

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Autumn 2012

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

Watershed Moment for the Klamath Basin

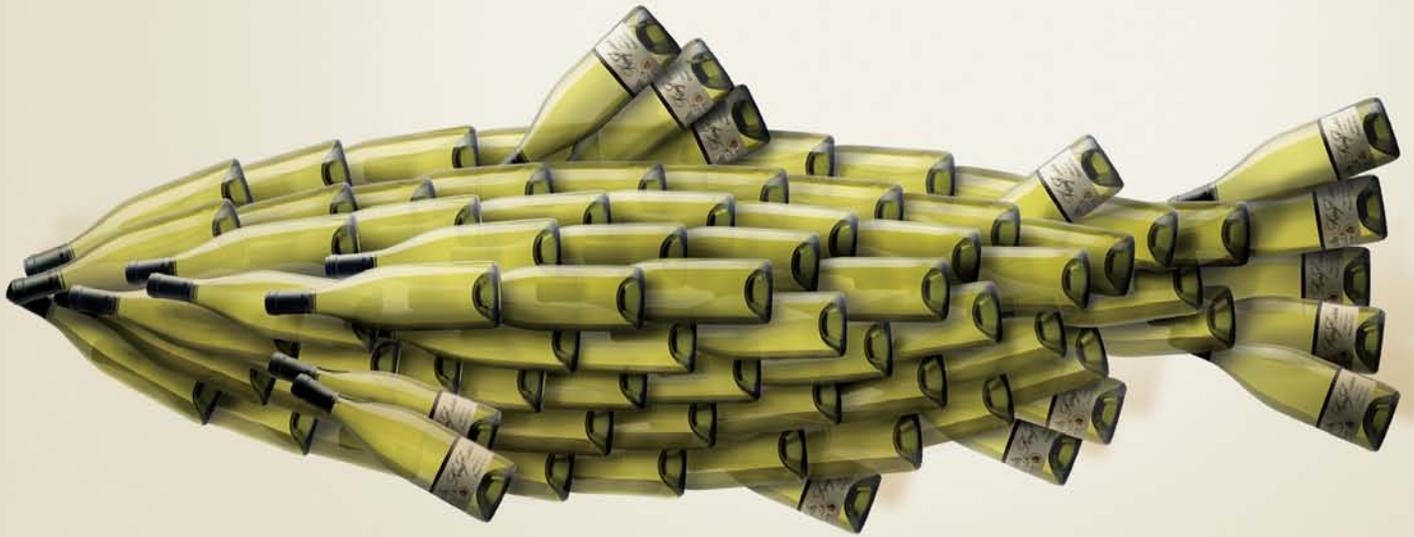


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COVER | White pelicans in the Klamath Basin. Photo by Grayson Mathews. Image courtesy of Special Collections and University Archives, UO Libraries. Story, page 26.



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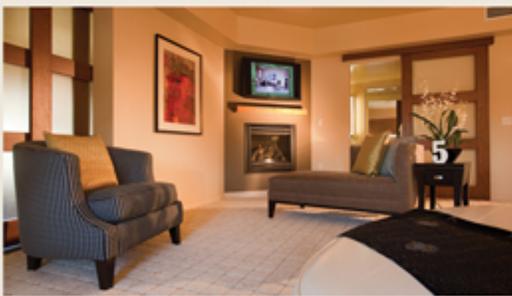
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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

Success

I like that the culminating event of one's college career, the ritual that marks the achievement of the long-sought and hard-won goal, the period at the end of the academic sentence, is described not as an end, but as a beginning. Commencement.

I've attended many commencements. The weather is often uncooperative. The speakers may ramble. The parade of beaming graduates can seem endless, and students and faculty members alike are counting the minutes until summer break . . . commences. Yet I love these ceremonies. Sitting in stadiums and arenas across the country, we share, for a moment, a collective joy, a sense of pride and accomplishment, an optimism for the future.

This year I attended both the University of Oregon's and Oregon State's commencement ceremonies (don't judge me too harshly; my brother was getting his PhD. Congratulations, Dave!). The ceremonies were moving, the families' pride (and relief) palpable. The speakers talked about success, as they usually do. But rather than talk about it in the expected terms of career momentum or earning potential, they pondered what it actually *means*, at a moment when the traditional indicators of success seem especially elusive. As the UO's keynote commencement speaker, Oregon Representative Jefferson Smith '96, told those assembled in Matthew Knight Arena, "You might be screwed."

Acknowledging his audience as the first generation of Americans not predicted to surpass their parents' standard of living, Smith suggested we rethink our definition of success. He put it bluntly. "We so often have a vision of success as a ladder to climb. But there is no ladder, and it has no top." He had lived a classic success story: "most likely to succeed," Harvard grad, career fast track. But the story didn't ring true for him. He realized he was gauging success by external measures rather than his own beliefs. "If we define our success by the station that we reach, we can't win," he said. "But if we define success by . . . what we stand for, what we work towards, we can't lose."

Forty miles up the road, Michelle Obama shared a surprisingly similar story. After graduating with a law degree from Princeton she "soon had all the traditional markers of success . . . the fat paycheck, the fancy office . . . I was living the dream—but it wasn't my dream." She left a corporate law firm for work she found more meaningful, realizing "that success isn't about how your life looks to others . . . it's about how it feels to you."

Interim President Bob Berdahl reminded UO graduates that each generation has faced challenges, from the Great Depression to World War II; Vietnam to 9/11. He admonished students not to be "paralyzed by the sense that our moment in time has unique and overwhelming problems, that there is nothing we can do . . . for it is within us to change the future."

Those of us who view higher education as crucial to improving that future are keenly aware of the challenges we face, from burdensome debt to questions of whether a college degree is necessary. But while some may drop the names of famously successful dropouts, statistics support earning that degree. College graduates still earn about 35 percent more and experience unemployment at half the rate of those with high school diplomas alone.

More important, perhaps, is the value that statistics don't measure, the kind implicit in our commencement speakers' definitions of success. My friend Kari Sommers, a college administrator, puts it this way when she talks with prospective students. "There are few things that you get to keep in life," she says. "You can buy a house and lose it, you can buy a car and wreck it. You can lose people you love—and you will. But there is one thing nobody can take from you, and that is your education. It will be yours forever. So do it. Do it slowly if you need to. Do it with as little debt as you can. It will be hard, be warned. It's not meant to be easy. But do it."

The 5,015 graduates who earned their UO degrees this spring did it. That's success.

awiens@uoregon.edu

Onward!



UO graduates celebrate in June 2012.

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The following letters are in response to the Summer 2012 issue of Oregon Quarterly. Read more at OregonQuarterly.com.

Power to the Snowflakes

I entered what Yong Zhao calls the “Conceptual Age” [“Lady Gaga, Sweet Potatoes, and Water Buffalo”] one sleepy spring afternoon in a graduate course on elementary school curriculum. A citation was made to the work of Jerome Bruner, psychologist turned curriculum developer, who posited that the fundamental ideas of any science, expressed in their simplest form, are intelligible to children of school age. I started thinking about the concept of “power,” dominant in the structure of political science, and soon realized that it is real to the two year old who gets a swat on the behind, though he may never have heard the term, let alone be able to define or spell it. His experience is repeated at increasingly higher levels of understanding throughout his life, still learning even if he becomes president of the United States. It can become a tool for investigating and responding to every life circumstance. It can be understood, gained, used, abused, lost, and regained. What a challenge for the educator!

Preparing to become a teacher educator, I embraced the structure and methods of the sciences and spent my career sharing these with undergraduate and graduate students as the basic content of curriculum. Why “basic?” Because they are basic to life itself, which young learners are busy living apart from the intervention we call “school.”

Zhao’s contrasting of Lady Gaga with his Chinese farmer father makes the point

I have tried to make all these years—we are snowflakes, no two of us alike—and makes it very well. We’ve known this for a long time. So why, I ask, do we continue to support the misplaced notion of “equal opportunity,” which dumbs down schooling, tests students as though they were machine parts, and effectively defers, sometimes forever, the rise of inspiration and passion we say we seek?

Walter A. Nelson '67
Palm Springs, California

I found Yong Zhao’s article to be extraordinary. His being based in two cultures and having proven skill in the education philosophy area make for a most insightful article. Congratulations. I’m looking forward to future editions.

Allen Douglas '56
Fayetteville, Pennsylvania

Straight Up

My uncle, Dick Hodgson, produced quite a bit of the furniture and interiors designed by John Yeon and Pietro Belluschi [“Spirit of Place”]. His house, on that hill west of NW 23rd, was chock full of furniture by them, most blonde or bleached wood and distinctly modern. I did not care for the stuff but both Yeon and Belluschi seemed to admire my uncle’s talent for manufacturing their designs straight, without any added flair or doodads.

When I was young, in the early '50s, I was taken to the just-completed Presbyterian Church in Cottage Grove designed by Belluschi for which my uncle had manufactured the interior finishes and furniture. It is still there.

Later, I mentioned to my uncle that I admired the work of Yeon and Belluschi, to which he replied, “Yeah, but boy those guys drank a lot.”

Chuck Desler '68
Placerville, California

Forward Thinking at the Emerald

As a former editor, I am most pleased to learn of the recent decisions made to ensure a solid future of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* and its vital role on campus [“The Oregon Daily Emerald”]. The *Emerald* leadership rightly chose to emphasize the use of digital media in direct, instant communications as well as preserve print’s strength: easy access and reference.

Alice Tallmadge’s article noted that Paul Brainerd’s vision of an independent university newspaper became a reality more than forty years ago and sparked a movement among student journalists. The recent changes demonstrate the *Emerald* is still led by people who look to the future.

Bill Bucy '93 (ODE editor 1972–73)
Palo Alto, California

Credit Where Due

As dean of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts at the time, I can give you a more accurate account of what actually happened regarding the gift of the Aubrey R. Watzek House to the UO, as I remember it well [“Spirit of Place”]. I was attending a dinner party with a number of people who were supporters of the UO, and Sally Hazeltine suggested to me that I meet with Richard Brown [the owner of the house] and talk with him, which I did. Richard did not initially approach the UO; we approached him, although it is possible he was talking with others at the same time.

I accepted the position of dean of the College of Architecture and Urban Planning at the University of Washington in Seattle and left the UO. Robert Melnick was appointed interim dean and worked closely and diligently with Brown over time to set up the gift of the house and other properties and endowments; a major achievement for him.

Probably more than anyone else Sally should be given the credit for helping us to secure the wonderful gift of the Watzek House from Richard Brown.

Jerry Finrow
Seattle, Washington

Summer Reading

Read your Editor’s Note [“Summer Reading”]—good books, but where were the women authors? Let me start with Molly Gloss. Her spare, evocative *Jump-off Creek* conjures a single woman’s experience of homesteading in Eastern Oregon with grit and grace. But I really loved her novel *Wild Life*, set along the lower Columbia River and in the mountains of the Mount Adams country in southwest Washington. It sounds stupid—a woman early in the twentieth century ends up hooking up with a bunch of Sasquatches. But it isn’t. It’s a profound exploration of civilization and wild nature, of women’s dependence and independence,

set in a powerful landscape. One of my all-time favorite books.

Bonnie Henderson
Eugene

Editor: Point taken—We'll add Molly Gloss's books to our reading list, along with a newish book by another Oregon woman that several folks recommended, Cheryl Strayed's Wild. Other readers suggested we read Brian Doyle's Mink River, Kidnapped . . . on Oregon's Coast Highway (1926) by Joe Blakely, and Robert Leo Heilman's Overstory Zero. And diverging from the Oregon theme, Allen Douglas '56 recommended Patrick O'Brian's series on the British Navy, and The Federalist Papers—an especially apt election-year choice.

For the Record

In the Geoff Hollister obit ["In Memoriam"] there is an error. Geoff was indeed [Nike's] third employee, but neither Phil Knight '59 nor Steve Prefontaine '73 preceded him. Jeff Johnson was employee number one in 1965, followed by John Bork in 1967 and then Geoff later that year.

Phil Knight cofounded Blue Ribbon Sports, the forerunner of Nike, with Bill Bowerman in 1964, but Knight didn't become a salaried employee until 1969, making him the fifth or sixth employee. By the time Prefontaine joined the company in 1973, we had at least three dozen employees. As Nike's historian, I like to keep the record straight!

Scott Reames '89
Portland

Oh Snap

As a devoted UCLA basketball fan in the early 1970s, I must point out that it was not Dick Harter's Ducks that snapped the Bruins' magnificent eighty-eight-game college basketball winning streak as your obituary of Harter states ["In Memoriam"]. As much as I hate to acknowledge it, the truth is that Notre Dame snapped the Bruins' long winning streak by the score of 71-70 on January 28, 1974, in the great state of Indiana behind Dwight Clay's clutch jumper with just 29 seconds remaining on the clock.

Nevertheless, Dick Harter was a superb college basketball coach who will always be

remembered for teaching the most relentless pressure defense ever witnessed in the Pacific Twelve Conference.

David P. Saltzman '82
Santa Rosa, California

Editors: We stand corrected—several times over. While Dick Harter's Oregon squad did not break the Bruins' eighty-eight-game winning streak, they did put an end to UCLA's string of ninety-eight consecutive home victories in 1976 at Pauley Pavilion, where the Bruins hadn't lost since 1970. The Bruins posted back-to-back losses to both the Ducks and the Beavers in 1974, but only after the Fighting Irish had ended the streak.

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.

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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

The Sheer Bigness of the Land

For many backwoods hikers the trek is an opportunity not only to experience the challenges of the trail underfoot but also to explore the terrain of the psyche. In Cascade Summer: My Adventure on Oregon's Pacific Crest Trail (AO Creative, 2012), Bob Welch '76 details his self-propelled journey from California to Washington. The book, excerpted here, is the thirteenth for Welch, a columnist at the Eugene Register-Guard who has served as an adjunct professor in the UO School of Journalism and Communication.

Date: Thursday, July 28, 2011. Days on the trail: 6. Location this morning: Deer Lake, 12 miles northeast of Oregon's Mount McLaughlin. Pacific Crest Trail (PCT) mile marker: 1,801.4. Elevation: 6,150 feet. Miles hiked Tuesday: 23. Wednesday: 13.2. Total miles hiked: 98.2. Average per day: 16.4. Portion of 452-mile trip completed: 17.8 percent.

THIS WAS IT. SHORTLY AFTER THE 4:50 A.M. wakeup beep from my Casio, I lay in the darkness and thought: *By day's end [hiking companion] Glenn and I will either be past Devils Peak or heading home, our trip in shambles.* In 8.6 miles, we would know our fate. I prayed a prayer for wisdom, courage, and strength, then slid on my headlight and reached for my still-damp clothes that hadn't been washed in nearly a week. Show time.

Each year, particularly in California, snow spoiled hikers' Pacific Crest Trail dreams. Sometimes it only delayed those dreams. People with flexible time schedules might hop ahead to a lower-elevation section, then return at trip's end, after significant snowmelt, to finish what they'd missed earlier. We had no such flexibility. No, this was it. By this afternoon, it would be either on to Crater Lake for a triumphant reunion Saturday with our families—and fresh supplies—or a marathon-distance trudge back

to Highway 140, knowing we'd failed.

It was a quiet walk, the only revelry being muted recognition that we had hit the hundred-mile mark of our journey. I took my mind off Devils Peak—and its prelude, the equally sinister-named Lucifer—by thinking of Judge John Breckenridge Waldo. In September 1888, he had come south near where the PCT was now, camping at Island Lake, which we now passed a quarter-mile to the east. Today, this area was known as the Sky Lakes Wilderness Area.

Waldo spent most of his summers in the 110-mile stretch between Mount Jefferson and Diamond Lake. But in 1888, at age forty-three, he and four others ventured this way on a trail far cruder than the well-maintained PCT we now followed.

Waldo was Oregon's John Muir, the naturalist who founded the Sierra Club, and whose mountain journeys, too, once took him north through this area, to Crater Lake. For Waldo, the high-mountain experience was religion without church. "Here I am at Pamela Lake, breathing the pine-scented air and already feeling much stronger, both in body and spirit," he wrote in 1907. "Blessed be the mountains and the free and untenanted wilderness."

When something threatened that experience, however, Waldo didn't take it lightly; "at Crane Prairie once more," he wrote on August 9, 1886. "Quite well but

my fine Summer Resort has been discovered and turned to base uses—nearly four thousand sheep have dispossessed us and the deer and bear from a great part of our possessions—driven us into the nooks and corners of its wide expanse, still undisturbed, but with such occupation of a part, the charm of the whole is gone."

About three miles from Devils Peak, patches of snow started dotting the trail, the first on-trail white that we had seen since the day we left the Oregon-California border. We had ascended about 500 feet since leaving Deer Lake about three hours before.

The snow patches rose and fell as if the backs of albino whales breaking the ocean's surface: perhaps two to five feet high, gradually sloping up and down. Each foray over snow widened my imagination to the possibilities of what lay ahead—possibilities iced with a certain foreboding. At one point, we stopped to look at our maps. The tightly spun brown-on-white contours etched a four-point challenge: Luther Mountain, Shale Butte, Lucifer, and, finally, Devils Peak. Glenn was the one who'd studied the maps in detail; I had never imagined the trail chiseled this high into the ragged flanks of mountains.

Since news of the dangers at Devils Peak, we'd shared our thoughts with each other, briefly, on a few occasions. Both of



Bob Welch exulting at camp on the Pacific Crest Trail.

us wanted to get to the Columbia River; neither one of us was willing to put our lives on the line to make it happen. We had too much for us back home in the way of family and friends. What I hoped for, then, was a clear sense that we were safe to proceed or foolhardy to do so. Black or white. Head on or turn back.

As we rose higher, to the timberline, Mount McLaughlin rose majestically behind us, its north face far whiter than the south face we'd seen while crossing Brown Mountain's diabolical lava fields. Devils Peak's north face, I was reminded, would

be similarly chalked in white.

We moved on. I took the lead. Wildflowers fronted jagged shale, a reminder of the Cascades' beauty-and-the-beast nature. Glenn stopped to take some pictures, particularly of feathery flowers that seemed to defy the rugged land and lofty elevation. (In his journal, Waldo mentioned taking pictures, too. In 1888, George Eastman had introduced the Kodak, a square box camera using roll film, and photography had become a practical hobby for Americans overnight.)

At 7,000 feet, on the west flank of

"Blessed be the mountains and the free and untenanted wilderness."

Luther Mountain, we reached our highest point since the trip started. What impressed me, besides a sprinkling of red, purple, and yellow wildflowers, was the sheer *bigness* of the land beyond: Massive mountains splashed with sheer walls of shale, craggy peaks here and there, rolling buttes of timber speckled with white-bleached snags that may have watched silently as the Waldo party had jostled down the spine in 1888. Geographic features that we'd never heard of and were small potatoes compared to, say, Mount Jefferson or Hood or the Three Sisters, and yet scattered 360 degrees around us in a display so large as to humble me, a mere ant amid God's sprawling grandeur. About 3.7 percent of Oregon was designated "wilderness," another 8 percent publicly owned forests wild and unprotected. But from this perch it seemed the whole world was untamed wilds.

"Mornin."

I mentally lurched. The guy seemed to have materialized as if beamed here from a *Star Trek* teleportation machine. He was up a slight hill to my right, amid a clump of trees, in front of two tents. Like me, he looked late fifty-ish. He had what appeared to be a cup of coffee in his right hand and seemed no less casual than if he'd been my neighbor standing on his porch and seen me going to fetch the morning paper.

"Hello," I said.

"Acorn," he said, extending a hand.

Huh? Oh, of course, his trail name. He was, I realized, a PCT hiker. We hadn't seen many.

"Uh, I'm Bob," I said. "That's my brother-in-law, Glenn, back there. You thru-hiking?"

"Doing a section with my daughter, Ashland to Crater Lake," he said. "Got turned back by Devils Peak. Too tough. Too much snow. So far, four have made it past. Four have turned around." 

[Editor's note: For those wondering, Welch completed the hike.]

Uncivilized Silence

To see the aftermath of a flood of biblical proportions, visit the southeast part of Washington State. Here, 15,000–18,000 years ago, Ice Age waters of unimaginable volume and destructive force roared through, scoured, and shaped vast expanses of the landscape. In Washington's Channeled Scablands Guide (Mountaineers Books, 2012), John Soennichsen '74 describes the area and, in the excerpt below, reflects on the quality of its silence.

IN THE DRUMHELLER CHANNELS, perhaps more so than at any other place I have visited in the Channeled Scablands, there exists a silence and sense of isolation I don't think I have experienced anywhere other than the saline floor of Death Valley. People may think they know what silence "sounds" like, but I'm convinced the majority have experienced these silent episodes in populated areas, where the quiet can be judged only in juxtaposition to the normal urban sounds that prevail. The silence of a city street at night, the quiet of an empty office building when you are the only worker still at your desk, the solitude of an empty sports stadium when you are the sole spectator sitting in the stands . . . these are the sorts of experiences people cite when you ask them to describe the quietest place they have ever been.

But just as the darkness of a bedroom with the lights turned off can never compare to the blackness of a cave with your lantern switched off, so is urban silence less pure, less absolute than the silence of natural settings. If we listen hard enough, even in the most noiseless of urban settings, there will always be the murmurs of man all about us—the humming and whirring and buzzing of noises we don't even realize are constantly in our ears until we withdraw from that urban setting and experience a truly natural environment far from the influence of man.

Out in these places away from the domain of the human race, far from the machines, the music, from television and traffic and talk, you can slowly begin to understand what the true silence of the natural world is all about. This is the time when the sounds associated with civilization will slowly fade farther and farther away.

"Speech is civilization itself," wrote Thomas Mann in 1924 in *The Magic Mountain*. "The word, even the most contradictory word, preserves contact—it is silence which isolates."

But it is this same isolation from civi-



After the Deluge Channeled Scablands near Wenatchee, Washington, October 1948.

lization, from contact with other humans, that allows for a contact to be made with nature and oneself. More to the point, it is that isolation and silence that allow a person to make contact with the dimension of time, the ruler of this and all other landscapes formed by geologic events occurring over numberless millennia.

In this natural world of silence, a person is best able to begin imagining the sounds that must have accompanied the natural forces that created this place. It is a silence that also allows you to imagine what people who may have lived here 15,000 years ago—and there is a very good possibility that people were here—might have heard and felt and seen through terrified eyes as a series of great, brown, thundering waves of slurry flowed across a formerly green and rolling landscape, first tearing at the soil, then snatching at the basalt

columns beneath, peeling them off the cliff faces like some hungry grizzly peeling bark from a yellow pine.

At first, there would have been that same silence a visitor to this place experiences today. Then, even before the water arrived—perhaps as much as a half hour before—there would have been a thunderous noise, a strong wind, perhaps even the sense that there was the mist of some unseen moisture source in the air. Then the ground would have begun to shake and the hunters and gatherers experiencing all this might have received their first sensations that something quite ominous was about to occur.

The sounds of silence in this great geological landmark enhance the already powerful sensation it gives off as being a wilderness area worthy of both respect and caution. @

PROUD IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT

Hayward Field may be quiet today, but the excitement is just starting to build.

History has a way of repeating itself at Hayward Field.

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As our Olympians headed for London, our hopes and dreams went with them. Everyone on the United States Track and Field team has gazed upon Hayward Field and said the words "Track Town." They are all honorary Ducks, who flew to London with the wind at their backs and "gold" in their future.

We're proud to have been the host to TrackTown12, and look forward to sharing our beautiful University with the world in the future.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Even Cowgirls Get the Views

The vast and challenging American West has within its borders inhabitants of remarkable grit and pluck. For the past nineteen years, Eugene-based artist Lynda Lanker has traveled the region sketching, painting, interviewing, and photographing iconic women. One result of that effort is an exhibition, *Tough by Nature: Portraits of Cowgirls and Ranch Women of the American West*, now on display at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. The show presents the portraits and stories of forty-nine women from thirteen western states and documents a way of life that affirms the many contributions of women to the economy and ecology of the West. Lanker uses a variety of media—pencil and charcoal, oil pastel, egg tempera, plate and stone lithography, engraving, and drypoint—in these images, which will remain on display through September 9. 



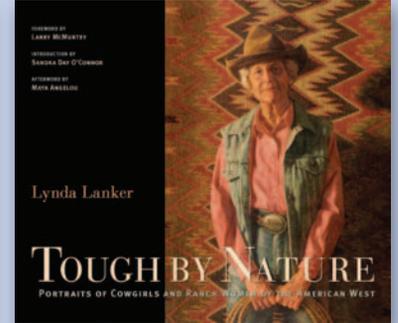
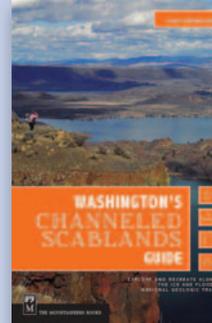
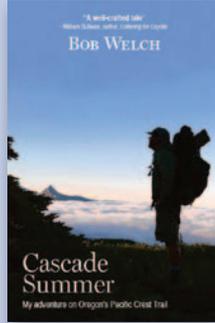
TOP: LYNDA LANKER, JENNA JOHNSON, 2006; BOTTOM: LYNDA LANKER, GEORGIE SICKING, 2003

Excerpted in this issue

CASCADE SUMMER: MY ADVENTURE ON OREGON'S PACIFIC CREST TRAIL by Bob Welch (AO Creative, October 2012)

WASHINGTON'S CHanneled SCABLANDS GUIDE by John Soennichsen (Mountaineers Books, 2012)

TOUGH BY NATURE: PORTRAITS OF COWGIRLS AND RANCH WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN WEST by Lynda Lanker (Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, 2012)



Remember How You Loved Being in Eugene?

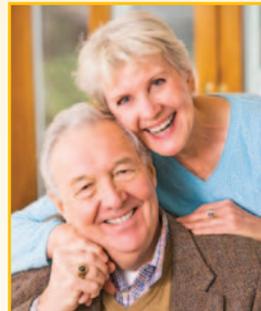


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BOOKSHELF

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

Communication for Families in Crisis: Theories, Research, Strategies (Peter Lang Publishing Group, 2012) coedited by Lynne M. Webb, MS '75, PhD '80. The volume examines relational, health, and economic crises and "each chapter ends with practical advice for families."

Computers and Society: Computing for Good (CRC Press, 2012) by Lisa C. Kaczmarczyk, MS '92. *Computers and Society* "uses concrete examples and case studies to highlight the positive work of real computing professionals and organizations from around the world."

Eugene (Arcadia Publishing, 2012) by David G. Turner, MA '74, UO adjunct instructor of art and photography. As part of the Images of America series, *Eugene* uses archival photographs and extended captions to present "the distinctive stories from the past that helped to shape the character of the community today."

Shadow Force: Private Security Contractors in Iraq (Praeger Security International, 2009) by David Isenberg '82. "Isenberg, one of the earliest and most perceptive observers of the private security contracting industry, explains who is operating in Iraq, their benefits and liabilities, and their impact both nationally and globally."

The Case of D. B. Cooper's Parachute (Navillus Press, forthcoming 2012) by William L. Sullivan, MA '79. This "imaginative, fast-paced" novel tells the story of Portland detective Neil Ferguson, who "investigates a murder and learns there may be more than one D. B. Cooper," the man who for decades "remained the FBI's only unidentified hijacker." 



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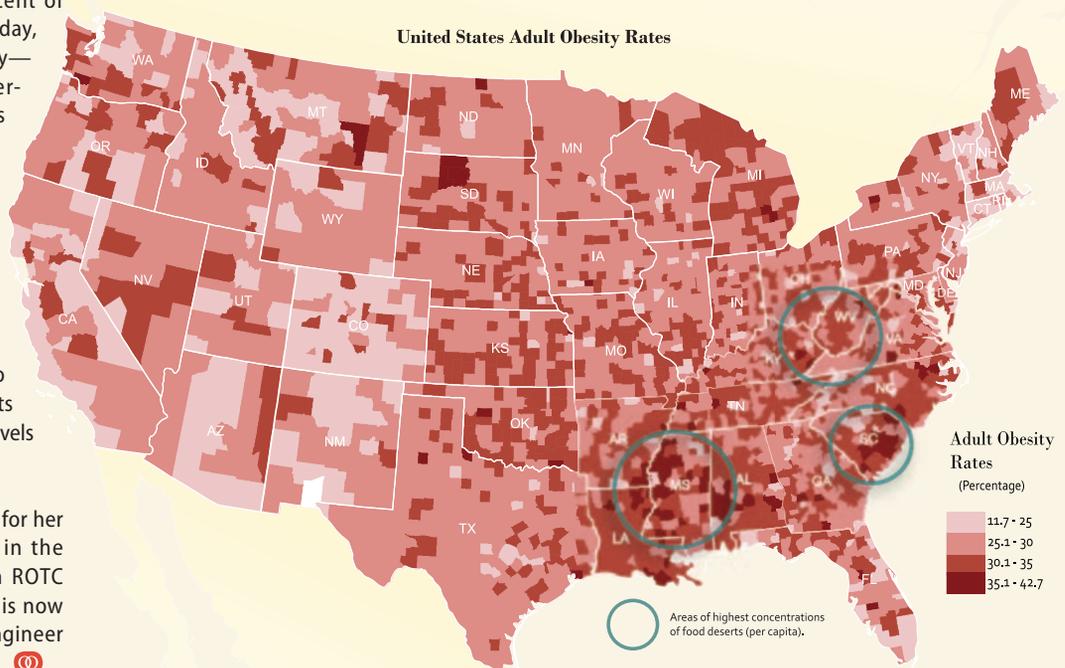
Cascade
M A N O R

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Does This Color Make Me Look Fat?

In the 1950s, less than 10 percent of American adults were obese; today, more than one-third of us qualify—and two-thirds are either overweight or obese. The Body Mass Index (BMI) is used to determine such classifications. Someone 5' 9", for example, weighing 169 to 202 pounds has a BMI of 25 to 29.9 and is deemed overweight; someone of that height weighing 202 pounds or more (BMI 30+) is considered obese. Areas with high poverty and low access to healthy foods, known as food deserts (circled), correlate with elevated levels of obesity.

Emily Farrell '12 created this map for her advanced cartography course in the Department of Geography. An ROTC student while at the UO, Farrell is now assigned to the Army's 555th Engineer Brigade at Fort Lewis, Washington. 



**RIDES
REAL ADVENTURES. REAL CLOSE.
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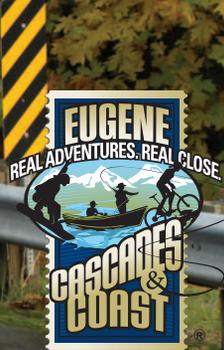
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Covered Bridge Scenic Bikeway, Cottage Grove

Scan for fall deals along the bikeway



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ANTHROPOLOGY

“You Make Us Bigger”

Forced to evacuate his family during Mali's recent coup, a UO anthropologist reflects on the experience and the culture and community he loves.

“TRACY AND I WERE WORKING, and noticed some news reports coming through on the Internet that there were problems at the presidential palace,” says sociocultural anthropologist Stephen Wooten, recalling the moment he and his wife first realized that March 21, 2012, might not be just another regular day in Bamako, Mali’s capital. In the midst of a ten-month, Fulbright-supported residency in the west African country where he has been conducting research since 1992, Wooten had little sense that trouble would erupt in what has been “a fairly stable, fairly predictable place” for decades. Mali was considered safe, and Wooten was excited to have Tracy and their young children—August (six) and Wren (four)—with him. “I wanted them to see this world that’s enfolded me for a while,” he says. “It’s been terrific to do research in Mali, but it’s also been more important to me, in some ways, to create human relationships with people that consider me family, and that I now consider family.”

But just a few weeks before a scheduled presidential election, the family found themselves frontline witnesses to a military coup that has destabilized a nation often cited as a model of democracy. “Through the night of the twenty-first into the twenty-second, there was a military uprising, and the president fled the palace in the night,” says Wooten. “The military junta

that was taking over closed the national radio and television station, which is the main vehicle for communication in Mali. Most people don’t have access to the Internet. We did, and it stayed up the whole night and throughout the days after the coup. But most people in Mali didn’t know what was going on at all—they knew something dire was happening, but they didn’t know exactly what. Through that night we heard a lot of gunfire. The military rounded up a lot of politicians—to keep them ‘safe,’ they said.” Among those they wanted was Soumaïla Cissé, a presidential candidate rumored to be sympathetic to Tuareg rebels in northern Mali, which put him in bad favor with the military junta. Cissé happened to live across the street from the Wooten family.

“In the middle of the night we started hearing gunshots and smashing windows,” continues Wooten. “We peeked out and we could see flashes of gunfire across the street. We now know they had come to get him, to bring him in, but he wasn’t there. So they proceeded to loot the house, to burn things, trash a bunch of vehicles. It was very, very scary—one of the scariest nights of my life. And it absolutely put me into papa mode, keeping everybody safe and sound, trying to weather the storm. We communicated with the embassy, and their advice was to shelter in place—don’t go anywhere, don’t go outside your house, wait and see what happens. So we did.

Fortunately, the kids didn’t really get what was going on. Which was fine, because the memories I want them to have of Mali are of the community, village life, the amazing cultural richness, and the experience of living there. Not the coup.”

That cultural richness is what has drawn Wooten to the area throughout his career, initially to study the changing nature of farming systems in an agrarian society with a history dating back to the twelfth century. As a doctoral student at the University of Illinois, Wooten became immersed in the daily life of Niamakoroni, a village of about 300 people in southern Mali. He realized that here, farming goes beyond the process of food production. “People were farming for subsistence,” he says, “but they were also farming for life, for meaning. There’s a whole cultural phenomenon around farming—I began to study that, the art of livelihood.”

Wooten returned to Niamakoroni regularly as he completed his dissertation and joined the UO faculty with a joint appointment in anthropology and international studies. He came to see the village as more than a research site; it became a second home, a community where he had “a sense of belonging.” So much so that when he brought his family, the village welcomed them with a traditional celebration, a way of saying, “You’re here.”

“My project was to build on my previous research on art and culture in the rural



Shop Talk Stephen Wooten converses with a traditional medicine vendor in the Badalabougou market in Bamako, Mali. September 2011.

areas by looking at how people in the urban areas understand and borrow from the culture of that rural world. I was interested in how people who may drive taxis or run pharmacies or bars understand and appreciate rural art and culture. There's an element of thinking people in the rural areas are backwards, but mostly there's a feeling that they are 'the true people,' the 'heart and soul,' 'salt of the earth' kind of thing. This is part of what attracts me to Mali—they have this art and culture, this way of making a living, which is independent. They also have a real devotion to family life and community life that's face to face."

After several long days of sheltering in place, the family was able to leave, using evacuation insurance to flee. "It was a difficult decision to leave so many friends

and colleagues, but it was the right one to make," says Wooten. Since then, the situation in Mali has deteriorated rapidly. Tuareg rebels took control of northern Mali following the coup and were quickly joined by an influx of radical Islamists, believed to have ties to Al Qaeda and possessing weapons obtained from Libya following the fall of Muammar el Qaddafi. Tens of thousands of refugees have now fled as Islamic extremists impose a harsh form of Shariah in the north, destroying sacred monuments and manuscripts dating back 700 years in the process.

Since returning to Eugene, Wooten has talked to friends in Niamakoroni. Despite the dire situation in the north, life in the southern Malian village goes on. "One of the things that characterizes life in rural

"The memories I want them to have of Mali are of the community, village life, cultural richness. Not the coup."

Mali," says Wooten, "is that it's kind of detached. There isn't a lot of direct contact between the things that are going on in the capital and the rural areas. Now, I guess, that's for the better. It's the rainy season, and they're trying to make sure their crops get planted. They're carrying on with the work of provisioning their families and building a community. But their pride has been wounded. What has become of a proud nation with such a rich, rich history? Their vision of their nation has taken a pretty big hit."

As he watches the situation from afar, Wooten has every hope of returning to the country he has come to love. "The idea of 'coming back,' of 'the return,' is an element of Malian culture that is really beautiful," he says. "Returning has always been such an important part of my connection to Mali. Coming back with a family in particular, with a wife and kids. People there have a wonderful way of talking about it. They say, 'By coming back, you have made this village bigger. You've come to see us with your flesh and bones, and that makes us richer.'"

There is a custom of shaking hands in Mali that illustrates the importance of returning with one's "flesh and bones," Wooten explains. "The right hand is for polite things, like eating and shaking hands. So when someone shakes with the left hand, the result is that something is not right between you, you need to come back and make it right. It's like a contract. When we left Mali this time, under the conditions of the coup, we didn't even get a chance to go back to the village to say goodbye, we had to travel so fast. We said goodbye to our friends and colleagues in the city and shook their left hands. They understood how dramatic that gesture is, and that we weren't abandoning Mali. For August and Wren and Tracy, I think it was the first of many trips and returns." ©

— Ann Wiens

JOURNALISM

As News, Tech, and Democracy Evolve

Research sheds light on journalism in the digital age.

SOMEWHERE AROUND 370 BC, IN Plato's *Phaedrus*, Socrates told a story about the Egyptian gods Theuth and Thamus, who were debating the value of Theuth's invention of writing. Theuth said that writing would make Egyptians wiser, but Thamus disagreed. "This discovery will create forgetfulness in the learners' souls," he said, "because they will not use their memories. They will trust to the external written characters and not remember of themselves."

In the ensuing millennia, dire warnings have accompanied the advent of each new form of communication—from the printing press to television and now the Internet. "The medium is the message," declared Marshall McLuhan in 1964, commenting on how the nature of a medium transforms the way we perceive its content. As the development of writing changed our ability to remember long passages, the web—with its endless capacity to send our minds in a thousand directions—may be affecting our ability to absorb and retain what we read. Are we now accessing such vast seas of information that we are able, at best, to skim the

shallows? And what does this mean for a democracy designed to be maintained by a well-informed citizenry?

Questions such as these were at the heart of research conducted last year by three UO doctoral degree candidates, who, in light of newspaper readers' increasing migration to



the web, examined the difference in how college students retained the information in *New York Times* news stories when they read them online or in print.

Arthur Santana, PhD '12, and UO doctoral candidates Randall Livingstone and Yoon Cho started the project in associate professor Scott Maier's Quantitative Methods course. They recruited forty-five college students who were regular news readers (both print and online) and set them up in a lab, where for twenty minutes, half of them read news stories on the *Times* website and the other half read the same stories in the print edition. Afterward, the subjects were given a short survey that tested them on their retention of what they had read, asking for information on headlines, topics, and main points, as well as how credible they found the stories, how much of each story they read before moving on, and, for online readers, whether they had used multimedia tools such as slideshows.

The survey results showed that the print readers remembered significantly more news topics, more specific stories, and more of the stories' main points than the online readers.

Anonymous Comments and the Demise of Civility

Arthur Santana, PhD '12, delved into another facet of online life when he wrote his dissertation on a salient feature of online news: the comment section. He examined the tone of readers' comments (both anonymous and attributed posts) on two types of stories that ran in newspapers around the nation, particularly in border states. The stories covered either issues surrounding undocumented immigration or the Tea Party movement.

In his research, Santana found that, overall, anonymous comments on stories about immigration were much more vicious than anonymous comments following stories about

the Tea Party. In fact, he says, this new era of participatory journalism has brought hateful language to a level not seen since the Civil War. "Many of these comment boards are platforms where people can be vicious, racist, and even sadistic—and get away with it," he writes. The forums "have contributed to turning back the dial of racial equality, a reawakening of a form of bigotry on a public scale not seen in decades."

If someone paints swastikas and racist epithets on a public building in Oregon, it is investigated as a hate crime, he notes. But when someone calls someone a "wetback" and threatens to kill them and their family in an online newspaper commenting forum, "it is defended as free speech or a right of the disenfranchised to express themselves, and the newspaper is absolved of any responsibility."

The danger of this flood of hateful senti-

ment, he writes, is that "the attitudes expressed therein begin to seep into the public's subconscious as normal, commonplace, and acceptable."

There are ways to restore constructive discussion, he says. One solution, already adopted by some newspapers, is to remove the option to post anonymous comments. "There is indeed a dramatic improvement in the level of civility in online conversations when anonymity is removed," he writes in his thesis.

At their best, online comment boards have the potential to effect positive change, Santana says. "Newspapers should take this constitutive moment," he writes, "and, as they look ahead to reinventing themselves, remember their history and their fundamental role in a democratic society." 

— RHC

“The bottom line is, something is lost in the translation,” Santana says. “We can only speculate what the ramifications will be, but this raises many concerns.”

The study attributes the difference partly to the agenda-setting function of the print newspaper. “The print version’s placement priorities give readers a clue as to importance,” Santana says. “Is the story front page? Above the fold? With online stories, there are no agenda-setting cues.”

Also, online news stories are ephemeral. “They’re here one minute, gone the next,” Santana says. Their fleeting nature gives the impression that they are not worth remembering, while at the same time, the fact that they are archived online makes it seem less important for us to store the information in our minds.

Another difference: while print stories are generally confined to one or two pages, online stories often spread across many pages of a newspaper’s website and are usually interrupted by advertising. “It’s like you’re walking through a midway and everybody’s reaching out saying, ‘Buy this!

Try this! Do this!’” says UO associate professor of journalism John Russial, Santana’s academic advisor.

Maier says the research project was unusual because most of his students don’t do experimental work. “These students are interested in doing research that makes a real difference in the real world.”

Their paper, presented at the 2011 meeting of the Association for Education in Journalism and Mass Communication, created considerable interest around the web, with a column devoted to it by Jack Shafer, then a columnist for *Slate*. Shafer backed up the students’ research by commenting that he personally had gone back to subscribing to the print edition of the *Times* after a period of reading news only online. “I wasn’t recalling as much of the newspaper as I should be,” he wrote. “Going electronic has punished my powers of retention. I also noticed that I was unintentionally ignoring a slew of worthy stories.”

Dominique Rossi ’10, a second-year UO law student, couldn’t agree more. She gets almost all her news from the web, but admits

that she retains printed information better. “We’ve been taught to go through online material quickly, like skimming,” she says. “If it’s in print, I’m fully engaged. I give an adequate amount of time to every sentence. If I read it online, I’m probably also doing something else.”

Our haphazard relationship with online news raises real concerns, Santana says. “The news makes a very important contribution to democracy, and its democracy-enabling function depends on how long the story resides in a person’s memory.”

Santana, who will be an assistant professor at the University of Houston this fall, has a deep knowledge of newspapers gained by working for fourteen years as a reporter and editor (at the *San Antonio Express-News*, *Seattle Times*, and *Washington Post*) before launching his academic career.

“Reporters still generally write for the print product,” he says, “but consumers are consuming it in a whole different medium. This makes for a fascinating time in journalism.”

— Rosemary Howe Camozzi ’96



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ADMINISTRATION

Michael Gottfredson Appointed President of the University of Oregon

In a unanimous vote, the State Board of Higher Education chooses the respected administrator and criminologist as Oregon's seventeenth president.

ON AUGUST 1, MICHAEL R. Gottfredson, formerly the executive vice chancellor and provost and a professor of criminology, law, and society at the University of California at Irvine, began his tenure as the University of Oregon's seventeenth president in its 136-year history. His appointment, announced on June 15 by the State Board of Higher Education after a unanimous vote in his favor, capped an accelerated search following the firing of previous president Richard Lariviere in November. (See "Stunned UO Says Goodbye to Lariviere, Welcomes Berdahl Back," Spring 2012.)

Gottfredson has held the number-two spot at Irvine since 2000. There he led a major expansion of the university's infrastructure, blending state, campus, and private support. He helped create the California Institute for Telecommunications and Technology, including the construction of a \$55-million research facility, and the establishment of a new public law school. His tenure at Irvine was also distinguished by leading efforts to significantly raise enrollment, increase numbers of women and under-represented minority faculty members and administrators, expand degree programs, and enhance the undergraduate experience within a large research university.

The accelerated search process resulting in Gottfredson's appointment was conducted by a twenty-two-member committee led by state board member Allyn Ford; it included another board member, UO faculty and staff members, alumni, students, and business leaders. The committee advanced three candidates to OUS chancellor George Pernsteiner, who, based on the committee's recommendations, presented Gottfredson to the board as the sole finalist.

Anne Marie Levis, MBA '96, incoming president of the University of Oregon



Michael R. Gottfredson

Alumni Association (UOAA), served on the committee and introduced Gottfredson at a UOAA board meeting just hours after the vote. "He was the final candidate we met," she says, "and for me, there was little question that he was the right person for the job. When the committee developed our 'wish list' for our next president, we joked that we were being unrealistic. After meeting Gottfredson, I was no longer worried that we were aiming too high. President Gottfredson is sincere, witty, insightful, thoughtful, and authentic. He's the real deal."

Robert Berdahl, who stepped in as interim president following Lariviere's departure, has high praise for Gottfredson. "He is outstanding," says Berdahl. "Highly respected, smart, thoughtful. He will be a great president for the UO."

Oregon Governor John Kitzhaber calls Gottfredson "the right person for the job, and the type of leader who can balance the UO's needs and plans with those of the entire state."

Figuring out how to strike that balance

"The type of leader who can balance the UO's needs and plans with those of the entire state."

promises to be among the first challenges facing the new president, who is expected to continue the push for an independent governing board and changes to the University's funding system that were initiated by Lariviere and supported by Berdahl.

"The issues that Oregon faces with respect to financing . . . are issues that are now prominent at institutions of higher learning throughout this country," says Gottfredson. "They are issues of how to finance the public mission of this great university, how to guarantee our public trust and our covenant with the people in the face of the withdrawal of state support. So we don't hesitate, we don't falter, we don't take a back seat with respect to our commitment to public higher education."

Previously, Gottfredson spent fifteen years at the University of Arizona, where he served as interim senior vice president for academic affairs and provost, vice provost, and vice president of undergraduate education. He also held positions at the Claremont Graduate School in California, the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, and the State University of New York at Albany, where he earned his MA and PhD.

A respected figure in the field of criminology, he has remained active academically throughout nearly three decades as an administrator, and is coauthor, with Travis Hirschi, of the 1990 book *A General Theory of Crime*, which correlates criminality with the absence of self-control and remains a standard in the field. @

THE BEST ... Place for a Run

It's a wet Oregon spring morning and last night's rain shower has turned Pre's running trail into a mud run. My new white running shoes are getting a taste of what it's like to be new brown running shoes and I'm sucking a hard wind and hacking tar as I regret sharing a couple cigarettes with this cute girl at the bar the night before.

Regardless of what a struggle this run is becoming, I keep going, putting one leg in front of the other. My morning running ritual is cathartic for me and it helps me think. As a writer, I've gotten some of my best ideas out on Pre's Trail.

With the change of the seasons, it's becoming easier to get out of bed. Back in winter it would still be pitch black if I got up at 6:00 a.m. to fulfill my running obligations—a struggle to say the least, but it's worth it because I'm usually the only one out there. Sometimes a pack of international track superstars will pass me—but there's no shame in this. Because of proximity to the University of Oregon and its proud track program, I share Pre's Trail with some of the best runners on the planet. The trail itself was designed and conceived by one of the running world's greatest.

According to memorial placards placed throughout the trail's four-odd miles, Pre's Trail was the result of Steve Prefontaine '73 campaigning to build a European-style woodland running trail in Eugene. The path wasn't completed before he died in a vehicle accident in 1975; an inaugural run was held later that year.

In addition to Olympians, I usually share the trail with Willamette River wildlife. There have been times when I stop mid run to check out an eagle dive-bombing some fish in the pond, or a nutria scampering across the woodchip trail like something straight out of *The Princess Bride*. There are blue herons, too, and along with the trees and the river, the whole scene combines to make Pre's Trail my early morning refuge, even if I'm slow as hell. 🐌

—Mat Wolf '12

"The Best..." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Mat Wolf earned his BA in journalism in June. He currently works as an associate editor at JO Magazine in Amman, Jordan.



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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

I N B R I E F



Construction Update *New facilities are changing the landscape around Autzen Stadium. A 130,000-square-foot football complex of two buildings linked by sky bridges is rising on the north and west sides of the Casanova Center with three football practice fields nearby. Soccer and lacrosse matches will soon be taking place in a new stadium near Autzen's east entrance. Both projects are funded through private philanthropy.*

June Grads

More than 5,000 UO graduates earned degrees at this year's ceremonies: 1,075 students received graduate degrees, while another 3,940 received bachelor's degrees. The new graduates come from a total of sixty-one countries and forty-seven U.S. states plus the District of Columbia, with by far the largest number—2,895—being Oregon residents.

Accredited and Elite

The Association to Advance Collegiate Schools of Business has fully reaccredited the Lundquist College of Business through 2017. With only 649 institutions out of 12,600 holding the recognition, this puts the college in the top 5 percent of business schools worldwide; with both its accounting and business programs accredited, the college belongs to a tiny elite of 178 programs—just 1.4 percent of the world's business schools—with this distinction.

Toward Precision Agriculture

A UO research team led by chemistry faculty members Darren Johnson and Michael Haley has won the top prize at a National Science Foundation-funded program designed to bring innovation out of the lab and into the private sector. The SupraSensor team's nitrate sensing probe maximizes agricultural productivity, optimizes

fertilizer usage, and minimizes environmental impacts. The UO team has received support from the Oregon Nanoscience and Microtechnologies Institute and has worked closely with the UO's Technology Transfer Services, which helped the group patent its technology and establish the company SupraSensor Technologies.

Pat Tillman Scholars

Five UO students have been selected as Tillman Military Scholars by the Pat Tillman Foundation. The five students, who must maintain academic standards and are expected to contribute hours of service in their local communities, were awarded a total of \$44,000 in Tillman scholarships to assist with costs for tuition, fees, books, and additional expenses. The UO is one of fourteen universities serving as Tillman Military Scholar University Partners for the 2012–13 academic year.

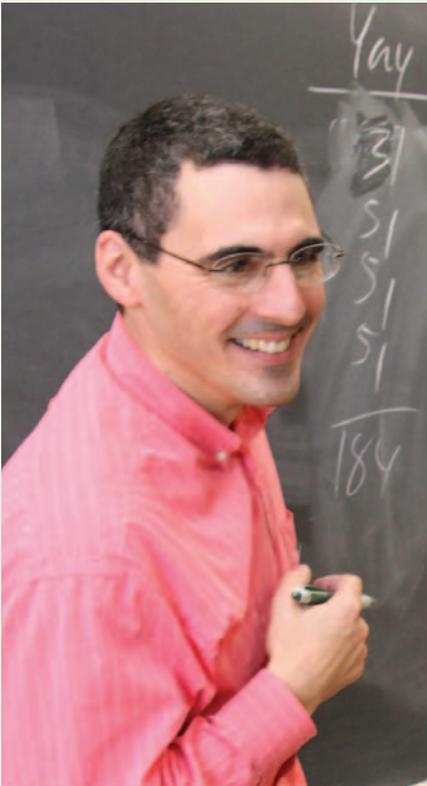
Boffo Bach Fest

The most ambitious Oregon Bach Festival yet—with 650 musicians performing at sixty-five events in seven Oregon cities—this year's programs attracted nearly 18,000 ticket buyers from more than thirty-seven states and twelve foreign countries. A total audience of more than 33,000 led to record sales surpassing \$550,000. Next year's OBF takes place June 28–July 14 and marks festival maestro and cofounder Helmuth Rilling's retirement as artistic director. 

GODUCKS.COM

PROFile

Alexander Dracobly
Senior Instructor of History



Alexander Dracobly once had a king in his class, and she (yes, she) desperately needed some advice. “One of the king’s objectives was to stay alive. The first day she looked like a scared rabbit,” says Dracobly, who suggested the student act more royal. “The next day she showed up wearing a crown.”

The “king” was one of twelve University students in Dracobly’s Reacting to the Past role-playing course on prerevolutionary France. The course, offered last spring and again next year, was the first of its kind on campus. Each participant donned a specific hat, sometimes quite literally, as a philosopher or priest, plutocrat or plebeian. The goal: accomplish specific tasks set by the rather serious game—promote a political ideology, earn enough to eat, stay alive (which, incidentally, the king did “by the skin of her teeth”).

“The students responded great,” Dracobly says. “I’ve had a lot of enjoyable teaching experiences, but that one was really a kick.”

It was only one of Dracobly’s unorthodox teaching ventures. More recently, in another course he was teaching, class members interviewed UO student veterans about their wartime experiences, recording the good and the bad, the heartbreaking and the uplifting. Unlike most history classes, Dracobly’s students didn’t just read history, they created it.

Hours of transcription followed equally lengthy interviews (many of the students had never conducted one before). Dracobly expected professional grade work. After all, the students’ research will be a permanent part of the University, available in the Knight Library archive as well as online.

It was more than six years ago when Dracobly first developed the course. “I became aware that our archive holds virtually nothing regarding the military service of UO students,” he says. “I think there’s great interest [among class members] of participating in a broader project that has a permanent footprint in the archive.”

His students agree.

“Having this experience has really helped enhance my perspective,” says history and philosophy major Matthew Villeneuve. “You’re not just learning history, you’re doing history.” That seems to be a theme in Dracobly’s classes, be it helping a king find her crown or helping a vet tell a personal story.

Name: Alexander Dracobly

Education: BA ’87, Grinnell College; MA ’89, PhD ’96, University of Chicago.

Teaching Experience: Now a senior instructor, Dracobly spent his first ten years at the UO as an adjunct assistant professor of history.

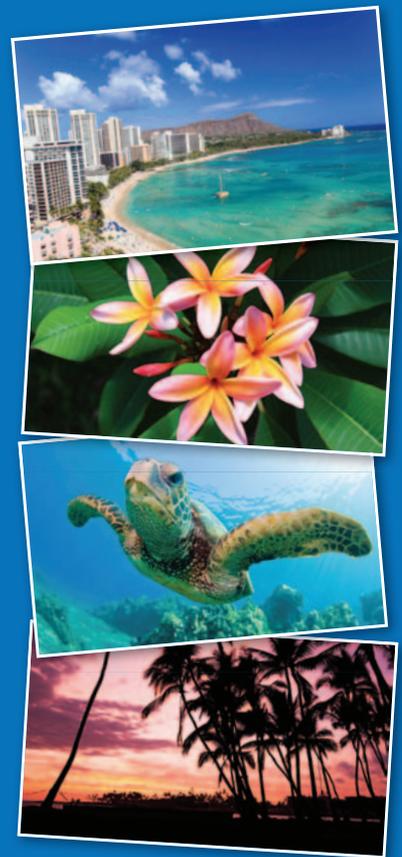
Awards: Two-time winner of a Tom and Carol Williams Fund for Undergraduate Education grant.

Off-Campus: He and wife Julie Hessler, an associate professor of history at the UO, have two children, ages five and seven.

Last Word: “That’s one of the fun things about teaching military history: it’s one of the very few areas of history where you don’t really have to make an argument that it matters.”

—Elisabeth Kramer ’12

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On Being Human

By the time you finish reading this article, six Americans' lives will have come to an end. Many of those not killed as a result of accidents or violence will have grappled with the thorny and famously uncomfortable subject of end-of-life medical care. When to stop medical treatment is a question fraught with moral, legal, and economic uncertainty, to say nothing of emotional complexity for patients and their families.

Dr. Ira Byock, director of palliative medicine at Dartmouth-Hitchcock Medical Center and author of *The Best Care Possible: A Physician's Quest to Transform Care through the End of Life*, says that patient families and medical professionals must change the way they approach the end of life. Byock points out the discrepancy between the hundreds of hours of obstetrics training new doctors receive and the few brief lectures offered in medical schools about end-of-life care. "Only 50 percent of the population is at risk for an obstetrical experience, but studies continue to show that 100 percent of Americans will eventually die," he quipped in an interview with *AARP* magazine.

As for the public at large, "Our culture has to catch up to the new scientific and clinical power we have to extend life," Byock recently told the *Boston Globe*. "To do so, we have to have the conversation, yes, in our own families, but also collectively, across the culture."

To further that conversation, Byock will present a lecture at the White Stag Block in January as part of the Oregon Humanities Center's 2012-13 lecture and event series, "being human | human being." Barbara Altmann, Oregon Humanities Center director and vice provost for Academic Affairs, says the coming year of programs and events is intended as a "celebration of the centrality of the human condition" across multiple disciplines. The "being human | human being" series will feature experts in law, medicine, anthropology, neuroscience, and psychology, who will explore topics both heady and central to our existence: Why are we driven to explore? Why do religion and politics divide us? And what's this whole consciousness thing really about? This yearlong discussion may not provide answers to all these ques-

tions, but it will serve as a nexus for an intriguing conversation about who we are, what we value, and what our shared future holds. @

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08



Constructing Reality Part of the Time-Based Art Festival, Halsey Rodman's *The Construct* is one of a group of three interrelated sculptures "broadly concerned with gesture, sequence, movement, and phenomenological experience."

Calendar

Time-Based Art Festival

WHITE BOX GALLERY
SEPTEMBER 6-16, 2012

The year 2012 marks Portland's tenth annual Time-Based Art Festival, which draws American and international artists for a convergence of contemporary performance and visual art. Information on individual performances and events and can be found at www.pica.org/tba.

Fall 2012 Sustainability Leadership Fast-Track Workshops

SEPTEMBER 17-21, 2012
8:30 A.M. TO 4:30 P.M. DAILY
sustain.uoregon.edu/workshops/fast_track.php

For White Stag Events, visit pdx.uoregon.edu/event-services

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2012 OLYMPIC TEAM TRIALS—TRACK AND FIELD

We See London

Splashing through frequent rain showers that had both competitors and fans joking about the London-like weather, ten UO athletes qualified for the ultimate summer games during the 2012 U.S. Olympic Team Trials—Track and Field, held at Hayward Field June 21–July 1. Marking the fifth time the trials have been held here, Eugene showed the world why it's earned the title "Track Town, USA." While timekeepers and statisticians split seconds down to hundredths, we kept a more informal tally of key numbers:



1,500

Participants in the All-Comers' Meet, an opportunity for any and all to strut their stuff on the Hayward track.



173,153

Fans who packed Hayward Field over eight days of competition, surpassing 2008 attendance by 6,030.



9,039

Points scored by Ashton Eaton '10 to break the world record for decathlon.

7,500

Bright-yellow rain ponchos sold by the Duck Store as frequent rain showers soaked fans and athletes, but didn't dampen spirits.



50,000+

Volunteer hours logged by about 1,800 volunteers

22

Records broken over the course of eight days of competition: one world, two American, nine Olympic trials, five national championship, four Hayward Field, and one collegiate.



3

Olympic medals won by UO athletes: Gold for Ashton Eaton '10 in the decathlon, gold for Keshia Baker '10 in the 4x400 meter relay, and silver for Galen Rupp '09 in the 10,000 meters.



6,000+

Kids who ran, jumped, and threw at the Starting Block, part of the free Fan Festival outside Hayward Field, where kids could try out mini versions of track-and-field events.



16

K-9 teams coordinated by the Federal Protective Service to screen for explosives. Some of the K-9 dogs are named in honor of 9/11 victims.

3,139

Miles from Lake Worth, Florida, the longest distance traveled by a volunteer to work at the trials. Volunteers came from forty-six states.



240

Umbrellas confiscated at the security gates. They will be distributed to guests at the annual Whiteaker Free Community Thanksgiving Dinner.



1,409

Pairs of used athletic shoes collected by UO MBA students. The students donated 550 usable pairs for distribution to children in need and 819 pairs for recycling through Nike's Reuse-A-Shoe program.



100th

anniversary of the Olympic decathlon. Jim Thorpe won the first one in Stockholm in 1912. His gold medals were on display at the UO's Museum of Natural and Cultural History during the trials.

10 Number of former Ducks who qualified to represent their countries in track and field in London.

USA



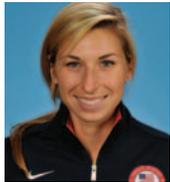
Ashton Eaton '10, decathlon



Cyrus Hostetler '10, javelin



Matthew Centrowitz '11, 1,500 meters



Rachel Yurkovich '09, javelin



Andrew Wheating '10, 1,500 meters



Keshia Baker '10, women's relay pool



Galen Rupp '09, 5,000 and 10,000 meters



Becky Holliday '03, pole vault

CANADA



Brianne Theisen '11, heptathlon

AUSTRALIA



Zoe Buckman '11, 1,500 meters



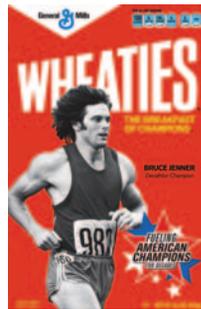
1.2 Miles from Hayward Field to Pre's Rock, the memorial marking the spot where track legend Steve Prefontaine '73 died in a car accident in 1975. Dozens of fans made the pilgrimage during the trials, many leaving spikes, medals, and other mementos.



40 Years that Steve Prefontaine '73's record in the 5,000 meters stood before being broken at the trials by Galen Rupp '09.

150 Tons of waste generated during the event—76 percent of that waste was composted or recycled.

0.00 Seconds dividing the 100-meter times of Jeneba Tarmoh and Allyson Felix, who tied for third place (and a spot on Team USA). Tarmoh withdrew hours before a scheduled run-off. Felix finished fifth in the 100 meters in London, but snagged gold in the in the 200.



1 World's Greatest Athlete and reality show star among the spectators. 1976 Olympic decathlon gold-medalist Bruce Jenner was on hand for a decathlon anniversary tribute with the *Keeping Up with the Kardashians* TV crew in tow.

Web Extra

See more photos by John Bauguess of the 2012 Olympic Trials held in Eugene at OregonQuarterly.com.

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The **JSMA** strengthens its mission as a teaching museum by welcoming University of Oregon graduates Han Zhu (left) and Jessi DiTillo for 1-year curatorial extern positions.

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*View of the Lower Klamath Basin.
Photo by Grayson Mathews. Image
courtesy Special Collections and
University Archives, UO Libraries*



Watershed Moment

By **Bonnie Henderson**

A proposed agreement currently before Congress offers hope for a resolution to the contentious battles over water that have defined life in the Klamath River Basin for decades. The work of an unlikely pair of UO professors offers insight into a remarkably complex conundrum, with lives and livelihoods in the balance.

***JULIE:** This Anglo student in my class said to me, “How can the salmon be your relatives? You eat them?”*

***JOHNNY:** What an idiot!*

***JULIE:** And I told him, salmon are our relatives because we’ve lived in an amazingly bonded way with them since the beginning. The connection goes much deeper than food. It’s a relationship created from thousands of years of coexistence.*

***WILL:** Tell him that all the river tribes—the Klamath, Modoc, and our people, Yurok and Karuk—we all believe the salmon are the spirits of our ancestors come back to give life to everything.*

***JULIE:** He said if there are no more salmon, just go to McDonald’s!*

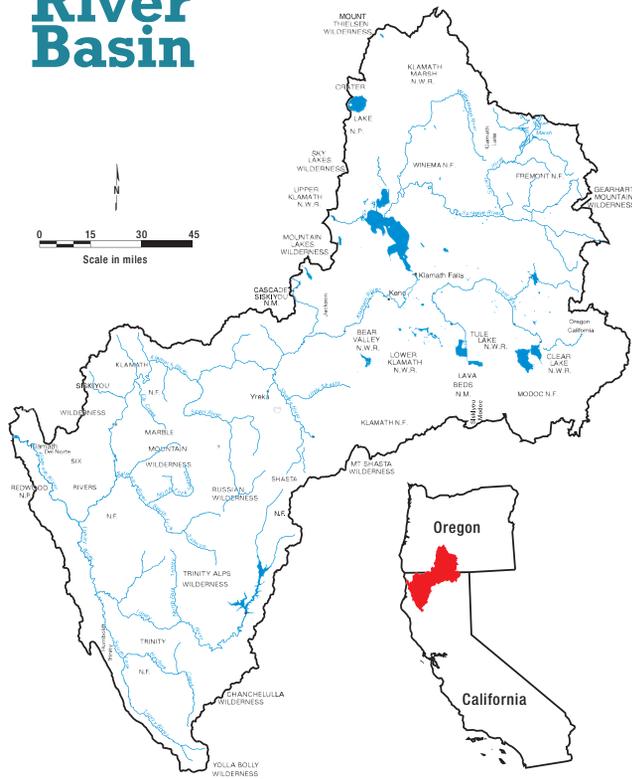
— Scene from the play *Salmon Is Everything*, by Theresa May

Adell Amos, JD '98, remembers the first time she heard the watershed mentioned outside of law school. She was in Washington, DC, where, after a year in Reno, Nevada, clerking for the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, she had joined the Honors Attorney Program in the solicitor’s office of the Department of Interior. It was early in 2000, and after a few months of rotating through different divisions, she had just received a permanent assignment with the Division of Parks and Wildlife. It was her first day on the job.

“Do you know anything about the Klamath Basin?” her supervising attorney asked.

She did, a little. Born and raised in a small farming community in Missouri, Amos moved to Eugene in 1995 to attend the University of Oregon School of

Klamath River Basin



Law. Richard Hildreth, her water law professor, had frequently cited examples from the Klamath River Basin to illustrate one point or another about water law in the American West. It was all there, it seemed: the interface between federal and state law, the role of tribal rights, issues of water quality and water quantity, of habitat for migratory fish and bird populations. And the sheer press of demand for a limited resource: farmers, ranchers, fishermen, hydropower producers, and more all wanted a piece of the river.

Amos had a vague understanding of the location of the Klamath Basin: a watershed the shape of an hourglass tipped to the southwest, with Upper Klamath Lake and a network of mostly southern Oregon rivers in the upper bulge, and the forks of the Trinity and other rivers filling out the lower bulge. The Klamath met the Pacific Ocean at one corner of the hourglass, where it touched the coastline south of Crescent City. At the waist of the hourglass, just south of the Oregon-California border, lay Iron Gate Dam, the largest and last of the basin's five major dams.

There are a lot of big river systems in the West—the Columbia, the Platte, the Colorado. But, Amos noticed, it was often conflicts on the Klamath—much smaller, more remote, with no major cities on it—that Hildreth would cite in class. Water is essential to life as well as commerce, and laws governing the allocation of water rights are complex, similar to but distinct from property laws. Every watershed in the United States has its own water law conundrums, its particular sticking points. But other than international negotiations, it seemed the Klamath had them all.

The problem in the Klamath Basin, as in every watershed, is that nobody can actually own a drop of water—by its very nature, and in a legal sense, water is different from land or buildings or even minerals in the earth—but everybody needs it, everybody wants it, and many claim it. It falls from the sky, it lingers in aquifers and bubbles out of springs and into creeks that run into lakes or rivers and ultimately to the sea, crossing myriad property and political borders along the way. Unlike a rock or a house, it gushes and flows, is swallowed and sprinkled, it evaporates and it rains from the sky. You can't hold title to a particular water molecule. Water rights deal only with how much and when and where water may be borrowed from the bank of natural resources. At various points between its tributaries' headwaters and its mouth, water of the Klamath Basin has been promised—legitimate promises, legally binding—by one or another arm of the United States government to a dozen different parties over the past hundred-plus years: farmers who need water to irrigate their fields; power companies that make electricity from the water that runs through their powerhouses on the dams; sport and commercial fishermen; cities and counties; even white-water rafting guides, out of work if there's no white water. And a half-dozen or more Native American tribes, whose traditional homelands stretch from the headwaters to the sea, whose treaty rights guarantee them access to the salmon, suckers, and eels that depend upon the presence of water in various parts of the Klamath Basin.

"Because," Amos's new boss continued, "that's the first assignment we have for you."

She would be serving as a staff lawyer for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (USFWS), which operates Klamath Basin National Wildlife Refuge. Humans, in fact, are not the only species with a legal interest in the water of the basin. The ducks and geese, the white-faced ibis and sandhill cranes, the American white pelicans whose image Klamath Union High School claims for its mascot—all depend on the presence of water in the lakes, marshes, and meadows of the upper basin. Eighty percent of the waterfowl that migrate on the Pacific Flyway funnel through the Klamath Basin. In 1905 the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation began draining the wetlands here, converting the lakes and marshes on both sides of the state line to agricultural land and luring farmers with the promise of irrigated cropland and pastures. Today less than 25 percent of those historical wetlands remain. The USFWS is charged with making sure the wetlands stay wet, a de facto promise to the birds—including bald eagles, still on the endangered species list back in 2000—that they will continue to have a place to roost, rest, and nest. And not only the birds: among the fish living in Upper Klamath Lake are Lost River and shortnose suckers, both on the endangered species list. The Endangered Species Act of 1973 prohibits anyone from "taking," in legal terms, a listed animal. That prohibition—another implicit promise—applies not only to killing such an animal but to significantly modifying its habitat.



Theresa May and Adell Amos in front of the University of Oregon's Many Nations Longhouse. The professors of theater and law, respectively, have made issues involving Klamath Basin water rights central to their work. Photo by Jack Liu.

So Amos went to work providing legal guidance to the refuge from her office in Washington, DC. By the end of that year, she and her colleagues could see that the basin's conflicts over water, which had been building for years, were about to multiply. Hydrologic predictions suggested that 2001 was going to be a severe drought year in the Klamath Basin. There simply would not be enough water for everyone who wanted it, who claimed it, to whom it had been promised. Open the irrigation gates for farmers, and there might not be enough water for healthy populations of fish. Keep the gates closed, and there may be no crops for farmers to take to market.



ALICE: *You raise 'em up straight, give 'em the fear of God, and healthy respect for nature, and love of the land, and they turn around and sue your water rights out from under you.*

TIM: *(under his breath) Sorta like we did to the Indians.*

ALICE: *I heard that, and no, it's not, it's different. It's that Mac Hardy. I knew he's a greedy son-of-a-bitch when your father and he played poker on Wednesdays. Always drunk our beer and never brought any.*

TIM: *(He has heard all this before) It's not personal, Mom. Isn't that what you always tell Phillip?*

ALICE: *That's different.*

TIM: *How? Indians should not get their share of the water they need, but they should not take it personally? But we can?*

ALICE: *This is family.*

TIM: *I hardly know what family means anymore.*

Secretary of the Interior Gail Norton,

newly appointed by just-elected President George W. Bush, made the call in April 2001: Close the head gates. Stop the water from flowing into the irrigation canals in the Klamath Basin. It seemed to be the only way to ensure that enough water would flow down the river to meet the requirements of the Endangered Species Act.

It was the first time in history that the federal government—whose Bureau of Reclamation dug irrigation canals and built dams throughout the dry West early in the twentieth century to encourage homesteading—had shut off the water to one of its own irrigation projects to protect endangered species and to meet tribal claims to water. For nearly



Salmon lie dead in the Klamath River, casualties of conditions that killed tens of thousands of salmon and other fish in 2002, when the diversion of water for irrigation left the river too crowded, warm, and shallow to support the fish. AP Photo/The Herald and News, Ron Winn

a century, the bureau's Klamath Project had reliably supplied water to more than 1,000 farms in the basin: 235,000 acres of wheat, barley, alfalfa, potatoes, onions, and cattle pasture. Closure of the spigot ignited a firestorm of protest that spread well beyond the basin. Thousands of protesters from around the country—farmers and others defending what some claimed were their “God-given rights”—came to Klamath Falls to form a symbolic bucket brigade, dipping into lake water and pouring it into an irrigation canal. Desperate locals forced open the head gates late at night. Others set up barbecues along the canal and, in an in-your-face gesture to the feds and the tribes, grilled salmon. After the local sheriff refused to intervene, U.S. marshals and FBI agents were called in to defend the head gates and prevent the violence that seemed about to erupt—and might have, had the September 11 terrorist attacks not diverted attention from the Klamath Basin.

Even 2,300 miles away in Washington, the tension was palpable. “Here I was, a freshly minted lawyer,” Amos recalls, “providing legal advice in the context of what was an absolutely historic event in western water law.” Historic, and wrenchingly complex: a drama with no clear villain. A specialist in environmental law, Amos had an affinity for the tribes and the fish and birds dependent upon a healthy ecosystem. Raised on her grandparents’ farm, she couldn’t help but sympathize with the farmers and fishermen, native and non. She vividly remembers the panicked phone call from the regional office of the DOI in Klamath Falls reporting vandalism at a head gate and asking what to do, and the somewhat dazed response from her fellow Washington lawyers who had never dealt with anything like this before: “I think,” she recalls someone saying, “we call the federal marshals.”

The 2001 crop year was calamitous for many farmers in the Klamath Basin. Irrigators accustomed to receiving 325,000 to 400,000 acre-feet of water from Upper Klamath Lake alone got not a drop. Despite federal disaster assistance, farmers sustained crop losses in the millions of dollars, and when the farmers’ incomes tanked, so did many others’: equipment dealers, fertilizer salesmen, shoe shops. The hope, of course, was that 2002 would be a more normal year water-wise. “Because in a wet water year,” Amos says, “there may not really be *enough* water for everyone, but you can pinch and squeeze and make it work.” But by April, it appeared 2002 would be a repeat of 2001: dry, too dry to both irrigate crops and keep river and lake levels high, upstream and down. This time, politics trumped science. “We’ll do everything we can to make sure water is available for those who farm,” President George Bush declared on a visit to Portland in January 2002. Three months later, at the start of the growing season, the head gates were opened, the irrigation canals filled, and the flow of the main Klamath River was reduced to a trickle.

LOUISE: *It was just after one of the Jump Dances in the fall . . . My son, who was four, was*

always talking about how he couldn't wait to fish with his daddy and his grandpa, but the men wouldn't let him out there. "When you're bigger than the fish," my father would say, "that's when you can catch one!" So that day, we're laughing and talking and happy. Where's my son? Down by the water across the path there where the grass breaks and the sand begins. He's okay. Then I hear his voice, and we all turn around, and there he is with a great big salmon draped across his two little arms. Straining and fighting to keep standing, he's so happy, crying out . . .

ZEEK: Look, Mama, I caught a fish! I caught it myself! I caught a fish!

LOUISE: (taking it) That fish was dead; it was already dead.

Tens of thousands of Chinook salmon, newly arrived in the river for their fall migration upstream, lay dead, reeking and rotting, three and four fish deep in places, on gravel bars all along the lower Klamath River in early fall of 2002. They were killed by parasites that had run amok among too many fish crowded into too-shallow channels of warm water. At least 33,000 adult Chinook died after the flow below Iron Gate Dam was reduced to 1,350 cubic feet per second—350 cfs less than scientists' estimates of the minimum needed to prevent the extinction of endangered Coho salmon, which would soon begin their late-fall run up the river.

The farmers were irrigating again. But downstream, the people of a culture built around salmon, a people who consider salmon their brother, were watching them die in droves. The entire community was affected—certainly the native people, who comprise nearly one-fifth of the population of California's Del Norte and Humboldt Counties, but everyone else as well. You couldn't avoid the smell, the presence of death, the grief, the anger.

An emergency meeting of stakeholders—mostly scientists and representatives of government agencies dealing with water and wildlife—was called. Among the attendees was Humboldt State University theater professor Theresa May: not a stakeholder per se, but a keenly interested observer.



Scene 12—A location overlooking the mouth of the Klamath River, a few miles from the Yurok Tribal Headquarters. An imaginary Town Hall is taking place.

WILL: All along the Klamath River we need to have the federal government recognize that Tribes have a senior water right. We have

court cases and court decisions that have substantiated this right. How much water does it take to protect fish? For crying out loud, enough so that they don't die!

TIM: Look, I'm not antifish, I'm just antibullshit. I don't accept that the water is overallocated. My family has been cattle ranching in upper Klamath for 150 years. A lot of folks like me love this land as much as our Indian neighbors do. We want our children to have a reason to stay and work the land. And that means economic incentives.

FISHER WOMAN: I live in Crescent City, California. My family business is fishing and we don't have any support from the government like you all. I drove up here because I wanna know how the hell a whole industry disappears overnight?

May was new to the community, but not to environmental conflicts. Nationally prominent in the field of ecocriticism, she had joined the HSU faculty the previous year. At the meeting, she was struck by the high level of antagonism in the room, and by something else. Elders from the affected Indian tribes—people for whom the fish kill represented not only lost income, but lost identity—crowded the back of the room, but none spoke. It was as if the tribes and the government policymakers existed in separate universes.

"What can theater do?" May recalls pondering. "What can theater do that is different from media coverage? Or that is different from a stakeholders' meeting or town hall? And what I think theater can do is tell stories that touch our hearts"—stories, she says, that help us "grow the compassion necessary for change, justice, and ecological sustainability."

The following spring term and several more times over the next two years, May offered a special topics class at HSU in which students explored the impact of the fish kill on people throughout the region, upstream and down. Gathering up all the threads from what May came to call the Klamath Theatre Project—transcripts of interviews with community members, with fisheries scientists, with farmers and politicians and loggers and teachers—she spent much of the summer of 2005 writing a script. *Salmon Is Everything* debuted the following spring in a workshop production—no real costumes, minimal set—that packed Humboldt State's Studio Theater every night of its three-night run.

It was to be May's finale at Humboldt. Four months later, in fall 2006, she accepted a job in the UO theater department, and she and her husband moved into a bungalow on Eugene's College Hill. Even as she settled into her new life in Oregon, the Klamath River remained in her consciousness (and on her car, where a bumper sticker implored "Un-Dam the Klamath"). Always at the back of her mind was the notion of



Scene from Theresa May's play *Salmon Is Everything*, performed in May 2011 at the UO's Robinson Theatre. Photo by Ariel Ogden.

reviving *Salmon Is Everything*, giving it a full-scale production in Eugene: a place outside the Klamath Basin, but not so very far away.

Neither woman remembers exactly how the topic came up; it may have been that bumper sticker. But when, in June 2007, May struck up a conversation with her new next-door neighbor, she discovered that the two of them had something more significant in common than a garden wall. Two years earlier, Adell Amos had exchanged her job in Washington, DC, for a faculty position at the UO law school, trading water rights litigation for scholarship on water rights adjudication and the role of administrative agencies in setting national and local water policy. Like her predecessor, professor Hildreth, Amos found herself frequently citing examples from the Klamath Basin in the water law class she now taught. May was thrilled to meet someone deeply involved in an issue that had dominated her life for years. But when she proposed interviewing Amos to add the lawyer's perspective to her still-evolving script, May was taken aback by her neighbor's response.

"I just can't talk about it," Amos said.

"I'm so glad you're doing the play," Amos back-pedaled. "It's a really important story to tell, God bless you for telling it. But I can't do it." Her years in the legal shop at the DOI had left Amos emotionally drained when it came to the Klamath, discouraged about the chances of ever finding common ground in the basin. There seemed to be no way to mend the deep cultural rifts between communities, no way to give all the parties the water they needed and what that water represented: life for the fish and birds, a living for farmers and fishermen, a way of life for the tribes.

Then, in February 2009, Amos got an unexpected call. President Obama had just been inaugurated, and Interior Secretary Ken Salazar's deputy chief of staff was inquiring whether Amos would consider returning to the capital, this time as the Department of the Interior's deputy solicitor for land and water resources.

Amos assumed the Klamath would be part of the port-

folio, and it was. But since her last stint in the DOI, a tectonic shift had taken place in the basin's political landscape. Traditional adversaries had, incredibly, begun to talk, and compromises were beginning to emerge. Two linked agreements—the Klamath Basin Restoration Agreement and the Klamath Hydroelectric Settlement Agreement—were now in the offing among the tribes, irrigators, fishermen, environmental groups, the states of Oregon and California and several of their counties, and a host of federal agencies. At the center of those agreements was the proposal riding on Theresa May's bumper: un-dam the Klamath.

When all was said and done, dam removal was what the tribes most wanted. Dams have had a devastating impact on Klamath River salmon populations. Only one of the major dams on the Klamath allows fish passage; the lower four block salmon, steelhead, lamprey, and other anadromous fish from reaching 350 miles of habitat upstream. Farmers were fond of those dams. Not that the dams held back water for irrigation—they didn't—but their powerhouses provided dirt-cheap electricity. Those dams' licenses ran out in 2006, however, and they have since been running on temporary permits from the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission. PacifiCorp, operator of the powerhouses, would not be allowed to continue generating electricity without adding sophisticated fishways. Not only were environmentalists and the tribes pushing to have the dams removed, but it was becoming apparent to PacifiCorp that it might well cost the company more to install the required fish passage facilities than it would to remove the dams altogether.

Everyone has given up something to forge the agreements. Irrigators, for example, have agreed to cut back on their water use in normal years and to pursue alternatives such as pumping groundwater or leaving some land fallow for a year, in exchange for an assurance that the water would never again be completely turned off.

Approval of the settlement package, currently making its way through Congress, will require a significant infusion of federal dollars. Secretary Salazar is hoping for congressional

approval by the end of 2012—an uncertain proposition, given election-year politics and lean budgets. But Amos is hopeful. “One of the fascinating things about this Klamath settlement is that it had its birth in the Bush administration, and Ken Salazar has carried it through,” Amos observes. “There are dynamics in that basin that seem to take it out of that Ping-Pong political reality.”

Amos returned to Eugene in May 2011—just in time to catch *Salmon Is Everything* before the end of its two-week run at the UO’s Robinson Theatre. May had finally pulled it off: a full-scale production of the play, with a stunning set designed by then-graduate student Dan Carlgren, MFA ’12. Before restaging the play, May had consulted Gordon Bettles, MS ’03, steward of the Many Nations Longhouse at the University, for his input, and she added more of the perspective of the Upper Klamath Basin tribes—the Klamath-Modoc people—than she had in the first production. She arranged for sociologist Kari Norgaard, PhD ’03, a “first foods” researcher set to join the UO faculty the following fall, to give a preperformance talk based on her research about the negative impact the elimination of such traditional foods as salmon has had on the health and well-being of the Karuk people living along the middle Klamath River.

Amos was overwhelmed: by the production itself, and by the opportunity to see the Klamath Basin story, a story she already knew by heart, played out not in legal briefs but on the boards.

“I’ve fantasized about bringing in all the attorneys I know who have worked on this issue to just watch it. I would not be surprised at all if you ended up with a room of people sobbing,” Amos says. “Because the law is the law, but for those of us who work on these water conflicts, they just get so to the core of the way societies are organized and what they value. The resource of water is so fundamental for people.”

In the final scene of *Salmon Is Everything*, “Tim” and “Julie”—the farmer and the tribal member—come together in an ending that May is quick to admit did not really happen that way. “The point of the play wasn’t just to document what happened,” she says, “but to point the way toward a possible future—to dream the way forward.”

“While I don’t have proof,” she adds, “I think the fact that this play existed played a part in the conversations about taking the dams out. It unleashes the stories that need to be heard. And once they’re unleashed, they’re out.”

TIM: Julie? Hi. Tim, Tim McNeil.

JULIE: Oh, hi.

TIM: Listen, you know how you were telling me about how when the first salmon came up the river, that your people would do a ceremony

and then send a runner upriver to the Karuks and Nu-Tini-Xwes and then they would do a ceremony?

JULIE: Yeah . . .

TIM: I know this sounds stupid, but when that first salmon comes, I want you to call me. Call me and tell me, okay? And on that day I’m going to go down to the pivot field and turn off my irrigation pump for the day. Then we’re going to call our friends down in the Scott Valley, and they’re going to turn their pumps off.

JULIE: Ahh, okay . . .

TIM: And I’m going to call Walt in the Klamath Project and he’s agreed to turn his water off for a day. And he’s going to call the members of the Water Users Association and they’re all gonna turn their water off on that day. A dozen admin folks who work for the City of Klamath Falls are going to fill milk jugs with water from the tap in their house and drive it down to the edge of the Klamath River and dump it in. Don’t laugh! I know it’s more an act of love than of water. It’s holding another place tight, holding other families tight.

JULIE: Okay.

TIM: Okay?

JULIE: Okay. I’ll call you. I’ll tell my Gram and the others.

TIM: This is just a start. We’ve got a lot of people up here who are going to be hard to convince. They’re just afraid.

JULIE: I always wonder if the salmon are afraid, after they’ve gotten used to the ocean and all that freedom, if they’re afraid to go home.

JULIE: Well, I sure hope we can all have as much courage as a fish. 🐟

Adell L. Amos, recipient of the 2009 Orlando John Hollis Faculty Teaching Award, is associate dean for academic affairs and former director of the Environmental and Natural Resources Law Program at the UO School of Law. The 2011 UO production of Theresa May’s *Salmon Is Everything* was that year’s Region Seven nominee for the National Playwriting Program David Mark Cohen Award from the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival.

THE DUCK ABIDES

THROUGH CONTROVERSIES, LEGAL
HASSLES, AND FENDING OFF MASCOT
RIVALS, WE LOVE OUR DUCK

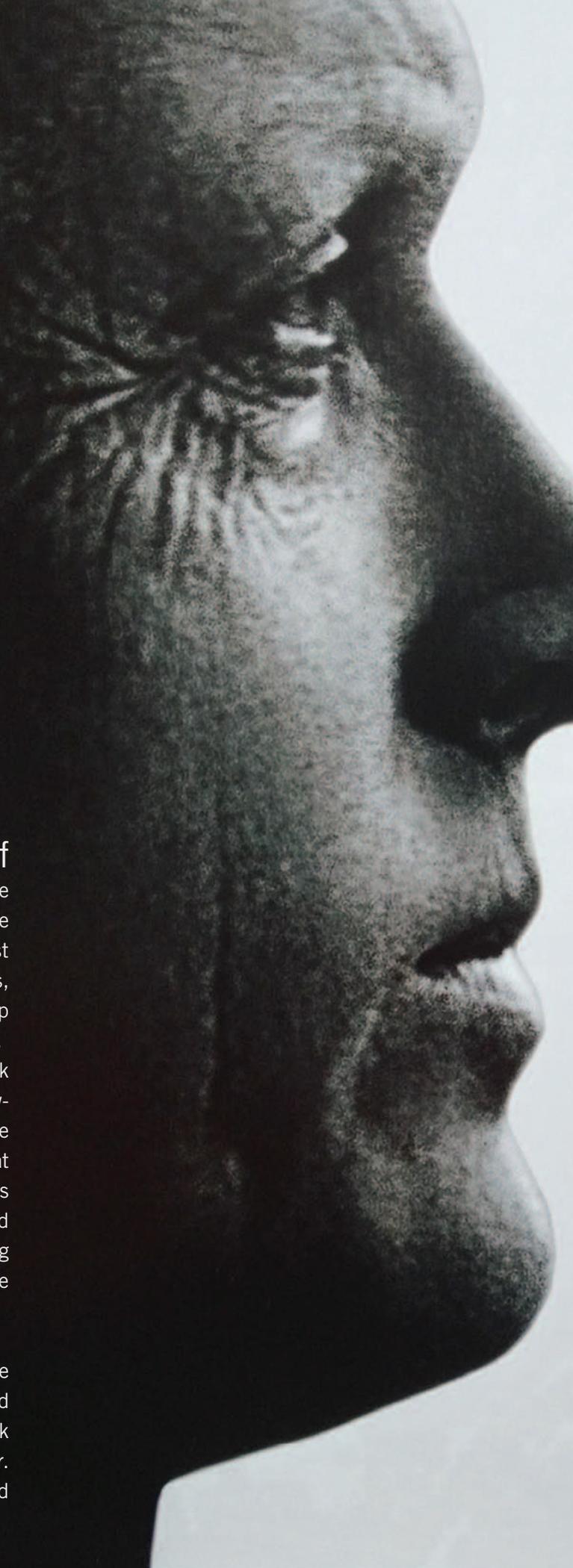
BY ALICE TALLMADGE, MA '87

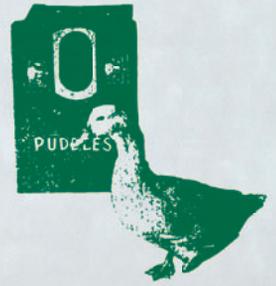
Without saying a word, he controls a crowd of thousands with a wave of his hand or a nod of his neon orange beak. He's got a squat physique and eyes that can melt the stoniest of hearts, but he demands respect from the burliest guys in the stands. Most college fans applaud their mascots, but Oregon fans' delight in the Duck takes that allegiance up a notch into a stratosphere that's not quite worship, but close.

For more than six decades, fans have stuck by the Duck through thick and thin, and there has been some thin. Followers of the Duck may recall its infamous 2007 spat with the University of Houston's Cougar mascot, Shasta. The dustup at the Autzen Stadium season opener began with chest shoves and evolved into a twenty-second wrestling match that received 1.6 million hits on YouTube, and that *Lost Letterman's* blog described as "the Fight of the Century, Ali-Frazier II, and the Thrilla in Manila all rolled into one."

Well, turns out it was a bit of a canard.

The tussle in the first half was real. The Duck didn't like it that Shasta also did pushups after touchdowns and field goals. Maybe there was some trash quack. Either way, the Duck got his feathers in a bunch and got pushy with the cougar. Megan Robertson, now the University's director of promotions and





Bill to Bill Today's Duck, circled by predecessors, under the watchful eye of UO coaching legend Bill Bowerman '34, MEd '53, (in poster form) at the recent Olympic trials in Eugene. Counter-clockwise from top right: Puddles the Duck, from the 1947 Oregonian; two illustrations of the Duck during the mid-40s; the original 1947 Duck mascot costume (now on display inside the Casanova Center); two of the Disney "Fighting Ducks" logos, still in use; Mallard Drake, an attempt to replace the Disney duck, circa 1978; and the 2002 introduction of RoboDuck (RoboDuck, we barely knew ya).

gameday experience, was the one who pulled them apart. “The Duck was not happy being taunted by another mascot,” she says. “There was actual anger there.”

But the flap in the second half? All for show, she says. During halftime, “they decided it would be funny to do a wrestling-type thing, with no real contact. Fake, but grand and big.” Unfortunately, the mascots didn’t tell anyone about the ruse, and it ended up ruffling some higher-up Duck down. “We had a lengthy discussion afterwards,” Robertson says. “It was not the personality we wanted our Duck to have.”

The fabled flap typifies much of the Duck’s history and evolution as the University’s mascot: a feint here, a dodge there, hyperbole that became history, a quirk that became a major quack. However he made it, today the Duck is close to the top of the college mascot heap, despite being a singularly odd fellow to be responsible for revving up sports crowds to a frenzied pitch. He doesn’t have a fang to his name. He waddles instead of swaggers. His soft paunch hints at too much bread and not enough brawn.

No matter. He’s the Duck, and fans love him. He also scores high in popularity polls. In 2011, the Huffington Post College blog ranked the Duck number one among all college mascots; Fox Sports put him at number twelve. ESPN’s camera loves the big-eyed guy and he’s been chosen to compete in the Capitol One mascot contest two years in a row.

“There’s something about the Duck that endears people to him,” says Matt Dyste, director of marketing and brand management for the University. “He’s a little feisty, a little loveable. He crosses the spectrum.”

The Duck, history has it, didn’t start out as the Duck at all. Not even as the Donald. He first showed up in the 1920s and ’30s as a side note, a one-syllable nickname that allowed sports writers to bypass the clumsier term Webfoots, which the UO student body had voted in as team name in 1926 and again in 1932, choosing it over tougher-sounding monikers such as the Pioneers, Wolves, Lumberjacks, Trappers, and Yellow Jackets.



Photographic Evidence Walt Disney (right) and UO athletic director Leo Harris (with duck) had a handshake agreement to allow the use of a UO mascot based on Disney’s Donald.

The Duck quietly slid into the University’s *Weltanschauung*, despite protests from various quarters.

“Why should a fighting football team, a brilliant basketball five, or other combinations be saddled with the name of a bird that is noteworthy only for its ability to shed water?” railed *Oregon Daily Emerald* sports editor Harold Mangum during the fractious naming debate. “It’s like lining a runner’s shoes with lead and expecting him to break records.”

Lore has it that as far back as the 1920s, fraternity fellows began escorting a series of live ducks to the football field, dubbing each one “Puddles.” Donald, the cartoon duck created by Walt Disney, made his first public appearance in the 1934 cartoon “The Wise Little Hen,” playing an idler in a sailor suit who’d rather dance than work in the fields.

In the ensuing decade, University students took to the Donald image as, yes, ducks to water. Cartoon images from *Oregana*, the University’s yearbook, show a war zone duck, a judge duck, a holiday duck—through the 1940s. In 1947, a fortuitous meeting of UO athletic director Leo Harris and Walt Disney resulted in a handshake agreement allowing the University to

continue basing its mascot on Donald.

That same year, the Duck made its first appearance at Hayward Field (what’s left of the costume is on display at the Casanova Center’s Hall of Fame). Time may have robbed its feathers of their original sheen, but even so this ugly duckling had a frumpy, non-Donald look, with spindly legs, straggly yellow yarn hair, a pale beak, and limp faux feathers. In contrast, the image appearing on pennants and T-shirts was far more sprightly—a ticked-off Donald emerging from a stylized “O,” waving his arms in a show of Duck pique.

The early ’70s marked a time of political upheaval throughout the country and on the University campus, where student demonstrations became as much a harbinger of spring as hatchlings bobbing on the Mill Race. The Duck faced its own roiling waters. Following Walt Disney’s death in 1966, the Disney Corporation couldn’t locate a formal contract granting the University use of Donald’s image. In 1972, the corporation threatened legal action. The athletic department appealed to then UO archivist Keith Richard, who unearthed the storied 1947 photograph of Harris with Disney, who is sporting a UO jacket bearing the Donald logo, as proof of the informal agreement.

“Disney accepted it,” Richard says, and in 1973 the two parties signed a written contract.

For a while, everything was just ducky for the Duck. Then, beginning in 1979, Disney Corporation wrote a series of letters challenging the use of the Donald Duck logo and advising the University to “sell out all Duck-decorated items,” says Jim Williams ’68, then manager of the UO Book Store. But because the letters were addressed to the administration and not to the bookstore, which was independent from the University, Williams chose to let the matter slide. Like water off a duck’s back, you could say. For almost a decade.

“To me, it was a failure of understanding at Disney regarding the importance of the Duck to students, faculty, staff, alumni, and friends of the University,” he says. Since the letters weren’t sent to the bookstore, “we just kept on going.”

A 1982 letter informed the University that all items with the Duck logo would need to be ordered through the company’s special products division, a move that would have limited the bookstore’s product selection. Again, Williams stalled.

On the surface, the relationship between Duck and Disney seemed smooth. In 1984, for Donald’s fiftieth anniversary, Disney flew its own Donald—the one with the smaller head and trademark blue sailor suit—to the Eugene Airport, where he was met by thousands of fans, declared an honorary alumnus of the University, and presented with a scroll signed by hundreds of locals. But beneath the surface, the waters churned. A 1988 letter from Disney said the University’s use of the Duck logo infringed on Disney’s copyright and again demanded immediate sale of all items using the logo.

Williams again stalled Disney while he consulted copyright experts. Finally, in March 1989, Williams and the University’s athletic director, Bill Byrne, met with a Disney executive. They struck a deal that allowed the University to keep selling items with the Duck logo from its own suppliers, but stipulated the vendors pay Disney royalties,

a deal that pretty much still stands.

While the Duck image was ducking legal hassles, the Duck mascot tried to keep from becoming lame. For some hard-charging coaches, the Duck just wasn’t tough enough. Jerry Frei, Oregon’s football coach from 1967 to 1971, wanted a toothier Duck to represent his “Fighting Ducks.” Dick Harter, men’s basketball coach from 1971 to 1978, wouldn’t acknowledge the Duck, and insisted all public relations materials refer to his players as the “Kamikaze Kids.” In 1978, an *Oregon Daily Emerald* graphic artist created a duck of different feathers, Mallard [accent on the second syllable] Drake, fashioned to be hipper and cooler than the incumbent. Loyal fans nixed the newcomer in a landslide vote—1,068 to 590.

Unflappable, the Duck didn’t even blink when, in 2002 during a University of Southern California football game, a buff, tight-rumped, possible usurper dubbed RoboDuck hatched out of a giant egg-shaped structure and began doing back flips down the field. “He’s not the evil twin. He’s the more aggressive, strong, obviously more flexible Duck,” explained a spokesperson. The Nike-inspired Robo was intended to complement, not compete with the Duck, but fans weren’t having any of him, and within months he was, yes, a dead duck. His demise doesn’t surprise Lynn Kahle, Ehrman V. Giustina Professor of Marketing at the UO’s Lundquist College of Business.

“Usually with branding, you need one representation of it. You can’t have multiple or competing representations of the brand,” Kahle says. “The image of Robo and image of the Duck we all know and love didn’t match very well.”

Since then, the Duck has gone his way unchallenged and mostly unencumbered. Disney kept the Duck on a short leash, limiting its appearances to athletic events or other occasions that had been cleared by corporate higher-ups. But the Duck, a plucky sort, disdains restraint. So, yes, there was the Shasta spat. And two years later an unauthorized appearance in “I Love My Ducks,” the wildly popular music video by a trio of UO students calling them-

selves Supwitchugirl, raised the hackles of some in University administration who feared the incident might foul the relationship with Disney.

But in 2010, Disney announced that the Duck and Donald were no longer birds of the same feather, thereby setting the Duck free to be bound only by University rules. Today, the Duck basks in the limelight, leading the roar of the crowd at Autzen, Matt Arena, and on the road. The Duck charges around the football field on a Harley, pumps the requisite pushups after scores, high-fives little kids, and charms fans with his winning waddle.

The Duck declined to be interviewed for this story, writing via e-mail that “the secret to our success is our anonymity. Once that’s gone our reputation and image is changed.”

Fair enough. Sometimes its better not to mess with a myth. What can be known is this: During games, the Duck’s internal temperature is twenty to thirty degrees hotter than what nearby fans are experiencing. The Duck drinks a lot of water, sweats buckets, and takes two five-minute breaks every hour. The Duck has a handler. A member of the cheerleading squad, the Duck goes to practices, works out in the weight room, and is eligible for scholarships. Each spring, hopeful candidates compete for the honor of being the Duck. It’s no small gig. Wannabe Ducks have to show they can maintain the essence of the Duck, because although many may don the Duck beak, the Duck is always one. And do not make the mistake of assuming the person animating the Duck is a particular gender or age.

“The Duck is continually growing, maturing. Through all life experiences, he changes,” says Robertson. Above all, the Duck must be larger than life, she says. “It needs to be the type of person that can come across big.” 

Alice Tallmadge is a freelance writer and adjunct instructor in the UO School of Journalism and Communication.

WEB EXTRA: To see other images of the Duck’s evolution, visit OregonQuarterly.com.

Daniel Wu directs
The Heavenly Kings,
his mockumentary
chronicling Alive, a
Hong Kong boy
band created
for the film.



FROM HERE TO CHINA

With a nod to the past and an eye toward the future, Daniel Wu '97 and Roger Lee '72 are reshaping modern Asian cinema.

BY ROBERT K. ELDER, MA '00



Daniel Wu '97—Hong Kong-based actor, director, producer, and all-around cinema sensation—quietly slips into an out-of-the-way conference room in the depths of Knight Library, a semisecret location where he can chat without interruption about his movies, his fans, and the nature of celebrity. “Tabloid media has taken over entertainment media,” Wu says. “It’s happened here with TMZ and E! Entertainment News and all that. And that becomes almost its own genre of entertainment.” Speaking of his own fictitious documentary, *The Heavenly Kings*, he continues:

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“We were trying to show that it’s not just the tabloid media making up sensational stories—the celebrities themselves do it to . . . get more attention.”

By the time the fifteen-minute interview wraps up, the room is no longer quiet or secret. Several dozen fans, mostly young women with phones poised for photos and pens in hand for autographs, have gathered outside the door. Given that *The Heavenly Kings* was a send-up of celebrity culture, reality and fiction have bled together for Wu. In the tradition of *This Is Spinal Tap*, with a nod to Orson Welles’s *F for Fake*, Wu not only made *The Heavenly Kings*, a mockumentary about Alive, a boy band invented specifically for the sake of the film, but he also danced, sang, and released singles as a member of the group—all in the service of the cinematic ruse and cultural commentary. Fans had little idea the band was fake until the film debuted, followed by a media storm of slings and arrows . . . and then accolades. Wu won the Hong Kong Film Award for Best New Director for his efforts, adding to a trophy case already occupied by a Best Supporting Actor Golden Horse for 2004’s *New Police Story*.

Wu, a California native, earned a degree in architecture at Oregon before traveling to Hong Kong, where his work as a model quickly led to his first film role. Now something of a cinematic rock star, he returned to campus this spring as a featured guest at the University’s fourth annual Cinema Pacific Film Festival, a five-day event featuring film and new media from Pacific Rim countries. Richard Herskowitz, director of Cinema Pacific, has attended countless film festivals, many featuring Hollywood luminaries such as Sandra Bullock, Anthony Hopkins, and Nicolas Cage—but the excitement Wu generated among the 400-plus Eugene fans who turned out for the star’s appearance at a screening of his latest film, *Overheard 2*, at the Regal Valley River Center theater was unlike anything he’d ever seen. “This was more like a Justin Bieber pop star experience,” Herskowitz says. “It was a little bit like Beatlemania.”

But that kind of celebrity is not really what Wu is after. This model-turned-actor-turned-director-turned-producer wants more than, as he puts it, to “get more attention.” The son of Chinese immigrant parents says he wants to bridge cultures and influence the future of Hong Kong cinema.

And Wu has a good start. He recently starred in films with Kevin Spacey (*Inseparable*, 2011) and Russell Crowe (in the Grammy-winning music producer RZA’s directorial debut, *The Man with the Iron Fists*, 2012). And under his newly founded production company, Diversion Pictures, Wu is starring in and producing a third feature, *Control*, a neo-noir thriller in the tradition of *Blade Runner* and *Sin City*. “I’m

trying to head in a direction now of taking control,” Wu says. “As an actor, you’re much more passive. You wait for the jobs to come to you. But as a director, as a producer, you’re really out there trying to shape the industry.”

Roger Lee ’72’s screenings at Cinema Pacific, in contrast, were quieter. So are his films.

At the UO, Lee studied business administration. His took the occasional film class—such as Film as Literature, taught by Bill Cadbury—which helped propel him into public television work, first as a production assistant, then as a director. Although the bulk of his career has been on the business side of the movie industry in Asia, he’s been able to do passion projects that have helped him shape modern Asian film.

His latest effort, *A Simple Life*, is a semiautobiographical film about a young boy’s relationship with his *amah*, or nanny. Deanie Ip’s portrayal of Sister Peach, the nanny, earned her Best Actress honors at the 2011 Venice Film Festival, and *A Simple Life* also served as Hong Kong’s entry for Best Foreign Film in the 2012 Academy Awards competition. But Lee, who penned the script with Susan Chan, didn’t start out looking to win awards or tell a big story. Instead, the longtime producer and financial wiz was looking to tell a smaller, more intimate Hong Kong tale after working for four years on director John Woo’s two-part historical epic *Red Cliff* (2008–9). “I was very tired and wanted to do something else, so I wrote up a story treatment,” Lee says. He showed it to director Ann Hui, who had worked with Lee before. Actor Andy Lau loved the script and financing followed, as did the audience and accolades. “What started out as a story he wanted to get off his chest turned into a critical and commercial success,” says Lee’s friend and colleague, Terence Chang ’73.

A longtime producer for Woo, Chang returned to campus as a featured artist in last year’s Cinema Pacific festival, his first visit since 1974. He says Lee “made that movie with his heart. The honesty and the conviction are what Chinese cinema now desperately needs to have.” Lee offers a simpler version of why the film caught on: Hong Kong’s film industry was losing its identity. Saturated with big budget movies such as *Red Cliff* and American coproductions such as Jackie Chan’s *Karate Kid* reboot and *The Mummy 3*, the Hong Kong audience was growing tired of blockbusters aimed at mainland China. Bigger and broader was not always better, and the constant stream of action films, some felt, didn’t reflect Hong Kong life.

“Our film was like a comeback for a local film with very strong local flavor, for the local audience,” Lee says. “So, in that sense, it was something refreshing for the Hong Kong audience.” In making something small and personal, Lee told a tale that spoke to the universal human condition, while filling a neglected niche in Asian cinema. Fellow filmmaker Wu explains, “It was so successful because in the past five years there haven’t been films like that. It was a statement. . . . these films usually don’t make it into the Chinese market



“We are struggling as **creators and filmmakers** to work within this **box of censorship** to try to **create something that’s interesting and fun.**”

because they’re so specific to the Hong Kong region itself. Although we’re all Chinese, there’s a huge cultural difference.”

Among the differences: Hong Kong still has a free press and courts system, and many residents are still distrustful of Beijing. Mainland China, by contrast, has many more rural areas and cultural homogeneity after decades of Communist rule.

The regions are separated not only by language (Cantonese in Hong Kong, Mandarin on the mainland) but also by very different views of what it means to be Chinese. Everyone still loves the movies, however, even if the kinds of movies China produces for a broad audience, and the subjects of those films, are tightly controlled by its now unified government.



Roger Lee

So there’s the rub. In between blockbusters and low-budget indies, there have been very few midrange films, notably dramas and genre flicks, made for contemporary Chinese audiences. And post-British Hong Kong filmmaking

is no longer the Wild West (East?) of moviemaking pioneered by Tsui Hark, John Woo, and the New Wave of Asian cinema, the ultraviolent gangster films of the late 1980s and early 1990s that influenced American filmmakers like Quentin Tarantino. Since the British handoff of Hong Kong to China in 1997, restrictions have been tighter on distribution, content, and subject matter. China forbids movies about politics and shuns films that are deemed gratuitously violent—a trademark of Woo’s famous “bullet ballets” of the early 1990s. With no ratings system, all films level out at a PG aesthetic. And there are more esoteric rules: no dirty cops, no ghosts, no sex, no supernatural slashers, no time travel—which explains the glut of costumed, period action films in the industry.

“If you have anything that’s contemporary, it’s problematic,” Lee says. “So everybody’s making films with subject matters that are pre-1949, before the Communists took over China.”

“We are struggling as creators and filmmakers to work within this box of censorship to try to create something that’s interesting and fun, but also fulfilling the government requirements,” adds Wu. Lee’s response has been to make intimate, personal stories. Wu’s strategy has been more diverse, as he balances a career of modest indie projects, action films, and kung fu movies produced under his own shingle, Diversion Pictures—the first of which include two genre-

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Iron Fists and Oscar Gold

In The Man with the Iron Fists, opening November 2, Daniel Wu faces off against Russell Crowe in a love letter to Shaw Brothers-era kung fu B movies. Wu plays a villain, Poison Dagger, in this much-anticipated directorial debut by RZA of the Wu Tang Clan, who also stars and produces with cowriter Eli Roth (Hostel, Inglourious Basterds) in a movie presented by Quentin Tarantino. We talked to Wu about film, kung fu, and getting his ass kicked by an Oscar winner.

How were you approached to do the movie?

I’ve been a fan of Wu Tang Clan since I was a kid. Basically my ’90s soundtrack was Wu Tang because it melded two things that I loved: hip-hop and kung fu. RZA just told me a really compelling story . . . so it was a fun thing for me just to see this guy’s passion and see his love for not only the Chinese culture but Chinese kung fu, and him wanting to spread that to a new generation of American audiences was exciting to me.

The film is about a blacksmith who must protect his village, and features Rick Yune, Lucy Liu, and Pam Grier, among others in an international cast.

How do you think it will play in China?

Unfortunately, I don’t think the film is going to show in the China market because it’s quite violent. Heads chopped off, blood spurting everywhere, kind of in the *Kill Bill* vein, or more so in the vein of the really old Shaw Brothers movies. I’d rather [RZA] do it than some random American director who all of a sudden realized kung fu movies are cool and wants to do kung fu movies, you know?

Which leads to the question: What was it like to get a beat-down by Russell Crowe?

He was really game. At first, I think he was a little bit uncomfortable, because this is not the type of movie that Russell usually does. I don’t think it was a genre he’s quite familiar with. But then, once he realized what the tone of the movie was, he caught on really quick and was really, really into it—making fun of the B-grade kung fu movies that we saw in the ’70s. It was really fun for me to think, “Oh, okay, I’ve worked with Kevin Spacey and now I’ve worked with Russell Crowe—two Oscar winners. So I’m on a good roll here.”

—RKE



bending steampunk/kung fu movies, *Tai Chi 0* (pronounced “zero”) and *Tai Chi Hero*, which will be released in Hong Kong this fall.

“Right now, we’re still in the experimental stage because we haven’t released anything that we’ve shot yet,” Wu says. But with U.S. companies such as 20th Century Fox and Disney pushing for coproductions, Wu thinks he can fulfill a need with Diversion Pictures. Both Wu and his producing partner, Stephen Fung, were raised and educated in the West, which Wu believes gives them an advantageous perspective; he feels as if they are “properly positioned to be right in the middle.” He says, “We understand both cultures very well. We feel like we understand how to meld the two together. So we’re trying to do that: Not only revitalizing the China film market, but also to bring Chinese film to the Western audiences in a newer and fresher way.”

That newer, fresher way—for Wu and Lee—means telling tales that resonate with audiences, whether they are intimate, autobiographical stories or fun, reverent kung fu indies. It’s the midrange films that need revitalizing, Wu says, especially the kung fu films. “This kind of genre is dying,” Wu says. “And we don’t think the genre should die, we just think it needs to be improved.”

Robert K. Elder, MA '00, is a journalist, author, editor, film columnist, and founder of Odd Hours Media. His books include Last Words of the Executed, The Film That Changed My Life, and John Woo: Interviews.



Roger Lee's latest effort, A Simple Life, is a semiautobiographical film about a young boy's relationship with his amah, or nanny.

COURTESY CINEMA PACIFIC



Russel Wong Jackie Chan, Hong Kong, 2000

Shooting Stars

Russel Wong '84 has made a name for himself as a movie set photographer, most notably for Oliver Stone on Heaven and Earth and for Ang Lee on Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon. Wong's extensive work as a magazine photographer and commercial director have also won him international acclaim. He joined Daniel Wu and Roger Lee on campus during Cinema Pacific, presenting a major exhibition of his work, Russel Wong: The Big Picture, at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. From his home in Singapore, Wong talked about his style, his career, and shooting figures as diverse as Jackie Chan and Imelda Marcos.

What did you learn at the UO that affects your approach and style as a photographer?

I was shooting track at the UO, and this helped me observe action and make split-second decisions. I didn't have a motor drive so I only had one crack at it. As I work on a lot of action movies, I do incorporate the action element in my shots and it's quite easy for me after my Oregon training!

Who was your most memorable celebrity subject?

Imelda Marcos, the former first lady of the Philippines. [The shoot] was supposed to be thirty minutes but it ended up being four hours! What a character! I ended up having tea with her and discussing the political figures she knew, like Mao and John F. Kennedy, who were present when she

was first lady. She said Jackie O was a bit reserved but [she] enjoyed JFK. Her house was filled with amazing artwork, including a Michelangelo. We ended up shooting more outfits and she started showing me and explaining to me the artwork and photographs she had around the house. We then had tea and chatted more just about everything, especially how [she and deposed president Ferdinand Marcos] left the Philippines and what happened after they were exiled to Hawaii.

What was your most difficult shoot?

I was supposed to do a cover of Jackie Chan for *Time* magazine and it started pouring. We didn't have security and the shot was him in the road, sitting on a director's chair. We ended up waiting for an hour in the bus, as Jackie didn't want to go with plan B, which I appreciated. The skies finally cleared and out we ran onto the middle of the road with a chair, and we started shooting with hundreds of people looking on in amazement. It's always risky shooting on location, as you don't know what's going to be thrown at you.

How does working with celebrities as a photographer inform your style as a director?

You manage people better and [don't] get too intimidated. This allows you to have more control and get what you need to make it work and not succumb to the egos!

—RKE

IMAGE COURTESY OF UO JORDAN SCHNITZER MUSEUM OF ART

[PROSECUTOR'S
PROGRESS]



WHEN OREGON'S UNITED STATES ATTORNEY AMANDA MARSHALL '92 WAS BEING CONSIDERED FOR THE JOB, THE PUNDITS DIDN'T GIVE HER A CHANCE: TOO YOUNG, TOO INEXPERIENCED, TOO UNKNOWN. BUT UNDERESTIMATING THE STATE'S APPOINTED TOP PROSECUTOR HAS ALWAYS BEEN A MISTAKE.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ

PHOTO BY MICHAEL MCDERMOTT

A TWENTY-SIX-YEAR-OLD WOMAN with bright blue eyes stands at a pay phone outside the Safeway store in Coquille, Oregon. She is talking to her boyfriend, Ladd Wiles '92, who is in law school in Portland.

"I can't live *here!*" she says into the phone, a bit too loudly. "Have you *been* here!?"

Her name is Amanda Marshall, it is 1996, and she has just been offered a job in the small timber town and county seat as a deputy district attorney for Coos County. She was the last of some thirty applicants interviewed for the entry-level position, and she was offered the job on the spot. The economy is terrible, jobs are scarce, and she should be happy. But this is not her kind of place. The vibe, in fact, is such that as she drove into town she took the time to pull over and scrape the "Question Authority" bumper sticker off her car.

Marshall already has a job offer, from a bankruptcy law firm in Portland—not her preference of being a trial lawyer, but also not located in a backwoods burg in what is looking to her like the exact center of nowhere.

But Wiles, who will become her husband three years later, has a different take on the news. "Oh, that will be so *great*," he says. "I'll move down after I graduate and we can moun-

tain bike and fish and surf! I love Coos County!"

Marshall hangs up the phone and decides to make what feels like

The vibe is such that as she drove into town she took the time to pull over and scrape the "Question Authority" bumper sticker off her car.

an interplanetary cultural stretch and take the job. In a few days, she will hold in her hand the first real gun she has ever seen, as the sheriff's office issues her a 9 mm pistol—because, as she will say many years later, "that's how we rolled in the Coos."

It is one of many fork-in-the-road decisions that have taken her on a path as winding as the nearby Coquille River to this town and this job—where in the next five years she

will try more than 100 cases involving murder, arson, kidnaping, fraud, drugs, hate crimes, firearms crimes, and sexual offenses. Decisions that will eventually take her forward to October 7, 2011, President Barack Obama, and her appointment as the twenty-seventh United States attorney for the District of Oregon.

Marshall walks back to her now message-free vehicle. She doesn't know it yet, but she will never for a single moment miss being a bankruptcy lawyer.



THE DISTRICT OF OREGON HAS had a United States attorney since Amory Holbrook was commissioned by President Zachary Taylor in 1850, nine years before Oregon became the thirty-third state. Holbrook's big trial during his three-year tenure (and in fact one of the first formal judicial procedures in the vast Oregon Territory) was the prosecution of five men from the Cayuse Nation charged with killing Marcus and Narcissa Whitman and twelve others in 1847. The June 1850 trial took just three days, and all of the Cayuse were found guilty and sentenced to hang.

Today, the cases and concerns are very different. The mission of the ninety-three United States attorneys (some states have more than one district) who work for the Department of Justice covers preventing terrorism, stopping foreign and domestic threats to national security, fighting violent crime, combating financial fraud, and protecting vulnerable populations including children, the elderly, and victims of hate crimes or human trafficking. A large part of the top job is outreach, and, in Marshall's case, a very large part is finding ways for her legal staff to lend support to besieged county prosecutors who face the fight against crime with fast-dwindling resources.

"Building state and federal collaborations," she says, sitting in the large corner office with the long mountain views that comes with the job, "and using resources more effectively is key in Oregon. Especially in struggling coun-

ties like Lane, where the sheriff's office is going broke and people are being released from jail and the DA is laying off attorneys and closing the medical examiner's office. And Josephine and Curry and Klamath, which are on the brink of bankruptcy. I know these people and I care about them, so I spend a lot of time asking how we can help."

And she knows that time is finite—maybe four-and-a-half more years, maybe more, maybe January of 2013. United States attorneys sometimes continue in their jobs after a change of administration in the White House, but not all that often. "It's possible to be kept on when the political party in power changes," Marshall says, "but I don't expect that. Hearing the clock ticking is actually great motivation to get things done. The challenge is always to leave the office better than I found it—and that's a big challenge for me, as it was in tremendously good shape when I got here! My predecessors were outstanding U.S. attorneys, and the office has had years of stability and strong infrastructure. But none of this is about me anyway—it's about what the Oregon district needs. That's what will set my priorities."

Some of those priorities will surely be related to one of her passions: protecting children from abuse and exploitation. The hard-nosed prosecutor, once nicknamed "Black Heart" in the Coos, has a soft spot for kids who are in danger, and has since she was in high school, when she started a peer counseling program for troubled teens. By then, she already knew something about being rebellious.



A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL with bright blue eyes stands playing Pac-Man at a 7-Eleven in Mill Valley, California. This being Mill Valley—a San Francisco suburb between the bay and the Pacific famous for both celebrities and assorted Marin County herbal-granola-make-me-one-with-everything types—the girl doesn't even look up when Carlos Santana comes in to buy ice cream. After all, she goes to school with the children of several members of the Grateful Dead and she watched the Super Bowl at Grace Slick's house.

Her name is Sally Amanda Marshall, and she goes by Amy. She's a bit of a handful these days. Her free-spirited mother has provided Marshall and her younger sister Kaki with an interesting, if somewhat chaotic, upbringing. They were living in Puerto Rico when Marshall's parents divorced—she was five years old—and the girls and their mother moved to a commune in Washington, DC, called the Blue House. Then they moved to Mill Valley when Marshall's mother went to work for a San Francisco nonprofit organization. Her mom's frequent travel for work often left Amanda on her own to keep house and watch after her little sister.

"I was a rebellious and challenging kid," Marshall will say nearly three decades later. "I think that was my reaction to

the instability and chaos that I perceived in our lives."

Santana leaves with his ice cream. The ninth-grader evades Blinky, Pinky, Inky, and Clyde in the video maze. In a few weeks her home life will become rocky enough that she will go to live with her father near Chicago. Two years from now she will be back in Mill Valley, attending Tamalpais High School and having an epiphany of sorts. She will realize that there is no one but herself to make sure she finishes her homework and prepares for college and makes something of

The hard-nosed prosecutor, once nicknamed "Black Heart" in the Coos, has a soft spot for kids who are in danger.

her life. She will decide to buckle down and get serious. By seventeen, she will be living in a friend's house, working part-time

as a hostess in a restaurant, and getting involved in various kinds of community service.

The machine beeps as Marshall's Pac-Man eats another power pellet. She can't imagine it here and now, but by the time of her high-school graduation, she will have impressed so many people that she will be awarded a \$5,000 outstanding student scholarship. Now, on the screen, her enemy turns deep blue and reverses direction.



IT WAS A COUPLE OF YEARS AFTER high school that Marshall arrived in Eugene. She had worked as a waitress and a nanny and attended community college in Marin County. Then she went to visit a close friend who was attending the UO. Marshall applied soon after.

She began as a psychology major, but it didn't take. Marshall loved her communications classes, and soon one of her professors, David Frank of the now-defunct rhetoric and communications department ("I was devastated when they cut it," Marshall says), talked her into signing up for forensics.

"I didn't really understand what that meant," she remembers, "and I sure didn't know I would be signing up for the debate team!"

It was soon clear that she had a flair for speaking, and although she was often intimidated, she became, with the urging of Frank and debate team coach Steve Stolp, MA '90, PhD '93, a part of one of the nation's top ten university debate teams, a group occasionally notorious—at least as notorious as debate teams can get—for taking positions defending notions ranging from feminism to anarchy to drugs.

"David and Steve sort of homed in on me," says Marshall. "They saw some talent I didn't know I had. It was pretty intense. All the others on the team had been recruited out of high school; they talked really fast and spent every waking moment in the library! I'd barely even spoken formally in front of other people. It—*they*—really did change my life."

Frank not only changed her life, he changed her name. There were four Amys in Frank's debate class, so to avoid confusion he began to sign her up for tournaments as Amanda. It stuck. There was one young man in her debate class named Ladd. He stuck, too. Marshall began dating and debating her future husband in 1991, and they both followed the natural progression of powerful persuaders to law school—she to Willamette and he, a year later, to Lewis and Clark.

Still, she wasn't planning to be a prosecutor—far from it. "I had no real concept of the working life of a lawyer," Marshall says. "I had this idea that I would specialize in indigenous peoples' rights and tribal sovereignty issues. I saw myself, you know, practicing in The Hague, arguing for human rights! Ask me what I wanted to do when I was in my first year in law school and I would have said things like legal aid, ACLU, defense attorney, working for the Innocence Project against the death penalty . . . But eventually my perspective broadened and evolved."

While in law school, Marshall worked as the tribal court clerk for the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde. This was before the windfall of their Spirit Mountain Casino, when the tribal offices consisted of a couple of trailers. It was there that Marshall met Mike Mason, the attorney who represented the Grand Ronde tribes.

"He was my idol," she says. "I wanted to be just like him." And she tried—except Mason himself talked her out of it.

"When I graduated from law school in 1995, I was applying to tribal offices in Arizona, Oklahoma, and South Dakota," Marshall explains, "and when Mike heard about it he sat me down and said, 'You're making a mistake. You should not be a tribal attorney. There are two kinds of lawyers: litigators and everyone else. *You* are a litigator. You should be trying cases in court. Go to a public defender's office or a DA's office—get in the *courtroom*.' And when Mike Mason talks, I listen."



NEVER ASK A QUESTION IF you don't already know the answer. That's a cardinal rule for trial lawyers. At least in theory.

"That's very good advice," Marshall explains, "but it isn't always possible. Because even when you already know the answer, you can't always depend on the witness to give it to you! You have to think on your feet. You have to be comfortable with the fact that in trial your witness isn't going to say 50 percent of what they said in your office, no matter how much you prepare them. And with opposition witnesses—I see trial lawyers taking shots in the dark all the time, but it's a huge risk. You never want to just go fishing."

Marshall remembers prosecuting a man for kidnapping and felony assault on his wife—committed in the presence of their five-year-old daughter. The girl, who was six by the time of the trial, was scheduled to testify, so Marshall and

the county's victim advocate took her into the empty courtroom to show her around, to let her sit in the witness chair and help her get comfortable with what was going to happen—and to be sure she could handle it. On the day of her testimony, the little girl was nothing short of adorable on the stand to begin with, cute and precocious, and after she testified bravely, the defense attorney took an ill-fated flier.

"It's been eight months since this happened," he said. "That's a long time, right?"

"Yes," the girl answered.

"And you've been living with you mom, and she's been talking to you about the case?"

"Yes."

"And so has Ms. Marshall?"

"Yeah."

"So what did Ms. Marshall tell you to say today?"

The little girl looked at the attorney. "She told me to tell the truth."

"And what about your mom? Did she tell you what to do here today?"

The girl sat up a bit taller in the chair. "She told me to act like a lady."

The jury made a sound you could pour on a waffle, and the defense was done.

Even as far back as her first months in the Coos, Marshall has particularly distinguished herself in prosecuting domestic violence and child abuse. It became her mission from the day she walked into a roomful of skeptical sheriffs and announced, "We're going to save the battered women and kids."

"I'm talking about zero tolerance and mandatory arrests," she recalls clearly, "and the cops are looking at me like I'm insane. Before this, half the cases were summarily dismissed, often on victims' wishes, and now I'm telling them

She walked into a roomful of skeptical sheriffs and announced, "We're going to save the battered women and kids."

that if we can prove the case and get a conviction, we're going to prosecute *every* time. I knew the cops *wanted* to put away the bad guys and, to the extent they hadn't been doing it, it was because the DA's office didn't back them up."

Marshall backed them up with a passion—and made them work so hard to provide evidence that would hold up in court that the cops began calling her "Demanda." Marshall took that as a proud compliment.

She earned her other nickname after her tough-as-nails zero-tolerance policy prompted a letter to the editor of the local paper asking, "Is there no kindness in this Amanda Marshall's black heart?" More than a decade after leaving the Coos, Oregon's United States attorney still can't help smiling at that one.

After five years in the district attorney's office, Marshall began to feel like she was losing sight of the light at the end

of the tunnel when it came to fighting domestic violence and protecting families.

“I was getting frustrated by our inability to make a more systemic impact for families and children,” she says. “You’d finish the trial, the bad guy would go off to prison, and there goes support for the kids. The family is still a mess—so what was our real impact? I wanted to get involved at a level that could make more of a lifelong positive difference.”

So in the fall of 2001, Marshall and Wiles, who had just had the first of their three children, moved back to the Willamette Valley, he to join the Yamhill County district attorney’s office and she to work for the Oregon Department of Justice as the assistant attorney general and the attorney in charge of the Child Advocacy Section. “It was rewarding,” Marshall says. “I began to see the light again. At the end of a case there is closure because a child is going to be adopted. It was also an opportunity to step out of my litigator role and find my strengths as a manager.”

She took on the supervision of the litigation work and advice provided by the Department of Justice on behalf of the Department of Human Services Child Welfare division. Protecting Oregon’s children from abuse and neglect was fulfilling, but rarely easy; Marshall herself admits that “the Department of Human Services is not the most popular agency in the world.”

Marshall was promoted often, and by 2009 she had attracted the attention of the committee put in place by United States Senator Ron Wyden, JD ’74, to select finalists for presidential appointment as United States attorney. Marshall was named to the top three in October, and thus began two years of being second-guessed, scrutinized, and occasionally demoralized. Some were surprised when, on October 7, 2011, she was at last sworn in as Oregon’s top federal prosecutor. Those who knew her, or had faced her in court, were not.



A FORTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD woman with bright blue eyes stands before a bank of media microphones, talking about the first conviction of a registered grower since the United States attorney’s office began cracking down on abusers of Oregon’s medical marijuana law. Turns out the Grants Pass man, along with three other registered growers, was shipping large amounts of marijuana to the East Coast for illegal sale. He was also found to be in possession of unregistered machine guns, silencers, and short-barrel rifles.

The woman under the lights says, “Our hope was to expose the lie about these huge operations, that they are just benevolently supplying medicine to sick people. Now we have the opportunity with this conviction to be able to have one more bit of evidence out there, so people can be thinking critically whether or not this is what they want in their communities.”

It isn’t the first time, nor will it be the last, that Amanda Marshall argues a position in black-and-white that many peo-

ple see in shades of gray. But for her, it isn’t a matter of policy, it’s simply all about the law.

“I’ve always been attracted to justice,” she says later, “and I love the law. I guess because I had a fairly chaotic upbringing, I’ve always been drawn to the security that the law provides. It is the great equalizer, and the best tool we have for fairness.

“Is it my passion to crack down on medical marijuana? No. And virtually no one in law enforcement cares about people with illnesses or pain smoking pot for relief. But that’s not the real issue. There are the utopian debates about decriminalization, and then there’s what’s really going on in the states that pass medical marijuana laws in defiance of federal statutes and then fail to provide any regulation—which is that many ‘medical’ growers are shipping pot off to national drug trafficking organizations [DTOs] for thousands of dollars per pound. These DTOs are involved in violence, murder, tax evasion, money laundering—that’s the issue for law enforcement and for citizens. I don’t care about pot used as medicine; I do care about DTOs.”

Then there is Oregon’s death penalty, which citizen Marshall would oppose and yet *for* which prosecutor Marshall has argued. “As a *citizen*,” she says, “I would certainly vote against the death penalty. I don’t think it’s the best thing for our society for a variety of reasons. But as a *prosecutor* I would certainly ask for the death penalty if it was appropriate under cur-

“When the law exists, it’s my responsibility to enforce it.”

rent law. I wouldn’t have a moral issue with that. When the law exists, it’s my responsibility to enforce it. And it’s the defense’s responsibility to hold the state to our burden of proof. I’m so grateful for the American system of justice, law, and checks and balances.”

The briefing done, Oregon’s United States attorney steps away from the spotlights. Years ago, a judge she often tried cases before would always say, as part of his jury instructions, that he “could have the prosecutor and the defense attorney switch places, and as trained lawyers they could each do the other’s job perfectly well.” Marshall would always smile, but she always felt a bit offended.

“Could I be a defense attorney now?” Marshall asks. “It would be very difficult for me. The defense may well know that their client is guilty, and they have to defend them vigorously anyway—which is a role in the system that’s vital and deserving of respect. But it would be hard. If I don’t believe something, I just can’t say it. I remember I was speaking to some high school kids and they asked me why I was a prosecutor instead of a defense counsel, and I said the first thing that popped into my head: ‘Because I *always* get to tell the truth.’”

Todd Schwartz ’75 is a Portland writer who gets paid to ask the questions he doesn’t know the answers to—which works in theory and in practice, because he doesn’t know the answers to very much.

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Uncorking Opportunity

It's a tough job, but someone has to promote Oregon's fine wines.

OREGON STORMED THE WINE world's elite ranks in 1979, when The Eyrie Vineyards' 1975 South Block pinot noir beat out all the French Burgundies in a blind tasting at the Gault-Millau French Wine Olympiades in Paris.

The late David Lett, who founded The Eyrie Vineyards in Dundee, and other Oregon wine pioneers recognized that the state not only sits at the same latitude and shares climatic similarities with some of Europe's premier wine regions, but has its own unique microclimates, soils, and other growing conditions—*terroir*—suited to producing world-class wines of complex flavor and aroma.

In the years since the international wine community first sampled Oregon's potential for greatness, ever more innovative winemakers and determined farmers have toiled to cultivate a thriving wine industry in the state. Despite daunting competition from more well-established wine regions, periodic cool and wet growing seasons that hamper grape maturation and cause mildew problems, and other obstacles, wine has grown into a vital Oregon business.

Today the industry includes about 450 wineries and employs about 13,500 people in related jobs in the state, according to the Oregon Wine Board. Some 850 Oregon estate and commercial vineyards (the former have attached winery operations, while the latter strictly grow and sell wine grapes) produced a record 41,500 tons of fruit in 2011. And a whopping \$2.7 billion in annual impact on the state's economy can be directly or indirectly linked to wine, according to a 2011 report by Berkeley, California-based Full Glass Research.



Tom Danowski, Oregon Wine Board

What's more, Oregon vintages consistently earn glowing reviews on par with those from the world's most well-known wine regions. Last year, *Wine Spectator* magazine rated more Oregon wines at 90 points or higher on its 100-point scale than it did those from California, Italy, France, or Australia.

Each of these facts is a meaningful arrow in the marketing quiver of Tom Danowski '83, a brand-management expert who became executive director of the Oregon Wine Board in December 2011. Danowski, who earned his undergraduate degree in advertising from the UO journalism school, served in marketing and management roles for the likes of Coca-Cola, Kraft Foods, Seattle's Best Coffee, and Chateau Ste. Michelle—the Northwest's largest wine producer—before taking on the

There is an emerging level of recognition for Oregon wine but little awareness of its consistently high quality ratings.

task of extending Oregon wine's reach.

"An exceptional opportunity lies in front of the Oregon wine business for a couple of reasons," says Danowski, who occasionally lectures on brand management and business strategy at the UO's Charles H. Lundquist College of Business.

One of those reasons is that "Oregon wines being made right now are some of the best wines ever made," a heady claim Danowski says is validated by those *Wine Spectator* ratings—"a very important quality marker."

The pace at which Oregon wines have earned that distinction has accelerated in the past decade. Danowski notes that fewer than eighty Oregon wines had received the 90-plus marks by 2001; by 2011, the number had more than tripled, to 272.

Danowski says another reason to be optimistic about further growth for Oregon's wine industry is the high regard it already enjoys among wine and cuisine insiders.

"It is known very favorably by many inside the industry," Danowski says. "That is a huge benefit, but we have a chance to build greater awareness within that community."

With the overarching goal of boosting



Raptors on Guard

On a warm afternoon at King Estate Winery twenty miles southwest of Eugene, a black-shouldered kite glides over acres of pinot noir grapes in search of gophers. A kestrel hovers, then darts down to earth, rising back up with a mouse in its talons.

"Ground squirrels are a problem for us," says King Estate gardener Jessie Russell, striding through an oak grove and pausing at the vineyard. "Voles girdle a plant. Gophers are the biggest fiend—they eat the roots."

Unchecked, rodents can decimate a vineyard, but using poisons to address the problem can compromise the quality of soil and wine. To help ward off devastation to King Estate's 430,000 vulnerable vines, founder Ed King III '82 has introduced raptors to control pests on 1,033 acres of hills and wetlands.

Birds of prey are expert hunters, snatching up their targets without disturbing vines. And they're voracious: two barn owls can eat more than 1,000 rodents annually. Harnessing this natural prowess, the staff at King Estate has partnered since 2008 with Eugene's Cascades Raptor Center to introduce owls, kestrels, and red-tailed hawks as an alternative to rodenticides. On still mornings, vigilant hawks scan the scene from perches on the propellers of tall wind machines used to protect the vines from frost.

Many relationships go into a bottle of wine: grapes and yeast, winery and raptor center, vine keepers and sharp-eyed hawks that glide above the rows and rows of fruit. 🐦

—Melissa Hart

WEB EXTRA: To see a video about these raptors, visit OregonQuarterly.com.

national and international sales, one of Danowski's priorities at the Oregon Wine Board is reaching out to wine and food media members, tourism professionals, restaurateurs and chefs, and others in the wine distribution chain. He and his staff work with winemak-

ers and grape growers throughout the state's sixteen American viticultural areas (AVAs) to host tours that allow wine-industry influencers from around the world to "kick the dirt in our vineyards" and drink in the complete Oregon wine experience.

As for those who buy wine in the restaurant and retail marketplaces of the world, Danowski says there is an emerging level of recognition for Oregon wine but little awareness of its consistently high quality ratings.

"One of the first things the wine consumer considers is the quality and esteem of the winegrowing region," he says. "So it's hugely important for us to continue to advocate the quality of Oregon wines and establish an esteemed brand for the entire region."

Danowski sees his role, and the mission of the Oregon Wine Board, as "breaking the trail" for the industry and making it easy for individual wineries to follow up with their own brand-oriented marketing efforts.

While much of Oregon's existing wine cachet is built upon the success winemakers here have had with pinot noir, Danowski says that image is evolving.

"Pinot noir makes up almost 60 percent of our crop, and right behind that comes pinot gris," Danowski says. He lauds King Estate, the state's largest winery, for establishing that white varietal as another signature Oregon product.

In third place, and growing rapidly in acreage planted, is Chardonnay. Danowski says cooler-climate Oregon Chardonnays tend to contain more fruit acids, and thus offer more crispness, broader food-pairing possibilities, and sometimes greater "ageability" than their more-famous California counterparts.

"Pinot noir usually starts the Oregon wine conversation," Danowski allows, "but now it's also an invitation to broaden that conversation to include two important white wines. It makes you look more serious as a wine region when you can add two or three world-class varietals."

With international business accounting for less than 10 percent of Oregon wine sales, global markets present vast potential. Danowski mentions Tokyo, London, and Vancouver, BC—centers of cuisine and commerce with high levels of discretionary income—as prime targets for industry outreach.

While the world's wine illuminati might be delighted by their first taste of the next great Oregon vintage, they shouldn't be surprised.

The secret, after all, was uncorked more than thirty years ago. And all signs suggest that Oregon's wine industry is improving considerably with age. 🐦

—Joel Gorthy '98

The Hardest Working Band in (Halftime) Show Business

Like the football team, the Oregon Marching Band leaves everything on the field, or Colorado Boulevard.

FALL CAMP MEANS TWO WEEKS' worth of hot, twelve-hour days filled with full-on, sweaty drills, team-building, and precise practice. It means intense pressure to memorize the playbook and learn how to perform on and off the field at all times. It means going all out, losing the fear of making mistakes so in crunch time you won't make any. Sure, the football team does some of this stuff, too, but we're talking about the Oregon Marching Band.

"Sometimes I think there aren't enough hours in the week for them to get ready," says Eric Wiltshire, director of athletic bands. "But the kids have a remarkable capacity for just doing it. And they do."

Like the Oregon football team, the OMB, as they like to be called, is on a roll. Numerous appearances on ESPN's *College Game Day*, a gig at the BCS National Championship in 2011, two Rose Bowl parades and halftime shows in the last three years, and even a stint this spring making music for *Wheel of Fortune's* "College Week" of all things is pretty fun stuff.

Oregon has had a band since 1908. In 1916, it changed campus life forever. Director Albert Perfect and journalism student DeWitt Gilbert '18 weren't happy with the UO's school song, a "borrowed" *On Wisconsin!* (gasp!), and set out to rectify the situation. That spring, they premiered a bouncy little ditty they'd written called *The Mighty Oregon March*. It quickly became our iconic *Mighty Oregon* fight song and saved us from certain embarrassment last January when fate matched us up against those Wisconsin Badgers in the Rose Bowl.

In 1929, the OMB performed its first halftime show. A decade later, when the Tall Firs won the first NCAA championship in basketball, the OMB led the rousing parade from the train station back to campus. In 1958, the Ducks football team made the Rose Bowl, giving the OMB a chance to sparkle in its first march down Colorado Boulevard.



Soundtrack for Champions above: University of Oregon Marching Band at the Eugene train station to welcome home the basketball team after they won the 1939 NCAA basketball championship; right: The OMB performing at the 2011 Rose Bowl Championship game.

In 1970, though, the OMB was dead. The student government ceased funding the group—deriding the "military" look of marching bands. "And many members of the band no longer wanted to participate," remembers Burnette Dillon, who arrived on campus that year as the group's new director only to learn the band no longer existed. But alumni and fans complained, the University responded, and the OMB returned to the field the next year, with the School of Music requiring its majors to participate. "After that, they had a cartoon of me in the paper standing atop the ladder leading a band that was in shackles," laughs Dillon. "There was a rebellion against any kind of regimentation. It was the times."

Today, the all-volunteer, 220-member OMB is enjoying a growth spurt. "We had

153 members in 2006 and I think we'll be pushing 250 before long," says Wiltshire. With music majors comprising only 20 percent of the group, the OMB boasts members from many parts of campus. "It is so much fun to be together and support our school," says senior human physiology major and tenor sax player Sierra Hill. "We're a tight-knit group."

You see them everywhere on game days. "We get to the stadium around 7:30 A.M.," says Hill. "We rehearse for two hours on the field, then split up, some playing for students entering the stadium and others heading to the Mo Center or PK Park and the tailgaters. Then there's pregame and halftime."

Amazingly, all their music and intricate field moves are memorized. Wiltshire and assistants Sean Wagoner '94, MMus '97,

“As we’re waiting in the tunnel about to enter Autzen for that first game of the season, I always tell the band, ‘You are about to have an experience you will remember for the rest of your life.’”



DMA '01, and Micah Brusse arrange all the music and chart every move each individual makes. Is getting the right people to the right place playing the right music at the right time difficult? “We practice so much that eventually it just turns into muscle memory,” says Hill with a shrug.

Last year it was on to the Rose Bowl, where the biggest challenge was the parade. The route extends nearly six miles. “We were very concerned about our physical preparation,” says Wiltshire. “Eating properly is very important.” Members were told they would each burn between 4,000 and 6,000 calories during the sixteen-hour day. Saxophonist Hill downplayed the concerns. “We’re used to having long days,” she says. “It really wasn’t as hard as they said it might be.”

For Hill, an especially strong memory is of standing on the field at the Rose Bowl performing the “The Star-Spangled Banner” before a worldwide TV audience. “It

was awesome how everyone in the stadium came together for that moment. The whole crowd was unified and listening. Then those jets flew over. It was amazing!”

The experience was equally satisfying for Wiltshire: “The Rose Bowl people are so good about featuring the bands and respecting the tradition they embody,” he says. “That’s why it is so important for us to represent ourselves well there—to rise to their high level and stay there. A lot gets

thrust upon you during that week and our group responded and adapted.”

It is not surprising, though, that Autzen is the OMB’s preferred venue. Says Wiltshire: “As we’re waiting in the tunnel about to enter Autzen for that first game of the season, I always tell the band, ‘You are about to have an experience you will remember for the rest of your life.’” And they do. @

—Paul Roth, MS '92

JACK LIU

Like a Good Leader . . .

Risks and rewards for one player in his post-collegiate football career

IT'S A SAFE BET THAT NOT MANY insurance agents can bench press 300 pounds. Or, as Scott Vossmeier '05 says with all modesty and only because he's asked, "only 300 pounds."

There's also a certain amount of irony in a 6-foot-3, 230-pound State Farm insurance agent who loves to crash full-speed into other guys on the football field. And Vossmeier *loves* football. If afforded the opportunity, he'd be behind center, reading the opponent's secondary, motioning his tight end, shouting an audible, barking a hard count as 50,000 fans cheer. He'd be the leader, the guy everyone trusted.

But you don't always end up where you expected.

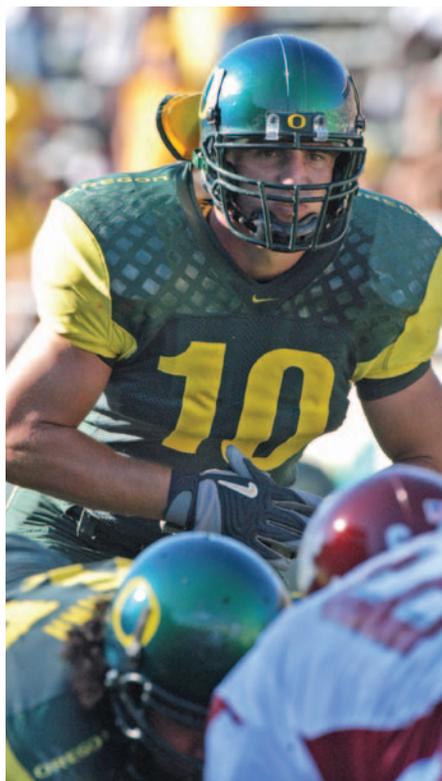
The former University of Oregon quarterback and linebacker got serious about football in his junior year at Crescenta Valley High School in La Crescenta, California, not far from the Rose Bowl. Physically gifted, with both size and speed to go with a rocket launcher for an arm, the versatile prep player impressed his coaches on both offense as quarterback and defense as a linebacker. He was soon dreaming of playing football at the next level.

His first goal—*egad*—was USC, the alma mater of many of Vossmeier's relatives. "When you grow up in Southern California, USC was one of those things. It's where people wanted to go," recalls Vossmeier from his office in La Cañada, California.

In his first game as starting quarterback for La Crescenta, he had a great first half. He broke his leg in the second half. His recruitment got put on hold.

He returned his senior season and set the school record for passing yards. But USC fired Vossmeier's recruiting coach and the university stopped calling. Dreams of Trojan glory were not to be.

Vossmeier fell in love with Oregon and picked the Ducks over schools that would have offered him a chance to start immediately. And that was a problem: the Ducks were stacked at quarterback. There was Joey Harrington '01, a future first-round draft pick and Heisman Trophy finalist. Harrington's backup was eventual NFL



Scott Vossmeier '05

quarterback A.J. Feeley '00. Then Jason Fife (who played in the NFL) and Kellen Clemens '05 (you guessed it: NFL) split time as starter before Clemens took over. Vossmeier languished on the bench while logging time on special teams. Going into his redshirt junior season, he knew he wouldn't get a chance to start. Frustration set in, and Vossmeier realized he would have to switch positions for a chance to play. And hey, he liked hitting guys.

"That's kind of what got me in trouble as a quarterback," says Vossmeier, now thirty. "Because I'd take off with the ball and go heads-up with the linebackers."

He asked linebackers coach Don Pellum '85, MS '87, for an opportunity. "I just wanted to play," Vossmeier says. "I just wanted to give it a shot."

He got a shot.

"Scott was a tough guy," Pellum says. "That's not to say that quarterbacks aren't tough, but it's to say that Scott was *unusu-*

ally tough. He's a big guy. He certainly looks like [a linebacker]"

A torn knee ligament sidelined Vossmeier his junior year, but it all came together when he was a senior. Finally.

"The biggest thing about Scott is he loved being on the field," Pellum says. "Whatever role it was."

Vossmeier loved his time at Oregon. The team took trips to places like Lake Shasta every summer, and the players were very close, he says, like family.

After he graduated with a degree in public relations, Vossmeier knew that playing in the NFL wasn't realistic. Despite his physical gifts, his lack of playing time meant he wasn't getting much attention.

There are, however, other options for a collegiate player looking to play professionally. He talked to former Ducks who had played in Germany and decided he wasn't ready to hang up the cleats.

"After I heard Scott's story, about his transfer from quarterback to linebacker, I was excited," says Andreas Mees, who coached the Saarland Hurricanes in the German Football League in 2006. "That's the kind of player I like, [someone] who does everything for the team, even change position."

The one season Vossmeier spent in Germany, alas, didn't go as planned. He returned to quarterback, but before the season even started the team's entire starting offensive line had been sidelined with injuries. He often found himself at the mercy of defensive linemen who seemed hell bent on killing him.

"I was running for my life," he says.

The team finished with a three-and-nine record; Vossmeier finished with a separated shoulder.

"In the beginning, it was all about football," Vossmeier says. "I wasn't satisfied about how everything ended at Oregon. I wanted another chance to go out there and throw the ball and prove to myself that I could still do it.

"But once I was there and I started to get beat up, it became more about being there and appreciating it.

“I just wanted to play. I just wanted to give it a shot.”

“The whole atmosphere there was so different. Here it’s all about working out and fast-twitch muscle reflexes and protein shakes and being prepared, and over there, it was just more a love of the game.”

Of all the European countries—many of which have at least one football league—Germany has most enthusiastically embraced the game.

“The crowds there would have those old World War II bombing sirens that you’d crank, and they’d be blasting those when the other team was on offense. And it’d just be, ‘Reeeeeeeeeeowwwwwwwww,’” Vossmeier says, laughing.

It wasn’t Autzen, or the NFL, but it was special.

After the season, he returned to Southern California and had a decision to make:

Have shoulder surgery and play for an arena team that was interested in him or get started on his off-field career?

He chose to follow in the footsteps of his father, Richard, a State Farm agent for thirty-one years. Today, Vossmeier has completed the long agent-certification process. September 1 marks his one-year anniversary; business is good.

But is he satisfied with how his life has turned out?

“I’ve learned to live with it, is what I would say. You know, I would’ve loved a shot at playing at the next level, and seeing if I could compete.

“It’s hard for me to look back and say, ‘Yeah, I wish I would’ve done that.’ Because my experience at Oregon was so great and the people I met in Germany and everything else.

“I’m satisfied,” he continues, pausing. “I’m satisfied. I still have football in my blood. I need to be around it. I’m frustrated when it’s not football season. I love coaching.”

And that’s the salve: coaching. In his spare time he works with local high school

quarterbacks.

“I learned a lot from Jeff Tedford [the Ducks’ offensive coordinator and quarterback coach in 2001 and current head football coach at Cal] about quarterbacking and how to be a coach—all of that stuff they just pound in your head. So I’ve got it there, and even though I didn’t always do it right, it’s something I can see and recognize.”

“He was very coachable, and very attentive and very smart,” says Tedford. “Being a student of the game; being responsible and the leadership component of the position—he was always very good at all those things.”

Even though Pellum and Tedford know firsthand about Vossmeier’s . . . aggressive . . . nature, they both gave the same answer when asked if they’d buy insurance from him.

Says Pellum: “Absolutely. Not a question. Because I trust him.”

Says Tedford: “Oh absolutely. Knowing what I know about him. You always want somebody you could trust.”

Like a quarterback. @

—Matt Tiffany, MS ’07

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Class Notes

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DUCKS AFIELD

An Awesome Defensive Line On a business trip to China, **Mike Kobelin** '79 unfurled his Oregon flag atop the Great Wall. "I've been taking my Duck flag on trips for the past twenty years or so," says the Portland resident and hardcore Duck, who has compiled a collection of similar photos taken "in places like NYC, Washington, DC, Dallas, Chicago, Mexico, the Big House, the Natty, son's wedding, last game at Mac Court, first game at Matt Arena, various national parks, the top of Mount Hood, Las Vegas [with an Elvis impersonator], and Babe Ruth's birthplace." A skydiver with nearly 300 jumps to his credit, Kobelin parachuted into Autzen Stadium at halftime during a 1978 victory over Washington State pulling an Oregon banner featuring the name of his fraternity, Sigma Phi Epsilon. 

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

WEB EXTRA: To see some of Kobelin's other images, visit OregonQuarterly.com.



1960s

Rick Mather '61 and his London-based studio, Rick Mather Architects, have been selected to design a \$230 million extension for the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts.

Alaby Blivet '63 and **Sara Lee Cake '45** had "a most astounding time at the London Olympics." Two unforgettable moments stand out, reports Blivet, "Oregon great Galen Rupp's magnificent 10,000 meter race and watching Sara Lee apologize after accidentally dumping a pint of Guinness in Bob Costas's lap."

Ronald Michael Reed, PhD '66, has won the George Award, given to business leaders for outstanding community service by the Rapid City, South Dakota, Chamber of Commerce. Notably, Reed worked with the community theater and the local health center.

1970s

Artist **Marel Kalyn '72, MFA '79**, recently had an exhibit of photography and handmade paper collages on display at the Golden Gallery in Beaverton.

Robin Collen '74, MS '84, and **Julie Sinnott, MS '83**, collaborated on a dance project, *Three-Sectional Sofa Suite*, for Sinnott's company, Beyond Boundaries Dance Collective, in Grand Junction, Colorado. Collen is a faculty member at the State University of New York, Potsdam. Sinnott is a physical therapist in Grand Junction.

■ Capping a dedicated career in education, **C. Leslie "Les" Carpenter, PhD '77**, retired as dean of the Sumter campus at the University of South Carolina, where he worked for nineteen years.

■ **Loren Houchen '77**, interim president and COO of Business Partners LLC in Chatsworth, California, travels often in Oregon and is looking forward to another year of Ducks athletics.

1980s

Karen Duckett Frey '80 was named vice president and managing director at Resnik Partners, a firm that helps companies improve business performance.

Joan Thormann, PhD '82, who has taught online for Lesley University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, since 1996, coauthored *The Complete Step-by-Step Guide to Designing and Teaching* (Teacher's College Press, 2012). The guide assists both novice and experienced instructors in providing effective online education.

Maria Artiz Saenz, MA '83, PhD '86, has started a business building custom log homes under the name Sunshine Logs in Houston, Texas.

■ **Katha Cato, MFA '84**, and her husband **Don Cato, MLA '76**, cofounders of the Queens World Film Festival in Jackson Heights, New York, report the successful completion of the festival's second year, which featured more than 140 films. They also recently volunteered as film screeners at the Long Island City Arts Open in New York.

Continued on page 57



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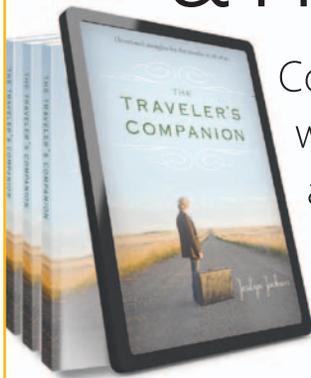
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CLASS NOTABLE

A Loving Family Reunion Anna and Don Loving '80 recently journeyed to India to meet fourteen-year-old Binita (left) and eleven-year-old Bhaskar. The couple sponsors the two through Good News India (GNI), an organization that feeds, houses, and cares for some 2,500 orphans. The Lovings traveled with a group of fellow sponsors from their church, Family Life Church in Newberg. In addition to seeing such famous sites as the Taj Mahal, Don Loving reports visiting many GNI facilities, most notably one that houses the children of lepers, where he met—and hugged—dozens of individuals afflicted with leprosy. "It was very moving to see the joy on their faces at simply being acknowledged as fellow human beings," he says.

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CLASS NOTES *Continued*

Stephen J. Giovannoni, PhD '84, has been awarded the 2012 J. Roger Porter Award by the United States Federation for Culture Collections, a society that furthers the science and practice of culture maintenance and systematic microbiology. The honor recognizes Giovannoni's decade of "leading the field of marine microbiology." He is a professor in the Department of Microbiology at Oregon State University.

Beer enthusiast **Gail D. Oberst** '84 recently launched a new publication, *The Oregon Beer Growler*, which features stories related to Oregon's craft beer industry.

■ **David P. Patton** '84, a vice president at American Councils, was appointed president of the National Council for Eurasian and East European Research, which encourages cross-cultural postdoctoral research that contributes to the understanding and development of post-communist countries in those regions.

Jazz guitarist **Richard Smith** '85 is on a global tour that includes stops in Australia, Italy, and French Polynesia. Smith is a professor at the University of Southern California's Thornton School of Music.

Tamara Pinkas, MS '85, coauthored her second book, *Find Your Next Professional Job* (Mosaic Eye, 2012), which features advice for experienced workers and students on résumés, interviewing, and more.

Marty Brounstein, MS '86, published his seventh book, *Two among the Righteous Few: A Story of Courage in the Holocaust* (Tate Publishing and Enterprises, 2011). The story

focuses on a Dutch Catholic couple who helped save the lives of at least two dozen Jews in southern Holland during World War II.

Jeff Sluggett, JD '86, is a partner in the law firm Bloom Sluggett Morgan PC in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Tammy Smith '86, who was commissioned through UO ROTC, was promoted to brigadier general in the Army Reserve. She works at the Pentagon.

■ **Guy Leahy** '87 is a column editor for the *TSAC Report*, an online journal about military physical fitness. Leahy is also an exercise physiologist for Davis-Monthan Air Force Base in Tucson, Arizona.

Leslie Clason Robinette '87 is the associate director of communications for the North Clackamas Schools in Clackamas. Her husband, **Dan Robinette** '88, MEd '92, is starting his twenty-fifth year teaching physics and chemistry at Clackamas High School.

■ **Scott Wolf**, MArch '89, was elected to the College of Fellows for the American Institute of Architects (AIA). A partner at the Miller Hull Partnership in Seattle, Washington, Wolf has received numerous AIA awards for his work, noted for its focus on sustainability.

1990s

Kendra (Caudle) Elliot-Boucher '90 published two suspense novels, *Hidden* and *Chilled* (Montlake Publish-

ing, 2012), in the Bone Secrets series, set in Oregon. Two additional novels from the series will be released in 2013.

John Bruning '90 coauthored the book *Outlaw Platoon* (Morrow, 2012), which tells the story of Captain Sean Parnell's deployment to the Afghan-Pakistan border in 2006. It spent seven weeks on *The New York Times* best-seller list, debuting at number sixteen. Bruning is under contract for four more books to be released next year.

Lt. Col. Keith Keana '91, MS '98, was appointed Air Force ROTC detachment commander and aerospace studies professor at Michigan State University.

Julie DeLong Painter '91 was named the academic dean for innovation at River Bluff High School in Lexington, South Carolina.

Antony T. Smith '91 received the 2012 International Reading Association Dina Feitelson Research Award as coauthor of "Oral Reading Fluency Assessment: Issues of Construct, Criterion, and Consequential Validity" (*Reading Research Quarterly*). He has been promoted to associate professor of education at the University of Washington, Bothell.

Eugene Gloria, MFA '92, a professor at DePauw University, has published his third book of poems, *My Favorite Warlord* (Penguin Poets, 2012). He will be a visiting writer at Bowling Green State University next spring.

Thor Wasbotten, MS '95, began serving as director of Kent State University's School of Journalism and Mass Communication in July. Formerly assistant dean for stu-

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dent media and online operations at Penn State, Wasbotten was selected for his leadership experience in the areas of television, student media, academics, and accreditation.

Nicolas G. Rosenthal '97, MA '00, published *Reimagining Indian Country: Native American Migration and Identity in Twentieth-Century Los Angeles* (University of North Carolina Press, 2012), which attempts to reorient our understanding of migrations of Native Americans into cities.

Allison Stormo '98 married Andrew Singer on April 20. Stormo is communications and marketing coordinator at the University of Idaho.

2000s

■ **Brian Malloy** '01 has been selected as a 2012 Northern California Rising Star by Super Lawyers, an organization that recognizes top young attorneys. Malloy, who works at the Brandi Law Firm in San Francisco, received the distinction twice previously.

Lory Bedikian, MFA '02, was awarded the 2010 Philip Levine Prize for her first book of poems, *The Book of Lamenting* (Anhinga Press, 2011).

■ **Ariel Talen-Keller** '03 recently competed as Mrs. Alaska U.S. All World Beauties in a national pageant in Orlando, Florida, where she placed second runner-up in her division.

■ **Elizabeth (Doyle) McLain** '06 and her husband, Nychal, celebrated the birth of their first child and future Duck, Orion Robert, on February 3.

Alyssa Engelberg '07 has joined Fisher and Phillips as an associate attorney at their Portland office.

Alex Rosenbaum, JD '07, was named to the board of directors for the nonprofit Oregon Area Jewish Committee. Rosenbaum is an associate at Portland law firm Miller Nash.

■ **James Guido Hanratty** '08 graduated in May from the University of San Francisco with an MA in teaching and a California single-subject teaching credential in social sciences.

Nick Swope '08 and his wife, Heather, just completed their first year as Peace Corps volunteers in Kharkhorin, Mongolia. Nick is working as a public-health educator at a hospital and was recently awarded a grant to assist with water purification at the facility.

Brittany (Jones) Manwill '09 was recently featured in a *Forbes* article, titled "Why Today's Grads Will Become Tomorrow's Greatest Innovators," for her work starting an energy bar company, Mazamabar, with her husband, Derek. Using the marketing skills she acquired at the Lundquist College of Business, Manwill is selling the bars to outdoor enthusiasts around the Pacific Northwest.

In Memoriam

Eugenia Robertson Delzell '42 died January 7. She lived much of her life in Nashville, Tennessee, then retired to New Mexico in 1998.

Carmen Louise (Williams) Lofte '42 died March 16 at age ninety-one. Lofte was an Alpha Xi Delta sister and an Order of the Rose member. She and her husband of fifty-two years, Robert Conrad Lofte, traveled frequently, living in Africa, England, and Israel before settling in central California.

Lynn Baker Keller '47 died June 3 at age eighty-six. Keller was a national member of the Delta Delta Delta sorority. Much of her life was spent caring for her growing family and actively contributing to community affairs in Fish Camp, California.

Donna McCain '52, of Newberg, died May 15 at the age of eighty-two. A member of the Alpha Gamma Delta chapter as a student, McCain was deeply involved in the sorority for decades, serving as national treasurer and helping to organize many chapters. She coowned the local newspaper, the *Newberg Graphic*, and was a dedicated member of the parks and recreation board, city council, and chamber of commerce.

Richard "Dick" Stewart, MMus '54, died May 22. He was eighty-two. Active in church choirs, Stewart worked as

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a professional performer of woodwind instruments. He taught music in the Pomona Public Schools in California before becoming a music professor at Willamette University, where he taught for thirty years.

Steve Nosler '59 died July 6 at age seventy-four. Nosler played for the UO men's golf team for one season, then coached the Ducks for fourteen years, winning eleven tournament titles and nine NCAA regional matches. While he retired in 2006, Nosler remained involved in the program as assistant coach and director of operations. He is survived by his wife, **Bunny Nosler** '60, and their two sons, **Peter Nosler** '05 and **Patrick Nosler** '91.

Ron Anderson '62, BL '65, died May 30 at age seventy-two. Anderson played for the Oregon football team on a sports scholarship, competing in the Liberty Bowl in 1960. A trial lawyer, Anderson helped to establish several law firms. He is survived by his wife, **Patti Wolleson Anderson** '62, son, Chris, and daughter, **Kari Anderson** '91.

Lee Allen '62 died June 11 at age seventy-eight. Allen, a renowned wrestler, competed in the 1956 and 1960 Olympic Games. In 1980 he was selected to coach the U.S. Olympic team—an honor affected by the American boycott of the games. Allen coached at both Skyline and Menlo Colleges in California for more than thirty years, and was inducted into several coaching halls of fame.

Debbie Lawrence Clausen '64, a UO journalism graduate, died May 20. Clausen was a member of the Alpha Gamma Delta sorority and contributed to the UO yearbook. She was an avid fan of the Men of Oregon and a devoted bridge player in the EMU.

M. Patrick Whitehill, MS '64, PhD '65, died February 25. He was eighty-two. Whitehill excelled at athletics, playing basketball and running at Eastern Washington University, where he later returned to serve as a physical education instructor for thirty years. He was inducted into the school's athletics hall of fame in 2001.

Vietnam War veteran **Rick McCreery** '65, MS '67, died July 21, 2011, at age sixty-seven. A Sigma Chi fraternity member and participant in ROTC, McCreery went on to work as a social worker in Oregon. McCreery is survived by his wife, Joan, as well as his daughter, **Kelley Bunkers** '92, and son, **Patrick McCreery** '94.

Paul Lutz, MA '67, PhD '70, died June 29 at his home in Spring Hill, Florida.

Doran Lindelien, DMA '79, died March 5. A longtime donor to the University, Lindelien worked as a band director in Washington and, later in his career, focused on instrument repair.

Gretchen Kiefer, MA '93, died March 12 at age forty-two. Kiefer was an accomplished musician who played both piano and organ. She pursued her love of German literature and language at the UO and frequently spent summers in Germany, where she moved upon marrying her husband, Hermann, in 1998.

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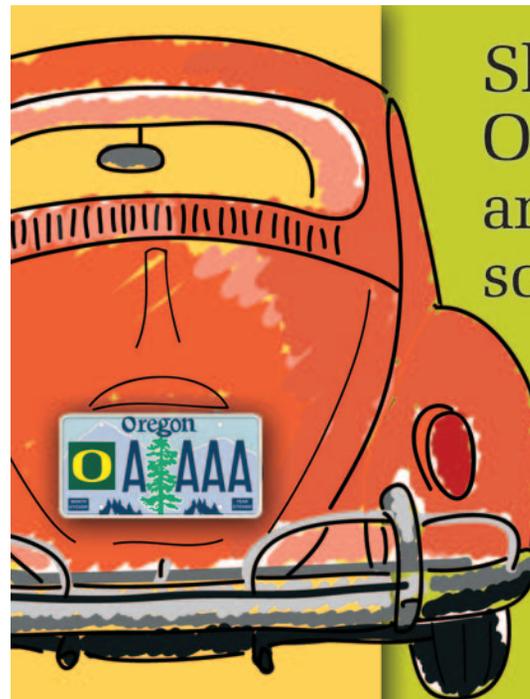
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Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Martin "Marty" Herbert Acker died April 30 at age ninety. Acker was a first lieutenant and prisoner of war interrogation officer in the Army during World War II. He was a professor emeritus in counseling psychology at the University.

Exine Margaret Anderson Bailey died May 3 at the age of ninety. Following a successful career as a radio vocalist, Bailey joined the University staff as a professor of voice and pedagogy in 1951 and spent the next thirty-six years working within the School of Music. During her time as professor emerita, Bailey helped to organize the school's first summer vocal workshop for high school students.

World War II veteran **James "Jim" Chowning Davies** died March 30 at age ninety-three. Davies served as chair of the political science department from 1966 to 1969. He retired from teaching in 1983 after a career that included founding the International Society for Political Psychology.

Computer scientist **Larry Reeker** died April 6 at age sixty-nine. In addition to teaching at the UO, Reeker worked at many universities as well as at the National Science Foundation, the Institute for Defense Analyses, and the National Institutes of Standards and Technology. 

Tell us what's happening!

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

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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Autumn issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



"Of the five coeds pictured," laments the August-September 1962 Old Oregon, "only the one in slacks and blouse has come close to capturing the true intent of 'relaxed informality'; only one comes close to being 'presentable' in the public areas of a cultural and intellectually oriented University." The others? Simply "sloppy."

1922 A fire breaks out on the final day of summer session, destroying the art and physical education buildings. It is put out with help from the campus community, with "deans and professors and assistant professors, professors' wives, and students up on roofs assisting in the fight on the fire."

1932 A gift from UO vice president Burt Brown Barker, the recently dedicated *Pioneer Mother* statue was inspired by Barker's mother, who came West in a wagon train.

1942 It's life during wartime, and even an alumni picnic gets the war-reporting treatment: "Coastwide dim-out darkened the lights of Jantzen Beach August 31, but failed to darken the spirit of 3,000 alumni, students, and friends whose 'civilian army' stormed to blitz success at the University of Oregon's tenth annual summer picnic."

1952 University administrators are pleasantly surprised when enrollment drops by only 6.5 percent, rather than the 10 percent predicted as the national norm. Total enrollment hits an even 4,200 for fall term.

1962 A story lamenting "the appalling apparel of the college coed" bemoans the "sloppy attire," such as jeans and sweatshirts, that female students are favoring as they flout the suggestion of the Associated Women Students that "University of Oregon coeds ... should try to look attractive and feminine at all times."

1972 The Olympic Trials track-and-field meet is held at Hayward Field. Oregon Olympic team

members who qualify to go to Munich include Steve Prefontaine '73, who sets an American record in the 5,000 meters; Jon Anderson, third in the 10,000 meters; Mike Manley, a thirty-year-old North Eugene High School teacher who takes first in the steeplechase; Steve Savage '71, third in the steeplechase; and Kenny Moore '66, MFA '72, who ties with Florida's Frank Shorter for first place in the marathon.

1982 UO social sciences researchers Ed Weeks and Sandra Drengacz, MS '82, examine trends and issues around the collapse of communities when the timber mills that drive their local economies close, quantifying the social costs of a problem facing many Oregon towns.

1992 Former Oregon attorney general and Republican gubernatorial candidate Dave Frohn-mayer warns that a "new tribalism" of special-interest politics may tear Oregon apart, noting, "We are seeing the growth of a politics based upon narrow concerns, rooted in the exploitation of divisions of class, cash, gender, region, ethnicity, morality, and ideology—a give-no-quarter and take-no-prisoners activism that demands satisfaction and accepts no compromise. I believe it threatens our future."

2002 Gary Thill, MS '98, chronicles the complex issues of class, race, politics—and chickens—that swirl around gentrification in northeast Portland, from his own point of view as a new condo owner witnessing the effects, good and bad, he and others are having on the fabric of a neighborhood. 

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uoalumni.com/events for detailed information

September 11

Ducks Biz Lunch
PDX Ducks Chapter
PORTLAND

September 19

Ducks Biz Lunch
BELLEVUE-PUGET SOUND CHAPTER
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

September 29

Bowling
DESERT DUCKS CHAPTER
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

UO-UW tailgate party

Safeco Field
SEATTLE

October 10

Ducks Biz Lunch
PDX DUCKS CHAPTER
PORTLAND

October 16

Ducks Biz Lunch
SEATTLE-PUGET SOUND CHAPTER
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

October 26

**Homecoming, 50th Reunion,
Multicultural Reunion**
EUGENE

November 3

UO-USC tailgate party
Exposition Park
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

November 8

Ducks Biz Lunch
PDX DUCKS CHAPTER
PORTLAND

November 10

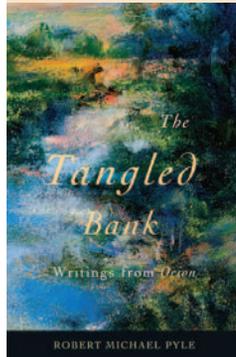
UO-UCB tailgate party
Underhill Field
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

November 21

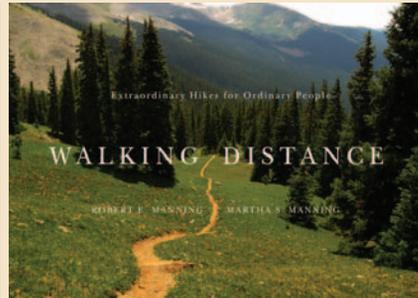
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BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

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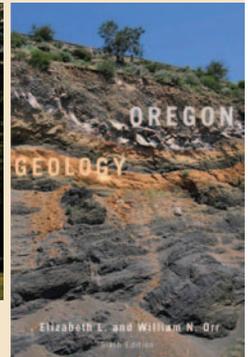
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A Simple Country Doctor

A physician finds compassion and community in a rural Oregon town.

By Kevin Johnston '91

"Why Burns?" friends will ask. They don't want to come out and say it, but what they mean is, "What in the hell is out there for you?" They see empty buildings and sagebrush, the realities of an abysmal economy that has plagued this part of Oregon for more than thirty years, since the mill went silent. I don't have a pat answer. For ten years I have lived here because I choose to. "Why Burns?" is not just a question of why I would move to this remote and unique frontier community, but also, "Why are you you?"

I came to medicine later in life than some. For my first twenty-three years, I moved gradually away from my rural upbringing, from a farm boy who sheared sheep for gas money to a social worker with a UO degree living in suburban Portland, with a wife and a monthly rent payment that was a struggle to meet on a nonprofit salary.

Then life changed dramatically, as it often does, through the least dramatic of events. A summer weekend brought another counselor and me to the golf course, to decompress and discuss our joint frustrations. Two pleasant young men celebrating their graduation from medical school completed our foursome. Later, as we loaded our clubs back into my Civic, I said to my colleague, "You know what? I don't think those guys are any smarter than we are." That night I informed my wife and visiting father, "I think I am going to go to medical school." My wife, in her unshakable fortitude, replied, "Oh, and how long would that take?" "As far as I can tell," I said, "I should be making a paycheck in about ten years." My father's reply carried his simple and always poignant wisdom: "Well, in ten years you will be ten years older either way; pumping gas or as a doctor."

So I went back to school, working the nightshift as a mental health counselor. I loved everything I did, from obstetrics to surgery, emergency care to primary care. Initially I was determined to pursue neurosurgery. One afternoon I informed a friend in the lab (a Hungarian neurosurgeon) that I intended to apply to a neurosurgical residency. He shook his bearded face slowly and said in a heavy accent, "No, no, no, you not be a neurosurgeon." Offended, I made my case defensively: I had excellent grades, great board scores, research. . . . "No, no, no, you like your patients too much," he explained. "A neurosurgeon has to love the *surgery*. He like the patient, but the surgery he *love*."

He was right. I did love the people I cared for. I decided I would not be a neurosurgeon, but trauma surgery seemed to be a profession with enough testosterone and adrenaline to keep anyone intoxicated for a lifetime. Before I could apply for the training that I was convinced was my future, however, I was assigned a six-week rural rotation in Burns.

On this rotation I put in my first sutures, ran traumas in the ER, delivered my first baby. Taking care of people was not just about seeing someone in the office; you saw them everywhere they needed you (even the frozen food aisle of Safeway). The doctors here really knew their patients; not by meticulous review of their medical records, but because they went to church with them, hunted with them, sat next to them at high school basketball games.

One day my attending physician and I saw a young woman, halfway through her pregnancy, with complications that needed a specialist evaluation urgently. She and her husband had driven nearly 100 miles to get to us, and when the doctor informed them they would need to drive another 130 miles to the specialist, her husband said, "I don't know, Doc, I drove in the

ranch truck and I don't think it will make it that far."

Without pause the doctor reached in his pocket, took out his keys, and said, "My Suburban is in the parking lot, it is full of gas, just leave it there when you get back into town." My view of what it means to be someone's doctor changed in that moment.

I returned to the university and told the chair of the surgery department that I would not be pursuing a surgical residency. Instead, I would obtain training to be a rural physician. As she tried to talk me out of this—"It is a waste of your skill to be a family doctor . . . we could get you a fellowship at Duke . . . you will never make a decent income in a practice like that"—I could only think, "She really doesn't know." I was fairly certain she had never delivered a baby before dawn, smiling at the cherubic fussiness of a newborn; then held back tears as she consoled a family about the loss of a grandmother; then taken a deep breath and moved on to reassure a middle-aged man that he was not having a heart attack. She had never pulled the keys out of her pocket.

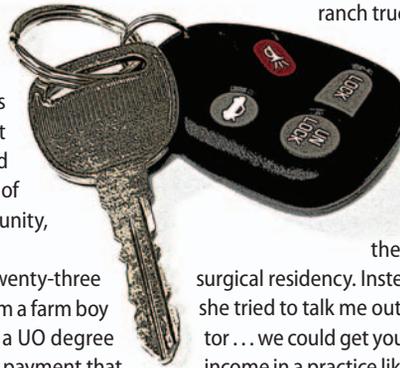
I was in Wisconsin training to prepare for a rural practice when a relative attending a wedding in Burns somehow passed on the information that I was going to be a family doctor. I was asked to consider setting up my practice there, and I knew it was a done deal before I ever got on the plane from Wisconsin.

Practice in Burns was everything I expected and more. I loved the variety, I loved being the last and only line against misery and illness in this community, and I loved caring for people that I cared about. I became a professor for the university, teaching medical students in the same rotation that had changed my life. I had no desire to convince students to be rural doctors, only to teach them to be good and caring doctors, and to that end I hope I have been successful.

So, why Burns? Why live where I look out of my window at a smokestack that stands silent over the remains of a city 100 years past its heyday, where cattle outnumber people, where my phone number is in the book because I know someone would just knock on my door if it were not? Because Burns is beautiful. Sure, I could point out the joy of being on Steens Mountain, looking over the Alvord Desert. The humbling enormity of wide-open space and the majesty of the Malheur National Forest. But these features, however stunning, are not the most inspirational attributes of this small, dry piece of Oregon. Burns is beautiful because it is full of beautiful people—generous people who look you straight in the eye, smile, shake your hand, and actually care when they ask you how your day is going.

Recently, two nice young women from Portland came to our Emergency Department. They were on a long-distance bike ride but one had developed an infection in her leg, easily treated, but making further travel by bike impossible. Their car was in Prairie City, about ninety miles away, and we have no car rentals in our community. They were in a pickle. Without pause I found myself saying, "My van is in the parking lot, it is full of gas. . . ." I reached in my pocket and handed them my keys. 

Kevin Johnston earned a BS in sociology from the UO and an MD from OHSU. He practices medicine in Burns, Oregon, where he lives with his wife, Tammy, and their four daughters.



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