

ETHOS

Fall 2012 Volume 5 Issue 1



Racing to **VICTORY**

The story of two Paralympians

FROM RUSSIA
with love

WRESTLING
Savage Style

Twin Ravens Press

GRAPHIC DESIGN & LETTERPRESS PRINTING



Invitations, business stationery, greeting cards, and more!
100% cotton, handmade, and recycled papers, and vegetable-based inks.
Letterpress printed by hand, on antique printing equipment, right here in Eugene.

APPOINTMENTS ONLY • 541.345.3857 • TWINRAVENSPRESS@GMAIL.COM • WWW.TWINRAVENSPRESS.COM



ON TAP & IN BOTTLES
THROUGHOUT THE NW.

>OAKBREW.COM

TELOS

Studios.Net

STUDIO VIDEO PHOTO WEB PR MAGAZINE



Telos Studios provides all the necessities for professional grade film, media and music production using finely tuned equipment.

For more information, show coverage, contests, and free gear, check out:

telosstudios.net



Follow us on Twitter and Facebook
Telosstudios.net@gmail.com

541 525 0132
2580 West 5th Ave Eugene, OR



FEATURES

14 THE CRUELEST VIEW

A Spanish outpost near Morocco is limbo for would-be European immigrants.

24 RACING WITHOUT LIMITS

Wheelchair track athletes race toward glory in London.

20 THE COAL MINER'S GLOVE MATCH

A wrestler recounts the golden era of Pacific Northwest wrestling and the gimmick that made him a legend.

30 ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD

Prospectors try to strike it rich in Oregon's Calapooya Mountains.

fall 2012

Ethos Magazine is a multicultural student publication based at the University of Oregon in Eugene, Oregon. *Ethos Magazine* receives support from the ASUO. All content is legal property of *Ethos*, except when noted. Permission is required to copy, reprint, or use any content in *Ethos Magazine*. All views and opinions expressed are strictly those of the respective author or interviewee.

CONTENTS



DEPARTMENTS

06 EDITOR'S NOTE

34 JOURNEYS ABROAD

Exploring Mexico forges a connection between past and present.

42 SOUNDWAVES

A family of nine yodelers reveals what makes them sing out loud.

08 DIALOGUE

A former Soviet citizen reflects on his life in the USSR.

36 COLORS & SHAPES

There's more than meets the eye with these voracious plants.

44 MOVING PICTURES

True crime through the eyes of a Lane County detective.

10 PASSPORT

Bored? Not with these four games from around the world.

38 SPICES & SPIRITS

Oregon welcomes one of Europe's oldest fruits.

46 THE LAST

A young woman visiting Athens confronts the realities of Greece's financial turmoil.

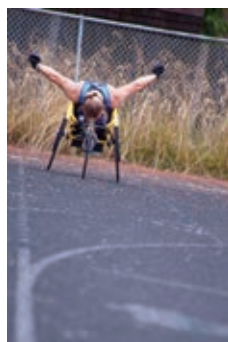
12 FORUM

Some Americans favor faith over medicine. Is it safe?

40 PEOPLE IN MOTION

Jet boats make a splash as they race more than 90 miles per hour.

EDITOR'S NOTE



Photographer Kyle McKee caught athlete Carleigh Dewald between laps while preparing for the 2012 Paralympic Games in London.

Curiosity killed the cat. At least that's what the old adage says. To me, it's the same as saying, "Don't ask too many questions," "Don't be bold," and "Don't laugh so loud; you'll draw attention." To that, I say phooey. Living in a nation that continually struggles to embrace a multicultural identity, some days those are the only things you can do to stay sane. Ask questions, be bold, and laugh—always laugh.

You can also read *Ethos*.

I learned the lesson about *Ethos* barely more than one year ago when I became a student at the University of Oregon. Although this issue will mark only my fifth publication with the magazine, in my short tenure I've come to realize the students who make up *Ethos* create a family as diverse as the subjects we write about. We learn as much from each other as we do when developing our content and as former editor in chief, Beth Kramer, once told me, each issue of *Ethos* is bound by a thread of common ground. This issue is no exception.

The thread connecting the 2012 fall issue of *Ethos* is Oregon. It's about the people who have melded to create a culture distinct to this state—from progressive farmers mainstreaming European fruit in a Northwest climate ("Fields of Plenty," page 38), to the men and women who keep Oregon's pioneer spirit alive panning for gold in the Cascade foothills ("All that Glitters is Gold," page 30). Others such as Soviet expatriate, Alex Reutov, have enriched our communities by sharing traditions from abroad ("A Promised Land," page 8).

As a new school year brings together a new *Ethos* staff, it's our goal to continue the tradition of past *Ethos* teams by finding a thread of commonality and inspiring cross-cultural discussion. I ask you to read our words, look at our photos, and understand our work, as a way of making sense of a sometimes chaotic world. Whether you are rooted in Oregon or just passing through, please take our stories with you and above all else, *be curious*.

Lacey Jarrell
Editor in Chief

Ethos is printed on 70 percent post-consumer recycled paper

Ethos thanks Campus Progress for helping support this student-run publication. Campus Progress, the youth division of the Center for American Progress, is a national progressive organization working to empower young people to make their voices heard.

Published with support from 

ETHOS

EDITOR IN CHIEF

Lacey Jarrell

PUBLISHER

Lana O'Brien

MANAGING EDITOR

Brenna Houck

PHOTO EDITOR

Will Kanellos

CREATIVE DIRECTOR

Brittany Nguyen

WEB EDITOR

Hannah Doyle

HEAD COPY EDITOR

Alex Fus

WEB PHOTO EDITOR

Kyle McKee

COPY EDITORS

Iam Pace, Julia Rogers, Jiaqi Ye

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Dillon Pilorget

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Keegan Clement-Housser, Brit McGinnis,
Melissa Murray, Ashley Shaffer

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Nicole Peynado, Nicole Varveris

WRITERS

Spencer Adrian, Adrian Black, Brennon Clark, Keegan
Clement-Housser, Sarah C. Frey, Katy George, Ashley
Shaffer, Ted Shorack, Xenia Slabina, Ekaterina Vasileva

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES

Calvin Christensen, Jasmine Gevatosky, Spencer Kelly,
Chris Rey, Kyle Soektjo, Nicole Varveris

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Spencer Adrian, Erik Bender,
Adrian Black, Anna Helland

VIDEOGRAPHERS

Anna Helland, Jordan Shepherd

DESIGNERS

Lauren Beauchemin, Maggie Brees, Charlotte Cheng,
Anna Helland, Heidi Reely, Cheyenne Thayer, Kylie Wray

ILLUSTRATORS

Maggie Brees, Charlotte Cheng

CONTACT

ethos@ethosmagonline.com

SPECIAL THANKS

ASUO Senate, Billie Moser, The City of Eugene,
Copic Marker, Mark Blaine, Ninkasi Brewery Co.,
Ross West, the SOJC, and all of our readers



Congratulations to the *Ethos* staff, both past and present, for its award-winning work. For its previous issues, *Ethos* received multiple awards from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, including its first Digital Magazine Silver Crown and two Society of Professional Journalists Mark of Excellence Awards.



After leaving the USSR in 1988, Alex Reutov finally made it to the US in 1989. He now works as a driver for the Lane Transit District (LTD) bus system.

A PROMISED LAND

After years of persecution in Soviet Russia, one refugee found freedom in Eugene, Oregon.

Estonia, Tallinn. Year 1984. Alex Reutov and a group of nearly 90 believers in an underground Christian church had secretly gathered at the city's edge in an old house for religious worship. The group had just begun praying when a lookout warned the state security police (KGB) was coming to arrest them, and the worshippers suddenly had to flee. The church members emptied the house in about three minutes, escaping through the building's doors and windows.

Reutov, who is now 53 years old, has been living in the US since 1989; however, most of his life was spent in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics (USSR). The USSR was established in 1922 as a number of republics controlled by a single government that ruled according to the communist ideology outlined by German socialist Karl Marx, who advocated for the abolition of religion. Under this ideology, religious practices were forbidden in the USSR and consequently, more than 100 million Christian believers were harassed, abused, terminated from jobs, and even executed.

Alex Reutov was raised in a Christian family and like millions of others, experienced persecution. Since his childhood, Reutov dreamed of moving to the US to escape what he called the "Prison of Nations." It's been 23 years since his dream came true. Reutov now lives in Eugene, Oregon,

where he works as a bus driver for the Lane Transit District. He is grateful to be a US citizen and treats each day as a blessing.

Xenia Slabina: Why did you want to live in the US and when did you start dreaming about it?

Alex Reutov: As far as I remember, I started dreaming about the US when I was six. I learned from other people and from movies that the US was a country with unlimited possibilities, with the most freedom available, and hoped one day to move there. I did not believe the anti-American propaganda to which I was exposed. I was always waiting for the opportunity to leave, even though I knew that in the Soviet Union it was easier to become a cosmonaut and fly to the moon than to move to a foreign country.

XS: How was your family deprived of freedom when you lived in the Soviet Union?

AR: We were constantly persecuted by the state security police because of our faith in God. The only religion that was tolerated was atheism. My parents were members of an underground Christian church. Every Sunday up to 100 people met at each other's houses for worship services. There

“I KNEW THAT IN THE SOVIET UNION IT WAS EASIER TO BECOME A COSMONAUT AND FLY TO THE MOON THAN TO MOVE TO A FOREIGN COUNTRY.”

were times when people gathered in our house also. To prevent suspicion, no more than two people at a time were allowed to enter the house. One could be easily arrested for practicing their religion.

XS: Have you ever been personally discriminated against because of your beliefs?

AR: I was, but I don't feel like a victim because spiritually, I'm strong. But when I was little, schoolteachers often asked me to stay after classes for special talks. They questioned me about my family, told me that my parents were wrong, and tried to make me abdicate my faith. They ridiculed me in front of other classmates for believing in God. My siblings were psychologically bullied in the same way.

When I returned from the army after serving in Kazakhstan, I had a hard time finding a job. Among the first questions employers asked were whether I was a member of a communistic party, and if not, was it because I was religious.

XS: What about other family members of yours? Were they persecuted in any way?

AR: During World War II, my grandfather was killed because he declared himself a Christian. He refused to pick up a gun, believing it was sinful to kill people, believing that only God had a right to take lives. For that reason, a KGB truck stopped by his house late one night and carried my grandfather in an unknown direction. Witnesses said he was put alive in a mixture of white lime liquid and his body corroded in minutes. That was like martyrdom.

My wife, who is also a Christian, was locked alone in her elementary school after classes and was forced to learn Communist poems. Her grades were intentionally lowered when it became known that her family practiced religion.

XS: The USSR was in a cold war with the US until 1990. How did you and your spouse, being Soviet citizens, manage to gain asylum in the US?

AR: People who expressed their intention to flee were regarded as betrayers of the Motherland and risked being sent to prison. It was extremely hard to go somewhere outside the territory of the USSR. In the 1980s, President Ronald Reagan and Soviet Premier Mikhail Gorbachev struck a deal allowing Christians and Jews to leave the Soviet Union. I did not want to miss that opportunity. In 1988, the year we fled, we were ordered to voluntarily renounce Soviet citizenship. We were given 48 hours to leave the Soviet Union and never return.

XS: Where did you go after leaving the Soviet Union?

AR: First, my wife, our one-year-old son, and I departed to Vienna, Austria, where we spent over a month. Then we were transferred to Italy and spent three months there. During our stay in Italy, we learned a little bit of Italian. The next year, on January 11, 1989, we came to Burlingame, California.



As an LTD driver, Reutov shuttles residents between Springfield and Eugene, Oregon.

XS: What languages do you speak?

AR: At home we speak Russian. I speak English, Russian, and Ukrainian. I can also understand Italian, and most of the Slavic languages, which are interrelated with each other. Recently I learned Polish by listening to the "Polskie Radio."

XS: How has your life changed since you fled Soviet Russia?

AR: I'm living my dream now. Every day we wake up and thank God that we live in the US. This nation has an amazing ability to survive and overcome all difficulties. I had a chance to travel a lot around the globe [Reutov has been to 16 countries]. I saw how different people live in various parts on the planet, and can say that the US is the best nation in the world.

XS: What, for you, is the meaning of life?

AR: It's important for everyone to find his place in this world. For me, the meaning of life is to talk to people and encourage them. It's encouraging to have hope. For example, I'm telling you the story about the fulfillment of my dream so that it will inspire those who will know about it. If I could realize my dream, then others can actualize theirs also. Even if you have to wait for years, at the end it's definitely worth it. ☺

-XENIA SLABINA

THE STORY OF THE BOARD

Four games from around the world shed light on the cultures that created them.

Since the beginning of recorded history, people have played board games. Originating from as far apart as ancient Mesoamerica and the bamboo forests of early China and beyond, board games are still going strong today.

Board games have entertained and educated. They have been used as arbiters of disputes, tests of skill, games of chance, and reasons to host social gatherings. Perhaps most importantly, board games have served as cultural reflections of the societies that created them, and have preserved a snapshot of people and places long past.

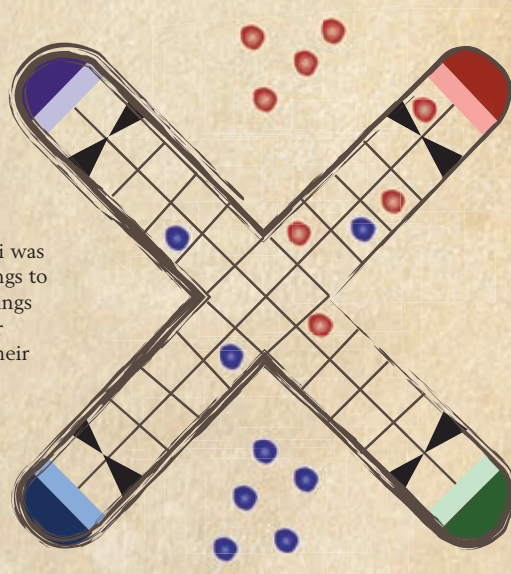
The following four games from around the world showcase an example of a family—or collection with similar rules and origins—of games. Each was chosen out of the countless thousands of board games in existence today because of its historical and cultural relevance. Each tells a story about the society responsible for its creation.

Central and South America: Patolli

Patolli, a game similar to backgammon, was once wildly popular throughout Central America. The game entertained peasants and kings alike, including the famed Aztec leader, Moctezuma, until it was banned by Catholic clergy following the Spanish conquest of Mesoamerica in the sixteenth century. Those caught playing Patolli had their hands burned, and records of the game were destroyed.

This harsh punishment may have been a response to how Patolli was played. Before each round, two players would each make six offerings to Macuilxochitl, the Mesoamerican god of games and luck. The offerings could range from trivial personal tokens to parcels of land, slaves, or even daughters, and participants would play to take possession of their opponent's offerings.

The game began as players tossed beans marked on one side onto the Patolli board. They then raced jade pieces around the X-shaped board, moving them according to the marks on beans that had landed face up after the toss. Making it around the board meant claiming one of the opposing player's offerings; take all six of the opponent's offerings, and the game was over. The Aztecs believed the spirit of Macuilxochitl bestowed the offerings to the winner as a token of divine esteem and once the game was over, they were transferred into the possession of the victor.

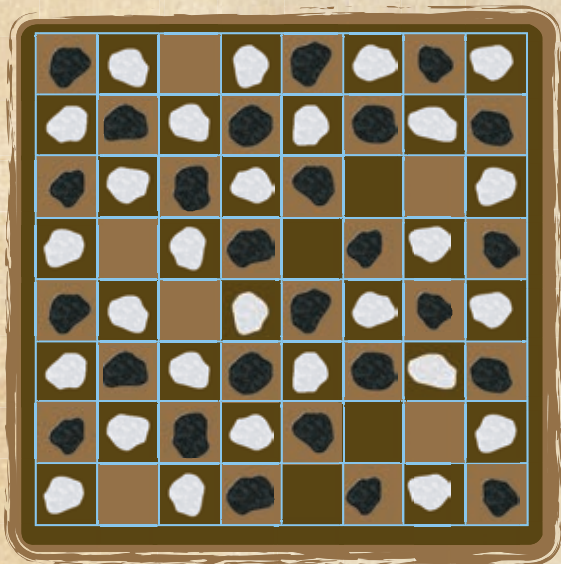


Asia: Xiangqi

Xiangqi—literally “elephant game,” or Chinese chess—is China’s contribution to the chess family of board games, and has been played for at least 1,300 years. Other estimates place Xiangqi as many as 2,200 to 2,300 years old, suggesting it was created as a reflection of the ancient Chinese dynasties that fought for control during the Warring States period of the fifth to the third century BCE. Much like chess’s ubiquitous presence in the Western world, Xiangqi has remained one of the most popular and widespread games in the Asian mainland.

Also similar to Western chess, the objective of Xiangqi is to capture the king (or “general,” as the piece was called in order to avoid upsetting the emperors of China). The board also has a similar setup, although pieces are played on the corners rather than the middle of the squares. The boards are occasionally checkered in a variety of colors for aesthetic value, though unlike Western chess, the different colorations don’t have an impact on gameplay. A board’s markings are generally simple, straight lines, but occasionally ornate carvings or illustrations signifying rivers and palaces can change the direction of piece movement in these areas. Xiangqi’s pieces were modeled after Asian society and offer figurative representations like elephants, one of the game’s most powerful pieces, which can be blocked by rivers. Also symbolic of ancient China, Xiangqi’s generals cannot leave their palaces, which is based on the belief that a general was considered too valuable to risk on the field of battle. The rest of the game similarly reflects the philosophy of the Chinese military and its focus on the importance of strategy.

“A general was considered too valuable to risk on the field of battle.”



South Pacific: Kōnane

Originally developed by the first Polynesian colonizers of Hawai‘i, Kōnane was more than just a game: It was also used as a courting ritual. Young Hawaiians began playing Kōnane as a rite of passage and developed their skill until they were ready to face-off against a potential romantic partner. The rules of the game were designed to instill virtues such as patience, thoughtfulness, endurance, and humility in young adults. Playing Kōnane also served as a reminder of those values to the rest of the community, even when the game was used for its other common purpose: gambling.

Kōnane is unique because the board, which is arranged in a grid similar to checkers, can be any size without altering the rules of the game, so long as the number of squares is even and uniform. An eight-by-eight-square board would be as acceptable as a 30-by-30-square board. Much like checkers, players take turns capturing pieces via jumps, but aggression isn’t the objective—outlasting the opponent is. The last player able to make a legal move wins. Strategy, restraint, and the ability to rise above ego are all essential to victory in Kōnane, which reflects the values of community well-being by the society that created it.

Africa: Oware

Oware, or “they marry,” is a game created by the Akan tribe of modern-day Ghana. The name derives from the myth of the game’s origin, which involves a couple, either married or betrothed, playing the game as a way of spending as much time together as possible.

The objective of Oware is to “sow” seeds in hollows, or “houses,” that have been carved into a rectangular board. As a player moves around the board, seeds are deposited in the houses, including a goal compartment in which each player accumulates seeds as a method of scoring. If, once all the seeds have been placed, the final house to receive a seed has already been “sown,” then the entirety of that house is picked up by the player and the process repeats until the final seed is placed in an unoccupied house. In this regard, Oware is very similar to other games in the widespread “count-and-capture” mancala family.

But unlike other mancala games, Oware is intended to last as long as possible. Players are instructed to always play their turns so the next player can continue to play. Only when such courtesy is no longer possible does the game end. Additionally, it’s expected that spectators will offer commentary and advice, engaging with the players for the duration of the game and making it a social event for more than just the players. ♀

- KEEGAN CLEMENTS-HOUSSER





THE RELIGION PRESCRIPTION

Praying for a miracle: when faith replaces medicine.

Quietly leaning over the body of his fatally ill son, the worried father daubs olive oil on his child's forehead and says a prayer. He is unaware of the world outside; this fragile moment is between him and God. The father prays, and prays again.

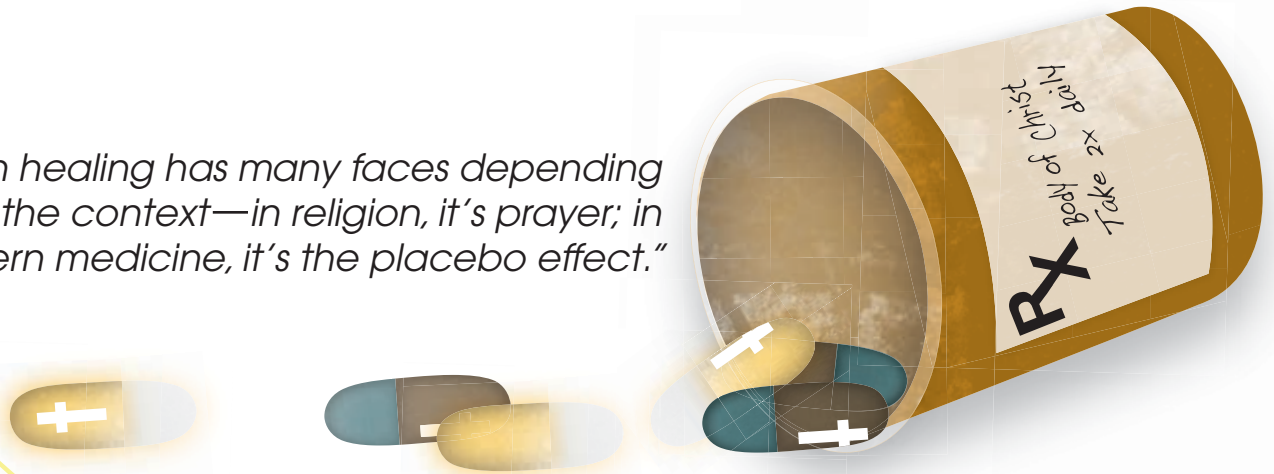
Moving around the room, he glances at his unconscious son. Each time his eyes land on the boy's listless body, he asks God for another miracle. The father's focus masks his anxiety, and the praying continues ceaselessly for hours. This is not a scene foreign to twenty-first century America, this is twenty-first century America, and this practice is known as faith healing.

Faith healing is the use of prayer to cure an ailment rather than the application of modern medicine. The practice is based on the belief that only God has the power to decide on matters of life and death; therefore, seeking medical treatment is believed to be going against God's will.

Given the surge of religious identification in the US in recent years (an approximate 23.5 percent jump from 1990 to 2008, according to an American Religious Identification Survey), prayer has become the most common complement to medical treatment, overshadowing other types of

IN
GOD
WE
TRUST

"Faith healing has many faces depending on the context—in religion, it's prayer; in modern medicine, it's the placebo effect."



alternative medicine including acupuncture and vitamins. However, in communities such as the Followers of Christ church in Oregon City, Oregon, prayer is applied as a substitute, rather than an accompaniment to medical care and this has led to disastrous consequences.

In recent years, the Followers of Christ church has attracted national attention for its faith healing practices, as well as its shunning of church members who seek professional medical treatment. The court trials, which often involved couples with young children, have drawn mass publicity.

On September 29, 2011, Followers of Christ church members Dale and Shannon Hickman were charged with second-degree manslaughter of their infant son, David, in a Clackamas County Court. The Hickmans had planned a home birth, which conformed to their religious beliefs; however, when their son was born two months early, weighing three pounds seven ounces, things did not go as planned. Severely premature, David quickly developed complications. Certain the strength of his faith in God would heal his son, Dale prayed and daubed David with olive oil. Despite the supplications, David died shortly after birth, living less than nine hours.

The Hickmans are not an isolated case. Another Oregon City couple, Timothy and Rebecca Wyland, was charged with first-degree criminal mistreatment after refusing to provide medical care for their infant daughter, Alayna, when she contracted an eye growth. Although it nearly blinded her, the Wylands instead chose to try healing the growth by prayer. In this case, the Wylands were lucky; when Alayna was taken into protective custody, she was treated by doctors who were able to cure her affliction. Under typical charges of criminal mistreatment the Wylands could have faced up to five years in prison. But under the protection of Oregon's religious exemption clause, they were only given a 90-day jail sentence.

Given the severity of the children's ailments and the availability of medical care, the following question lingers: How could the parents decide to not seek the help of a physician? In an interview with Oregon's KATU News, former Followers of Christ member, Myra Cunningham, said disobeying the church is not so simple; renouncing medical care and relying on faith healing is rooted in deep religious convictions. Church members are told that doctors will not save their lives, and any members caught seeking a physician's care will be shunned from the community. Cunningham also revealed that church members are forbidden to speak any individuals outside the

congregation who are known as "worldlies." Followers of Christ members are also as notorious for their privacy as they are for their court cases; members avoid speaking with reporters about their healing practices in any detail and as a result, almost all information on their habits has been gathered from court trials.


In the meantime, the Followers of Christ rigid faith healing practices have affected Oregon's stance on laws regarding religious exemption. Days after the Wylands' conviction in 2011, Oregon governor John Kitzhaber signed Measure 11, a law eliminating religious exemption (and thus legal protection) for parents who employ faith healing, rather than modern medicine, to cure their sick children. Any cases following the Hickmans and the Wylands will be punished with mandatory sentencing under the new law. Based on the ruling regarding Oregon's religious exemption laws, does faith healing have a place in modern society?

A 2007 Baylor University national study of religion revealed that only 15.9 percent of respondents stated they have experienced "miraculous, physical healing." In contrast, Center for Disease Control's statistics report that 82.2 percent of American adults, and 92.1 percent of children, have had contact with a health care professional in the last year. Comparing these two reports, it appears that Americans are reliant on modern medicine, not faith healing, for their health. Or are they?

On the flip side of the faith healing coin, Nigel Barber, an evolutionary psychologist who writes for *Psychology Today*, says faith healing is prevalent in modern medicine and can improve immune function. A report from the American Cancer Society implies there is a lot to be said for mind over matter: a small percentage of cancer patients find their disease in complete remission with no explanation other than a strong belief in the cure, which may have dramatically increased their chances of surviving the disease. This optimism can go a long way; many physicians assert that a patient's belief in a treatment is equally as vital as the treatment itself.

Faith healing is complex and context laden subject: in religion, it's prayer; in modern medicine, it's the placebo effect. It also has a history—the power of healing has been attributed to God and spiritual figures for thousands of years, and the tradition remains unbroken in modern religious communities. Faith healing continues to be practiced among Christian Scientists, some orthodox Jewish sects, evangelical Protestants, and other groups. In cases of terminal illness, faith healing begins where modern medicine ends, giving patients and their families comfort, and sometimes, the hope of a cure. But despite the limitations of modern medicine, the necessity of faith healing in a modern society remains to be known. ☉

- EKATERINA VASILEVA

The background is a textured, aged paper with a color gradient from yellow to orange. A thick, red, irregular strip runs across the bottom of the page, resembling a torn piece of paper or a brushstroke.

Separated from Morocco by only a ten-foot-tall fence, the city of Ceuta, a Spanish outpost on the African continent, is home to hundreds of men and women trying to gain European citizenship. Although the European continent lies just 20 kilometers across the Strait of Gibraltar, for many refugees it's a much longer journey to asylum.



THE CRUELLEST VIEW

STORY KATY GEORGE DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION CHARLOTTE CHENG

**"WE DON'T LEAVE
OUR HOMES BECAUSE
WE WANT TO. IT'S A
NECESSITY."**

CROSSING THE BORDER

Darkest night. The only sounds are the rhythmic pounding of waves on rock and their own muffled whispers. It's sometime in August—the eight travelers can't say exactly what day. The sun set hours ago, but the ground beneath their feet is still warm. A chilly breeze blows in from the Strait of Gibraltar. On the northernmost tip of Africa, the small town of Belyounech, Morocco, sits on a spit of land that juts out into the ocean, to form a shallow bay. The swath of lights from Ceuta, a Spanish outpost on the African continent, is visible, almost painfully close. Under different circumstances, the travelers could walk to Ceuta from Belyounech easily in an hour or two. But without Spanish visas, the roads are impassable. A small, inflatable boat is the only option.

Nearly eight months after stepping onto the Zodiac raft bound for Ceuta, Philogski, a 25-year-old Nigerian refugee seeking political asylum on the Spanish mainland, remembers the fear sharply.

"I don't like to talk about it much," Philogski says as he readjusts his rectangular glasses, pushing them back onto the bridge of his nose. "I was lucky, very lucky."

Traveling between Belyounech and Ceuta by water is perilous, but it's the best option for undocumented immigrants hoping to reach Europe from Africa. The rocky coastline running between the edge of Morocco and the northern side of the autonomous Spanish city of Ceuta coupled with violent winds blowing from the North Atlantic make it dangerous to cross the Strait of Gibraltar directly to Europe. Thus, Ceuta has become a popular halfway point. But the border between Ceuta and Morocco is strictly controlled, and miles of well-guarded walls block the land route. For these reasons, many African immigrants choose to cross the bay that connects Morocco and the Spanish outpost in their quest to reach European soil.

Philogski and his companions had the same ambition. Although they knew the dangers that hot August night, they still launched the boat into the bay's unpredictable waters. Even when they realized the raft had sprung a leak, they decided to continue towards the Spanish shore. "We had to," he says. "We don't leave our homes because we want to. It's a necessity."

Philogski fled his home in Nigeria's Kwara State in June 2011 to escape

political persecution. "The Boko Haram were targeting my family because my pop is a politician," he explains. A fundamentalist Islamic group, the Boko Haram opposes all secular government and uses terrorist tactics to push for a Muslim state ruled by Sharia law. The group kidnapped Philogski's father three times for his role in the non-Muslim government and killed his cousin last year.

"It was a crisis," Philogski says. "When I lost my cousin, I knew I had to go."

Philogski and his parents gathered enough money to pay for one spot in a smuggler's Jeep that would take him through Niger, Mali, and Algeria, before reaching Morocco. His parents and two younger siblings stayed in Nigeria, hoping the father's place in the public eye would keep them safe.

"I was lucky," Philogski says of his two-month journey. "Many people take six months, even a year to travel that far." Would-be immigrants to Europe from sub-Saharan Africa who don't have enough money to pay for the trip up front must stop and work along the way until they can earn enough for their next leg of their journey, he explains.

The leak in the raft only worsened as the group pressed on towards Ceuta. Their feet were soon completely submerged despite their best efforts to bail the craft with buckets.

"I was very scared," Philogski quietly admits. His accent is a guttural take on British, the consonants exaggerated. "But if we were caught in Morocco, they would send us home."

The Moroccan government has also been known to leave undocumented immigrants on the Algerian border, which is surrounded by the Sahara Desert. Either outcome could be a death sentence for Philogski and his companions.

But as the raft began to sink in the middle of the bay, Philogski wondered if he had made the wrong choice. A devout Muslim, he turned to his faith. "I prayed a lot," he says. "I think it helped."

Moments before the raft went under the waves, a Spanish Guardia Civil patrol boat spotted the group. "They saved us," Philogski says simply. He admits he's not a good swimmer, and the bay's current is strong—had the boat not rescued the group, he probably would have drowned.

TRAPPED IN CEUTA

The Guardia Civil took Philogski and his companions to Ceuta's police station, where they were given temporary documents detailing their status as irregular immigrants—those who cross the border without proper documentation.

"Thanks to the Organic Law of 2000, irregular immigration isn't a crime; it's an administrative infraction," says Carlos Bengoechea, the director of Ceuta's Centro de Estancia Temporal de Inmigrantes, or Center for Temporary Stay of Immigrants (CETI).

Title III of Organic Law 8/2000 states that crossing the border without documentation is punishable by expulsion, but the process takes time. "We can't send them [undocumented immigrants] to jail. We have to determine their legal situation," Bengoechea says.

CETI, therefore, has become something of a halfway house for illegal immigrants while they wait for immigration officials to review their cases. The government-run center offers food, shelter, legal help, health care, and vital life skills classes to anyone who chooses to stay. CETI's fenced-in compound is placed high on a hill in the forest that spans the border between Ceuta and Morocco, overlooking the bay where Philogski was picked up.

Spain's Law of Asylum, the document that defines who can be granted refuge in Spain, allows non-European Union citizens to apply for asylum if the applicant is at immediate risk of physical harm in his or her native country. Philogski's story of the Boko Haram systematically persecuting his family in Nigeria creates a compelling case for a refugee visa to enter the Spanish mainland, or what CETI residents call "Big Spain." But Bengoechea says even for those who enter Ceuta illegally without a good excuse, deportation is fairly rare.

"In a logistic capacity, expulsion is difficult," Bengoechea says, resting his forearms on his paper-strewn desk. "Sometimes they give us false information about where they're from. It's very complicated to determine the truth."

Even if immigration officials can determine an individual's nationality, the country of origin must still accept his or her return. "Often, that just doesn't come to fruition," Bengoechea says. The most the Spanish government can do is hold irregular immigrants in Centros de Internamiento de Extranjeros (CIE), or Immigrant Detainment Centers, for a maximum of 40 days. "After that, we deport them or..." Bengoechea shrugs and waves his hand, indicating that the government simply lets the immigrants go.

It's this *laissez-faire* attitude that makes Ceuta such an attractive jumping off point for anyone on the African continent looking to make a new life in Europe. But many who hope to move to Big Spain don't realize how difficult it can be for the undocumented to leave Ceuta. Although Ceuta and Melilla, the other Spanish port on the African continent, are technically part of the European Union, they're excluded from the Schengen Treaty, which allows citizens of certain member nations to travel throughout Europe on one visa. Because Ceuta doesn't enjoy the same privileges as territories on European soil, the undocumented cannot safely travel on the passenger ferries that cross the Strait of Gibraltar hundreds of times a day, and small boats like Philogski's ill-fated raft are a high-stakes gamble over the treacherous 20-kilometer stretch of water between Ceuta and the European continent.

As such, CETI and Ceuta have become limbo for many immigrants. The tolerant nature of the Spanish immigration law traps them in a stalemate: immigrants can't, or won't, return home, but the excruciatingly slow bureaucratic process of receiving a Spanish visa prevents them from moving forward.

Philogski finds himself stuck in that limbo. Even though his experience with the Boko Haram is textbook political persecution, he's still having trouble attaining a refugee visa for Spain. "I'm seeking serious political asylum, but a lot of people say lies [to obtain a visa]," he says with a hint of distaste. "It makes a lot of problems with getting papers."

Without documentation, Philogski can't legally work in Ceuta, and under-the-table ventures, such as selling packs of tissues to drivers at stoplights, are punishable by fines or deportation. Instead, Philogski must rely on CETI to provide him with everything he needs, from food to legal assistance. The compound's high fences and drab concrete buildings are depressing, he says, and the community insular. "We call it the *tranquilo*," or the calm, he explains. "The city is Europe, but in the *tranquilo* you still feel as if you're in Africa."

Nearly one year into his stay at CETI, Philogski is getting impatient. He says he can't wait to cross the Strait into Big Spain and leave Ceuta and CETI far behind. "I just want to explore more," Philogski says wistfully. "I just want to be around other peeps."

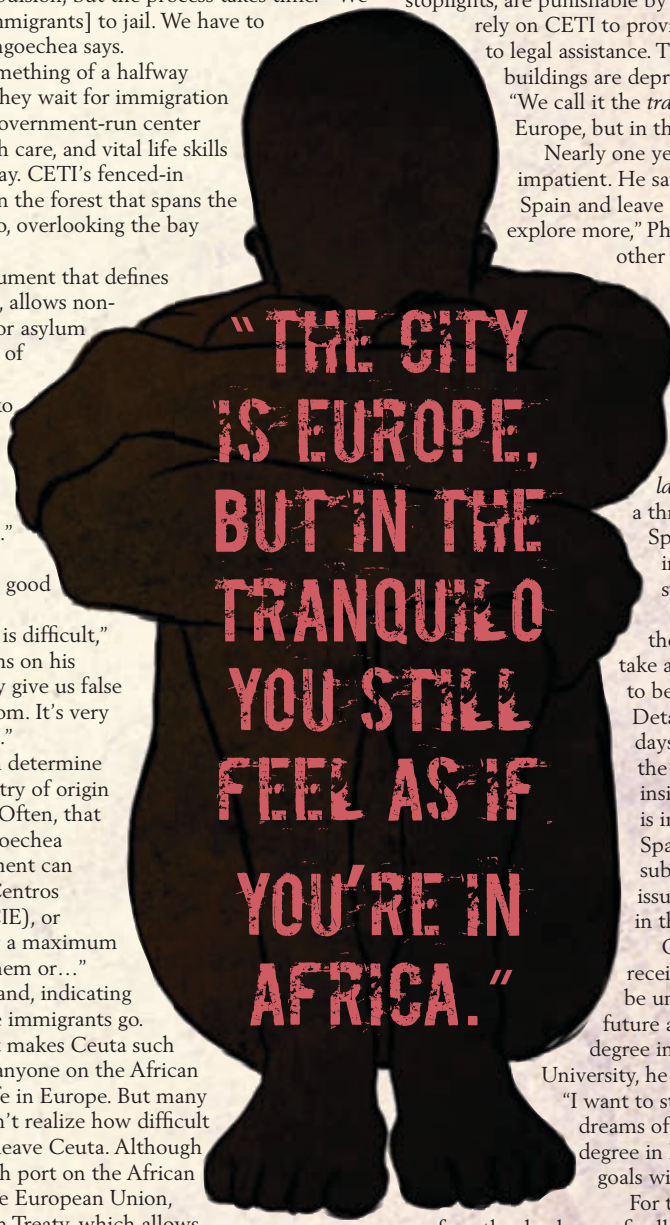
He has friends in the city of Valencia on the east coast of Spain. They have all been deported once already but have managed to make it back into Big Spain on their second try. He hopes to join them soon.

"My lawyer thinks I have a good chance at asylum," Philogski says. But just in case, Philogski has a back up plan. "It's called *laissez-passer*—let him go," he explains. "It's a three-month paper. With that, I can go to Big Spain, and then I can try again for asylum from inside." Or, he admits, just disappear into the system.

But Philogski fears resigning himself to the life of an undocumented immigrant. To take advantage of *laissez-passer*, he would have to be arrested and held in a Spanish Immigrant Detainment Center (CIE) on the mainland for 40 days. But unlike the relaxed atmosphere of CETI, the eight CIEs are prisons and the immigrants inside are inmates. Life in the detainment centers is infamously rough—a 2009 report by the Spanish Commission for Aid to Refugees found sub-humane living conditions and inmate safety issues in three centers, including reports of torture in the Madrid CIE.

Once Philogski's stay in the prison was over, receiving asylum or a permanent Spanish visa would be unlikely, which would put his plans for the future at risk. A disk jockey by trade with a bachelor's degree in mass communication from Kwara State University, he hopes to someday open his own music studio. "I want to start directing videos," he says. Philogski also dreams of traveling to the US or UK to earn a master's degree in history, but without proper documentation, his goals will be much harder to achieve.

For the moment, Philogski is stuck in Ceuta longing for the day he can finally cross the Strait into Big Spain. As of June, he still has not left CETI. "I can't stay here much longer," he admits, sounding tired. His quiet optimism has evaporated. "I'm not sure when things will start to happen, but I hope it's soon." A thoughtful, rule-abiding man, Philogski wants to follow the proper procedure for entering Spain, but as the weeks drag on he's finding it harder and harder to wait out the achingly slow bureaucracy.



"THE CITY IS EUROPE, BUT IN THE TRANQUILO YOU STILL FEEL AS IF YOU'RE IN AFRICA."

THE NEXT STEP

On an unseasonably warm March day, the stagnant atmosphere of CETI seems amplified. The buildings on the compound's top level—classrooms, kitchens, examination rooms, and administrative offices—are quiet. The residents (mostly male and almost exclusively African) are below in the living area, lounging around the yard. The green fence that separates the compound from the road is barely visible between the long and low cement barracks. The green asphalt of the empty basketball court in the center of the housing buildings is cracked and sun-faded. Hip-hop blares from a boom box somewhere. A handful of women braid each other's hair beneath the shade of a eucalyptus tree. Men are huddled around a game of checkers debating strategy. Nothing is happening, but that's just it—nothing is happening. The nothing is palpable. "The *tranquilo*," Philogski explains.

"Most of these guys have been here for a while," says Marisa, an administrative assistant in the main office who gives tours of CETI. "I wouldn't be surprised if some of them aren't around tomorrow." From her vantage point on the stairs leading down to the barracks, the North Atlantic is barely visible from behind the treetops. The day is clear, and on the horizon an indistinct shadow looms: the Rock of Gibraltar, marking the edge of the European continent.


"It should be beautiful, but to me it's the cruelest view," Marisa sighs. She glances down at the 200 or so people in the yard below and the corner of her expressive mouth twists up in a bitter smile. "We let them see it, but they can't touch it."

Marisa, who is new at CETI, struggles with her role working with the residents. "We're preparing them for a life they aren't going to find," she says. "They expect Europe to cure their problems, and we teach them


Spanish, teach them to work a computer. We're telling them, 'Yes, you will be able to use these skills.' But when they get to Spain, there's nothing for them."

The global financial crisis has hit Spain particularly hard, and opportunities for work are practically nonexistent for new immigrants. Potential newcomers have heard about the worsening conditions, and what was a deluge of hopeful migrants in 2005 and 2006 has slowed to a feeble trickle. In those years, the Ceuta CETI held upwards of 500 people, mostly from sub-Saharan and northern African nations, but also some Bangladeshi and Pakistani immigrants. Today, the numbers have dropped to around 250 residents—less than half its full capacity.

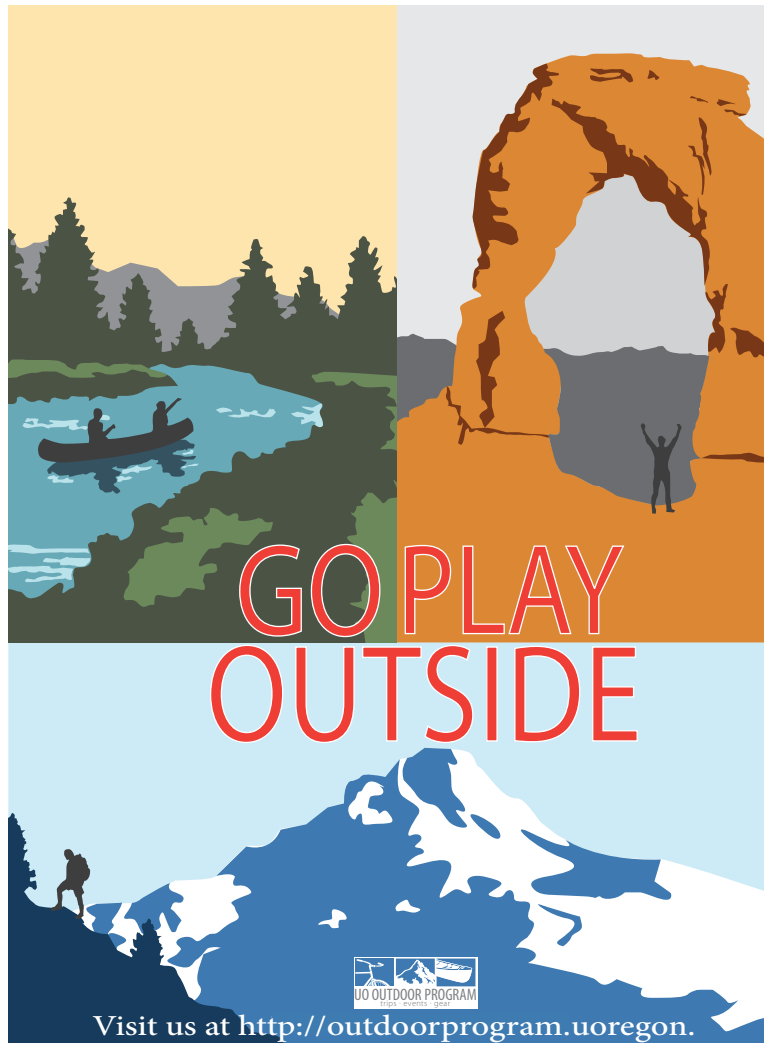
"Everyone knows there are fewer jobs available [in Spain] now," Bengoechea says. "So of course numbers have dropped." Although the influx of new arrivals may have stalled, the aftereffects of the immigration peak in 2006 are clear. According to the International Organization for Migration, in 2010 Spain still had the eighth highest foreign-born population in the world. The Instituto Nacional de Estadística (National Institute of Statistics) estimates there are 5.7 million immigrants living in Spain today and that more than 16 percent are of African origin. There might be fewer people like Philogski crossing the Strait of Gibraltar today, legally or not, but they are hardly unique—almost 1 million people living in Spain have done it before.

For Philogski, Europe means safety and opportunity. "Heaven," he says, with a slightly self-deprecating smile. "It must sound idealistic, and of course Big Spain won't be perfect, but things will be better there." He looks out the window of the small office in CETI's administrative building. Through the treetops surrounding the compound, the ocean is just visible, faintly sparkling with the reflection of the bright sun. "From there, I can move forward."  Learn about life in Big Spain in our next issue.






DO IT AT THE REC
ACTIVE. BALANCED. LIVES
UOREC.UOREGON.EDU
STUDENT
RECREATION
CENTER



GO PLAY
OUTSIDE

Visit us at <http://outdoorprogram.uoregon>.



BRINGING THE FINEST
FOREIGN, INDEPENDENT AND CLASSIC FILMS
TO THE CAMPUS AREA FOR 30 YEARS


STUDENT DISCOUNT - \$6
WITH VALID STUDENT ID

MISER MONDAYS - \$3
ALL SHOWS EVERY MONDAY



LATE-NITE SERIES - \$5
ALL SHOWS STARTING AFTER 11PM
UPCOMING LATE-NITES INCLUDE: LADY TERMINATOR, FIGHT CLUB,
THE ROOM, HOUSE, THE HIDDEN, SUPER, WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT,
THE ABYSS, LA FEMME NIKITA, THE PROFESSIONAL, THE FIFTH ELEMENT


541.686.2458 www.bijou-cinemas.com 492 E. 13th Ave.

Take the leap...



...study abroad !

	333 Oregon Hall	165 programs
	541.346.3207	140 internships
	uoabroad@uoregon.edu	90+ countries

 UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
International Affairs <http://studyabroad.uoregon.edu>



The Coal Miner's **GLOVE MATCH**

Long before World Wrestling Entertainment dominated the attention of US fans, professional wrestling had a history in the Pacific Northwest. During its heyday in the Portland territory, one Oregon wrestler became famous for an extreme version of brass knuckles that tested the brawn of even the most talented contenders.

STORY TED SHORACK PHOTO ERIK BENDER DESIGN HEIDI REELEY



On a Friday night in 1972, professional wrestlers Apache Bull Ramos and Dutch Savage traded blows for more than 30 minutes at the Cow Palace in Eugene, Oregon. The nearly 300-pound Ramos eventually maneuvered away from Savage and climbed up a slim ten-foot pole on a corner post. At the top of the pole sat the coal miner's glove, a welding glove with a steel bar taped across the knuckles.

In a hurry to put it on, Ramos lost the glove over the ring's ropes. Fans threw it back inside where it landed on Savage. A diving Ramos stole the glove from the formidable six-foot-three Savage and the two fought for it during the remainder of the match. "He chased me around [with the glove] for quite a while until I finally got it off of him," Savage says. "One punch—it was done."

The now former Eugene wrestling venue couldn't accommodate everyone that night. Savage recalls the police closing the doors to lock out upset fans who hadn't gained admission. "You couldn't get a flax seed in between people with a sledgehammer," he says. "That's how many people were in that arena."

The miner's glove was used in a wrestling match for the first time that night, but it wouldn't be the last. This extreme version of brass knuckles drew blood and enticed a higher level of excitement than wrestling's well-known pile drivers and sleeper holds. The glove became a popular weapon of bodily destruction and fans were thrilled to see it put to good use.

Until the 1980s and early 1990s, professional wrestling was promoted out of regional territories. In contrast to today's World Wrestling Entertainment wrestlers who sport salon hair and abnormally large muscles, matches such as Savages were much less refined. Depending on the venue, a bale of hay might be a seat and front row meant you were close enough to feel the spray of a wrestler's sweat. The air was thick with cigarette smoke and refreshments might only be popcorn and a drink.

During the era of the coal miner's glove, Portland Wrestling was a common term used for the region that included Oregon cities such as Klamath Falls, Medford, and Coos Bay. On Saturday nights, wrestlers fought at the main event in the Portland Sports Arena located in north Portland. These bouts were broadcast by the local KPTV station. Until his death in 1982, announcer Frank Bonnema welcomed station viewers with "Live from the Portland Sports Arena, this is Portland Wrestling!"

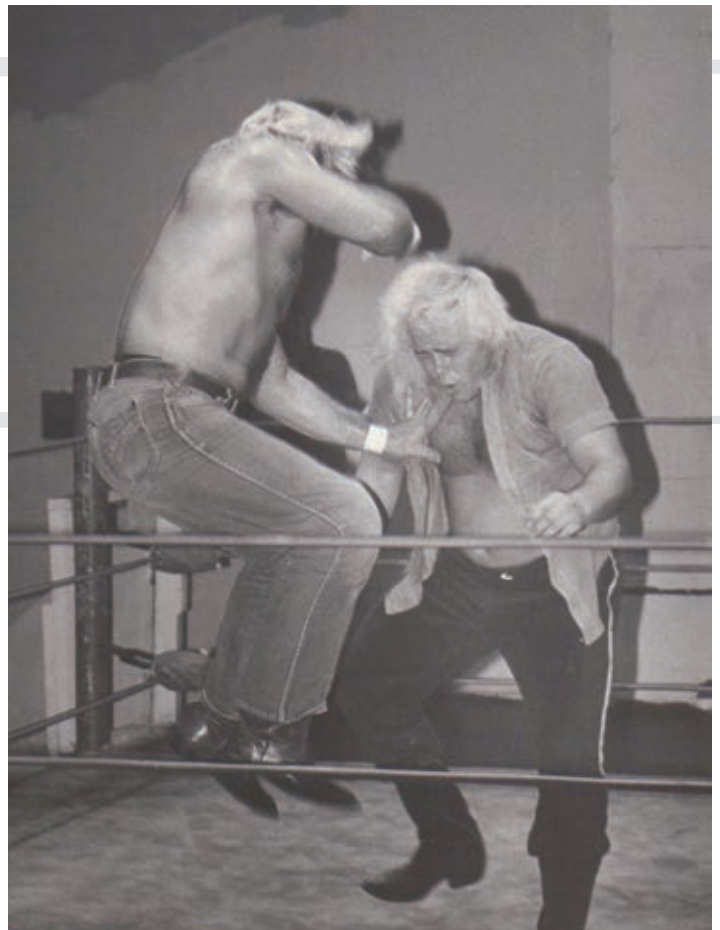
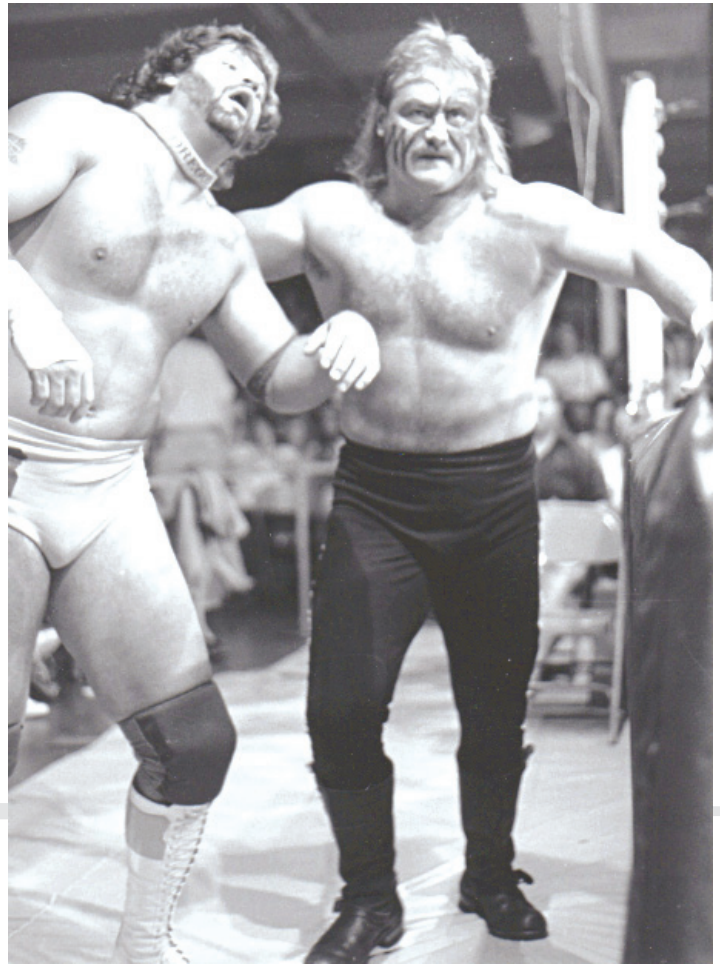
During much of wrestling's twentieth century presence in Oregon, promoter Don Owen ran the sport out of Portland along with Savage and Don's brother Elton, who each owned a third of the territory at the time of the glove's inception. Portland was mainly Don's responsibility, and Elton and Savage promoted the sport in other Oregon towns, developing wrestling talent from the rural pockets of loggers and longshoremen throughout the state.

The glove match concept was originally conceived by Savage, who was inspired by his upbringing in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where coal miners worked nearby. He was initially reluctant to use what he considered a gimmick because he felt his talent spoke for itself. Besides, he thought, there were already other ruses in play, including two wrestlers being chained together or tied by leather straps as they fought an opposing team. These stunts were held to draw bigger crowds because it added an element of challenge to the match. In spite of his reservations about gimmicks, Savage decided to develop the glove idea after discussing it with Elton. "You're out of your mind," Elton told Savage.

Don wasn't easily swayed in the glove's favor either. "What if it lays an egg?" Don asked, meaning it wouldn't draw a crowd. "Of course its gotta draw," Savage replied. "Common sense properly applied, its gotta draw."

Although Savage's first idea was to toss the glove in the air like a jump ball in basketball and have wrestlers go after it, he decided against that and thought placing it on a pole sounded better. On the night of the glove's debut, Savage remembers Elton entering the arena with a skinny pole before the audience arrived. He laughs about it now. The thin piece of steel seemed like it would easily bend under the weight of Ramos or himself.

Shortly after the success of the infamous Eugene match, Savage remembers Don hosting a match with the glove in Portland. "The word of mouth [during] those days from the wrestling community went everywhere," he says. The fire department and the police were called because fights broke out outside the building, and according to Savage, the men once again found themselves closing the arena's doors. Some might call the style of wrestling the glove was used in a farce because the wrestlers played out scripted matches between good and evil. One wrestler took the



LEFT PAGE: Billy Jack Haynes (right) goes after the The Grappler. **TOP:** The Grappler (right) dominates Billy Jack Haynes during a match. **BOTTOM:** Rip "The Crippler" Oliver jumps up and punches Jack Haynes in 1983. Throughout the 1980s the two fought against each other in tag-team bouts.

role of the “heel,” and posed as the match’s villain. Heels were seen as an opportunistic and always on the wrong side of an argument. The heel’s opponent was known as a “face,” now often referred to as a “baby-face.” He was the hero everyone cheered for no matter what happened. Often before or after a match between such opponents, the arena’s announcer would find himself physically caught between the two, their mouths moving like motors as each tried to lob greater insults at the other.

Even though the storylines were ramped up, the sport’s physical toll was undeniable. Savage remembers breaking chairs and damaging concrete blocks with the glove that helped him fight more than 30 undefeated matches during his career, but he says every bone in his body has been broken and he now has a deformed spine.

The glove’s brutality can be witnessed in *Savage*, a PBS documentary focused on a match between Savage and a heel known as The Iron Sheik. Throughout the match Savage and the Sheik ripped the glove off of each other and smashed its steel bar into one another. Both were bloodied, but when the Sheik bounced off the ropes and ran into the glove on Savage’s hand, the match abruptly ended. The impact immediately dropped Sheik to the ground with his arms and legs sprawled out. A skeptic might look at the footage and suspect Sheik was selling a knockout, but Savage looks to have not pulled his punch away to lessen the blow.

Even though Savage developed the glove and was the undisputed master with it, the weapon was used in other matches as well. Garret Miller witnessed one of these matches as a junior high school student in 1980. The bout, which was held at the Grand Theatre in Salem, Oregon, would be Miller’s first and it promised a showdown between “Playboy” Buddy Rose and “Rowdy” Roddy Piper.

As a heel, Rose was a target of hatred for Oregon fans. Although he briefly wrestled as a face in the early 1980s, Rose is notoriously remembered as a bad guy who sported a large belly and a mop-top of bleached hair. Piper would later go on to national fame as a wrestler. He was billed as coming from Scotland and wore a kilt to the ring. The fans cheered him on regardless of what he did. Both had other wrestlers at their sides as part of a tag-team bout.

Not unlike the first match in Eugene, the coal miner’s glove flew out of the ring in all the excitement, this time landing in the theater’s balcony. Miller recalls thinking it was comical when the wrestlers stopped their skirmish and begged for the glove to be tossed down. “Somebody was nice enough to throw the coal miner’s glove back into the ring. The match continued, and everybody got bloody and beaten up,” says Miller, who admits the crowd’s shrieks and the violence made him nervous. “I actually said a little silent prayer: ‘Lord, if you let me get out of here alive, I promise never to come back here again,’” he says.

But the draw was too much for Miller and he became hooked on the sport, asking his parents’ permission to go again the following week. He began taking photos at the events and submitting them to wrestling magazines, soon turning his dedication and admiration into a job as a freelance photographer.

The thrill and excitement of the glove might have been too much for one fan who jumped in the middle of a Southern Oregon match. Savage remembers being without the glove during the moment the man entered the ring. One of the other wrestlers had grabbed the glove when the fan came right at him.

“[The wrestler with the glove] caught the guy in the ribs and busted two



of his ribs with it," Savage says. "Down he went—the guy wanted to sue [the wrestler]." Luckily the promoters owned the area inside the ropes. "Once you get inside those ropes, you're our property."

The glove may have helped sustain the fans' enthusiasm because it wasn't overused. It was only brought out once or twice a year whenever "the heels were getting too bold," says Savage, indicating a part of the storyline the glove contributed to.

The fans in Oregon were a dedicated bunch. Savage maintains that the Portland territory outdrew the East Coast matches per capita, with smaller Oregon populations filling just as many seats as territories with higher population densities. "We gave them so much bang for their buck that they appreciated what we did," he says. "There weren't any other fans like them in the entire country."

After Savage retired from wrestling in 1982, there were attempts to use the glove in more battle royal and tag-team matches—which it wasn't initially used for—and in other territories, but it didn't draw as big a crowd. The glove flopped in other areas because the wrestlers had no idea what they were doing with it, Savage says. "Here's one thing you can do with an original: You can imitate it, but you can't duplicate it."

While proud of the coal miner's glove, Savage remembers how he got his start in wrestling. Brute strength was important for wrestlers to have, but a new recruit often had to put his smarts to use rather than rely on physical strength. "Either you were good enough to cut the mustard or you weren't," Savage says.

Savage maintains he rarely had to use his muscles because he used his brain to win. But in bouts where smarts weren't enough, Savage says he still

remembers the arm locks and holds that made it possible to beat any one of his opponents by cutting off their windpipe with a flexed forearm or bicep.

When his brother introduced him to the sport, Savage says he was walked around the ring like a lawn mower with his hands on the ground and his legs held up. The beating left him with blood in his mouth or "strawberry on the back of [his] tongue." The lesson taught him a wrestler had to be smart in the ring.

What Savage experienced as a wrestler became less common later on,

especially after his retirement. The sport went through changes in the 1980s, becoming more centralized and less based on physical skills. Aspiring wrestlers went to wrestling schools instead of what Savage calls "breaking into the business," which meant challenging an established wrestler before continuing on. The wrestlers of this new era were more muscular machines than anything else.

In 1991 Don Owen shut down Portland Wrestling after Portland TV stations began broadcasting national wrestling matches from Madison Square Garden in New York City. Wrestlers could make more money there, and as a result talent was getting harder to come by in the Oregon territory.

The coal miner's glove is part of wrestling lore now, and is known as a weapon of Oregon's wrestling days. In Savage's old black-and-white pictures of glove matches, blood drips from the wrestlers' foreheads, and it's not hard to imagine these violent fights brought a higher level of excitement to the entire production. Nowadays, many national fans have heard whispers about the coal miner's glove match, but many might not know how it began. 📷

"I actually said a little silent prayer: 'Lord, if you let me get out of here alive, I promise never to come back here again.'"



ABOVE: (Left to right) Al Madril, The Grappler, and Scotty the Body after a 1989 match. **LEFT AND TOP RIGHT:** Dutch Savage has maintained a large collection of photos since his days as a professional wrestler. Although he didn't keep any trophy belts or the coal miner's glove, the photographs help keep the memories fresh in his mind. **RIGHT-BOTTOM:** Down for the count: Savage's raw photos recount his triumphs in matches fought around the globe.



RACING WITHOUT LIMITS

STORY ADRIAN BLACK

PHOTO ADRIAN BLACK & KYLE MCKEE

DESIGN BRITTANY NGUYEN

Two athletes test their skills on the track to become members of the 2012 US Paralympics Team.

Packed in a crowded hotel lobby following three days of racing at the 2012 Paralympic Track and Field trials in Indianapolis, Indiana, athletes anxiously awaited the judge's announcement. Any minute, the roster for the newest US Paralympic Team would be read, naming athletes destined for the 2012 Paralympic Games in London.

Track star Carleigh Dewald called home to her coach, Kevin Hansen, back in Eugene, Oregon, with a nervous declaration: "I think I'm gonna throw up!" she said. Fifteen minutes later, four years of grueling preparation paid off when Dewald and fellow Oregonian, Zach Abbott, each earned the title "Paralympian."

THE ATHLETES

Dewald and Abbott's athleticism stems from wheelchair use in daily life because both entered this world with physical disabilities. Dewald was born with a form of cerebral palsy called spastic diplegia, which severely limits motor control of her lower body. As a child she learned to focus her body's center of gravity higher by balancing her torso on a large rubber ball, from which falling was not an option. This and other tasks in a lifetime of physical therapy have helped foster her competitive instincts, as well as a sense of independence.

Abbott was born with sacral agenesis, a condition that left no skeletal connection between his upper and lower body. Much of Abbott's therapy has involved crawling and hanging, which has strengthened his arms for transferring in and out of his chair. For Abbott, the transfer from his street wheelchair to his racing equipment is completed in something of a vault, his feet never touching the ground, while Dewald instead shuffles her legs from one chair to the other.

Like other Paralympic track and field wheelchair athletes, Dewald and Abbott compete in sleek three-wheeled racing chairs, or "racers," that are custom-made according to their athletic needs. Dewald prefers to sit atop her legs in the "praying position," while Abbott, because of his less developed lower body, must orient his legs forward and use a retention strap to secure his torso in the seating platform.

The two athletes met while playing basketball through the wheelchair athletics program Oregon Disability Sports (ODS) in Portland. Faced with daunting posture issues, in high school Abbott trained weekly with a physical therapist to improve his shooting skills. His persistence to improve



(Left to right) Carleigh Dewald, Zach Abbott, and Yen Hoang perform an exhibition lap for child athletes at a track and field clinic in Portland, Oregon.

himself inspired Dewald, who raised her driveway hoop from seven to ten feet. Then, when Abbott showed his true passion was for track, Dewald saw her own potential in that as well.

Abbott, who now attends college in Arizona, was born and raised in Portland, Oregon. He says it was in Oregon that he discovered his need for speed. "I just always liked going fast. I never needed a reason," says a now 21-year-old Abbott of his first informal track meet eleven years ago. Soon after, Abbott's parents learned about the Eugene-based program World Wheelchair Sports (WWC), which provides equipment and coaching to Paralympic hopefuls. Abbott was thrilled, and later on when his family told Dewald's family about it, she started training for races at the age of 13. "Kevin [Hansen] got me in a racing chair and I never looked back," says Dewald, who is now 17. "I was like, 'This is a skill I have and I want to see how far I can take it.' Back then, I just thought the chair looked cool, but my times kept getting better. I felt like I could really do something with it."

THE GAMES

Dewald's and Abbott's qualification at the Indianapolis trials guaranteed them spots at the 2012 Summer Paralympic Games in London, which are held two weeks after the traditional Olympic Games. Abbott became slated to compete in the 100-meter, 200-meter, 400-meter, and 800-meter events, while Dewald lined up for 100-meter and 200-meter races. Abbott's strongest event is the 100-meter, but Dewald's is the 200-meter race. Track and field events are the most prominent part of the Paralympic Games, and have inspired intense national competition to advance to the highest tier. For many athletes, this meant that reaching international qualification times did not necessarily secure them a spot on the US team.

Since the summer of 1960, the Paralympics has provided a world

stage to showcase physically disabled athletes and their skills. This year's Paralympic Games had special meaning because they were held in London, the city where the event informally began in 1948. The competitions, which have featured disabled veteran athletes since World War II sparked interest in the US during the 1970s following the Vietnam War. Since then, wheelchair athletics have continued attracting more athletes, including those born with physical disabilities.

When talking about his childhood, Abbott says he never felt defined by his physical differences and that "disabled" wasn't part of his vocabulary. "The whole point is, if you view it as something to be inhibited by, it's going to inhibit you," Abbott says, "but if you view it as just normal life, that's what it will be." From this normal life has sprung extraordinary accomplishment. Now, as a Paralympian, Abbott emphasizes the meaningfulness of his hard work as an athlete. "The 'Para' in Paralympics stands for *parallel*, not *paralyzed*. It's an elite competition," Abbott says.

WORLD WHEELCHAIR SPORTS

Although Abbott and Dewald met in Portland, it was through their time spent in Eugene training with coach and WWS director Kevin Hansen that their relationship was strengthened. Hansen's expert mentorship helped galvanize the pair's momentum toward Indianapolis and London as he provided them with an opportunity to show off their talents on the track. Since 1990, Hansen has maintained a stock of state-of-the-art racing chairs he lends to teen athletes for up to four years while they train under his guidance.

Hansen, unlike Abbott and Dewald, was not born with a disability. A promising college athlete, Hansen broke his neck in a skiing accident when he was 21 years old and became paralyzed from the neck down. "After



Abbott demonstrates a proper stroke from his glove to the pushrim of his racing chair. Wheelchair athletes wear gloves with fold-over grip pads to protect their hands while powering their three-wheeled racers.



Dewald competes with former Paralympic athlete, John Roberts, during training exercises.

the accident, I couldn't move anything, but I could *think* about moving something," he says. Hansen had an opportunity to do more than think when he participated in a biofeedback study in Denver. He found he could measure his brain's impulses by watching a needle move on an EMG device as he attempted to fire his muscles. With practice, he regained limited but valuable command of his arms and hands through such therapy.

Before his life-changing injury, Hansen was a downhill skiing instructor for five years. Athletics were his whole life, but after months of recovery, he felt he needed to go in another direction. Hansen says he pondered several academic careers in arts and humanities, but somehow he always came back to sports. "I never wanted to sit behind a desk," Hansen says. "I just really enjoy being outside and teaching about [body] movement." Committing himself to pursue wheelchair athletics, Hansen quickly became a trusted adviser to his colleagues. After training Oregon athletes for the Boston Marathon, Hansen began coaching amputee and local wheelchair track athlete Craig Blanchette, who went on to win bronze medal in a 1500-meter exhibition match at the 1988 Seoul Olympics.

Hansen's dedication to wheelchair athletics paid off when he was hired to coach 12 athletes on the US Paralympic Team for the 1996 Atlanta games. The team was formed mainly of adults, and the experience left Hansen wanting to help people achieve success, rather than maintain it. He began to focus on high school athletes and sponsored events through the International Paralympic Committee to get young athletes noticed by the Olympic Training Committee (OTC).

Hansen has been instrumental in supporting his athletes' equipment needs through public relations and fundraising. Prior to the games, Hansen worked hard upgrading steel parts to aluminum, titanium, and carbon fiber, in an effort to make his athletes' racing equipment lighter and more durable. He also negotiated with Top End, a key racing chair manufacturer, to get Dewald in a new racer in time for London. The new chair weighs only 11 pounds, which is three less than its predecessor. "It doesn't sound like much," Dewald says, "but when you're the one pushing it, you feel the difference."

In 2009, Hansen helped create the Adaptive Ducks Sports Club at the University of Oregon. The organization provides opportunities for athletes to use the school's facilities to race in International Paralympic Committee (IPC) sanctioned competitions. Hansen currently works with 15 athletes but turned his focus to

Dewald as her voyage to London approached. Dewald considers Hansen's work crucial to her success. "I've had an amazing support group behind me. People focus so much on the athlete, but there are so many things that go into it," she says. "I didn't get here by myself."

ROAD TO INDIANAPOLIS

Abbott couldn't believe his eyes when he saw not only what was rumored to be the fastest wheelchair track in the country, but 1992 Barcelona gold medalist and wheelchair athletics pioneer Scot Hollonbeck racing on it. At the age of 16, after five years of junior competitions, Abbott had entered his first adult level event: the 2007 US Paralympic Championship Games in Cobb, Georgia. The experience solidified Abbott's aspirations of making the US team for Beijing 2008. Even though he fell short at the trials, Abbott has no regrets. "I wanted to race the big boys. I wanted to give it a go and see what I could do," he says.

Dewald has also learned to find value in the thrill of victory as well as the agony of defeat. For her this came when she was first noticed by the OTC in April 2011 for setting an American record in her classification during the 400-meter sprint at the Oregon Relays hosted by WWS at Hayward Field in Eugene. Her times qualified her for the US Track Nationals in Miramar, Florida, which would be her first ever Paralympic event. Dewald finished last in both races. She considered it a "humbling experience" but one that opened her eyes. "It helped me to raise my expectations for myself," she says.

Still, Dewald managed to compete with much older and more experienced athletes and the Miramar performance earned her an OTC invitation to compete at the November 2011 Parapan American games in Guadalajara, Mexico. At Parapan, Dewald finally earned her first medal: a silver in the 100-meter event. Abbott also earned medals at the competition: a silver in the 800-meter and bronzes in the 100-meter, 200-meter, and 400-meter. This was the beginning of a six-month globetrot shared by Dewald and Abbott.

WANT MORE? WATCH THE ATHLETES IN ACTION:

ETHOSMAGAZINE.INE.COM

Their journey began in April 2012 when the two competed in the Drake Relays in Des Moines, Iowa. In May, Dewald and Abbott raced in the Swiss Open Nationals in Switzerland and the BT World Cup in England, before returning home to gear up for Indianapolis in July and London in August and September. "I've had the opportunity to meet some pretty amazing athletes through what I'm doing. You're surrounded by people with the same goals as you. It's intoxicating," says Dewald of her European experience, where she met three-time Paralympic gold medalist Tatyana McFadden. In Switzerland, Abbott got a huge boost of confidence when he beat a Beijing 2008 gold medalist from the US. "It was no longer them and me. I was up there with them," he says.

Between November and April, Dewald continued to train with Hansen while hitting the books and maintaining a 3.75 GPA that gained her induction into the National Honors Society. Abbott, who studies physiology at the University of Arizona, benefits from the freedom of taking time off school to focus on track events. Though Dewald has many personal connections in Oregon, like Abbott she may seek her fortune elsewhere after she graduates high school next year. She is considering studying human physiology at the University of Illinois, the school Hansen calls the birthplace of collegiate wheelchair athletics.

RECIPE FOR A CHAMPION

The elite competition Dewald faced over the last year has often left her wondering if she'd make the cut. She twice attended an OTC training camp in Chula Vista, California, which she calls "boot camp," because it was the greatest physical challenge of her life. "You do two-a-days. You go out in the morning for a three-hour session. You take a lunch break, put some more sunscreen on, and do it all over again," Dewald says.

Most of her life revolves around an annual training calendar. In winter, Dewald plays weekend basketball and alternates between weightlifting and chair cardio during the week. The deeper into winter it gets, the heavier the weights become. Then she adds rigorous sessions on a handcycle, which has broadened her shoulders significantly. Dewald also undergoes a barrage of core work—twists, sit-ups, and crunches to ensure proper posture in her racing chair. "You need to drive your weight downward to be more forward and gain speed," she says. By March, it's track season again. Game on.

This year, Dewald trained with Hansen at least every other weekend in six-hour blocks. "I train on my high school track when I'm home. Being on the track is good, but if you want the endurance and strength, you've gotta get off the track," says Dewald, who also enjoys tearing down unpaved trails to keep her body guessing.

Between the trials in Indianapolis and the opening of the London games in August, Dewald was in "active recovery" for the last phase of her training. This meant strictly monitoring her diet, especially with regard to carbohydrates and electrolytes that give her power on the track and protein and potassium that speed muscular recovery afterward. Abbott's training cycle is quite similar, with the exception that he sacrificed basketball in order to pursue callisthenic and machine-based cross training at the gym.

In the odd times when Dewald is not competing or training, she takes pleasure in simply being still. "Lounging around becomes a reward," she says. "You're so active and so spread out. My favorite thing to do is just go to my best friend's house in my pajamas, lie on the couch, and do nothing." Abbott can't quite relate. He spends most of his free time maintaining a section of the popular track website RunnerSpace.com devoted to documenting the milestones of local wheelchair athletes. "I eat, sleep, and breathe the sport of track and field," he says. "When I have down time, I'm usually watching track videos online."

For both athletes, the training never really ends. Ten days after Indianapolis, the two were packed and on a plane for Windsor, Canada for a five-day Paralympic training camp where they got to meet their new coaches and prepare for the London games.

Prior to London, Abbott said he had never been more ready for anything in his entire life. "It's a childhood dream come true for me to compete in the Paralympics." Abbott took proud comfort in the fact that a chief competitor in his class, Mickey Bushell, was British. "The crowd is just gonna go crazy for him," Abbott said. "I'd like to make the crowd go quiet. That's my goal."

As two Oregon-grown athletes headed for the big show in London, Dewald and Abbott had their work cut out for them. After more than gold, these competitors set out to redefine the meaning of the word parallel. ♻️

Dewald (top) began wheelchair racing when she was 13 years old. She won her first medal, a silver, in the 100-meter event at the 2011 Parapan American Games in Guadalajara, Mexico. Abbott (bottom) has been racing for 11 years and now balances his racing career with time spent at the University of Arizona pursuing a bachelor's degree in physiology.



THE DUCK STORE

your campus resource



TOP **5** FACTS

- 1.** *UO Students own The Duck Store. We are governed by a board of UO Students, Faculty + Staff who are elected by you.*
- 2.** *Duck Store purchase support UO Students, Faculty + Staff.*
- 3.** *We provide 10% OFF all new coursebooks + a minimum of 32% OFF all used coursebooks.*
- 4.** *We are local + independent.*
- 5.** *We work directly with your instructors to provide the correct edition + translation of your coursebooks.*


Ducks Serving Ducks – Since 1920.

O THE DUCK
STORE

895 E 13th Ave • UODuckStore.com • 541.346.4331



WAFFLES.



all that
GLITTERS
is
GOLD

For more than a century, gold seekers in the Bohemia Mining District near Cottage Grove, Oregon, have sought adventure and wealth. Today, the district may still yield riches to anyone willing to labor for its treasure.

STORY **BRENNON CLARK**
PHOTO **SPENCER ADRIAN & ERIK BENDER**
DESIGN **CHEYENNE THAYER**

"I love coming out here," says Pepiot, standing in knee-deep water next to his dredge. "I like it much better than my job, but you have to work for the gold you are getting. It's not easy work."



Gold flakes are commonly found in the Bohemia Mining District. Although small, their worth can add up quickly.

There is a sickness in the Bohemia Mining District. It's not life threatening, but you can catch it just by seeing a flash of glittering yellow in a riverbed. There is no cure for the illness, and it can make its victims want to spend the rest of their lives sifting through riverbank. It's called "gold fever."

In the Calapooya Mountains 35 miles southeast of Cottage Grove, Oregon, vast amounts of money have been yielded in the Bohemia Mining District's underground caverns. Gold was first discovered in nearby Sharp's Creek in the mid-1800s, and after the establishment of the Musick Mine in 1891, hundreds of mining claims were staked in the area. The Musick Mine became known as the highest yielding mine of its day, and other mines bearing names such as El Capitan and Tall Timber, sprung up around the site. The lure of gold caused mining companies to buy each other out or merge until World War II, when the government closed all mines that were not producing metal for the war effort. No new mines have been established since the closures, but that doesn't mean the gold is gone.

Today, prospecting in the Bohemia Mining District has taken on a new look. Gold seekers no longer have to strap on a headlamp to labor with a pick and shovel in search of riches. Rather, Bohemia prospectors unearth the precious metal using placer mining methods such as panning, sluicing, and dredging in an open pit.

Tom Pepiot is a local miner who some say has a nose for gold. He began placer mining in the Bohemia District with his father when he was nine years old, and he's been seeking gold in the area ever since. Pepiot works for the Oregon Department of Transportation Monday through Friday, but spends his weekends dredging his claim on Sharp's Creek. "I love coming out here," says Pepiot, standing in knee-deep water next to his dredge. "I like it much better than my job, but you have to work for the gold you are getting. It's not easy work."

Placer mining requires water to help separate gold from the surrounding earth in the riverbank. Gold is 19 times heavier than water

and about ten times heavier than sediment. The goal of dredging, Pepiot explains, is to open a hole in the stream's rock to reveal hidden gold deposits. A dredge consists of small engine that powers a four-inch hose to suck up raw material and shoot it through a sluice box. The sluice box is lined with a grate that allows rocks to pass over, while creating small water "riffles" that cause heavy materials, like gold, to sink into a catch basin. Pepiot's four-foot-long sluice box rests between two steel pontoons that the dredge floats on. His method is ideal for serious gold seekers because it can process vast amounts of material, although he admits it comes with a hefty price tag. Pepiot says his equipment was paid for with \$10,000 in gold he found in the Bohemia District.

Pepiot says the best place to look for gold in a stream is the inside of a curve because the metal's weight causes it to take the shortest path downstream. He shares the Sharp's Creek claim with five other people, and it just happens to be the same spot where he first began mining as a child. Much of the gold Pepiot seeks rests a few feet below the surface in the hardpan, which is a compact layer of soil in the riverbed.

His dredge sits on a ledge ten feet above Sharp's Creek. Before Pepiot can begin dredging, he must lower the small steel barge over the ledge and down to the bank of the creek. When the machine is in position, Pepiot wades into the water and removes big surface rocks around his feet, creating a cavity in the creek bed.

"The water doesn't seem cold at first, but it gets to you after a while," he says, donning a full-body wetsuit so he can withstand the water's temperature during the extraction process. The added protection of the suit allows him to stay in the water for more than an hour. "Even with the wetsuit you can start to see signs of hypothermia if you stay in the water too long," he says.

Pepiot explains the large rocks around the work area must be removed first because falling rocks could trap or crush him underwater. After removing most of the rocks, he starts on the loose sediment beneath the



water with the dredge's suction hose. The dredging cavity he tears into the rock begins around his shins, but before long the break reaches his knees.

When he can't see the bottom of the hole any longer, Pepiot grabs a diving mask and submerges himself in the stream. An air respirator attached to the dredge makes it possible for him to work underwater for long periods of time.

He stops emptying the hole when it's about five feet deep, ready to see if the amount of gold he wants will be produced. Dripping with water, Pepiot begins taking apart the dredge's sluice box and examines the sandy-looking silt. No big nuggets are found on this day, but those aren't what he is looking for.

"The big nuggets are nice and worth a lot of money, but that's not where the majority of the money is made," says Pepiot, who once found a quarter-ounce nugget worth approximately \$500. "The money is made in small-size finds. It starts to add up because the odds of finding something big like I did are slim," he says.

Ten minutes pass as Pepiot takes apart the many pieces of his sluice box. He says a woven synthetic material called a miner's cloth, is used to catch the gold. Other synthetic fabrics line the bottom of the box to help catch the smallest pieces of the precious metal. He carefully scoops what is left in the box into a plastic tub; the sediment looks like nothing more than wet beach sand.

A gold pan is Pepiot's final step in extracting gold. He takes his time handling the pan, careful not to lose any of the gold he may have found. Submerging the pan half way in the stream, he lets water gently wash in like waves. As each wave washes out, it removes the lighter, less valuable materials. After about ten minutes, Pepiot spots what he has been looking for. The flakes are no bigger than half a grain of rice, but Pepiot is excited and says the dredging cavity he created will work for mining more gold.

Pepiot says he collects six to eight ounces of gold each mining season and gold fever brings him back every year. The price of gold is currently around \$1,600 per ounce, which could total as much as \$13,000 at

LEFT: After dredging, Tom Pepoit uses a gold pan to filter away the smallest particles of sediment where flecks of gold might be buried. **BELOW:** Today, gold is worth almost \$1,600 an ounce, meaning one nugget could be valued at several hundred dollars.



the year's end. Pepiot doesn't sell his gold, but says he is saving it for retirement. Not everyone who mines in the district is able to retire off the finds, but curious gold seekers trying to strike it rich can purchase a gold pan for around \$8.

Jason Humphreys, a Wisconsin native and admitted gold fever victim, took a job as the camp host at Sharp's Creek Recreation Area this spring. Humphreys says he heard about the gold in Sharp's Creek and thought he might take a chance. He bought a gold pan, but became discouraged after finding almost no gold during his first attempts. Soon after, a neighboring camper offered Humphreys an opportunity to try mining with a sluice box. Since that day, Humphreys hasn't looked back.

"It's funny, you sit there and you pan, and pan, and pan," says Humphreys, standing on the bank of Sharp's Creek. "When you see that one little speck of gold it makes it all worth it."

As Humphreys moves into the water, he admits the sun is the only thing allowing him to stay in the creek for two hours at a time. As an amateur miner without a full-body wetsuit, Humphreys says the creek's water is almost too cold to bear.

"It's just enough to keep you entertained. You need the sun on your back because the water is so cold," he says with slightly shaking hands. "I'm not finding a whole lot, but some big pieces are enough to keep me interested."

Thousands of claims are staked in the Bohemia Mining District and searching for gold on a private claim can cause legal problems, but areas of Sharp's Creek are open to the public. One option for gold seekers is to join the Bohemia Mine Owner's Association (BMOA). Joining the BMOA for \$25 per person or \$30 per family each year provides access to eight of the organization's mining claims.

The BMOA was founded in 1903 at the height of Cottage Grove's gold rush. When the association was created, it had nearly 2,000 members and its purpose was to help exchange information between miners. More than 100 years later, the BMOA has about 50 members who mine throughout the season.

BMOA President Lyn Perkins says teaching the community about mining is one of the organization's goals. The culmination of those efforts happens in Cottage Grove each July during a four-day mining heritage celebration known as Bohemia Mining Days.

On the final day of the celebration, a breakfast is held at the original Musick Mine site located at the top of the Bohemia Mining District. Each year droves of people make the 70-mile round-trip journey from Cottage Grove to Sharp's Creek where Pepiot teaches gold panning lessons on his claim. "Last year we had about 150 people up here during Mining Days. We couldn't even find parking for them all," says Pepiot, as he once again readies his pan.

He says some of his observers have accused him of "salting" his pan when teaching them the technique. Salting is placing a mixture of pre-packaged dirt and gold in the pan. Pepiot shows critics how easy it is to find gold at Sharp's Creek by effortlessly reducing the pan's material to sand and small rocks one wave of water at a time.

"I know there's gold out here and sometimes it's easy to find, you just got to know where to look. I don't need to salt pans; anyone can find gold in these hills. You just have to put the work in," says Pepiot, with a smile on his face and a shimmer of gold in his pan. ♀

LEARN MORE ABOUT THE GOLD MINING WORLD

ETHOSMAGONLINE.COM

BELOW: To recover gold in remote locations, Pepiot must disassemble his 500-pound dredge and move it in pieces.



Stories in Stone

An anthropology student discovers a new perspective as she tours Mexico's Mayan ruins.

Mexico and I had met before, but never with so little supervision. My shoes scuffed the polished floors of the Tijuana International Airport as I shouldered my bulging backpack, wondering if I was being naive for tackling this trip alone. Spanish rattled off the tongues of those around me, a buzz of language I struggled to pick through. I hadn't pursued Spanish in school, but I was determined to see the Mayan ruins I would be studying as an anthropology student.

The week before I left was a blur of warnings about how dangerous Mexico is and how unprepared I was for the risks as a woman traveling alone. Although newspapers, television, and friends, had informed me how unsafe Mexico is time and time again, I chose to ignore the propaganda. Too often Mexico is represented as a drug-infused modern Mordor full of grime and danger; I knew the city of Tulum in Mexico's Yucatán Peninsula would prove to be different.

I trusted Tulum, a city whose seaside cliffs had sustained Mayan ruins long before Columbus, would unlock an archaeological fervor deep within my being. I had taken this journey to study, to observe, to grasp for some kind of connection to the people who built these long-standing monuments. If no one was looking, I hoped to run my hand down the ruin's rough stone or trace the curves of Mayan serpents as they spun their symbols of infinity into the rock.

Ancient stone snakes didn't bother me, but I disliked encountering the country's insects. The Palapas Tulum hostel, where I would stay, was hidden behind a chain-link fence, buried in overgrown foliage, and looked

foreboding. Its ceiling was not a true ceiling; rather, it consisted of a series of tin roof plates that provided little insulation and even less protection against the aggressive insects trying to penetrate my mosquito net. The strange bugs with jagged wings whacked against the thinly spun net as I hid behind it on my bed trying not to listen to their low, threatening buzz. Luckily, they were unsuccessful.

The couple that owned Palapas Tulum made breakfast for me and the only other traveler staying at the hostel. In careful, broken English they told us about the nearby sites. "Not as much fun to go alone," the woman said when I asked about Akumal, a nearby beach known for its turtles. "Not with valuables. They will get stolen while you are in the water," she emphasized. I briefly scrutinized my hostel-mate, Donald, over the wobbly breakfast table before inviting him to travel with me for the day.

As we squished into the *colectivo*, a van that would take us to Tulum's ruins three miles south of the city, I asked Donald why he had traveled halfway across the globe alone. His enthusiasm was palpable. Much like me, he had an interest in archaeology and had finally decided to travel the stretch of Mexican coastline known as the Riviera Maya. No whisper of danger, no fears expressed. "My friends back home in London warned me about traveling here," he confessed, "but I did a lot of research before I came. I don't feel unsafe; I feel excited." The van ambled along the sandy road until it reached a *mercado*, a street market, with bright fabrics flapping in the ocean breeze. The driver pulled over and we squeezed out, looking for the gate that would lead us into Tulum's ruins, which are one of the only Mayan ports accessible to visitors.

The Chichén Itzá ruins are all that remain of one of the largest cities in the Mayan civilization. This temple, known as El Castillo, rises nearly 75 feet into the sky and was named one of the new seven wonders of the world in 2007.



PHOTO SARAH FREY DESIGN LAUREN BEAUCHEMIN





Abandoned for more than 400 years, the Tulum ruins on the southern coast of the Yucatán Peninsula are now only occupied by iguanas. The author (right) was astonished at the number of reptiles she saw there.



“I HAD COME HERE TO STUDY, TO OBSERVE, TO GRASP SOME KIND OF CONNECTION TO THE PEOPLE WHO BUILT THESE LONG-STANDING MONUMENTS.”

The ancient city of Tulum is occupied. Not by tourists, archaeologists, or even park employees. Tulum is inhabited by iguanas—miniature monsters with scaly green faces and thin claws. Donald and I counted them together. The reptiles were so numerous I was surprised they didn’t regularly fall off the foliage-lined cliffs overlooking the cerulean-blue sea.

As Donald and I trekked inland to visit the Chichén Itzá ruins, we decided to stop at Cobá, which boasts the tallest Mayan pyramid on the peninsula. Although the stop had not been part of my original itinerary, I had left America as a solo traveler, which gave me the freedom to change my route, grasp at new ventures, and explore at my leisure. Donald and I were the first people at Cobá that morning, and the first to see its rundown edifices and touch the ancient ball courts. I admired the stones that were still solid after hundreds of years, still tragically holding together a structure that had long been abandoned. The highest point in Cobá’s forested park was the temple, a structure stratified by wide stairs. There were no fences, no rails, no blaring warnings. Only two things: a rope resting down the temple’s crumbling stairs, and a small sign written in English that read, “Climb at your own risk.” Donald and I scrambled up. Greenery spread out in every direction, the peaks of other ruins barely visible as we scanned the horizon.

The excursion to Cobá cut my time short, so Donald and I split ways and I continued to Chichén Itzá, one of the most celebrated archaeological sites in the world. I boarded a *colectivo* heading to the

ruins and found so many people crammed inside I had to brace myself against the window. As the bus drove into the gigantic park surrounding the ruins, I tried to mentally prepare myself for the sight. Surely I would be enamored instantly, my perspective on archaeology enriched, and my purpose fulfilled.

The epiphany didn’t come as quickly as I expected. Chichén Itzá was probably the hottest place I had ever been. Words like oven and sauna did little justice to the sweltering pocket of land cradling the site. I could feel myself burning up as sweat drenched every limb, and the taste the salt appeared on my lips. Before reaching the ruins I had to pass through a maze of vendors huddling in the shade, yelling at passersby while hawking their wares. The path was a gauntlet to conquer before arriving at the temple’s feet, but I was not disappointed.

The ruins were glorious. Chichén Itzá’s pale stones reflected the onslaught of sunlight, and set the site apart from Cobá and Tulum simply by their hugeness. The heralded temple of Chichén Itzá was impressive, but I have never felt more in awe of a structure than I did upon seeing its massive ball court. Intricate carvings interrupted the smooth slant of stone. The central corridor between its two rising walls was large enough to make me imagine horses, not just men, had been involved in the court’s activities. A snake eating its tail, a shape carved into many of the slabs, was meant to represent eternal life. This cosmic symbol was in evidence everywhere.

After leaving Mexico, the images of Chichén Itzá, Cobá, and Tulum remained etched in my mind as glowing reminders of the immemorial. These structures are not measured solely by their ancient lifespans, or what the stones have seen. They are part of Mexico’s cultural heritage—a resource that provides visitors and locals alike with a picture of the past. While the ruins now reside in my subconscious, their shadows and stones linger as I continue studying anthropology. My journey through the Yucatán Peninsula’s remnants of civilizations long past deepened my understanding of global cultures and enhanced my love of travel. ♀

- SARAH FREY



FATAL FLORA

Carnivorous plants capture interest and insects.

It was the snap of spiny, fast-acting jaws and an affinity for meat that first attracted Patty Petzel to predatory plants. A freshman at Woodburn High School in Woodburn, Oregon, Petzel was intrigued after finding an advertisement for carnivorous plants (CPs) in a *Natural History* magazine. It was long before the days of *Little Shop of Horrors* featuring a larger-than-life, man-eating Venus flytrap, but Petzel was fascinated just the same. Excited for an opportunity to see the voracious plants in action, Petzel mail-ordered one Venus flytrap and one pink sundew with sticky, tentacle-covered leaves. When her plants finally arrived, she placed them on her bedroom windowsill where they quickly dried out and perished. But despite her initial failure, Petzel's passion for CPs continued to flourish.

"People who get into CPs go nuts," Petzel laughs. What began as an innocent horticulture experiment more than 30 years ago has developed into what she now refers to as her "habit." Petzel admits her CP addiction has led her to collect nearly 30 species and sub-species of *Sarracenia*. "It was like a quest," she says. "Once I got hooked, it became a true obsession."

Passion for Plants

Since Petzel's first introduction to CPs in the 1970s, a global community of enthusiasts has connected through organizations such as the International Carnivorous Plant Society. Petzel says the group's quarterly *Carnivorous Plant Newsletter* remains a much-needed source of CP growing advice. Now nestled in a corner of her rural property outside Corvallis, Oregon, Petzel's carnivorous garden thrives. Ten outdoor water troughs are home to hundreds, perhaps thousands, of elegantly fluted *Sarracenia* pitcher plants, while her nearby greenhouse shelters a handful of Venus flytraps.

Petzel says she perfected her growing system through years of trial and error before settling on the water-trough method. "Sometimes the plants would die, but I eventually found that *Sarracenia* were pretty tough," she says.

Her plants are rooted in a peat moss mixture and potted in large, perforated Styrofoam containers that allow the *Sarracenia* to float up and down with the water level. Petzel says the constant deluge of water replicates the wet bog-like environment *Sarracenia* grow in throughout the southern US.

Jeff Dallas also caught the CP bug at a young age. He says he first discovered CPs in elementary school while completing a reading worksheet his instructor had incorporated the plants into. "I didn't even think a plant like that could be real," says Dallas, who was instantly smitten with the plants' *carnivory*. Soon after, he purchased his first CP, and much like Petzel, saw disastrous results.

Despite his initial mistakes, through years of research and experimentation Dallas came to understand the special needs of each CP species. In addition to being adapted to water-drenched environments, Venus flytraps and *Sarracenia* thrive in soil lacking life-sustaining nutrients, such as nitrogen, and require a minimum of ten to 12 hours of sunlight per day. Equipped with this new knowledge, Dallas grew his childhood fascination into *Sarracenia* Northwest, a CP business specializing in *Sarracenia* in Sandy, Oregon. The business, which Dallas co-owns with Jacob Farin, sits on a quarter-acre lot that displays nearly 100 small outdoor pools brimming with colorful *Sarracenia* pitchers. Dallas says each year the *Sarracenia* die back during a dormant winter period, but the emergence of new pitchers in spring is well worth the wait. "It's an unbelievable transformation," he says. "As many times as I've watched them grow, it's still jaw-dropping when it happens."

Perilous Pitchers

Creatures who venture to the mouth of *Sarracenia* pitchers risk tumbling into what is known as a "pitfall trap." This specially adapted pitcher lures insects with offerings of sweet nectar, and employs a waxy inner lining that prevents insects from easily attaching to the walls of the tube, making escape nearly impossible. Bugs, spiders, and small animals such as frogs that succumb to the slippery tubes are broken down by enzymes before being absorbed into the plant.

Though a pitcher plant's ultimate purpose is to devour prey, each variety has developed its own sophisticated method of entrapment. In contrast to the elongated tubes of *Sarracenia*, tropical *Nepenthes* pitchers have round, cup-like structures filled with pools of digestive enzymes. These tropical plants are found in equatorial regions worldwide, and though *Nepenthes* employ similar pitfall tactics to American pitcher plants, not all are out to kill.

In 2011, researchers in Borneo discovered *Nepenthes rafflesiana* and Hardwicke's woolly bats share a mutualistic relationship: The plant's pitchers provide a safe place for the bats to roost and in return, the bat drops guano into the pitcher's digestive fluid, providing the plants with much-needed nitrogen. A similar relationship was also found between *Nepenthes rajah* and tree shrews that provide droppings as they straddle the pitchers while collecting nectar.

Nepenthes are Dean Cook's specialty. Last year he installed a 20-by-20-foot heated greenhouse at his Eugene-based business, Cook's Carnivorous Plants. Cook says the sealed greenhouse was the only way to ensure the warm, high-humidity environment the plants require. Although Cook says it's not necessary to "feed" CPs, he admits occasionally dropping a snail into a *Nepenthes* pitcher. "The additional nutrition acts similar to what a human would get from eating a multivitamin," he says.



Patty Petzel examines one of her many tubs full of *Sarracenia* pitcher plants. These plants bait insects by secreting nectar near the opening of their tubes.



This tropical *Nepenthes villosa* is Dean Cook's rarest plant. Unless *N. villosa*'s are privately owned, they can only be found in the mountains of Borneo. **BELOW:** Dean Cook hybridized two species of *Sarracenia* to create these red pitchers.

Into the Wild

Today, most people only catch glimpses of CPs through outlets like Internet-based vendors and online forums, and few realize that many species grow naturally right in their own backyards. *Darlingtonia californica*, better known as the cobra lily, can be found in southern Oregon and low-lying regions of the Coast Range. The plant's bulbous caps and forked, tongue-like nectar gland give its pitchers a notable resemblance to venomous cobra snakes.

In 1991, Petzel traveled to Cave Junction, Oregon, where she found hundreds of *Darlingtonia* growing along a hillside stream. "I was awestruck," she says. "When you see them grow in the wild, it's hard to describe how you feel. It's just so cool." But despite Petzel's happiness upon finding the plants, she remains reluctant to reveal the locations of any *Darlingtonia* bogs because of the mass poaching and habitat destruction the cobra lily and other American CPs have experienced in recent years.

She and Dallas note that opportunities to see these CPs in the wild are quickly disappearing. According to an estimate made in 1993 by the North American *Sarracenia* Conservancy, nearly 98 percent of *Sarracenia* habitat in the southern US has been razed for urban development and other sites are regularly looted by poachers. North and South Carolina are the only regions in the world where the famed Venus flytrap grows naturally, and its rarity has caused flytrap poaching to grow so extensive that US Fish and Wildlife agents now mark wild plants with ultraviolet ink. The dye is undetectable by the naked eye, but when illuminated by a black light, wildlife agents can identify plants as illegally harvested. "This has been a really serious issue in the Carolinas," Dallas says. "The dramatic movement of the Venus flytrap causes them to be the highest demanded CP."

Despite dwindling populations, the popularity of CPs continues to grow worldwide as enthusiasts and collectors seek out the plants for their unique appearance and fascinating eating habits. But Cook says aside from the visual allure of CPs, many people are interested in the plants as a means of pest control. To them, his response is simply this: "CPs won't necessarily control insects, but it's a heck of a lot of fun to watch how many they get." ♀

- LACEY JARRELL





fields of plenty

Oregon farmers see green in experimental olive groves.

Nestled along the rolling hills of Oregon's Willamette Valley, small groves of trees laden with green olives are taking root. Varieties such as arbequina, leccino, and picual olives are being planted in rows ten to 15 feet apart in hopes of bringing the rich olive oil culture of Europe to the Pacific Northwest and establishing olive production as Oregon's newest agricultural industry.

Although olives are traditionally grown in the hot, arid climates of Italy, Greece, and Spain, some Oregon farmers are discovering olive trees can adapt, and even thrive, in the state's temperate climate. David and Carmen Lawrence of Oregon Olives began experimenting with olives in 2005 in an attempt to determine which varieties of trees can survive in Oregon. The couple began with a small olive grove on Carmen's parents' property in Amity, Oregon, and have since expanded to their own nearby property.

Before moving to Oregon, David lived in Southern California, which is home to one of the biggest olive industries in the US. It was there he learned the olive growing techniques he experiments with in the Willamette Valley. "Olives used to grow in Oregon years ago, but they died out," David says. "We are mostly an R&D (Research and Development) group trying to figure out what works best here."

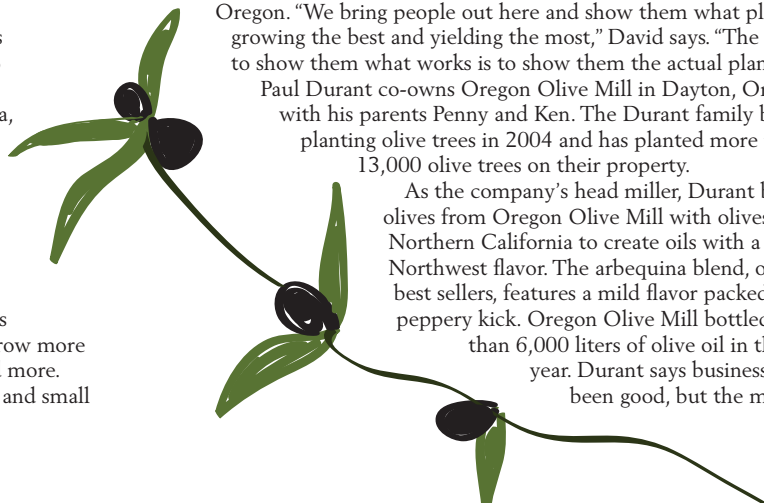
He believes the olive industry disappeared because of Oregon's harsh winters and lack of knowledge about which trees are best suited for the state's climate. David and Carmen now grow more than 65 varieties of olive trees at Oregon Olives and plan to add more. The couple also offers more than 1,500 trees for sale to farmers and small

business owners wanting to establish olive groves of their own.

David hopes Oregon Olives' research groves will inspire farmers to start planting more olive trees. He has found varieties like leccino and arbequina grow quickly, produce fruit, and are hardy enough to stand up to Oregon's winters. David believes Oregon's groves have the potential to produce gold medal-winning olive oil at national competitions, which judge oil based on quality and freshness. David and Carmen don't compete, but David believes his olives have the potential. Instead, when the olives are almost ripe in the fall, David and Carmen invite people to their farm where they host tours and show how well olive trees grow in Oregon. "We bring people out here and show them what plants are growing the best and yielding the most," David says. "The best way to show them what works is to show them the actual plants."

Paul Durant co-owns Oregon Olive Mill in Dayton, Oregon, with his parents Penny and Ken. The Durant family began planting olive trees in 2004 and has planted more than 13,000 olive trees on their property.

As the company's head miller, Durant blends olives from Oregon Olive Mill with olives from Northern California to create oils with a distinct Northwest flavor. The arbequina blend, one of his best sellers, features a mild flavor packed with a peppery kick. Oregon Olive Mill bottled more than 6,000 liters of olive oil in the last year. Durant says business has been good, but the market





“As the olive oil experiment continues to catch on, David foresees he and Carmen growing olives for many years to come.”

Left page: Oregon Olive Mill’s groves are home more than 13,000 olive trees. Paul Durant uses his olives to create blends of specialty olive oils.

is still small. “Olive oil is truly a global commodity, and we have to focus on our quality [to stand out]. We try to mill our oil in as little time as possible,” Durant says.

In order to preserve freshness, Durant aims to extract oil from his olives within a few hours of harvest. The shorter the amount of time from tree to bottle, the better the oil is considered. The longer the fruits wait to be processed and bottled, the more they break down and lose highly valued flavor and polyphenols, chemicals which may help raise the amount of good cholesterol, or HDLs, in a person’s body.

Olives in Oregon reach their peak in mid- to late November. The moment the olives are ripe, Durant’s trees are picked by hand or machine depending on the tree’s size. The olives are then dumped into a mill where they are washed and crushed, pit and all. The crushed mix of olives is spun in a large centrifuge that separates the water from the oils based on their density and viscosity levels. Following the process, the oil is drained into large tanks where it is stored until ready for bottling.

Compared to the grapes on Durant’s farm, the olive trees are easy to care for. Every year he plants two-year-old trees with established root structures. These trees are said to be precocious, meaning they start bearing fruit at a young age. After a tree is planted and begins yielding fruit, an olive grower’s primary concern is freezing temperatures, which can destroy an olive crop. “We don’t have to worry about disease like we do with grapes,” Durant says. “The only thing we worry about with the olives is a hard freeze. It’s all about getting the right tree.”

Durant must ensure he chooses trees hardy enough to survive Oregon’s cold winters, but that will also bear fruit in the state’s mild summers. Oregon’s growing season only lasts a few months, and the fruit has to be picked before a winter freeze sets in. If a tree isn’t acclimated to Oregon, there is no hope for olive oil. Currently, Durant grows Spanish and Greek varieties in his farm, but he plans to expand to Italian varieties soon.

For David, these olive trees are just the beginning. Each year, more people visit his farm to see if they, too, can learn how to grow olive trees. Small business owners and families with large plots of land stop by to learn about the oil process and ask advice about which trees grow best. Although David’s trees are still small, he believes Oregon farmers have the potential to grow world-class olives. As the olive oil experiment continues to catch on, David foresees he and Carmen growing olives for many years to come.

“We have a 500-year plan here, and we hope we can grow olives for even longer,” David says.

-SPENCER ADRIAN



David Lawrence, co-owner of Oregon Olives, walks through his research grove describing the 65 olive varieties the business grows.



Each year Durant carefully examines his trees for weather damage; freezing temperatures could destroy his entire crop.

PHOTO SPENCER ADRIAN DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION LAUREN BEAUCHEMIN



FLYING THROUGH THE FIELD OF DREAMS

A father-daughter racing team straps on five-point harnesses for the fastest ride of their lives.

Fans focus their attention on the starting line as the bright orange engine of jet boat 151 starts to rumble. Driver Kyle Patrick concentrates on the track as he slowly glides the boat to the Field of Dreams starting line. Mentally navigating the course's water channels, he envisions the moment he will break through the checkered-flag finish line with the day's fastest time. Kyle looks to Alex Patrick, his 19-year-old daughter in the navigator's seat. Both are anticipating a win.

The green starting flag drops—the race begins. Exhilarated spectators spring to life as the engine roars and a frothy jet of white water spews behind the boat. One, two, three seconds pass by, and Kyle and Alex are weaving through the track's tight corners at 90 miles per hour.

Each jet boat team consists of a driver and a navigator who work together to direct their boat through a maze of twisting water channels only 12 to 15 feet wide and less than a meter deep. The teams individually race against the clock to beat their competitors' times.

"I get a little nervous if we wobble a bit, but I trust my dad," says Alex, who began racing for the Psycho Racing Team alongside her father in 2009. She enjoys the adrenaline rush she feels as the boat picks up speed and the pride she sees in her father's face when they race. "How proud he is of me for racing is an awesome feeling," she says. As the boat's navigator, Alex is responsible for monitoring oil pressure and water temperature gauges during the race, as well as pointing her dad in the right direction when he is uncertain where to turn. "There are a few times I've saved him," Alex laughs.

Kyle says he loves being able to spend time with Alex competing in a sport they both enjoy. The father-daughter team drives a 13-foot A-400 jet boat powered by a 411 CID Chevrolet engine. "You just can't win a race without your team working together, and how cool [is it] that Alex is a part of that with me?" he says. Growing up in a family that enjoys racing at high speeds, Kyle says many life experiences led him to his jet boat racing career. "I have been in a boat since I was six months old; I've raced motocross and water-skied since I was six—it didn't take much to get me into the water," he says.

Jet boat racing, also known as jet sprinting, is a competitive sport that originated on the rivers of New Zealand. The sport made its way to Australia in the mid-1980s, where the competitions became safer by racing on man-made tracks. By the 1990s, the sport had finally migrated to the US. In 2007, Kyle and a few friends decided they would bring jet boat racing to Tangent, Oregon. Teaming up with a landowner who shared his interest in the sport, Kyle designed the course and dug a track into a field on the property. "We named it the Field of Dreams because it was our dream to bring a racetrack here," Kyle says.

One round of races usually lasts less than a minute, and within that time each boat makes 25 to 30 hairpin turns at up to seven g-forces, which can result in a boat running off the track or flipping over. Before he began racing jet boats equipped with roll cages, Kyle participated in much riskier whitewater river racing competitions. "River racing is just insane and dangerous," Kyle says.



FAR LEFT: Kyle and Alex Patrick discuss tactics for an upcoming race as their boat is loaded into the starting pool (photo: Ashley Schaffer). **MIDDLE LEFT:** Jolly Rogers Racing Team driver, Eric Werner, sprints down one of the course's straightaways, where confident drivers can approach speeds of 100 miles per hour. **MIDDLE RIGHT:** Roll cages and other safety features keep this team safe after their boat catches on the bank and rolls towards the stands. **FAR RIGHT:** Psycho Racing Team driver Kyle and navigator, Alex, compete with some of the day's fastest times, winning first place in the A-400 classification.

ALTHOUGH WERNER MAY BE USED TO ROCKETING AT SPEEDS OF OVER 100 MPH ON THE RACETRACK HIS NERVES STILL DON'T HOLD BACK WHEN APPROACHING THE STARTING LINE.

In 2001 Kyle lost his good friend, Bruce Mills, during a whitewater boat race accident on the Salmon River in Riggins, Idaho. While traveling more than 100 miles per hour, their boat hit a wave and flipped, landing upside down in the water. Mills was killed instantly. Kyle was pinned under the boat in 40-degree water for more than one minute while trying to unlock his five-point racing seatbelt. When he finally set the harness loose, Kyle spent 30 minutes struggling to swim to shore against the river's strong current. "The other racers were trying to get to Bruce as they came down river two to five minutes behind us," Kyle says. It wasn't until after he reached the shore that safety crews arrived at the accident. "This has changed the whitewater sport," Kyle says. Whitewater races are now shorter and have more safety crews stationed throughout the courses so paramedics can quickly reach injured racers.

Kyle says getting back on the water after the death of his close friend was intimidating, but he admits it was only a month after the accident that he tried again. "I made myself go out on a jet ski on the river because I didn't want to be afraid of it," Kyle says. A year later in 2002, he took his first ride in a jet boat in Grants Pass, Oregon, and fell in love with the sport.

"We are doing zero to 90 miles per hour in less than three seconds," Kyle says. "We have a fighter pilot who's racing, and what I understand is that he likes the boats more than the F-18s. It's more fun!"

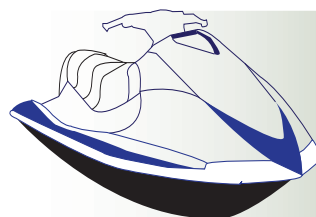
Eric Werner, who works as an Alaska Airlines pilot and Navy Reserve instructor pilot at Whidbey Island Naval Air Station, has been soaring on the jet boat racetracks for more than three years. Werner is part of the Jolly

Rogers Racing Team and says he adapts skills learned in the sky for his jet boat races. "It helps me think ahead of where we are going, which you need to do while flying," Werner says. "I close my eyes and visualize from start all the way to finish two or three times before each run. It's like studying or memorizing, and it takes a lot of mental discipline to do that."

Although Werner may be used to rocketing at speeds of more than 100 miles per hour in the sky, he still gets nervous when approaching the racetrack's starting line. "The first run of every race, I still definitely get nerves, butterflies, and shaky fingers," he says. However, if he manages to finish the first race without penalties or mistakes, he says his butterflies fade and he's able to focus on the races ahead.

Beyond the adrenaline rush, the speed, and the water, there is another benefit to jet boat racing: "I love the family aspect of it. This is our summer family," Werner says. "The coolest part of it is your competitors will loan you parts to help you go faster because everybody's in it together and we just want the sport to grow."

-ASHLEY SHAFFER



JOIN THE **ACTION** AND
RACE ALONGSIDE
KYLE & ALEX PATRICK
ETHOSMAGONLINE.COM

An Alpine Melody

Vocal harmony leads one family to become a professional group of yodeling Western singers.

It's a sunny afternoon in Veneta, Oregon. The Hanson family's backyard is illuminated by light streaming through the trees as siblings Daniel, Lisa, and Theresa cheerfully sing Johnny Cash's "I've Been Everywhere." Their voices travel into the clear blue sky as the sun beams down on their smiling faces and sparkles the rhinestones on their matching Western outfits.

Daniel, 18, and his sisters Theresa, 20, and Lisa, 23, are the youngest in a family of nine talented Western singers who specialize in the art of yodeling. The siblings, who regularly perform in Oregon and beyond, have won numerous yodeling contests. "Yodeling brought a new dimension to our family and got the attention of audiences. As the children's talent grew, they kept winning singing contests, becoming a more professional group in the last 13 years," says the siblings' father, Wayne Hanson.

The Hanson children's passion for yodeling emerged when Lisa, Theresa, and Daniel were nine, seven, and five, respectively. The family was living

in a region of Wisconsin known as Northwoods when a visiting relative from North Dakota loaned them a cassette tape titled "How to Yodel the Cowboy Way." The cassette, which was co-produced by international yodeling champion Shirley Field and Western entertainer Rudy Robins, inspired the Hanson children to begin practicing yodeling every day. "You sound like a turkey at first," Lisa laughs. "It takes a lot of practice."

In yodeling, a high-pitched falsetto voice and a normal speaking voice, known as "chest voice," are rapidly alternated to create the distinctive sound. Lisa says she and her siblings practiced "breaking their voices," or alternating chest voice and falsetto, in their free time while riding bikes. "They really blossomed and decided to learn yodeling," Wayne says.

Yodeler's voices are known for their ability to carry over long distances and the singing style was originally used to communicate in mountain regions. When the Hansons lived in the woods of Wisconsin, from their property they could see only two other houses. But despite the relative isolation of their home, the Hanson's neighbors were still able to hear the children's yodeling. "Breaking the voice cuts through the air somehow," Wayne says.

But not everyone can learn to yodel easily—or learn it at all. Wayne says it took his children approximately two years to become proficient yodelers. Speech therapists believe the ability to yodel depends on each individual's nervous system. "All people have the same vocal chords, but it all depends on whether a person is able to coordinate their three systems on the neurological level," says speech-language pathologist Nancy Mackay. "The three systems include breath support, vocal chords, and articulators [tongue, lips, teeth]." She points out that the systems also influence resonance, which determines the pitch range of an individual's voice.

The Hansons often use yodeling as a background for their Western songs. The family has dedicated one room in their home as a place to play instruments, sing, and arrange songs together. The sight of almost 30 instruments and a wooden treble clef-shaped clock inevitably sets the musical mood for anyone who enters. Here, the Hanson children spend hours playing instruments that include the piano, trumpet, saxophone, clarinet, drums, violin, accordion, trombone, and French horn. At the room's entrance, the family keeps an additional singer: their five-year-old parakeet. "If you listen while we're performing, you'll hear Merry Bird," says Lisa referring to the family's chirping pet.

Since childhood the Hanson children have sung in church choirs and competed in musical contests such as



PHOTO ANNA HELLAND DESIGN BRITTANY NGUYEN



ABOVE: The Hanson family (left to right): Daniel, Leslie, Theresa, Lisa, and Wayne. Together, the Hansons sing old country classics in the fields behind their home in Veneta, Oregon, and take nightly walks around the property while practicing for performances. **LEFT PAGE:** Theresa, Lisa, and their mother, Leslie, are three of the Hanson family's six female singers.

the Oregon State Fair talent competition and the USA World Showcase in Las Vegas. In 2002, Theresa and Daniel won the Lane County Fair talent contest with a duet titled, "The Man in the Moon is a Yodeler." In 2003 Lisa, who was then 14 years old, took second place in her age division with, "He Taught Me to Yodel," at the Oregon State Fair. Both songs were written by Field. In 2006, Daniel won the Western Music Association Festival's Youth International Yodeling Championship in New Mexico. As a family, the Hansons have performed at events such as the Pendleton Round-Up and the Lincoln County Fair.

"Yodeling brought a new dimension to our family and got the attention of audiences."

The Hanson's three youngest girls, Christa, Lisa, and Theresa, make up their own band called Seraphim. To date, they've released four CDs: *O God of Loveliness* (2003), *God Is Our Friend* (2004), *Hail, Queen of Heaven* (2007), and *A Seraphim Christmas* (2010). "Their voices are so similar to each other that sometimes it's hard to tell which girl is singing," says David Phillips, choir director at St. Mary's Church in Eugene and producer of the group's CDs. He writes music for Seraphim and helps the girls with vocals and instrument arrangements. "The girls have a natural blend; the timbres of their voices match," he says.

It has been suggested that yodeling originated as an imitation of alphorn music, which was played with a long wooden horn by Alpine herdsmen in Switzerland. It is known that yodeling was used in the Swiss

Alps, the Austrian Tirol, and the mountain ranges of China, and has since reverberated across the mountainsides of the US, although yodeling has been heard less and less in recent years. The style enjoyed popularity in the 1930s and 1940s thanks to the "Mississippi Blue Yodeler," Jimmie Rodgers, who is known as the Father of Country Music. Almost a century has passed since Rodgers yodeled, but the art has not disappeared.

Another Oregon singer from Albany, Lorenda Kropf, learned to yodel when she was eight years old. "Yodeling is a lost art and it's fun to bring it back again," says Kropf, who writes Gospel music and began performing professionally in 2009. Last year, she sang "Jesus Makes me Yodel" for a Pacific Gospel Music Association event at the Valley River Inn in Eugene. "Yodeling is unique style of singing, and it's intriguing to people. I heard that people either like it or hate it. When I yodel, I feel happy inside," says Kropf, who thinks yodeling tends to be a cheery, free sound. "It depends on the song you insert it in, but most of the time it's bubbly and joyous. Music is the expression of what's in people's hearts."

Although yodeling has become an all-but lost art, there are singers like the Hansons and Kropf who are working to revive it. They believe the singing technique can endure if it is learned, practiced, and passed on from generation to generation. "There are seasons in life, just like fashions and styles. I think it [yodeling] got lost for a while, but there are a lot of people like ourselves involved in keeping it alive and bringing it back to popularity," Wayne says. ♪

- XENIA SLABINA

WANT TO HEAR THE HANSONS?
Watch them yodel together
 ETHOSMAGONLINE.COM

Ten
Noir
Terms To Live By:

antihero - a mercenary-minded extrajudicial protagonist

femme fatale - she may save your life or take it, usually over the item (she may even be the item)

"the item" - a coveted object that the plot surrounds

nemesis - the mastermind against the antihero (he will stop at nothing to obtain item)

syndicate - the criminal enterprise of the nemesis

plant - a false person in the antihero's life who answers to the nemesis (often the femme fatale or a snitch)

snitch - a confidential informant

fall guy - a person falsely accused of a crime, usually the antihero being framed by the syndicate

double-cross - interpersonal betrayal, often by the plant and over the item

shakedown - the antihero's interrogations, often using violence

BETWEEN TWO NOIRS

Reflections on a career in law enforcement through the lens of film noir.

The telephone rang just before 7 a.m. on a Saturday. Detective Bill Kennedy didn't expect a call from the captain. He damn sure didn't expect that in less than nine hours, he would find his partner dead.

For Kennedy, it was a day that would rival any story in the film noir tradition of American cinema. The tempestuous black-and-white 1941 film *The Maltese Falcon* handed audiences a story in which the death of a detective's partner was central to the plot. It was among the first of many works in a genre preoccupied with the dark underbelly of society. Through the musings of heavy-handed *antihero* detectives and the antics of toxic *femme fatales*, these tales of conspiracy, lust, and murder dominated Hollywood for more than 15 years. Yet Kennedy's loss was no work of fiction. It was April 11, 1975, and his partner, Detective Roy Dirks, had been in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Traveling on a logging road near the Blue River Reservoir at the base of Oregon's Cascade Range, Dirks took a wrong turn. He was there to canvass for witnesses in a cocaine-related drowning and instead came across Norman "Snake" Brooks and his girlfriend, Belinda Lederer. Unlike the cosmopolitan *femme fatale* of classic noir, Lederer was one of at least 18 women who lived in a commune with Brooks. "Brooks was something like Charles Manson," Kennedy says, who recalls him as a manipulative sociopath.

Dirks encountered Brooks and Lederer on a landing near the reservoir's dam where they managed to get the jump on him. Lederer shot and killed Dirks, then dumped his body into a gully. As the two fled the scene, the van they were driving blew a tire and the pair took off on foot. They had gotten away.


As Kennedy surveyed the crime scene, he wondered what the hell he'd gotten into. Dirks' death weighed on him, but he pressed on, remembering that police work was in his blood.

A native of Portland, Oregon, Kennedy had always aspired to follow in the footsteps of his father, brother, and uncle, who had all worked in law enforcement. He moved to Eugene in 1966, and at 21 years old became the youngest deputy in the Lane County Sheriff's Department (LCSD). After working traffic and narcotics for years, Kennedy earned the rank of detective in 1973 and entered the world of plain clothes and unmarked cars. He recalls one of the first cases he worked with Dirks: "Roy had a tip about some Quaaludes coming into the Eugene airport. We got there. We opened up the suitcase, and there they were," says Kennedy, who conducted endless stakeouts with Dirks. Kennedy passed the time with diligence, much like the ubiquitous noir detective posted in a vehicle with a toothpick in his mouth and binoculars ready on the dashboard. "It's fun when you catch the guy, but [sometimes] you can wait 21 hours for that to happen," he says.

Dirks' murderers were eventually apprehended, but Kennedy grew frustrated when Lederer served only ten years for manslaughter and Brooks served a mere five for obstruction of justice. He felt their sentences had been reduced because of weaknesses in the prosecution's case. "We hadn't had that many homicides of that nature, especially involving an officer," Kennedy says. "I wrote a report to the captain and said we needed a program for better expertise in homicide." In the summer of 1976, Kennedy's captain sent him for special training in the popular noir setting of Los Angeles to gain experience in high-level investigative techniques.

"I worked robbery/homicide out of Rampart Division," says Kennedy, who was impressed with their expert forensic procedures. The raucous West LA area Rampart patrolled was known for handling celebrity murders and organized crime—cases the film industry recreated in movies such as the 1950 classic *Sunset Blvd.*, which opens with a Hollywood screenwriter found dead in a swimming pool. LA was a whole new world for Kennedy. "The homicide rate was incredible," he says. "The autopsy room was busy almost all the time."

The LA beat taught Kennedy how to handle more work, better and faster. Kennedy learned to index and categorize witnesses and to tackle unsolved



homicides, known as cold cases. “The Black Dahlia murder of 1947 is still being reviewed every six months,” he says. Investigators of this LA slaying nicknamed the victim based on *The Blue Dahlia*, a noir film that had been released only eight months earlier.

In 1981, Kennedy was assigned to investigate serial killer Randy Steven Kraft, who is believed to have murdered as many as 67 people along Interstate 5. Kraft’s first victim that same year, a Washington teen hitchhiking to California named Michael Cluck, was discovered dead near Goshen, Oregon. “Kraft took him to the county dump and beat him with a tire iron,” Kennedy says. “There was so much blood at the scene that an outline had formed around Kraft’s vehicle.”

Kraft’s pattern was to drug transient young men with Valium and kill them during or after a combination of binding, bludgeoning, strangulation, and sexual abuse. Kraft also kept trophies of his victims. For two years, Kennedy devoted himself to searching for clues, phoning authorities in California to compare the killer’s *modus operandi* (method of operation) with homicides in Oregon, six of which were ultimately linked to Kraft.

“Bill came up in a time when you had to do your own thinking. You barely had forensics. There were no cell phones and computers to track people,” says Marino Underwood, a former co-worker of Kennedy’s in the Lane Interagency Narcotics Team. Kennedy’s hard work ultimately paid off in 1983 when he was permitted to participate in a search of Kraft’s home in Long Beach, California. It was there, in Kraft’s “trophy room,” that Kennedy found hard evidence linking Kraft to Cluck’s murder: “We found a shaving kit. There was a razor and some cologne inside. We peeled off this piece of black tape, and ‘Michael Cluck’ was written in permanent marker,” he says.


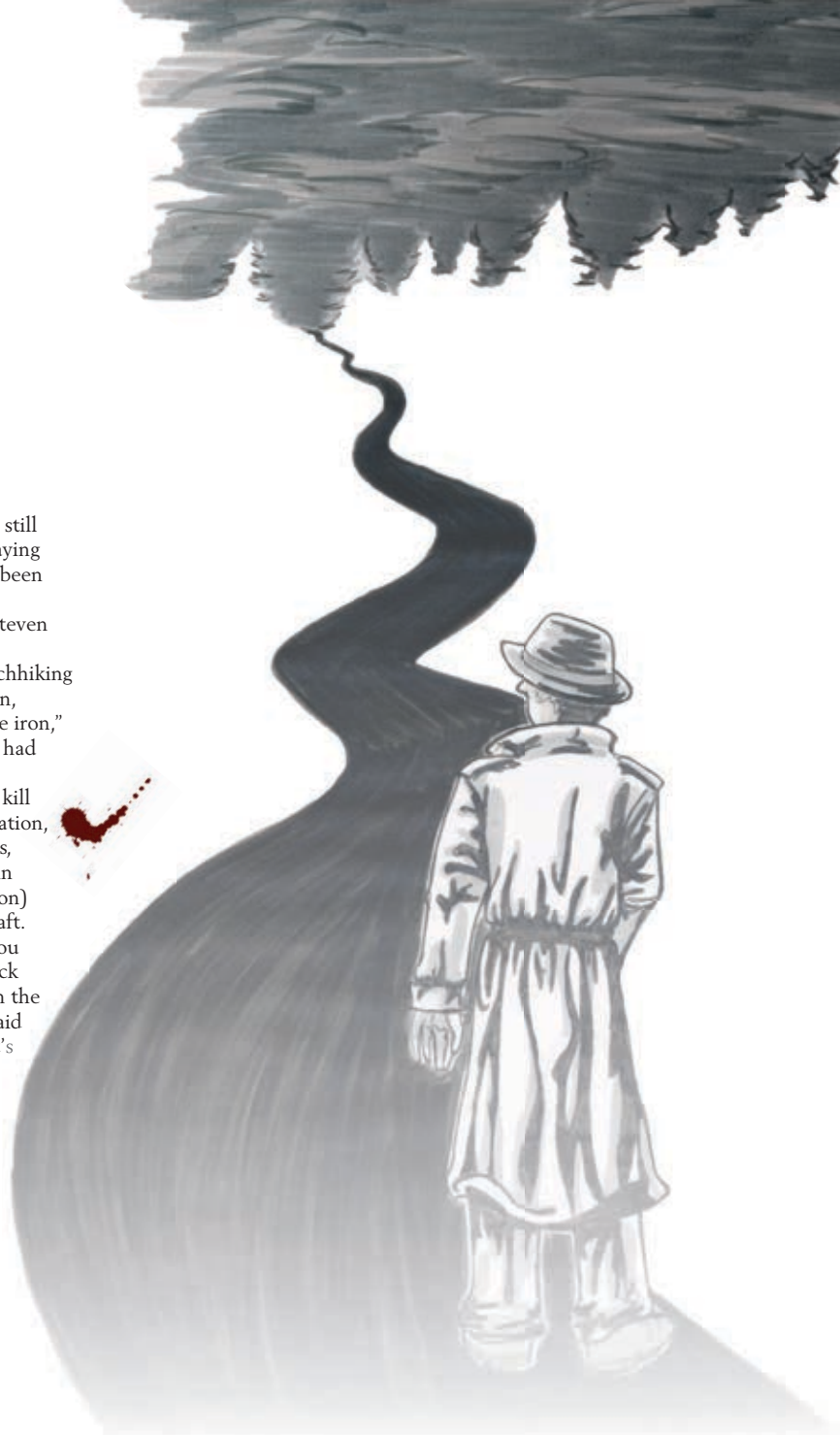
When it came time to retire in 1995, Kennedy welcomed the change. After investigating crimes against persons for 29 years at the LCSO, Kennedy had seen enough sinister deeds to just walk away—or so he thought. The itch to confront criminals got the best of him, and two years later, he formed Kennedy & Associates Consulting Investigations and became a private investigator in Eugene.

Had he evaluated his life for cinematic value, Kennedy would have seen himself as a product of his generation. The bulk of Kennedy’s detective work took place in the 1970s, during a time when film noir slumbered among serial network television staples like *Colombo*, *Barnaby Jones*, or Kennedy’s favorite, *The Rockford Files*. Far from donning the fedora and trench coat of recurring noir sleuth Mike Hammer, Kennedy says, “I wore suits; I never wore a hat. That was already over in the 1950s.”

Film noir’s popularity had dissipated by 1958, but like Kennedy, the genre never really retired. By the 1980s, as Randy Kraft stalked the I-5 corridor and Kennedy worked robberies and homicides *ad nauseam*, Michael Mann’s *Thief* and David Lynch’s *Blue Velvet* breathed new life into macabre crime film. By 1997, as Kennedy was beginning anew as a private investigator, acclaimed films like *LA Confidential* began securing the longevity of expressing the dregs of society in Technicolor. But Kennedy’s new cases have no blockbuster allure. Burdened by decades of crossing police tape, these days he focuses on civil work—witness location, debt collection, and insurance claims.

Despite the new focus of his work, Kennedy volunteers for a private agency working cold cases in his spare time. Like *Columbo*’s nagging catchphrase, “Just one more thing,” Kennedy can’t let murder be. What often drives him is his past. He still thinks about his old partner Roy Dirks and knows it could just as easily have been him. For Kennedy, the evil men do never ends in 90 minutes. ♀

-ADRIAN BLACK



“As Kennedy surveyed the crime scene, he wondered what the hell he’d gotten into. Dirks death weighed on him, but he pressed on, remembering that police work was in his blood.”

Vigil at SYNTAGMA SQUARE

Coming face to face with
Greece's economic crisis.

Sun streamed through the green branches overhead, spreading patches of dappled light across the trunk of a ragged pine tree in the southeast corner of Syntagma Square. Although the afternoon was bright, the tone in the square was notably dark. The tree's bark was thickly covered with handwritten memorials to Dimitris Christoulas, the retired Greek pharmacist who had taken his life on this spot the day before. One white wreath stood propped beneath its shady branches, a tribute left by the Attica Pharmacists' Association. An Orthodox Catholic priest stood off to the side, long burgundy robes flowing as he spoke sternly to the crowd. The priest may have been calling out a political message, but to me the words were incomprehensibly foreign. People took turns pushing toward the tree with small tokens in hand—a lit candle, a saint's image, a small letter with a message scrawled in Greek characters.

Only 11 days had passed since I arrived in Athens to study archeology for three months, yet here I was, at a vigil for a man whose suicide had become a symbol of protest against the Greek austerity measures that had destroyed his pension. In the hours and days following his death, 77-year-old Christoulas had become a worldwide news story, and for some Greeks, an icon of the resistance movement that blossomed out of the country's economic and political uncertainty.

Christoulas's suicide note doubled as a political statement that equated the politicians involved in Greece's economic crisis with those of the puppet government put in place by the Nazis in the 1940s. The occupation had resulted in the starvation of nearly 300,000 Greeks. Too old to return to work and too desperate to live, Christoulas made the only statement in his power: turning a gun on himself beneath this tree.

On a normal day, the Syntagma Square acts as a thruway for multitudes of tourists and shoppers on their way to the National Gardens, the subway, or the popular Ermou and Monastiraki shopping districts. However, this evening the atmosphere felt tense as people milled about without a destination. The square, which is located in the center of Athens, lies in stark contrast to the country's parliament building across the street and the location serves as the primary stage for political demonstrations.

I bent down to place a single red carnation near the lit candles at the tree's base. I felt a bit like a fraud among the mourners who knelt by the tree reciting prayers. I knew very little beyond what my art professor in



ABOVE: Hundreds gather around a tree in Athens to pay respects to Dimitris Christoulas, a retired pharmacist who committed suicide on April 4, 2012.

BELOW: Handwritten notes, flags, wreaths, and prayer cards adorn the tree less than 24 hours after Christoulas's death (photo courtesy of Carrie Harshbarger).

Athens told me about Christoulas, but when she extended an invitation to the vigil, I decided to tag along out of journalistic curiosity. The red carnation, she explained, symbolized the Greek working-class resistance movement Christoulas hoped to inspire with his sacrifice. Only a few hours before, his red blood had coated the grass beneath this tree; any that remained was now covered with candles and flowers.

I was aware of the economic problems in Greece—it was a topic almost everyone wanted to talk about when I mentioned I was studying abroad in the financially troubled country. The global recession that has shaken many of the world's economies in recent years, revealed a severely weakened Greek economy with a staggering debt ratio that threatens the stability of the European Union. For this reason, Greeks are caught in the middle of an international debate amidst rising homelessness and suicide rates, increasingly divisive political extremism, and unemployment facing more than half the country's youth. While the tumult in Athens has calmed since riots and protests began feeding foreign headlines last fall, the desperation continues to grow.

It's an extremely complex issue with no simple answers. Yet standing among the Athenians, it was as if—for that moment—all the political and economic strife faded into the background and what was left was the humanity of this sad situation. Christoulas's death reminded me that when economic crises occur it's not just the bankers or nations that lose. While officials around the world grapple with how to minimize debt or ease Greece's exit from the euro zone, real people like those surrounding me in the square are facing life-altering, tragic choices.

The outpouring of emotion at the memorial allowed me to transcend the language barrier and I was able to empathize with these strangers. Though I couldn't read the hand-written messages or comprehend the priest's words, I could see and feel the despair of those around me. Standing within the crowd, I could understand how they identified with this man, and how frustrating it must be to feel you have no way out of a terrible situation.

Raw and exposed, these Athenians had gathered to pray for a man and the cause he stood for. After taking in the scene, I said a silent contemplative prayer with them. Although I initially felt out of place among the Athenians at the memorial, in that moment I was no longer alien in their midst. ☉

- BRENNA HOUCK





SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
AND COMMUNICATION
University of Oregon

Most journalism schools produce reporters and editors.

We produce multimedia journalists • digital strategists • documentarians • investigative reporters • sustainability professionals • social media entrepreneurs • creative producers • strategic thinkers and doers • photojournalists • longform narrative journalists • communication activists • environmental leaders • new media inventors • innovative designers • magazine futurists • theorists and thinkers • broadcasters • online producers • reporters and editors

We're producing the 21st century.



Follow us!

<http://jcomm.uoregon.edu/>



GO BEYOND THE PAGE: WATCH THESE STORIES COME TO LIFE ONLINE.



ETHOS
ethosmagonline.com

FREELANCE

Got a story idea to share? Send your pitches to ethos@ethosmagonline.com for a chance to see your work published.

ETHOS ONLINE

Stay connected with our latest work at ethosmagonline.com. Also find us on Facebook ([/ethos.mag](https://www.facebook.com/ethos.mag)) and Twitter ([@EthosMag](https://twitter.com/EthosMag)).

EVENTS

Check out more information about our community events at ethosmagonline.com/events.