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How We Make the Magazine

An illustrated look at the process of making the summer issue of Oregon Quarterly, from initial ideas to final product.
I think if we were all like Arun, if we all listened the way he does, this world would have a lot fewer problems. That peace thing would happen in no time.

—EMILY CARPENTER, BA '14
WEBSITE EXCLUSIVE
Enjoy great nonfiction writing by winners and finalists in our annual essay contest, including “155 Days” by student category first-place winner Nysia Trejo.

TALK TO US Comment on stories and share your favorites with others via e-mail and social media.

MORE TO LOVE See additional materials—including video and photo galleries—related to stories in the print edition, and read additional stories not found in the pages of this publication.

LEARN MORE Read a little more about the people who create Oregon Quarterly and learn about our approach to covering the university and its alumni.

JOIN IN Submit letters, class notes, and photos for our “Ducks Afield” section.

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50 Years Later

Returning to campus for the 50th reunion was joyful and insightful. I didn’t recognize any of those old, gray-haired, deaf people who were inducted into the Order of the Emerald, but I did meet people I never knew in college.

I toured the campus with Katy George, BA ’13, who was also a journalism school grad. She waited outside the library while I ordered a copy of my 1964 journalism thesis, which was bound in the archives of the library. It was typed on a portable Smith Corona typewriter: 40 pages long, not too many mistakes, and fairly readable for a 21-year-old, second-generation Oregonian.

Of course, I had to attend a football game. My friend Carolyn is Hawaiian and I was looking forward to seeing her Hawaiian homeboy, quarterback Marcus Mariotta, BS ’14. When “I’m Going Home to Oregon” rang through Autzen Stadium, I cried. The sunset over Autzen was Oregon as I remembered it, pink and orange with the silhouettes of pine trees in the foreground. What a place of profound memories, hard times, lost love, golden opportunities, and enduring beauty.

Rosemary Eismann, BS ’64
Modesto, California

Confronting Sexual Assault

The article titled “It’s On Us” (Spring 2015) proves far more important and timely a read than anything, at this point in our history. College campuses, the UO included, are under intense scrutiny regarding the safety of their student populations. I find it hard to believe, after my years of attending University of Oregon sociology and women’s studies courses, that this is not front-cover worthy. In fact, the entire publication could be dedicated to this tragic and challenging social issue.

Susan Williamson, BS ’91
Eugene

What the University of Oregon is dealing with are three societal issues that are not new: lack of moral example taught by parents, alcohol abuse, and immature brains, especially in males from age 18 to 25. I’m not putting all the blame for sexual assault on young men. Getting stupid drunk and thinking that the young stud at the party wants you to go to his room to see his . . . toothpick sculpture . . . is NOT acting responsibly. Alcohol abuse
Ashlee B. Sportswear (above)
Bachelor of Science in Psychology. Working towards becoming a neuroscientist and studying atypical development in the brain.

Aaron A. Sportswear & Café (below)
Bachelor of Arts in Business with a sports business concentration. Aspires to work in event promotion, contract negotiation or sports marketing.

Fiona B. Books (below)
Bachelor of Arts in English. Hopes to one day own a farm, teach riding lessons and work with veterinarians to assist in the rehabilitation of injured horses.
is at the bottom of rape and a myriad of our societal woes. Alcohol doesn’t have to be banned, but people must be educated about the very real consequences of its abuse. It’s really too bad our universities are expected to take up this role. Good luck. I hope all your committees, task forces, and awareness classes have a positive impact.

Annette Hepner, BFA ’00, MFA ’02
Eugene

On the Right Track?
Well . . . maybe I was wrong. My experience at the UO was a wonderful one, but it wasn’t necessarily an environment that encouraged open dialogue and diversity of opinion, especially when it comes to political views. I cringe whenever I hear about commencement speakers shouted down mid-speech, or not even allowed to speak because of political incorrectness or a political view that’s not obviously liberal or left-leaning. After reading “Red, Right, and New,” (Spring 2015), I have new hope that all points of view can be heard on my campus.

Mark Patterson, BS ’76
Seattle, Washington

I was taken aback by the comment in the latest Oregon Quarterly from Bret Jacobson, BS ’03, who said his work was “pushing back against the most radical of activists,” including animal rights groups, community organizers, and labor unions. What? He calls these “radical”? Wow. I find that shockingly ridiculous. ELF and Greenpeace maybe, even PETA, but not these established, mainstream organizations. Labor unions, radical? Laughable.

Carole Parkinson, BS ’72
Portland, Oregon

It’s Time to Give Back
The years 1949–53 had to be the best years to be a student at the UO. It was the time of the new Erb Memorial Union, the Oregon Daily Emerald housed in a Quonset hut, and the Pigger’s Guide, a social protocol for attending football games at Hayward Field. Inspirational professors coupled with stimulating courses highlighted the time, but there was something else: the state of Oregon was strongly committed to higher education and the financial support of students. Upon graduation, many of us gave back to the university, often in the form of scholarships.

A Google trip to the university today reveals a vast array of activities and excellence in academics and athletics, but there is an exception: state support for higher education has reached new lows. Today’s in-state student (2013–14) paid $9,918 in tuition and fees. My annual cost in 1950: $165. Yes, some of the increase is due to inflation, but the main reason for the difference is that the state paid 70 percent of the education costs in the early 1950s. The figure today is about 5 percent.

Another indicator? Forty-nine percent of the 2013 graduates took out loans, with an average indebtedness of $24,540. This makes a mighty case for the state and the UO to help finance quality education for students. But in the current void we—a whole bunch of us—need to step up and give back.

Clyde Fahlman, BS ’53
Portland, Oregon

We want to hear from you.
Please submit your letters at OregonQuarterly.com, to quarterly@uoregon.edu, or by mail to Editor, Oregon Quarterly, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-5228. You may also post comments online at OregonQuarterly.com. Published letters may be edited for brevity, clarity, and style.

Correction
In the Spring 2015 issue, we misidentified Via magazine as a publication of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts. It is actually published by the American Automobile Association.
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No Spring Break

These wheelbarrows won’t be resting for long. Jane Brubaker, BLArch ’93, MLA ’95, of facilities services, reports that the grounds crew plants thousands of flowers and hundreds of bushes each May, with help from student and staff volunteers on University Day (May 21 this year).
UO’s Next President

Michael H. Schill, a University of Chicago dean and law professor, will become the 18th president of the University of Oregon following his unanimous selection by the UO Board of Trustees.

Schill rose to the top of a competitive pool of applicants and was one of four finalists recommended by the 14-member search committee, which was chaired by Trustee Connie Ballmer, BS ’84. Currently dean and Harry N. Wyatt professor of law at the University of Chicago Law School, Schill will take office on July 1.

“I think Mike Schill can be a truly transformational leader for the university,” says Chuck Lillis, PhD ’72, chair of the UO Board of Trustees. “This is not a person who is interested in us being average at anything. He has high academic standards. This could be a really remarkable point in our history.”

“We received tremendous input from the campus community on what it was looking for in our next president,” Ballmer says, “and we are confident that Mike embodies the skills, traits, and qualities that the UO’s faculty, students, staff, alumni, and stakeholders wanted. Throughout the search, I was impressed with his curiosity and creativity. He will bring exactly the right type of collaborative but tough leadership necessary to advance the UO’s priorities and its public mission.”

Prior to joining the University of Chicago in 2010, Schill served as dean of the UCLA School of Law from 2004 to 2009. His other faculty appointments include tenured positions as professor of law and urban planning at New York University and professor of law and real estate at the University of Pennsylvania.

A nationally recognized expert in property, real estate, and housing law and policy, Schill is the author or coauthor of three books and more than 40 scholarly articles. His casebook, *Property*, coauthored with James Krier and Greg Alexander, is widely used in American law schools.

In addition to being the university’s president, Schill also will hold a tenured faculty position in the UO School of Law.

TrackTown to the World

The UO’s Hayward Field will host the IAAF World Championships in track and field in 2021. This is the first time the international competition will be held on US soil. “We are thrilled to be able to welcome the world in 2021,” says Vin Lananna, UO associate athletic director and TrackTown USA president. “We thank the IAAF for their decision and the people of Oregon.

Masters of Innovation

The next generation of sports product gurus can soon enroll in the UO’s new master’s degree program in Sports Product Management, based in Portland. Students will have access to the White Stag Innovation Lab, a product-making space with specialized equipment to design, make, and test prototype sports footwear, apparel, and equipment. A planned Retail Innovation Store will give students practical experience in retail design, management, and marketing. Graduates will be prepared for careers in product line management, merchandising, product development, brand management, sustainable supply chain management, and more.

“This program will give our students direct connections to top talent in the industry. Many of our instructors are leaders and innovators in the sports product industry,” says Ellen Schmidt-Dervlin, director of the Sports Product Management Program and a 30-year veteran of the industry.
History Retooled

A small stone tool found at a rock shelter site near Riley, Oregon, may be evidence of one of the oldest human occupations in the western United States. A team from the UO and the Bureau of Land Management discovered the orange agate tool during a dig at Rimrock Draw Rockshelter in southeastern Oregon in September 2012. They found the tool beneath a layer of ash from a Mount St. Helens eruption that occurred 15,800 years ago. The discovery suggests that the ancient inhabitants who used the tool predated the Clovis culture—long regarded as the oldest cultural tradition in the Americas—by thousands of years. In 2008, research by UO archaeologist Dennis Jenkins revealed a human occupation at Oregon’s Paisley Caves that predated Clovis by 1,000 years. The agate tool has been undergoing various tests and recently came up positive for bison blood residue.

Making Water Safer

University of Oregon geologist Qusheng Jin initially labeled his theory “A Wild Hypothesis.” Now his study of arsenic cycling in a southern Willamette Valley aquifer is splashing with potential significance for arsenic-compromised aquifers around the world. In the journal *Nature Geoscience*, Jin’s team reports on a bacterial process that turns toxic inorganic arsenic into organic forms that are considered less dangerous. Jin’s conclusion now is that organic arsenic should be monitored. “No one has touched on the link between arsenic on the surface and in groundwater,” says Jin. “Traditionally, the presence of the organic form in groundwater has been ignored. The focus has always been on inorganic forms.” That approach, Jin says, oversimplifies the view on arsenic levels and overlooks how human activities, including pumping and irrigation, or environmental factors such as heavy rain or drought, may influence organic forms.
College internships generally offer good work experience, but in the best of cases, they are truly transformative. For Alexandria (Alex) Deitz, class of ’15, interning last summer with the Oregon Innocence Project radically changed her belief system. “I am now anti-death penalty,” she says. “Prior to my internship, I believed that the courts were much more effective and accurate. But now that I have seen the many issues people face within the justice system, I do not believe that the death penalty achieves its mission in reaffirming the nation’s moral standards.”

The Oregon Innocence Project (OIP), a Portland-based non-profit dedicated to exonerating wrongfully convicted prisoners, is part of a national network of innocence projects staffed primarily by volunteer lawyers and law students. Since the first project was launched in 1989 at the Cardozo School of Law in New York City, more than 1,500 people in the United States have been exonerated, although this is considered to be a small percentage of the innocent people still in prison. “These people have no one on their side,” Deitz says. “They hear about the Innocence Project and it’s a small glimmer of hope.”

It is widely estimated that the rate of wrongful convictions among violent felonies may be as high as 4 percent. “There are both statistically and anecdotally too many people in prison who were wrongly convicted,” says UO associate professor of geography Shaul Cohen, Carnegie Council Global Ethics Fellow and chair of the steering committee for the UO’s Inside-Out Prison Exchange program. “We need to make sure they have proper advocacy and are not forgotten. It’s a huge moral and ethical obligation on society to attend to those cases.”
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The OIP, launched in April 2014, is a project of the nonprofit Oregon Justice Resource Center. The project began taking requests for legal assistance this past fall and has received “dozens and dozens” of requests from prisoners, says Aliza Kaplan, OIP cofounder and associate professor of law at Lewis and Clark College. Each request starts with a letter, e-mail, or phone call from a prisoner. After that, the inmate fills out a 30-page questionnaire. Then comes the groundwork during which the staff decides if a case will make it to the next level. “We are looking seriously at a handful of cases,” Kaplan says, “but we haven’t officially taken any yet.”

After extensive research to determine overwhelming proof of innocence, attorneys use hard evidence to build their case, possibly including DNA; cyberanalysis; paint-chip analysis; bullet, tool, and tire marks; or footprints. Cases may be as many as 20 years old, and when reinvestigating them, OIP members look for problems such as eyewitness misidentification, faulty or invalid forensic science, false confessions, bad lawyering, and government misconduct. “So many wrongful convictions are built on emotional pleas by prosecutors who just want to get someone off the street,” Deitz says. “But just because the people had done crimes in the past or weren’t model citizens, that doesn’t mean they should be in jail for a crime they didn’t commit.”

Deitz, a Dean’s Access Scholarship recipient who will graduate from the UO after just three years, describes herself as a “nerd” who loves to listen to Supreme Court oral arguments. While at the UO, she tutored student athletes in business, economics, and math; traveled to Russia on an exchange program; and interned with the OIP. “I don’t like to be bored,” she says, without a trace of irony.

A political science major, she also received the prestigious Benjamin A. Gilman International Scholarship—a highly competitive Department of State scholarship—which enabled her to travel to Russia, where she attended political science classes at Saint Petersburg State University. “We had amazing debates with Russian political science students,” she says. “It broke down so many stereotypes.”

Her interest in the OIP began when she participated in the December 2013 Final Mile March, a repeat of the last mile of the 700-plus-mile Innocence March (from San Diego to the state capitol in Sacramento), which was organized by three lawyers from the California Innocence Project to raise awareness of 12 wrongly convicted prisoners. Deitz was amazed and changed by the experience. “There were moments throughout the march where I would listen to a friend or family member talk about the person they know and love being incarcerated for crimes they didn’t commit,” she says. “The weight in their voices made me realize how invaluable the Innocence Project is to so many families.”

In typical fashion, Deitz didn’t just march the final mile, absorb the moment, and go home. She took action. Having heard that Oregon, one of the last states in the union to create an Innocence Project, was finally getting one started, she called the program’s founders and said she wanted to help. She was one of the OIP’s first interns and the only one who wasn’t a law student.

The work wasn’t glamorous. “To be honest, I did a lot of typing,” she says. “But as I listened to Bobbin (S. Bobbin Singh, OIP executive director) and Professor Kaplan talk about the
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cases, I learned about the process. I got to see the brains behind the organization and how decisions were made.”

And during those two months, something happened.

“I will look at law completely differently,” says Deitz, who plans to study constitutional law and eventually enter politics. “I classify as a Republican, but being there opened my mind to the biases our judicial system holds—to problems that most people turn a blind eye to.

“Everyone who enters the courtroom comes in with biases they don’t even see in themselves,” she says. “Then, huge decisions are made that impact someone’s entire life. We need to spread the word about how unreliable eyewitness testimony is—how your mind plays tricks on you. We need to show people there are true issues we need to fix.”

Kaplan says she loves having student interns involved with the work. “They look at the facts, the cases, the stories with such fresh eyes,” she says. “My students have taught me so much, on purpose or by accident. They say, ‘What about this?’ and I say, ‘Go research that.’ Smart, committed students are such a benefit.”

As far as Deitz is concerned, Kaplan can’t say enough good things. “She’s a star,” she says, “a real go-getter. She is incredibly interested and eager to understand the issues and learn about the criminal justice system.” Deitz was equally inspired by the OIP directors. “It’s amazing to see their passion,” she says, “helping people they’ve never met and have no reason to be helping. It restores your faith in humanity.”

The California 12, Deitz notes, has now become the California 11, with one wrongly convicted prisoner set free. “That might not seem like much,” she says, “but it’s an entire life, an entire family, that’s affected.

“These are real issues,” she adds. “It’s not just a bunch of kooky liberals trying to get people out of jail.” ROSEMARY HOWE CAMOZZI, BA ’96
“A little change started a sustainable revolution.”

– Kate Brown, Oregon Governor

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Most of us spend our lives drifting along on the Earth’s continental plates, giving little thought to the mysteries that lie below.

Geophysicists are different. They want to understand the underworld: our planet’s ever-shifting tectonic plates, deep pockets of magma, and stress-relieving earthquakes. Show them a No. 2 pencil and it reminds them of a fault line that will flex and flex and flex—and then . . . snap. Pick up a baseball, and in the stitching that encircles it, they see the patterns of our mid-ocean ridge system.

Always, they want to know how and why.

Why is the Cascadia Subduction Zone so quiet? How big is the magma pocket under central Oregon’s Newberry Caldera? What is the structure of the Aegean Sea’s Santorini volcano?

And increasingly: Why doesn’t the West Coast have an Earthquake Early Warning System?

UO geophysicists (and husband-and-wife team) Doug Toomey and Emilie Hooft are key players in the search to understand volcanic processes, plate tectonics, and yes, that giant earthquake that is forecast to wreak havoc on the Northwest coast.

You’ve seen the news. In what is known as the Cascadia Subduction Zone, ranging from northern California’s Cape Mendocino to Vancouver, British Columbia, three plates—the Gorda, Juan de Fuca, and Explorer—are slowly sliding under the North American plate. But they are not grinding and slipping and letting off steam as they subduct. The fault line is locked, eerily quiet relative to other subduction zones, and building up a lot of stress.

Of the four corners of the Pacific, ours is the only corner where there hasn’t been a huge earthquake—magnitude 9 or
greater—in the last decade. The last one happened here in 1700; historically, the interval between events has been observed to vary from 200 to 800 years (a 1 in 300 possibility each year, according to Toomey). A destructive tsunami will likely follow, hitting the Oregon and Washington coasts within 20 minutes. The disaster is expected to cause financial losses of at least $60 billion as well as loss of more than 10,000 lives.

To help prepare for the Big One, Toomey and a team of scientists (which includes Hooft as well as others from universities and research institutes throughout the US) have put together the National Science Foundation–funded Cascadia Initiative, a four-year project that uses an array of 70 ocean-bottom seismometers (instruments that measure seismic waves created by ground motion) deployed at more than 250 sea-floor sites to monitor the Juan de Fuca plate’s movement.

The team has conducted marine expeditions six times each year for the past four years, during which they installed and retrieved the seismometers. Many of the voyages included geophysics and postdoctoral students, giving them valuable research experience. Preliminary results are being released and more are expected after the last instruments are picked up this fall.

“Seismic tomography is like a CAT scan for the Earth,” Toomey says. “We can measure the structure of the Cascadia Subduction Zone and compare this to surface geology, uplift rates, and the distribution of earthquakes and their focal mechanisms” (how the Earth deforms and breaks).

As the research has progressed, Toomey has become an increasingly vocal advocate for a West Coast Earthquake Early Warning System that has been developed by the University of California at Berkeley, the California Institute of Technology, the University of Washington, the US Geological Survey (USGS), and the University of Oregon.

The system will give advance warning of strong shaking—after an earthquake has been detected but before the shaking arrives—providing minutes of warning for earthquakes on the coast (three to five minutes for Portland and Seattle, respectively, if the earthquake begins in northern California) and up to 30 seconds of warning for large earthquakes near Puget Sound and Portland. That might not sound like much, but in the best case, it would allow time to take such measures as evacuating schools, halting trains, shutting off machinery, stopping sensitive surgeries, and issuing tsunami warnings.

So Toomey has a new and urgent role: lobbyist. He has traveled to both the state and federal legislatures to advocate for the system, which will cost $16.5 million a year to operate. Former Oregon governor John Kitzhaber allocated $670,000 to buy 15 high-quality seismometers, and Congressman Peter DeFazio is “a real champion of earthquake early warning,” Toomey says, noting that the federal government has put up $5 million. But more money is needed to set up and run the network.
THE ART OF SUBDUCTION

Toomey, a full professor, arrived at the UO in 1990 after earning his PhD in oceanography through a joint program offered by the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution. He knows it’s imperative to donate his time to the early warning system, but his real love, he says, is the research. Along with Hooft, he studies the origins of life itself. “We have life on this planet because of plate tectonics,” he says. “It’s the combination of plate tectonics and water.”

Continents are old, Toomey notes, and are embedded in a system of ever-changing tectonic plates. Eighty-five percent of the annual volcanic activity on the planet occurs underwater along the mid-ocean ridge system, which constantly generates the material that forms the new oceanic parts of the plates. “This conveyor belt of generation, evolution, and subduction is processing the long-term chemistry of the oceans and the atmosphere,” he says, explaining that carbon dioxide comes out of volcanoes, goes into the atmosphere, and ends up in the ocean, where it makes carbonate sediments that get subducted back under the continental plates, reemerging at volcanoes that emit carbon dioxide again. “This cycling of CO2 has provided the long-term thermostat of our planet,” he says.

His team’s main research goal for the past five or so years has been to understand why mid-ocean ridges are segmented. “There has been a dominant model in our community that we are about to disprove, using data we’ve gathered from the Endeavor segment of the Juan de Fuca ridge,” he says. The prevailing theory has been that the ridges are segmented as a result of blobs of magma rising to the surface. But now that the team has been able to monitor the flow rate and direction of the mantle (the semisolid layer that lies underneath the ridges, between the Earth’s crust and core), they believe that the plates are constantly reconfiguring in reaction to subduction zones around the world, and that the segmentation of the ridges is caused by how the surface plates are behaving or responding to changes in rates of subduction. “So we are finding a global top-down system,” Toomey says.

MEASURING MAGMA

Hooft, an associate professor, earned her PhD in oceanography in 1997, also through MIT and the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution,
and arrived at the UO as a research associate in 1999. She is chief scientist on a research project at Newberry Volcano in central Oregon, where she and her team of students have been using seismology to pinpoint the properties of its magma chamber.

The volcano erupted and collapsed about 70,000 years ago, leaving a five-mile-wide, oval-shaped caldera. The area is still very “hot” (as evidenced by the eruption of the Big Obsidian flow, 1,300 years ago and by a number of geothermal springs) and although it is currently in a quiet phase, it is on the USGS list of volcanoes with the highest potential for eruption. Measuring its magma chamber allows the geophysicists to ascertain how deep the chamber lies as well as how molten it is. Until now, it has been difficult to measure small chambers, and part of this research has been to find better ways to understand these relatively small systems that aren’t easy to measure using traditional methods.

Hooft’s team began collecting data in 2008, digging holes and installing 81 closely spaced seismometers. After using a drill hole explosion to create seismic waves that traveled through the earth, they measured how the waves rippled, distorted, and indented as they came to the surface after having gone through the magma chamber.

They also measured waves from teleseismic earthquakes (very large earthquakes that happen around the world), and by using the two sets of results, they were able to pinpoint the size of the chamber.

A third method of discovery is to use mathematical methods to measure and interpret background noise such as waves crashing on the beach. “That noise propagates through all of the US,” Hooft says. “So even if you are far from the coast, you still have that general noise. You can actually start to infer what the structure is just by recording [the structure of] background noise.”

Hooft also has a wish list: funding ($500,000) for 270 small seismometers that can record ground motion in three directions. Unlike the larger seismometers, which are more sensitive but must be dug deep into bedrock, each of these units comes complete with the sensor, computer, and battery; they are rechargeable and can be easily carried in backpacks. “These could be used for all kinds of really cool things,” Hooft says. “You could put them on one part of a volcano for 30 days, and then move them around. Or you could cover a landslide with them and figure out its thickness. This might help answer the question: if there is an earthquake on Cascadia, will that trigger existing landslides?”

“I’ve always been very interested in understanding magma plumbing under volcanoes, especially deep down.”
—EMILIE HOOFT

PLUMBING THE DEPTHS
Toomey and Hooft sometimes travel together on a research project, such as one coming up this fall when, along with geophysicists from England and Greece, they will explore the structure of Santorini Volcano in the Aegean Sea. “I’ve always been very interested in understanding magma plumbing under volcanoes, especially deep down,” Hooft says.

She wants to figure out how andesite, an evolved type of volcanic rock, is created.

One of the reasons she chose Santorini is that the Earth’s crust is not very thick there because of earlier stretching of the tectonic plate. Also, because the caldera is underwater, the team can use equipment that generates bubbles of compressed air to create measurable sound waves. “We will be able to ‘see’ deep into the lower part of the crust and the top of the mantle and be able to reconstruct those regions where the magma is being processed,” Hooft says. “This will bring some constraints to these differing models on how andesite is formed. “It’s important because andesite is thought to be the main composition of continental crust. Therefore, it seems that all the continents were probably formed from some kind of processing through volcanic systems.”

So the next time you’re driving over the Cascades or gazing out at the mighty Pacific, consider that underneath that lovely vista, the Earth is growing and growing, lifting and sub-siding, growing new plates from deep inside and subducting others under the continents. We live on a planet in constant change.

And always, geophysicists are asking why and how. ROSEMARY HOWE CAMOZZI, BA ’96
Night Shift
BY RODGER MOODY, BA ’76, MFA ’78

Driving as if my Yellow Cab could satisfy the ache in my headlights to see beyond the dry mouth of July heat lightning, I stop and get out squat to touch the bluegrass that edges the curb, and become again the boy who climbed trees.

Four years old I watch Dad’s intent hands weave cord around a basket to shape a net for the dirt court across the street.

Twenty-one he played guard with the local boys. and I sat beneath the kitchen table when Dad home early from work embraced Mom with the news: his promotion to night foreman. And much the way the tingle in reaching the top limb of a bare sweet gum leaves the skin in a crisp wanting I didn’t know what it meant until years later though since that day I can’t recall when I last saw him hug her in the light.

Rodger Moody has earned fellowships from the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, Massachusetts, and Literary Arts in Portland. He makes his living as a warehouse worker in Eugene. This poem was originally published in the journal Permafrost and appears in Moody’s new book, History (Sight for Sight Books, 2015).
An ignition switch for your engine of ideas.
After retiring in 2009 as president emeritus, Dave Frohnmayer maintained a full public schedule while keeping his private battle with prostate cancer under wraps. As a result, his death at the age of 74 was a shock to almost everyone. Within hours of the announcement, messages came pouring in to the university, many from former students. They came from throughout the United States, as well as Germany, South Africa, Japan, and Mexico. Many had taken Dave’s freshman leadership seminar, which he had taught every year since becoming the UO’s “accidental president” (his words) in 1994. The night he died, Dave fell asleep expecting to teach this spring’s cohort the next day.

How, especially while leading a major public research university and being actively involved in so many national and international endeavors, did he manage to fit in teaching freshmen? “The students reminded Dave every week of what really mattered, of what we were all in service to,” says Barbara West, BA ’69, MA ’74, PhD ’89, who cotaught the course and was Frohnmayer’s special counsel during his presidency. “The students kept him going.”

Dave (he insisted on being called “just Dave”) was a Harvard-educated Rhodes Scholar from Medford and the first native Oregonian to serve as president of one of the state’s large research universities. Those who knew him best will tell you that the thriving campus we know today is largely the result of his unabashed love for his home state, passion for teaching, genuine concern for individuals, dedication to public service, and incredible energy.

His closest friends emphasize that above all, he was the adoring husband of Lynn, a...
Stanford University graduate and Peace Corps volunteer from Grants Pass, Oregon, with whom he had five beloved children: Kirsten; Katie; Mark; Jonathan, JD ’13; and Amy.

Dave was already an Oregon legend when he became the university’s 15th president, and the UO benefitted mightily from the respect and admiration that he had earned from members of both political parties during two decades in elective office.

A lifelong Republican, he worked for Robert Finch and Elliott Richardson, secretaries of health, education, and welfare, after earning his JD at the UC Berkeley School of Law in 1967. A master’s degree at Oxford followed, after which he returned home to teach law at the UO. At the height of Watergate, Dave won the right to represent Oregon’s most Democratic house district in the state legislature. In his third term, both political parties nominated him for attorney general. He argued seven high profile cases before the United States Supreme Court (winning six of them) during three terms in that office. [See page 36 for his brother John’s analysis of his high court appearances.]

Along the way, Dave and Lynn faced—and refused to back down from—the worst kind of adversity: the loss of daughters Kirsten and Katie to Fanconi Anemia, a rare genetic blood disorder that also threatens Amy.

They launched what Dave’s former student, Oregon senator Ron Wyden, JD ’74, termed “a battle royal,” from creating a national support group in 1989 to cofounding the National Marrow Donor Program and raising $20 million to fund research that is now part of mainstream efforts to advance treatments—and a cure—for cancer.

Dave was nationally known by the time he ran for governor in 1990, and news accounts confirm he was expected to win. However, a far-right candidate made it a three-way race late in the game. The Republican vote fractured just enough to tip the election to Democrat Barbara Roberts.

After the election, Dave continued to serve as attorney general until resigning on December 31, 1991, to become dean of the UO School of Law. He took charge just in time to save the state’s only public law school from draconian budget cuts that had hammered the university.

When UO president Myles Brand left in 1994 to become president of Indiana University, Governor Roberts quickly appointed Dave as president. He inherited a challenging campus environment, with state support in free fall and very little private fundraising underway.

In moving into the university presidency, Dave practiced what’s known as “leadership through esprit.” Shared vision, team effort. He called it “The Oregon Way.” He wanted Oregon to have—and be—the best, and his passion attracted kindred spirits like philanthropist Larry I. Lokey, who contributed nearly $140 million to support academics, and Nike’s Phil Knight, BS ’59, a fellow native Oregonian whose many lead gifts during Dave’s presidency began with the William W. Knight Law Center and culminated with the Matthew Knight Arena.

Dave’s Oregon Way powered a renaissance on campus: Enrollment shot up 40 percent; federal research grants doubled; more than 90,000 alumni and friends gave $1.1 billion; 14 building projects were launched; the historic White Stag Block became the UO’s hub in Portland; 19 new degree programs came into being; and the UO’s endowment grew into the largest among Oregon’s public universities.

He strengthened the UO’s position among North America’s leading research universities by serving on the executive committee of the Association of American Universities (AAU) and raised its profile internationally through membership in the Association of Pacific Rim Universities (APRU).

But Dave’s most remarkable gift to the university—something that many doubted was possible and that he devoted himself to achieving before and during his retirement—was self-governance.

“Dave, more than anyone else, gave us control over our future,” says longtime friend Chuck Lillis, PhD ’72, chair of the UO Board of Trustees. “The only way to honor Dave is to ensure that

**1971–81**
Served as a law professor and special assistant to the president, University of Oregon

**1980**
Cofounded the Fanconi Anemia Fund

**1981–91**
Served three terms as attorney general for the State of Oregon

**1994–2009**
Served as president of the University of Oregon

**1975–81**
Served three terms as a member of the House of Representatives in the Oregon Legislative Assembly

**1992–94**
Served as dean and professor of law, University of Oregon School of Law

**2009–15**
Served as UO president emeritus and taught courses in law and leadership

**2015**
Died at home in Eugene
there is no retreat from the crusade in which he led this campus. We must fulfill his dreams.”

As an 18-year-old student recently wrote in a course evaluation, Dave Frohnmayer was “freaking awesome.”

His legacy will live, to borrow from the refrain of “Mighty Oregon,” on and on.

Melody Ward Leslie has worked as a writer and communications officer at the UO for 20 years.

MORE ABOUT DAVE

What you hear about more often than Dave’s mile-long list of accomplishments is how special he made individuals feel, even if they talked with him only once.

He wrote thousands of personal notes on small white cards, quickly sending expressions of congratulations, sympathy, and what longtime executive assistant Carol Rydbom felt was most important of all, a heartfelt, “Good job!”

Stories of Dave abound on the UO’s memorial website uoregon.edu/Frohnmayer.

His memorial service, held at Matthew Knight Arena, was attended by some 3,000 people, including four Oregon governors. Friends traveled great distances to pay their respects, among them Dr. Greg Downing of Washington, D.C., the cardiologist credited with saving Dave’s life when his heart stopped nearly 16 years ago.
Hollywood Ducks

Meet a few members of our flock who have found their places in the limelight.

A recent graduate of the School of Journalism and Communication, **Will Cuddy**, BS ’14, appeared opposite Reese Witherspoon in the film adaptation of *Wild*. A veteran of Duck TV, Cuddy also directed two award-winning short films for Cinema Pacific’s 72-hour Adrenaline Film Project and sang with On the Rocks, the UO’s male a cappella group.

**James Francis Ivory**, BFA ’51, grew up in Klamath Falls, Oregon. He spent his time at the UO pursuing art in every form, graduating from the School of Architecture and Allied Arts. After receiving a master’s in cinema studies from the University of Southern California, Ivory moved to New York and began a fruitful partnership with Ismail Merchant. Together they earned 31 Academy Award nominations and won six.

A double major in mathematics and theater arts, **Marissa Neitling**, BS ’07, delved into the Portland theater community—appearing in productions for Broadway Rose Theatre Company and Artists Repertory Theatre—before pursuing graduate school at Yale. She has appeared on *The Last Ship*, and will play a seismologist in the new film *San Andreas*, starring Dwayne “The Rock” Johnson.

**Donald Simpson**, BS ’67, graduated with a degree in journalism. Simpson was the producing partner of Jerry Bruckheimer, collaborating on such blockbusters as *Flashdance*, *Beverly Hills Cop*, *Top Gun*, and *The Rock*. Personal struggles plagued the duo and they dissolved their partnership in 1995. Simpson died of heart failure a month later, at age 52.

**Daniel Wu**, BArch ’97, was born in Berkeley, California. At the UO, he washed pots and pans in the kitchen of Carson Hall’s dining room and founded the university’s Wushu Club in 1994. Although he had no formal acting training and could not speak Cantonese, Chinese film directors cast him for his exotic “American-ness.” With a little help from Jackie Chan, Wu gained recognition and critical acclaim. In 2006, he received Best New Director from the Hong Kong Film Awards for his film *The Heavenly Kings*. He was recently cast in the leading role of AMC’s new drama *Badlands*. **Chloe Huckins**

Know more Hollywood Ducks? Join the conversation at [oregonquarterly.com](http://oregonquarterly.com).
Microsoft celebrated its 40th birthday in April. That’s pretty impressive in an industry in which most companies aren’t built to last. The only problem is, technology companies aren’t necessarily prized for their longevity. “This industry doesn’t respect tradition,” says Jeff Hansen, BA ’93, who heads Microsoft’s global branding efforts. “The industry respects innovation. Microsoft has a great heritage, and we have been very successful. Surveys show over and over that we are among the most respected brands in the world. But we have to remain focused on what we can offer in the future.”

Branding, Hansen says, is built on a deep understanding of qualities that make a company distinctive, and then enacting that “personality” out in the world. But even after a few successful decades, corporations need to be ready to try new things. Hansen sees his role as finding ways to match Microsoft’s tremendous strengths with what the public is seeking at any given time. “My job is to be the voice of the customer,” he says.

Jeff Hansen
BA ’93, PSYCHOLOGY AND SOCIOLOGY
GENERAL MANAGER, BRAND STRATEGY, AT MICROSOFT

BY JONATHAN GRAHAM
ACCIDENTAL MARKETER
At the UO, Hansen majored in psychology and sociology and planned to spend his career researching the criminal mind. What hooked him on branding? “I love the craft,” he says.

BAD EXAMPLE?
Hansen thinks he’s the last person who should be giving advice to students who are planning careers. He admits, “I never expected to pursue a career in business, and I never had a three- to five-year plan.”

DUCK FLOCK
At Microsoft, Hansen leads an informal network for Ducks, using an e-mail listserv and occasional social gatherings to help Oregon alumni network and keep in touch.

CLASS PROJECT
A student paper landed Hansen a job in Microsoft’s fledgling market research department. “The UO made me a much more well-rounded person, and it gave me one skill—the ability to do research—that was absolutely pivotal in my career.”

EXPANDED BRAND
Under Hansen’s guidance, Microsoft has recently launched partnerships with the Special Olympics, the Nobel Foundation, and the Real Madrid soccer club.

BOOKMARKS
Here is a sampling of the many books by UO authors that arrived in our office recently.

AMERICAN PHILOSOPHY: FROM WOUNDED KNEE TO THE PRESENT
(BLOOMSBURY PUBLISHING, 2015)
BY SCOTT PRATT AND ERIN MCKENNA
Pratt, a UO professor, and McKenna, of Pacific Lutheran University, survey the historical development of American philosophy, introducing readers to the work of the major American thinkers, past and present, and the sheer breadth of their ideas and influence.

HAWAIIAN MUSIC IN MOTION: MARINERS, MISSIONARIES, AND MINSTRELS
(UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS, 2014)
BY JAMES REVELL CARR, MA ’98
It turns out that both maritime commerce and imperial confrontation encouraged the development and circulation of Hawaiian popular music during the 19th century. That’s the crux of this new book by a graduate of the UO’s Folklore Program. Carr is an associate professor at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

THE BAR BOOK: ELEMENTS OF COCKTAIL TECHNIQUE
(CHRONICLE BOOKS, 2014)
BY JEFFREY MORGENTHALER, BIARCH ’98 AND MARTHA HOLMBERG
This how-to guide with more than 60 illustrated recipes describes the essential techniques of bartending and applies them to making great drinks. Geared to those who enjoy making cocktails at home, the book provides inspiration and guidance from Morgenthaler, a celebrated Portland bartender and cocktail blogger. (He created a special cocktail to celebrate Oregon Quarterly’s redesign last fall.)

MIDNIGHT THE BLUES
(SIGHT FOR SIGHT BOOKS, 2015)
BY FRANK ROSSINI, MA ’74, MFA ’77
Rossini’s poetry evokes blues and jazz music as well as life in New York City more than half a century ago. The poems reference such musical luminaries as Charlie Parker, Ornette Coleman, Miles Davis, and especially John Coltrane. The author says that in his writing his primary goal is to produce “beautiful sound.”
Most students first experience our campus during student orientation or when touring with parents. It’s exciting to become acquainted with your home for the next four years and get a taste of the college experience by playing Frisbee in the quad or walking to a game at Autzen Stadium. Unfortunately, my first experience on campus was moving into the dorms right before classes began, despite being from Portland, just two hours away. I was working at Portland Center Stage the summer before my freshman year and could not attend orientation. My family helped me move in that day, and after they left, the terror of being a first-generation college student in an unfamiliar city set in.

During my first week on campus, I realized just how much I didn’t know about college. I didn’t know where my classes were. I didn’t know what the Clark Honors College would expect of me. I didn’t know where to get “campus cash,” what it was, or how to use it. I worried that I was making a mistake in pursuing my dream of higher education because everything about the college experience felt so foreign and unknown.

In an effort to get to know the campus and relieve my anxiety, I took a walk around what I now know is the Memorial Quad. Immediately, the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art (JSMA) stood out from the surrounding buildings. I have dreamed of attending college since I was seven years old, imagining what it would look like once I got there. At that age, I imagined a campus full of old, ornate brick buildings that made you feel smarter just looking at them.

The JSMA was just how I had imagined college as a child. Before entering I stood outside for a moment, admiring the doorway. The architecture of the facade is the most eye-catching on campus, from the patterns of brick to the detailed engravings surrounding the thick iron doors, flanked by floral designs on either side. I could have admired it for hours. While the new, renovated buildings on campus are beautiful in their own way, there is nothing that says “academia” to me like the JSMA. As I admired the doorway, I distinctly remember reading “Museum of Art” handsomely inscribed above the door and feeling at home on campus for the first time.

The JSMA was built in 1931 and is now listed on the National Register of Historic Places. Sometimes I get chills thinking that countless other students have looked upon this same doorway for decades, and maybe thought it was just as breathtaking as I did. It makes me feel like I am part of a community.

The rest of my freshman year was a blur of part-time jobs, late nights in the library, and learning to do my own laundry. But my classes were not as intimidating as I expected, I did not get lost as often as I feared, and I didn’t shrink any of my clothes. I settled into life in Eugene easier than I had imagined. I visited the JSMA a handful of times that year, though not as often as I would have liked. I try to study in the adjacent café when I can, and when I have a weekend off, I take advantage of the free admission offered to students and explore the exhibits. Most often, I go out of my way to walk past the doorway of the JSMA. I forget the stress of finals and notice something new about the architecture. I take a moment, admire that familiar doorway, and remember that I am home.

**BY FRANCESCA FONTANA**

“*The Best …*” is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Francesca Fontana is a junior journalism major from Portland.
16th Annual Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest Reading

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 2015

5:30 P.M. RECEPTION · 6:00 P.M. READING
Alumni Lounge, Gerlinger Hall · 1468 University Street, Eugene

OPENING REMARKS BY THIS YEAR’S JUDGE, LIDIA YUKNAVITCH

FIRST-PLACE WINNER: “WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE” BY KRISTIANNE HUNTSBERGER

Featuring readings of winning essays by Kristianne Huntsberger, Drew Terhune, Sue Lick, Nysia Trejo, Autumn DePoe-Hughes, and Forrest Munro

Questions? Call 541-346-5047

Lidia Yuknavitch will also be reading from her work on Wednesday, May 27, at 7:00 p.m. at The Duck Store, 895 East 13th Avenue, Eugene
The Many Worlds of Rick Bartow

Poignant, whimsical, troubling, and powerful, the work of this renowned artist is now on exhibit at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

By Bob Keefer

In another place and another time, Rick Bartow might have been taken for a holy man. Even in the here and now, he seems the part: eyes that see sharply into the world around him, a gentle but probing wit, and easygoing wisdom born of hard experience all lend his hawk-like face and graying hair an otherworldly presence.

Such woo-woo talk aside—and Bartow himself suffers none of that kind of acclaim—he is, at the age of 68, one of the most acknowledged and accomplished visual artists working in Oregon.

Between his compelling personal history, his Native American ancestry, and his prodigious output of visionary images, Bartow has made an indelible mark. He’s still at work, nearly every day, at his rural home south of Newport, creating images that weave together iconic representations of coyote, raven, skulls, teeth, and antlers with haunting human forms, all amid seas of bright color and primal marks.

Things You Know but Cannot Explain, a career retrospective, runs through August 9 at the University of Oregon’s Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. Featuring more than 100 pieces, including prints, paintings, the giant pastels for which he is mostly known, and even some sculpture, the show is curated by Jill Hartz, the museum’s executive director; Danielle Knapp, MA ’10, the JSMA’s associate curator;
There are old things which I have been able to lay my hands on. I’ve studied. I’ve listened. I sit by the truth. If you slow down a bit, you’ll see that it will help you, too.

LEFT: ABC 123 (2013)
After Bartow suffered a major stroke in 2013, he silently repeated over and over the phrase “A, B, C, 1, 2, 3,” as well as his birthdate and other factual histories, in order to stave off fear and the loss of self-identity. The hands in this image surround the body’s core, symbolically acting as healers. Pastel, graphite on paper; 40 x 26 inches.

FACING PAGE, TOP: Crow Song Bear (2014). Acrylic on canvas; 56 x 66 inches.


FACING PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: 3 Hawks (2005). Drypoint etching on Plexiglas; 12 x 10 inches.
Rick Bartow in his studio.

Bartow’s health concerns led to a number of works that explored his health, mortality, and identity. This 2014 self-portrait, titled CS Indian, is composed with pastel, colored pencil, graphite, tempera, and acrylic on paper. 44 ½ X 44 ½ inches.
Life experiences are not pleasant. They can scare the pee out of you!

and Lawrence Fong, BA ’72, the JSMA’s former curator of American and regional art.

Bartow, in conjunction with printer Mika Boyd from the UO Department of Art, is creating a series of prints that will be offered as a gift to tribal communities and museums in Oregon. A documentary short on the project will be released this summer.

Born in Newport, a member of the Wiyot tribe, Bartow studied art at Western Oregon State College—now Western Oregon University—in Monmouth, where he graduated in 1969 with a degree in secondary art education. That same year, he was drafted and sent to Vietnam.

Overseas, though ostensibly working as a clerk typist, Bartow—who is also an adept musician—began playing rock ‘n’ roll guitar for friends, parties, and ultimately badly wounded soldiers in military hospitals. He came home with a Bronze Star and a bad drinking habit.

After a dark period lost in alcoholism, he dried out and became serious about his art, primarily at the urging of his late wife.

Today his work can be seen in Washington, D.C., where in 2012 Bartow installed his monumental We Were Always Here, two large carved western red cedar poles reminiscent of totems, on the National Mall at the National Museum of the American Indian.

His work is also at the Portland Art Museum, the Hallie Ford Museum of Art in Salem, and at the Eiteljorg Museum of American Indians and Western Art in Indianapolis.

He has worked with printmakers around the world, including his friend Seiichi Hiroshima, and has traveled as an artist to Japan, Germany, Mexico, and New Zealand.

None of this has gone to his head. “I am not precious,” Bartow says. “I can tear things up right in front of you and it won’t bother me at all.” In fact, he’s done this a number of times—each time enjoying the shocked expressions of onlookers.

Bartow suffered a serious stroke in 2013 that left him, for some time, nearly unable to speak or write. At the hospital, he grabbed a nurse’s pen and a scrap of paper and worked out a quick sketch.

Then he called Charles Froelick, his long-time Portland gallerist. “I’m going to be okay,” he told Froelick. “I can’t talk, but I can still draw.”
12 KEYS TO 6 CASES

WHEN DAVE FROHNMAYER died on March 10, he left a deep legacy as the University of Oregon’s longest-serving president. But his impact extends well beyond our campus. Here, John Frohnmayer reflects on his brother’s substantial influence in the nation’s highest court, making note of a dozen points that were key to his success.

If the United States Supreme Court is the World Series of the legal world, then Dave Frohnmayer batted .850 against the best pitching imaginable. He won six out of seven cases that he argued in front of the high court. The takeaway is that Dave was very, very good at lawyering.

Long before becoming dean of the UO law school and then president of the university, Dave served as Oregon’s attorney general, taking office on January 5, 1981. Over the next 11 years he built a reputation as the most successful Supreme Court advocate of any state, with a record of wins before that court that stands to this day. Dave was brilliant, and dedicated and ambitious and aggressive, but those qualities alone do not translate into success in the fickle and unpredictable world of the law, so I, as his brother and admirer, will try to explain how he did it.

He wanted to be a player.

As a brand-new attorney general, Dave inherited a case involving prison overcrowding, in which the state had been ordered to release some 700 prisoners. Already on board at the attorney general’s office were two young but extremely able lawyers—Bill Gary and Jim Mountain—whose US Supreme Court experience was exactly zero. They cobbled together a request to Justice Rehnquist, arguing that an Ohio case with similar facts was on its way to the Supreme Court, and to their amazement, he granted a stay.

They filed an amicus brief in the Ohio case and Dave, along with Gary, flew to Washington, D.C. for the argument. He could have said the case was not his baby, or he had to learn his new job, or dozens of other perfectly acceptable reasons, but he wanted in the game.

BY JOHN FROHNMAYER, JD ’72 | ILLUSTRATION BY AGATA ENDO NOWICKA
He wanted to make sure that all states were well represented at the Supreme Court, so he helped provide training for other states’ advocates.

When Dave arrived in D.C. for the case, he was appalled at what he found. The lawyer arguing the case was over-matched and under-prepared. Coincidentally, the Washington Post printed an article saying that the states were doing a lousy job at the Supreme Court. Dave called up the writer of that article and worked with the National Association of Attorneys General (NAAG) to create a program that helps all states coordinate amicus (or “friend of the court”) briefs, holds practice oral arguments, and trains the states’ advocates to appear before the high court.

He convinced his staff that Oregon could be a national leader.

Dave believed his state deserved the best—including the best legal representation possible. He believed that Oregon’s Department of Justice could influence legal policy and practice across the country. The vehicle he found to start building this esprit was a case entitled Oregon v. Kennedy. The defendant was a convicted thief who moved for a mistrial and argued double jeopardy on the grounds of prosecutor misconduct. (A witness said he didn’t do business with the defendant. The prosecutor asked: “Is that because he is a crook?” Oops. Mistrial.) So, does the accused get off scot-free when it was his own motion that aborted the trial? The Supreme Court said it would decide.

He sought the advice of others who had more expertise, or simply a different viewpoint, than he did.

Dave had in mind a model that former Washington State Attorney General (subsequently US Senator) Slade Gorton had used to prepare for argument, and he had dinner with Gorton to pick his brain. The team to argue Kennedy consisted of Dave, Bill Gary, John Bradley, and Steve Peifer, all of whom boarded a red-eye, arriving four days before the argument. (Jim Mountain was on the squad as well for all subsequent arguments). One hotel room was dedicated “war room” with all of the books, binders, and papers of the precomputer days. The team worked 12-to-15-hour days, reviewing all of the cases that might be relevant, listing all of the questions that might be asked. They divided up the justices, reading their opinions and trying to parse what lines of argument might be most persuasive to each.

The team brought in seasoned advocates, who had read the briefs and viewed the case with fresh eyes, to participate in moot courts. All of this was both helpful and exhausting, but the case had a major twist: Andy Fry, then solicitor general of the United States, had called and said the government was going to file an amicus brief and wanted half of the 30 minutes of argument time. Arguing for the government was a young lawyer named Samuel Alito, later a Supreme Court justice himself.

He walked the walk.

As the attorney general, Dave personally argued the case. He was like a basketball player who wanted the ball for the last, crucial shot. He was never more in his element than when he was sparring and matching wits with some of the smartest people on the planet.

In oral argument, justices fire questions, sometimes interrupting the advocate in the middle of the first sentence. Then, another justice may ask a question while you are trying to answer the first, so you have to keep multiple balls in the air long enough to get back to the first question and still not lose the three essential points you want to make before your time expires. Dave was a master at this. The tapes of these arguments are available, and confirm that he spoke in complete, compound sentences. He said the court should adopt a rule that is easy to administer, that will not make trial judges reluctant to grant, and that the words used should have clear predicates and establish clear standards. Justice Rehnquist, in the majority opinion favoring Oregon, said that the rules the Supreme Court had set down in the past “. . . had been stated with less than crystal clarity” and that henceforth, when a defendant sought mistrial and argued a bar to further prosecution, it had to be based on the intent of the prosecutor or judge to cause a mistrial (i.e., intentional misconduct). A win.

He knew more about his case and all of the precedent law than anyone else did.

Dave’s second Supreme Court case was Oregon v. Bradshaw, where a body was found in a wrecked pickup and the question was, who was driving? The police arrested Edward Bradshaw and he asked for an attorney. The police, under the Miranda doctrine, were obligated to cease the interrogation. Bradshaw was then transferred from Garibaldi to Tillamook (a distance of 10 miles), and while in the back of the police car asked, “What happens to me now?” He subsequently was read the Miranda warning again, was given a polygraph, and confessed that he was the driver. He said he was drunk and had passed out at the wheel. He was convicted of manslaughter, driving while intoxicated, and driving without a license. Did he waive his Fifth Amendment right to counsel and to remain silent? The Oregon Appellate Court said no and reversed the conviction.

Before the Supreme Court, Dave asked whether, under the prevailing case law, a suspect who had requested a lawyer could change his mind. Justice Marshall (a civil rights lawyer before ascending the bench) immediately pounced: “How do you conclude that he changed his mind?” Dave responded that footnote 9 of Edwards (the controlling case) allows for the defendant to reinitiate conversation and thereby waive his Fifth Amendment rights if he does so intelligently and knowingly. Marshall: “Suppose he says: ‘Now I lay me down to sleep?’” Dave: “That is not dialogue.” Dave then spoon-fed back the language and reasoning Marshall had used in another opinion. His knowledge was encyclopedic.

He spoke clearly, persuasively, and passionately.

Dave argued from notes, not a prepared text. He scrawled at the top of the page: “Button coat, speak slowly.” It is unlikely that Dave ever looked at the notes while speaking. Here is an example of a sentence that came out of his mouth:

Up came the wind off the Potomac and blew his notes over the rail, into the bushes, and onto the lawn. Without thinking, Jim Mountain vaulted over the rail, only to find the drop was about the height of a basketball hoop.
“If initiation [of dialogue between the accused and police] means something more than the simple face of the language [used], which the Edwards decision suggests, then this court inherits a legal quagmire, a hopeless series of Rubik’s Cubes of disputes as to the meanings of thousands of potential utterances that might be initiated by a defendant as to whether they do or do not have legal significance.”

Argument before the court is the only opportunity for dialogue with the justices—to find out what they are thinking and to try to respond to their concerns. In Oregon v. Elstad police questioned an 18-year-old suspect in his home and he admitted, without receiving a Miranda warning, that he had been present at the scene of a burglary. An hour later, after being read his rights, he confessed. The Oregon appellate court held that “the cat was out of the bag” and reversed his conviction. Dave argued that a metaphor is no substitute for legal analysis and the subsequent giving of a Miranda warning cures its prior omission. In a colloquy with Justice Stevens, the issue was whether Miranda, as a rule, is on equal footing with the language of the Fifth and Sixth Amendments themselves. After the exchange, Justice Stevens said: “Thank you, that is very helpful.” On the other hand, at the end of the argument, another justice said: “I simply don’t understand the difference between the two cases. Maybe I’m just stupid, I guess.” Dave: “I seriously fail to advance that contention.”

He kept his cool, no matter what happened.
The Supreme Court runs on a strict schedule and in the middle of an argument in Oregon Department of Fish and Wildlife v. Klamath Indian Tribe, the chief justice called for a lunch break. The Oregon team was escorted to the cafeteria by the marshals, and after lunch, Dave, who was wont to smoke smelly, cheap, disgusting cigars, asked to do so and was escorted to a portico where he laid his notebook on the railing as he groped for a match. Up came the wind off the Potomac and blew his notes over the rail, into the bushes, and onto the lawn. Without thinking, Jim Mountain vaulted over the rail, only to find the drop was about the height of a basketball hoop. The papers were recovered and the marshals greatly entertained. Dave returned to complete the argument completely unfazed.

He listened carefully to what the justices were asking.
Dave was afforded a respectful intellectual equality with the justices. This was not achieved in a single session, but over time Dave became familiar to the members of the court, and judges would rather hear a good lawyer than a hack any day. How do I know he had that respect? Chief Justice Burger was speaking to the state attorneys general at a reception shortly after one of Dave’s arguments and remarked that they had heard a very good argument “from that German boy from Or-ee-gone.”

When the facts were compelling, he approached his argument like he was presenting to a jury.
Whitley v. Albers arose out of a riot at the Oregon State Penitentiary. A guard was taken hostage, and during his rescue, Gerald Albers, an inmate, was shot in the knee with a shotgun. He claimed he was subjected to cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth Amendment and sued for violation of his civil rights. Dave started with the details of the rescue and said the whole event took less time than it took him to describe it. He then opined that a jury should not be allowed to second-guess prison officials acting during a crisis. But then, he returned to the facts: a prisoner had a knife, said he had killed one inmate and would kill others, All of the inmates were out of their cells and refused to go back, the furniture had been trashed, and they had put up barricades. Maintaining order is the primary purpose of prisons, he argued, and the prison officials should be given broad discretion. He ended with a very jury-like plea: “The prison officials here should get a hero’s citation, not a civil rights lawsuit.” He was persuasive, but just barely: the decision was five to four in favor of Oregon.

He learned that no matter how prepared or how good you are, you may win (or lose) on a fluke.
Employment Division v. Smith—also known as the peyote case—was Dave’s final and most famous. Peyote is a powerful hallucinogen used in some Native American religious ceremonies. It is also classified as a dangerous (and illegal) drug. Smith was a drug counselor in Douglas County and ingested the drug as a sacrament, after which he was fired for misconduct and denied unemployment compensation. In play were the two somewhat conflicting clauses of the First Amendment: “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof.”

After consulting experts and analyzing evidence, Dave chose three paths to demonstrate a “compelling state interest” for its actions: First, that peyote adversely affected the health and safety of the people of Oregon in that it lasts for up to 12 hours and is unpredictable from user to user and from use to use. Second, Oregon must be religiously neutral (to not violate the establishment clause) and thus cannot favor one religion with specific exemptions. And finally, that Oregon should not be put in the position of having to parse what is and is not a part of any given religion.

The result flabbergasted Dave. Justice Scalia, writing for the majority, “decided the case on the basis of an argument that was never briefed, never argued, never made, and frankly, never fully imagined by the parties,” Dave said.

What Scalia wrote was that religious exemption issues are matters for the state legislatures and not for judicial balancing. He also held that an individual’s religion does not excuse him from compliance with an otherwise valid law that the government is free to regulate. Congress quickly passed the Religious Freedom Restoration Act and later the American Indian Religious Freedom Act Amendments, and the Oregon legislature created an affirmative defense for good faith religious use of peyote.

He made all those around him better.
Bill Gary expressed his good fortune to have had the opportunity to work with Dave at the beginning of his career and again years later when Dave was of counsel to his firm. “He made you feel as if you were a partner and a colleague in producing a product of which everyone in Oregon could be proud,” he says. Bill and Jim Mountain would look at each other after hours of reading cases and playing roles in moot courts and wonder that they were getting paid to do this work—the most fun they had ever had in the practice of law.

Perhaps that is the final key to success: in order to be good, it has to be fun.

John Frohnmayer, JD ’72, served as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, the Oregon Arts Commission, and Oregon Humanities. His profile of Glenn Jackson appeared in the Summer 2014 issue of OQ.
THE GREAT
THE SPANISH FLU of 1918 was the first pandemic to occur in the era of “mass society,” when public access to transportation, education, and amusement vastly increased the ability of communicable diseases to spread. When the flu hit the University of Oregon, members of the campus community drew together to care for those who were ill, with the president’s wife personally watching over many students.
In 1918, University of Oregon president Prince Lucien Campbell faced a challenge no UO president had faced before: guiding the university through a mysterious, deadly plague. Day by day that fall, he watched students and faculty sicken and die from the Spanish flu, a pandemic that killed an estimated 50 million people worldwide. But by proactively using the tools of organization, communication, and caring, Campbell prevented potential devastation of the campus community.

The 1918 Spanish flu epidemic is “America's forgotten pandemic,” writes New York Times science reporter Gina Kolata in her book *Flu: The Story of the Great Influenza Pandemic of 1918*. “Nothing else—no infection, no war, no famine—has ever killed so many in as short a period.” The United States entered World War I on April 6, 1917. Eleven months later the deadly influenza first appeared in this country at Fort Riley, Kansas. Thousands of soldiers there got sick, and 38 died. Then, “as summer arrived, the flu seemed to vanish without a trace. But a few months later [it] was back with a vengeance.” It reappeared among troops in Boston on August 28, and within days was roaring across the country.

No one knows where the epidemic started, but it hit Spain particularly hard, sickening King Alfonso XIII, so the world press nicknamed it the “Spanish flu.” Normally, influenza kills one percent of the people they sicken, but this influenza killed 2.5 percent. Most of the people who died were healthy young men. “Every other influenza, before and since, has killed the very old and the very young, sparing healthy adults in the prime of life, but nearly half of the influenza deaths in the 1919 pandemic were young adults 20–40 years of age,” writes Kolata. The respiratory illness was spread by coughs, sneezes, and personal contact, and it decimated World War I military personnel, who were crowded together on troop ships and in barracks. And so the UO’s 1,375 students, many living in student housing, were at high risk. To compound the threat, the UO did not have an infirmary.

Entering his 16th year as UO president, Campbell, like the rest of the country, was reading newspapers, watching the deadly, mysterious, and uncontrollable plague surge across the nation.

On August 4, Eugene’s leading newspaper, the *Morning Register*, reported that at Camp Lewis, in Tacoma, Washington, “Health in camp is good. No deaths in week among 29,887 men. The epidemic has been thoroughly overcome.” But within a month, the second wave of the deadly influenza hit the country. Soldiers stationed near Boston began getting sick on September 8, and by September 28, 100 soldiers a day were dying at Fort Devens. Campbell contacted Fort Devens for advice, and received a Western Union telegram from Lieutenant Colonel Condon C. McCormack, a surgeon stationed there: “No valuable prophylactic treatment for influenza except hygiene//all sick should be sought for and separated from well//crowding in barracks and lectures prohibited//disease spread by spray from mouth//forwarding detailed suggestions by mail.”

Campbell acted proactively. For years he had been lobbying, unsuccessfully, for money to build a student infirmary; now he began to organize temporary hospitals on campus. On October 5, the *Oregon Daily Emerald* announced that “beginning Monday, every student and every member of the faculty must report daily at sick call in case he is suffering from any illness, however slight it may appear. It was decided that every suspected case would be isolated for observation and treatment.

The respiratory illness was spread by coughs, sneezes, and personal contact, and it decimated World War I military personnel, who were crowded together on troop ships and in barracks.

Infirmarys for men and women respectively are now being put in shape and will be ready in a few days. The women’s infirmary is in a nine-room house on University Street, just back of the women’s gymnasium, while the men will use the residence on Twelfth Avenue east formerly occupied...
by the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity.” Students who stayed in the infirmaries were charged $2 a day.

Campbell’s wife, Susan Campbell, helped organize the campus infirmaries. She had joined the university in 1905 as supervisor of student living, then resigned and married President Campbell in 1908. She worked ceaselessly throughout the crisis, visiting ill students and providing their parents with updates.

The plague roared toward Oregon. “Influenza has spread to civilian population,” the Register reported on October 3. “Information coming to the public health service was that the disease was rapidly spreading among the civilian population of the country. The malady has appeared now in 43 states . . . it is epidemic in Virginia, South Carolina, and other places.” That day, Robert Claude Still ’14 died of influenza at Camp Colt, Pennsylvania. His brother, Lloyd, was attending the UO.

On October 4, the Register reported, “Epidemic reaches Denver.” And on October 8, two days after Campbell celebrated his 57th birthday, the paper announced, “Four cases of Influenza reported in Portland.”

But it had not yet hit Eugene. Campbell worked hard to avoid panic, and he knew the importance of keeping the public well informed. While attending Harvard, Campbell had dropped out briefly in 1882 and worked as a reporter for the Kansas City Star. In 1912, he helped establish a journalism school at the UO. Now he applied his media savvy to the pandemic. “Thirty-eight students sent to hospital with colds, no known cases of Spanish Influenza, meeting held to organize preventative measures at University,” the Register told readers. “Campbell urged students to be calm, and especially urged them not to write letters home which would tend to cause their folks undue anxiety.”

The next day, the influenza struck Eugene, sickening several university students.

On October 1, Congress appropriated $1 million to the US Public Health Service to “combat and suppress” the Spanish influenza. The health service sent posters advising the influenza was “As Dangerous as Poison Gas Shells.” UO students began making posters, too, and by October 10, bright orange fliers with flaring black headlines went up around campus, with directions on how to prevent the spread of the malady. That day, the Register printed an article by A. R. Sweetser, head of the UO’s botany department, called “How to Avoid the Influenza.” Sweetser advised people to avoid all spitting, to smother sneezes in handkerchiefs, and to “abandon the one finger method of cleaning the nostrils.” Eugene closed all theaters and churches and banned all dances, but the university and the public schools were still open. At Camp Arthur in Texas, Earl S. Powell ’18 died of influenza.

The next day the first two people in Eugene died of influenza and the city closed the public schools. The UO remained open.

On October 10, former UO student Earl Cobb died at Camp Zachary Taylor in Kentucky, leaving behind his widow, Ada Kendall ’13, and their three-year-old son. By October 11, 237 UO students had influenza, as did economics professor Peter C. Crockatt.

Anxious parents jammed the university’s phone lines. Dr. John F. Bovard, dean of the School of Physical Education and chairman of the student health committee, later remembered, “I cannot but say a good word for the telephone operators, who stood so faithfully by when we were so seriously in need of doctors and nurses. There were times when I was at the telephone for two hours at a stretch, and instead of becoming tired or cross they stayed at their post and did everything they possibly could to help me out. They have my sincerest thanks.”

Some desperate parents turned to the US mail. On October 11, Robert Tate, in Portland, wrote to Karl Onthank, Campbell’s executive assistant: “Would you be able to give me some more definite information about the condition of my son, E. Mowbray Tate, staying at the home of Mrs. Hughes. He writes very briefly that he is sick, first with a bad cold and then that his stomach is in bad condition and that his fever is up to 102½. He does not say how he is attended, whether he has been removed to the hospital, who is his physician, so that we could write or call him direct . . .”

Onthank replied by letter the next day. “My dear Mr. Tate: I have just talked to Dr. C. W. Southworth, staying at the home of Mrs. Hughes. He writes very briefly that he is sick, first with a bad cold and then that his stomach is in bad condition and that his fever is up to 102½. He does not say how he is attended, whether he has been removed to the hospital, who is his physician, so that we could write or call him direct . . .”
that while the boy has a fairly severe case of the Grip he is in no danger. If it seems best for Mrs. Tate to come down here or the boy becomes seriously ill, you will be telegraphed at once. I believe that Mrs. Hughes, with whom he was staying, wrote to you last evening.”

By October 12, the UO had set up four emergency infirmaries: two for women, located at 1191 University Avenue and at the Kincaid House at 14th Avenue and Alder Street; and two for men, at the Phi Gamma Delta and Phi Delta Theta fraternities. They were staffed by volunteers. “Mrs. P. L. Campbell has been working almost unceasingly in equipping the infirmaries,” the Emerald reported.

The bright orange influenza posters blanketing campus were proving very popular. Army lieutenant Milton Stoddard ’17, stationed at Fort Stevens in Astoria, wrote to Onthank, asking for posters, saying he first saw and heard of the posters through an officer at Fort Stevens who received one from a University of Oregon student.

By now, the plague had spread across the globe, killing millions of people, and on October 15, it killed Turner Neil ’18 in Nièvre, France.

On October 16, influenza killed Charles A. Guerne ’12 at Camp Zachary Taylor in Kentucky. But in Eugene, Campbell was optimistic that the worst was over: in a letter to J. M. Day, of the United War Work Campaign, Campbell wrote, “The epidemic of the Influenza at the University has involved some two or three hundred of the students, but with the exception of three or four cases, there is nothing of a very serious nature. I think that probably we have passed the crest of the wave.”

Campbell was wrong. On October 17, Thomas R. Townsend ’09, who had returned to the UO to attend officer’s training school, became the first UO student to die of influenza. The next day, two more students died on campus: J. H. Sargent and Richard Shisler. On October 19, the UO lost sophomore Glen V. Walter.

On October 20, influenza killed former UO students Luke Allen Farley at Camp Pike, Arkansas; Kenneth Farley at Camp Lewis; and Richard Riddle Sleight ’14 in Portland. On October 21, freshman Emanuel Northup Jr. died at the Phi Gamma Delta infirmary, and former student William Allen Casey died at the officers’ training camp at Fortress Monroe in Virginia.

Panic and misinformation gripped the nation, and Campbell dealt with it in Oregon. From Roseburg, Mrs. M. M. Miller wrote to Campbell on October 17, “Will you kindly tell me if it is true, that the boys quarantined in the ‘Girls Gym’ are without any fire & if they are sick they are left there, still without heat and the sick and the well are huddled together?”

Campbell replied on October 28: “My dear Mrs. Miller: Please pardon the delay in replying to your letter of some days again. We have been overwhelmed with work in connection with the Influenza . . . At the Women’s Gymnasium, where some of the men were quartered, there is an out-door pavilion in which a number of the men preferred to sleep. They were allowed to exercise their choice in this matter, but there was ample provision made for them inside the Gymnasium where abundant heat was provided. It is absolutely not true that the men were neglected in any way. A very careful organization was made before the Influenza started, and this has been carefully maintained up to and including this present time. I am glad that you wrote me, and I certainly hope that you may correct any mistaken impressions in regard to conditions at the University.”

On October 20, the Emerald reported, “There are 179 cases of influenza among all sorts of men and women of the University. Most of these are housed in the University’s temporary infirmaries and 40 are in the Mercy Hospital.”

David Foulkes, an executive at the Oregonian, sent Campbell a hand-written note on October 23: “Dear President: Nettie and I thank you sincerely for your interest in Celeste. Dr. Giesy says for her to go to her room when discharged from the infirmary and remain there until her strength is restored.”

On October 25, Campbell wrote back, “Your note of October 23rd is at hand. I expect to telephone you today in regard to Celeste. Mrs. Campbell is with Celeste this morning. We are both watching the case as carefully as possible. I am writing because I want you to know the situation fully. You can telephone to me at any time as to what you desire to have me do.”

Bovard announced on October 24 that faculty wives, led by Sally Allen, wife of School of Journalism dean Eric W. Allen, had made 10 dozen masks for university nurses and attendants. “Members of the SATC [Student Army Training Corps] here were ordered to wear gauze masks during the influenza epidemic if the situation seemed to warrant it, in a telegram received yesterday morning from SATC headquarters in San Francisco.” However, the US Army surgeon decided the situation did not warrant masks. “The epidemic is practically over as far as the Students’ Army Training Corps men are concerned,” said Colonel W. H. C. Bowen, SATC commanding officer at the UO.

That day the Emerald reported bits of good news: “Elmo Madden is spending the week at his home in Seattle while recovering from the influenza. Emma Wotton Hall, who has been ill with the influenza, is reported to be much better. Margaret Kubli has returned from Portland, where she spent the weekend recovering from the influenza. Ruth Nash has been discharged from the infirmary and is back at the Delta Gamma house.”

But on October 28, two more students died on campus: John Herbert Creech and Robert Gerald Stuart.

Campbell was reeling under the strain. On October 29, he wrote, “We have been overwhelmed with the work required by the Influenza . . . it has been extremely difficult to think of anything except the serious cases which are in the hospital . . . there are two or three about whom we are very anxious.” The next day, student Sanford Sichel died on campus.

Student David Stearns Jr. recuperated from the influenza in Portland with his family. On October 30, his father wrote to Campbell: “David has recuperated nicely and practically his old self again. He is anxious to return to his college work . . . unless conditions at the college are such that if he were your son you would think it best for him to stay here for a while . . .”

“Homecoming without anyone coming home is to be the rule this year owing to the epidemic of influenza which has held the campus under quarantine for the past month,” the Emerald reported on October 31. But Campbell felt the crisis had peaked. “President Campbell today issued the following statement to the students: ‘There have been almost no new cases of illness during the past week and there is no evidence to show that the epidemic is not practically over . . . now is the time to redouble every preventative measure and wipe out the sick list entirely. Students wishing to lighten their courses owing to less time in the influenza epidemic will be permitted to do so, even below the 12-hour minimum, without petition, as a result of action taken at a special meeting of the faculty Wednesday afternoon in Guild Hall. It was made clear in the discussion
that faculty members intend to be lenient in the matter of making up work missed in the present emergency, and it is desired that every student forced to miss classes feel easy on that point, since everything possible will be done by faculty members for the students’ protection.”

“Tubbing Frosh Now Taboo,” the Emerald continued, referring to the hazing of freshmen enrolled in the SATC. “An order against all tubbing, blanketing, mill-racing, in the University was issued from the President’s office Saturday night. The order was issued on account of the recent epidemic of influenza as those measures of punishment are considered likely to endanger the health of men.”

Before the influenza outbreak in October, the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Bremerton, Washington, had sent six medics to the UO for an internship. Instead of studying, the Emerald reported, “they have given their full time to nursing influenza patients at the two men’s infirmaries on this campus. Walter Bauman, Paul Hamilton, and Arthur Ritter are stationed at the Phi Gamma Delta House infirmary, while Harold Connelly, Max Wilkins, and Boyd Haynes are giving their services at the old Phi Delta Theta house. They have been doing this work for the past three weeks and are attending no classes.” As lucky as the university was to have the sailors on campus, the sailors may have been even luckier. Influenza killed 77 seamen at Puget Sound Naval Shipyard; one of the first to die was Dr. Douglas H. Warner, UO Medical School ’18, on October 8.

ON NOVEMBER 5, university registrar A. R. Tiffany announced that “Thanksgiving vacation this year will probably be only one day, Thursday, November 28. Some severe penalty for not attending classes Friday, November 20, will be decided Wednesday.” But on Wednesday, Campbell decided to honor the traditional, four-day Thanksgiving break. In a letter to A. C. Seeley, secretary, State Board of Health, Onthank explained, “We are very anxious to give the students an opportunity for relaxation. Some of the young women have been ill, and many others have been putting in extra time in work in caring for the sick, getting health reports and otherwise doing extra work in connection with the epidemic. The Dean of Women feels that it is highly desirable they be given the opportunity to go home and rest for a few days.”

On November 9, the Register reported that in Eugene, “Epidemic is dying out. Only six new cases reported in three days.” Campbell left for a prearranged 11-day trip to Chicago, and was there on November 11, when World War I ended. Jubilant students thronged in the streets, ignoring university staff members imploring them to continue to observe the influenza ban on public gatherings. The students and Oregon celebrated twin joys: the end of the War to End All Wars, and the apparent end of the deadliest health crisis in US history.

The epidemic had not ended, but was ebbing. The UO still banned gatherings. Then, on November 27, influenza killed Army lieutenant and UO art professor Roswell Dosch, a talented sculptor. Dosch was serving as a bayonet instructor at Reed College in Portland, working on a statuette, The New Earth, a memorial to commemorate the Oregon men who had died in the war, intended for the University of Oregon campus. Prince Lucien and Susan Campbell, who collected Dosch’s art, attended his funeral.

On December 7, Bovard said he could not yet estimate the full financial cost of the epidemic, but that drugs alone cost approximately $600, nursing services cost between $600 and $700, and physicians’ bills totaled $35 a day.

On December 12, Campbell wrote to Mrs. A. G. Barker, housemother of Alpha Phi, “Owing to the fact that a strict quarantine has been declared by the city authorities in all the cases of influenza, it will be necessary that students who may have influenza should be removed immediately from the sorority houses either to the infirmary, to one of the city hospitals, or to some other place where suitable provision can be made for strict isolation of both patient and attendant and careful observance of the quarantine rules.” The Emerald reported, “Again the influenza epidemic has interrupted campus social affairs and has closed down all gatherings other than class meetings, leaving nothing more engaging upon the Students calendar than examinations. Christmas parties arranged by various groups for this week-end had been called off.”

After Christmas break, the UO returned to normal. In 1919, a third, mild wave of the disease continued to sicken people: in early January, history professor R. C. Clark and five members of his family were hospitalized with influenza. By the spring of 1920, the deadly disease disappeared around the globe, as mysteriously as it had appeared. The US Department of Human Services estimates the disease killed 675,000 people in the United States, out of a population of 105 million, including 3,675 deaths in Oregon.

The new university infirmary opened at 1191 University Avenue in January 1919, paid for, in part, by a $2.50 per term increase in student fees, and in part by charging ill students $3.00 a day for all services rendered. In its first six months, 75 students used the infirmary. Its first annual report noted, “The dispensary has located sources of infection in cases of smallpox, measles, etc., and has given the committee the chance to keep the disease (sic) from becoming a general epidemic.”

A century later, headlines in Eugene are reporting eerily similar problems: globally, Ebola has killed thousands in Africa, and threatened to jump international borders; and on the UO campus, an infectious meningococccemia outbreak killed one student and sickened several others. The tools Campbell proactively used to guide the UO through the pandemic in 1918 are relevant today: organization, communication, and caring.

Editor’s note: In 1936, the Student Health Service moved into a new building (now the Volcanology Building), which housed a 26-bed infirmary. In 1965, the current University Health Center opened, housing a 40-bed infirmary, isolation wing, and kitchen facility. By 1981, the need for infirmary beds had lessened and the in-patient unit was closed. The University Counseling and Testing Center now occupies the former infirmary space.
THERE WAS THIS TIME in my childhood when I was afraid of water. I can’t exactly point to what brought on the fear. I know it wasn’t always there. It showed up around my seventh year, after my mother’s father died in the room just off the parlor, and my mother disappeared into long hospital visits to save my baby brother.

While I was afraid of water, I wore life vests even when they were unnecessary and I dreaded that moment on summer vacation when someone would suggest that sitting in a boat in the middle of drowning-depth water would be fun. I didn’t want to go fishing or swimming. I didn’t want to go on the class beach trip and when a friend had a pool party, I would happen to be ill that day. My parents never asked. We never talked about it. Everything went on with our life. My brother lived, my parents worked, and I went to school and avoided this and that.

For a while I thought my fear was limited to the ocean, where water depth was unknowable. Unknowable things had become frightening. But why then my fear also of glittering, astringent swimming pools? The trepidation wasn’t the pounding of the surf or temperature of the water, either. It was the feeling of suspension in that airless space between the water’s surface and the theoretical ground that was unsettling. Between ground and surface, the world was a slower, heavier place where even simple movements were protracted and everything was unpredictable. There was no control in that space.

I kept my aquaphobia to myself. Even today my father says he’d never known. My family didn’t talk about the stresses and sorrows we were wading through. My parents didn’t think much of the beach anyway. When we visited Hawaii on the last vacation I took with them, we hardly set foot on the sand. “We aren’t the sort of people who lounge around on the beach,” my mother reminded me. What sort of people were we?
ONCE UPON A TIME, there was a woman who fell in love with a fish. The woman lived with the people of the high, dry country. Her people talked very little and when they did, they talked about the wind and the soil, the sand and the stones. They rarely talked about the water, and they mostly kept to themselves. The people did, however, need to drink water and the woman was given the task to go down and check the pumps and pipes that moved the people’s water up to the high, dry country where they lived.

It was on one of these trips that the woman met the fish. He was swimming near the new pipes the people had laid; the ones the woman was supposed to check that day. She’d never seen anything like the fish before. She stood a long time and watched him swim. She didn’t understand water, but the way he moved made the woman think of the smoke that rose from the night fire and of the snake that slid through the sand and stones. How could he move so much like these other things, she wondered.

The fish heard her question, but he didn’t know how to answer. He told her he had been swimming all of his life. He didn’t know what it was like not to swim. He didn’t know whether he’d ever learned it or whether he’d always known. The woman and the fish talked for a long time that day and for many of the days that followed. The woman would go early to inspect the pipes and pumps and she would stay very late. She learned about swimming and about how water had very different tastes and different temperatures and textures. She didn’t understand much of what the fish told her, but she was happiest at the edge of the water with the fish. The fish was also often confused by what the woman told him about the place where she came from where the water from his lake went in those metal veins on the shore. But, he was happiest swimming near the woman and spending days talking with her.

WHEN I MOVED away from my family, it was thousands of miles away to Seattle. Embraced between Puget Sound and Lake Washington, and holding several lakes in her limits, the city is marked by her water. We moved at a respectful distance to one another for a while, but water was pivotal to my daily landscape. It punctuated my view and dictated my transportation options. I always paid attention—I watched kayakers on Lake Union and studied the colors the sun turned the sound as it dipped below the Olympic Mountains—but, over time, the city’s water began to exhibit a stronger pull on me. At the sun turned the sound as it dipped below the Olympic Mountains—but, over time, the city’s water began to exhibit a stronger pull on me. At the

I WAS STARTLED THAT I HAD SO NATURALLY LEAPT INTO THE AUTUMN WATER, BUT EVEN MORE STARTLED THAT THE WATER WAS FULL OF LIGHT.

I was startled that I had so naturally leapt into the autumn water, but even more startled that the water was full of light. I moved my legs forward and back and set off a storm of little lights like the static lighting my sister and I had made running our feet fast back and forth under our covers as children. These submerged stars flashed and flickered and burnt out in scooped handfuls of water. I couldn’t hold them. They weren’t there when I looked, but were everywhere on my periphery; stars that were neither plant nor animal, eating light and spiraling on their thin arms through the dark water where they would ignite suddenly like fiber-optic tinsel. I squealed and ran through the water like a dog with a ball or a child chased in a game. And when I was worn out and the cold caught up to me, I drew close to the fire and stared back at the dark water that gave no sign, in the distance, of her magic luminescence. I felt like I’d been given a precious secret.

WHEN THE WOMAN told her people that she had decided to move her home to the edge of the water where she could always be near the fish she loved, the people were confused. “You have nothing in common with that water creature,” the woman’s people pointed out. “You are from this place, where it is clean and dry.” The people told her that the water was dangerous; deeper than she thought it was and full of slimy green weeds. They begged her not to go, but she went. And when the fish saw her come to join him, he grew bright with his happiness. The woman reached her hand into the water and when she did, the fish stretched his fin to her and there, where there were none before, he had fingers. And attached to his fingers was a hand, connected to an arm that joined a torso across from a second arm with a hand and fingers. He saw then two legs with knees and feet and toes and the woman reached out again and touched his face.

The man and the woman settled on the far shore, away from the pumps and pipes. They planted a little garden and they spoke every day and told stories and laughed. They scooped up water to feed the garden and all along the shore where the couple lived the trees bloomed and stretched toward the sky and fruits and vegetables thrived and so did the people who lived there.

I HAD CALLED Seattle home for more than a decade before I met a local boy for whom moving over and through water was second nature. We shared our first kiss on the starboard side of the Bainbridge Island ferry with the cold Puget Sound roaring below us. He folded his arms around me and we stared up at the stars that were so much brighter than those I infrequently saw above the city lights in Seattle. Below the inky black sky swelled the inky black water, spangled with its own array of tiny lights.

As winter set in, the two of us took a vacation to Maui and saw all over the island how water overcame. The ocean carved the soft sand and the hard stones alike. It shaped the island, put out fires, pushed down trees and boats and buildings. Bobbing in the swells near the shore, though, was smooth and womb-like. I rose and fell with the clear water like I was part of a breath pulled in and pushed out of salty lungs. Over and over again. After a long day of swimming and snorkeling and sitting in the sun, we would go to our bed and once my eyes closed, and I lay my head against his chest, the phantom waves would lift me up and down as his chest rose and fell and my breath pulled in and out. I had never breathed so well, so fully. I did it for days. For days we repeated this walk to the warm sand and into the gradient blue of the ocean and back upon the shore. For days we sat on the beach, rested, breathed, and were saturated with water. We were those sort of people, I realized. And I was pleased.
Full Tilt
Mack Robinson, class of 1941, finished second behind Jesse Owens at the 1936 Olympics in Nazi Germany and was older bother to Jackie, who broke baseball’s color barrier. Later, he made his mark fighting street crime in Pasadena, California, where a post office bears his name. The UO will host the US Olympic Track and Field Trials at Hayward Field for the third consecutive time in 2016.
When she arrived in Eugene 13 years ago, Nina Forsberg, MA ’04, MEd ’06, suffered from culture shock at finding herself back in school in the United States. She was fresh from a Fulbright in Korea and poised to complete dual master’s degrees in English and education at the UO. One of her mandatory classes, a course on diversity in education, required internship hours. Forsberg searched the Yellow Pages and discovered a Eugene-based multicultural children’s magazine, where she secured an internship that paved the way for her work as a professional editor.

A Eugene-based multicultural magazine for children has honed students’ editorial skills while providing a sense of sanctuary. “Skipping Stones,” she says, “is very dear to my heart.”

Thirty years ago, Arun Narayan Toké—born and raised in India—attended the War Resisters League international conference. World peace, he decided, must begin with the education of children. He came to Cottage Grove, Oregon, to work as a publication manager at Aprovecho Sustainability Education Center in 1987 and launched Skipping Stones magazine—dedicated to promoting peace through children’s stories and poems about their own cultures and concerns—a year later. (In addition to publishing writing and art by children, the magazine also occasionally publishes articles.
If we all listened the way Arun does, that peace thing would happen in no time.

—EMILY CARPENTER

by adult writers that address such topics as peacemaking, environmental issues, and multiculturalism.) Most of the magazine’s interns, translators, and editors lived in Eugene, so Toké relocated her office to an unassuming building on 12th Avenue near the UO campus.

Over the decades, dozens of students from the University of Oregon have pushed through the bright green door, and, surrounded by thousands of books and manuscripts, have helped produce a bimonthly publication of writing and artwork from kids around the world. Over an omnipresent cup of tea, Toké sits down with new interns to talk about their particular interests and experiences and how they might contribute their own writing in keeping with the magazine’s mission. “We’d tell stories and talk about travel,” Forsberg recalls, “in a comfortable office that was such a nice contrast to the hustle and bustle of university study.”

Toké speaks of past and current interns with affection, describing their work as clearly as if it’s featured in the current issue. Xiaohui Li, BA ’14, wrote about Chinese New Year traditions; Kamiya Williams, BA ’14, wrote articles from an African American perspective about growing up on the violent streets of Chicago; Charlotte Rheingold, class of 2015, wrote about her Jewish heritage and festivals she had attended.

“I want them to write about their experience,” Toké explains, “about their cultures, their trips, their perspectives. They commit for one term and end up interning two or three terms. They must like the mission.”

Interns also help with the magazine’s layout, and review artwork and text submissions from younger contributors. Their handwritten notes in different colored ink on each manuscript give Toké a sense of which pieces will work best for an upcoming issue.

“Everyone gets to participate in the big stuff,” says Emily Carpenter, BA ’14, who interned her senior year as a journalism student. She recalls the tough decisions she made about which children’s pieces would get published and which would be returned. Now a reporter at the Argus Observer, she says her work at Skipping Stones helped teach her the importance of representing a variety of perspectives.

“We need to make sure we get the other side of the story,” she says. “I think if we were all like Arun, if we all listened the way he does, this world would have a lot fewer problems. That peace thing would happen in no time.”

Daemion Lee, BA ‘08, discovered Skipping Stones after his work in the Peace Corps. “I did a lot of writing in Sierra Leone,” he says. “When I got back, I was trying to figure out my next path, and got hooked up with Arun.”

Though his official internship has ended, Lee still shows up at the office to read submissions. He admires those that delve into politics. “Kids can be really thoughtful about current events,” he says. “People sent in poems about the protests in Hong Kong and a nonfiction piece about children in Ukraine.” His two-page photo essay about his experiences in Sierra Leone appears in the January-March 2015 issue.

Interns find in Toké a validation of their own experiences and ideas. Many describe him as both mentor and friend. Charlotte Rheingold enjoyed working alongside him, taking a break to share his curry and vegetables and her baked goods.

“I came to Eugene from Tucson,” she says, “and here was this older, caring, nurturing person. I loved sitting with him—he showed me how to have friends of a different age and background.”

Rheingold wrote a piece for Skipping Stones about her relationship to the Sonoran desert. She’s now editor of the Oregon Undergraduate Research Journal and is interested in making a career in magazine publishing and editing.

Many former interns at Skipping Stones go on to journalistic careers. Lee interns at Eugene Weekly. Nina Strochlic, BA ’13, works as a reporter for the Daily Beast. Nina Forsberg taught for the International High School at South Eugene High School before working as a professional editor—a job she balances with caring for her two young children.

“I’m just waiting for my older daughter to turn five,” Forsberg says, “and then I’ll encourage her to submit her writing to Skipping Stones.”

Melissa Hart is an adjunct instructor in the University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication and the author of Wild Within: How Rescuing Owls Inspired a Family (Lyons, 2014).
Natural Sounds
Composer Michael Harrison finds beauty in ancient and modern musical tunings.

One day in the early 1980s, Michael Harrison, BMus ’83, noticed that his piano sounded out of tune. There was nothing wrong with the instrument, the UO music student soon realized. It was his ears that had changed.

That realization set Harrison on a 30-year path that would lead him to become one of the most respected composers of his generation—lauded not just by major critics, who admire his innovations in tuning, but also by everyday listeners enchanted by his music’s ravishing beauty.

Harrison’s quest began at the university. Partly inspired by a world music class he had taken with his primary mentor, former dean Robert Trotter, Harrison studied in California with one of the 20th century’s most renowned teachers of Indian music, Pandit Pran Nath. Singers of classical Indian music, like many in the rest of the world and in the West stretching back to ancient Greece, tend to find harmonies and melodic intervals based on simple ratios between the frequencies (3:2 for the interval of a fifth, for example, 4:3 for a fourth, and so on)—a concept called “just intonation.” But for the past century or so, much Western music, including Harrison’s piano, has used a very different “equal tempered” tuning that offered many advantages—at the expense of the sheer sonic beauty produced by natural harmonies.

“In contrast to most tempered tunings, harmonies in just intonation ring with clarity and stability,” Harrison writes on his website, “and when certain complex ratios are used, the music shimmers with exotic resonance.”
Harrison’s upbringing equipped him to handle the math he’d later use in his tuning experiments. His grandfather was a dean at MIT, and in the early 1960s, when Michael was six, his father, David, brought the family to Eugene, where he began a three-decade career teaching mathematics at the university. Michael began meditating in high school and studied yoga at the UO, where his interest in the connection between spirituality and music blossomed.

But you don’t need math, meditation, or a background in Indian music to enjoy Harrison’s compositions. Harrison attributes his music’s approachable beauty to his Oregon childhood. “My first love even before music was the outdoors in Oregon,” Harrison remembers. An avid hiker, mountain climber, and skier, he has climbed most of the Cascades’ major peaks and regularly skis Mount Bachelor. “I think that’s why my music is generally accessible. Nature is accessible, and composers affiliated with the West Coast understand the connection between music and nature. Just intonation is nature.”

Harrison devoted himself to exploring the beauty of those tunings in his own compositions, which made him a major figure in American contemporary music. In 1986, he created the harmonic piano, which could play 24 notes per octave instead of the usual 12, thereby setting the stage for his breakthrough: the aptly titled Revelation, a 90-minute suite for solo harmonic piano hailed by critics as a revolutionary accomplishment.

Harrison’s mesmerizing 2012 release Just Ancient Loops garnered still more honors and spread his reputation ever wider as its performer, cellist Maya Beiser, recorded and toured it around the world. It also signaled new directions: after a quarter-century focused mainly on writing large-scale works in just intonation for piano, Harrison is now composing for larger ensembles and choruses and using electronic instruments, which make unusual tuning much easier. And Harrison has recently begun incorporating other aspects of the Indian music he sings every day into his new music for Western instruments. He’s cofounder and president of the American Academy of Indian Classical Music.

And even though, after his epiphany of intonation, conventional pianos sounded out of tune to Harrison, he’s spent much of his life deeply involved with them. To pay the bills after moving to New York in 1987, he became a piano broker, and eventually cofounded Faust Harrison Pianos (and was later joined by his wife, Marina, an art historian) to restore vintage pianos. He left the successful firm recently as his composition career burgeoned, but still freelances helping buyers, including institutions, find the pianos they want.

“It can be deeply rewarding to sustain a lifelong practice in the arts while working in another field at the same time,” he told UO music students when he returned to the university last year to accept the School of Music and Dance’s 2014 Distinguished Alumnus Award. Never having taken a business class, he attributes his business and artistic success to his musical training. “By studying music and dance, we become more intelligent and inventive members of society.”

Brett Campbell, MS ’96, lives in Portland, writes for Oregon ArtsWatch, the Wall Street Journal, and many other publications, and teaches journalism at Portland State University.

Michael Harrison has several well-regarded albums to his credit. His music has been performed at Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, the Metropolitan Museum, the American Academy in Rome, and the Sundance Film Festival. He has collaborated with such contemporary music ensembles as Kronos Quartet, Roomful of Teeth, and Bang on a Can.

FOR THE RECORD

Time Loops
(Cantaloupe, 2012)
“The music, with its blend of East and West, soars in interlocking swirls of color, rests in a central chorale, and builds steam to an ecstatic conclusion, sounding as if it had always been here,” says Tom Huizenga of National Public Radio.

Revelation: Music in Pure Intonation
(Cantaloupe, 2007)
A collection of a dozen piano pieces that experiment with tuning and expression. The Newark, New Jersey, Star-Ledger writes, “A monumental work . . . the pulsing, gamelan-like waves Harrison conjures from his customized ‘harmonic piano’ have a hypnotic effect.”

From Ancient Worlds: For Harmonic Piano
(New Albion, 1994)
Harrison spent two years modifying a standard grand piano as a harmonic piano. The website Allmusic.com says of the resulting recording, “This is not easy, but engaging, intense listening.”
Do you ever wish we printed more notes from your class? Your classmates feel that way, too. Submit a note online at OregonQuarterly.com or mail it to Editor, Oregon Quarterly, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403-5228.

1950s

**JANET FILBERT BRAMAN**, BS ’53, escapes the rain for a few months each year to live in south-east Australia, but she is still a proud Oregonian. Prior to retirement, she taught in the North Clackamas School District and enjoyed travel, volunteering, dragon boating, and golf. She would like to give a shout-out to all of the other part-time Aussies.

1960s

**JOE M. FISCHER**, BS ’60, MFA ’63, completed a mural for the Cowlitz County Habitat for Humanity office and supply complex.

**J. MICHAEL RICHMOND**, BS ’62, was honored by the El Sol Neighborhood Resource Center of Jupiter, Florida, upon retiring after a decade of service as cofounder, first president, and communications chairman for the nonprofit agency. He is a retired journalist and retired San Diego, California, district director for US Senator Dianne Feinstein.

**ED DERKSEN**, BBA ’64, MBA ’66, has joined Caldwell Banker Reed Bros. Realty in Sisters, Oregon, specializing in Black Butte Ranch and investment properties.

**MICHAEL P. RICHARDS**, BA ’66, is a proud survivor of stage three colorectal cancer and will be continuing his 15-year career as a patient liaison and volunteer for the UCLA Department of Emergency Medicine. To ensure the future health of the flock, he would like to urge all of his classmates to have annual colon and prostate checkups.

**RON L. WEED**, BS ’66, took up teaching aerospace science for the Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps at Kennewick High School. He can still fit into his Air Force uniform from his time in ROTC at the UO, although the belt is a bit tight.

**DUDDY POSTON**, PhD ’68, a professor of sociology at Texas A&M University, was among the scientists elected last November as fellows of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was selected based on his contributions to the field of social demography, in particular for enhancing the understanding of population growth in the United States and China.

**RON WIGGINTON**, MFA ’68, for its permanent collection. This accession was made possible by a generous gift from the DiMare family of Tiburon.

Flashback

The Summer 1975 issue of Old Oregon includes an item about W. Sherman Savage, MA ’25, the first African American graduate of the UO and the first African American to earn a PhD from Ohio State University. Savage recounts only one unpleasant experience—when he was denied a room at the Eugene YMCA.

1970s

**HOWARD W. ROBERTSON**, BA ’70, MA ’78, recently published a book of fiction titled Hyperzotica (Publication Studio, 2015). He has also published several poems in the online magazine Setting Forth, and recently gave a reading in the Lane Writers Reading Series.

**MICKEY CLARIZO**, BS ’75, MS ’78, will enter his first year as team trainer for the Boise Hawks. He got his start working with the Portland Beavers and the Eugene Emeralds in...
DUCKS AFIELD

KELLY PARAS, BA ’07, ANNIE BRANDJORD, BA ’07, and BOBBI JO COYLE, BS ’07, show a little UO pride despite sub-zero temperatures and a grueling 8-hour push to the summit of Africa’s highest peak, Mount Kilimanjaro.

We love to track Duck migrations! Send us your favorite photos of yourself, classmates, family, and friends showing your Duck pride around the world. Attach high resolution JPEG or TIFF files to an email and send to quarterly@uoregon.edu, or submit them online at OregonQuarterly.com.

ROSS KARI, BS ’80, MBA ’83, has joined the board of directors of Summit Bank.


CHARLES PADGETT, BBA ’83, is the new chief finan-

Continued on page 58
2015 Twenty years before the current trend toward wearable technology, professor Zary Segall introduces the Navigator, a wearable computer described as “a cross between a Sony Walkman and a pair of wraparound sunglasses.” Segall says that wearable computers will be functional in a variety of work settings.

Will Power

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TAMARA PINKAS, MS ’86, recently retired from Lane Community College in Eugene and moved to Seattle, where she is working as an internship coordinator for Bellevue College. She also published the second edition of her textbook, Find Your Next Professional Job.

The Monterey County Environmental Bureau, led by Director of Environmental Health JOHN RAMIREZ, BS ’86, received the 2014 Excellence in Environmental Health Award for its Food Safety Program from the California Conference of Directors of Environmental Health.

AMY LEIMBACH, BA ’90, became Alpha Media’s new regional director of business after working with the Portland-based company since 2009.

MARK TEPPO, BA ’90, edited and published an anthology of speculative stories, Thirteen: Stories of Transformation. This is his first foray into editing, and the ninth book released by his publishing company, Resurrection House. The title of his anthology is a reference to Death, the 13th tarot card, which is a symbol of creative change.

Vancouver architect PETER HILDEBRAND, BArch ’91, and his former classmate, GREG YOUNG, MArch ’91, participated in a weeklong team project for Impact Ministries to provide master planning and design for a new orphanage in Guatemala.

The structural engineering consulting firm Thornton Tomasetti announced that the firm’s sustainability practice leader, GUNNAR HUBBARD, MArch ’92, was elected a fellow of the American Institute of Architecture.

GABRIELLE VALDEZ DOW, BA ’95, is the new vice president of marketing and fan engagement for the Green Bay Packers.

CHUCK WAHR, BS ’95, was appointed vice president of sales and marketing for Trijicon Inc., a company that manufactures optical sighting devices for firearms.

JASON KRUPOFF, BS ’99, was hired as vice president for Bellwether Enterprise, where he will work for

DUCKS AFIELD

MOULIK D. BERKANA, BA ’00, puts the O in Borobudur—a 9th century Javanese temple and the largest Buddhist monument in the world.
the company’s Western Region office.

**Jodie S. Miner**, BA ’99, assumed the role of vice president for the Swedish Medical Center Foundation in January after seven years with University of Washington Medicine Advancement. She is also currently copresident of the Association of Fundraising Professionals Advancement.

**MOULIK BERKANA**, BA ’00, recently finished a four-year tour as a political officer at the US Embassy in Jakarta, Indonesia. He will soon serve another one-year assignment at the US Consulate in Peshawar, Pakistan. Although he is home in Eugene sporadically, he follows the Ducks year-round, and sometimes gets to relax with his family and visit the Saturday Market.

**SUSAN CRAWFORD (SHOEMAKER)**, BS ’01, opened her new Oregon-based CPA practice this January, with offices in Bend and Prineville. She is expecting her third daughter with her husband, **Seth Crawford**, BS ’02. The newest addition will join sisters Chloe Kathleen and Raegan Lee.

**Lincoln Nehring**, BS ’01, JD ’04, was named the new president and CEO of Voices for Utah Children, a child advocacy organization.

A former leader at Intel, **Raghu Valluri**, MBA ’01, was promoted to vice president of information technology solution delivery at the Standard, an insurance and financial company based in Portland.

**Sam Adams**, BA ’02, former Portland mayor and the executive director of the City Club of Portland, will leave his current position and head to Washington, D.C., to serve as director of US climate initiatives at the World Resources Institute.

New York sculptor **Nick Van Woert**, BArch ’02, attracted international acclaim last year with high-profile solo exhibitions in Italy and the Netherlands. His latest project, *Pink Elephants on Parade*, was recently on display at the University of Nevada.

After this year’s 57th Annual Grammy Awards, **Alison Bjorkedal**, BMus ’03, took home the trophy for Best Classical Compendium for her work with Partch, an ensemble that plays the music and instruments of 20th-century composer Harry Partch.

Bestselling author of *Find Your Happy: An Inspirational Guide to Loving Life to Its Fullest*, **Shannon Kaiser**, BA ’03, has been named among the top 100 Women to Watch in Wellness by the online health magazine *Mind Body Green*.

**Emily Cable**, BS ’06, a serials and e-resource librarian at the Salem Public Library, is the recipient of the 2015 First Step Award, presented by the Association for Library Collections and Technical Services Continuing Resources Section.

**Brian Gander**, ’07 DEd, will become superintendent of the Reedsport School District this summer after he returns from teaching in China.

**Nicholas Swope**, BS ’08, is a Paul D. Coverdell continued on page 60
Peace Corps Fellow completing his MS in health sciences and public health at Western Illinois University. His co-authored research article, “A Tornado, a Town, and a Team,” was recently published in the March edition of the magazine Natural Hazards Observer.

Three years ago, DANIEL SOULE, BA ’09, and his brother, Tyler Soule, founded H2O Adventures, a California whitewater rafting company. They currently offer trips down the south, middle, and north forks of the American River and the north fork of the Yuba River. Their promise of the “best day ever” is even more tempting for UO alumni—who receive a 30 percent discount.

2010s

Beer chemist and former laboratory technician for Ninkasi Brewery DANA GARVES, BS ’10, has opened BrewLab—Eugene’s first beer analysis facility. The company hopes to help the Oregon brewery community hone its skills and improve beer quality.

ALICIA INNS, BA ’10, joined the KXAN News team in Austin, Texas, as a morning show multi-platform journalist.

Portland natives KELLY COLLEEN MALONEY, BA ’13, and JARED CHRISTOPHER RASMUSSEN, BS ’13, were married in September 2014.

Former UO All-American track star PHYLLIS FRANCIS, BS ’14, beat her personal idol and Olympic gold medalist Sanya Richards-Ross to take first place in the women’s 400-meter at the Millrose Games this February.

IN MEMORIAM

NORMAN JOHN JOHNSON, BArch ’47, died March 16 at the age of 97. After working at an architectural firm in Seattle, an offer to join the UO’s architecture faculty made him realize his passion for academia. He earned his doctorate from the University of Pennsylvania and went on to teach at the University of Washington for 29 years. He was honored with numerous leadership positions and awards, including the American Institute of Architects Seattle Medal of Honor in 1991.

ROBY D. HALL, BS ’47, died on January 3 at the age of 94. He served in the US Coast Guard during World War II and spent 36 years as an educator in the Baker School District in Oregon. Right before he retired, he received the Phi Delta Kappa award for service and leadership in education as an Outstanding Elementary Educator.

ROGER C. WILEY, BS ’49, MS ’53, PhD ’63, died on February 14 at the age of 91. Being a very tall youth, he was courted by the Ducks basketball team and subsequently became the very first Washington state student to receive an athletic scholarship to an out-of-state school. When World War II broke out, his family had to convince the Department of War to let him serve because he was considered too tall. He met his wife and moved to Pullman, Washington, where he became department chair of men’s physical education and recreation. He also continued to work nationally and served his local community in countless ways.

1965

The university holds an all-night teach-in about the situation in Vietnam. The first speaker is Senator Wayne Morse, an outspoken critic of the US position. At the start of the event, 3,000 people are in attendance, but only about 250 remain until the next morning.
WALLACE KAY HUNTINGTON, BA ‘52, died on February 3 in Portland, at the age of 88. While he remained active within his landscape architecture firm, Huntington & Kiest, throughout his life, he also taught at Portland State University, wrote a column for the Oregonian’s Northwest Magazine, and served as a consultant for many early historic preservation projects in the region. He was later appointed to the first State Advisory Committee on Historic Preservation, and served as presiding officer of the Society of Architectural Historians.

HARRY WIDMAN, MFA ‘56, died on October 24, 2014 in Portland. An early pioneer of the Oregon modernist art movement, he was intrigued by expressive, evocative images. He taught at the Pacific Northwest College of Art for 36 years, was a member of the Oregon Arts Commission, and had his work featured in 175 exhibitions throughout his lifetime. He and his partner raised three children and two stepchildren.

KENNETH SHORES, MFA ‘57, died July 30, 2014 in Portland. He was an artist-in-residence and then director of the Contemporary Crafts Gallery in the 1960s. He set up the ceramics facility at Lewis and Clark College and chaired and taught in the art department for many years. He was elected lifetime trustee emeritus to the National Board of the American Craft Council for his role in shaping important changes in how clay is used and recognized as an artistic medium.

JAN LEWIS WARD, BBA ‘61, died January 4 in Bend, Oregon, at the age of 74. A fourth-generation resident of Bend, the driven housing developer had a vision for his city. He built many subdivisions and was a generous community benefactor.

GARY ALAN LUDKE, MEd ‘62, died on continued on page 62

DUCKS AFIELD
JOE ZAWODNY, BA’00, his wife Cari, and their fledgling Ducks Ethan and Zoe score a celebrity photo op with Donald Duck in Disneyland during spring break.
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CLASS NOTABLE

Four Score

A shared love of chamber music led recent graduates of the School of Music and Dance to form Delgani String Quartet. JANNIE WEI, DMA ’13, WYATT TRUE, DMA ’14, along with Morgan O’Shaughnessey and KELLY QUESADA, MMus ’13 have already performed widely in Oregon, including a performance at the opening ceremony for the Oregon House of Representatives 2015 session. The group’s repertoire ranges from such classical composers as Mozart and Beethoven to works by living composers.

March 16 in Spokane, Washington, at the age of 79. After serving as a Navy radioman in the Korean conflict, he married his high school sweetheart and became an educator, counselor, and school administrator in Vancouver, Washington. He also served as president of the Vancouver Education Association and was an active member of the Presbyterian community.

RON J. FAORO, BS ’77, died on March 1 after a paragliding accident in the foothills of Santa Barbara. A Portland native, he was the owner and clinician at St. Francis Pet Clinic, where he had worked since the early 1980s. He was also the former president of the California Veterinary Medical Association.

MARK EVAN GARRABRANT, BMus ’77, died February 18 at the age of 60. He began his career in experimental music in college and eventually joined the composition faculty at California Institute of the Arts. He was an avid cook, cyclist, and dancer.

JOSEPH NORMAN MILLER, MS ’78, died January 27 at the age of 71. He grew up in New York, served in the Vietnam War, and went on to receive degrees from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, Ohio University, and the UO—where he met his wife, CAROLE TANZER MILLER, BA ’74, in Carson Hall. He worked for many years as a self-employed manufacturers representative.

MARSHALL K. SAUCEDA, BS ’81, MS ’94, died December 4 in Los Angeles at the age of 60. He recently retired from the position of associate vice president of student affairs at Loyola Marymount University, where he had worked since 1997. Previously, he served as director for the UO’s Office of Multicultural Affairs.

BRENT C. ALLISON, BS ’77, MS ’79, died on February 28 in Juneau, Alaska, at the age of 61. He moved to Alaska to work for the Klukwan Native Corporation and ended his career in risk management for the state. He also cofounded a hot sauce company called “Lavalicious.”
He played a critical role in establishing LMU’s Upward Bound Program, which supports low-income high school students on the journey to college. The Marshall K. Sauceda scholarship has been created to honor his memory.

**AMY CHRISTINA DUBIN**, MA ’82, died August 1, 2013 in Seattle at the age of 60. Imbued with impressive artistic skills from a young age, she spent her career teaching art in middle schools and high schools in Oregon and Washington. She is remembered for her spirit of fun, wit, and commitment to education.

**JEAN KENDALL GLAZER**, BA ’40, died on March 3. Trained under the renowned László Moholy-Nagy at the Institute of Design in Chicago, she began a lifelong fascination with the Bauhaus movement. Glazer eventually returned to the UO and taught in the then-named School of Education. She traveled extensively and experimented fearlessly, inspiring generations of future artists. The College of Arts at Portland State University established the Jean Kendall Glazer Endowed Scholarship in her honor.

**JOHN A. SHELLMAN** died on December 16 in Eugene at the age of 90. He served in the Army and attended college on the GI Bill, receiving a doctorate in chemistry from Princeton. He met his wife at the Carlsberg Laboratory in Copenhagen—she was the only other American post-doctoral fellow in the lab—and they eventually settled in Eugene to join the newly revamped Department of Chemistry. He published his final paper on his 80th birthday.

**FLASHBACK 1985** The UO theater arts department gains national recognition as its production of *Excursion Fare* by Dennis Smith, MFA ’84, travels to the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., as part of the American College Theater Festival. It is the first UO production in 15 years to be so honored.

**Hannah L. Sportswear**

Bachelor of Arts in Public Relations. Aspires to be the Senior Vice President of Marketing and Communication for ABC. Learn more about our grads at UODuckStore.com/Grad2015.
On the northern Oregon coast, Tillamook Spit is long and brush-covered, storm-blasted in the winter. A constant wind turns the waves white with spindrift. Seagulls hang level, not needing to flap their wings to stay aloft. Driftwood lies in frozen forms like an accidental still-life.

The need to fill in blank spaces . . . I moved to Oregon for graduate school. The choice was lightly considered: born in Ohio, I’d never been west of the Rocky Mountains, never seen the Pacific Ocean. I finished up my MFA in 1998 and did not leave. Oregon has a way of getting beneath your skin. Things change and things evolve. I fell in love and got married and became a father, found work as a teacher, bought a house. And while developing curriculum for a high school class, I found myself digging into the history of my adopted state.

For some reason, the saga of Bayocean struck a chord inside of me. In the early days of the last century, Bayocean was an improbable sort of Oregon dream. A sportsman named Potter, originally from Kansas City, came to elk hunt and fish in the coastal wilds. The Oregon coast enchanted him and he found it difficult to leave. But he was also a real estate developer, a rich man, and so he bought Tillamook Spit, that narrow bar that separates bay from ocean. In 1906, he and his namesake son platted a community of some 3,000 lots. Within four years, more than 100 buildings had been constructed in this community without a past—a post office and a fine hotel, a movie theater and a heated saltwater pool. A wooden dance hall was nestled amidst the dunes. Bayocean boasted electric lights and four miles of paved roads at a time when the rest of the state was mostly mud tracks. Spring water was piped via an aqueduct from a nearby mountain. There was a fish cannery. But Bayocean was always intended as a luxury tourist destination. Hear the music from the dance hall—summer night, orchestra on a raised stage. The music shimmer-drifts over swaying couples, a waltz mingled with the sound of the ocean.

The strophe and anti-strophe of the waves. Bayocean began to vanish almost as soon as it was born. The sea ate away at the spit, the reclaiming way of the world. It was hubris, building on an unprotected beach. Steadily, the frontage dissolved and a few outbuildings were lost to the ocean. And then went the dance hall. A storm in 1936 severed the access road, briefly turning the spit into an island. Eventually, the post office closed and the last of the citizens moved inland.

I don’t intend for this to be some sort of ode to melancholy and loss. It’s not that at all. Maybe this is about the power of the vast ocean. It was the Pacific and the shuddering landscape that brought Potter here for hunting. The water moves as if it is breathing. It is the same ocean I came to see with my own eyes when I was in my 20s. I moved to Oregon full of vinegar, sure in my own mind to be the next big thing. I wanted to be Hemingway and wanted to be Faulkner. Older now, I understand that even the best-laid plans often erode and life cannot be strictly planned. Life as a series of unforeseen waves—Potter and his namesake son were sued several times for fraud.

A November afternoon—walking on the spit with my wife, watching our girls climb on the sawgrass-covered dunes, seeking teenage isolation, while our six-year-old boy finds a length of bull kelp and twirls it around his head as he shrieks with laughter. I came to see this place, too. They say in some places the remnant foundations of Bayocean can be found if you’re willing to dig. But something else has taken the town’s place all over again—wildness and pure beauty, a return to the way of the world and the wonder. Plans and dreams always change and the world reclaims. Everything is in constant transition, unknowable in its changing, day upon day. I know that now. I’ve made my peace with it. I like to think that somewhere old Potter is okay with it too—the way the tide breaks over the naked and bare Tillamook Spit. It is truly lovely.

James Pearson, MFA ’98, lives in Eugene with his family.
If has been part of who we are since 1876.

That’s when a community asked “What if?”

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If started it all here.

If is what we still do here.

We if.

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