eugene. Smith was a member of Toastmasters International and Trinity United Methodist Church. He was a devoted member of the Emerald Empire Gun Club and held a national record in cast-bullet shooting.

Edward Ragozzino '53, M.A. '57, died January 30 of cancer at age seventy-nine. A Navy veteran who served in the Korean War, Ragozzino taught theater at South Eugene High School for twelve years. A national television and radio voice-over talent, he was the founder and head of the performing arts department at Lane Community College for nearly two decades and founder, director, and producer of the Eugene Festival of Musical Theater.

Albert A. Cohen '56, a member of Phi Kappa Psi, died at the age of seventy-four. He worked for Alaskan Copper and Brass in Seattle for more than twenty years, selling stainless steel pipe and fittings until retirement in 2000. He is survived by his wife, **Judy (Johnson) Cohen** '59, a member of Delta Gamma, a son, and two grandsons.

Cornelia Fogle '58, formerly of Springfield, died at home in Ashland at the age of seventy-three due to Lou Gehrig's disease. While attending the University, Fogle worked as the features editor at the *Oregon Daily Emerald*. For almost thirty-five years, Fogle worked with Lane Publishing Company and *Sunset* magazine in Menlo Park, California. Since retiring in 1995, Fogle immersed herself in her passions: gardening, cooking, and travel.

Patricia A. Rogers, M.A. '63, former associate director for the Department of Physical Education, Athletics, and Recreation at the State University of New York, Albany, died in August.

Bruce H. Clark '67 died at age sixty-three due to prostate cancer. Clark was a real estate investor and a lover of the arts. In 1979, he set up an endowment fund for the Eugene Symphony that has grown to more than \$2 million today.

Poet and Boise State University professor **Anthony Thomas Trusky** '67 died at age sixty-five. Trusky's four decades of service at BSU included founding and editing *cold-drill* magazine, the university's award-winning literary publication, from 1974 until 1995 and directing the Idaho Film Collection and the Idaho Center for the Book. One of his many lasting legacies was initiating the BSU master's program in creative writing in 1998. Students and colleagues alike remember Trusky for the outstanding energy and creativity that he exuded and inspired in others.

Isabelle C. Littman, Ph.D. '71, child and educational psychologist, died at the age of eighty-nine in November.

Continued on page 58



www.rm-nw-auctions.com

AUCTION



1% OF SALES TO BE DONATED TO UNIVERSITY OF OREGON FOUNDATION!

21 UNITS - MINIMUM BIDS START AT \$79,500!

The Farm Condominiums

Eugene, Oregon

10 Minutes from University of Oregon Campus Studios • One Bedrooms • Two Bedrooms

Granite Counters, Hardwood Floors, Courtyards, Garages

SEALED BIDS DUE APRIL 21, 2010

CALL NOW 1-800-845-3524 FOR FREE COLOR CATALOG #1001




FINANCING AVAILABLE!

Realty Marketing/Northwest, Broker

522 S.W. 5th Avenue, Suite 1250 Portland, Oregon 97204

The ultimate recognition of achievement.



Introducing the official University of Oregon Chronometer.

To order your University of Oregon timepiece, visit:
www.duckwristwatch.com

or call
1.800.858.6037

Until now, a class ring or uninspired quartz watch were the only jewelry items available for someone wishing to make a statement about the pride they feel in the University of Oregon. Created by an Oregon alumnus, this serious, limited-edition timepiece is totally unique, and made in Europe from the finest materials available to last a lifetime. It makes an eloquent birthday or graduation gift, or a significant reward for your own accomplishments. One that can be enjoyed every day.

chronomundi



How Class Notes happen . . . and how YOU can participate

Class Notes are an easy way to let your UO friends (long lost and otherwise) know what you're up to, where you've ended up, or who you've blossomed into. New job? Retired? Married? Had a child? Won an award? Written a book? Hobbies? Volunteer work? Your UO friends want to know.

Where do OQ Class Notes come from? We don't have the staff to scour newspapers, magazines, and the Internet to keep up on Oregon grads, so we rely on you, our readers, to give us the material that we can pass along to recipients of the roughly 100,000 magazines we publish each quarter as well as to viewers of our website. Many Ducks go online and fill out our easy-to-use form (from OregonQuarterly.com click on **Class Notes**) or send an e-mail to quarterly@uoregon.edu. Others mail in the form that appears on page 60 of this issue, or send newspaper clippings directly to our office:

Class Notes—Oregon Quarterly
5228 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-5228

We edit Class Notes submissions for style, clarity, length, and appropriateness.



CLASS NOTES Continued

Littman worked at Eugene's Pearl Buck Center, where she established and ran a preschool program for children with special needs. She was active in political, professional, and community groups devoted to improving the lives of young people, inside and outside of educational institutions.

Patricia Mulder '72, M.A. '74, former executive director of the Corvallis Chamber of Commerce, died at age sixty-two. She was active with the First Presbyterian Church in Corvallis, where she was the administrator in charge of building and finances.

Ronald Meade '76, M.S. '77, died in March 2009 of colon cancer at the age of fifty-four. Meade worked in the financial industry in Portland, where he lived with his partner of eighteen years.

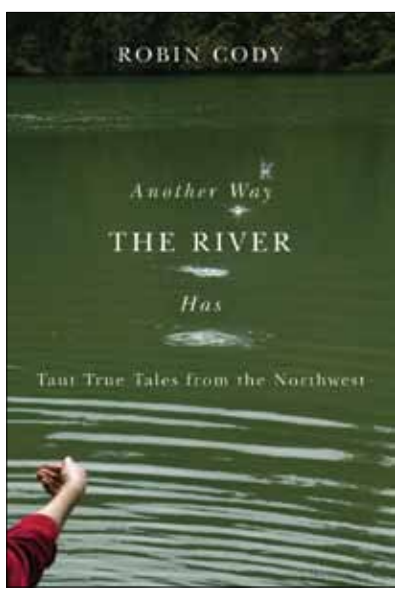
Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Eva Balderree, M.Ed. '54, D.Ed. '70, a member of Alpha Chi Omega sorority, died in Medford last May. Balderree was a clinical psychologist for Eugene public schools and later worked as a professor of special education at the UO. She loved to travel and took several trips around the world. She especially liked visiting Jagodnaja Poljana, Russia—the home of her ancestors.

Vernon Barkhurst '49, M.A. '51, former director of admissions and associate dean of students, died at age eighty-seven. After serving in the South Pacific during World War II, Barkhurst was awarded the Purple Heart. He was active in the UO and local community—among his many connections he served as a lane judge for the Oregon Track Club for more than thirty years and was a docent at the Museum of Natural and Cultural History.

Jane Marie DeGidio, M.S. '74, Ph.D. '80, a longtime UO faculty member, died at age sixty-three due to complications from breast cancer. DeGidio began her tenure at the UO as a counselor and later held positions that included dean of students, director of the office of student retention programs, and associate vice president for student academic affairs.

Former philosophy department chair **Frank B. Ebersole**



new from **Oregon State University Press**

Another Way the River Has *Taut True Tales from the Northwest*

ROBIN CODY

Robin Cody, acclaimed author of *Ricochet River* and *Voyage of a Summer Sun*, brings the ear of a novelist and the eye of a reporter to the people and places that make the Northwest, and Northwest literature, distinctive.

“Cody populates his wonderful essays with compelling Northwest characters so vigorous and colorful they might have stepped from the pages of a Kesey novel... This remarkable book is a rare gift—worth owning and sharing.”
 —Craig Lesley, author of *Burning Fence* and *Winterkill*

Paperback, \$18.95

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



died at age ninety. His philosophical views were unique and continue to provoke interest today. In addition to publishing three collections of philosophical essays, Ebersole was a poet, photographer, and bird expert.

Thomas R. Hart, UO professor emeritus of Romance languages, died in January after a short illness. During World War II, he served in the U.S. Navy. Hart had a productive academic career of more than fifty-five years, beginning his work at the UO in 1964 and retiring in 1990. In a long association with the journal *Comparative Literature*, he served as assistant editor, editor (1972–1995), and editor emeritus.

Longtime business professor **Catherine M. Jones** '45 died at age ninety-five. She was a passionate Ducks fan, an avid hiker, and a lifelong traveler. Jones was active in the Eugene community for many years, delivering for Meals on Wheels and working at the Fish food cupboard. In addition to her involvement with the First United Methodist Church of Eugene, Jones was also a member of the Obsidians hiking club and the Mount Pisgah Arboretum.

Emeritus professor of journalism and communications **Roy Paul Nelson** '47, M.S. '55, died in January at his home in Durham at age eighty-six. He worked as an advertising copywriter, a reporter for United Press, and the assistant editorial director and district manager for American Forest Products Industries before returning to the UO to earn a master's degree. He was one of the nation's leading authorities on design, layout, and magazines, having published more than twenty books and written a monthly column on design for *Communication World* magazine for twenty-five years.



DUCKS AFIELD

Fans Across the Water Kurt Saito '93 (second from right) and Tei Gordon '92 (fourth from left) join Duck-crazy friends in the Roppongi district of Tokyo to celebrate Oregon's football win over USC. Partially obscured by wires is Japan's tallest structure, the 1,091-foot Tokyo Tower.

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

PHOTO COURTESY KURT SAITO

“One of the world’s leading music festivals”
—WALL STREET JOURNAL

2010 OREGON BACH festival
JUNE 25 – JULY 11

Chorus, orchestra, and masterworks featuring

- Thomas Quasthoff
- Bobby McFerrin
- Jamie Bernstein
- And artistic director Helmuth Rilling

oregonbachfestival.com

BE A FAN! [Facebook.com/oregonbachfestival](https://www.facebook.com/oregonbachfestival)

Oregon Humanities Center

YEAR OF THE BOOK 2009-10

A year-long series of interdisciplinary events featuring the history and future of the book

Frances Moore Lappé
“Getting a Grip—Gaining Clarity, Creativity and Courage for the World We Really Want,”
April 5, 2010

Peter Kornbluh, Director, National Security Archive’s Chile and Cuba Documentation Projects
May 5, 2010

Kwame Anthony Appiah
Professor of Philosophy, Princeton, and President, PEN American Center
May 26, 2010—Eugene
May 27, 2010—Portland

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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



Let Me Help You Find Your Dream Home in 2010!

"A Portland native and proven top sales producer over the years, Bob has 23 years of valuable experience and knowledge in the Portland Metropolitan real estate market. Call him and let him show you the great neighborhoods!"



Bob Atkinson, Principal Broker | The Hasson Company Realtors—Portland West Branch
 OFFICE DIRECT 503-802-6435 | CELL 503-314-3431 | EMAIL atkinsonb@hasson.com
 WEB bobatkinson.hasson.com

Be a
part
of it!

Get Connected.

Get the latest UO news delivered to your inbox.

To update your email address, visit uoalumni.com/update



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

BECAUSE THERE IS ALWAYS MORE TO LEARN.

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

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



UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON
PORTLAND



Curiosity Never Retires

Osher Lifelong Learning Institute
 Program sites in Eugene/Springfield,
 Central Oregon and Portland

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

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



UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON

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. Thanks.

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

NAME, CLASS YEAR

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE, ZIP

OCCUPATION

TELEPHONE

E-MAIL

News Item:

SENT BY (NAME, CLASS YEAR):

THE BUSINESS HALL OF FAME RECOGNIZES THOSE UO ALUMNI FROM ANY SCHOOL OR COLLEGE WHOSE PROFESSIONAL ACHIEVEMENTS IN BUSINESS HAVE BEEN MARKED BY UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS, INNOVATION, AND LEADERSHIP. THOSE IN THE BUSINESS HALL OF FAME REPRESENT A VARIETY OF BUSINESSES AND HAVE SERVED AT THE HIGHEST LEVELS WITHIN REGIONAL, NATIONAL, AND INTERNATIONAL COMPANIES.

BUSINESS HALL *of* FAME

20
10

THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 2010
PORTLAND ART MUSEUM
COCKTAILS AND DINNER

H O N O R I N G

EDWIN ARTZT '51

Retired Chairman and CEO, Procter & Gamble Company

PAUL BRAINERD '70

Founder, Aldus Corporation and Brainerd Foundation

AARON JONES '47

Founder and President, Seneca Sawmill Company

LILA ACHESON WALLACE '17 *(deceased)*

Co-founder and Co-chairman, Readers Digest

DAN WIEDEN '67

Co-founder and CEO, Wieden + Kennedy, Inc.



UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON

For more information call 541.346.2113

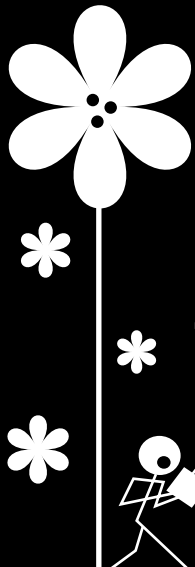
Address Changes.
Class Notes.
Letters to the Editor.
OregonQuarterly.com

D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Spring issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



A student studies amid the bicycles in front of Deady Hall sometime in the late 1970s.



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

SMITH
FAMILY
BOOKSTORE

CAMPUS
East 13th
and Alder
DOWNTOWN
East 5th
and Willamette

Duck Wine Club

Join the
Duck Wine Club

Join today and begin receiving
premium, award-winning
Oregon wines delivered
right to your doorstep.

Membership in the
Alumni Wine Club is exclusive to
UO Alumni Association members.

www.duckwineclub.com

The Duck Wine Club is owned
and operated by Alumni Wine Clubs



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

OFFICE OF COMMUNICATION-DESIGN AND EDITING SERVICES

1920 The Oregon-Harvard Rose Bowl game draws every alumnus who is “fortunate enough to be living in California, or had suddenly been called south on business,” according to *Old Oregon*. Among the cheering throng is Judge R. S. Bean '78 of Portland, head of the Oregon Board of Regents and member of the UO's first graduating class.

1930 Geology department head Warren Smith is hard at work on a “geological motorlogue” highlighting the state's roadside points of geological interest, to be printed in a magazine of Oregon automobile enthusiasts.

1940 Tickets are available for five conference basketball games to be played at Mac Court: general admission, \$0.55; reserved seats, \$0.85.

1950 The Oregon Alumni office is now one of the best equipped in the country with the recent addition of an automatic envelope feeding machine capable of addressing more than 300 envelopes per hour.

1960 Some campus fads seem to run in cycles; the latest fad is cycles, bicycles, that is—crowds of bicycles, rolling around campus, causing pedestrians to keep a wary eye out for what might be silently approaching.

1970 With Earth Day preparations in full swing, ecology is the talk of campus, and the consensus among activists and professors is that all problems—air and water pollution, depleted agricultural soils, overcrowded cities—stem from a single cause: overpopulation.

1980 Repercussions continue even years after the end of the Vietnam War as University Veterans members seek to raise consciousness about war, Agent Orange, the draft, and militarism; volunteer for local social service activities; participate in therapeutic “rap sessions”; and host conferences.

1990 Eugene's live music scene is hopping—some bands that have recently played on or near campus: Badass Daddies, The Blubinos, Chemakill, Crawdadz of Pure Love, Dogwater, The Falling Spikes, RawheadRex, Small and Strange, Sugar Boom, and Sweaty Nipples.

2000 While we somehow dodged the impending techno-apocalypse that was Y2K, not all fears have abated: according to Daniel Wojcik, UO associate professor of English and folklore and author of *The End of the World as We Know It: Faith, Fatalism, and Apocalypse in America*, “About 20 percent of Americans really think the world will end in their lifetimes.”



HE TED™
STADIUM CHAIR



PATENT PENDING
Portable Furniture
All Rights Reserved



**Double
HeTed™
Chair**

PATENT PENDING
Portable Furniture
All Rights Reserved



Portable Furniture™ brings
21st century patented technology
with the touch of a button
to warm your seat and back
for those chilly occasions.

Tail-Gator™



PATENT PENDING
Portable Furniture
All Rights Reserved

**Single
HeTed™
Chair**

PATENT PENDING
Portable Furniture
All Rights Reserved



**Order Today and Receive Special Pricing.
Phone Orders Only!**

*At PorTable Furniture
we believe the quality of
your furniture should
enhance your outdoor
lifestyle.*

*All of our products are
uniquely designed with
functionality and
portability in mind - so
your good taste can
travel with you!*

POR | TABLE™

FURNITURE

**Call 541-688-7837 to ORDER
your HeTed™ Chair Today!**

Or, visit our website at
www.portablervfurniture.com

PTF Sales, Inc. — Eugene, Oregon

Heavy gauged polyester embroidered
canvas carrying bag



Folds to 8" wide

Rockin' the Bard

Kim Cooper Findling '93

Most of us hadn't been to the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. By the middle-1980s, OSF was renowned by Shakespeare lovers around the globe, but from my small Oregon hometown, it might as well have been across the globe. Our parents were either working-class folks who spent what little money they earned on cars or low-earning professionals who had to be choosy about fancy cultural experiences.

But our English teacher made sure we not only knew of the most respected festival in our home state but also visited it before finishing high school. Short, round, bald, and a lover of words, Rick Wetherell would have fit right in during the 1500s. He made us write sonnets, read contemporary song lyrics like poetry, and memorize a quote a day. Then he bought up a block of OSF tickets, figured out how we could afford them, had the school cooks pack sack lunches, and herded us onto the bus, bellowing orders like a director on a stage.

Still, there was no easy way to get from North Bend to Ashland. The first 100 miles were the very definition of the path less traveled—unfamiliar and inhospitable, especially to a gigantic yellow school bus. Once we hit I-5, there were still ninety-five miles to go. That trip would take at least four-and-a-half hours, especially if there was a barf stop.

We were used to this. We lived in the middle of nowhere. We had to travel at least 120 miles to partake in the most mundane high school rituals like a basketball game or speech team competition. We grumbled about this basic geographical unfairness, but despite early wake-up calls, queasy tummies, and sleep deprivation, we loved road trips. The bus was where it was at. Close proximity to one another, limited adult supervision, greasy snacks, and soda cans wrapped in tinfoil so they'd stay cold—for a sixteen-year-old, it didn't get much better than this.

After we indulged in major bus antics, we settled in and read through two pages of field trip instructions. Information Wetherell deemed necessary about Ashland included warning that the water from the fountains in the plaza tasted funny because it came from a mineral spring, what time to *absolutely* be in line for the play, and this strange directive, hinting at dastardly deeds from years past: "Feedeth not whole oranges to the Lithia Park swans."

From a twenty-first century hyperprotective viewpoint, it's amazing that fifty teenagers were set loose in a strange city with little more than strict instructions to not gag swans with our fruit. But we were let off near the park, where the bus had room to turn around, with a good two-hour window in which to do as we pleased. That was part of the fun. At Rare Earth we pored over bins of trinkets. In Lithia Park we explored wild crannies and the serene grove of sycamores. We tasted the above-mentioned water and agreed that it tasted like medieval poison. But before long it was time to get in line. We were here for intellectual stimulation, or at least intellectual simulation. Our



scholarly inclinations may normally be buried under the need to be hip, but today we were all in the same cerebral boat, so we might as well embrace it. It was Shakespeare, dude. So retro he'd reached cool. We got his groove. We were here to rock the Bard.

Our luck was like a shiny gold shilling. If there was a perfect Shakespeare-live experience for teens, this was it. In 1988, the Shakespearean play on the Angus Bowmer stage was *Romeo and Juliet*. This story we knew, and not because we'd read the play. We *lived* *Romeo and Juliet*—if only metaphorically. I surely felt as if I was kept from a romantic partner by a tragic, unbridgeable gulf. If that chasm was my own nerdiness rather than a centuries-old family war, no matter. The emotions translated.

Such was the beauty of narrative, the art of story. Such was the brilliance of Shakespeare. Even if we didn't know what in the heck he was saying half of the time, we still found a place in his stories that felt like a mirror to our soul. I couldn't wait to see this might-as-well-take-place-under-the-bleachers-back-home story set to life before me.

As the actors took the stage, a ruffle of excitement fluttered through our little crowd. What was going on here? What was up with Juliet's couture leather miniskirt? A quick squint at the program answered our question. "*Romeo and Juliet* is staged this year in modern dress."

We would never have known this phrase referred to contemporary clothing in an antique play, but we could figure it out. This wasn't any kind of modern dress we recognized, anyway. We wore Guess and Levi's. We'd never heard of Bloomingdale's. The only way Juliet's four-inch heels looked familiar was that we'd seen them in *Cosmopolitan*.

To see *Cosmo* slam straight into Shakespeare in a little town in southern Oregon was something else. Romeo was *hot* in that three-piece suit. Even better was Mercutio in skin-tight denim and a gold chain. But the women were the real eye candy. Taffeta skirts, billowing. Hair done up Julia Roberts-style in a million curls. We sat captivated, jacked up on hormones run amok by impetus of Ralph Lauren and iambic pentameter.

So it was really no surprise that after we came down from our Shakespeare-induced high, after the sun set and the bus filled with a steamy, dark warmth, two souls entwined in the back seat of the bus. In their own minds, each was no longer a junior from provincial North Bend High School, but instead a love-struck teenager who knew no era. They shut out all others and seized the moment, for tomorrow—who knew?—they may be forbidden to ever meet again. 🍷

Kim Cooper Findling is a writer living in Bend. A longer version of this essay will appear in Chance of Sun, her book about growing up in Oregon, scheduled to be published later this year by Nestucca Spit Press.



“People with a passion for art make this museum possible. We appreciate your contribution.”

—Shenea Davis, UO freshman

◀ Shenea Davis strikes a pose inspired by *The Art of the Superhero*, an exhibition supported by a bequest from the late William C. Mitchell, a UO professor emeritus of political science.

Inspired giving

From her work-study post in the UO’s Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, Shenea Davis sees firsthand how gifts enrich the student experience across disciplines. “The UO is the only university in the state with a museum of this caliber,” she says.

Make a gift with lasting impact

Help sustain the areas that matter most to you by including the University of Oregon in your will. Contact us to learn more.

giftplan.uoregon.edu

Phone: 800-289-2354

541-346-1687

E-mail: giftplan@uoregon.edu



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

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



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

OREGON QUARTERLY

5228 University of Oregon
Eugene OR 97403-5228

CHANGE SERVICE REQUESTED

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



**WEAR YOUR SPIRIT
ON YOUR SLEEVE.**

**O THE DUCK
STORE**

EUGENE • PORTLAND • BEND

Serving the University of Oregon since 1920

UODuckStore.com

