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**COVER** | LaMichael James celebrates after scoring the touchdown that brought the UO within two points near the end of the national championship game. Photo by Jack Liu.



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# Oregon

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Editor's Note | Guy Maynard, Editor

## Essaying

I want to thank the 162 people who entered the *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest this year. Over the past several weeks, managing editor Ross West and I have been reading those essays (somewhere in the neighborhood of a quarter million words) in our effort to select fifteen finalists (ten in the open category and five student essays) to pass on to this year's judge, Debra Gwartney, who will pick the winners.

The verb form of essay means "to attempt" and that has as much relevance to our contest as the more commonly used noun form ("a short literary composition on a single subject, usually presenting the personal view of the author," says my *American Heritage Dictionary*). All essays are about trying to make sense of an experience, an issue, a phenomenon in a way that connects to an audience. And that challenge is multiplied for many of our contest entrants, who are evening and weekend writers.

Our 162 essays covered a multitude of "single subjects" (and a few, a multitude of topics within a single essay). Contest rules say the essays should address "ideas that affect the Northwest"—a category sufficiently broad to allow writers plenty of latitude but just restrictive enough to keep the essays relevant to this magazine.

Most essays were heartfelt, whether the intent was to make a point about a political, cultural, or social issue or to relate a personal experience with some Northwest tentacles and implications. Some of the personal stories were about gut-wrenching and life-changing events in the writer's life. I could feel, in reading those, that it was an act of bravery to even try to write those stories and send them off for some strangers to read and, even worse, to judge. Not all of those were successful in a literary sense, which is ultimately how we have to base our decisions, but I believe this is one of those situations where the effort can be a victory in itself. Trying to write through difficulty or confusion or anger is a way of coming to terms with it. I salute and encourage that effort.

In his introduction to *Best Essays NW* (UO Press, 2003), which included many essays that came from our contest, National Book Award-winner Barry Lopez wrote, "The best essays are distinguished by a search for meaning, by a disciplined effort to gain perspective on an issue, and by a willingness to make peace with the essential paradox of life. Life can't be straightened out, it can only be lived. . . . I would also argue that the attempt to write fine essays today is very like the effort to make good art. It is a striving for coherence, beauty, essence, epiphany, illumination, and engagement both with the material and with the audience."

The qualities that Lopez identifies move the recounting of a personal experience or the arguing of a philosophical position from a brave attempt at communication to an accomplished essay—and it's a thrill when I pull one of those from the pile. I have my own barometer: the "goose-bump test," an involuntary physical reaction when I am moved by words on paper to see something in an entirely new light, to think about something in a wholly new way. It happens often enough every year to keep us coming back for more.

The culmination of our essay contest is a reading by the winners—the goose bump producers—on the UO campus. This year's event will be held May 4 at 7 P.M. at Geringer Alumni Lounge. Our judge, Debra Gwartney, will make introductory remarks. She was the winner in 2000, the first year of our contest, and has gone on to great things, including publication of her critically acclaimed memoir, *Live Through This* (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2009), and outstanding work as a teacher of writing. That cycle of growth for our contest gives me a few goose bumps, too.

gmaynard@uoregon.edu



Never, ever say  
**I should have**



*Barbara Chen, Class of '10, Chief Finance & Operations Officer, Portland State University, Maseeh College of Engineering and Computer Science*

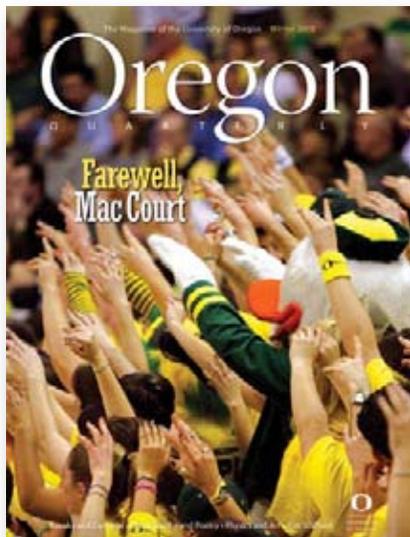
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## More Mac Memories

The article about Mac Court ["Always a Classic," Winter 2010] brought back too many memories to recount here. But two from the '58-'59 academic year merit comment: a lecture by Eleanor Roosevelt, who argued in favor of health care reform; and a concert by the Kingston Trio, who reported the hanging of Tom Dooley.

*R. G. Dimberg '60, MA '62  
Charlottesville, Virginia*

My favorite Mac Court story isn't hoops-related. It was a Saturday morning, and the Shrine Circus was setting up for a matinee performance. I wandered out in front of the building, and the first thing I saw was an elephant chained by the foreleg to a parking meter. One of the handlers spotted me, in my security coveralls and badge, and executed a faultless sight gag. He ran over and stuck a nickel in the elephant's meter.

Thirty-three years later, it still cracks me up.

*Mike Gaynes '78  
Moss Beach, California*

Thanks for the up-to-date information about Mac Court. In addition to all those wonderful sports activities, Mac Court was a community center. The Civic Music Association held concerts there for many years. We heard opera stars Patrice Munsel and Blanche Thebom and entertainers like Arthur Godfrey and the McGuire Sisters. Even Robert Shaw's famous chorale performed. The big bands came to town, and the dances were at Mac Court. My younger

brother played basketball there when his junior high school team provided half-time entertainment at a ball game. The state high school basketball championships were played there. Sweet memories.

*Barbara Fulton Royalty '53  
Diamond Bar, California*

More than forty years ago, I was approached by the UO Athletic Department for help in improving their food and beverage concessions. Working with Leo Harris, the athletic director, was a true pleasure. We increased the benefits to the athletic department sixfold and still provided me with compensation for my efforts. Leo was a pure businessman and a true friend to my wife and myself. This lasted ten years. There was never a shortage of people wanting to work at Mac Court. We all enjoyed what we were doing. We were a big happy family, thanks to my wife. As an example of how it affected individuals, my ninety-year-old sister and her husband who worked for us more than forty years ago, still insists that those times are the most memorable of their lives.

*David W. Pierson '52  
Black Butte Ranch*

## Mac Critiques, Mistakes

While a huge fan of all Duck teams and Mac Court, I believe the picture for the cover of the Winter 2010 edition was a poor choice. I was shocked because it appeared that everyone in the photo was giving a salute to Hitler. For crying out loud, did nobody else see that? It would have been more appropriate to have an actual picture of, oh I don't know, say, McArthur Court? This photo was in bad taste. I expect more from my university.

*Kevin Dahlstrom '91  
San Ramon, California*

When my daughter showed me this [cover] photo I really had a good laugh. We all love our Ducks and will miss Mac Court, but did you stop to consider that this photo looks like the UO is saluting Hitler? Maybe a different angle? Made my day!

*Kris Correa  
Eugene*

*Guy Maynard responds: I must confess that yellow-clad Duck fans raising their arms did not trigger associations with Hitler and the Nazis for me. But I apologize to those who found it in bad taste.*

I enjoy your magazine. Nice work! But the article on Mac Court opens with an error. It says the last game to be played in Mac is the men's game on January 1. Actually, the last game [was] played January 8 when the women's team host[ed] Washington. The women were originally scheduled to open the new arena, but the powers that be couldn't allow the women that honor so the men got to open Matt Arena even though the new building [was] ready—and standing empty—when the women played the last game in McArthur Court. Unfortunately, the Oregon women have been dismissed by the athletic department from being the first to play in the new arena and now dismissed in your article from being the last to play in McArthur Court. I'm an alum of the women's basketball program and I am occasionally disappointed in decisions made, and not made, in regard to women's athletics here on campus. You might have been the victim of bad timing, getting their information before the decision to move the women's games back to Mac.

*Peg Rees '77, MS '91  
Eugene*

*We apologize for the error and congratulate the UO women's basketball team for beating UW 68-64 in the last game at Mac Court.*

I noticed that you had a photo in your article regarding Mac Court that was labeled "undated photo of cheerleaders." The photo is from 1964 or 1965 and is of Barbie Jones Corey who graduated in 1965. I can't recognize the male cheerleader, but could certainly find out. Barbie is married to Buck Corey, class of 1964, and lives in Portland.

*Kathryn Brandt White '64  
Eugene*

I appreciated the tribute to Mac Court. Much of my experience in the facility was as a student lighting technician working shows in the late seventies and early eighties. Memorable performances included Frank Zappa, Jackson Browne, Bill Cosby, and George Carlin. Good times. I also want to draw your atten-

## Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

tion to the image captioned “A student tries to register in late 1960s or 1970s.” As someone who has spent thirty-plus years working in the EMU, I can tell you that picture was not taken in Mac Court—but in the EMU Ballroom, where fee payment and academic advising occurred prior to computerized class registration (advising still takes place in the Ballroom). The alternating wall panel pattern in the background was the giveaway for me.

Mike Kraiman '82  
Eugene

## Endangered Photographer?

Thank you for publishing Susan Rich’s article about Myra Albert Wiggins [“Entering the Picture,” Winter 2010]. I liked her fresh way of looking at Wiggins’s photographs and expressing how she felt about them as a poet. However, there is an inaccuracy. Contrary to Wiggins being in “danger of extinction” or a “miniscule footnote in early American photography,” a wealth of information and resources are available about her work. Wiggins is mentioned in many books, articles, and bibliographies on the subject of photography, women photographers, and Salem and Oregon history. In addition to the sources Rich cites, readers can explore Wiggins’ life and work with the help of a number of resources [listed in the unedited version of this letter at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com)] Fortunately she is neither “in danger of extinction” nor relegated to a “miniscule footnote.”

Carole Glauber  
Portland

*The writer is the author of Witch of Kodakery: The Photography of Myra Albert Wiggins 1869–1956 (Washington State University Press, 1997)*

*Susan Rich responds: I am glad that Carole Glauber enjoyed my article and found it a “fresh approach.” I believe, however, we part ways on the issue regarding the current obscurity of Wiggins’s work. During the past four years, I have given readings at more than seventy universities, book festivals, and community gatherings, but I have yet to meet one person who knows Myra Albert Wiggins’s work.*

## Earlier Inside Classes

The article “Inside Inside-Out” in the *Oregon Quarterly* (Winter 2010) brought back great memories. As a PhD student in English at the

UO (1967–72) I taught a couple of courses at the prison. It was a voluntary program without pay except for the meal ticket given to us on the nights we went to the prison. A state car was provided, but a classmate who was also teaching in the program owned a 1967 Camaro and he drove that sometimes. I taught Intro to Fiction a couple of quarters and Basic Writing other times. I don’t know if any records of this program exist covering those years, but it was a vital program at the time and gave us valuable teaching experience. Thanks for a very fine magazine. I’m proud to be a UO graduate.

Alden Hart, PhD '72  
Greenville, North Carolina

## Ducks and Puzzles

I cannot quibble with Matthew Ginsberg’s intellect [“The Crossing Guard,” Winter 2010]. However, with as clever as he is with artificial intelligence and computers, not to mention that he must be at least somewhat of a fan of the UO, a question lingers. Anyone who does crossword puzzles on a regular basis, and who is also collegiately aware, cannot help but notice that whenever a “West Coast school” or a “Pac-10 school” show up as clues in a crossword puzzle, invariably the answer will either be UCLA or USC. Not Oregon. Maybe Ginsberg could start using his super powers for good and ensure crossword puzzle fairness across the western states. Wouldn’t it be great to see “go Ducks” as a crossword puzzle answer in *The New York Times*?

Mark J. Hash '90  
Sutherlin

Upon learning that the Ducks [were] number one in football [Briefs, Winter 2010], I finally need to make one long-made decision known: I will never give money to the University of Oregon. Whilst we have a competitive football team, the national rank of the university is (as you stated without much shame) 111th, up from 115th. Does it really matter? It is not 11th, or even 51st, or even 91st. There is only one reason why I will never give money to UO: it is not a higher education institution that adheres to the mission of educating, it is in the sports business.

Micky Lee, PhD '04  
Somerville, Massachusetts

*Editor’s note: We couldn’t print all of every letter we received, but you can find more at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).*

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# Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

## I Will Come at You Like a Dog

*In 2008 Jere Van Dyk '68 crossed into the dangerous tribal areas on the Pakistan-Afghanistan border, penetrating a no man's land where Western journalists hadn't ventured for years. Then things went very wrong. In Captive: My Time as a Prisoner of the Taliban he tells the story of his forty-five day captivity, along with three guides, mostly confined in a one-room cell, where the following excerpt takes place. His captors hoped to exchange Van Dyk for money and prisoners held by the United States at Guantanamo Bay. Gulob is the jailer; a maulavi is an Islamic religious leader. Van Dyk has been a reporter for The New York Times, CBS News, and National Geographic. At the UO, he ran track for Bill Bowerman '34; he will return to campus to deliver the School of Journalism and Communication's 2011 Ruhl Lecture on Wednesday, April 20, in the EMU Ballroom.*

**G**ULOB TURNED ON THE CASSETTE player. The sound of a young man, with a high, lilting voice, singing a cappella, filled the room. It was a Taliban recruiting cassette.

"It begins with women taunting men," he said.

"Give us your turbans/give us your swords/we will give you our shawls if you do not go on jihad." A young male chorus sang, the voices melodic and lilting, of women imploring men to fight. In Pash-tunwali [the ethical code of the local people], if a man is a coward in war, his wife or mother will reject him when he comes home. A man has to be strong. "We must think of the orphans and the widows."

On and on they chanted. It was hypnotic. After a while, Gulob turned the tape off and turned to Samad. "Can one person's kidney work in another person?" he asked. Samad said yes. "I don't think so," Gulob responded, "because another maulavi's son had bad kidneys, and he went to Islamabad to exchange them, and they haven't worked. The news reported that a German in Herat had been kidnapped, and they're demanding fifty thousand dollars. Why so little?"

Gulob answered his own question. "Maybe they have taken his kidneys."

I didn't like where I sensed this conversation was going. "Do you know that the artery that goes from a man's leg to his heart sells for eighty thousand dollars in Islamabad? We will sell your arteries," Gulob said. I looked down and ran my hands over my knees. I felt myself shivering, and my stomach tightened. "Razi Gul and I are old," I said. "Young people's arteries are better." Everyone laughed, but I was scared. Gulob wouldn't have brought this up if he or others weren't thinking about it. A maulavi's son needed kidneys.

The men talked about the price of body parts in Pakistan. I had read too many stories about boys being kidnapped in Afghanistan for their kidneys and being left for dead.

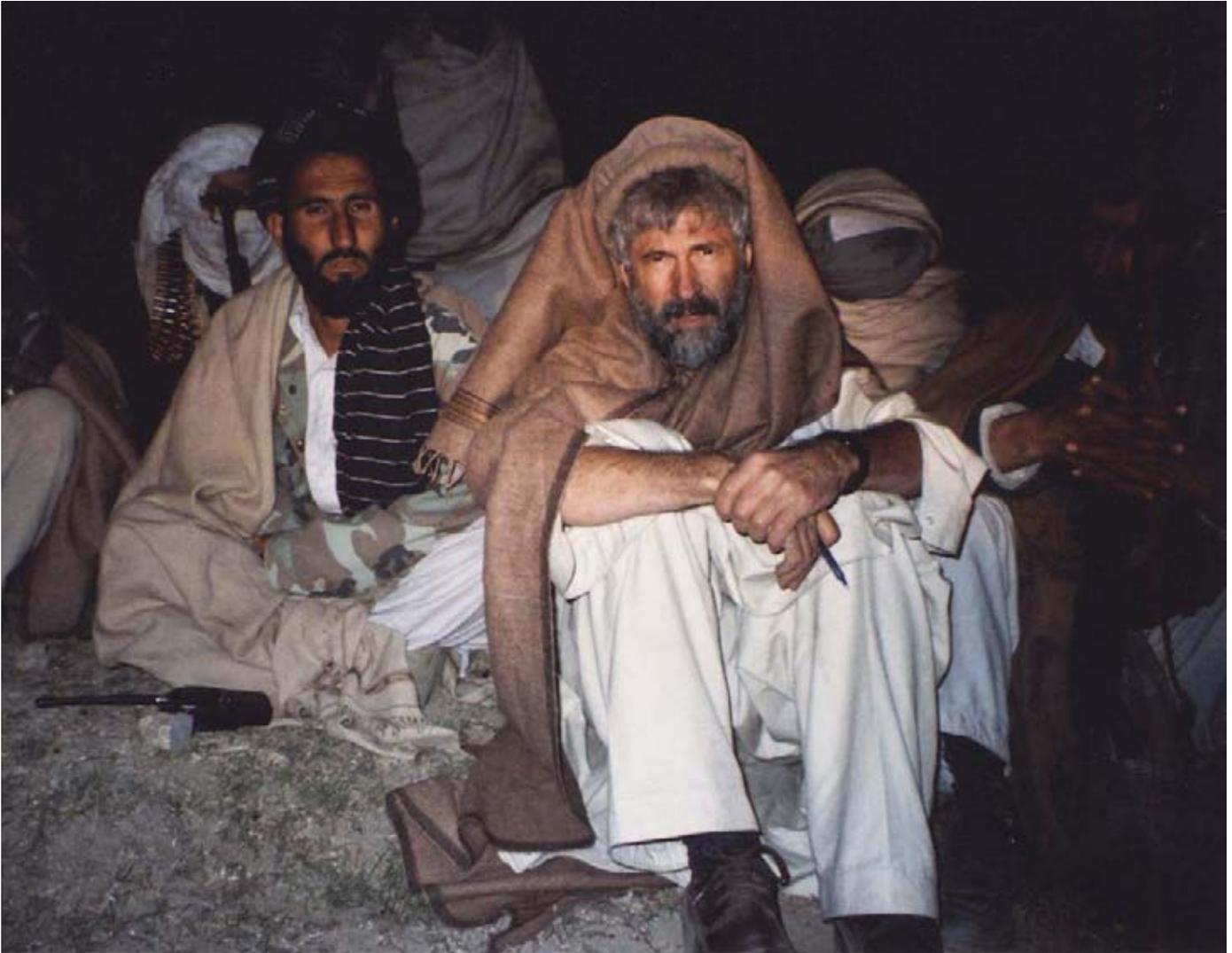
"Pakistan has some good doctors, but some of them are very cruel," said Gulob. He gathered up our tea cups and the teapot. "If we have trouble getting the money, maybe we will sell your body parts." He walked out the door.

The room was silent. I could feel the energy welling up in me. "If this is true, I am leaving tonight," I said. They needed a hospital for this, Samad said. I said they didn't. They could come here. They probably had doctors who supported their cause. I imagined a small, middle-aged man walk-

**I laid out the plan. I had been thinking of it, and others, for weeks. None of them involved killing Gulob or Rahman, unless we had to. This was different.**

ing in the room carrying a satchel and the Taliban holding me down while he injected me with a sedative. He would wash my skin, cut me open and take out my kidney, and sew me up. I would lie in the cot bleeding to death, slowly, painfully. No. I couldn't die in this dark, dirty cell. I had to get out of here. I got up and walked around the cell.

"We have to escape. I can't die here," I said. I kept repeating this. We would use the cord. I pointed to the clothesline over the pit and explained how we had to tie Gulob up or strangle him with it. "We may have to kill Rahman. We can do it at sundown. We have to get through the com-



Journalist Jere Van Dyk after a nighttime interview of Taliban, December 2007. Two months later, the Taliban kidnapped him and held him captive.

pound, get a rifle, and head west and try to escape over the mountains," I said.

I laid out the plan. I had been thinking of it, and others, for weeks. None of them involved killing Gulob or Rahman, unless we had to. This was different. Gulob had crossed the line. I was afraid, but for the first time in weeks I felt alive and strong. I was no longer depressed. I was no longer a victim. I thought of the passengers on United Flight 93. They didn't sit there. They acted. They had died feeling strong. That was the best way to go. They were the best of men.

\* \* \*

"Don't try to escape," Gulob said. His face was six inches from mine, his voice low and growling. He was hunched over. He looked like a bear ready to pounce. "If you do, I will come at you like a dog. You

won't get anywhere. There are Taliban throughout this village."

How did he know I had been talking about escaping? Daoud looked at me knowingly. There was a spy among us. That was why Samad was outside for at least ten minutes. He was talking with Gulob. That was why they no longer chained him to his bed. He had cut a deal with them [previously]. They had flipped him. Or he had been in on this all along.

I felt alone. I couldn't trust anyone. I had no friends. I hated Samad. "If you try anything, it will be difficult for you," said Gulob, his voice low and deep. "I want to resolve this as quickly as possible. God willing, the Taliban will allow you to be released soon. But don't try to escape. Don't try anything."

Samad was boiling water on the bokhari. He asked to wash my clothes. Why

would this man, who had just betrayed me, want to wash my clothes, as if he were my servant? Did he feel bad, or was he trying to lure me in so I would talk more? I didn't care about my clothes. I was beyond caring. In fact, I preferred them dirty. Why wear clean clothes in this pit? I wanted them dirty when I fought Samad.

I didn't want him to touch them. I had to admit, he was good. I was a fool to have trusted him. I had an excuse. I was afraid that Gulob would sell my kidneys, for starters. No, that was no excuse. I was afraid.

That night I lay in my cot, staring at Samad. I couldn't see him; it was too dark. But when I closed my eyes I could see his face covered with blood. I lay there seething. He had betrayed me. I wanted to cross the room and beat him senseless. I was afraid I might kill him. I had never wanted to kill anyone before. 

# Apocalypse Here

A plague of Biblical proportions came perilously close to being loosed upon the Earth from a secret laboratory in the north-central Oregon compound of religious leader Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. The lab did succeed with its cold-blooded plot to indiscriminately poison local residents, affecting more than 750. These and many other stories are related in *The Rajneesh Chronicles: The True Story of the Cult That Unleashed the First Act of Bioterrorism on U.S. Soil* by Win McCormack, MFA '78 (© 1987, 2010, reprinted by permission of Tin House Books, Inc.). The book is a collection of reports he wrote between 1983 and 1986 for Oregon Magazine; its introduction is excerpted below.

**T**HE GOINGS-ON AT THIS SO-called commune were deadly serious, for it was there that the first act of bioterrorism in U.S. history—salmonella poisoning of citizens and officials of Wasco County—was plotted and launched. . . .

In his book *To an Unknown God: Religious Freedom on Trial*, legal scholar and former *Washington Post* reporter [and formerly the UO's Orlando and Marian Hollis Professor of Law] Garrett Epps correctly identifies the two stages in the Rajneeshees' assault on their perceived enemies in the outside world. The first stage involved the poisoning with salmonella bacteria of restaurant patrons in The Dalles, the Wasco County seat, in September 1984, in a test run of one component of their plan to take over the county government in the fall election: disabling opposition voters and preventing them from going to the polls.

When that stage failed, they embarked on the second stage, a plot to kill various people on an enemies list they had compiled. This list included Charles Turner, the then-U.S. attorney for Oregon, who was supervising an investigation of them for immigration fraud and other offenses, and Les Zaitz, an *Oregonian* reporter [and former *Oregon Daily Emerald* columnist and editor] then engaged with two colleagues in an extensive journalistic investigation of the cult spanning three continents. It was assumed at the time that the principal objective of Zaitz's investigation was to nail down proof of the Rajneeshees' direct involvement, abroad as well as in the United States, in more serious criminal activities, such as drug and currency smuggling and possibly even more sinister crimes.

In his chapter detailing the criminal evolution of the Rajneesh cult, entitled "East of Eden," Epps's central focus is on then-Oregon Attorney General Dave Frohnmayer, one of two main subjects



**Instant Karma** The "enlightened master" in one of his ninety Rolls Royces

of Epps's book, which deals with various conflicts between church and state. Frohnmayer had also made the Rajneeshees' enemies list, as a result of the lawsuit he filed calling for the dismemberment of Rajneeshpuram on the grounds that the intermeshing of Rajneesh's religious foundation and the operations of the city violated the Establishment Clause of the U.S. Constitution. Frohnmayer began his official attorney general's opinion on the matter with a "sweeping discussion of religious freedom and the demands of a liberal, secular, democratic order in America." In America, Frohnmayer wrote, "[t]olerance is not merely a moral virtue; it is a matter of constitutional policy."

The story of the Rajneeshees in Oregon does raise serious questions about liberal democratic tolerance, and its advisable limits, far beyond the purely religious one. The seeming inability of various governmental entities to deal effectively with the numerous infractions and misbehaviors of the group—its skirting of Oregon's land-use regulations and the land-use permits it was granted; its flouting of immigration law through obviously bogus marriages between foreign and American sannyasins;

its systematic and cruel persecution of the residents of the nearby town of Antelope, of which it had taken control as a fallback if the city of Rajneeshpuram were declared illegal; its arming of commune residents with semiautomatic weapons while its leaders were issuing threats of violence against the surrounding community and law enforcement—suggested a bewildering and alarming paralysis in the American and Oregon political systems.

Such issues are explored in a 1987 senior thesis entitled "Antelope, Oregon and the Need to Revise Liberal Democracies," by Rolf Christen Moan, a student in Harvard College's social studies department whom I had the pleasure to advise on his project. My own analysis, which I freely offered him (as a former student in the government department there), was that the American political system is so fragmented, first between the national and local levels, and then, at each level, between different branches of government and entirely separate departments, that no one entity or political leader or official had the overall authority to confront the fundamental challenge the Rajneeshees presented. . . .

Another Harvard senior thesis of relevance here, also involving issues pertaining to the success or failure of liberal democracy, is “Four Types of Elitist Theory: Bentham, Nietzsche, Lenin, Mosca and the Elite in Liberal-Democratic Thought,” submitted to the government department in 1962 by David Braden Frohnmayer (it received a grade of magna cum laude, as did Moan’s). Twenty-four years after that submission, Frohnmayer, attorney general of Oregon, was asked by a reporter whether he thought Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh had sanctioned the poisonings his henchwomen carried out. Frohnmayer replied that his familiarity with the ideas of Nietzsche, which he dissected in his senior thesis, had helped him understand Rajneesh’s philosophy: “His philosophy is not incompatible with poisoning,” Frohnmayer said. . . .

In her book *Germs: Biological Weapons and America’s Secret War*, published in 2001, Judith Miller devotes the first chapter, “The Attack,” to the Rajneeshees’ bioterrorism schemes. Relying heavily on information provided to the authorities in 1985 by David Knapp, aka Swami Krishna Deva, ex-mayor of Rajneeshpuram, and Ava Kay Avalos, aka Ma Ava, a lab assistant to Ma Anand Puja, the Filipina nurse who oversaw the Rajneesh Medical Corporation and its bioterrorism program, Miller carefully reconstructs the project’s insane progression.

Before Puja, known at the ranch as “Nurse Mengele,” and Ma Anand Sheela, Rajneesh’s top assistant, decided on *Salmonella typhimurium*, a common agent in food poisoning, as the means to incapacitate voters in Wasco County, they contemplated using much more dangerous substances. These included *Salmonella typhi*, which causes often-fatal typhoid fever; *Salmonella paratyphi*, which causes a similar, less severe illness; *Francisella tularensis*, which causes a debilitating and sometimes fatal disease, and which was weaponized by U.S. Army scientists in the 1950s and is on the Pentagon’s list of agents that might be used in a biological-warfare attack on the nation; and *Shigella dysenteriae*, a very small amount of which can cause severe dysentery resulting in death in 10 to 20 percent of cases.

Puja placed orders for these pathogens on September 25, 1984, just as the Share-A-Home program to import thousands of

street people into Rajneeshpuram to register them to vote in the coming election was gearing up. She also ordered antipsychotic drugs such as Haldol to control the street people while they were at the ranch. And she contemplated putting dead rodents—rats, mice, beavers—in the county’s water supply to sicken the populace. She apparently had particular confidence in beavers, because they carry a natural pathogen, *Giardia lamblia*, that causes severe diarrhea. *Giardia lamblia* had been prevalent at the Rajneesh ashram in India.

As related in [this book’s chapter] “Bhagwan’s Final Year” and in the afterward, “How Close Was Disaster?” when authorities raided the Rajneesh Medical Corporation after the Bhagwan’s September 16, 1985, press conference denouncing Sheela, they found the following books: *Handbook for Poisoning; How to Kill; Deadly Substances; The Perfect Crime and How to Commit It; and Let Me Die Before I Wake*. They also found articles on infectious diseases, chemical and biological warfare, assassinations, explosives, and terrorism.

Krishna Deva reported to authorities that when Sheela asked their “enlightened master” what should be done about people who opposed his vision, Rajneesh compared himself to Hitler and stated that Hitler had also been misunderstood when he sought to create a “new man.” Rajneesh informed them that Hitler was a genius whose only mistake was to invade Russia. . . .

How much farther . . . might the Rajneesh cult have traveled, if its course had not been interrupted? . . . At one point in her narrative, Miller focuses on the aspect of the Rajneesh story that has most haunted me for the last twenty-five years: the program to isolate a live AIDS virus that was underway in the biological-warfare laboratory at the ranch when the commune fortunately collapsed in the fall of 1985.

“Puja was also particularly fascinated by the AIDS virus,” Miller writes, “about which relatively little was known at the time. The Bhagwan had said that the virus would destroy two-thirds of the world’s population. For Puja, it was a means of control and intimidation. She repeatedly tried to culture it for use as a germ weapon against the cult’s ever-growing enemies. Her apparent failure was not for lack of trying.”

JORDAN SCHNITZER  
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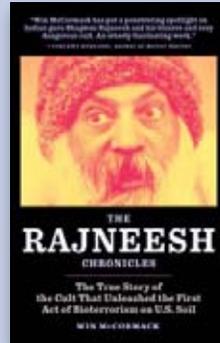
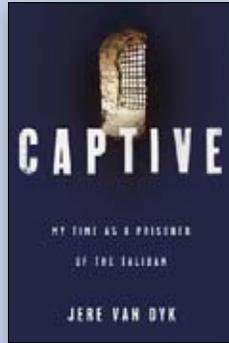


UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

## Excerpted in this issue

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**THE RAJNEESH CHRONICLES** by Win McCormack. Copyright 2010 Tin House Books



## BOOKSHELF

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

**Still Rainin', Still Dreamin': Hall Anderson's Ketchikan** (University of Alaska Press, 2010) by (Robert) Hall Anderson '81. This book "showcases one hundred of Anderson's prize-winning black-and-white images, which collectively chronicle three decades of life in Ketchikan."

**Precincts of Light** (Inkwater Press, 2010) by Henry Alley, professor emeritus of literature in the Robert D. Clark Honors College. "Set against the background of the Measure Nine (anti-gay rights) crisis in Oregon in the early 1990s, a brother and sister, both newly out, try to recover the lost affections of their children . . . [a] novel of continuously rich and poetic language."

**Reinventing Knowledge** (W.W. Norton and Company, 2009) by Ian F. McNeely and Lisa Wolverton, both UO associate professors of history. "This is the perfect book for anyone seeking a quick and insightful introduction to Western civilization—an intelligent, provocative history of the institutions that preserve and disseminate information."

**Purely Alaska: Authentic Voices from the Far North** (Epicenter Press, 2010) by Susan Andrews, MA '83, and John Creed, MA '83. ". . . [F]rom harrowing survival adventures to tales of other exotic people, places, and cultures. This anthology captures some of these stories as told by rural Alaskans."

**Racial Propositions: Ballot Initiatives and the Making of Postwar California** (University of California Press, 2010) by Daniel Martinez Hosang, UO assistant professor of political science and ethnic studies. "An important analysis of both the exact contours of white supremacy and the failures of electoral anti-racism."

**Abraham Lincoln without Borders: Lincoln's Legacy outside the United States** (Pencraft International, 2010) coedited by William Pederson '67, MA '72, PhD '79. "Lincoln's legacy, a practical alternative to Karl Marx's philosophy, resonates across centuries with a contemporary, cross-cultural appeal among peoples seeking equality, human dignity, and development."

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## Making His Pointillism

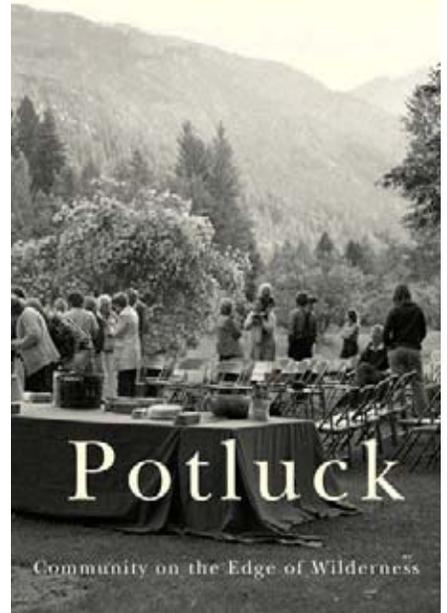
For an individual, opening a beverage can is a simple act that generally does not spark a great deal of reflection; but the same act, when considered on the national level, becomes a staggering statistic—an act of mass consumption so large it is difficult to conceptualize. Fostering this change of perspective is at the heart of Seattle-based artist Chris Jordan's *Running the Numbers* exhibition, currently on display at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. Here, Jordan renders a version of Georges Seurat's famous 1884 pointillist work *A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte*, using images of 106,000 aluminum cans, the number used every thirty seconds in the United States. "I think of [these works] as a kind of translation," Jordan says, "from the deadening language of statistics into a more universal visual language that might allow for more feeling." The twenty large-format works on display through April 10 invite viewers to consider such numbers as the 24,000 GMC Denali SUVs sold in six weeks, the 2.3 million Americans in prison, the 426,000 cell phones "retired" here every day, the two million plastic beverage bottles used in the United States every five minutes, and the \$12.5 million spent every hour from 2003 to 2008 on the war in Iraq. 

**Web Extra** To hear the artist talk about his work, go to [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

CHRIS JORDAN, CANS SEURAT. DIGITAL PRINT, 60" X 92". © CHRIS JORDAN

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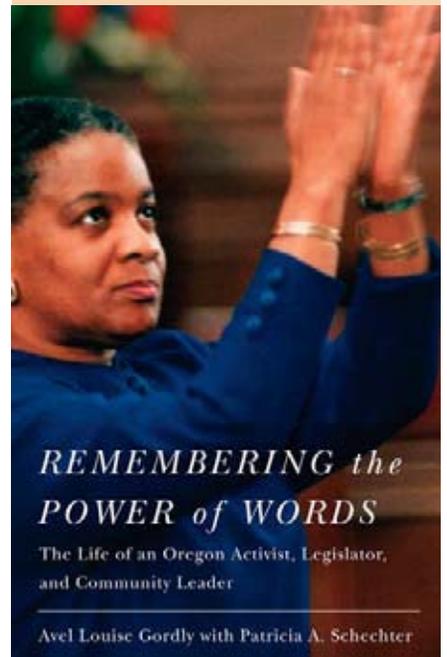


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# Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

CENTER FOR MICROBIAL ECOLOGY OF INDOOR ENVIRONMENTS

## Home Sweet Biome

*UO scientists establish the Center for Microbial Ecology of Indoor Environments to study how sustainable building design can improve human health.*

**L**AST OCTOBER, EIGHTY-FIVE children from Willagillespie Elementary School in Eugene contracted the norovirus, a nasty stomach bug that causes vomiting and diarrhea. A Lane County public health official said in *The Register-Guard* that there's no way to stop it from spreading throughout the school. "It's out there in the community . . . You can get it from almost anything, a handrail, a doorknob . . . I don't think you can contain it."

Controlling infectious agents that lurk where we live is exactly what a group of UO professors plan to do. With a \$1.8 million grant from the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, Jessica Green, an associate professor of biology, G. Z. "Charlie" Brown, an architecture professor, and Brendan Bohannon, director of the UO Center for Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, will create the Center for Microbial Ecology of Indoor Environments.

Their aim is to design sustainable buildings that take into account how use, climate, and airflow influence various microbial ecosystems living in them and the health of humans who occupy them. Currently, scientists have far from a full understanding of the type or the abundance of microorganisms living on desktops, doorknobs, and bathroom paper towel dispensers. They have not identified bugs growing, living, and reproducing in the air. How these surface and airborne microbial communities interact with each

other and are affected by architectural elements—for example natural and mechanical ventilation systems—is also unknown.

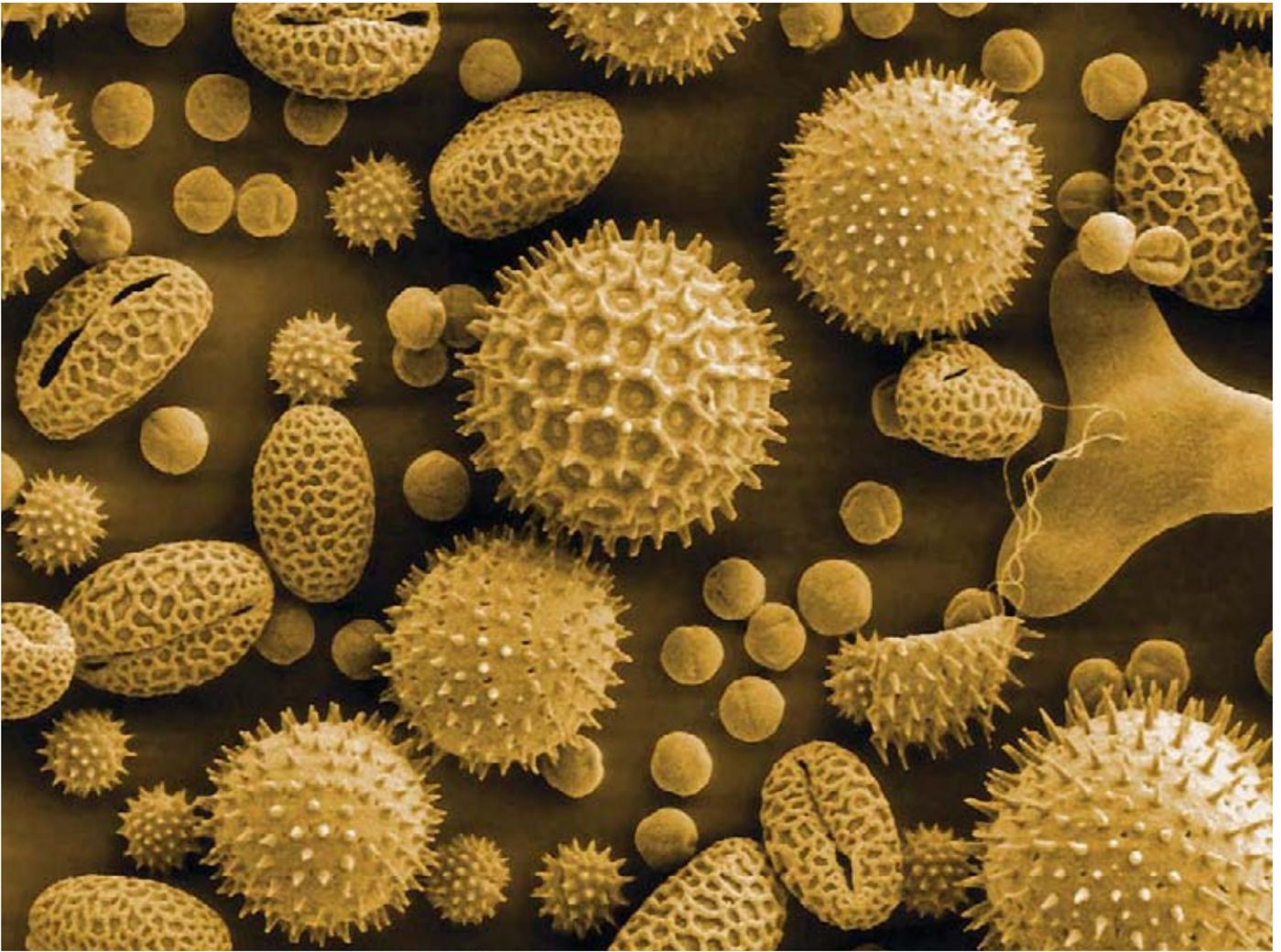
But scientists do know that poor air quality causes infections to spread where people gather. Schools, hospitals, offices, and cruise ships are sites where all-too-regularly outbreaks of bacterial and viral infections cause problems for the people in those environments. "Although humans in industrialized countries spend nearly 90 percent of their time in enclosed buildings, we know very little about the biology of the indoor environment," says Green, an engineer turned biologist who will be the director of the center.

She believes that the shapes of rooms, their temperature and humidity, floor and wall coverings, furniture, natural and fluorescent lighting levels, and patterns of foot traffic all influence the growth and spread of indoor microbial communities, which includes airborne pathogens. And when ventilation systems are designed without consideration for this microbial miasma, they can inadvertently spread infectious agents. People can become infected with methicillin-resistant *Staphylococcus aureus* (MRSA), the swine flu, and the norovirus. Armed with a better understanding of the indoor microscopic world, Green hopes to improve sustainable building designs, including the creation of more energy-efficient, pathogen-resistant ventilation systems, to minimize the spread of airborne bugs. Saving lives is her ultimate goal.

Reaching that goal will require a multidisciplinary team, from molecular biologists characterizing microbial ecosystems—what Green calls "the built environment microbiome"—to engineers designing improved ventilation systems and architects constructing more healthful, sustainable buildings. "One of our great challenges will be to not only understand what shapes microbial biodiversity in the built environment, but how these complex microbial communities influence our health and well being," Green says. "If we can design buildings to maximize the abundance of the many types of microbes we need and that are good for us, this would be truly cutting edge."

The center's innovation and potential to save lives impressed the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation enough to fund it. "The University of Oregon and Jessica Green have put together a first-class team of researchers to carry out a very ambitious research program," says Paula J. Olsiewski, the program director in charge of Sloan's indoor environment program. "Every major grant proposal undergoes a rigorous evaluation process and is reviewed by an independent panel of experts. In this case, the foundation's scientific advisory panel enthusiastically recommended we fund the University of Oregon center. The possibilities for discovery are too great to ignore."

With as many as a million bacteria per cubic meter in any given room, it's not



**Minuscule Roommates** Indoor environments are home to people as well as microscopic bacteria, fungi, viruses, and, shown here at 500X magnification, pollen.

surprising that protocols to investigate built environment microbiomes are complicated. Initial experiments will take place at the Providence Milwaukie Hospital near Portland. To identify airborne microbes, UO scientists will collect air samples from rooftop exhaust fans in both occupied and unoccupied rooms. They will swab corresponding interior surfaces.

Using genetics tests, the center's molecular biologists will characterize airborne and surface microbial and fungal populations for each space. Center architects will identify the hospital's key elements—building and room geometry, window size and location, surface materials, and airflow rates from supply and exhaust fans—as well as inside and outside temperature and humidity.

The second phase of experimentation will add building function and geographic location into the mix. Researchers will repeat experiments in a variety of schools

and hospitals in both Portland (mild temperatures with high humidity) and Bend (high and low temperatures with low humidity). Green and her colleagues ultimately hope to gather enough information to design animation software programs, allowing scientists and architects to visualize indoor microbial ecosystems.

Architecture professor Charlie Brown will be focusing on the link between the indoor microbiome and sustainable building design. He directs the UO's Energy Studies in Buildings Laboratory, which develops energy-efficient components for sustainable buildings.

He's particularly interested in optimizing building ventilation systems. Most buildings bring air in from the outside and either heat or cool it, he says. It's an energy-intensive process, consuming 20 percent of commercial buildings' energy. Brown wants to see that number significantly reduced by designing natural ven-

tilation systems that will cut greenhouse gas emissions. "We have to save the planet, then save the people," he says. His hope is that natural ventilation, by virtue of sustainability and reducing airborne pathogens, will do both.

With no other research group studying the influence of building design on microbial abundance and diversity, the UO's new Center for Microbial Ecology of Indoor Environments is putting green architecture at the forefront of scientific discovery. The beauty is in the collaboration between biologists and architects, Brown says. "In the end, both biologists and architects will learn things about building design that neither group could have learned independently." @

—Michele Taylor MS '03, '10

### Web Extra

To hear an extended interview with Jessica Green, go to [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

STOVE TEAM INTERNATIONAL

# The Little Stove That Would

*Nancy Hughes is on a mission to change the world.*

**T**HE IDEA CAME TO HER DURING a trip to Solola, Guatemala, with the Eugene-based Cascade Medical Team in 2003. She saw doctors treating children suffering from chronic upper respiratory infections and debilitating scars, mothers enduring back problems and hernias—all caused by carrying wood or cooking over an open fire in homes the size of a small bedroom. “A young Guatemalan woman with a baby on her hip came into the kitchen to ask, ‘Can you delay dinner? I want to thank the team,’” Hughes recalls. The woman had lost the use of her hands as a result of falling into an open fire as a child, and members of the team had helped to restore their use.

“She had been without the use of her hands for sixteen years. Everyone was bawling,” Hughes recalls. “But then I thought, ‘This is stupid. We’re coming down here for ten days to treat a problem we could be preventing.’”

The World Health Organization estimates that more than half the world’s population—three billion people—cook their meals over open fires, on makeshift stoves that smolder all day. Hughes, at sixty-eight, spends most of her waking hours working to change this—and solve a few other problems, including indoor air pollution, deforestation, and unemployment—in the developing world, by helping local residents manufacture and distribute safe and efficient stoves.

At first, Hughes volunteered with Helps International, the parent organization of Cascade Medical Team, in its efforts to supply stoves to Central America. She spent her own money to buy stoves to distribute. She approached Southtowne Rotary Club in Eugene (where she is a member) about sponsoring a grant to buy stoves; she also applied for grants from Carlos Santana’s Milagro Foundation and the Synchronicity Foundation. Even these efforts were not enough; she traveled to remote locations and joined other volunteers delivering the simple but life-changing stoves, going so far as to drag 100-pound stoves up steep muddy hills to the dirt-floored huts where they were needed.



The stoves were designed for safety, but they were difficult to move and weren’t entirely addressing the pollution or deforestation issues as well as they might. Frustrated, she wondered if there might not be a better, more sustainable way to help. Some “differences of opinion” with the director of Helps dampened her passion further. She was on the verge of quitting. But not for long.

Gerry Reicher, who taught cognitive psychology at the UO in the late 1960s and ’70s before leaving for organizational consulting work—and who Nancy calls “the brains behind the whole [stove] thing”—remembers that time. “There were a bunch of us trying to talk Nancy into continuing her work with stoves,” he says.

Another of the “bunch” was Larry Winiarski, who in conjunction with Cottage Grove-based Aprovecho Research Center (the name Aprovecho means “toward the best use”), had already been engaged for many years in developing stoves for the Third World. Using basic combustion principles, Winiarski, a mechanical engineer, had developed the “rocket elbow” design, which generates maximum heat from small amounts of fuel and creates

little smoke, in 1982. Rather than pursue a patent, Winiarski made his design freely available—and the idea spread quickly.

On a trip to El Salvador in 2007, Winiarski met Gustavo Peña, who had lived in the United States and Canada during the country’s civil war (he left after being hunted by death squads) and who had what Winiarski calls “a very neat combination of skills.” The two men worked together to design a prototype for a new stove combining Winiarski’s earlier design with locally available materials and a surface ideal for the area’s foods. The result was the economical, lightweight, and portable Ecocina stove, which uses even less wood and creates less pollution than the rocket elbow. At Winiarski’s suggestion, Hughes visited Peña in 2007, with the idea of helping him to finance and build a factory.

Around that same time, an article appeared in the Lane County Medical Society newsletter about Hughes’ work with stoves “in memory of Duffy,” (her husband, physician George H. “Duffy” Hughes, who died in 2001). The article resulted in a series of serendipitous connections that led ultimately to a \$10,000 check from the Milagro Foundation. In 2008, Stove Team

International was formed.

With broad philanthropic support, Stove Team has already helped to place 12,000 Ecocina stoves in Central American homes. With business models created by Stove Team board members, four factories have been launched in the region. Factories in Mexico and Ghana will begin production this year. There is interest from the Philippines, Ghana, Kenya, Uganda, Afghanistan, Haiti, Peru, Bolivia, and Paraguay.

“The stove is a tool that people use all day, every day,” says Hanibal Murcia, a Honduran stove manufacturer.

Murcia’s factory is a family enterprise, with his wife and son participating. “We have five employees, including three rural people. . . . I am paying local taxes and government taxes, but most important, we are having a positive impact on the climate conditions and social conditions in our region and on our planet.”

Murcia is grateful for Hughes, Winarski, and other volunteers he calls his “new friends.” Their efforts, he says, are “a great example of work and love.” Gail Norris ’62 is responsible for planning every aspect of a Stove Team volunteer trip. Norris, who majored in Spanish and French at the UO and now works both as a substitute teacher in Eugene and part of the year as volunteer coordinator for the Oregon Bach Festival, describes the experience. “You’re not on a vacation at all, except in perhaps the strictest sense of the word, which is to vacate your normal life. It’s a very rich experience. It will change the way you look at the world.” No suntan lotion and poolside novels here. “Guatemala alone needs two million more stoves,” Norris says. With her assistance, more than seventy-five volunteers have paid their own way to Central America to assist in Stove Team’s mission.

Roz Slovic traveled in November to Honduras with other Stove Team volunteers. “I like to travel and learn,” says Slovic, who retired in 2010 from the UO’s College of Education after more than fifteen years as a senior research assistant in the Department of Special Education and Clinical Sciences. “And this was truly a trip with a purpose.”

One day, the group arrived early in the morning at Hanibal Murcia’s factory. The structure is in a flood zone; one group built a loft to raise stoves off the ground while

another group prepped the foundation and poured a concrete floor. Slovic spent a full day assisting a factory worker with stove assembly. Two women cut wires for stove inserts all day; several more served as Spanish interpreters.

In El Salvador, Peña has eighteen employees, sixteen in production and two in the office. He continues to assist Stove Team in training other factory owners. “I am determined to continue working with Stove Team International, so that the project grows up around the world,” he says. “There is no way to pay [back the help we have received] except to help others.”

Stove Team International recently began more actively pursuing connections at the University of Oregon—creating what Hughes calls a “brain trust”—in the fall of 2010. “There’s a huge amount of brainpower and resources there,” she says. She’s fostered relationships with the Holden Leadership Center and worked with students in Assistant Professor Gabriela Martinez’ documentary production class.

“I truly think Stove Team deserves to

be supported in any shape or form,” says Martinez, who grew up in the highlands of Peru and has seen firsthand the negative effects of open fires. In 2006 she worked in the highlands of Guatemala producing a documentary, *Respire Guatemala*, on what she calls “the pressing problem” of indoor air pollution.

The Environmental Protection Agency Partnership for Clean Indoor Air (PCIA) will award Hughes its 2011 Special Achievement Award in Developing Local Markets. “We applaud your commitment to improving health, livelihood, and quality of life, particularly of women and children,” the award letter says.

“I don’t have to worry about a lot of things,” Hughes says. “I can just live, safe and secure—so what else should I do? Play golf? We are so bloody privileged—why shouldn’t I do this?”

— Zanne Miller, MS ’97

**Web Extra**

See video of Nancy Hughes and the Ecocina stove at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

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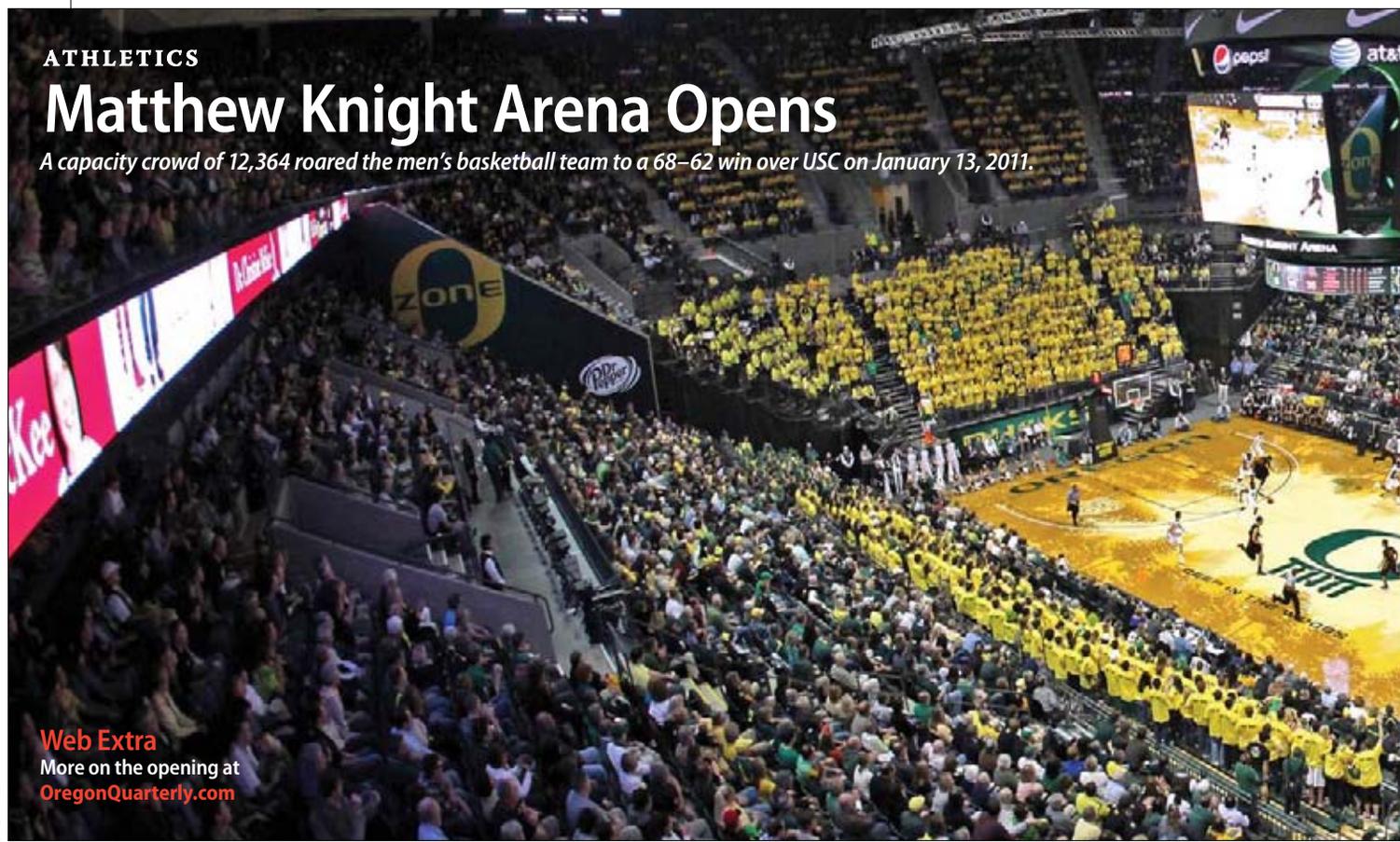
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ATHLETICS

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Web Extra  
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JACK LIU

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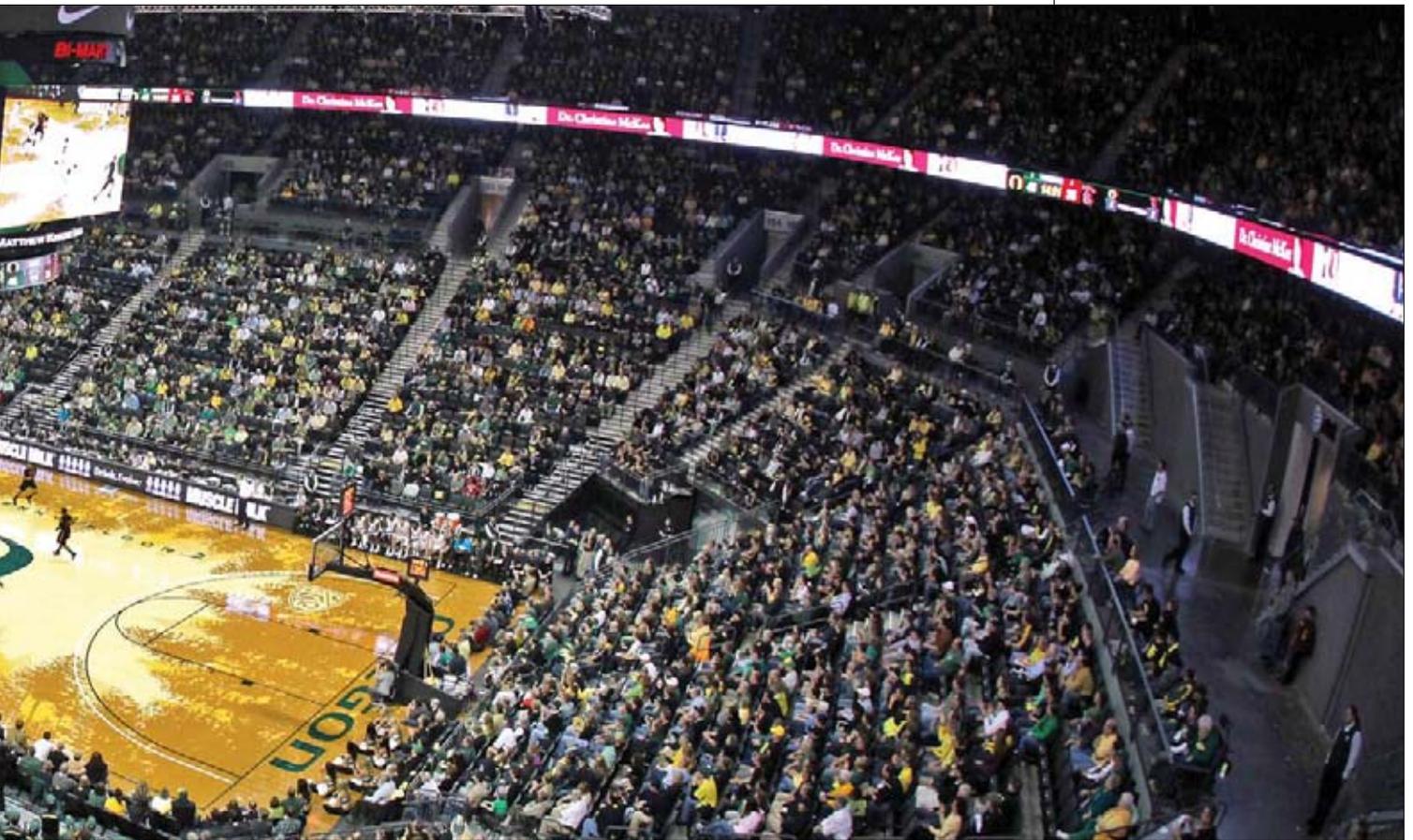


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I N B R I E F



Expansion and renovation of Allen Hall, which houses the School of Journalism and Communication, is slated to begin in mid-June. The \$15 million project will add more than 14,000 square feet of much-needed classrooms, laboratories, and spaces where students can collaborate and showcase their work. The project is expected to be completed in January of 2013.

### Moving On Up

For the first time, the UO earned a place in the top rankings of the 2010 Carnegie Classification of Institutions of Higher Education. Of the 4,633 institutions reviewed, the UO appeared in the top tier of 108 universities awarded "Very High Research Activity" status.

### Enrollment and Retention Hit Highs

Enrollment for the 2010–11 year hit 23,389, including 3,978 newly admitted freshmen and 1,497 transfer students, the largest newly admitted class of undergraduates among the OUS institutions. First-time UO freshmen in 2009 returned for a second year at an OUS-leading rate of 85.9 percent, an all-time high.

### Smoked Out

By fall 2012, the UO campus will be tobacco free, making it the first university in the Pac-10 to make such a transition. ASUO president **Ame-lie Rousseau** and University Health Center staff members actively campaigned for the change.

### A Bowerman Repeat

The UO celebrated back-to-back wins of the Bowerman Award, the track-and-field equivalent of the Heisman Trophy given each year to top male and female collegians. Five-time NCAA champion and world heptathlon record-holder **Ashton Eaton** '10 won this year, following **Galen Rupp** '09, who was the award's inaugural winner.

### New Law School Dean

**Michael Moffitt** will become the new dean of the UO School of Law. Previously at Harvard University, Moffitt joined the Oregon law faculty in 2001. He succeeds Margie Paris, who accepted the post in 2006 and will rejoin the law school faculty.

### Award-Winning Buildings

Top honors from the Oregon chapter of the International Interior Design Association went to both the John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes and the HEDCO Education Building. The Jaqua center also won the 2010 Best Architectural Design Award from *Engineering News-Record* magazine.

### Stellar and Affordable

The UO ranked among the top 100 best values in public colleges in the *Kiplinger's Personal Finance* annual list, which evaluates more than 500 public institutions based on measures including admission rate, test scores of incoming freshmen, graduation rates, and cost. According to *Kiplinger's*, the rankings spotlight schools that "deliver a stellar education at an affordable price."

### Plates with a Purpose

With their distinctive "O" logo design, UO Alumni Association specialty automobile license plates raised \$35,000 last year in scholarship revenue for UO students. 

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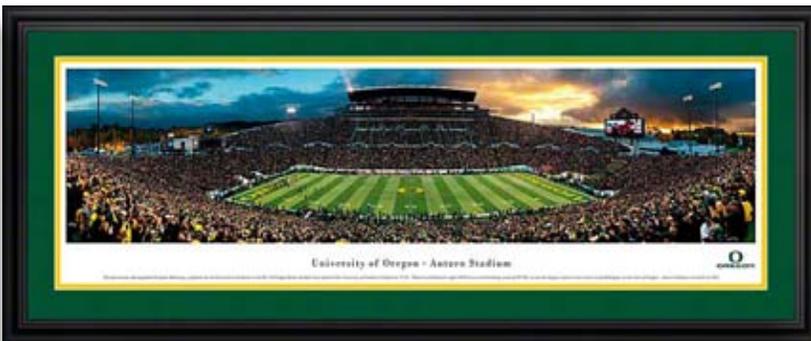
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## UPCOMING EVENTS

Please save the date

- April 7** Richard W. and Laurie Johnston Memorial Project Lecture w/ Jonathan Gold  
7 PM  
UO Jaqua Center, Harrington Room
- April 20** Payne Awards Luncheon & 35<sup>th</sup> Annual Ruhl Lecture w/ Jere Van Dyk  
Luncheon/Panel: EMU Gumwood Room 12 - 1:30 PM  
Lecture: EMU Ballroom 4 PM
- May 19** 2011 John L. Hulteng Conversations In Ethics  
Day 1: "Why Talk Radio Skews Right"  
10 AM - 3 PM  
Hosted by James Wallace Chair Peter Laufer  
Turnbull Portland Center
- May 20** Day 2: "Fact in the Age of Truthiness"  
10 AM - 2 PM  
Hosted by John L. Hulteng Chair Tom Bivins  
Gerlinger Lounge



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# PROFile

## Richard Taylor

Professor of Physics  
 Courtesy Professor of Psychology  
 Director, Materials Science Institute  
 Member, Institute of Cognitive and Decision Sciences



At a social gathering during his undergraduate years, Richard Taylor made a discovery that has informed his teaching career. “Even as a student undergraduate, you didn’t want to necessarily admit that you were a physicist at a party,” he says. “I could tell that people were thinking, ‘What am I going to talk to this guy about?’ And I thought, ‘Why is it that for a subject I find so interesting—explaining the way the world runs—people don’t want to talk about it?’”

People love stories, he says, so thinking of his lectures as performances—“a bit like a rock concert, where you mix in the slow numbers along with the fast numbers”—Taylor uses a narrative format: He weaves some hard facts into a story line, eases off to let students digest information, then picks up the pace again. “I’m not a physicist because I love weird, hard equations; no one

likes hard stuff,” he says. “You know, Paul McCartney didn’t need to have classical training to write great music. And you don’t need a PhD in physics for physics to be useful for you.”

Taylor’s research interests run the gamut from nanotechnology and quantum chaos to what he calls “the beautifully simple concept of fractals,” the fundamental building blocks of nature’s patterns. But, Taylor says, teaching is just as rewarding as his research. “My PhD students will go on to push the frontiers of physics,” says Taylor. “But I also teach about 750 students each year, most of them undergraduates, and they’re going to go out and spread the message that science is useful and interesting. That will also have a huge impact on society.”

**Name:** Richard Taylor

**Education:** PhD ’88, University of Nottingham, United Kingdom

**Teaching Experience:** Joined the UO faculty in 1999. Taylor has taught a broad range of courses at the UO and at institutions in the United Kingdom, Australia, New Zealand, and across the United States. His research has informed undergraduate lectures in physics, art, and communication studies around the world and is featured in college-level educational DVDs.

**Awards:** At the UO, Taylor won both a Williams Fellowship for Innovative Teaching and the Thomas Herman Distinguished Teaching Award in 2010.

**Off-Campus:** Taylor enjoys distance running—he runs a half-marathon by the river every weekend. Originally from Cheshire, England, he also enjoys travel and has lived in five different countries.

**Last Word:** [From the movie *Spinal Tap*] “Have a good time, all of the time!” 🎧

—Katherine Gries ’05, MA ’09



## GLOBAL PORTLAND: THE SUSTAINABLE EDGE



**Gus Speth**  
 Monday, April 4, 2011  
 6-7:30 p.m.  
 White Stag Block  
 Portland

Join us as Gus Speth talks about the changing needs and failures of mainstream environmentalism. He is a former environmental advisor to Presidents Carter and Clinton, founder of the Natural Resources Defense Council and the World Resources Institute, and former dean of the Yale Environmental Studies.

For more information about Global Portland, visit [www.pdx.uoregon.edu](http://www.pdx.uoregon.edu).



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## UPCOMING EVENTS

Please save the date

**April 7**

### Richard W. and Laurie Johnston Memorial Project Lecture

"Experts in the Age of Journalism"  
w/ Jonathan Gold

7 PM

UO Jaqua Center, Harrington Room

**April 20**

### Payne Awards Luncheon & 35<sup>th</sup> Annual Ruhl Lecture

w/ Jere Van Dyk

"Prisoner of the Taliban"

Luncheon/Panel: EMU Gumwood  
Room 12 - 1:30 PM

Lecture: EMU Ballroom 4 PM

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Tom Bivins

Gerlinger Lounge

For more information, please  
visit [jcomm.uoregon.edu/reg/](http://jcomm.uoregon.edu/reg/)



## Sustainable Spring

As the spring rains paint Oregon's landscape a thousand shades of green, business leaders are learning new ways to ensure that their companies are operating in a similar hue. The UO's Sustainability Leadership Program hosts an ongoing series of daylong workshops at the White Stag Block, including its twice-yearly Fast Track, a weeklong intensive series featuring five workshops in five days.

Daniel Medin, MBA '05, who serves as director of corporate sustainability at Regence Group, is a recent recipient of the program's certificate of completion, a professional development credential awarded to those who complete sixty-five hours of training. Beginning the program as a relative newcomer to the somewhat nebulous world of corporate sustainability, Medin was drawn to the program's pragmatic nature and flexible structure, which allowed him to handpick those courses most applicable to his business's needs.

That flexibility is an important one, as workshop participants come from a wide spectrum of workplaces, government agencies, and industries, from Whole Foods to Oregon Health and Science University to the Washington State Department of Corrections. Since the program began in 2003, more than 900 people from 400 organizations have attended one or more of the workshops.

The program is designed to provide working professionals with a foundation in the latest eco-friendly business practices and philosophies. Action-focused courses are taught by industry experts in an array of topics, from green building to land use to employee engagement to financing green initiatives. Medin reports that the workshops provided him with a valuable introduction to the breadth and vocabulary of the discipline, while offering a chance to network with professionals from other companies and professions engaged in similar work, the better to share resources and learn from each others' mistakes and successes.

Today, Medin and Regence are working to reduce their business's paper use (a heady task in the insurance field), while slowly but surely changing the way the company thinks about travel, technology, and purchasing. His time at the White Stag Block gave Medin an appreciation for the holistic nature of sustainability and its many direct benefits to a business's bottom line. "I came back into my organization and started talking about [sustainability] really differently," he says. "It's been really good for us."



## Calendar

### Sustainable Leadership Program: Spring 2011 Fast Track Series

**MARCH 7** Forming and Facilitating Sustainability Teams: Engaging and Training Employees

**MARCH 8** Navigating the Field of Green Building: Beyond Scorecards to Lasting Value

**MARCH 9** Sustainability Indicators and Assessment for Business and Government

**MARCH 10** Climate Policy, Carbon Credits, and Business Risk

**MARCH 11** Getting There: Transportation Strategies for Sustainable Communities

### Other Upcoming Sustainable Leadership Program Courses

**MARCH 18** Equity and Sustainability: How to Balance Your Triple Bottom Line

**MARCH 25** Sustainability Performance Reporting: Principles and Guidelines

**APRIL 1** Sustainability by Design: Retrofitting our Cities, Communities, and Neighborhoods

**APRIL 8** Carbon Footprints, Step by Step: Tools and Methods for Business and Government

**APRIL 15** Water Sustainability, A to Z: Innovative Conservation and Management Techniques

See [sustain.uoregon.edu](http://sustain.uoregon.edu) for details, course descriptions, and registration information.

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

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UO LIBRARIES

# From Ken's Pen

*Kesey's papers are a treasure of the UO Libraries—for now.*

**K**EN KESSEY '57 CHOSE TO DEPOSIT his papers for safekeeping in the UO's Knight Library Special Collections and University Archives beginning as far back as 1966. The collection now includes a vast stock of documents he generated from 1960 until his death in 2001: more than 100 boxes of manuscripts, artwork, collages, photographs, audio tapes, and correspondence. The UO has the opportunity to purchase the collection to make it a part of the library's permanent holdings. If that doesn't happen, the documents might leave the state of Oregon—acquired by another university or divided and sold into private hands. The final disposition of the Kesey papers is expected to be decided soon. For more information about the collection and to learn about how to help keep it at the UO, go to [libweb.uoregon.edu/giving/kesey.html](http://libweb.uoregon.edu/giving/kesey.html).

In the meantime, we present a sampling of excerpts taken from the collection. Italicized entries are from hand-written documents.

### **Working in the hospital**

Can you believe it? Working full time for the first time in two years! The depths to which I have sunk are indiscernible.

Right now—or from 7:30 to 4—we are completing the four weeks of training at the hospital, with discarded texts and disregarded nurses. The first two weeks were spent on what is called the circle wards, or the better wards, wards where the men have enough marbles left to choose up sides and play the game, but these last two weeks we are being subjected to the vegetables, the geriatrics, the organs eating and organs shitting and pissing and moaning and coming on in religious tongues, creatures that need spooned puree and pabulum, infants growing backwards, away from civilization and rationalization, back to complete dependence, to darkness, the womb, the seed . . .

Around the day room. All twisted out of shape by so many years. Ellis: with whatever it was that frightened him absolutely out of his mind, standing right before his aghast eyes, still gaping, horrified, outraged, and



*An original manuscript page from Kesey's jail journal*

farting in his fear. Bewick: his face showing only a gnawed dissatisfaction, gnawed so deeply that he is finally and forever even dissatisfied with that, and only whimpers tearlessly. Pete: grinning, shaking his happy old head, limping spryly about in his pajamas, answering only one question—"Why'd you quit driving the truck, Pete?" "I was ty-urd. Fo' twenty eight years, then I got ty-urd."

Like old Buckly, who asserts, or answers when asked: "We had some fun, didn't we? Sure, we gone have lots of fun."

Or old Chartes, whose trigger question is "How is your wife?" and whose screamed answer is "F-f-f-uh thuh wife! F-f-f-k theh wife!"

You get to know them by their bits.

Maternick is tidy, is his bit. No one can touch him. He won't touch an object another has touched. He strips if a towel touches him. He rubbed the hide off the end of his nose once after running it up against a patient who had stopped too quickly. He is tall, stooped, eyes lost under a cliff of a brow, rubbing his hands forever together, looks like an old time wrestler I saw once called the Swedish Angel. And he coughs violently whenever he smokes his daily allotted cigarette. "The smoke . . . dirty!" But he begs continually for cigarettes.

### **Writing as religion**

Writing becomes more and more a religion with me as I realize more and more that

this is what I'm going to be doing all my fucking life. (Make money any other way I can . . .) And until you completely relinquish yourself to this fatalistic inevitability your work cannot, in your own mind, rise to the importance it deserves.

**Getting published**

I just received and read my book. My book. You've got no idea what that phrase evokes. A cavalcade of pinwheel emotions. All the old, spangled, bright, and gaudy and (I love them) cheap emotions of the ego realizing its muscle and mind—the notions of fame, the flamboyant fantasies of parties in New York penthouses, skinny women with red capris and silver eye shadow leaning and coaxing from a satin bedroom, my portrait on the cover of *Time* looking stern, wise, and sexy—all of these daydreams that one toys with early, knowing that they must be toyed with early because (knowing this too, when pressed) there will come a time when they will have happened, or are never going to happen and daydreaming is no more fun because it is either remorse or nostalgia (which is candy-coated remorse).

The very weight of the book activating anew these old fireworks, along with one rather gloomy newcomer: A sudden, surprised self-consciousness and doubt, much like the self-consciousness and doubt that strikes a small boy who has been shouting, singing, turning elaborate connip-tions to catch the attention of the world around him and realizes all at once that he has succeeded by some clever feat and lo!

people are paying attention to him; what he says next must be weighed with a great deal more care than he gave to his previous demonstrations. He clears his throat, swallows, stands straight, and somewhat pompous . . . and lacking the desperately free enthusiasm of his boyhood proceeds to bore the hell out of his listeners.

**Scribble #3**

*I reached the cigarette across to her and though the length of her arm would easily bring her hand to mine, it didn't quite make it, and her hand groped a little asking me to make just a little more effort. These things do happen, don't they.*

**Letter to John F. Kennedy**

President Kennedy:

As one jock to another I'd like to point out that we are involved in a very weird game, where advances are made without possibility of touchdowns, where everybody bets at once and an error, or a knock-out, is fatal to all opponents and the rounds, or the innings, are scored with the point system by millions and millions of judges. Our children will tally the final score.

To effectively play the game it is important to be continually aware of the attitude of all those judges, as well as their criteria for awarding scores or penalties: yards are lost each time a team advances, a foul is declared for not hanging on in the clinches, and a bean ball can cost a team the game. The penalty rules are severe but subtle and that which might at first look like a suc-

cessful attack turns out to be a fumble. It is therefore safer, though maybe not so flashy, to stick to the bread-and-butter plays: yards are gained for every hungry man fed, for every sick man healed, for every captive man freed; points are scored for significant retreats from the line of scrimmage, and the game is always subject to be called at any time on account of peace.

I just thought I'd take the liberty to clear up some of these fundamentals with you; as always, chances for victory will be greatly enhanced by simply knowing the rules and keeping an eye on the ball.

Ken Kesey

**The push**

The point of plot being, naturally, to have one player carom off the second, bounce in precise pattern from one, two, three cushions, and go on to strike the third. It can all be calculated in advance by an electronic brain, and set to formula, needs only an exact push in a preconceived direction to bring about certain and irreversible results.

The trick is: the push. And even confined within their strict frame my dreams are still helter-skelter clatterings because of that one imponderable: the push.

**On Finishing Sometimes a Great Notion**

*Finished my book and ran the bastard off the premises at pencil-point, sick to death of the sight of it and convinced that I have spent two years concocting from my crucible the most glorious, spectacular, outrageous, and super-colossal failure since Spartacus. @*

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DORIS E. BURGESS  
To Marry Negro



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—(Associated Press Wirephotos.)

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VANCOUVER, Wash., July 5.  
—(AP)—The principals in a Uni-  
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which brought a race discrimina-  
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cense.

Clerk Ouida McP  
she received the app  
DeNorval Unthank,  
a Negro, and Doris  
21, Portland, white.  
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moved out of the  
Beta house at the ur  
The Emerald said it  
of pressure applied  
was dating a Negro.  
denied it.  
Witnessing the app  
Thomas A. Hardy,  
Springfield, Ore.,

# JUDGE URGES PROBE OF VICE

## Rosellini Hits Tacoma Over Slot Machines

TACOMA, July 5. — (AP) —  
Superior Judge Hugh J. Roselli-  
ni said today it was about time  
the citizens of Tacoma "investi-  
gate the city's vice conditions."  
The judge said he thought  
there was "entirely too much  
closing of eyes in the city and  
in the county."

Rosellini made the comments  
as he ordered six slot machines  
held pending action which would  
permit their destruction. The  
machines were seized in a recent  
raid on the Tacoma Athletic  
Commission's club.

## EYES BROADWAY—

Judge Rosellini said he was  
informed prostitutes were per-  
mitted to solicit openly on lower  
Broadway.

"Instead of staying home,"  
he said, "the good citizen might  
well go down onto Broadway  
and find out for himself just  
what is going on."

He suggested a citizen's inves-  
tigating committee.

The judge asserted "supposed  
efforts to stamp out gambling"  
made the citizens complacent.

Police Judge Frank Hale had  
ordered slot machines returned  
to the T. A. C. The club pleaded  
guilty to illegal possession of  
the machines.

## HOLDS MACHINES—

Rosellini found Judge Hale's  
action in order, but ordered the  
devices be held by the city "in  
the interests of law enforce-  
ment."

The judge called the raid "an  
effort to hoodwink the public."  
Tacoma into believing that effo-  
are being made to enforce  
laws."

## Marine Air Unit



# CROSS BURNING AT GAMMA PHI BETA

BY DEB MOHR

After sixty years, a woman tells the  
story of a night that changed her life.

WITH A JOLT, I'M AWAKE. So are my  
sorority sisters out here on the second-  
floor sleeping porch of the Gamma  
Phi Beta sorority. It's 2:00 A.M. in May  
1951. Something is wrong. We crowd  
and jostle to get to the windows. On the  
lawn below us a crooked, flaming cross  
throws sparks up into the ink-black sky.  
Shadows of men move about. Some-  
body yells. "Hey, nigger-lover. You like  
him?"

I feel cold as ice. I know why this is  
happening. I'm dating DeNorval Un-  
thank, a "Negro" student here, at the  
University of Oregon. That burning  
cross is meant for me.

My heart slams. My mouth goes dry.  
I've got to call De. I tear down the hall  
to the telephone booth. I can't remem-  
ber his number. I hurry to my room and  
grab a notebook, return to the phone  
and dial.

He's sleepy. "Yeah? What's up?"

# Coed Confirms Alumnae

BY AL MCCREADY  
Staff Writer, The Oregonian

A sophomore coed from the  
University of Oregon confirmed  
in Portland Sunday that alumnae  
pressure caused her to move  
out of her sorority house after  
she began dating a Negro stu-  
dent.

In a "no-names" interview,  
the girl and her boy friend, a  
husky, handsome senior in the  
school of architecture, told The  
Oregonian how chapter officers  
and a representative of the

Daily Emerald, the U of O  
campus newspaper, published an  
editorial describing what had  
happened, and terming it an  
"ugly injustice."

An alumnae spokeswoman  
Saturday night issued a state-  
ment on behalf of the sorority  
declaring the coed moved out  
voluntarily to spare her sisters  
embarrassment following a series  
of "evidences of prejudice en-  
tirely from outside" the house.  
The girl, however, had a dif-  
ference version of events lead-

him regularly, boy friends of  
her sorority sisters began mak-  
ing wisecracks, she said.

About six weeks ago, the  
young couple said, they were  
approached by a Gamma Phi  
Beta alumna who serves as  
chapter adviser, and urged to  
stop seeing each other.

The boy said the woman told  
him it "wasn't the accepted  
thing" for a Negro boy to be  
going out with a white girl and  
that it was "a bad influence on  
the house."



"A cross. Burning out in front. I'm scared for you and Chet."

De and Chet, another Negro student, live in a small, cinderblock apartment two blocks away.

"Nobody's been around here," De says. "Are you okay?"

"Yes. But those men might . . ." Brutal racist acts flash through my mind. Men in hooded sheets. Negroes, burned, mutilated, and hanging from trees. "The Ku Klux Klan!" I say. "They could come to your place and . . ."

"We're awake and we'll be fine. But, maybe you and I shouldn't meet tomorrow."

"That's just what they want. I'll see you at the Side at four o'clock."

"Good. Okay."

I hang up and go back out to the sleeping porch. The men have left. The flames have died. Embers along the arms of the cross glow like living things. I ignore the tight knot of girls who are chatting quietly and I return to my room.

It had rained earlier that evening and, while walking me home, De loaned me his green corduroy jacket. When I came in and hung it on the closet door my roommate said, "Get that thing out of here. It makes me sick to look at it." Thank God she isn't in our room right now.

I'm nauseated and goose-bumped. I wrap De's jacket tight around my shoulders. I sit down and try to think. Last week two men sitting across from De and me at Seymour's Restaurant downtown stared at us. Their eyes were sharp as knives. Were they members of the Ku Klux Klan? Had they burned the cross? Would De be the target tomorrow night? Or the next?

I don't believe college boys did it.

Before I met De, three months ago, I was dating a fraternity boy. I broke up with him, but he wouldn't be behind such a despicable deed. Yet the burning cross brings into focus what I'm up against.

It's customary for fraternity boys who come to the Gamma Phi house on Hilyard Street, north of Eleventh Avenue, to wait in the living room for their dates. De is not welcome. I usually meet him on the other side of the footbridge over the Millrace. Or we meet at the Side at Thirteenth and Kincaid, or at the Falcon, called "The Bird," tucked in a stand of big trees west of Straub Hall. And when De walks me home he tells me goodbye at the far side of the bridge.

**AT DAWN I SHOWER AND EAT** an early breakfast. The house president asks me to meet with her and the housemother at five o'clock this afternoon. This isn't the first time I've been asked to meet with them. They have repeatedly asked me to stop seeing De.

I argued with them. How and why can anybody dislike other people because they happen to have dark skin? And what in God's name do these folks have against De? From what I know, he's an outstanding student who comes from an outstanding family. "Family" is very important to my Gamma Phi sisters. A girl's father's profession holds enormous weight in the sisterhood. A dad who is a prosperous and well-known doctor is considered at the top of the heap. De's father is a prosperous, well-known doctor and these women object to me seeing this doctor's son?

I refused to bend to their demands,

and De and I continue to meet after class at the Bird, at Taylor's, or at the Side.

**ON THIS DAY AFTER THE CROSS BURNING**, I go off to class. Some of my classmates have heard about the incident. They ask me questions, all of which I've asked myself. They are supportive and concerned as to who did the vicious deed. Nobody has a clue.

**I MET DE IN MARCH OF 1951** at an Episcopalian Lenten breakfast in Gerlinger Hall about three months before the cross-burning incident. I was a twenty-one-year-old sophomore majoring in anthropology. He was a fourth-year architecture student from Portland.

We all smoked cigarettes in those days and after breakfast he asked for a light. I snapped my lighter. It didn't work. I tried it again. It failed. De took hold of my wrist and once more I struck the lighter. It sparked. He leaned back in his chair, smiled a lovely smile, and said, "Cigarette lighters know when to act up, don't they?"

We laughed. "Where is your next class?" he asked.

"Friendly Hall. English lit."

"I'm going to Lawrence. Can I walk you to class?" I liked this elegant, handsome man.

I learned that he had gone to Howard University in Washington, D.C.—a school I had never heard of. He loved jazz. Charlie Parker. Dizzy Gillespie. Sarah Vaughan. Foreign names to me. And he was passionate about the field of architecture.

## Reproof Over Dating of Negro

low coming through windows the sorority sleeping porch. "There was a fiery cross out here, about seven feet tall, burning on the lawn," she said. "It burned for about ten minutes."

Other members of the sorority also saw the flaming cross. "Additional symbol of the Ku Klux Klan," the girl said. "Who told it there never was determined. Three weeks ago, she said, a man summoned her and

told me that she had received word from Portland and that the sorority would have to 'take action.'"

The girl said it was suggested to her she move out of the house, with the understanding she could move back in whenever she stopped going with the Negro.

"I didn't say I wouldn't move, so guess you could say I went voluntarily," she said. "I felt I had no alternative.

dence, and that the transfer was due to her associations with the colored student.

While upset by the experience and the blasts of publicity which followed, the girl said she feels no resentment toward the sorority and plans to retain her membership in it. She goes to the house only for Monday night chapter meetings, and eats only her Monday night meal there.

She and the boy both agreed the Emerald "has the right dope"

by a representative of the alumnae association in Portland Saturday following the Emerald editorial, and persuaded to sign a statement that she exercised free choice in deciding to move out.

Will she move back? That remains to be seen, she said.

"I don't know what to think. I just can't understand a group of people that would tell me I could move back in as soon as I stop seeing—" she said

In the early 1950s, positive things had begun to happen for Black people. In 1948, President Truman had desegregated the armed forces. As a senior in high school I wrote a paper about Blacks' disinterest in intermarriage. But I knew next to nothing about Black people themselves. And as far as I knew, the few Negroes here on the UO campus were treated no differently than me or any other White student was treated. So if De were to come to my sorority house I assumed that my sisters would view him as an interesting, handsome young man.

My assumptions were naive, pitiful, and wrong.



**IT'S LATE AFTERNOON AND I HURRY** back to the house for the meeting. Barbara, daughter of the late UO president, Donald Erb, and a Gamma Phi alumna, joins us.

Barbara says, "You're seeing him again, aren't you?"

"I've never stopped seeing him."

Once again, I'm told, "In our society, a Negro boy dating a White girl is not accepted. And the Portland alumnae demand that the house take action. If you continue to see that man, you will be asked to leave the house." She paused. "But you will be welcomed back if you stop seeing him."

I held my ground.

Then Barbara asks to meet with me and De the following afternoon. This is an ugly position to put him in, but I phone him and issue the "invitation." He agrees.

The visit isn't any different from the other meetings, except De is present. Barbara lectures us. "Debbie, your dating this man is having a bad influence on the house. If you don't stop seeing him, the alumnae will step in."

How in God's name can this woman say these things in front of De? I marvel at his cool. He listens. He is polite. And after these people have done everything to make him

feel unworthy and unwelcome, he still manages to leave the house with dignity.

I think about what they want me to do. I imagine this scenario: I leave the house. But I miss it. I miss "my sisters" and I want the prestige of being "a sorority girl." So I break off with De. I'm welcomed back. Three cheers for me. I'm in good standing. Barbara is pleased. So are the alums. The girls are happy. Laughter bounces off the walls.

My imaginary thoughts overwhelm me with disgust. I have no attachment to these people. I don't need them. I don't want them. I won't live here anymore.

The following day, I pack my bags and move into Hendricks Hall. After I've checked in and finished the paperwork, the housemother at Hendricks informs me that De can't come inside. We argue. She reneges. But I make arrangements to move into an independent woman's house on campus, for summer school.

De and I continue to see each other. On Friday afternoons, we meet at Max's Tavern. We go to movies at the Mayflower Theater. Through De, I meet students of the arts—painters, architecture majors, and sculptors—including Tom Hardy, who one day would become famous for his sculptures. I meet poets and English majors. Discussions open a world of art, architecture, and jazz I'd never known. De's friends become my friends. And De

and I are in love.

In early June, I move into The Rebec House on Thirteenth Avenue. De is welcome to come inside. My roommate, Ruby Brock, is Black. She goes to summer school and is majoring in education. I'm working in the kitchen at Sacred Heart Hospital and going to summer school.

Ruby and I talk about the cross-burning. She says that I'm naive to think that racism doesn't exist on campus, or in Eugene. Only six Black male students and two Black females are enrolled at Oregon. A number of Black families in Lane County live in the dumping grounds of a sawmill out on West Eleventh. No indoor plumbing. No sidewalks or paved streets. Racism is alive and thriving in Lane County.

And it's still illegal for a Black person to marry a White person in Oregon. That law would change later in 1951. But in early July, De and I drive to Vancouver, Washington, and we are married in the Episcopal Church. Ruby is my maid-of-honor. Tom Hardy, our best man.



**NOW, IN THE SUMMER OF 2010**, I pull out an old photo album of clippings and photos stored in a thick plastic wrapper and kept on a closet shelf. De's late mother kept these things and I'm grateful. I wouldn't have kept them.

I haven't looked at them for more than fifty years. They are yellowed,

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

Thursday, May

## An Editorial

# THE CODE OF PREJUDICE AT OREGON

An Oregon sorority has just paid homage to one of the strongest satans of our society . . . prejudice. It has given way to fear of an

unwritten social code, a

One member of this li her choice of moving on continuing dating a chose the former, and m

Nothing in the sororit a member cannot date a creed, or religion.

No vote was taken in move was made. Feeli

And no less pardonable is the do house mother who first told this new that her Negro friend could not come

## ACROSS-COLOR-LINE ROMANCE STIRS FURO

# Was UO Co-ed Driver

A Negro student at the University of Oregon told reporters Saturday night that a girl had been coerced into leaving her sorority house because she dated him.

not subjected to pressure and "agreed" to the move herself.

The controversy has caused much excitement on the campus. Demonstrations are reported to have included the burning of a

fragile, and deeply creased. I sit down to read through them. It's difficult. And I've forgotten many of the events surrounding De and me at that time.

I read that on May 17 of 1951 the *Oregon Daily Emerald* ran an editorial, "The Code of Prejudice at Oregon." The editor, Anita Holmes Johnson '51, current publisher of *Eugene Weekly*, wrote: "An Oregon sorority has just paid homage to one of the strongest satans of our society . . . prejudice."

I read in another publication about a representative of the Portland Gamma Phi Alumnae Association who asked me to sign a paper stating that I had "exercised" a free choice in deciding to move out of the sorority. The truth, as I recall is that I did so willingly and without a second thought.

On May 23, 1951, the *Portland Journal* ran an editorial. Harry K. Newburn, president of the UO, said that as far as the University was concerned, "one's own friends are his own business." But, the *Journal* pointed out the "disturbing" fact that no one among University authorities "seems to have made a serious effort to identify and reprimand the culprits who burned a cross on the sorority lawn in typical KKK fashion."

The June 1951 issue of *Time* magazine took up the cry with an article titled *Debbie and Gamma Phi*, which stated "the Gamma Phi lawn [was] desecrated with a seven foot fiery cross." And "finally the alumnae adviser had a quiet meeting with the errant pair and . . . urged them to stop seeing each other."

After the ultimatum the sorority had issued me was exposed and condemned, the alumnae offered to let me return and I could continue to see De. I declined.

Today, as I read these clippings I wonder what kind of life

I would have had if I had returned to that place. The thought defies my imagination. I was done with them and the racism that wrapped itself into what was "socially acceptable." And I've never regretted the choice I made.

These hellish events occurred three years before *Brown v. Board of Education*, the Supreme Court decision that began the desegregation of public schools. How did the men who burned the cross feel when *Brown* became the rule of the land? In Money, Mississippi, August 1955, two White men mutilated fourteen-year-old Emmett Till, tied a seventy-five pound cotton gin fan around his neck, and threw him in the Tallahatchie River. Did the men who burned the cross in front of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority feel a prick of unease? And in December of 1955, when Rosa Parks's courageous act of refusing to give up her seat on a bus set the stage for the civil rights movement, how did those men feel?

Perhaps they dismissed the years of the civil rights struggle. But in remembering that single, terrifying, degrading act, I'm *angry*. To my knowledge, nothing was ever done to try to identify those who burned that cross.

In the early 1960s a couple De's and my age moved across the street from us. We learned that Mr. B., the husband, had been in school with us and was a fraternity brother of the young man I had dated before I met De. One evening, Mr. B. admitted that his fraternity was responsible for burning the cross. I have no proof if this was true and nothing more was said about the matter. De and I tried to put it out of our minds. We were busy raising our three children and leading our own lives.

I now live in Eugene, across the street from a slab of stone marking the site of Columbia College, founded in the 1850s. In 1859, Unionist faculty members urged Congress to admit the Oregon Territory to the Union as a free state as opposed to a slave state. The col-

lege was burned. Twice. It is assumed it was burned because of the liberal faculty. Congress admitted Oregon as a free state in 1859. At that time it would be another ninety-three years before a Black person and a White person could legally marry in Oregon.

De, a successful and highly respected architect, became a fellow in the American Institute of Architects. He designed many buildings in Lane County, among them the Lane County Courthouse and Annex, McKenzie Hall on the UO campus, the John F. Kennedy Junior High School, and residences throughout South Eugene.

De died in 2000. Our son, Peter, died in 2006. Our oldest daughter, Libby Tower, is marketing and public relations director at the Hult Center in Eugene. Amy Unthank, our youngest daughter, is the leader for the Forest Service's National Fisheries Program and lives in Washington, D.C. Until I decided to write this article they knew very little about this disturbing event.

I'm now eighty-one years old and it's been sixty years since that cross was burned on the Gamma Phi Beta lawn. Last fall a friend of mine urged me to write about the incident. I had been approached before, but had declined. I didn't want to dredge up painful memories. Pain, because De is not here to review the facts, as I remember them to be. Pain, because nobody ever stepped up to the plate and admitted it. Pain, because I didn't want my children to read about it. But after reading these crumbling articles of so many years ago, I decided to take it on.

Now, I carefully place all of the fragile, yellowed papers into the old scrapbook and I put the book back in the thick, plastic bag. I put the bag up on the shelf where it has been for some fifty years. I don't know if I will look through it again. But the image of that burning cross, the sparks thrown up into the black sky and knowing why it happened, will be with me as it has been, for the rest of my life. ©

*Deb Mohr '53 is an author who lives in Eugene.*

y 17, 1951

territory  
resident  
into the

R

## n from Sorority House?

The charge that the girl was forced from her house first was aired by the Emerald, University of Oregon student newspaper, in an editorial Thursday.

The editorial said:

THE NATIONAL officer said: "We regret the attention which has been directed to this affair. It should be understood that at no time has the sorority disciplined the girl involved, nor has



# BEAVER BELIEVERS

Beavers can help us save salmon and make life better for ducks and other creatures.

By Bonnie Henderson

**M**arine biology majors don't typically go looking for thesis topics up freshwater streams, but that's where Clark Honors College graduate Allison Cramer '10 found hers: hip-deep in Anderson Creek, above Coos Bay's South Slough. She was spending the summer at the Oregon Institute of Marine Biology, fishing for a project and hoping for something cool—something requiring original research and fieldwork. So she went to talk with Craig Cornu, stewardship coordinator at neighboring South Slough National Estuarine Research Reserve. No problem, Cornu said; he had plenty of salmon-related projects she could do on the reserve.

His next question: "Are you interested in beavers?"

Not break-dancing, bipedal Benny Beaver from Corvallis, but the large semiaquatic rodent, *Castor canadensis*, Oregon's state animal. You've seen it, if only on the back of the state flag, in placid profile hunched on a downed tree branch, textured tail askew for full effect, proudly displaying those signature buckteeth. In the mid-1920s, after the state adopted its current flag design, there were almost as many beavers on flags as there were in the wild. They're still a rare sight, shy nocturnal creatures that they are. But beavers are back, building dams and creating wetlands on rivers and streams from the coast to the inland ranges, even in urban areas. Perhaps you've thrilled to the sudden slap of that flat tail on water as you canoed a quiet stretch of river. Maybe you've cursed when you found your culvert blocked by the efforts of this persistent, iconically hard-working mammal.

If you're not yet well-acquainted with beavers, that may change. Trapped nearly to extinction in the early nineteenth century, denied habitat by farmers and timber companies and all the rest of us, beavers are garnering new respect, in Oregon and around the world—just in time, scientists say, to help save us from ourselves, if we'll only let them.

*Interested in beavers?* It's not that Cramer was *uninterested*, but with her marine science focus, she'd simply never thought much about them. A few minutes into her conversation with Cornu, however, Cramer began to understand why he had mentioned salmon and beavers in practically the same breath. Many of the streams feeding South Slough had been diked and their naturally meandering courses straightened a century ago by farmers claiming tidelands for pasture, he explained. That process made those streams inhospitable to salmon. In 2001, the reserve had removed the dikes at Ander-



NEAL MAINE

... (T)he numbers are clear; in the contest for who can best lure coho salmon back to Oregon's coastal streams, it's beavers: game, set, match.

son Creek and rerouted it to restore its curves. Ultimately, the goal was to bring back the stream's complexity, so that it no longer merely flushed water but let it linger, encouraging a rich variety of plant and animal life to take hold. Willows were planted in hopes of luring beavers—nature's own wetlands engineers—to set up housekeeping, build dams, and finish the job. By 2002, beavers *had* come back and, within a few years, had turned the creek's final quarter-mile into a series of stair-stepped ponds brimming with life. Just how many beavers were working the creek by 2007, Cornu didn't know; he was hoping Cramer could craft a project to find out.

Such a study would be one more piece in a growing body of research exploring beavers' key role in the ecosystem. Swimming, crawling, and flying creatures of all kinds depend upon wetlands, including roughly half of all threatened and endangered plant and animal species. Cue the beaver: Simply stated, creating and maintaining wetlands is what beavers do. They do it for their own benefit (to create cover from predators and to more easily transport their favorite foodstuffs), but the rewards fan out far across the landscape. Waterfowl—*ducks*, for instance—and fish are especially beholden to beaver-built wetlands, none more than the coastal coho,

which is listed as a threatened species in Oregon.

Juvenile coho salmon spend a full year in freshwater before heading to the ocean. Without lots of quiet backwater to forage, hide from predators, and rest during winter's high water, baby coho are doomed. So federal and state authorities have spent millions of dollars restoring streams in recent years, using heavy equipment and helicopters to dump logs and boulders into waterways in an attempt to recreate some of their natural complexity. And it's worked; the number of young salmon surviving in a stream tends to increase after this kind of treatment. Score one for humans.

Only one species approaches *Homo sapiens* in its ability and inclination to alter the landscape, and that's the beaver. And when scientists count the number of young salmon in beaver-engineered wetlands versus human-restored wetlands, there's no contest: Beaver ponds typically contain twenty, fifty, even one hundred times the number of young salmon compared to those found in even the most meticulously re-engineered stream. And beavers work cheap. All they need is a supply of building materials and a food source—a healthy stand of willows or alders or cottonwoods works well. Not that humans can't help; a few well-placed rocks or roots can provide the footing a pair of beavers needs to start its work. But the numbers are clear; in the contest for who can best lure coho salmon back to Oregon's coastal streams, it's beavers: game, set, match.

Which is why, when he returned to Gearhart last fall after four years at the UO and two years as a county planner in Montana, Jon Wickersham '08 was happy to see signs of beaver activity everywhere: streamside willow stumps gnawed to sharp points, dams of sticks and mud blocking creeks, ponds brimming with plants and insects and birds and mammals—wildlife of all kinds. His first week as conservation director of the North Coast Land Conservancy was a crash course in the contributions beavers make toward helping the land trust achieve its goals. "In terms of habitat restoration work, beavers can do it ten times better than we can," Wickersham notes. "They play a big role in a lot of our conservation projects."

Jeff Rodgers '78 is another Duck-turned-beaver believer. For the twenty-four years prior to his becoming a monitoring coordinator for the Oregon Plan for Salmon and Watersheds in 2003—specifically focused on restoration of Oregon coastal salmon and steelhead runs—he lived in a wetsuit every August and September, snorkeling Oregon's coastal streams and counting salmon for the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife. Flicking on a flashlight during the occasional nighttime snorkel, he was sometimes startled to see a beaver looming in the dark water. Startled, and pleased.

"To reach our conservation recovery goals for coho salmon," Rodgers says, "we need a lot of the habitat that beavers provide. And you can't get there just by putting wood in the streams." In fact, says Rodgers, it may be impossible for Oregon's coho runs to recover to desired levels *without* help from beavers.

Naturally, there's a catch. Beavers are easy to love when it's not your fruit trees they're cutting down, your culvert their dam is blocking, your pasture they're flooding. And there's still a sizable contingent of Oregonians who enjoy fur trapping for fun. Trappers need only buy a permit from ODFW, like a fishing license, to bag a beaver on public land. Owners of private land—from hobby farms to huge timber holdings—are allowed to kill any beaver they find annoying on their property, no permit, no questions asked. That's put ODFW in the awkward position of being the agency that is both regulating the legal killing of beavers and encouraging the proliferation of beavers for salmon's sake. "We're caught between a rock and a hard place," Rodgers admits. "We know that beavers are extremely valuable in providing ecological benefits to fish and other wildlife. At the same time, it's also a fact that beavers can do a lot of property damage."

There are alternatives to lethal control. Wire cages around trees can limit beavers' damage, as can "beaver deceiver" devices installed to protect culverts. Live-trapping and moving beavers (allowed by permit) is an option, but like killing them, it's not an ideal—or even permanent—solution. Displaced beavers tend to get hit by cars or killed by cougars. And if the habitat is good, count on another beaver arriving soon to replace the dead or relocated one.

In an attempt to reconcile these conflicting agendas, ODFW in 2007 convened the Beaver Workgroup. It began as a way for staff members from both sides of ODFW—wildlife and fish—to talk. In the process, it has helped break down the virtual "firewall" that had long existed between the two camps, Rodgers says. The workgroup has since welcomed a broader spectrum of stakeholders: other state and federal agencies, trappers, timber companies, conservation groups, and watershed councils. Among the options they've been exploring: making payments to landowners to cover damages resulting from living with, rather than killing, a "problem" beaver, not unlike payments made to ranchers in the Rockies to compensate them for livestock killed as a result of wolf reintroduction. By spring 2011 the workgroup hopes to have the results of a survey it commissioned of Oregon landowners. The survey's central question: What would it take—in dollars—to adopt a live-and-let-live stance toward beavers on your land? As Rodgers puts it, "A lot of the money we spend on sticks and stones"—mechanical stream restoration—"might be better spent on incentives to allow beavers to do their thing."

Salmon and ducks certainly aren't the only beneficiaries of beavers. Suzanne Fouty, PhD '03, hydrologist for the Willowa-Whitman National Forest's Whitman Ranger District, has been studying the relationships between grazing, stream quality, and beaver activity since graduate school. It was the topic of her dissertation, and her passion for the subject drives her day-to-day work on streams high in the mountains of northeastern Oregon. In the process, she's become something of a crusader for beavers' potential to mitigate the effects of climate change: the extreme flooding and periods of drought forecast for the region in coming decades. Beaver ponds and



*Jon Wickersham '08, conservation director of the North Coast Land Conservancy, admires beaver construction, north of Gearhart.*

saturated soils in valley bottoms slow down drainage, dampening flood peaks during the rainy season. And by holding that water in the upper watersheds longer, beavers help sustain stream flows through dry spells.

Many of the streams in her district have been heavily damaged over the years by placer mining, grazing, logging, and road building. Grazing by deer and elk as well as livestock continues to damage streams. “In some places, beavers are the only way we are going to be able to restore good stream function,” she says. The major limiting factor is habitat. Even if you move the cattle away from streams, elk will still cluster there, nipping streamside willows and aspens to the point where there’s nothing left for beavers to eat or build with. The obvious solution—witnessed in Yellowstone National Park—is reintroduction of wolves, which keep nervous elk on the move, resulting in a huge improvement in riparian habitat. It also introduces a whole new set of challenges, Fouty acknowledges, and underscores the complexity of restoration efforts. “For so long, we have taken and taken and expected that the resources would just give and give,” she says. “Learning to share with wildlife represents a whole new approach.

“It requires a massive paradigm shift, by ODFW and federal land management agencies and the public, and everything takes a long time,” Fouty adds. “The sooner we get started, the better. If we don’t get this piece fixed, then all of northeastern Oregon becomes more and more sensitive to climate change.”

That same sense of urgency can be found in western Or-

gon, where coastal salmon runs have been dwindling. How many beavers were there on Anderson Creek? Cramer has no idea. Her plan was to photograph the shy rodents remotely, using “camera traps” triggered by infrared sensors rather than live-trapping them or making vague estimates based on evidence of their activity. Despite the technique’s success with other species, it fell flat with the wily beavers.

Not to say the project wasn’t a success. Cramer shifted to a major in general biology with a double emphasis on marine biology and on ecology and evolution. And she is applying to graduate school, where she intends to study behavioral ecology and its application to wildlife management. It’s a career direction that she says was “100 percent” inspired by her acquaintance with the beavers on Anderson Creek. Ultimately, for humans grappling with climate change and species extinction, a more nuanced view of the natural world that is emerging from scientists’ close study of beavers is proving far more valuable than any number of beaver felt hats.

“It’s an ecosystem thing,” Rodgers says. “There are a lot of things wrong. A lot of things have unraveled that we need to put back together. The question is, if we kick-start it”—by providing the habitat beavers need, then not killing them when they show up—“can we let beavers do it, so we can go on and do other things?”

*Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85, a Eugene writer, is the author of Strand: An Odyssey of Pacific Ocean Debris, a finalist for the Oregon Book Awards in 2009.*

# Oregon's Epic Estuaries

There's a dramatic world of life where our rivers meet the ocean.

Text and Photos by Michael Strelow







In twelfth-century Ireland, every aspiring poet had to learn—in addition to meters, forms, and techniques—*dindsenchus*, or the lore of high places, the topography of all the important places in Ireland about which a poet might write. *Dindsenchus* included prevailing winds and rains, prominent plants, limestone caverns and outcroppings, magical properties of the landscape, and especially water—loughs (lakes, including lakes that come and go seasonally), rivers, sea inlets, and springs. A poet could begin to write only after being certain of the *where* of the poem.

In Galway Bay in western Ireland, I found myself one afternoon out on a grassy island sitting behind a rock for a windbreak and staring out to sea. I had wandered out at low tide across a rocky stretch of exposed bay bottom. To my right, a small river came into a finger of the bay, and a family with two small children walked barefoot on the sandy riverbed. I looked away to the sea again and got lost in the shifting light and waving grasses that seemed contiguous with the wind-whipped bay. When I happened to look back toward the sand spit, the family had moved off, and most of the sand had disappeared. When my brain caught up with what I saw, I announced “whoops” to the wind and scurried back down the path off the island and arrived at already wet rocks. I quickly made good my escape from the incoming tide. *Dindsenchus*, I thought, the ways of the local water. Hell of an Irish poet I’d have made stuck out on that island for six hours because of my ignorance of local waters.

Estuaries in Oregon, especially the small ones—Salmon River, Nestucca, Sand Lake, and the like—are wedge estuaries where the incoming tide wedges itself under the outflowing river, and the salt and fresh waters barely mix. Plants and animals live here in paradox where the two waters meet. Paradox, it has always seemed to me, is the characteristic of all true things. If you find a singular, uncontested bumper-sticker “truth,” you are probably in the presence of some kind of fraud, someone else’s agenda. In complexity, irony, paradox—that’s where truth hangs out. The two waters wedged together twice a day create a kind of truth that contradicts itself at two levels: biologically and strategically.

With their paradox of twice-daily washings, salt estuaries are among the Earth’s richest biomes in terms of plant and animal diversity. Every single plant that’s bathed twice a day in salt water would grow better in fresh water alone. And yet the plants stay for the chemical feast that is sea water—nitrogen, potassium, phosphorus—a fine fertilizer. But the feast comes poisoned. Sodium and other salts are the plant killer. Try a handful of salt on any weedy lawn spot and see what happens. So the estuary plants have to devise strategies to let the food in and keep the poison out.

Photos on the opposite page and at top above are of the Salmon River estuary, north of Lincoln City. Middle above is Sand Lake estuary, north of Pacific City. Bottom is the Siletz River estuary, just south of Lincoln City (Mo’s Chowder House is in the distance in the upper right).

If the devil is in the details, then sodium salt is the devil. As long as a plant can find a way to keep the sodium out, the rest of the feast can pass in. There are a number of strategies to fight off the sodium. Some plants (saltwort or turtleweed or pickleweed, *Batis maritima*) in the estuaries are succulents and simply hold enough water to dilute the sodium and keep the levels tolerable. Some marsh grasses become monocultures—the same plant that genetically developed a salt tolerance as a survival strategy then came to be the only successful individual and completely filled its niche. Salt-meadow cordgrass (*Spartina patens*) has a special membrane on its roots that allows it to suck in mostly water, and glands on its leaves that help it spit out the salts that make it into the plant.

And as the plants march from full exposure to seawater up the estuary incline toward dry land where there are rare washings of seawater during storm surge or other unusual conditions, each plant has a competence to deal with various quantities of seawater at full or partial strength. The entire estuary, and scientists use this word for both plants and animals, is a collection of strategies: strategies to grow, to reproduce, to feed, to survive, to compensate for unusual circumstances (storms and floods again). Once I encountered the anthropomorphic notion of plants strategizing, I had a hard time keeping the metaphor from running wild: where is longing, plotting, seeking, despairing, worshipping, loving?

And from there the complicated truth that is an estuary began to suggest a literary form that has always contained such complicated truths—the epic. Heroes, fabulous adventures in strange places, superhuman deeds, divine interventions, an underworld that works in opposition to this world—these are some of the main features of the epic.

Choose your hero in this place of paradoxical waters: Caspian tern, lugworm, clam, *Spartina* grass—or, what should get a sack of votes, bacteria. You could make a case for each.

For example, I recently went with David Craig, a friend and bird biologist from Willamette University, to help catch and band Caspian tern chicks. Just under half the world's Caspian terns live on East Sand Island in the mouth of the Columbia River—about 9,000 to 11,000 breeding pairs—something like 22,000 birds out of an estimated world population of 50,000. This island is the battleground for salmon-versus-birds skirmishes that have been going on for more than ten years, since a 1997 study of tern predation on fish near Rice Island, twenty-one miles upriver from the Columbia's mouth. Since then, terns have been moved and environmentalists and government agencies have been battling in the courts. Lots of parties have a stake: the Columbia River Intertribal Fish Commission, the Army Corps of Engineers, the Bonneville Power Administration, Oregon and Washington sport and commercial fishermen, the Audubon Society, bird biologists, and the Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife, to name the primary participants.

We arrived through a fog from the town of Chinook on the Washington side of the Columbia mouth, beached the boat on East Sand Island well below the level of the birds,

and I looked up to see the colony explode in the air, and then David pointed out the reason. A bald eagle cruised overhead, and the colony rose as one in response to the predator. While the sky filled with birds, a designated fighter squadron of terns broke out of the whirling vortex of wings and pursued the eagle, darting at his wings and plucking at flight feathers. The noise of the rising was symphonic, and I caught David smiling at my reaction—my jaw dropped, my aural senses overwhelmed by the thickness of the bird noise, sudden and profound. I tried to pick out various parts in the cacophony: the sopranos, the tenors, the baritones. But the sound was so thorough from low to high, so completely blended into one, that it reminded me of the definition Plotinus used for the sublime in literature—one single great note rung from all parts. Then as the birds organized their explosion to return to the nesting ground, the form of their settling resembled what Yeats called a gyre or spinning vortex and claimed was the shape of human history. Yeats saw that gyre in the rising swans off the small lake at Coole. I grasped for the literary references as a form of mental sanctuary in the face of the dislocation I felt at being overwhelmed by the birds. I was separated from my own reality by the singularity of what I witnessed; the sound and sight had its own fierce reality that overrode all other experiences. I'd never seen or heard anything like it.

Part of the explosion, I now noticed, was a rain of small fish the birds had been eating and, in the excitement of the perceived attack, had abandoned in flight. These were the fish that had pitted group against group for years: steelhead and salmon smolts (the money fish), but also shiner perch, staghorn sculpin, anchovies, herring, peamouth, bridgelip suckers, rainbow smelt, lamprey, flounder, and various minor prey like eulachon or candlefish. Did the birds get to eat anything they wanted including the salmonids that constituted the cash crop for many interested parties? Or did the bird diets need to be managed in a perceived “balance” that would make everyone satisfied?

The birds had already been moved out to the mouth of the Columbia at East Sand Island from their original breeding spot on Rice Island. Between a 1999 pilot study and the actual relocation from 2000 to 2008, the birds had proven amenable to change: their diet went from 80 percent salmonids on Rice Island to, for certain seasons anyway, only 30 or 40 percent on East Sand Island. Rice Island was made physically less desirable by inserting poles into the surface: terns land like airplanes and need a runway. East Sand Island was made more desirable for terns by clearing brush. And so the terns moved downstream into the mouth where more saltwater prey mixed with the salmonid prey. Given the richness of the estuary, the terns proved tractable, but the people with vested economic interests insisted that the colony of birds was still responsible for too much predation. Plans were made to reduce the size of the breeding site on East Sand Island in 2010 from six acres to one. Biologists hoped the dispossessed birds would find other suitable sites. Early in 2010, because of low water in the Klamath basin, one of the most important sites

planned to accommodate the dispossessed terns, it was decided to leave all six acres of breeding habitat on East Sand Island, at least for that year.

I left the island thinking there is a great torque in the financial interests of humans, a twisting and wringing that constitutes itself as self-righteousness: feed myself and others, provide essential services, grow the economy. And the counter-wrangling: the idealism of preservation and conservation against some vague but passionate concern for our future as humans. If you follow the consequences of these opposing forces, you find a result: 55 percent of all U.S. salt estuaries (remember, home of the epic, guardian place of the metaphor for truth itself) have been filled in and compromised so they no longer function as estuaries (diking is the usual method in the eastern United States). When an estuary is filled in, the river water behaves itself and stays orderly for building condos or growing rice in impoundments. The estuary becomes civilized. Its scale of life is reduced. Condos go up. Complexity goes down.

I first conceived of estuaries as epic literature walking alone—seeking my own *dindsenchus*—in the Nestucca estuary. I had been reading about lugworms (*Polychaetes*, a huge group of worms) and found that they were probably the most photographed of all worms for their feathery beauty. Also called bristleworms, featherdusters, fireworms, sea mice, and clam worms, these worms are everywhere in the ocean from surface to mud but especially rich in estuaries. I learned there was a giant version in Atlantic estuaries—though not in Oregon estuaries—sometimes three meters long (*Eunice gigantea*), that was the fiercest predator in its neighborhood, eating everything it encountered in the bottom mud, everything that was not big enough to eat it. Here was a dragon.

In epic literature there is always some super force (often superhuman: think Beowulf's strength versus Grendel's thirst for human blood, Odysseus's cunning versus Circe or the Cyclops). There are extraordinary deeds and powerful divinities, the everyday material world, and, for contrast, an underworld or some magic equivalent. These characteristics congregate in long, narrative poems usually—*El Cid*, *Song of Roland*, *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, *The Odyssey*, *Beowulf*. Ordinary people become extraordinary by doing extraordinary deeds, and then they usually try out the values and mores of their society in the process—honor, strength, resilience, loyalty, brotherhood, cunning, and so on. The regular material world is usually not sufficient for the trials, and so add the supernatural, the place where all the rules change, where nature and natural are re-defined repeatedly—a dark tower, the underworld, a wild cedar forest, the sea bottom, a cloven oak. We are familiar with these qualities and places on various scales in Harry Potter's world, in the Ring trilogy, and in cartoon versions such as Superman, Batman, Iron Man, and Darkman *ad nauseum*.

In an estuary with its superabundance of life, its salt and fresh water daily dance of life giving, its dragon predator worms (even the much smaller versions in Oregon), the magnitude of struggle and the survival strategies that arise in plants and critters alike, we have regular life amplified into the heroic.

Imagine we have shrunk into estuary mud where our dragon worm, *Eunice gigantea*, has been waiting for night to mate. She has waited for the moon and has her own segmented light to attract a male. Both she and the male bud off and deposit their butt ends, which in some species grow a new head. We've taken to hiding in the *Spartina* grass forest witnessing the doubling of the worm population in one night, worms that will be looking to eat us as soon as next week. How do we forge our swords? When do we dare venture out onto the mud flats for food? The tide will come in bearing fish that will eat some of the worms; foraging crabs will scurry in, then beat it back to the ocean on the outgoing tide. Every two weeks a big tide will bring saltwater in farther than usual, and we should plan ahead for that assault. Some salt-washed plants manage to accommodate these incursions biweekly but fall to the big storm surges or the five- or ten-year tidal bores that wipe them out. The whole estuary world is a thick, heroic soup of stratagems and schemes to eat and reproduce, and we would need to be heroic to live here.

Estuaries are under siege across the United States, and in particular now in the once-thriving Mississippi delta. Smaller but just as insidious sieges threaten Northwest estuaries. Grays Harbor, Willapa Bay in Washington, Coos Bay in Oregon have all experienced "filling and diking." The result is loss of estuarine vigor—complexity. I think what science means by loss of complexity we can also think of as loss of epic scale. Darwin called this complexity a "tangled bank" in which layers and more layers of complicated survival-informed influences linked species together in struggle. What epic literature does—why it has persisted in the human intellectual landscape since well before writing—is remind us through story that we are complicated and connected creatures and not alone in our longings, fears, and aspirations. Our literary model has always been the natural world, conceiving ourselves as extensions of the eagle's power, the mouse's timidity, the storm's destruction, the wolf pack's organization. In estuaries we are bound up in the potent richness of life, and what's at stake each day is nothing short of dredging or oil spilling or draining away our own story. 

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**SO CLOSE!**

**DUCKS LOSE NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP FOOTBALL GAME IN THE LAST SECONDS.**



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**BY GUY MAYNARD**  
**PHOTOS BY JACK LIU**

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**A**s the clock wound down toward five minutes left in the national championship game, I made my way down toward the field from the sea of Ducks in the upper reaches of the stadium in Glendale, Arizona, where I had spent the entire game up to that point, yelling and screaming with the rest of the yellow-clad crew, doing all we could to offset the often coordinated and always deafening chants of the Auburn throng. I had media credentials that allowed me to be on the field in the final minutes of the game. I wanted to be there if the UO somehow managed to win, despite trailing by eight points for most of the second half, to see the celebratory faces, the hugs and backslaps, the tears of joy, the shouts of champions.

I tried to time my descent—down three levels from the upper deck to field level—to miss as little of the game as possible. Oregon failed on a third down with 5:36 to go and was set to punt when I left my seat. The elevator accessible to the press was agonizingly slow, so I took an escalator down the first two levels, checking video monitors along the way whenever I could. Oregon punted and Auburn got the ball at its twenty-nine-yard line.

From the first seating level, I was directed to a stairway to take me to the field. On first down, Auburn quarterback and Heisman trophy winner Cam Newton was stopped for a one-yard gain as the clock hit 5:00.

The stairway was a blank and hollow gray space, a sudden and jarring switch from the color and buzz of the stadium. I was halfway down when I heard an echoey roar that I later realized was the crowd's response to UO senior linebacker Clay Matthews knocking the ball from Newton's grasp and Oregon's sparkplug freshman Cliff Harris recovering the fumble.

Coming out of the stairwell, I could see the stadium's artificial daylight past a line of a dozen or so mounted policemen, poised

in the tunnel to take positions on the field when the championship had been decided.

I moved fast. When I got on the field—in the corner beneath the UO marching band, in front of the yellowest sections of the stadium, near the end zone toward which the Ducks were driving—officials were still sorting out the aftermath of Oregon's fumble recovery. A personal foul penalty after the play moved the ball back to the UO forty-five-yard line. I was confused but thrilled to see that the UO had the ball with plenty of time left. The action was half a field away from me and I was jostling for a spot amid all the reporters and photographers and officials who clustered along the sidelines.

On first down, UO quarterback Darron Thomas completed a pass to senior receiver Jeff Maehl for ten yards and an Oregon first down on the Auburn forty-five-yard line. I cheered, then looked around to see if that was appropriate sideline behavior—I'd never been this close to the action in a college football game before. But I saw others in Oregon gear also yelling their support.

On the next play, the Ducks got lucky, when Thomas's pass was almost intercepted by Auburn linebacker Josh Byner—but wasn't. On second down, Thomas ran for five yards, going out of bounds at the forty. On third-and-five, Thomas's pass was just out of the reach of junior Lavasier Tuinei, who was open at the twenty-five. Fourth down. 4:18 to go. People around me had moved so I was now in the front line of those gathered on the sidelines, about the seven-yard line, the Ducks driving toward me.

Thomas's fourth-down pass was caught at the thirty-eight-yard line by senior receiver D. J. Davis cutting across the middle and he broke free, running, for a second, right at me. He made it all the way to the eleven-yard line. Wow. This game that had been so distant just a few minutes before—big guys in distinct uniforms moving like game pieces on a slippery green background—was now surreally close. I could smell the grass-stained intensity, hear the heavy-breathing, feel the hard-hitting focus of these TV and newspaper names: twenty-two young men—kids, really—giving everything they had to this moment, carrying the hopes of thousands and thousands of people . . . playing a game.



**I've been an Oregon** sports fan since the late '70s, before I had any other connection to the University. Going to football games back then was kind of a goof. Winning wasn't much of a concern. We'd have a few drinks and go out and have a good time. No frenzy, no heartbreak. In those early days of the Rich Brooks era, we could usually count on the Beavers being worse, and that was enough. When my son (Corey, MBA '01) was old enough to start going to games, we bought general admission season tickets and became loyal fans. In those days, Autzen was so empty, we could change our seats every quarter, moving from one end zone to the other, depending on which way the Ducks were going. We went to every game, staying to the end, no matter what. We took great pride in that. In 1987, the Beavers were particularly bad, and the Bill Musgrave-led Ducks were beginning to show signs of things to come. The UO led 44-0 late in the fourth quarter with temperatures diving into the teens. We watched the last several minutes from big-donor reserved seats on the fifty-yard line, among the few hundred people who hadn't fled to warmer quarters.

I loved those days. And my attachment to the University had grown as I went back there to finish my degree in the mid-80s. And it was cool when the Ducks started winning regularly: the Independence Bowl, the Freedom Bowl, and the culmination of that surge with the Rose Bowl in 1995. My family went to Pasadena, had a wonderful time, and even dared to dream we could beat Penn State.

But the stakes were raised and have continued to be raised ever since. I had moved up to reserved season tickets. When Autzen was expanded, our seats became part of the Club section and priced beyond what we could afford. I was mad, but still got season tickets in a different section. And I had come to work at the University at *Oregon Quarterly* and, up close, became much more conscious of the cultural and financial gap between the academic and athletic sides of the University. It was a palpable irony that as cuts in state funding put the squeeze on UO academic programs, the athletic department was thriving and strutting its stuff. I

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**BCS.** LaMichael James scores a touchdown to make the score 19-17 with a little over two minutes to go in the national championship game; a fan makes the O sign; cheerleaders on the field at University of Phoenix Stadium in Glendale, Arizona; the Oregon Marching Band at halftime.





**JANUARY 9.** *Opposite page, top row, left to right: An Auburn fan plays with the Duck before both sides worked together in a volunteer effort at the Saint Mary's Food Bank Alliance in Phoenix; Senator Jeff Merkley, John Fitzgerald '91 (who played on the Ducks' first Independence Bowl team), and other UO supporters fill emergency food boxes; Saint Mary's board chair Carol McElroy, UO president Richard Lariviere, Merkley, and Auburn University president Jay Gogue at the food bank. Second row: Charles Martinez, UO vice president for institutional equity and diversity, talks with Michael Carter of Chaparral High School in Scottsdale at a UO admissions event; Carly Christoferson, a freshman at the UO's Clark Honors College, sister Elise, mother Carolyn '80, and sister Kate with Margaret Kirkpatrick and U.S. Representative Earl Blumenauer. Third row: Ducks fans at the pep rally in Scottsdale; bottom row: Young fan Tristan, son of Mike Allen '96; Sebastian Bach and the Duck; On the Rocks.*

*Above, top row: Duck surfs the pep rally crowd; Lariviere is fired up (with Blumenauer and U.S. Representative Greg Walden '78 cheering him on). Bottom row: Former UO quarterback Joey Harrington '01; Duck legend Ahmad Rashad '72; and UO head football coach Chip Kelly.*

didn't like this new big-time attitude. But I still went to all the home football games and yelled my head off on defensive third downs.



**On first down from** the Auburn eleven-yard line, Thomas threw a short pass to senior tight end David Paulson, who ran right at our sideline, then turned toward the end zone, finally being tackled at the four. Before the next snap, Auburn's brute of a defensive tackle, Nick Fairley, jumped off sides, moving the ball to the two-yard line. On second down, the UO's Heisman finalist running back LaMichael James was stopped for no gain. Less than three minutes left. Twice before Oregon had been inside Auburn's twenty-yard line and failed to score—once failing on a fourth-down try only a half-yard shy of the end zone. Oregon set up with James to Thomas's left and three receivers split out farther that way. As the thirty-five-second play clock wound down, Thomas and the entire offense looked back toward the UO bench and then spread the word of whatever adjustment had been signaled in.

James moved to the right side. Suddenly coach Chip Kelly came running down the sidelines, fervently signaling time out, sensing, it seems, some confusion on this critical play.

Thomas and James conferred, and Kelly moved on the field to meet them, giving James a gentle tap on his helmet. The Ducks huddled. The teams resumed their positions on the field, James once again to Thomas's left. Everyone in the stadium was standing (as most had been for most of the game). Anticipation swirled like a spiraling sonic wave around the stadium. Thomas took the shotgun snap and darted to his right, pulling the defense with him, then flipped the ball to James, who cut inside him and between defenders and found a clear path to the end zone. The yellow stands above me exploded, the orange multitude stunned to sudden silence. Auburn 19, Oregon 17. Two minutes, thirty-three seconds to go.

For the extra point, the Ducks had to go for two, to try to tie the score with time running out. Oregon lined up, loaded heavily to the right side of the formation. Thomas and most of the offense sprinted in that direction, but Maehl curled back to the left and,







free in the middle of the end zone, leaped to grab Thomas's pass, thrown perfectly, even though all his momentum was taking him in the opposite direction. Tie score. Ducks fans go crazy. It's "Kenny Wheaton's going to score." It's Josh Frankel's field goal against USC (for those of us who stuck around). It's Keenan Howry's punt return in the driving rain against the Beavs in 2001. It's Jeremiah Masoli's fourth-down run in the Civil War last year. But more than all of those.

I took a pause from my own celebration of this spectacular moment in Oregon sports to turn to see University of Oregon president Richard Lariviere, a few feet away, raise his arms in the touchdown signal, a gesture of triumph.



***It had been a busy*** weekend for Lariviere and the rest of the University leadership who had travelled to Arizona. Early on a surprisingly chilly Sunday morning—the day before the game—Lariviere had led a team of University deans, administrators, students, alumni, and supporters to the Saint Mary's Food Bank Alliance in Phoenix—the nation's oldest food bank—where they joined with a contingent from Auburn to pack boxes that contained 250,000 meals for families in need. The joint service project had been initiated by the UO's Holden Leadership Center, but Auburn supporters embraced it enthusiastically. There was a hint of the positioning of rivals preparing to do battle: I overheard one Auburn fan say, "If I hear one more Oregon guy say 'Roll, Tide' [the slogan of Auburn's archrival, the University of Alabama], I'm going to kick his ass." But Lariviere reminded the assembled group that though the competition would heat up the following day, this was a time for cooperation. And Oregon senator Jeff Merkley, who had come with the UO contingent, helped put things in proper perspective by asking for a moment of silence for the victims of the shootings in Tucson at the community event put on by Representative Gabrielle Giffords,

which had happened the day before and just 100 miles away. For many of us, news of the Tucson shootings was the first thing that popped up on our cell phones when we turned them on after our flights to Arizona. Moments of silence and other reminders of that tragedy hung over the weekend as a kind of constant reality check.

After putting in some time on the packing lines, the UO leadership team was hustled off to a Celebrating Champions brunch at a hotel in north Scottsdale, twenty-four miles away, where achievements of all UO academic programs were highlighted, to share the glowing spotlight of the football team's accomplishments. In the afternoon, they were shuttled to an admissions event in central Scottsdale at the site of a pep rally, where they had to snake their way through an already dense crowd more than an hour before the UO rally was to begin. Auburn's rally had been held at the same location, two hours earlier. At the UO admissions reception, Lariviere and deans from almost every UO program chatted one-on-one with seventy-five potential future Ducks from nine different states, competing with the driving deep bass music coming from the PA on the pep rally stage, right next door.

I attended both the Auburn and the UO pep rallies. Auburn people were perfectly friendly. They had learned to respond to a UO supporter's "Roll, Tide" with a smiling "Go Beavs." (And "War Eagle," but I don't even want to get into that). No asses were being kicked. The rallies demonstrated the differences between the cultures of the two schools. Auburn's was what I would imagine a traditional football pep rally would be. Lots of chants and cheers that everybody seemed to know. Football highlights. Rah-rah kind of stuff. Oregon's was, well, a lot more fun: Sebastian Bach, suddenly a Duck icon after performing a "power ballad" for the UO on *Late Night with Jimmy Fallon* just a few nights earlier; Supwitchugirl, who went from being outlaws to UO headliners when their "I Love My Ducks" video went viral last year; sudden national television stars, the UO a cappella

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**GAME DAY.** From top left: Ducks huddle before the game; D. J. Davis breaks free on a key fourth-down reception late in the game; LaMichael James waits between plays. Second row: Quarterback Darron Thomas watches from sidelines as Auburn drives toward winning field goal; wide view of University of Phoenix Stadium during the game; halftime show. Third row: Sign proclaims football team's slogan; tailgaters outside stadium; journalism professor Al Stavitsky and fans view the final seconds at a watch party at Mac Court; Bottom row: Former Ducks football player Jack Countryman '51 (center), who played in the 1949 Cotton Bowl, and his sons at UOAA tailgate party; making the Delta Gamma sign are, left to right, Dixie Harrison '51, Cheri Harrison '81, her daughter Emily Harrison, and Dixie's niece Sara Rudinsky; long-time Ducks fan Armand Gridelli of Cottage Grove is among the last to leave Mac Court. (Mac Court photos by John Bauguess).



**CELEBRATING CHAMPIONS.** Left to right: Parade attracts thousands to the streets of Eugene to honor academic, community, and athletic champions. Academic champions: UO faculty members Alexander Murphy (geography), Geri Richmond (chemistry), Mike Haley (chemistry), Kathy Cashman (geological sciences), Madonna Moss (anthropology), and T. Bettina Cornwell (marketing); Pac-10 champions: Coach Kelly and his team enjoy the heartfelt cheers following the parade.

group On the Rocks; and Otis Day and the Knights, from *Animal House*, a movie some past UO administrations have tried to disassociate the University from; and Chip Kelly telling jokes: “If you believe in karma . . . we are playing in the Tostitos Fiesta Bowl and your head coach is named Chip.” The crowd roared.

I watched most of the UO pep rally from a five-level Nordstrom parking structure looking down on it. Even there, the crowd was overwhelming, four or more deep all along the top level, people straining to see the entertainment, reacting with the same exuberance as the packed-tight Ducks filling the grounds across the way. Official estimates, I understand, put the crowds at both rallies at 30,000. But I swear the Oregon crowd felt bigger.

Game day was loaded with pregame parties from the posh hotels in Scottsdale to the sprawling parking lots surrounding the stadium in Glendale, thirty-two miles away. I ran into Lariviere at the UO Alumni Association tailgate party, about two hours before kickoff. “It’s a great day,” he said.



**And it was a great day.** After the Ducks tied the score with just over two minutes to go, Cam Newton and the Auburn offense charged down the field. As exhilarating as the Oregon drive had been, Auburn’s answer was stunningly deflating. With the action moving away from me now, Auburn got fifteen yards on a first-down pass. Then freshman running back Michael Dyer seemed to be stopped after a modest gain . . . and then he wasn’t, and suddenly Auburn was at the other end of the field, already in position for a game-winning field goal.

After Auburn’s kick went through the uprights and the clock ran out and confetti rained down on the stadium and Auburn players raced around in celebration, I watched the Oregon players leave the field, dejected and silent. Some tears muddled the eye-black some wore, but there was a remarkable strength in these strained, strikingly *young* faces, more evidence that they had given everything they had on a bigger stage than most of us can even imagine.

UO leadership was committed to making the University’s time on that stage about more than football. At every opportunity—from the Celebrating Champions website ([champions.uoregon.edu](http://champions.uoregon.edu)) to all the events surrounding the bowl game to the Eugene parade (also called Celebrating Champions) in late January—Lariviere and others talked about the national champion debate team, the gospel choir that won a national contest, National Medal of Science winner Michael Posner, Josh Lupton, a Clark Honors College senior recently named a Marshall Scholar, and other bragging points for the UO besides its Pac-10 champion football team.

It’s a tough sell. Lariviere makes clear the distinction between the core academic mission of the University and the entertainment provided by big-time college football. But many die-hard UO football fans frankly don’t care about the academic mission; many academics and those who support them still resent the resources and attention that go to this “entertainment” side of the University.

After his team’s victory, Auburn coach Gene Chizik said, “Football in the southeast is king. It is a way of life.” As others, like Eugene *Register-Guard* columnist Bob Welch ’76, have said, football is *not* life here in Oregon—and may it always be so. But it is—despite what some critics may say—an in-

trinsic part of what the University of Oregon is. In five obituaries in this issue, mention is made of how much the deceased loved their Ducks, and, sorry folks, they’re not talking about our Nobel Prize and Pulitzer Prize winners.

At the festivities after the parade on January 22, Lariviere said that as much as he admired the football team’s creative offense, he was most proud because it was a great reflection of the University’s values: “Innovative. Irreverent. Stubborn. Scrappy. Work hard and play hard. We have an attitude that exceeds our size.”

The UO is trying, I am convinced, to have a championship level, self-supporting athletic program that complements the educational mission of the University, and the values that Lariviere described. That’s not easy and it’s not always apparent. I still recoil at what seem like excesses on the athletic side. The debate about the proper place of athletics at an institution like the UO is important, and the critics should be heard and heeded. But we *can* love our Ducks and the UO’s educational mission and keep that irreverent and scrappy Oregon spirit. But getting and keeping the right balance among those things is a challenge just as steep—and ultimately more important—than getting back to the national championship game next year.

But there was something truly special about this team, this year.

At the pep rally the day before the national championship game, Coach Kelly did not talk about victory. But, he promised the swarm of Ducks fans, his team “will make you proud.”

And, man, did they. 🏈

Guy Maynard ’84 is editor of Oregon Quarterly.

# VISIONARY

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## Fast Break Hoops

*Coach Bill Reinhart and the nephew who wanted to preserve his memory*

**B**OB REINHART '52 HAD A STORY to tell. It was, Bob believed, the untold tale of a largely forgotten college coach who was the father of basketball's fast-break offense.

The story was to be about Bob's uncle, Bill Reinhart '22. Raised in Salem, the UO grad had coached basketball, baseball, and football at the UO from 1923 to 1935, and then gone on to coach the same three sports for another twenty-four years at George Washington University. In both places, Bill Reinhart energized basketball and built solid winning records, earning him recognition in Oregon's Sports Hall of Fame and George Washington's Athletic Hall of Fame.

The legendary coaching success of "Red" Auerbach, one of Reinhart's players at George Washington, would give the nephew's story the punch it needed to attract broad interest. Bill Reinhart had recruited Auerbach, a Brooklyn junior college student, to George Washington. Auerbach went on to coach the Boston Celtics to nine National Basketball Association championships, and he never stopped giving Reinhart credit for teaching him the basics of the fast break, a key to his team's success.

William Jennings Bryan Reinhart, who died February 14, 1971, at age seventy-four, was never recognized by the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield, Massachusetts, much to the dismay of his nephew and of Auerbach. "By the time people got around to nominating him he was more of a forgotten kind of guy," said Ed McKee, George Washington's director of athletic development.

Bob Reinhart wanted to correct what



*Oregon Roots of Boston Dynasty* Bill Russell and "Red" Auerbach

he considered history's snub of a coach who, he'd written to the Hall of Fame in 1994, "invented basketball's fast break and transition defense." Bob grew up in Portland and attended the UO on a journalism scholarship. He'd worked in the men's clothing industry and for five years lived in Maryland, sometimes attending George Washington games coached by his uncle.

He suffered a severe stroke in 1979, when he was only forty-nine years old, losing the full use of his left leg and arm. "It changed his life totally," says his wife, Mary Jeanne, of Sherwood.

Around that time Bob started talking

about writing his uncle's story. Slowly, he gathered materials: newspaper clippings, archival documents from Bill's high school and the colleges where he'd coached, and letters from the coach's former players.

Using a typewriter or writing by hand, Bob crafted numerous versions of introductory chapters and produced a table of contents for the unwritten book. He even designed a cover page depicting a basketball aloft above the old Salem High School.

The stories and approaches changed, but never the title: *Fast Break Hoops*.

But his dream was not to be. Bob's declining health slowed his progress, and

he died in June 2009. As he approached death, he was anguished over a job left unfinished.

“He couldn’t believe it,” says Mary Jeanne. “He was so angry.”

\* \* \*

Bill Reinhart’s life had the makings for a powerful biography. At Salem High School, he played three sports and was captain of the school’s first championship team in football. His classmates included Roy “Spec” Keene, later a celebrated three-sport coach at Willamette University, and Amory “Slats” Gill, who would coach Oregon State’s basketball team from 1929 to 1964. OSU’s Gill Coliseum honors him.

At the UO, Bill Reinhart was quarterback on the 1920 Rose Bowl team that lost to Harvard 7–6. Not long after graduating in 1922 in business administration, Bill returned to the UO as a sports teacher and coach.

He soon got his big coaching break, according to Howard “Hobby” Hobson ’26, who played for Reinhart and would later succeed him as coach. With the 1923–24 season approaching and without a coach, the basketball team was asked to recommend either Reinhart or an outside “name” coach, Hobson later wrote in *Shooting Ducks*, his history of UO basketball. Although Reinhart had only “dubious credentials,” he won the team’s support and landed the job, Hobson recounts.

Quickly earning a reputation as a taskmaster, Reinhart produced three championship teams in four years. As its name transitioned from the Lemon-Yellows to the Webfoots, the team generated so much excitement that UO students in 1926–27 voted to pay the \$185,000 cost of a new arena—Mac Court—to replace an old armory as the team’s home court.

“The students indebted themselves and paid off the thing in three years—all because Reinhart was up to date on how to play basketball,” says Keith Richard, University archivist emeritus.

Reinhart left Oregon in 1935, having achieved a basketball record of somewhere near 180 wins and 101 losses over eleven seasons (sources vary), to take a three-sport coaching job at George Washington.

His time with the Colonials was sliced in two: from 1935 to 1942 and again from 1949 to 1966. In between, he served in the Navy and coached the Fleet City Blue Jack-

ets football team, which won the national service championship in 1945. In this period he picked up a cigar-smoking habit that would later become a trademark. He then became athletic director-coach at the Merchant Marine Academy before returning to George Washington in 1949.

His basketball teams at George Washington achieved a 316–239 record and he won 524 games in the three sports he coached. His 1954 and 1961 basketball teams made it to the NCAA tournament, and the 1961 team was among the most memorable, dubbed “The Miracle of 1961” by one sportswriter. The Colonials finished a dismal seventh place in the nine-team Southern Conference, with a 3–9 season record. But in postseason play they



“Best Basketball Brain” Bill Reinhart ’22

stunned second-seeded Virginia Tech, then knocked off William and Mary to make it to the NCAA tournament, where they lost in the first round.

Reinhart’s most famous player-turned-coach, Red Auerbach, never stopped talking about the man who shaped his career.

“Red must have used his name a million times,” says Jack Kvancz, George Washington’s athletic director and a longtime friend of Auerbach, another trademark cigar smoker, who died in 2006. He always said that Reinhart deserved a place in the Hall of Fame, Kvancz says.

“I would never see his [Auerbach’s] eyes light up as much as when he talked about Reinhart,” he says.

Bob Reinhart’s files include a newspa-

per clip of a 1974 speech by Auerbach, then general manager of the Celtics, at Pacific University in Forest Grove. “Auerbach Says Bill Reinhart Was Best Basketball Brain,” the headline reads.

Bob Reinhart’s files also include two typed pages of what appear to be a more complete summary of Auerbach’s comments at Pacific University. The first sentence gets right to the point that Bob Reinhart hoped to make with *Fast Break Hoops*.

Auerbach says, “I don’t know who claims or is given credit for introducing the first organized fast break but I know who did it—Bill Reinhart.”

\* \* \*

Probably the closest Bob Reinhart ever got to achieving his dream was when he floated his book idea to Bruce Taylor Hamilton, director of publications and special projects for the Oregon Historical Society, in 1993. There’s no copy of Reinhart’s original pitch, but on October 4 of that year Hamilton responded that he’d been expecting to hear again from Reinhart.

“For some reason, I thought I remembered you would be sending some additional material,” Hamilton wrote. He offered to provide direction but says he would only be willing to review a finished manuscript.

Reinhart answered a month later, providing new material and outlining a book not only about Reinhart but also about Slats Gill and Spec Keene.

“I appreciate the task before me, in transforming the facts and accomplishments of each man into a polished narrative, suitable for publication,” he wrote.

The file contains no further correspondence between the two men.

So perhaps it’s best to give Bob Reinhart the final word, with one of the introductions he wrote for the story he wanted to tell:

This book is a celebration of lessons in life not found in the classrooms, but on the hard wood floors, baseball diamond, and between the yard lines of football fields . . . the character and inner strength to assist us around, through, and beyond the rocks in the road of life.

It is the story of Bill Reinhart and how he played the game. @

—Gordon Oliver

# Hail to the Chiefs

*What do student government leaders do after graduation?*

**A**T THE END OF THEIR TENURE as president, those who've held the Associated Students of the University of Oregon's highest-ranking position don't get to build a library and retire to a life of leisure and occasional diplomacy. Instead, the ASUO presidency is merely the beginning of a long résumé filled with interesting achievements and notable positions. After all, these are young men and women with the passion, creativity, and drive to be elected as leaders by fellow students during their years on campus. What work will they choose once they leave Eugene, and what places will they take in the world? With a few famous and infamous exceptions, such as former Oregon governor **Neil Goldschmidt '63**, who served as ASUO president during the 1962–63 academic year, most former presidents don't make the national headlines. But many of them, like so many UO alumni we have the honor of profiling in the pages of *Oregon Quarterly*, have continued to demonstrate their capacities for leadership in a surprising variety of ways. These are just a few of the stories from 110 years of ASUO presidents we gathered when we asked, "Where did they go from here?"

The newly created ASUO's first president, **Clifton "Pat" McArthur '01** (ASUO president 1900–1901) had a career that would be echoed by many of those who followed him. McArthur dabbled in journalism, farming, and law during his early career, before turning to state politics. He was Oregon governor Frank Benson's secretary, until Benson's poor health forced him to turn over the governorship to State Senate President Jay Bowerman, father of Bill Bowerman '34. McArthur served as speaker of Oregon's House of Representatives during the 1909 and 1913 terms, and was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives in 1915, where he served until 1923. Sadly, he did not live to see McArthur Court, named in his honor, completed in 1926.

**Claude Robinson '24** (1923–24) was completing a master's and PhD degrees in sociology at Columbia when he had an idea for an invention that would measure when a radio was turned on, the station it was tuned to, and how long it remained on that



*Clockwise from left: 2009–10 ASUO president Emma Kallaway '10 and vice-president Getachew Kassa; Clifton "Pat" McArthur '01; Claude Robinson '24; Ron Eachus '70; and Phil Sherburne '64.*

station. Although a ratings industry didn't yet exist in America, Robinson figured it was only a matter of time until the need for such measurements would present itself. Turns out he was right: Robinson, along with George Gallup, was instrumental in designing the scientific sampling techniques now common in polling and public opinion research.

**Thomas Tongue '34, JD '37** (1933–34) earned both his undergraduate and law degrees at the UO before enlisting law school dean Wayne Morse's help to win a Yale Sterling Fellowship and adding a doctor of the science of the law degree to his credentials. Tongue worked for the federal government and the UO before entering private practice in Portland. Governor Tom McCall '36 named Tongue to the bench of the Oregon Supreme Court in 1969, where he remained until his retirement in 1982.

**John Dick '40** (1939–40) managed to balance a trio of heady commitments during his days in Eugene, serving simultaneously as a student, ASUO president, and starting forward on the UO's 1939 national

champion Tall Firs basketball team. Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, Dick enlisted in the Navy, embarking on a thirty-one-year career and achieving the rank of rear admiral. He was inducted into the UO Athletic Hall of Fame in 1993.

**Art Johnson '50** (1949–50) served in the Air Force after graduating from the UO and then went on to law school at Harvard before returning to Eugene. He has made his career as a litigator and currently is the senior shareholder at Johnson, Clifton, Larson, and Schaller, in Eugene. He is a former president of the Oregon Trial Lawyers Association, the Lane County Bar, and the Oregon State Bar. Johnson received the Owen M. Panner Professionalism Award in 2006 and has also been recognized for his distinguished career by the UO School of Law.

**Phil Sherburne '64** (1963–64) also graduated from Harvard Law School but was drawn away from practicing law by the opportunity to work on developing a low-income housing project in Chicago. From there, more developments and projects,

KALLAWAY AND KASSA PHOTO BY MIKE PERRAULT-OREGON DAILY EMERALD PHOTO. ALL OTHERS: UO LIBRARIES - SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

each based on principles of sustainable, nature-conscious design, followed. Sherburne has left his fingerprints up and down the West Coast, on projects ranging from a Napa Valley eco-luxury hotel to Seattle's Pacific Medical Center to a planned community in the San Juan Islands where cars are outlawed and a community ferry provides the only access. Sherburne's projects have not only set new standards for low-impact architecture and landscaping, but they also continually amaze and inspire those who work on, inspect, visit, and stay in his creations.

**Ron Eachus '70** (1970–71 and editor of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* during the 1968–69 school year) served as an Oregon legislator and was chairman of the state's Public Utility Commission for fourteen years. These days, Eachus is a political columnist for Salem's *Statesman Journal*.

**Bill Wyatt '74** (1972–73) was chief of staff for Oregon governor John Kitzhaber, MD '73, during the governor's first stint in office, and since late 2001 has been executive director of the Port of Portland, where he oversees three airports and four marine channels. He has worked on behalf of various Portland- and business-promoting groups, and was a state representative in the mid-1970s.

**Jim Bernau '76** (1975–76) started Wilamette Valley Vineyards in 1983, when he first cleared away acres of tangled blackberries and ancient plum trees to make way for pinot noir vines. At first, he watered each vine by hand with hundreds of feet of garden hose. Since then, the vineyard-on-the-hill that one passes on I-5 just south of Salem has grown into "One of America's Great Pinot Noir Producers," according to a headline in *Wine Enthusiast* magazine. Along the way, Bernau has been active in shepherding small business and wine-growing legislation through Oregon's legislature, paving the way for the industry as we know it today.

**Andy Clark '90** (1989–90) is director of legislative affairs for the University System of Maryland, which oversees 150,000 students at twelve institutions. Clark was a legislative assistant for U.S. Representative Peter DeFazio, MA '77, before moving on to serve the Oregon University System. He founded a political consulting firm, NorthPoint Communications, in 2005 and assumed his current post in Maryland in 2008. He serves on the UO Alumni Asso-

ciation's Board of Directors.

**Jennifer Bills '96** (1991–92) surprised many who knew her during her activist campus years by joining the Eugene Police Department after graduation. She currently serves as a lieutenant with the EPD, where she has been responsible for numerous tasks not suitable for the faint of heart, such as overseeing the department's patrols in and around Autzen Stadium on game days.

**Bobby Lee '93, MPA '97**, (1992–93) was appointed by former governor Barbara Roberts to the Oregon State Board of Higher Education, and later served as a Eugene city councilor during the "anarchist capital of the United States" years of the late-1990s. He now works as corporate communications officer for Hynix Semiconductor, which manufactures the brains (well, memory, anyway) of electronic gadgets around the world.

**Rachel Pilliod '04** (2002–3) is currently a medical student at Oregon Health and Science University, where she plans to specialize in women's health and health policy. But she's not waiting until gradua-

tion in 2012 to start working for change: Pilliod was named to a four-year term as the OHSU Board of Directors' student representative in 2009.

**Emma Kallaway '10** (2009–10) is the newest member of the former presidents' society, but is wasting no time getting started on her career. Kallaway served as a field organizer for the Democratic Party of Oregon's Lane County office during the cliffhanger 2010 gubernatorial election. Her next assignment is as the legislative director of the Oregon Students Association, where she'll work with Executive Director **Emily McLain '08** (2007–8). Kallaway says she'd love to stay involved in Oregon politics in the future, but she's also interested in entrepreneurship. If *Oregon Quarterly* should happen to write this story again in a decade or two, she hopes that her entry might read something like this: "helped people start the business of their dreams, supported her community through politics, and built a strong family with the person she loved." @

—Mindy Moreland MS '08

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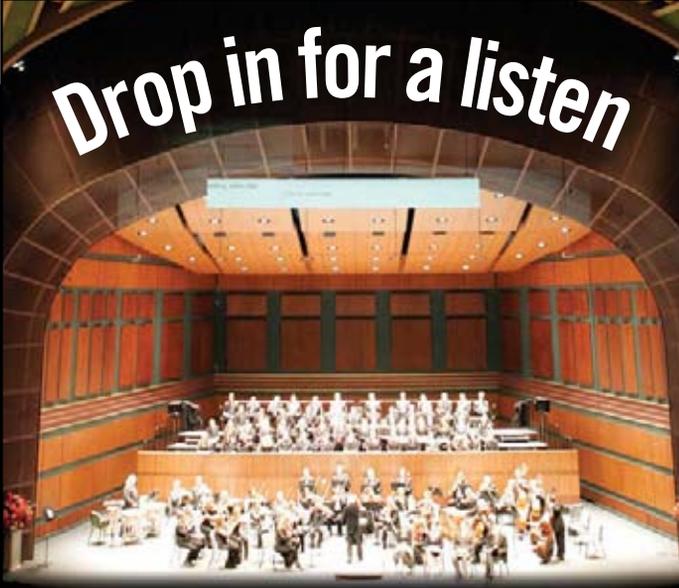
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Action during a game between the Portland Timbers and the Vancouver Whitecaps held at Swangard Stadium, Burnaby, British Columbia

## Big League Voice

*Duck calls play-by-play for Portland's new pro team.*

As soccer fans across the state are overcome with joy to report, Oregon's resident professional team, the Portland Timbers, is preparing for its Major League Soccer debut on March 19. After a decade spent playing on the second tier of the American professional soccer pyramid, Portland is moving up to the Big League, and much must be done before the first kickoff. PGE Park is getting a facelift. Newly drafted players are tuning up for the season, dressed in revamped jerseys of fir-forest green and Rose City red. The Timbers Army, which may have attended the same training academy for fan raucousness as the UO's Pit Crew, is stockpiling confetti. The team mascot is revving up his chainsaw. And a familiar voice is preparing to take his place in the press box.

Andy McNamara, whose duties as the assistant director of media services for UO Intercollegiate Athletics include spending the fall and winter blogging about Ducks football, has served for the past decade as the voice of the Timbers at PGE Park. This means he'll be spending much of this spring and summer calling the play-by-play for that *other* kind of football.

McNamara grew up far from both Oregon and soccer, playing baseball and basketball in the Northeast and listening to legendary sportscaster Fred Cusick calling "Score!" during Boston Bruins hockey games. After majoring in broadcast journalism at the University of Maine, he made his way west, where he took a job announcing for the Portland Pride, an indoor soccer team. McNamara felt an instant affinity with the sport, which was, "like hockey with a ball." When the Pride folded, it was, McNamara says, just a natural progression that led him to the Timbers' announcer's chair. That was 2001, and he's stayed there ever since, yelling "Score!" at each goal in homage to Cusick and those back-east roots.

The voice of the Timbers expects that the club's inaugural MLS season will draw both soccer diehards and curious newcomers. And while the sport's subtle complexities may take a while to fully appreciate ("it took a good three or four years before the light bulb truly went on for me," McNamara says), the electric atmosphere of the games, combined with the bliss of a warm Oregon summer evening, will surely make PGE Park one of the best places outside Autzen or Matt Arena to be a fan. 

—Mindy Moreland MS '08



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**William Forbath**  
Lloyd M. Bentsen Chair in Law,  
University of Texas at Austin  
April 7, 2011  
7:30 p.m.  
175 Knight Law Center, UO campus



**"Thinking Beyond the Food Movement: Four Big Ideas about Food and Sustainability in the 21st Century"**  
**James E. McWilliams**  
History, Texas State University,  
San Marcos; author of *Just Food: Where Locavores Get It Wrong and How We Can Truly Eat Responsibly*  
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# On the Job

*Longtime Congressman reflects on politics, trends, and life on The Hill.*

**P**ETER DEFAZIO, MA '77, is Oregon's longest serving sitting congressman, representing southwest Oregon since 1987. He's a staunch progressive, known for being outspoken and independent, especially when he opposed the Iraq War and, more recently, President Obama's compromise with Republicans to extend Bush-era tax cuts. A resident of Springfield, he graduated from the UO in gerontology and counseling.

**You're originally from Massachusetts. What made you stay in Oregon after graduating from the UO?** When I got to Oregon I thought I'd died and gone to heaven. I couldn't imagine a place so beautiful and ideal. I love the ocean and I love the mountains, so when I was a young man I thought this was pretty incredible. And the culture here. People were nice. It's this open place, small-town kind of thing. It's really different.

**What is your favorite memory of your time at the UO?** It was a tumultuous time, so there were demonstrations. I remember being in an economics class in [Condon Hall]. The windows were open. It was a hot fall day. And there's this [chant]—"Save French Pete, Save French Pete." The professor looks out and says, "Oh, there's Ken Kesey and a group. I guess they're going to march down to the BLM office. It's a beautiful day, and it's a good thing to do so why don't you all go along if you want." So, I did and we marched over to the BLM offices. Then Kesey gets up in this buckskin jacket and starts talking about French Pete. I'm a month into Oregon and I've never seen anything like this before. That was definitely the beginning of my activist phase: French Pete and environmental issues and also the secret war, the bombing in Cambodia.

**After twenty-four years in Congress, what achievement is the most satisfying?** I'm doing ten community college scholarships a year with pay raises I turn back. Legislative achievements are one thing, but when you've really made a definitive difference in somebody's life, that's incredibly gratifying.



**What was your hardest vote?**

Issues of war and peace. To be engaged in the briefings, the lead-up, the debate, and to know that you are part of a group that is deciding to send young men and women off to war, some of whom will not return and some of whom will return grievously wounded and changed.

**You represent some of Oregon's most liberal and conservative areas—how do you do balance those interests?**

It's not easy. I listen. I get out; hold town meetings. Part of it is treating people with respect even though their views are very different and responding forthrightly. You tell them your values and in some parts, they agree, and in other parts they say, "I think you are out to lunch but I appreciate the fact that you're honest with me."

**How do you feel when you make a choice contrary to most of your constituents?**

Well, that's interesting. Particularly during the health-care debate, people [said], "Why don't you do what people want?" Well, you hired me to get into the guts of issues, really understand them, and make a judgment in the end whether this is good for the country and for us in Oregon. If I did a poll, a lot of times I'd do things that seem popular at the time but a little later everyone would [say], "Why did we do that?" For instance, the Iraq War—remember the crescendo that

built up, the "cheese-eating frog monkeys" or whatever they called the French, and all this bizarre stuff that went on? But later, people said [the war] wasn't a good idea. Sometimes you go through a very difficult time, but all that changes. I'm not always right, but you just have faith that you've spent a lot of time on this. People respect that on some level.

**After Democratic victories in 2006 and 2008, were you encouraged about the progressive agenda?**

Yes, incredibly excited. The potential was phenomenal. And then you get down to the nitty-gritty of governing. Unfortunately, things unwound pretty quickly.

**Do you think Americans lost confidence in the progressive agenda?**

No. A truly progressive agenda would have been getting to the bottom of what really happened on Wall Street, having subpoena power, putting some people in prison, sending a message about real reform, and rein[ing] in reckless speculation. People will argue for years over what happened. Some columnists' retrospective is that Congress and "those liberals in the House" ran us off the rails. Actually, more of it came from the White House or the Senate leading us down paths that were not clear expressions of truly progressive values. So, I don't think we ever had a chance. We never did express a progressive agenda, so I don't think it was rejected.

**What do progressives need to do over the next two years to regain momentum?**

I've had truly conservative Republicans say, "We share your concerns about the debt we're creating and the threat to Social Security, [let's] talk about a better way to move us toward something fiscally responsible." There may be new meeting of the minds in some very strange ways, or different ways, than we've seen so far.

**Critics say your vote for health care reform revealed socialist tendencies. Do you think government is overreaching?** Look, that health-care bill, which *constrains* any com-

petition by the public sector and doesn't take away the health insurance industry's antitrust exemption doesn't go far enough with reform. [The] individual mandate is very controversial. The problem is that people who should buy insurance don't until they get sick. There is another way to deal with that. I call it personal responsibility, but let's have enforceable personal responsibility. Everybody when they do their taxes would be confronted with a choice: either have health insurance or sign a form waiv[ing] any right to any reimbursement under any government program for any health care you might obtain, and mak[ing] your debt nondischargeable in bankruptcy. There are different ways we could've done this that avoided this screaming about socialism, but the bill, in its essence, couldn't be further from single-payer or public option or anything government-run than it is and still provide comprehensive coverage.

**Do you find it hard to compromise?** As a legislator, I'm pretty good at working stuff out. I don't know if I want to call it compromise.

Some of it is mechanics. Persistence. Listening, hearing people, and saying, "So how about we do this?" I don't compromise on big values. I'll fight for them and if I lose, I lose. But to get things done you've got to be very pragmatic and willing to work within your value system.

**With fewer moderates in the party, do you see the GOP compromising in the coming two years?** There's some possibility—[with] people who recognize we've got big problems and not pretend all you've got to do is cut. There has to be some pragmatic compromise if people have a shared goal of a sustainable fiscal path, which is going to be a combination of more revenues and a robust discussion about spending and priorities. The first three or four months are going to be the new Republican majority feeling their oats in the House and jamming stuff through that isn't going anywhere. But after that, they may want to start really working.

**What is Sarah Palin's impact on American politics?** She's giving speeches inspiring to a

segment of the society and earning a pile of money doing it. It's the American dream for her. Hopefully, it won't evolve into a serious presidential bid but I've been saying for quite some time not to underestimate her.

**Finally, why is Mr. Smith Goes to Washington your favorite film?** I've had that poster up [in my Congressional office] for a long time. Those were the days when the Senate used to really filibuster. For the life of me—if people are doing something indefensible, expose it by making them stay and talk about it. When Republicans insisted on not allowing unemployment to continue, they called people "lazy," "shiftless"; they said unbelievably mean and stupid things about people who lost their jobs through no fault of their own and are just trying to make ends meet. We used to have long fights over public policy that exposed where people stood. We don't do that anymore and we are worse off for it. 

—Kirk Bailey '91, JD '96

**Web Extra**

A longer version of this interview is available online at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

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# Class Notes

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## 1950s

Handwhistler **Sally Cohn** '56 was invited to compete in the *America's Got Talent* reality show and appeared in three televised broadcasts of the show in Portland, Las Vegas, and Hollywood. Videos of her performances are on YouTube. Her first book, *A Handwhistler: Memories of Creativity and Activism*, is available on her website: [www.handmelodies.com](http://www.handmelodies.com).

■ **Richard "Dick" Shaw** '59, JD '62, chaired the National Conference of Lawyers and Certified Public Accountants in Colorado in June 2010. He practices as a taxation law specialist in San Diego.

## 1960s

### CLASS NOTABLE

**David Kinkade** '60 is seeking assistance in locating the victory bell that was used at Duck football games in the 1950s. It is a fire bell from Riddle, Oregon, about thirty to thirty-six inches in diameter, and was mounted on a special trailer. The bell was given to the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity and Kinkade would like to return it to Riddle for their museum. Contact him at [Dave92626@sbcglobal.net](mailto:Dave92626@sbcglobal.net).

**Joe Fischer** '60, MFA '63, recently misplaced his good conduct medal awarded for his four years of service in the U.S. Air Force as an air traffic controller and graphic artist. He served in Korea from 1952 to 1953.

**Alaby Blivet** '63 and wife **Sara Lee Cake** '45 attended the final UO basketball game at venerable Mac Court (the women beating the Huskies 68–64). After the game the couple bought the last two pieces of pizza ever to be sold at the eighty-four-year-old venue, took them home, and had them bronzed, "to commemorate the end of a glorious era." Blivet and Cake have amended their will to donate the slices to University Archives and Special Collections.

**Mary Odin Buzzell** '63 is a retired elementary school teacher who, with her husband, Alan, follows the sun. For the past twenty-two years they have spent six months of each year in their New Zealand home. They return to the United States to catch up with family and friends, and recently camped in the Crater Lake and Klamath Falls areas.

**Debbie Billings Granger** '64 returned home to California last October after a seven-month, forty-eight state road trip. Driving her one-ton long-bed pickup, she pulled a fifth-wheel trailer 27,132 miles during the adventure, accompanied by her faithful companion, Hunter, a yellow lab. Since Maine was a stop, she continued to Nova Scotia and called her trip "To Halifax and Back." You can find her journal at [MyTripJournal.com/ForeverHome](http://MyTripJournal.com/ForeverHome).

**Allen Brown** '65 is president of the Center for Dependable Strengths, a nonprofit organization that trains workers in the helping professions to enhance human potential through self-esteem, motivation, and communication. He is a retired educator and lives in Stanwood, Washington.

**Don Clark** '66 is the volunteer executive coordinator of a \$1 million fundraising drive to create a wall of valor at the Kern County War Memorial Plaza in Bakersfield, California. The wall will honor the 1,007 local citizens killed in combat since World War I. Clark, a retired news anchor, just completed a \$2 million campaign that has enabled the Bakersfield Rescue Mission to purchase and refurbish nearly two full blocks of property and buildings.

**Michael Harris** '66 has had his noir novel, *The Chieu Hoi Saloon*, published by PM Press of Oakland, California. After a thirty-year career reporting and editing for West Coast newspapers including the *Los Angeles Times*, he lives in Long Beach with his wife, Takako. Their son, George, is a senior at the University of California at Davis.

■ **Les Palm** '66 served in the Marine Corps for thirty-two years, achieving the rank of major general before retiring in 1998. He then served as president and CEO of the Marine Corps Association and retired from that second career in July. Palm and his wife, Suzanne, live in northern Virginia and are both enjoying his retirement.

**Bill Roecker** '66, MFA '67, recently published his sixth book. *At the Rail* is a full-color, comprehensive overview and history of long-range fishing in San Diego. Earlier in his career, he won numerous prizes for fiction and poetry, and taught writing at the University of Arizona and other schools. In 1988, he launched Oceanic Productions, which produces videos, books, and calendars about California offshore fishing and long-range fishing. He is the son of A. W. Roecker, former UO science librarian.

■ **Ron Leaming Weed** '66 served a domestic stint with the Peace Corps after graduating from the UO. He completed a tour as a combat engineer in the U.S. Army near Phu Bai, Vietnam, then served twenty-three years in the Air Force, reaching the rank of lieutenant colonel. He later retired from years of teaching high school and college but

has "failed at retirement" and is now teaching world history to high school sophomores.

Author **Jack Niewold** '67, MA '68, recently published his memoir, *Frail Web of Intention*. The book tells of his coming to Oregon from Illinois in the early 1960s, and of his experiences in and around Eugene during the tumultuous decade that followed.

■ **William D. Pederson** '67, MA '72, PhD '79, has edited a new book, *A Companion to Franklin D. Roosevelt* (Wiley-Blackwell, 2011). He has also coedited *Lincoln's Enduring Legacy: Perspectives from Great Thinkers, Great Leaders, and the American Experiment* (Lexington Books, 2010), and coedited *Abraham Lincoln without Borders: Lincoln's Legacy Outside the U.S.* (Pencraft International, 2010). Pederson holds the American Studies Endowed Chair at Louisiana State University in Shreveport.

■ **Hank Pruden**, PhD '68, was presented with the Michael Epstein Lifetime Achievement Award at a Market Technicians Association Educational Foundation event in New York in November. The award recognizes significant contributions to technical analysis in the academic community. Pruden has taught technical market analysis for thirty years at Golden Gate University.

**Frances "Jeanne" Scott**, MS '68, has published her book *Out of Order*, a memoir about her seventeen years as a "misfit" nun. In 2004, she retired from her position as program manager of the Tobacco Education and Control Program in Ventura County, California. She says her master's program in vocational rehabilitation at the UO "laid the foundation for me to unearth a new identity and create an alternative, educational mission helping others redefine themselves."

## 1970s

**Virginia Elwood-Akers**, MLS '72, recently published a biography, *Caroline Severance*, which tells the story of the suffragist and social activist who began working for the rights of women in 1850 and lived to vote in the U.S. presidential election in 1912. Elwood-Akers is a retired librarian and lives in Los Angeles.

**Mary England** '73 earned her master of science degree from the Stanford University School of Medicine in 1985. She is now professionally retired, but enjoys volunteering with the Community Emergency Response Team at her home in the Rossmoor adult community in Walnut Creek, California. She has lived in the Bay Area for thirty-five years.

**Brian Vikander '73** has accepted an invitation by the Museum of Modern Photography in San Francisco to become a permanent contributor. Vikander's photography is held by major collections and museums around the world, including the J. Paul Getty Museum, and the governments of India and the People's Republic of China.

■ **Doug Woods '75** is retired after more than thirty-three years in the mortgage business as a manager, underwriter, and quality-control auditor. He now enjoys traveling, reading, and spending time with his family. He lives in Gresham.

■ **Dwight Holing '76** has been elected secretary-treasurer of the American Diabetes Association. His books on wild-life and conservation topics have been published by University of California Press, the Smithsonian, and Time-Life. He is currently working on a book on migration for *Animal*

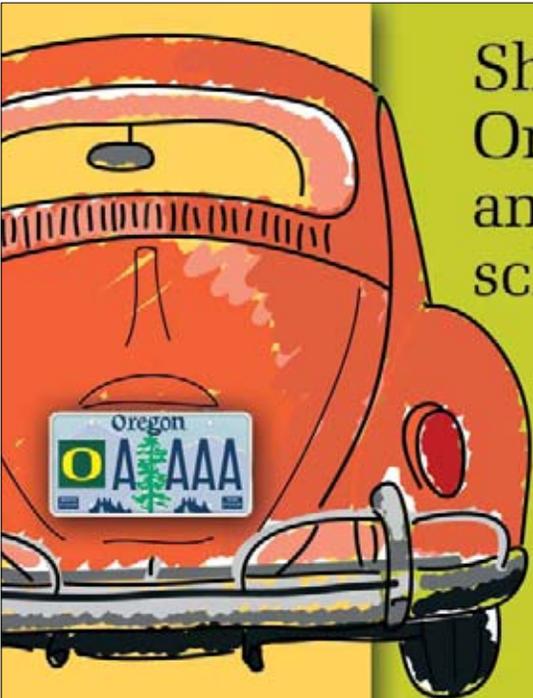
*Continued on page 58*



**DUCKS AFIELD**

**Literally "Afield"** An English major and literature lover, **Catherine (Zigrang) Brickey '74** was drawn to Hay-on-Wye in Wales, a town boasting more than thirty secondhand and antiquarian book shops. This photo shows her in a nearby field of flowering canola, as she trekked Offa's Dyke Path, one of the many public trails that crisscross Great Britain. 

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## CLASS NOTES Continued

*Planet*. He and his wife, **Annie Notthoff** '76, live in the San Francisco area.

**Bill Edelman**, MS '78, was recently appointed president of the Directors of Athletics Association of New Jersey, which represents 434 member schools and 260,000 student athletes. Edelman is athletic director at Vernon Township High School in Vernon, New Jersey, where he has worked for the past twenty-seven years.

**John Henderson** '78 recently published cover stories on Panama's San Blas Archipelago in *The Philadelphia Inquirer* and *The Miami Herald* travel sections. He lives in Denver.

**Steven Nelson** '79 is an attorney and shareholder with von Briesen & Roper, S.C. in its Milwaukee, Wisconsin, office. Nelson concentrates his practice in commercial and construction litigation, Occupational Safety and Health Administration compliance, and defense and works closely with several U.S.-based international engineering firms. He is a member of the American Board of Trial Advocates.

## 1980s

**Sue Grigsby**, MS '82, received a 2010 Distinguished Alumni Award from Humboldt State University for her outstanding work as a physical education, health, and wellness instructor at Everett Community College in Washington. Grigsby has also initiated two scholarships for HSU students.

**Jim Sartain** '82 recently joined security technology company McAfee as the senior vice president for worldwide quality. Prior to working at McAfee, Sartain was responsible for inspiring, driving, and enabling continuous quality improvement across Adobe with new releases of Creative Suite 5, Acrobat X, and other major products.

**Mark Bisbeborn**, MA '83, published his second novel, *A Sufi's Ghost*, in October 2009. The movie script version of his next novel, *Mexican Trade*, is also complete.

■ **Rich Brown** '86 is assistant professor of theater arts at Western Washington University in Bellingham, where he recently won an Excellence in Teaching Award. In the past year, Brown has travelled with performing groups of WWU students to New York, England, and Japan. He also taught an intensive physical acting course in Romania.

**Kate Willis Maynard**, MS '87, teaches humanities and communication courses at the Community College of Vermont. She also oversees the social sciences department, including psychology, sociology, social work, anthropology, and substance abuse. She lives in South Burlington with her husband, Don, and seventeen-year-old son, Kai.

**Sandy K. Baruah** '88 is president and CEO of the Detroit Regional Chamber of Commerce, the largest chamber of commerce in the country. In 2008–9, he led the U.S. Small Business Administration, reporting directly to the president of the United States.

**Carene Davis-Stitt**, MS '89, PhD '93, was recently named to the board of directors of Soroptimist International of the Americas. She is a founding partner of DeltaNet Management Consultants in Eugene, which provides innovative business workshops that focus on team-building and management skills.

## 1990s

In August, **Mary Hobson** '90 published her first novel *The Native Star* (Ballantine Spectra, 2010); the sequel will follow in May 2011. She has published dozens of short stories in the past decade—her nom de plume is M. K. Hobson—earning a Pushcart Prize nomination and several “year’s best” mentions. She fondly recalls her years on the UO campus, the stately beauty of Villard and Deady halls, and her work with *The Student Insurgent* and the EMU Cultural Forum.

**Luana Ross**, PhD '92, was recently appointed president of the Tribal College at Salish-Kootenai College in Missoula, Montana. She previously taught indigenous studies at the University of California campuses in Berkeley and Davis, and is the author of the book *Inventing the Savage: The Social Construction of Native American Criminality*.

■ **Heather Daylene Ayers** '97 earned her master of science degree at Pratt Institute in New York in 2000 and has returned to school to become a physician's assistant after spending numerous years working for GlaxoSmithKline pharmaceuticals. She recently earned one of the lead roles in Eve Ensler's play *The Vagina Monologues*, which raises money for antiviolence groups around the world. Ayers' episode premiered in Ashland in February.

**Joleen (Eeson) Ruffin** '97 is the social networking director for the website Tracy Island Online. A three-year breast cancer survivor, she was recently named one of three spokeswomen in a national advertising campaign for the 2010–11 “Power in Pink: She's A Fighter” campaign for Under Armour performance apparel.

**Kyle Andersen** '98 is the newest principal at GBD Architects in Portland. During his sixteen years at GBD, Andersen has been instrumental as the lead designer on several mixed-use projects. GBD is ranked in the top 100 Best Green Companies to Work For in Oregon.

## 2000s

**Rebecca Oswald**, MMus '01, saw her song “Regatta” on her *October Wind* CD nominated for a 2009 Just Plain Folks Music Award in the solo piano category. She also wrote and produced new opening and closing music themes for the weekly TV interview show *UO Today*, produced by the Oregon Humanities Center and UO Libraries' Center for Media and Educational Technologies.

**Charmaine Gaffrey** '02 teaches contemporary dance at Oregon Ballet Academy in Eugene and performs with Traduza Dance Company in Roseburg. She is a certified Gyrotonic instructor, an exercise method that incorporates stretching and strengthening of muscles and tendons while articulating and mobilizing the joints.

**Lindsey Primich** '05 recently spent six months in New Zealand and has traveled extensively throughout South America. She has been working at Dancers' Workshop in Jackson Hole, Wyoming.

**Chris Thomas** '06 is scoring music for film and TV in Los Angeles. He recently wrote music for a documentary, *Woman Rebel*, which was short-listed for a 2010 Academy Award.

**Grant Bettencourt** '07 recently graduated from Chapman

University of Law, and passed the California Bar exam in November. He lives in Orange, California.

**Charlie Mouy** '07 is the marketing manager for Northwest Youth Corps, a Eugene-based nonprofit organization that provides education and job-training experiences for youths and young adults.

**Josh Deutsch**, MMus '09, lives in New York, where he's had music-teaching residencies in public schools and has a growing contingent of trumpet and piano students. He recently performed with the quartet Four Across during a brief East Coast tour; they will soon record their second album.

Dancer **Valerie Ifill**, MFA '09, continues teaching youths and adults at the Reach Center in Eugene. She was involved in a collaborative project with UO graduate students A. T. Moffett and David Horton, creating and producing a concert in Portland.

## In Memoriam

**Helen Young Gerlinger** '33 died in October at age ninety-nine. At the UO, she majored in music (piano) and met and married **Carl Gerlinger** '33. They raised their two daughters in Dallas, Oregon, and moved to Salem in 1967. She and Carl loved to travel abroad, take boating trips with the Rogue River Rovers, and host family gatherings at their farm in Dallas. Carl preceded her in death in 2006. She was a generous supporter of the Salvation Army, Young Life, Salem Hospital, and other organizations, as well as the University of Oregon.

**Geraldine “Gerry” Hickson Reedy** '34 died in Bellevue, Washington, on October 28. She was the granddaughter of early eastern Oregon settlers and followed a family tradition of Oregon graduates. Her parents, **R. E. Hickson** and **Mae Barzee Hickson** graduated with the class of 1909. Her twin, **Eileen Hickson Donnell** '34, graduated with her, and her husband, **Rolla Reedy** '33 graduated one year earlier. Her daughter, **Margaret Reedy Moore** '61 was in the first graduation class of the Clark Honors College. A niece, two grandsons, and a son-in-law also earned degrees at Oregon. While at the UO, Reedy, an English major, was president of Phi Mu sorority, the women's Panhellenic organization, and Mortar Board, senior women's honorary. Throughout her life she assumed leadership roles in many organizations, traveled widely, and tutored both privately and in community college programs.

**Homer Mangis Thomas** '43 died in October; he was eighty-nine. At the UO, he served as captain of the Oregon track team and president of Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity, and he was a member of the Sigma Delta Psi and Theta Nu Epsilon societies. He was also a Northwest champion pole-vaulter, but said that his finest hour at the UO was meeting an attractive Gamma Phi coed, **Mary Wright** '44, who became his wife. Thomas was owner and president of Star Milling Company in Riverside, California, which produced feed for chickens and turkeys. Later, he founded a brokerage for feed ingredients.

**John “Jack” Beckwith Robinson** '44 died in December 2009 in Gloucestershire, England, where he had lived for the past thirty years. He was in the ROTC Class of 1944, which was called to service in June 1943, at the end of his junior year. He met his wife, Dilys, when stationed in South

Continued on page 60

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**CLASS NOTES** *Continued*

Wales as an Army officer. After the war, he completed his UO degree and was recruited by the U.S. Diplomatic Corps. He met and served under seven U.S. presidents during his distinguished career.

**Roger Louis Dick** '47, JD '49, died in October at the age of eighty-eight. He served in the U.S. Army during World War II as a tank unit commander and during the Korean conflict as a Judge Advocate General Corps (JAG) officer, among other duties. He practiced law in The Dalles with his brothers Edgar and William until their deaths, and more recently with his nephew, William G. Dick II. He was preceded in death by his wife, Sylvia Branden Schilling. At the UO, he was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity. He was a lifelong, avid supporter of the Ducks.

**Robert Glenn "Bob" White** '54 died in December at age eighty-one. He earned a master's degree from Georgetown University. From 1954 to 1961 he worked for the U.S. Department of State, then earned a law degree from the University of California at Berkeley. In the seventies,

he served on the Pasadena Board of City Directors and as mayor of Pasadena on a rotational basis from 1977 to 1979.

**Richard A. Crang** '56 died November 1 at age eighty-five. At the UO, he enjoyed playing baseball on the University team. He was a Marine corporal and served his country in the Pacific at Saipan, Guadalcanal, Tinian, and other locales. He was involved in the initial occupation of Japan after the war. Back in the States, he taught junior high for the Vancouver, Washington, school district. He was an enthusiastic Ducks fan and never missed a televised game.

**Dennis V. Gilbert** '63 died in December at age sixty-nine after battling leukemia for two years. He earned a law degree at Willamette University College of Law, and worked as an attorney and in the insurance field in numerous Oregon locations. Gilbert and his wife, Mary, had four children. He was an avid Ducks fan.

**Stephen J. Cannell** '64 died in September at age sixty-nine from complications of melanoma. Cannell was an iconic creator and writer of television shows in the seventies and eighties, producing more than forty series including *The A Team*, *The Rockford Files*, *Baretta*, *21 Jump Street*, *The Commish*, and *Silk Stalkings*. Incredibly, his success as a writer was duplicated in the mystery novel genre. He was the author of sixteen bestsellers including the Shane Scully series; the newest installment, *The Prostitutes' Ball*, was published shortly after his death. Cannell dealt with dyslexia all of his life, and was an avid spokesperson and lifelong educator about the condition. He grew up in Pasadena and married his eighth-grade girlfriend, Marcia, and together they raised four children. She remained his best friend through forty-six years of marriage until his death.

**Larry Paul Lea** '66 died in October at the age of sixty-seven. He earned his master of landscape architecture degree from the Graduate School of Design at Harvard University. Lea married his wife, Deanna, in 1971 and built his career as a real estate broker with Grubb and Ellis in Sacramento; he was also a technical writer. He belonged to the Kappa Sigma fraternity, the Brotherhood of the Knights of the Vine of America, and the Harvard Alumni Association.

**Rajwant Singh**, MBA '67, died in 1993. He earned his bachelor's degree in mechanical engineering at the University of Washington. He also attended MIT's Sloan School of Management, then moved to the Indian Institute of Management in 1970 and introduced various programs for corporate managers. In the United States, he worked for Boeing Company and taught at Lane Community College in Eugene.

**Russel Eugene Klein**, PhD '69, died in December at age eighty-four. He taught elementary school while earning his bachelor's and master's degrees at the University of Nebraska. After earning his PhD, he continued his career with the Medford School District, eventually becoming district superintendent. He retired in 1984 from his final career position as superintendent of the Clackamas Education Service District. He and his wife, Dorothy, raised three children and were married for sixty-five years until her death in 2009.

**Kenneth W. Hirsch**, PhD '69, died June 16 at age seventy-eight. He served in the Army in Europe during the Korean War and earned his master's degree at Stanford. He married his wife, Beatrice, in 1964, and they moved to Napa, California, in 1988. Hirsch was a professor of communica-

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

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tion studies at California State University, Sacramento. His research focused on the effects on children of violence in the media, and the use of effective communication in HIV-prevention programs.

**Janet (Dammann) Fairbanks** '73 died of cancer in August at her home in San Diego; she was fifty-nine. She worked as a city planner for the City of San Diego in the 1980s, and later as a senior regional planner for the San Diego Association of Governments. She loved the outdoors, hiking the trails of Julian and the Anza-Borrego Desert, and completed several half-marathons. On her last visit to Eugene, she attended the 2009 Civil War game and enjoyed watching the Ducks play.

**David Lloyd Tungate** '78 died of cancer in September. After graduating from the UO, he moved to California where he started his career with National Semiconductor and met his wife, Zagonyi. He loved spending time with his family and friends, reading, joking, traveling, coaching soccer, and playing golf.

**Scott C. Armstrong** '80 died suddenly in September at the age of fifty-two. He completed medical school at Oregon Health & Science University in Portland, and his residency in psychiatry at Tripler Army Medical Center in Honolulu. He married JoAnn Baertlein in 1984, and they lived in Hawaii, Alaska, and other locations before settling in Hillsboro in 2001. Most recently, he served as the codirector of the geriatric psychiatry unit at Tuality Forest Grove Hospital. He enjoyed biking, playing the guitar, singing worship songs at the top of his lungs, coaching, and supporting his children in their activities.

**Bennett T. Huffman**, MFA '89, died in October; he was forty-seven. At the UO, he studied and wrote with author Ken Kesey. He continued his education at the University of Liverpool, where he earned a master's degree in British literature and a PhD in American literature; his dissertation was based on the works of Kesey. Since 2001 Huffman taught writing and literature at several Oregon institutions including Concordia University, Western Oregon University, and Portland State University. He lived most recently in Camas, Washington.

**Jennifer Chalk** '93 died in June at the age of thirty-nine following a courageous battle with sarcoma cancer. After graduating from the UO, she became a successful aesthetician. She is survived by her husband, Scott, and her three-year-old son. She will be remembered as a loving mother, a caring wife, and loyal and faithful friend to all. She was looking forward to bringing her family to the University for a visit and was a loyal Ducks fan.

## Faculty In Memoriam

Professor Emeritus **Bill Kleinsasser** died in September. He earned his AB and MFA degrees in the 1950s from Princeton University. He taught architecture at the UO for twenty-nine years, beginning in 1965, and was a registered architect in Oregon, Pennsylvania, and New York. His impact on the UO and on his students has been lasting: his theory base is still being taught today as a required class, and his book on Henry Mercer, *A Splendid Torch*, is in final preparation for publication. He also served as visiting Andrew Mellon Professor at Carnegie-Mellon University, visiting professor at University College, London, and the University of Southern California. 

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### March 13

**Jim Warsaw and Annalee Thurston dinner, auction, and awards gala**  
INDIAN WELLS, CALIFORNIA

### March 15

**Duck Biz Lunch**  
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### April 28

**Bend Music Fest**  
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### May 21

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## D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Spring issues of *Old Oregon* and *Oregon Quarterly*



President William H. Taft on the campaign trail

**1911** Classes are dismissed to allow faculty members and students to hear President Taft speak at the Eugene train depot. Pulling into the station, Taft is met with a rousing rendition of "Oskey Wow Wow."

**1921** *Old Oregon* features a proposal from the "united alumni of the University of Oregon" for a campus memorial to honor the more than 2,000 students, faculty members, and alumni who served in the European war, and the forty-three who died.

**1931** Among the slang now popular on campus: "huddle buggy," a car; "hang a gooper," to kiss; "home-work," a romantic date; "baloney-merchant," a braggart; "all hottened-up," full of pep and enthusiasm.

**1941** Men's basketball coach Howard "Hobby" Hobson leads his players beyond America's borders on an eighteen-day barnstorming tour of Hawaii "to demonstrate the efficiency . . . of [the UO's] now-famous fast-break style of basketball."

**1951** Sidney Little, dean of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, is named campus civilian defense coordinator. A former staff officer in the Office of Strategic Services, Little was active in the China-Burma-India theater during World War II.

**1961** Arthur S. Flemming, a former U.S. secre-

tary of health, education, and welfare, is selected as the UO's tenth president.

**1971** A campus group called "Women!" sponsors a "Male Chauvinist Pig of the Year" competition resulting in a three-way tie with a major from Army ROTC, the Erb Memorial Union night manager, and evangelist Billy Graham sharing the dubious prize, a bouquet of lettuce leaves and a "genuine dirty diaper."

**1981** Twenty years ago, "No college in America was interested in collecting conservative literature," says UO librarian Edward Kemp; they "found it far more exciting to collect liberals and radicals." Though he "heard snickers" from librarians at other universities, he proceeded undaunted and has amassed an outstanding group of documents related to American conservative thought, housed in the library's Special Collections unit.

**1991** The University is scrambling to deal with the severe budget cuts mandated by Oregon voters with the passage of Ballot Measure 5: elimination of programs and whole departments, reorganization, faculty and staff layoffs, and steep tuition increases.

**2001** Members of the UO Department of Geography's Environmental Change Research Group are contributing to worldwide efforts to understand global climate change.

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A native of Heppner, Oregon, Pat studied journalism at the University of Oregon before going on to build Arrowhead General Insurance Agency, a national company based in San Diego. After selling his company, Pat served as the

university's athletic director and donated his entire salary to support several academic programs and scholarships for low-income students. Through his leadership, the UO gained a higher profile on the national stage, reinstated baseball, and built new stadiums for baseball and basketball. Pat and his wife, Stephanie, founded the Lucky Duck Foundation, which is committed to improving communities through the leadership and actions of volunteers. They also support a variety of organizations both philanthropically and through community service, from research focused on childhood cancer and muscular dystrophy to St. Vincent de Paul and the San Diego Humane Society and SPCA.



Ron Peterson's career as one of Portland's leading businessmen has been largely behind the scenes where his untiring, hands-on approach to community service has improved the lives of tens of thousands.

From providing wheelchairs

to those in need to feeding the elderly and sheltering the homeless, Ron is beloved for his generous support and personal involvement with numerous agencies and organizations, including his alma mater. After earning an accounting degree at the University of Oregon in 1949, Ron and his wife, Patricia, started Peterson Properties, a Portland-based real estate and management company. More recently, they formed Security Investment Company. Ron also served as District 5100 Governor of Rotary International and is a member of the UO's Charles H. Lundquist College of Business Inner Circle. The university honored him with the Presidential Medal in 2004.



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# The Edge

by James B. Angell

It began as a routine diplomatic courier trip, an early morning flight originating in Dakar with twenty-one diplomatic pouches on one of the region's most notorious carriers: Zambezi Airways. After an airport exchange in Banjul, the flight was scheduled to continue on for exchanges in Conakry and Freetown before terminating in Abidjan.

Zambezi Air only had three planes in 2003. This particular 737 had to be one of the oldest in operation. When wheels-up came, I found my heart and mind maintaining high anxiety levels as we rose over pirogue-crowded beaches framing the peninsula jutting from the African continent like a crooked finger.

We got to Banjul, a trip of only forty minutes, just fine. From our sea approach heading upriver, we had spectacular views of the city built on a sand-spit. We beheld the Gambia River as we banked to land: from wide estuary to rapid diminution in the direction of its mysterious desert origin. On the ground as we taxied, I could see the embassy contact waiting with outgoing pouches. Before exiting, I asked the flight attendant to save my seat, explaining that I was the diplomatic courier and I'd be flying on to Conakry. She nodded unconvincingly.

The escort and I exchanged pleasantries before signing over our respective pieces. We kept an eye on the classified pouches that were to be loaded in the rear hold. Everything seemed fine . . . until I returned to the cabin to discover my second row seat had been taken. The flight was oversold.

The attendant looked vacantly down the length of the aircraft and shrugged. I offered to sit in the cockpit jump seat. But on this plane that seat had been "removed." Finally, the attendant slowly walked along the torn carpet, glancing at each row. At row twenty-seven, eight rows from the back, she spoke rudely to a woman seated with a young boy. They argued. The woman looked angrily at me, then motioned for the boy to sit on her lap.

The old bird again lifted into the sky like an eager fledgling, leaving the opaque, arid Gambian countryside under blossoming cumulus clouds as we headed south along the estuary-carved coast. As I completed paperwork in the cramped space, the woman shot nasty glances and muttered. About halfway to Conakry, at 25,000 feet, refreshments were served (a mysterious orange drink). The captain came back to chat and imbibe some of the liquid. Five minutes later, the copilot joined him. The aircraft was obviously on autopilot. A short time later, as I meditatively sipped the last of my enigmatic orange, we hit a bad patch of turbulence.

The plane dropped precipitously for a few seconds, the pilots actually catching air before being dashed against the fuselage. A few passengers ended up on their neighbors' laps, but the autopilot righted the aircraft quickly, so damage was slight. Everyone seemed to shrug the episode off with nervous laughter as the pilots gingerly picked themselves up. But the copilot had a look of panic. He stepped toward the cockpit and tugged frantically at the door. It was locked. The bump had jarred it loose and slammed it shut. The key, if there was one, was apparently in one of their coat pockets, inside.

So we were flying south over Guinea Bissau at 500 miles per hour with both pilots locked out of the cockpit and twenty-seven diplomatic pouches in the hold. The pilots pulled on the door, picked at the lock, kicked it, hit it, all to no avail. The situation was dire, but they were remarkably calm. Scrunched in my dilapidated seat, I too took it in stride, initially anyway, writing it off as typically WAWA: West Africa Wins Again.



After about twenty minutes the seriousness of our predicament began to sink in, as the door built to protect pilots from hijackers refused to budge. Passengers shouted advice, but the pilots waved them off. Then a burly man in a dashiki offered his help. The pilots respected his size and agreed to let him try. Lowering his shoulder, the man gained momentum in the aisle before ramming the door. It shuddered and buckled a little. The crowd roared encouragement for him to try again. He held up one hand like a savior, reassuring all that on his next try the impediment would collapse and all would be right.

He took a longer run down the aisle, but before he got to the bulkhead he tripped on the ragged carpet and went down hard at the feet of the pilots. He was hurt. A collective moan filled the cabin. He held his right shoulder and shook his head dejectedly as he was helped to his seat. Even the

pilots looked at a loss. I glanced out the window and, despite a yellowish tinge, saw the distinctive shape of the Conakry peninsula with its impoverished masses jutting out to sea.

There was obviously only one solution, but the captain had avoided it. He marched to the back of the plane, his stoic face revealing the vaguest tinge of anger or embarrassment. His was the only plane that serviced this route and was a third of the nation's fleet. Having to replace the door might cost him his job.

He reappeared carrying an axe with an unusually long handle. The sight of the axe startled the passengers into a frenzy. The captain was oblivious to their reaction. The copilot offered to do the dirty deed, but the pilot would have none of it. He hefted the ungainly tool and with the entire plane in anxious silence, swung down at the locked door handle. The axe caught just a bit of door before glancing off and narrowly missing his leg. I slumped back in my seat, muttering, "Come what will."

About an hour later, little remained of the door. Never able to bust the lock, they opted to slice a hole through the door. It was barely large enough, with jagged metal ripping their clothes as they squeezed through. By the time they were back behind the controls, we had passed over not only war-torn Freetown, with its fine beaches and green mountains plunging dramatically into azure seas, but perpetually strife-torn Monrovia as well. We were already well offshore, just three degrees from the equator.

After a sharp turn to the northeast, the pilot came over the intercom and apologized. He said that we didn't have enough fuel to make it back to our scheduled destinations. We were flying on to Abidjan. Half the plane was enraged since flights to the missed stops were a rarity. It's always interesting how soon people revert to their old habits after narrowly escaping disaster. I was content to be alive. The pouches would only be delayed a week, and as far as I knew there were no urgent pieces. Flying in over the pounding surf and palm-fringed lagoons of Cote d'Ivoire, then past the soaring skyscrapers of the harbor city, Abidjan had never looked so good. 📍

*James B. Angell '81 is deputy regional diplomatic courier director for the U.S. Foreign Service in Frankfurt, Germany. He has previously served in Seoul, South Korea, Bangkok, Thailand, and Washington, D.C., where he was based when this incident occurred. The names of the carrier and its base of operations have been changed. He is the author of *Water Is the Animal*, a journal of global travel, and *In Our Dreamtime*, a short story collection.*

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