

SPRING 2006

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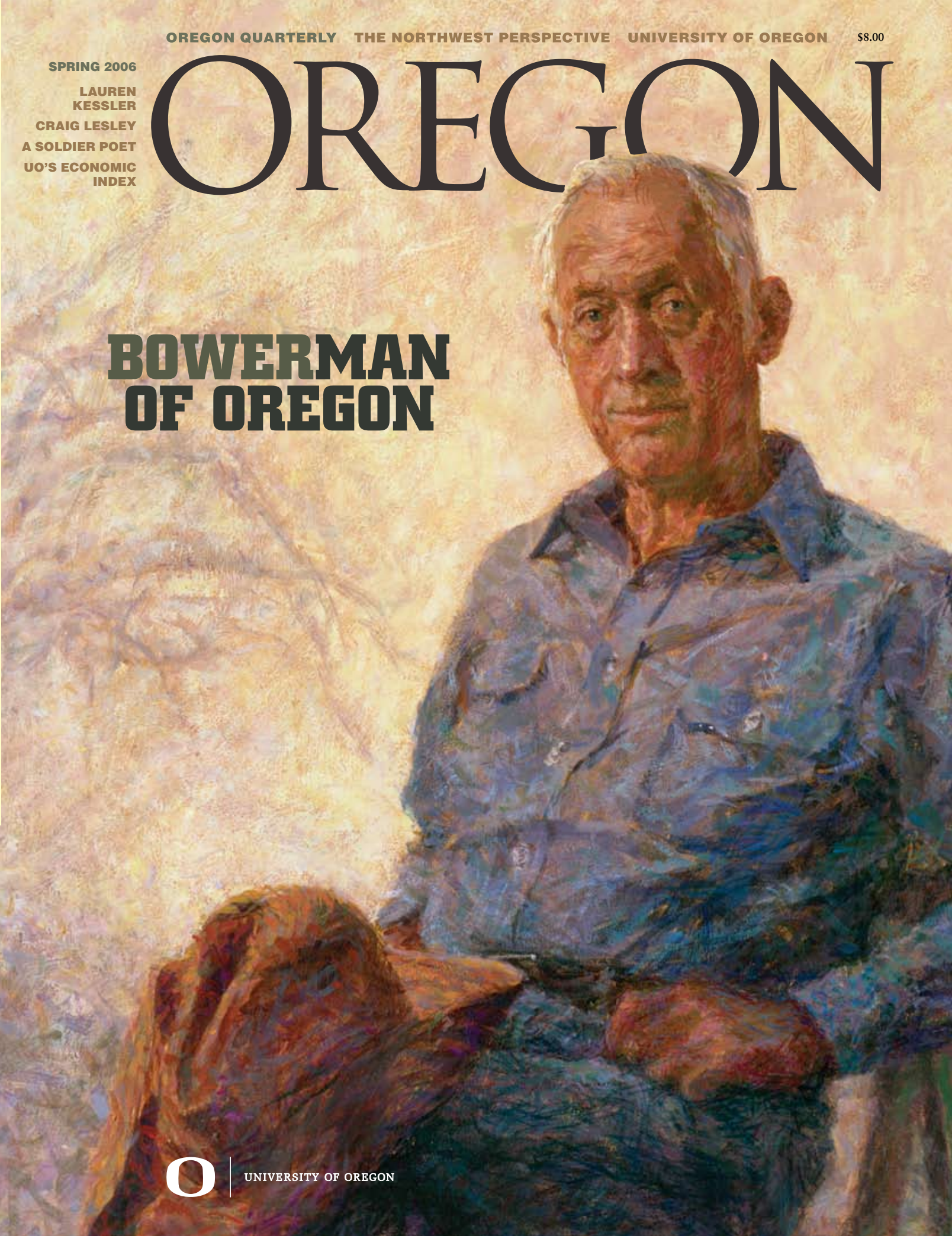
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UO'S ECONOMIC
INDEX

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A Mother's Life p. 18



A Little Bravery p. 22

Lynda Lanker



Plane Safety p. 28

John Bangness

FEATURES

- 18** *STILL LIFE* by Lauren Kessler
How does a woman go from designing World War II airplane parts to standing in line for her house money from her husband?
- 22** *BRAVING VICISSITUDES* by Kenny Moore
The many ways Bill Bowerman left his mark on the athletes he coached.
- 28** *THE FEARFUL SKIES* by Seth Clark Walker
A former pilot and a Eugene counselor are trying to change the way airlines handle in-air incidents.

DEPARTMENTS

- 4** Letters
- 6** Currents
The Finer Points of Commerce by Craig Lesley
Encounters with the Shin Kicker by Michael McCloskey
Garbo and the Norns by Marcia Aldrich
Red Light Greenlight by Bob Armstrong
- 32** University
New Director for Neuroimaging Center / UO's Economic Index
Helping Addicts and Their Families / Marshall Scholar
PROfile: Deborah Bauer
- 39** Old Oregon
Ice Research / Pit Crew / Soldier Poet / Giving Shelter
Fast Food Detox / UOAA Events / Class Notes
Profile: Lanny Snodgrass Ph.D. '77
- 52** Oregon Trails
Step By Step by Philip Frohnmayer M.Mus. '72

Cover: Painting of Bill Bowerman by Eugene artist Lynda Lanker

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Eight-week session: June 26–August 18

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FISHES AND FEASTS

My son Ross, a fisheries biologist and a fisherman of note, was visiting over the Thanksgiving weekend. Picking up my copy of the Winter 2005 *Oregon Quarterly* and glancing at the cover, he asked, "What's that Atlantic salmon doing in a story about 'Oregon Feasts?' It probably was fish-farm raised, too." And the story inside extolls the virtues of Oregon's wild Chinook. So what's the answer to that question: What's that Atlantic salmon doing on that cover and illustrating that story?

Fred Taylor '51
Charleston

Editor's note: Your son is right. We used the fish-farm salmon because after the lengthy photography session, it would have been unusable. We didn't want to waste a superior (and much more expensive) Oregon Chinook. But we should have had a better plan — like having some coals ready to go.

Reader Pat Goodell of Portland asked if the chefs would share some of the recipes from the "Oregon Feasts" menu. Here are two:

Arugula and pear salad with walnut vinaigrette

3 Tablespoons extra-virgin olive oil
3 Tablespoons walnut oil
3/4 cup walnuts (3 oz.), coarsely chopped
2 Tablespoons pear juice
1 Tablespoon white wine vinegar
2 teaspoons Dijon mustard
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon black pepper
4 oz. goat cheese cut into 1 oz. slices
1 firm, ripe red pear
1 Tablespoon lemon juice
1/2 lb. arugula, coarse stems discarded

Heat oil in a ten-inch heavy skillet over moderate heat until hot but not smoking, then toast nuts, stirring, until golden, about two minutes. Transfer nuts with a slotted spoon to paper towels to drain,

then sprinkle with salt to taste. Pour oil into a heatproof measuring cup.

In a bowl, whisk pear juice with mustard, vinegar, salt, and pepper. Add oil in a slow stream, whisking continuously. Cool dressing.

Halve pear lengthwise and remove core (preferably with a melon-ball cutter), then cut lengthwise into 1/4-inch-thick slices. Arrange slices on four plates, to one side, and drizzle with lemon juice.

Toss arugula with enough dressing to coat and mound alongside pear. Place a slice of goat cheese onto each plate between salad and pear; sprinkle salads with toasted walnuts. Makes four servings.

Brandied pear upside-down cake

1/2 cup brown sugar
1 1/2 teaspoons cinnamon
14 Tablespoons butter, softened
3 firm pears, cored and cut in wedges
2 Tablespoons brandy
2 cups cake flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/3 cups sugar
2 eggs
2 teaspoons vanilla
2/3 cup milk

Preheat oven to 325 degrees.

Cut a piece of parchment paper to fit the bottom of a ten-inch ovenproof skillet, set aside.

In the skillet over medium-high heat stir in brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, brandy, and two tablespoons of

butter until melted. Add pears and sauté until fork tender. Pour pears and juices into a bowl and allow to cool slightly. Clean the skillet.

In a small bowl, combine flour, baking powder, salt, and remaining cinnamon.

In a large bowl with mixer on high speed, beat remaining butter and sugar until fluffy. Reduce speed to low, beat in the eggs and vanilla until well blended. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk, beginning and ending with the flour. Beat until just blended.

Coat the skillet with butter or pan spray. Place the parchment paper in the bottom of the skillet and arrange the pears in overlapping circles. Pour the remaining juices over the pears. Carefully spoon the batter over the pears. Using a rubber spatula, spread the mixture evenly. Bake the cake until golden brown and a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean, about twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Remove the cake from the oven and allow to cool for ten minutes. Run a knife around the edges to loosen from the sides of the skillet. Invert the cake onto a serving platter and remove parchment paper.

FINDING OLD FRIENDS

One of the joys of receiving *Oregon Quarterly* is running across old friends. Such was the case with the article titled "K-16 Chinese Language Program Begins in Portland," [*Inquiry* insert, Winter 2005] with a photograph of Carl Falsgraf, director of UO's Center for Applied Second Language Studies. I was a friend and fellow student of Carl's in the 80s, when I was in the creative writing program and he was completing a master's in East Asian Languages. We subsequently went to Japan in tandem and lived in the same apartment complex for two years but lost touch in the early 90s.

Jeffrey Klausman MFA '86
Bellingham, Washington

OREGON QUARTERLY LETTERS POLICY

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



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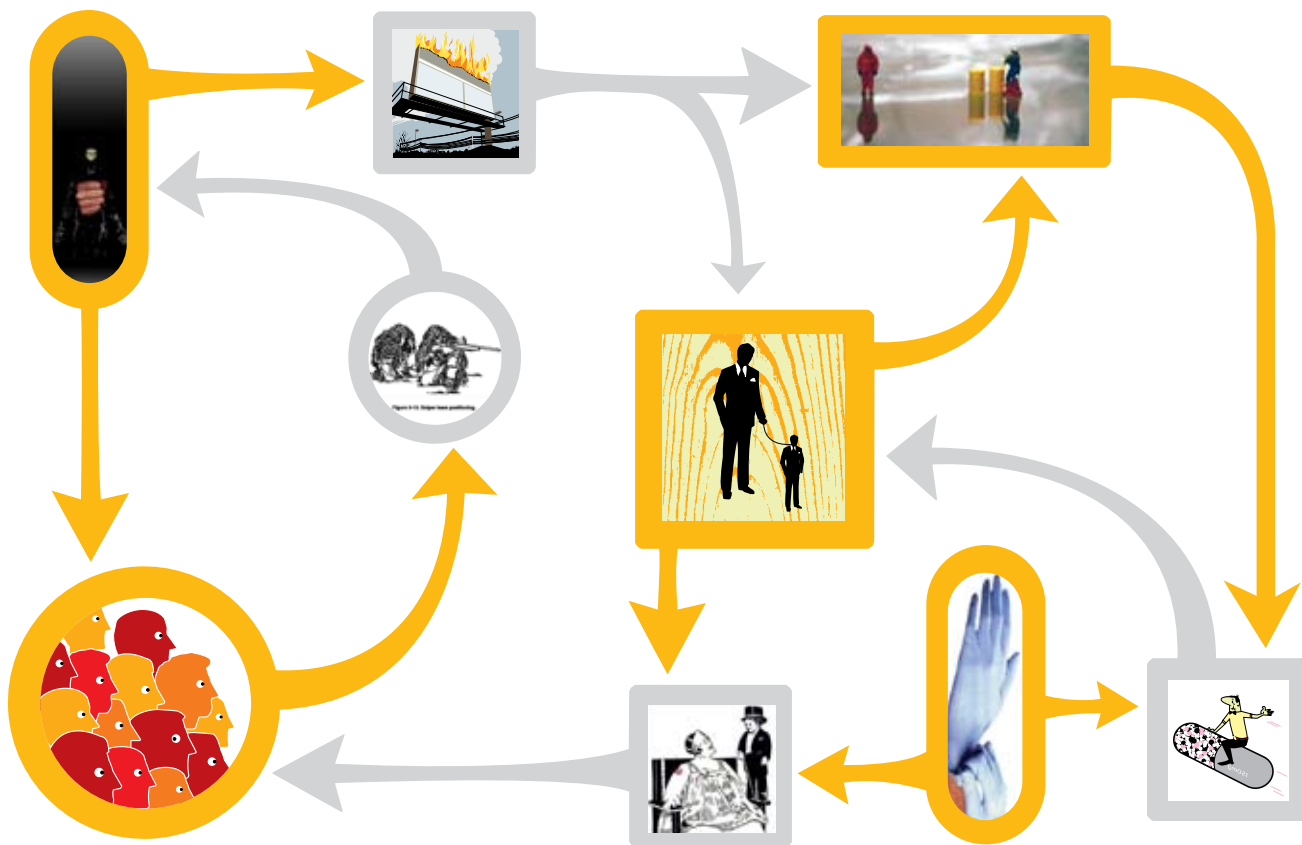
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

This Teacher Has A Solution To The Hardest Problem In Math.

The puzzle: How do you teach math to kids in a way that adds to their excitement, instead of reducing their interest to zero? The answer, according to Jill Baxter of the UO College of Education: Multiply the number of teachers who teach in innovative ways. That's exactly what she's doing, with a suitcase full of posters, blocks and math tools that radically change the classroom equation. Results? More kids learn math and use it. Speaking of interesting numbers: The UO College of Education faculty ranks number one in the nation in attracting research grants. The college ranks third in Special Education. And fourth overall among public colleges of education. On top of that, our rating for student quality, as measured by total GRE scores, is even greater than Harvard and Stanford. In sum: we're transforming lives.

CAMPAIGN OREGON

Transforming Lives



"Viral Cognition" from an installation by Chris Coleman and Michael Salter, part of Eye Contact, an exhibition of works by twenty-six contemporary artists teaching at the UO Department of Art. The show will be on display through April 9, 2006, at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

THE FINER POINTS OF COMMERCE

Working in his uncle's sporting goods store in Madras, a boy learns some of the subtleties of doing business. Excerpted from Burning Fence: A Western Memoir of Fatherhood (St. Martin's Press, 2005) by Craig Lesley. The Oregon Book Award-winning author of four novels and this memoir is currently the senior writer-in-residence at Portland State University and serving as the judge of Oregon Quarterly's 2006 Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.

ONE TIME I LOANED TWENTY DOLLARS on a bad pistol two Bend fellows brought in. They had long, slicked-back hair and hard expressions, not the usual affluent Bend types. The men seemed jittery and kept pressuring me to loan them the money. Even though my instinct said "No," I figured any used pistol was worth twenty dollars. Our cheapest .22 sold for sixty.

When Oscar got back from the river, he gave the hocked pistol a sorrowful look and told me I'd been snookered by a "gas station special," good for one stickup between Madras and Klamath Falls. He claimed the special, stamped from cheap Italian metal, was just as likely to blow up, blinding or maiming the shooter, as it was to wound or kill the gas station attendant.

He let me keep the pistol and deducted

twenty dollars from my wages. I thought I had learned my lesson. The next week, a dirty, champagne-colored Buick pulled into the parking lot. The driver wore crumpled clothes, as if he'd slept in the car, and thin-soled peculiar-looking shoes with tassels. When he came in the store, he smelled of bourbon and cigar smoke.

"The Paper Boy is here!" he announced. "Come on out, Oscar!"

"Oscar's on the river," I said.

"Who's running the joint?"

"Today, I'm the chief cook and bottle washer."

The Paper Boy seemed skeptical. He surveyed the racks of shotguns and rifles, the shiny pistols in their glass case, the outboard motors. "The whole shebang?"

I nodded.

"Well, if you're the chief cook and bottle washer, I'm dealing with you."

His long, rambling story included knowing Oscar when he was flying P-38s in Hawaii. In addition, the Paper Boy bragged about managing showgirls in Reno, running a high stakes card room in Burns, winning a fortune by backing Evel Knievel.

"Me and Oscar go way back," he insisted. "The two of us were playing cards at the Ponderosa Lodge in Burns when we heard the banker shoot himself. See, kid, the auditor had come over from Portland to check on irregularities. Two hundred thousand dollars to be exact. When the auditor left for lunch, the banker made things right. Kablooey! As soon as he heard the shot, Oscar looked at me, and his eyes got big. He said, 'I figure I know where that money went' and he hustled off to the newspaper to write the story."



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Now, the Paper Boy wanted fifty dollars for gas and a steak. He told me that the police had raided his card room, because he was having an affair with one of the officer's wives. The Paper Boy had been out buying bourbon and cigars, so they didn't nab him. As soon as he saw the police cars, he jumped in his Buick and took off. Now on the lam, he planned to head for Portland until things cooled down.

Offering collateral, he showed me a gold-plated cigarette lighter with embedded diamonds forming the Big Dipper. "Twenty-four carat gold, kid. The diamonds are real, too. I gave three hundred for it when I was in Vegas."

I steeled myself against getting snookered. Oscar wasn't going to deduct my wages again and make me "buy" a cigarette lighter. Anyway, I didn't smoke. The Paper Boy blustered and bellowed, but I refused to budge. Finally he left, threatening to come back in a week to get me fired.

Proud of my resolve, I told Oscar the story when he came off the river. During my recounting, he grew slack-jawed and mournful. I could feel the flush rising in my neck and cheeks. My mouth turned dry.

My uncle sat down wearily on an Igloo cooler. "I can't believe you treated the Paper Boy like that," he said. "He and I go all the way back to Hawaii."

"But he was a gambler from Burns with a fishy story and a flashy lighter."

"Nephew, you got a lot to learn. Anybody from Burns that stops by, you got my okay to give them a hundred dollars. All those gamblers have is their word, and they'll make it good. How do you think he got that moniker? The Paper Boy always delivers on his debts. The same for the wranglers, the road workers, even the Basque shepherders who smell like shit. If they're from Burns, I'll back them."

"Okay. If you say so."

"Here's the ones to watch out for: Cowboys with hundred dollar felt hats and two hundred dollar belt buckles that say 'champion this or that.' They're wearing all their money.

"Doctors and lawyers especially. What have they done with all their money? Why do they need to hock something in the first place? Anyone from Bend. If I could buy those city dudes for what they're worth and sell them for what they think they're worth, I'd be a rich man."

"I'll try to remember," I said.

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE SHIN KICKER

After four decades with the environmental organization, Oregon native and Portland resident Michael McCloskey JD '61 recently retired as chairman of the Sierra Club.

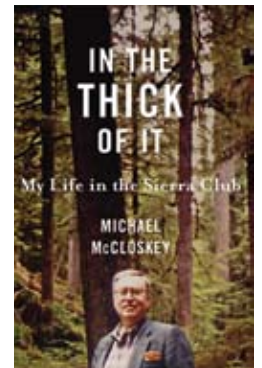
In a new book, he makes many observations about David Brower (1912–2000), McCloskey's charismatic and controversial mentor, whose lifelong environmental activism included founding Friends of the Earth and the Earth Island Institute. Brower also served as the title subject in John McPhee's 1971 book Encounters with the Archdruid.

Excerpted from In the Thick of It by J. Michael McCloskey. Copyright © 2005 by the author. Reproduced by permission of Island Press, Washington, D.C.

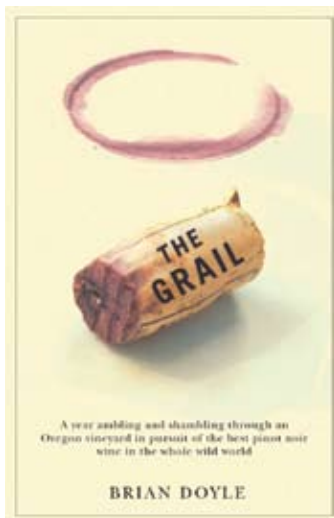
AS THE 1960S PROGRESSED, THE SIERRA Club's reputation and membership grew. But even as its impact was growing, internal dissonance was developing. Many new members were attracted by the dashing style of its executive director, David Brower, and identified that style with the Sierra Club. But some members of the Club's board of directors were becoming increasingly upset by his behavior.

Brower had made a name for himself both as a climber and as a conservationist. During World War II, he fought in the Tenth Mountain Division and taught climbing and skiing. With other returning veterans, he became one of the Young Turks intent on changing the once staid organization into a vigorous advocate of conservation. In 1952 that group took control of the board and hired the forty-year-old Brower to be the Club's first executive director.

Brower threw himself into the job and took the lead in the successful battle to keep dams out of tributaries of the Colorado River in Dinosaur National Monument in western Colorado. He helped put together the national coali-



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Cheryl Ramberg Ford '66 and Allyn Ford are longtime supporters of the University of Oregon. While attending the university, Cheryl was active in her sorority, Pi Beta Phi, and in ASUO activities. She is currently a member of the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art Board of Directors and is president-elect of the UO Alumni Association Board of Directors. Both Fords are members of the Campaign Leadership Committee for Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives, the university's current fundraising effort to raise \$600 million for student and faculty support, programs and facilities.

Cheryl and Allyn have been active in their community, Roseburg, Oregon, and in the state. Cheryl is a past board member of the Chamber of Commerce, United Way, the American Cancer Society, the Umpqua Valley Art Association, the Open Door Clinic, and the Optimist Club. She is also a member of the Board of Directors at Mercy Medical Center. Allyn has been involved with The Ford Family Foundation and Doernbecker Children's Hospital and currently serves as chairman of Umpqua Bank.

The Ford Family Foundation was established by Allyn's parents, Kenneth and Hallie Ford. The Foundation supports grant programs to benefit small communities, a leadership institute for rural citizens, and a college scholarship program for students in Oregon and Siskiyou County, California.

Allyn received his bachelor's degree in industrial administration from Yale University in 1964 and master's in business administration from Stanford University in 1966. He has served as president and CEO of Roseburg Forest Products since 1997, when he took over leadership of the company from his father and company founder Kenneth Ford. He began his career with the company in 1968. He has held a number of leadership positions in the Oregon forestry community.

PIONEER AWARD GALA STEERING COMMITTEE:

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tion that waged an imaginative campaign to save the area in the mid-1950s.

... As he became concerned about too many rivers being dammed, he thought nuclear power might provide an alternate source of power for the West. Later he embraced a coal-fired power plant near the Grand Canyon, the Navajo plant, as an alternative to dams there. And he also went along with the Hooker Dam on the Gila River, as the price of getting a Central Arizona Project bill

enacted that did not include dams in the Grand Canyon.

In time, he came to regret all of these compromises. We can only speculate about whether the victories at the time could have been won without them, but Brower saw that they did not turn out well in the end. His bitter experiences moved him to regard compromise with suspicion. Increasingly, he tended to take a harder line. But in doing so, Brower was becoming strident, [longtime

Sierra club heavyweights Ansel] Adams and [Richard] Leonard felt; they called him "a shin kicker." Brower thus fell out with these onetime climbing associates of his. Increasingly preoccupied with the big picture and becoming apocalyptic in his outlook, Brower spent more time in New York working on books and making friends there, and less and less time at the headquarters in San Francisco managing the organization.

Things began to go wrong. The monthly magazine, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, rarely came out on time. Annuals were not produced; the Club's handbook was not revised. Expensive pictorial books were often late in getting to stores for the crucial Christmas sales season. For a while, books were published without contracts being drawn up. And the Club's budget was strained as it poured more and more capital into publishing books and paying for heavy promotional efforts. Some charged that Brower had diverted money from the permanent fund, which was supposed to be "safely and securely invested," into capitalizing the books. As an investment, the books were neither safe nor secure, they averred.

And the Publications Committee, which was charged with overseeing the books program, felt that Brower evaded the controls it had established. He would commit major sums to book projects before gaining authorization. Once so much money had been committed, the committee had no option but to approve the books. The committee became increasingly alienated as it was confronted with one fait accompli after another.

... There were other sources of discontent, too. Some felt that Brower was trying to develop a cult of personality around himself and change the organization from being member-controlled to one that he dominated, by tactics such as pushing his friends to run for the board. Brower replied that he could not become a "nonperson." He felt that new members were pouring in because they were attracted by what he was doing.

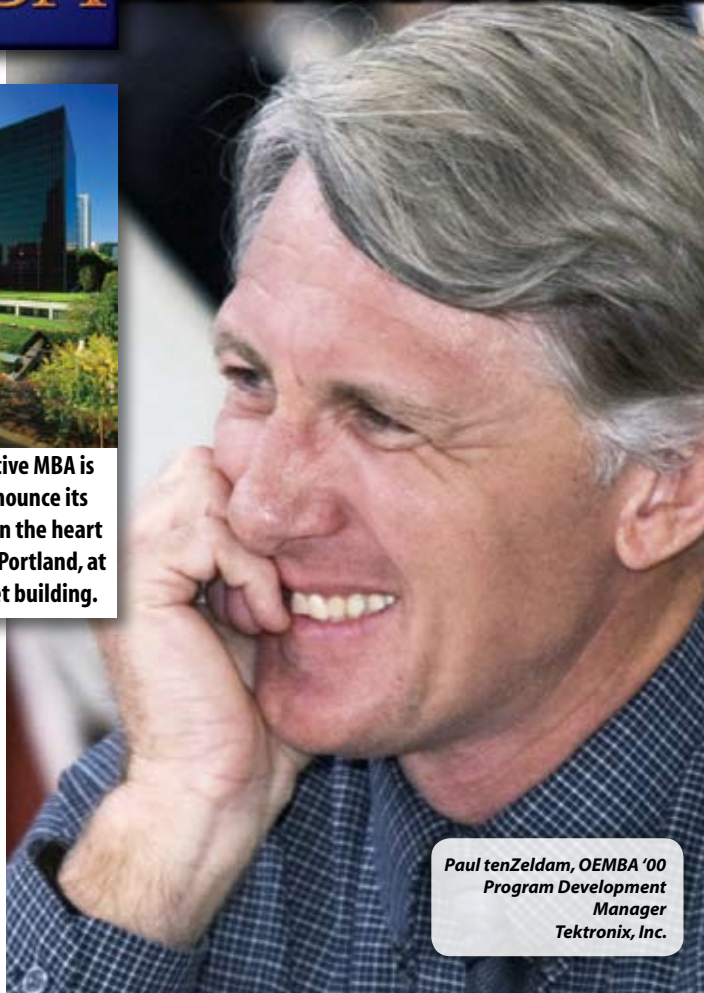
His critics also claimed that Brower was extravagant in his personal spending. He had taken an apartment in New York City — at Club expense. Elsewhere, he stayed at first-class hotels and treated staff and visitors to expensive luncheons. Some thought he "double-dipped" in drawing up book contracts under which he was paid a fee for editing services — while he was already being paid for

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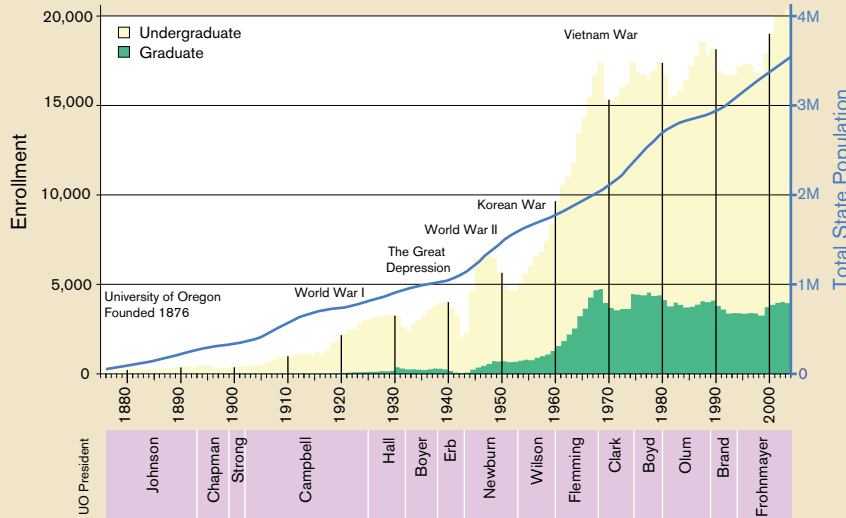
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UO BY THE NUMBERS

This graph shows the enrollment of the UO from its beginning, with Deady Hall sitting in an otherwise empty field, to the internationally recognized research institution that it is today. For an Advanced Cartography class project, geography student Minie Choi MS '05 gathered previously uncompiled data from sources such as the *Oregana* yearbook with the aid of University Archives. The geography department's InfoGraphics Lab added additional layers of information.

Historical Student Enrollment 1877–2004



InfoGraphics Lab, UO Department of Geography

his full-time efforts on behalf of the Club. Brower was slow, too, in accounting for his reimbursable expenses and evasive in justifying his use of discretionary funds, which some sought to cut off.

In addition, Brower was compulsive about using certain techniques to publicize conservation aims, regardless of whether a better way might exist under the particular circumstances and regardless of who needed to be persuaded. He tended to run full-page newspaper ads in the *New York Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, even though their readers might have had little influence on the members of Congress who needed to be convinced. He printed brochures for campaigns with little thought as to how they would be distributed; sometimes they sat in warehouses. And Brower thought that every campaign would benefit from having a book written about it. In this regard, means often became ends in his mind. Later even Brower admitted that he had become “addicted to books.”

... In retrospect, Brower's very success in building a larger, more aggressive organization had undermined his ability to run it as a reflection of his own personality. During his term as executive director, the Club grew from 7,000 to nearly 70,000 members. There were now too many centers of power with people who wanted to be consulted, and popular culture was moving toward more collegial styles of management. Brower was no longer suited for the kind of organization that the Club had become. Moreover, it was no longer appropriate in a member-oriented organization to cater to the growing needs of his ego. He had ceased to be a good fit.

GARBO AND THE NORNS

From the essay “Garbo and the Norns,” by Marcia Aldrich, which appears in the current issue of *Northwest Review*, the UO's literary magazine. Earlier in the piece the writer reflects on her life, aging, and Greta Garbo, the famed actress who “retired from the movies and withdrew from public view before the age of forty.” This excerpt begins during the narrator's first post-menopausal gynecological exam, just after her doctor has asked if she remains sexually active. She has.

Staying together. at Cascade Manor



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THE THREE [WOMEN CONDUCTING THE exam] eyed each other in a collective smirk.

That must be the look of the Norns, the Norse fates, I thought — Urth, Verthandi, and Skuld, who determined the length of life. They lived at the base of the world tree, the navel of the cosmos, but according to the myth, even that grandest of plants withered. The Norns tried to slow the process by pouring mud and water over its branches, and also held the job of carving a woman's destiny into staves of wood. They were imperious writers, no doubt. What could stand against them? Who called them into being, and why? Not even the Norse gods could escape their fate. Not even Garbo.

They were here to determine my allocation of life, and something about my case perplexed them — that I was too young to be post-menopausal? That I was sexually active? That I had passed through the change without expert assistance?

When the speculum was warm, the nurse assistant handed it to the doctor, who inserted it timorously. They stood at the foot of the examining table and looked into my vagina and clucked with dissatisfaction. They must have seen a ruin, showing neither form nor beauty, a dead tree rotted from the inside out. This was the final humiliation. I was done for, of no further use. My body had betrayed me, time had betrayed me, the weird sisters of medical fate had betrayed me.

I was determined to address my doom with fortitude. One can do great things in life lying down — sex, birth, sleep — so I stirred my courage and asked in a timid voice, “What’s wrong?”

“We can’t see,” they said. The walls of my vagina would not spread, and all was dark to their mirror.

She regretted her retirement. That mattered to me. She contemplated a return to film, but no suitable role came available. The public did not want to see a middle-aged Garbo — that was a contradiction in terms. We could not entertain an older beauty who rode triumphantly beyond youth. Better to let her screen portrait live with us forever while the star aged off-screen, behind heavy curtains. No images emerged to erase or embellish those of her arrested youth. We froze her hallowed head in the world’s lit doorways and ourselves alone groped along its dark streets. She died at the age of eighty-four, the news accompanied on television by



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THE CHIMES OF FREEDOM FLASHING

Under the headline “Pocketful of Shells,” the Oregon Daily Emerald ran this photo by Zane Ritt and caption by Meghann M. Cuniff.

College Republicans Chairman and University senior Anthony Warren fires his 9mm Beretta semi-automatic at the Emerald Empire Gun Club in Springfield on Saturday. College Republicans members go to a shooting range every term as part of their “Second Amendment Day.” Twenty to 30 people went to the range this term, Warren said, about half of whom had never fired a gun before. “We had just as many females there as we did males, which was surprising and very impressive,” Warren said. “This will open the door for them to safely and responsibly use (guns).” The College Republicans held a safety class in the beginning of the day to teach participants how to safely handle and fire different types of guns. “Everyone had a blast, pardon the pun,” Warren said.

a montage of old clips and stills. Impossible, I thought, leaning back from the screen. Garbo old, Garbo dead? In the long decades of her moratorium, global blocs broke apart and reformed, plagues came, the Himalayas inched upward, the galaxy was reinvented, but no frown ever marred Garbo’s perfect brow.

Eventually the speculum did its job, and the three women were able to get a peek through to my cervix. “Ah,” they said. They had sighted the roots of life.

I used to dismiss Garbo’s gorgeous myth. I was still young at the time of her death, roughly her age when she disappeared from the screen. My son was three years old, my daughter seven. Teeming with health and possibility, I could have more children if I wanted, as an option, a choice, a door that had not been closed, a door that never would swing shut on its own. When we are robust in health, bending easily, we cannot imagine the fragility of illness, how easily we could break, how hard it might be to rise from our bed. When we are young and fertile, when pregnancy is something we guard

against, we cannot imagine the sterility of age. We are eternally gorgeous and rich in our temple. But Garbo happens to us all: deep inside, the invisible process of age is in full swing, intimate with our fluttering heart. Infertility comes too soon, before our hair has turned a snowy shawl, sooner than is right or just. Suddenly we are alone, like toppled columns in a sea of softly rounded mothers-to-be. Yet when we look into the mirror, we greet the girl we used to be.

By now the three women and their hissing cart had slithered out of the room. I retracted my feet from the stirrups, reassembled myself, and got my bearings. Signs for the exit, which I followed blindly, pointed down bright empty corridors until I was spun through a turnstile and out into the fresh air.

The skies were filling with black, and the season’s first blooms of snow were tilting down to melt upon the downed sepia leaves. O Mother! We fall far from the tree of life, tinged red with a final vibrancy. We toss in descent, breaking into a wild freedom that seems, for a few

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Know Yourself:

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- Inventory your experience and be ready to describe your accomplishments
- Think about those personality traits that have propelled you to success in the past (i.e., patience, perseverance, positive attitude)
- Be clear about your content-based knowledge and how you can apply it

Know the Position:

- Analyze the job description to understand the responsibilities and requirements
- Identify where your skills and background line up well with the needs of the position
- Develop interview stories to explain your ability to do the job
- Be prepared to speak to your weaknesses relative to the position

Know the Company or Organization:

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- Find out what they are proud of (i.e., press releases on their website) and ask about it

Practice:

- Based on your research, identify what questions you believe they will ask
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- Set up an appointment with a Career Center counselor for a mock interview

Remember: "One important key to success is self confidence. An important key to self confidence is preparation" — Arthur Ashe

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seconds, eternal. The tree withers, goes bare into the deep snows of winter, prepares for apples or pears in the spring.

I wished I had ridden my bike. I would have liked to hold it boldly upright, plant my foot hard on the pedal, swing my leg over and mount. I would have ridden off with reckless abandon, no seer of woman's life, but eyes wide and alive. My heart came up, and I felt a pulsion in my arms and chest. It was good to have the snow on my skin and know, yes, the rhythm of my unrelenting blood.

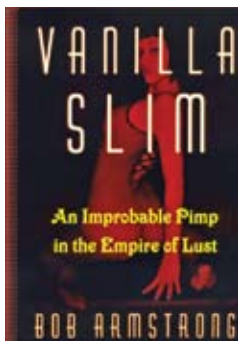
RED LIGHT GREENLIGHT

In the prime of middle age, Bob Armstrong '69, a New Republic-reading, Vietnam vet, low-brow journalist, wannabe filmmaker decides to make a career move . . . and the Zen Escort Service is born. From the book Vanilla Slim — An Improbable Pimp in the Empire of Lust copyright © 2005. Appears by permission of the publisher, Carroll & Graf, a division of Avalon Publishing Group, Inc.

BECAME ONE OF THE HAPPY COGS IN the sexual-industrial complex, contributing to the economic strength of the American Empire. Annual revenue: Between \$30 and \$50 billion for the combined income from hardcore DVDs, softcore pay-per-view adult films in hotel chains, strip bars, Internet websites, phone sex on chatlines, sex toys, T&A magazines, and dirty books.

Not bad, since none of this is real sex. All of us who work in the sex industry are cut off from normal existence. We are remote from other people except our fellow pervs. Making my rounds dropping off bundles of *Exotic* [an adult magazine], the bouncer outside the Crazy Horse on Market [Street in San Francisco] wonders if I might know anybody who could bankroll him to the tune of forty grand so he

could open his own peeler bar. The guy breaking fives into rolls of quarters for patrons at the Lusty Lady peepo-rama in North Beach lays out a plan to shoot a hip-hop porn vid. The clerk at



J&B Adult Book Shop in the Tenderloin says he went to a swingers event at a mansion in Sausalito, where couples paid \$50 at the door. He wants to buy a big house and make the payments by charging \$300 for weekend marathons.

Most of the minimum-wage smut workers have a plan to strike out on their own, knowing the cash cow is right in front of their eyes. So did I. Alas, after two years, the *SF Exotic* folded. Having dealt with escorts coming in and out of

the office to place ads, I knew what to do next. But running an escort service? The question drifted down slowly, and the answer kept coming up yes. Risky? Sure, but that gives life a lift. Illegal? Technically no, but everybody knows it's just a cover for prostitution. Stupid? For sure. I didn't care. The more I thought about it, the more I liked it. A calculated move, not a blind leap into the No Zone. All you need to start an escort service is one girl and a box of condoms.

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Still Life

by Lauren Kessler



Today is my mother's birthday.

She would have been eighty-one, but that number wouldn't have meant much to her. She saw age as more a moving target than a fixed statistic, a number she was free to calculate and recalculate depending on circumstance. Early on, she added three years to her age to compensate for graduating from high school at fifteen. Later she subtracted four when she married a younger man. Every few years from then on, she felt compelled to recalibrate up or down as

her children grew older and her sister grew younger. From her forties on — whenever *that* was — she defaulted to Jack Benny's lifelong assertion that he was thirty-nine. So had my mother lived, I am not sure which birthday we would all pretend she was celebrating today. All I know is that I wish she had been around to celebrate it.

This was a woman who was, it seemed, genetically programmed to live a long and healthy life. Her mother died quietly in her own bed when she was almost ninety-four. Nanny, as we called her, was self-sufficient and energetic. She was mobile, content, sentient and had all her own teeth. Her biggest health complaint was dry eyes. One evening she told my aunt — the one who grew younger every few years — that she would be “seeing Leonard in the morning.” Leonard was her husband, my grandfather, who had died sixteen years before. My aunt thought Nanny was finally losing it. As it turned out, Nanny was not senile, she was prescient. That night she died in her sleep, and the next morning I'm betting she *did* see Leonard. I imagine they met up in heaven (Nanny definitely went to heaven) and sat down together to eat their usual breakfast of a half cup of bran flakes submerged in orange juice.

Nanny's grandmother — this would be my mother's great-grandmother — was known to all as Old Oldie. Old Oldie had snow-white hair down to her waist which she wore in two braided loops on top of her head. Family legend has it that she awoke before dawn each day, descended three flights of stairs to the kitchen, and baked biscuits for breakfast. One morning, she didn't. She had died quietly in her own bed of no particular illness. She was 102.

My mother, on the other hand, died in a strange place, strange hands changing her diapers, strange hands moving her, back to front, side to side, strange hands feeding her spoons of pureed food. She died choking on her breakfast. She had forgotten how to swallow. She was, according to her birth certificate, seventy-seven years old.

But my mother's life was not just shorter than it should have been; it was narrower too, a cramped life, a life that imploded on her. I've spent a considerable part of my own adult life trying to figure out hers, but I still struggle with the basics: What choices did she have? What choices did she make? How much or how little was she the author of her own life? If a mother's life is a lesson to her daughter, what was my mother trying to teach me?



She was part of that Depression Era—

World War II generation of women, twenty years too young to take strength from Alice Paul, twenty years too old to model themselves after Gloria Steinem. It was the generation of women who were told, when it suited the country, that they could do anything: drive a truck, run factory equipment, bring in the harvest.

My mother, who had studied clothes design at Pratt Institute, was hired as a draftswoman to design the wings of war planes. Every morning before she left her apartment, she used her sharp eye and her even hand to draw stocking seams on the backs of her bare legs. Eyebrow pencil worked best. All the women did it when they could no longer buy nylon stockings in the store. Nylon was needed for parachutes, for the boys. My mother had her own set of precision tools she brought to work in a small black leather case. She sat on a high stool in front of a big, slanted wooden table and did important work every day. She was good at it. She got bigger assignments. She was promoted several times until she became head of a twenty-person department. Then, in the fall of 1945, she was fired. The war was over. The men had come home. *Thanks, gals, now get back where you belong.*

My mother listened: She quickly married a returning GI and settled in for the long haul. By the time Betty Freidan's *The Feminine Mystique* hit the bookstores, my mother was serving her second term as president of the local PTA and serving her family four-course home-cooked meals every night. She had two children, a tract house in the suburbs, a husband who doled out allowance to her every other Thursday night, and what I now know, in retrospect, was the beginning of a drinking problem.

I didn't love my mother as much as I admired her. She was prettier and smarter than all the other kids' mothers. She was different, too, worldlier. She played the piano; she painted still lifes in oil on canvasses she stretched herself in the basement, hammering together her own frames at the hobby bench my father never used. She designed an entire wardrobe for my favorite doll, hand-sewing lines of snaps on all the enclosures, embroidering designs on the yokes of the dresses, finishing the inside seams. She designed and sewed all of my clothes, from Madras bermudas for summer camp to a spaghetti-strap, crimson brocade for the junior prom. She designed the costumes for school plays. She



refinished furniture, wove baskets, tiled counters, rewired lamps. She was a Block Mother and a Girl Scout leader. She recorded books for the blind. She was busy all the time and unhappy most of it.

I think she was too smart and too creative for her life. It chafed. She had energy. She had wit. She had style: the silk kerchief tied at the throat, the high heels she wore even to go food shopping, the straight skirts with kick pleats, the single eyebrow raised, a trick she perfected as a teenager after long hours in front of the mirror. She had beautiful eyebrows, high and arched, never plucked too thin. She had beautiful eyes, too, a clear, pale blue, with dark lashes that needed no mascara. When she raised a single eyebrow, she looked theatrical, sophisticated, European — and she knew it.

During the war years, she had been an independent woman. When she wasn't designing airplane parts, she was flirting with French soldiers at a hangout on the lower west side of Manhattan called Pierre au Tunnel's (the tunnel being the Holland). She spoke beautiful French. She learned to drink Pernod. She wore bright red lipstick and dabbed Crepe de Chine behind her ears. She had dreams starring herself and tall, dark, handsome men whose faces she couldn't quite make out.

But by the early 1960s, her hangout was the A&P on Wantagh Avenue, and her spirit was dampened by a decade of suburban isolation. She cooked, she sewed, she changed the bed linen every Monday, clipped coupons and went food shopping every Wednesday, ironed on Thursdays, waxed the kitchen floor on Friday, and polished the wedding silver once a month.

For a while, a long while, she made efforts to hold on to who she was. Those were her most



active days, my growing up years, when she taught herself to be a gourmet cook. She learned boeuf bourguignon and coq au vin from Julia Child. She perfected scampi, created a garlic-studded pork loin that I still dream about, and occasionally spent all day pounding veal into paper-thin scaloppini, which she then wrapped around chopped prosciutto into individual rolls sewn closed with needle and thread before being braised in Marsala. She taught an adult education class in dressmaking. She finished the *New York Times* crossword puzzle every day.

But no matter what she did, it was not enough to sustain her. Her restlessness showed in her short temper and her long silences, in the way she seemed to grow colder, more detached, less focused every year. I don't know what her dreams were, and I am

not sure she knew either, at least not in the way women of later generations have known that they wanted to be veterinarians or cops, wanted to live in San Francisco or train for the Olympics. She just wanted excitement, I think, and romance. She wanted to be Bette Davis. She wanted Paul Henreid to put two

cigarettes between his lips, light them both, and pass one to her.

Instead, she found herself behind the wheel of a DeSoto waiting to pick up her husband at a Long Island train station, living in a split-level, queuing up behind my brother and me for the cash my father doled out twice a month — allowance for us, house money for her. And so, slowly, over the years, she began to forget who she was. She stopped painting. She stopped playing the piano. The dressmaker's dummy went down to the basement, and the sewing machine got picked up by a Salvation Army truck one day. She stopped doing projects. She stopped volunteering. Instead, she sat in the club chair by the picture window reading Sidney Sheldon novels, chain-smoking Tareytons, and drinking vodka straight, no ice, all afternoon.

She was living a life she chose by acquiescence rather than decision. She stayed because that's what most women of her generation did, because she didn't know she had other choices, because she was selfless, because she was scared, because she was lazy. She stayed out of love. She stayed out of a failure of imagination.

The truth is, I don't know why she stayed.

I left. I went to college.

I came West. I started a career. I started a family. And then one day, many years later, when I was a mother three-times-over myself, my father called to say that my mother had been in a traffic accident and hadn't stopped and didn't remember when she got home that there had been an accident. He heard the details from a cop who knocked on the door of the house to serve my mother with a warrant. A few months later, my father came home in the late afternoon to find my mother sitting on the bed still in her nightgown holding a pair of socks in her hand. She couldn't remember what they were for.

By the time I saw my mother, she didn't know who I was, and I hardly





recognized her. She had always looked fifteen years younger than whatever age she was currently admitting to. She had always taken beautiful care of herself, her hair tinted and coiffed, her nails manicured and polished, her clothes understated and well chosen. She loved coppery earth tones. When she came West to spend the last six months of her life with me, she was a thin, wrinkled old woman wearing a green polyester warm-up suit. She had rheumy eyes and bad breath.

It's too bad our lives are not like made-for-TV movies.

In the movie made of the last six months of my mother's life, we would have both been more lovable. She would have been sweet and addled, dreamy and silent. She would have patted my hand not knowing who I was but knowing that my hand needed patting. I would have cried a lot and hugged her and forgiven her for not being who I wanted her to be and understood, finally, wordlessly, who she was. But it didn't work out that way.

Four years after her death, I am still

trying to understand her. I don't know if there's a link between her life and her disease, but there is one thing I am sure of: She began to lose her self long before the disease made it official. She let go of life, piece by piece, while she was still in the midst of living it. I wish I knew why. Maybe she was buffeted by history, encouraged to live big, then forced to live small. But she shared that experience with an entire generation of women. Were they all as unhappy as my mother? Maybe she chose the wrong spouse and stayed in the marriage for the wrong reasons. Maybe she had the ability to dream but not the ambition to make the dreams come true. Maybe she didn't understand that to be the author of your own life, you have to keep on writing the book.

I've inherited my mother's paintings. Old Oldie, sitting at a kitchen table holding a bowl, looks out over my writing room. There's an Italian street scene hanging in the family room, a French guy in a beret holding a bottle of wine in the living room, Ponte Vecchio in the upstairs hallway, a domestic still life in the kitchen. I don't understand my mother. But I do understand her paintings. They are confident, colorful, and unafraid.

Lauren Kessler MS '75 has written ten books, including most recently Clever Girl: Elizabeth Bentley, the Spy Who Ushered in the McCarthy Era. She directs the literary nonfiction program at the UO School of Journalism and Communication. She contributes often to Oregon Quarterly and served as the judge of the magazine's Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest last year.



On the following pages, Oregon Quarterly is proud to present an excerpt from Bowerman and the Men of Oregon: The Story of Oregon's Legendary Coach and Nike's Co-founder by Kenny Moore '66 MFA '72, which will be published by Rodale Press in April. Moore's book follows UO track coach Bill Bowerman '34 M.Ed. '53 from his roots as the descendant of Eastern Oregon pioneers through his days at the UO to his time as a maverick member of the Nike board of directors.

Bowerman rose to international fame as coach of the "Men of Oregon" — Oregon's great track teams of the mid-twentieth century, which won four NCAA championships and produced forty-four All-Americans and nineteen Olympians. He served as U.S. Olympic coach for the 1972 summer games in Munich.

Appalled by the poor quality of the footwear available to his athletes, Bowerman started making shoes for them in the late 1950s. The first athlete to try out a pair of Bowerman's spikes was half-miler Phil "Buck" Knight '59. The Bowerman-Knight shoe connection led to the founding of what would become Nike, the global sports apparel company.

Kenny Moore also did his stint in Bowerman-made shoes as a long-distance runner for the UO in the mid-60s. Moore was one of Bowerman's Olympians, competing in the marathon in the 1968 games in Mexico City and the 1972 games, where he placed fourth. He went on to become the nation's premier track-and-field writer, covering the sport for twenty-five years in Sports Illustrated. In 2001, he was honored by the National Distance Running Hall of Fame for his "outstanding journalistic contributions to the sport." He also wrote the screenplay for Without Limits, the 1998 movie about Oregon track great Steve Prefontaine. One of Moore's first published pieces, "The Long Distance Runner," appeared in Old Oregon (the predecessor to Oregon Quarterly) in Spring 1970.

Moore tells Bowerman's remarkable story with literary elegance and journalistic precision informed by an insider's point of view. Readers get a full picture of Bowerman that's not always flattering, but there's no missing the obvious affection Moore feels for his subject. This excerpt is from the chapter titled "Rites of Passage" and is set in 1966 during Moore's years on the UO track team.

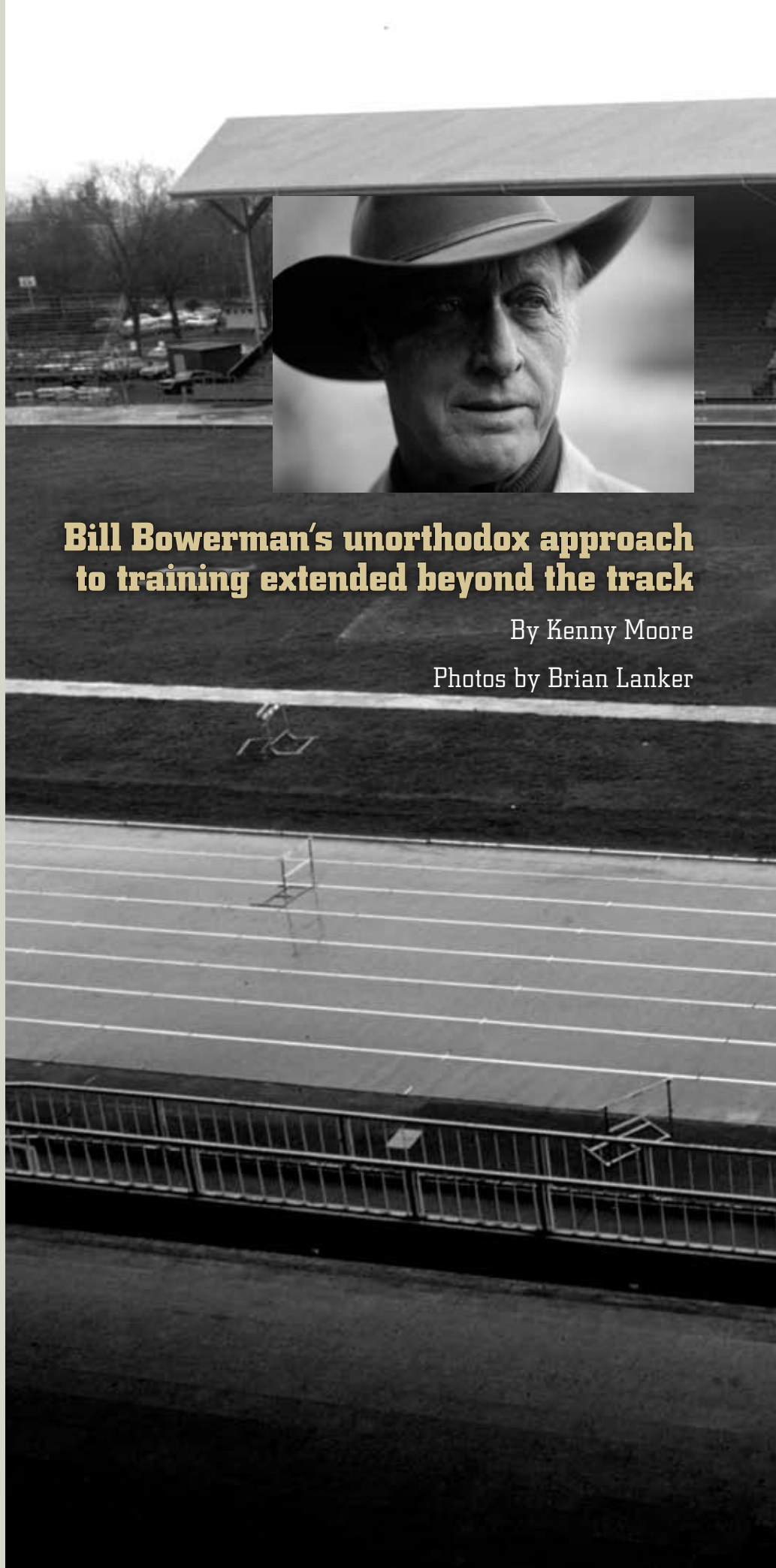
Guy Maynard '84, Editor



Bill Bowerman's unorthodox approach to training extended beyond the track

By Kenny Moore

Photos by Brian Lanker





BRAVING
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Bill succeeded so often because he didn't drive us. He let us drive ourselves.

On May 1, 1966, Oregon long jumper Bob Woodell '66, with twenty of his frat brothers, was straining to heave a platform of timbers on oil drums across a muddy lawn and into the Millrace, a languid, duck-filled campus stream. Sorority women waited to turn it into a float for the annual May Day fête. The platform unexpectedly rose, buckled, twisted, and toppled. Everyone ran but Woodell. It mashed him to the gravel. The crowd lifted it off. He could raise his arms but not his legs.

"I was a paraplegic from that moment," Woodell would say. "Crushed first lumbar vertebra. I spent seventeen days in Sacred Heart Hospital, a year in Portland hospitals. But before they sent me up there, Bowerman came to see me. He asked my permission to give a benefit meet for my expenses. In my drug-induced stupor, I thought he was saying he was doing a barbecue at the house and passing the hat."

It was a little more than that. On May 6, 8,000 of the faithful showed up at twilight and paid a dollar to witness the varsity go against selected alums. Paramedics wheeled Woodell onto the field on a stretcher, green blankets and white sheets cinched over his chest. Given an ovation, he worked his arms free and waved and shook hands with the athletes, giving them the strength that only comes upon us when we are running for a larger good. It was in that atmosphere that Roscoe Divine '69, Wade Bell '67, Jim Grelle '60, and Dyrrol Burleson '62 MS '66 stepped to the line in the mile.

Bell would recall Bowerman's pre-race instructions: "We've done a lot of work to make you ready," Bill said, "and you are, so here's how we're going to do this. Take over the lead on the second lap and keep the pace up all the way in." Half-miler Don Scott '66 led early, reaching the quarter in 59.0. Mike Crunican '68 brought them by the 880 mark in 1:59.0. Bell, following his orders, surged into the lead.

Everyone's supercharged nerves made for a tightly jostling pack. On the next turn, as they disappeared behind the stands, Grelle was kicked in the ankle so hard he lost the use of it and had to drop out. Down the backstretch of the third lap, Divine moved to second behind Bell. Burleson went with him. From then on, historians agree, the noise of the crowd exceeded any previous sound heard at Hayward Field. "Wade made the race," Divine would say. "He took the whole third lap." The time at three-quarters was 2:59.0.

"I led all the way to the last backstretch," Bell would say, "when Burley took off around me, and then Roscoe." Burleson won going away in 3:57.3. Divine maintained form and finished in 3:59.1, becoming the second college freshman ever to break 4:00, after Ryun.¹

Bell, coming off the turn, felt, "I'm not going to make it."

Panic drove him in, in 3:59.8. He was the eleventh Oregon man to go sub-4:00. The race was so exciting, and for such a good cause, that it overrode memories of Burley's 3:57.6 in 1961, and would be for many the emotional beginning of the Twilight Mile.

"At the end Bill gave my family \$10,000, and that went a long way," Woodell would say later. "But the energy that came from being there so far overshadowed the money that I simply can't encompass it. It let me deal with all the issues that lay ahead."

One of those issues was that he would never walk again. At the time, Woodell was swearing that he would. When he finally came to terms with reality, Bowerman would be there for him again, to suggest a line of work.²

* * *

Rallying to Woodell's needs cemented the 1966 team. A week later, Athletic Director Leo Harris told Bowerman that the sixteen Ducks whose marks qualified them for the NCAA nationals had to be cut to ten. Harris insisted the budget permitted only ten to be funded and that he was cutting back on all sports. He didn't say that it was because he had almost squirreled away enough money to begin building a new football stadium.

Bill broke the news in a team meeting, to uproar. There was a shout: "Go over the AD's head. Go to the president!" Bill said, "I cannot. I have sworn to respect the chain of command. Whatever may reach the president's ears, it *cannot come from me!*" Abruptly, looking from me, team co-captain, to co-captain [shot-putter Neal] Steinhauer '67 with a certain you-take-it-from-here nod, he left us.

That night, commissioned by our teammates, Neal and I paid an unannounced visit to the president's mansion on McMorran Street. [Arthur Flemming was the University's president at the time.] The only lighted area of the house was the rear entrance, shadowed by rhododendrons. Neal, excited, ran up the steps and knocked, still rehearsing, bouncing on his toes, clearing his throat. Delicate Mrs. Flemming opened the door and froze. Neal, thinking she was the maid, said it was urgent that we see the president. His stirring baritone increased her fright so much that she seemed about to hurl the door shut, so he stepped in, lifted her by the armpits, and set her to one side. Her shriek brought Arthur Flemming from the kitchen, dinner napkin in hand. Neal said, "Mr. President we have an emergency . . . Uh, Kenny, you tell him."

After assuring Mrs. Flemming that Neal was under my control, we stammered out that the athletic director was making qualified teammates stay home from the nationals. Flemming

¹ Jim Ryun ran a 3:55.3 mile in June 1965 when he was a senior at Wichita East High School in Kansas. He went on to the University of Kansas, where he set world records in the half-mile, 1500 meters, and mile.

² In 1967, Woodell opened and managed The Athletic Department, a Eugene retail store for Blue Ribbon Sports (later to become Nike), and would later become Nike's chief operating officer.



noted a name or two, thanked us for our concern, and made no promises. We escaped, howling at our ineptitude.

A day later an expanded roster for the NCAA meet quietly went up, with sixteen names on it. On the plane to Bloomington, Indiana, Bill revealed that he'd bumped into Flemming at the Faculty Club and gotten the story. The president had called Harris and said that he hated to see a promising sprinter such as sophomore Mike Deibele ['68 M.Arch. '80] get left behind and that he really hoped it wouldn't be necessary to do so. Harris had said, "Doctor Flemming, you are remarkably well informed about the minutiae of my department. Say, you didn't happen to come by this information from Bill Bowerman?"

"Mr. Harris, I most certainly did *not*."

Leo could never prove that Bill had gone over his head. We, having abetted an instructive insubordination, felt prepared to take on bureaucracies in later life.

After all that effort to bring the whole team to Indiana, we did worse than any Oregon squad had done in the nationals for years. UCLA, coming into its own under Bill's friend Jim Bush, won commandingly with 81 points. Brigham Young University took second with only 33. Deibele made it only to the semis in the 100. "The 'agony' of defeat was apt for me," Deibele would say. "It simply hurt for days. It didn't come from my teammates or Bill. He was evenhanded. He could see we were doing our best. It came from me." In later years, all Deibele would remember about Bloomington was that he and Dave Wilborn '70, who hadn't scored in the steeplechase, "went out and got gorgeous pieces of Indiana limestone for our rock collections."

* * *

Wilborn was one of two genuine milers Bill had attracted in two successive years — Wilborn in 1964 and Divine in 1965. Divine had blossomed first. Now, Wilborn was about to catch up. Dave had run 4:11.2 at Albany High, taking Burley's state record and dispelling the myth that Bowerman never lifted a finger to recruit. "He came up to Albany a couple times," Dave would say. "He sent letters too. He recruited!"

Wilborn had as much stamina as we, his elders, had ever seen in someone who was seventeen. In September 1964, before school started, he, Bob Williams '67 MS '74, and I drove up to the Northwest AAU Marathon in Olympia, Washington. I won in 2:38 on a hot day. Williams had to stop after twenty-one miles due to blisters. Wilborn, despite it being ten miles farther than he'd ever run, set a national high school record of 2:48.

At five foot seven and 132 pounds, with a capacious chest and powerful upper body, Wilborn was driven both to attain great strength of will and to goad others to challenge it. Once he announced to a crowded dorm dining room, "From this

moment on, drunk or sober, awake or asleep, until I say different, I will always be able to break two minutes for the half mile!"

This was greeted with jeers of disbelief but no outright dares. A month later, after his declaration seemed forgotten, after he'd run three hours out to Bowerman's and over Mt. Baldy, the crest of the Coburg Hills, and back to campus, after he'd wolfed down two pizzas and drained three pitchers at Pietro's, Divine and three-miler Damien Koch '67 appeared in front of Dave's woozy, reeling face and said but one word: "Now."

"Oh, you fuckers! You fuckers!"

They drove him to the track. Dave put on his spikes, trotted around for thirty seconds patting his distended belly, and went to the line. He ran 1:54.5. "Don't play poker with me!" he yelled. "Not on this! I don't bluff on this!" He didn't even give them the satisfaction of throwing up.

Wilborn's constant trumpeting of his ability (guarantee-

We, having abetted an instructive insubordination, felt prepared to take on bureaucracies in later life.

ing the incessant threat of having to perform) surely had to do with his own deep doubts about his consistency. It didn't take a deductive leap to see this. It just took a mediocre interval workout. Dave got more and more depressed as a poor run or race wore on. He once smashed his stopwatch on the track a few yards after concluding a mile in California that was ten seconds slower than his target. Teammates had to pull him away because he was scaring the officials. "I've always been great at throwing fits," he would say. Bowerman, in the fullness of time, addressed this. "After a bad dual meet," Wilborn would recall, "I was all hang-headed, and he put his arm around my shoulder and said, 'Dave, if this is the worst thing that ever happens to you, I envy you. You're going to have a great life.' God, I needed that. That was a great lesson. Of course it took some time before I came around. I liked to roll in it for a while."

Sports psychologists drone on about mentorship and strategies for overcoming established patterns of failure. And Bowerman was adept at getting field-event people to visualize specific keys to their technique in competition. He never seemed to do that with runners, yet he took callow youth and made men who could run as hard as it is given to men to run. What made him, with his great silences and intermittent consoling, a superior mentor, a better guide to distance's extremity?

The answer lies in the nature of that extremity. In every



honest race, there is what you swear is a turning point. In memory it's linked with an overwhelming roar because it tends to happen as the crowd comes up and calls. Take it from a marathoner, though, the roar happens out on the unwatched road as well. It happens when all your ambition and prerace blood oaths scream at you to hold on against the pain. And the pain shouts them all down.

I feel a traitor to Bill and my brethren allowing the word *pain* to crawl out on the page. I want to brush it off. It's not the pain of a burning stovetop. It feels like weakness. It feels like weight that can't be borne, panic that can't be controlled. At that moment, two paths open. You can press on and do well. Or you can back off, regroup, and try to catch up. If you fail at the second, the temptation is to finish humiliated, like a POW broken by torture.

Bowerman (without ever pronouncing the word *pain*) taught that you redefine yourself a little with every honest, killing effort. You might not win, but you will have been brave. If you can admit that to yourself, bravery is a hell of a thing to build on. You didn't have to do it every time. If he thought you hadn't been particularly noble in a race, he would sit on that information. At the semiannual goal-setting talks, he'd ask if you really desired a future, a career he could help to frame. And if you did, if he had your considered word on that, he might say fine, we can work on a few things, and maybe the next time you meet a Morgan Groth,³ you'll be a little better prepared to go out with 60s and make it hot for him. A little better prepared. Not a weak-willed coward every time it starts to hurt. A little better prepared. It made the fault, if there was one, the fault of one runner in one race, but he wasn't always going to be you. It made things repairable.

And we needed that because, as Dave would put it, "It isn't just 'classic Wilborn' to say 'I should have gone harder.' It's classic distance runner."

The truth, however, is that — as physiologists monitoring oxygen consumption, heart rate, and blood lactates have established — after that certain point, if you have fallen off the pace, you really cannot sustain your chosen speed any longer, no matter what you *will*. Bill retired before those studies came out, but he didn't need them. He knew we all had to be kept from trying to go harder and harder until we ran ourselves into sickness or tendon tears. He also knew that we wouldn't toughen miraculously from one race to the next. His working assumption was that we could be a little better prepared. Bill succeeded so often because he didn't drive us. He let us drive ourselves.

"I don't believe in chewing on athletes," he once said. "People are out there to do their best. If you growl at them and they're not tigers, they'll collapse. Or they'll try to make like a tiger. But the tigers are tigers. All you have to do is cool them

down a little bit so they don't make some dumb mistake like running the first quarter of a mile in fifty-five seconds."

* * *

There are certain words that I always hear in Bowerman's voice. He taught them to us, maybe one per team meeting, dwelling and returning until we ran to the dictionary: "Jeune." "Germane." "Vicissitudes." His view was that intelligent men will be taught more by the vicissitudes of life than by artificial training rules.

Not that he wouldn't give the vicissitudes a shove if he needed to make his point. He'd get quarter-miler Gordy Payne '66 up at 6 A.M. after he'd come in at 5 from the San Francisco fleshpots and take him for a bracing run around Hamilton Air Force Base in Marin County, where we were staying on our spring trip, order him through endless 220s in the afternoon workout, and then throw him off the team when he bullheadedly went into the city all night again.

Watching, knowing this would arise in a team meeting, we would remind ourselves of Bill's long- and short-term temperaments. Once his mind was made up, that was it, but it didn't congeal instantly. He could say or do something unwarranted, cool off, reflect, and reverse himself. Team captains occasionally won leniency and a second or third chance for miscreants such as Payne if Bill remained in reflective mode. He could conclude, as he said then, that "the man was simply one hell of a competitor. Trouble was, he was competing against me," and give him another chance.

In treating us all differently, according to our needs as he saw them, Bill opened himself up to charges of being arbitrary. "I don't remember Burley ever getting in trouble much with Bill," Archie San Romani '64 would recall. "Bill kind of gave him a long leash." True, but Bill once yanked on it ingeniously. In 1961, Burlison wanted to get married. Bill tried to talk him out of it, and when that didn't work, he engineered an informative evening. He asked Assistant Coach Jack Burg, who had two infants, to invite Burley over for dinner. When Burley got there, Burg (at Bowerman's behest) called to say that he was delayed, but he'd be there soon. Burley had to help Burg's wife, Kay, take care of two screaming babies. Bill cackled later to Jim Shea⁴ that Burley had developed different views about having a family in college.

So Bowerman was virtually unpredictable. We never had postmortems. He pondered how he felt, made his ruling, and sometimes, as Bob Woodell would say of his senior year, "we had a better track team of guys who'd been kicked off than ones still running."

Some of that was because the boot, or the threat of it, could be a teaching aid. Bill's ultimatum to force me to do easy

³ Morgan Groth won NCAA mile championships for Oregon State in 1963 and 1964 and qualified for the 1964 Olympics in the 800 meters.

⁴ Jim Shea MS '56 was director of University Relations at the UO and Bowerman's jogging partner. He coauthored the book *Jogging with Bowerman and Eugene cardiologist Waldo Harris*.

Bowerman (without ever pronouncing the word *pain*) taught that you redefine yourself a little with every honest, killing effort. You might not win, but you will have been brave.

days⁵ was such a case, as was his kicking 1967 Pac-8 steeplechase champion Bob Williams off the team for sweeping out his church. “If he’d just sat there and prayed,” Bowerman would say a few years later, “I’d have encouraged him. But he was into too many draining extracurricular things.” As soon as Williams convinced Bill that he’d accepted a life limited to running and school, Bowerman welcomed him back.

The problem came when Bill’s judgment had hardened. Then there was no recourse. “He ‘disappeared’ guys,” Grelle would say. “When he lost hope, you were gone for good.”

Bowerman was, of course, a creature of discipline himself. His debt to the intervention of Ercel Hedrick⁶ always seemed fresh in his mind. So the respect he developed over the years for coaches Len Casanova, John Robinson, Bill Walsh, and John Wooden (and they for him) arose because they all lived for the rite of passage. They hugged or whipped lumps of raging, yearning, acting-out clay and rechanneled it, got it past all the juices of desire and sorrow and fear and lust, all the drunk-on-dopamine excesses of young men fighting themselves to be themselves.

Steeplechaser John Woodward ’69 would say, “We had what would now be considered a sociopath for a coach.” Woodward knew Bill loved to bewilder, and when he was a freshman, he tried to be wary. “But during cross-country, a bunch of us went in the sauna, and after a minute Bill came in. He’d just gone out to cool off in the shower and had left his towel, which happened to be by me. He picked it up, and underneath was his big, heavy set of brass keys. They had been sitting in there for fifteen minutes and were now the same 180 degrees as the

air.” The quick intakes of breath around him told Woodward something was up. “But I was trapped at the end of the bench. Bowerman grabbed the keys and pressed them onto the top of my thigh.” John struggled, but was easily held by the great

burning hand. He and others Bowerman caught this way swear that Bill’s expression at the moment of branding was never malicious or cruel. It was a gleeful, almost beatific face we all saw before he lifted his hand and shouldered out the door.

“What the hell was *that*?” Woodward asked his whooping fellow runners. “Welcome to the team!” they said. “Welcome to the team!” The red welt lasted for days, but left no scar.

Bowerman imprinted so many thighs over the years that when, in 1991, Phil Knight held a tribute dinner for Bill, he invited all the past Men of Oregon to Nike’s Beaverton campus gym, built half a cedar-planked sauna, and hung Bill’s keys and towel in view. One by one, we sat and were photographed with Bill there, and he signed the pictures later. I look at mine as I type. His grip on my opposite arm pulls me toward him irresistibly. His grin is as exalted

as it had been years before, when it had been my leg beneath those fiery keys.

Even Woodward agreed that Bowerman was hardly a sociopath. His laying on of keys was an initiation rite, not unlike the ritual circumcision some African tribes use to make men out of boys. It gave Bowerman the authority of a tribal elder. And he used it to keep us — tigers or not — whole. “I always respected him,” said Wilborn, “even at the times I didn’t like him.”

This is from the autobiography of Nelson Mandela, a cross-country runner himself:

The old man was kneeling in front of me. . . . Without a word, he took my foreskin, pulled it forward, and then, in a single motion, brought down his assegai [a spear]. I felt as if fire was shooting through my veins. . . . I called out, “I am a man!” A boy may cry. A man hides his pain. I had taken the essential step in the life of every Xhosa man. Now I might marry, set up my own home, and plow my own field. Now I could be admitted into the councils of my community.

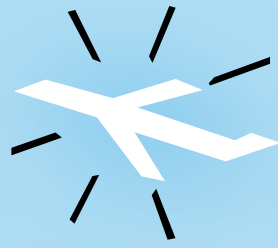
I would have loved to read that passage to Bowerman in the sauna. The next day he would have brought in a rusty spear.



⁵ Bowerman espoused a “hard-easy” approach to training runners: following days of strenuous workouts with days of less demanding routines to allow the athletes to recover. This was a revolutionary approach in the 1950s, and when he first articulated this notion, according to Moore, “he was widely despised for it.”

⁶ Ercel Hedrick was superintendent of schools in Medford, where Bowerman attended high school. The young Bowerman’s propensity for fighting led to his suspension from school as a sophomore — and an audience with Hedrick. “Control yourself,” Hedrick told him. “Cut the crap and channel that goddamn energy! Go back to that school and be of use! Make your mother proud. Because I swear to you, Bowerman, I never want to hear your name again.”

The Fearful Skies



Trying to save America's commercial airline culture

by Seth Clark Walker

On December 7, 2005, Jim Dunn sits alone in front of the computer on the second floor of his home near the UO campus. Dunn is on a roll. In the last two hours, he has fired off e-mail missives to America's leading news organizations — ABC, CBS, Fox, the *New York Times*, and the *Washington Post*, among others. The messages are not carbon copies: each one is individually constructed and more intense, descriptive, and direct than the last. Despite their varied tones, they carry a common theme: Federal air marshals did not have to shoot and kill that plane passenger, Rigoberto Alpizar, the day before in Miami.



The wooden swivel chair under the sixty-three-year-old Dunn yowls in protest as he twists and turns with his thoughts. He started out intending to write one e-mail, but Dunn has now written fifteen messages. Dunn's wife of forty-three years, Joanna Valente-Dunn, a wellness counselor and therapist in Eugene, heads up the stairs to check on him. She reads over his shoulder for a moment, then rests a hand on his back. "Don't give up," she says. "Keep going."

Dunn suggests to the news organizations that they should talk with him about the shooting. He is a retired United Airlines 747 captain — the top job in United's flying ranks — with more than thirty years of experience in the airline business. More important, he is the cofounder of Plane Reaction, a not-for-profit consulting company set on encouraging airlines and air marshals to adopt new ways of handling in-flight passenger problems.

The Plane Reaction philosophy rests on a simple-but-solid foundation: Create environments that are safe by turning as many people as possible into advocates, just as school administrators do with students to create safer schools. In the case of an airplane, flight attendants and air marshals would become counselors trained to identify potential troublemakers as they enter the plane and then use professionally tested intervention techniques on them.

The interventions would follow a particular order. First, potential troublemakers — and other regular travelers around them — would be praised for their positive attributes. The goal: Set an atmosphere of unity and humor well before the wheels leave the tarmac. Then the flight attendants and marshals would pay close attention to the potential troublemakers and keep things positive, but they would also be prepared with more aggressive interventions should things turn ugly.

Before sending the e-mails, Dunn calls his partner in Plane Reaction, Zak Schwartz MA '77 Ph.D. '83, a fifty-four-year-old counseling psychologist in Eugene.

"This could be it," he says. "This could be what gets people to pay attention."

So far, despite gaining some atten-

Former pilot Jim Dunn and psychologist Zak Schwartz think they have a better way to handle passenger problems on airplanes.



tion, Dunn and Schwartz haven't been able to get anybody to do anything. The men have promoted Plane Reaction directly to the airlines and at international conferences since 2002. No luck. According to Dunn and Schwartz, the left-brained pilots and their bosses at the airlines have little tolerance for right-brained tactics, especially since 9/11.

Now, the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) and the Transportation Safety Administration recommend a standard approach for handling airplane troublemakers: Get aggressive and ask questions later. The airlines are told to assume that all troublemakers are terrorists, and many have adopted a zero tolerance policy for bad behavior. Those policies apply to everyone — the drunk, the drugged, the mentally ill, the ill-behaved, the confused — and persist despite the FAA's own data showing that in-flight disturbances not related to terrorism have returned to pre-9/11 levels.

By their outward appearances, Dunn and Schwartz make an unlikely duo to save America's airline culture. Dunn is a wealthy former military officer, commercial pilot, and avid golfer with thick dark hair, a perpetual tan, and a boyish smile. At times he can be seen wearing a Spam T-shirt and baseball cap. Schwartz sports a shock of unkempt grey hair and is given to many things old, namely a rusted Toyota truck and a faded jean jacket. His voice has a gravelly texture from many years of smoking. With his look and demeanor, he fits right in at the Oregon Country Fair, where he trains the security details on how to handle volatile interactions spurred on by drug-, alcohol-, or crowd-induced rage.

Despite their differences, the men balance one another. Dunn brings the airline-savvy smarts, and Schwartz brings intervention strategies steeped in years of research and testing. The men also share a common characteristic: They are what psychologists call



John Baugness

“positive deviants,” or those who are willing to manipulate existing systems for a common good. Positive deviants are marked by several characteristics: passion, rapid cognition, a desire to act for the “greater good,” and an ability to see opportunity where others see challenges.


There is only one big problem with positive deviants. They can be holy hell to work with. They manifest a potent mix of instinct, passion, and cold, hard intellect. They tend to operate outside the boundaries and define their own path, often to the chagrin of those they are trying to influence. Schwartz does not wear his passion and positive deviancy on his sleeve. He considers his points carefully and slowly, as if each thought is a rich cup of coffee that he is brewing in his mind. Dunn is more obvious. He emphasizes his positions by crossing and uncrossing his legs, folding and unfolding his arms as he steadily communicates the most visceral and primal of assertions: *I know I am right, so listen to me.*

Despite Dunn and Schwartz’s belief that America’s skies are now ruled by fear, they have not lost their common sense. They understand that extreme security measures should be in place and that troublemakers should first be approached with caution. But they think that yelling and other aggressive, militaristic tactics should stop as soon as it is established that the disturbance is not terrorism or otherwise life-threatening.

Dunn and Schwartz say that the airlines have not only failed to adopt a more enlightened approach to in-flight problems, they are moving in the wrong direction. They cite United’s latest anti-troublemaker tactic as an example. The airline is now diverting planes and landing them in certain instances when someone acts up — even if the incident is small. According to Hank Krakowski, United’s vice president of corporate safety, the airline used this strategy recently to handle a drunken passenger. Then the airline sued the man for the cost of the diversion. A United flight also made an emergency landing in Salt Lake City in January when a UO graduate student acted up on a flight

from Eugene to Denver. Passengers on the plane said the woman was behaving oddly when she got on the flight, but no one took action. The woman instantly received a felony charge of interfering with a flight crew; the offense is punishable by up to twenty years in prison.

Dunn and Schwartz believe that airline management is so far off course that they have decided to go around the airlines and focus directly on the people who have to face the troublemakers: flight attendants and air marshals. In an era of self-service electronic check-in, flight attendants and air marshals are often the only people who deal face-to-face with the traveling public, and they are encouraged to defend themselves and the plane with yelling, karate, and guns, instead of effective interventions.



Dunn gained the inspiration for Plane Reaction from an unlikely source: identical twins who were fighting aboard his aircraft when he worked for United. The incident eventually made international headlines and was documented on *Dateline NBC*.

On that day in April 2001, Dunn was at the controls of a flight from San Francisco to Shanghai when reports of a fight in the passenger cabin prompted him to investigate the situation himself.

Toward the back of the double-decker 747, he found a pair of lanky identical twins with long, curly auburn hair and pale skin huddled together against a dark window. “We’re not doing anything wrong,” said twenty-two-year-old Cindy Mikula, with a slight slur. “We’re just going to Shanghai for a modeling contest. We’re not doing anything wrong.”

Dunn moved the twins to business class, thinking back to his days as a United Command, Leadership, and Resource (CLR) instructor, a role in which he taught co-workers how to handle volatile in-flight situations. The CLR program teaches, among other things, that physically relocating hostile passengers is often akin to

removing the trigger from a bomb.

The women settled under a blanket. Dunn left, convinced that he had defused the situation. His training worked — or so he thought. Then he heard a panicked scream as one of the twins started running down the aisle.

When Dunn arrived at the back of the plane, he saw Cindy slamming a plastic air phone against the wall, making a noise like a shotgun blast in the plane’s thin, recycled air. Then she tried to open a door on the left side of the plane. At that point Dunn had her handcuffed and several flight attendants held her in the rear galley. As Dunn returned to the cockpit, Cindy’s twin, Crystal, tried to free her sister and was also physically restrained by the attendants.

Dunn decided to turn the plane around and head to Anchorage, Alaska. He did not want to face any more problems over the middle of the ocean. He also wanted the women to be on U.S. soil when they were arrested.

Two days after the stop in Anchorage, Dunn finally delivered the plane and its passengers to Shanghai. He called United headquarters in Chicago to discuss the incident and the fact that his CLR tools did not work. No one called him back. After more fruitless calls and e-mails, he gave up and sent an e-mail to the vice president of flight operations.

I was involved in the diversion to Anchorage and have several questions and concerns that could be of interest to the executive level of flight operations. Outside of the immediate crew and help from Capt. Dave Laubham, it appears as though no one really gives a rat’s ass about what took place or if any assistance can be offered the flight crew on closure of this incident.

I have been a large part of the CLR program at United for several years and have devoted considerable energy to its success. I am extremely disappointed in the participation of our executive level of the corporation and especially the flight operations department. This is a safety issue and it is the proper time for the folks making the big bucks to step forward and do their jobs.

Dunn thought his e-mail — sent with the title “Sex” to get the attention of the VP — and the \$200,000 cost of the diversion to Alaska would likely spark at least a phone call or a written dialogue. But he did not hear from anyone for nearly two weeks, and then he got a hostile call from a junior executive asking him what he was trying to accomplish.



Shortly after that in-flight incident, Dunn vented his frustrations to his daughter over the telephone. She suggested that he meet with Schwartz, a friend of hers. There was an instant connection. Dunn was particularly intrigued with Schwartz’s intervention techniques that address rage due to drugs and alcohol. The industry’s CLR training did not address those issues well, and he had just learned from the FBI that the Mikula twins were likely loaded on speed, alcohol, and a healthy dose of fear of flying. Dunn quickly realized that Schwartz’s intervention techniques could have possibly helped avert his costly diversion to Alaska.

As Dunn and Schwartz set forth conceptualizing Plane Reaction, things back at United went from bad to worse. Airline officials continued to ignore Dunn’s e-mails and those from members of his crew, and on June 21, 2001, the company issued an internal memo announcing cutbacks to the CLR program. The program, which also includes pilot-to-pilot and pilot-to-crew communication and safety training, was too costly for the cash-strapped airline. Then, months later, the unthinkable happened: 9/11. At that point, the airline simply tried to survive and began slowly disassembling all programs and departments that were deemed non-essential, CLR included.

Despite the effects of 9/11, Dunn and Schwartz tried to get the airlines to consider their training program. It did not work, so they eventually hit the speaking circuit, making their first major presentation at the Montreal World Aviation Conference and Trade Show in 2003. Onstage inside the expo

center, they detailed their program to 200 flight attendants and airline executives, presenting an argument that airlines could save money by augmenting what was left of the CLR programs with the Plane Reaction tools. The enthusiastic response encouraged Dunn and Schwartz, and they received a few business cards from airline executives. Then, nothing.

But they pressed on. In their next speech at an airline conference the following year in Vancouver, British Columbia, the two men were wrapping up their joint talk when Dunn surprised Schwartz by pulling a rusty saw from a bag. He flashed a mischievous smile and began to wield the saw through the air.

“You see this?” he said to the several hundred people sitting in the audience. “The airline wants you to hammer nails with one of these. What we want is to give you the right set of tools.”

The men have approached Northwest and other domestic and international airlines, but they keep meeting closed doors. An FAA executive who likes their ideas made a recommendation on their behalf to an airline. Nothing. Dunn has talked to many executives on the telephone, and Krakowski at United is aware of his efforts. Nevertheless, there are few results.



Today, Dunn and Schwartz have come to a crossroads in their journey. They are choosing neither to speak publicly nor consult. If Plane Reaction were a crusade, the free work would continue. It is not a crusade. The two men are passionate, but flying in and out of the country over the last few years for no tangible reward is taking its physical, emotional, and financial toll.

The men have advocates, people who could help them carry the torch. Flight attendants and their unions love them. But only a few pilots and officials at the FAA support them, and it is hard to find any fans of Plane Reaction in the front offices at United and other major airlines.

Dunn and Schwartz believe that in-flight culture and the challenges to flight attendants and air marshals will become more complex. As far as they know, no one in the airline industry is thinking or talking like they are.

For now the men wait. Dunn is biding his time by dabbling in new entrepreneurial ventures. Schwartz is focused on his counseling practice and has just finished a self-help book. Plane Reaction, at least at this point, remains grounded.

The men sometimes regret not pushing harder, not knocking on more doors, and Dunn’s recent e-mails are a reflection of that. He does not believe the air marshal in Miami made a mistake. Dunn thinks the marshal did what he was trained to do — to rule by force and fear. Perhaps there could have been a different outcome in Miami, Dunn says, with different training. With the Plane Reaction approach, the flight attendants and air marshals might have identified the man’s illness earlier and had health-care workers waiting for him when the plane touched down. At a minimum, the air marshals could have tried to get more information from the man before resorting to deadly force.

No news organizations have responded to Dunn. Neither he nor Schwartz are surprised. For now the men are content to wait for a call from one airline or government agency. Just one. They say that if just one airline or agency saw the light, then Plane Reaction would grow on its own. One company or agency would lead the way for the others.

The men still meet at a Eugene coffee shop from time to time. Dunn sips his coffee. Schwartz smokes his cigarette. They banter, they talk, they hope for a call from just one airline or agency. Just one.

Seth Clark Walker '95 MS '05 is a writer and the program coordinator of the UO School of Journalism and Communication's Turnbull Center in downtown Portland. He recently received a fellowship from Literary Arts of Oregon. His last feature in Oregon Quarterly was "Soon to be Soldiers" in Spring 2005.

WINNING THE LOTTERY

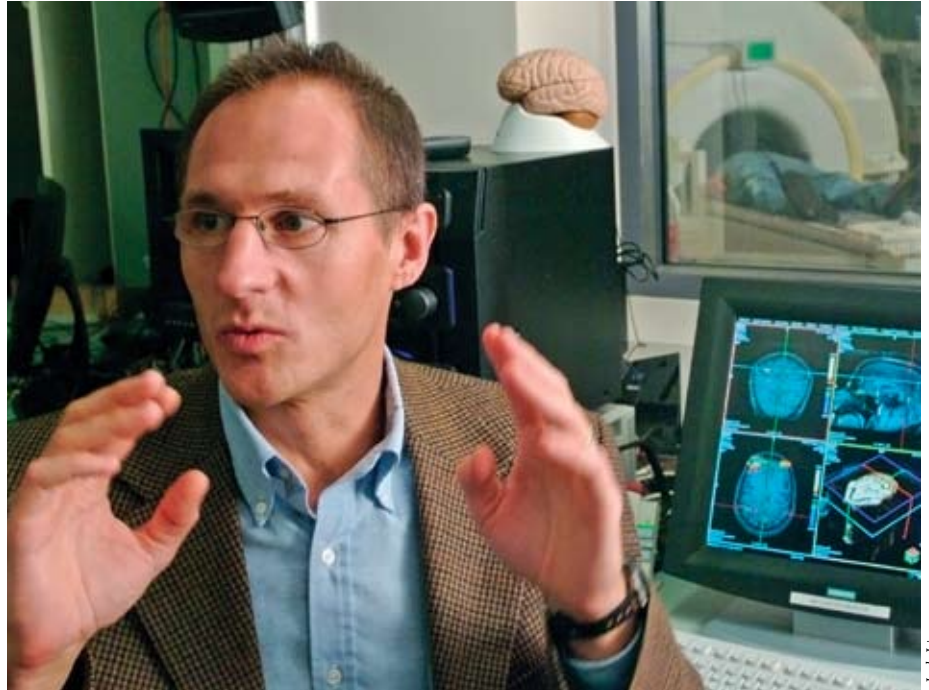
For thirty years, Scott Frey helplessly watched his mother suffer from multiple sclerosis. Today, he leads a team of scientists dedicated to helping paralysis victims.

WHEN SCOTT FREY RECOUNTS HOW he became a psychology professor and the director of the UO's Lewis Center for Neuroimaging, he says the story sounds like someone else's. He compares these achievements with winning the lottery. "It seems improbable that it would work out," he says. "But it has, and I would not want to replicate the experiment."

Frey quit high school during his junior year to shovel dirt full time for a landscaping company in upstate New York. His father was long gone, and his mother's relapsing MS had taken another bad turn. Georgianne couldn't walk, much less work. "I grew up going to her neurology and physical therapy appointments," Frey says. "They sparked an appreciation for what health is and an interest in whether it might be possible to use my interest in biology and science to do something useful somewhere down the road. . . . But I never knew any scientists and I never thought that was a realistic possibility."

To find a little independence from Georgianne during his teenage years, Frey made two decisions — seemingly inconsequential at the time — that propelled him into the world of neuroscience. He took up long-distance running and enrolled in night classes at a local community college. A chance meeting on the running track with a psychology professor there led to Frey earning his GED before he would have graduated from high school. The same professor, who became Frey's running partner, helped him gain admission as a psychology major to a nearby four-year college. After graduation, he convinced Frey "to take a shot" at the Harvard School of Education. Frey earned his master's degree in human development from Harvard in 1988 and a Ph.D. in experimental psychology from Cornell University five years later.

During these years, he was still the



Scott Frey, psychology professor and director of the UO's Lewis Center for Neuroimaging

primary caregiver for his mother. By the time he finished graduate school, Georgianne lay in a hospital bed paralyzed from the neck down. "I was completely stressed out all the time I wasn't with her, not knowing whether she was okay or not," he says.

Fittingly, Frey now leads a team of researchers whose goal is to give people suffering from paralysis or loss of limb increased ability to function independently through prosthetics or robotics. He says the UO provides an ideal setting for him to pursue his work, calling his colleagues in the psychology department "totally remarkable" and its four-year-old Lewis Center for Neuroimaging "unparalleled." The Lewis Center features a functional MRI machine, which allows Frey, for example, to determine which part of the brain becomes active during arm movements, what happens in that part of the brain when an arm

has been amputated or paralyzed, and how the brain reacts when an amputee makes imaginary gestures with her missing limb.

In a typical experiment, Frey sends a non-disabled person into the MRI tunnel and asks her to touch her face or grasp objects while a computer records which part of her brain is stimulated by these actions. Then Frey sends an upper-arm amputee into the tunnel: She performs the same tasks with her existing arm and then imagines making the same gestures with the missing or paralyzed arm.

Frey says that some amputees feel phantom sensations in their missing limbs when they touch their faces with their remaining hand. This peculiar illusion may arise because the hand and face areas in the brain's primary sensory and motor cortices are adjacent. When a hand is amputated or paralyzed, its corresponding brain tissue is taken over by

other functions, such as those controlling facial sensations. "That reorganization could play a detrimental role in learning to use a prosthesis," Frey says. "One of the concerns I have — when we figure out how to repair spinal cord injuries — is to find that the brain has changed so dramatically after injury that people can't relearn essential tasks. . . . What I want to know is which areas of the brain change and which areas don't change as a result of these injuries. Those structures that don't change could be exploited for rehabilitation purposes." One simple way to exploit brain tissue after injury may be to ask amputees to practice imagining hand and arm gestures immediately after becoming medically stable to prohibit other brain functions from taking over unused territory.

Frey's research team — computer scientists, medical professionals, and other neuroscientists — have already mapped out areas of the brain that are stimulated when paralyzed stroke patients imagine grasping and manipulating objects. "We're heading into a whole new generation of prosthetic devices . . . , driving them with the activity of the brain and the nervous system," Frey says. "Think of someone like my mom, who spent the last fourteen years of her life paralyzed from the neck down. If she could even have controlled a cursor on a computer screen . . . what a remarkable source of freedom to explore any kind of information or knowledge."

— MICHELE TAYLOR '03

ECONOMIC INDEX

THE DISMAL SCIENCE GOES USER-FRIENDLY

MANY A BUSINESS OWNER LYING AWAKE at night has probably wished she could hop out of bed, light some candles, and peer into a crystal ball. Is the economy ready to take an upswing, meaning more demand and possibly the need to hire more workers? Or is there a recession coming? Is this a good time to take a line of credit, or is it better to hunker down and make do with the status quo?

For the past year, the Oregon Economic Forum, a project of the UO's Department of Economics, has offered the state's business community not quite a crystal ball, but a very useful compilation of statistics on the economy's direction. The Forum's Index of Economic




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Indicators is distributed to more than 170 companies in Oregon and published in newspapers around the state. Its author is Tim Duy (pronounced DEW-ee), an adjunct assistant professor of economics who earned his doctorate from the UO in 1998.

The Index brings together eight widely accepted economic indicators ranging from Oregon's residential building permits and nonfarm payrolls to U.S. consumer confidence numbers and manufacturing orders. With the help of Duy's expert analysis, the Index melds these disparate factors into a clear picture of Oregon's business activity. "Individuals and firms are bombarded with a wide variety of economic data," Duy says. "We're trying to interpret the data into a single picture and make it more user-friendly."

If the Index is signaling a change, firms can rethink their business plan, he says, and try to adapt to a new environment. Some may cut workers or add them, others may think about buying an undervalued firm or putting their own business up on the block.

The Index helps companies stay ahead of the game, says Index subscriber Kathy Long Holland MBA '81, owner of LongSherpa, a strategic consulting firm that helps other businesses improve competitive readiness. "Tim has this ability to integrate all the variables, put it into English for people, and make it relevant," she says.

Sheryl Southwell, president of emulsion-polymer manufacturer Specialty Polymers in Woodburn, uses the Index to help make capital investment decisions.

"All the raw materials we use are hydrocarbon-based," she says. "We are severely impacted by natural gas and crude oil prices. The Index gives us a feel for what we can expect margin-wise."

Southwell was especially happy last fall to see an analysis of the potential effects of Hurricane Katrina on the national economy. "With the amount of dollars that would be invested in rebuilding," she says, "our customers will see their sales increase. So we started to think about whether we should reserve capacity for existing customers because we will see an increase in their demands. We like to have a heads-up," she adds. "It's a tool to better manage our business."

The state of Oregon also puts out a forecast, but it comes out quarterly and is subject to the pressures of a political environment, says Joe Stone, dean



Tim Duy

Jill Leininger

of the College of Arts and Sciences and W.E. Miner Professor of Economics. The UO forecast is a good complement to the state's, he says, and as a part of the Oregon Economic Forum, gives the UO's economics department a chance to contribute to the state's economic well-being.

Duy has broad experience with economic analysis. After earning his Ph.D. in macroeconomics and international finance, he moved to Washington, D.C. He spent a year working for the Treasury Department as an economist for the

International Affairs division and then became a consultant for the G7 Group, a consortium of economic and political analysts who offer their services to companies in the financial industry.

When his wife, Heather Walloch JD '96, got a job offer at a Eugene law firm, the couple jumped at the chance to come back West. Duy teaches a wide variety of classes at the University, from macroeconomics to the evolution of economic thought. He's also active in undergraduate advising, and likes to impart the value of a degree in economics — and the importance of skilled critical thinking — to his students. "Teaching people to use their minds is essential in a dynamic economy," he says. "Students must think about preparing for three or four careers in their lifetimes."

Besides serving as the director of the Oregon Economic Forum, Duy also contributes regularly to the Economist's View (economistsview.typepad.com), a blog hosted by UO economics associate professor Mark Thoma, and the RGE Monitor (www.rgemonitor.com), a subscription-based Web publication that offers economic analysis.

And when he's not busy charting the economy, he's enjoying the steady progress of his two-year-old son, Jack.

For more information on the Index, visit econforum.uoregon.edu.

— ROSEMARY CAMOZZI '96

THE OREGON ECONOMIC FORUM

The UO Index is a product of the Oregon Economic Forum, a project of the Department of Economics. The Forum includes a series of events that allow UO faculty and students to present timely economic research to the business community and policymakers as well as to bring in both corporate and academic speakers to share their expertise.

At the second annual Forum, held last fall in Portland, discussion focused on how to keep Oregon competitive in the face of two widely perceived threats: rising health care costs and competition from China and India. Speakers included the CEO of Providence Health Plans, as well as a vice president from Royal Caribbean International, who shared with the audience the company's reasons for siting its new call center in Oregon rather than overseas.

"It was a well-rounded, informative view of different issues," says Sheryl Southwell, president of Specialty Polymers in Woodburn. "I really enjoyed the discussions and came away very enthusiastic."

For more information about past and future Economic Forums, visit econforum.uoregon.edu.

EDUCATION

KICKING HABITS, MENDING FAMILIES

Federal grant offers new hope for families and children.

THREE YEARS AGO KYLOU WALKINS HAD twelve months to flee her life of drugs or lose what she loved most in the world — her newborn twins, Jordan and Ryan. The cloud of marijuana smoke that had enveloped her life since she was ten had already forced the state to take away two children, Shane and Casey. They were gone, adopted out. The world seemed to be grabbing at her with dark tentacles, slapping her with all the neglect, pain, and abuse heaped upon her young life, screaming to her that she was nothing without the drugs.

Some estimates say that one-half to three-quarters of a million infants in America are born each year exposed to one or more illicit drugs in utero. When legal drugs — alcohol and tobacco — are added, the figure rises to more than one million substance-exposed infants.

Now, researchers at the University



Kylou Walkins with twins, Jordan and Ryan

of Oregon College of Education's Early Intervention Program, in partnership with the Child Rehabilitation Center at the Oregon Health & Science University, have been awarded a \$575,000 federal grant to help those infants and their

families. It will enable COE's Project Family Early Advocacy and Treatment to bring its expertise to local and statewide child welfare agencies such as Eugene's Relief Nursery.

"We need to develop better drug screening," says Jane Squires, director of the program and associate professor in the Early Intervention Program. "We're not always consistent, as sometimes infants go home from the hospital even when their parents test positive for drugs."

Bob Nickel, a developmental pediatrician and co-director of the UO's Child Development and Rehabilitation Center, works with children who are born into troubles. "I see a lot of kids because of prenatal substance abuse by parents," he says. "They often are in foster care, have difficulty with sleeping-waking cycles, have motor development difficulties." Nickel believes this additional funding can make a difference. "We haven't done well in the past in coordinating and in seeing what works and what doesn't," he says. "We need to have better outcome data to show what's making a difference."

These social service programs can make a difference. They did for Walkins.

"Pot was the thing," Walkins, now

50th CLASS OF REUNION 1956

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The University of Oregon Alumni Association and the university community invite members of the class of 1956 and the Order of the Emerald Society (alumni who graduated fifty and more years ago) to return to campus for a series of symposia, tours, and receptions. For details go to uolumni.com or call 541-346-5656 or 800-245-2586.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
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thirty-one, recalls. "It made me feel different. I had to have a bowl to wake up to and a bowl to go to sleep with. I couldn't get hungry, tired, or calm without it."

Or be a mother with it. She tried, and did "fairly well" for a while, even worked as assistant manager at a halfway house. But soon she hooked up with the users and was, again, gone. The state took Shane, then two-and-a-half, and Casey, three-and-a-half. "I wanted to play in traffic." Instead, she kept on toking, kept on filling that bowl. "I had to get loaded to see myself in the mirror," she says.

But then she met Nathan, an acquaintance from work. His caring helped and they moved beyond being just friends. But not everything changed. Three years ago when she gave birth to her twins, she also tested positive for THC. State law gave her a year to change. "We left the hospital," she recalls, "but not with the boys. We had empty car seats and empty hearts."

Out of that emptiness came what she calls her "Phoenix moment." She had Nathan's mother clean all the drugs from their house. She underwent treatment at Willamette Family detox center and followed that with outpatient treatment. She spent time with her sons. She went to individual counseling. She changed. "Once I met those two little boys," she says, "I knew that things had to change. And Nathan was on board."

For many parents, that struggle to overcome a lifetime of smoking, snorting, shooting, or drinking is a barefoot climb up Mt. Everest.

"I can't imagine getting clean without that help," Walkins says. That help for her was immersion in community programs, including ones at the Relief Nursery, aimed at increasing the odds that she and others like her overcome the meth-dope-booze and junk-de jour lifestyle and in the process grow into caring and capable parents, and, in her case, into someone the state would entrust with her own sons.

"Families are terrified, afraid of having their children removed, afraid of getting caught, embarrassed," says Cheryl MacGinitie, program director at the Relief Nursery. "We do many things here with families. Most of all we talk and give them hope. But the key to us is through the child."

This grant, first in Lane and then in Jackson County, will help agencies reach that child. Three years ago Kylou



Jack Lin

THE FOG OF WAR

*Mist-shrouded Civil War game, November 19, 2005
Oregon 56 – Oregon State 14*

Walkins swore to change. Now married to Nathan, she is expecting a son in early March, a brother for Jordan and Ryan.

— JIM MCCHESENEY '90

INTERNATIONAL

FROM FOREST GROVE TO EDINBURGH

Young scholar wins recognition

IF ONE WERE TO BOIL DOWN UO COLLEGE of Arts and Sciences senior Alletta Brenner's resume to its essence, it might read: 4-H queen, library research junkie, long-distance cyclist, aspiring jazz lounge pianist, and 2006 Marshall Scholarship award-winner.

Brenner, a UO Presidential Scholar from Forest Grove, was named in November as one of forty students throughout the United States to receive a British Marshall Scholarship. The scholarship, on par with the prestigious Fulbright and Rhodes scholarships, was created to foster U.S.–British relations by supporting outstanding American students pursuing advanced degrees in the United Kingdom. Brenner, a history and women's studies major and political science minor, is the first UO student ever to win the award. She will spend the next two years at the University of Edinburgh researching the efforts of nongovernmental organizations to end slavery in Niger.

The award news capped off a calendar

year of academic success. In the spring of 2005, Brenner was named a winner of the inaugural UO Undergraduate Library Research Award for her paper "The Good and Bad of That Sex: Monstrosity and Womanhood in Early Modern England." It was during the presentation of this paper that Marilyn Linton, UO associate vice provost for undergraduate studies, recognized great promise in Brenner.

Linton knew that Brenner's plan after college was to teach in needy public schools through a two-year commitment to Teach For America and then go on to grad school. "But what came across so strongly in the presentation of that paper was how deeply engaged she was in research," Linton says. "To me it just seemed a pity she would be graduating and that she wouldn't have an opportunity to continue that research."

She suggested Brenner apply for both the Rhodes and Marshall scholarships. Brenner worked with faculty from the College of Arts and Sciences and the Robert Clark Honors College to prepare her application; the professors even set up mock interviews that allowed Brenner to practice discussing her project comfortably in front of a panel of judges.

"It seemed like an impossible task," Brenner says. "But I just had this whole group of people behind me, helping me." And succeed she did, not only winning the Marshall Scholarship, but also being named a finalist for a Rhodes.

While it was academia that pointed Brenner to the scholarship, the foun-



Jack Liu

Alletta Brenner

ation for her success was laid long ago at home in Forest Grove. Her parents — Richard Brenner, a real estate appraiser and “part-time inventor” (he has a patent on a collapsible bicycle and traveling saddlebags to transport the bicycle), and Sue Brenner, owner of a beauty salon — instilled in their daughter core values around independent thinking, responsibility, and community mindedness. These values are at the heart of the work she does today.

It was also during her youth in Forest Grove that Brenner first became aware of social injustice. At the age of seven, she accompanied a group of volunteers to deliver food and sundries to a local farm workers’ camp. Images of the poverty and relentless hard work these farmers endured stuck with Brenner.

In her personal statement for the Marshall Scholarship, Brenner wrote of that experience that it “made me realize for the first time the immense privileges of my life and instilled in me a sense that with this came a certain responsibility. . . . Today, the memory of that camp has become an intellectual interest in injustice that has informed all aspects of my education.”

Brenner has succeeded mightily outside the academic world too; simply put, she is a voracious learner, no matter the subject area. She has played piano since the age of five and reveals that she would “like to play the open mic at [Eugene jazz venue] Jo Fed’s before graduation.” She has been long-distance cycling since 2004, hoping one day to ride a century race — 100 miles in a single day. She

is a self-proclaimed “4-H queen,” who can knit a mean striped sweater and has raised her share of poultry, rabbits, and “championship pigeons.” In 2000, Brenner was a founding member of Parrot Pals 4-H Club, the first exotic bird 4-H club in the world.

Despite her success with the Marshall Scholarship, Brenner knows there is still much to be done before graduation. She is currently finishing her senior thesis and, as graduation looms nearer, she

laments, “There are still so many interesting classes to take.”

After receiving her degree, Brenner will marry her high school sweetheart, also a UO student and a photographer; they are thinking about a honeymoon cycling trip around the Olympic Peninsula. She would like to go to law school in the future and eventually pursue her interests in establishing international labor standards.

— BOBBIE WILLIS MA '01

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NEWS IN BRIEF

NEW PROVOST NAMED

Linda P. Brady has been chosen to serve as the next senior vice president and provost at the University of Oregon. She will replace John Moseley, who will retire on June 30, after serving in the post for twelve years. Currently dean of the College of Humanities and Social Sciences at North Carolina State University, Brady — the first member of her family to attend college — is a noted scholar in the field of international negotiations and arms control. Her current research focuses on the role of negotiation in war termination.

CARBON FOR THE NEW MILLENNIUM

UO Chemistry Professor Mike Haley has assembled a new form of carbon, called graphyne, which due to its unusual properties may someday have application in optical communications networks or improved batteries.

SIXTY PERCENT? GOOD GRIEF!

G. Z. “Charlie” Brown, a UO professor of architecture, has received the U.S. Green Building Council Leadership Award for his groundbreaking work in daylighting research and sustainable building design studies. Architects who have used Brown’s expertise and his Energy Studies in Buildings Laboratories (located in Portland and Eugene) have found they can save as much as 60 percent on electricity costs for lighting.

DEBATERS AMONG WORLD’S BEST

A team of two UO students, Aaron Donaldson and Jason Lear, placed among the top 8 of 324 competing university-level teams from twenty-four countries at the recent World Universities Debating Championships in Dublin, Ireland. This marks the first time an American public university team has placed among the top thirty-two finalists.

NEW SCHOLARSHIP FOR OREGON FRESHMEN

Beginning in fall 2006, the UO will offer Oregon residents a new scholarship, the Dean’s Access Award, which will provide an additional \$500 per year (\$2,000 over four years) to Oregon resident freshmen who receive the University Dean’s Scholarship and demonstrate a level of financial need as determined by federal guidelines.



Margaret McGladrey

PROFILE**DEBORAH BAUER**

DEBORAH BAUER UNDERSTANDS THAT successful businesses, from the hardware store around the corner to the top corporations on the NASDAQ, are built from the ground up. As a former loan officer and credit manager on the East Coast, she should know. In her upper-division finance classes, Bauer says, “Even if I’m using a corporation as an example, the concepts I’m talking about are directly applicable to small businesses.” Because many of her students plan on starting their own businesses after graduation, Bauer is committed to providing them with a solid foundation in finance.

Boiling down the many intricacies and nuances of financial management and competitive analysis to a ten-week course is no simple task, however. Many of Bauer’s students are business minors, coming from academic backgrounds as diverse as music and journalism, and some haven’t taken a square root on a calculator since high school. So, during the first week of the term, Bauer reviews calculator use and algebra using problems unrelated to finance. “I don’t make any assumptions about someone’s knowledge,” she says. Bauer also refuses to assume anything about her students’ comprehension of course materials. Students in her classes can absorb her meticulously organized lectures without frantically scribbling notes because she provides outlines for them to fill in with the finer points of her presentations. Knowing that mastery of Microsoft Excel can help business minors impress potential employers, she developed her own textbook supplement that uses real-world situations to broaden and deepen their familiarity with Excel.

Bauer left the business world in 1999 to pursue her master’s in finance at the UO. While working with students as a GTF, Bauer says, “I absolutely fell in love with teaching.” She is so determined to make a personal connection with the individual progress of each student that she learns the names of all 180 students who take her classes each term. Bauer says she simply couldn’t “go back to a corporate setting after having a direct impact on peoples’ lives. I love helping students have confidence that they can succeed, and watching them succeed.”

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Name: Deborah Joan Bauer.

Age: 30.

Education: Bachelor’s in business administration from Bryant College, MS in finance from the UO.

Teaching Experience: Instructor and adjunct instructor in finance for the Lundquist College of Business since 2001, adjunct instructor at Linfield College since 2002 (part time). Teaches financial management, business economy, and competitive analysis.

Accolades: The UO’s Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching (2005).

Off-campus: She loves to cook, camp, and hike with her dog.

Last word: “My students and I are all in it together, and we need to succeed together.”

— MARGARET MCGLADREY

LOOKING FOR (POTENTIALLY SCARY) LIFE IN ANCIENT ICE

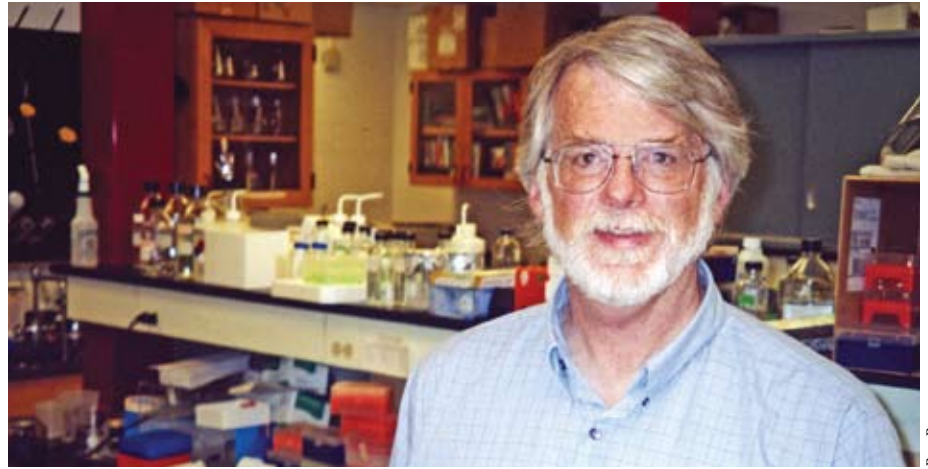
WHEN LEARNING THAT SCOTT Rogers '75 MS '80 conducts research on ancient DNA, people often joke about *Jurassic Park*, Stephen Spielberg's 1993 sci-fi movie of laboratory research running amuck, regenerating very big dinosaurs from sixty-five-million-year-old specimens. Rogers smiles good-naturedly.

But these days he's getting serious questions about his research into ancient viruses frozen in high-latitude lake and glacial ice — questions spurred by concern about global warming and the possibility of influenza pandemics from very old bugs. He measures his answers carefully, but he can't avoid the conclusion that, yes, prehistoric viruses may be trapped in the ice.

As an undergraduate in the 1970s, the soft-spoken, unpretentious Eugene native was intrigued by classroom discussions about the latest DNA revelations — the rapidly unfolding understanding of the sequencing of nucleotides in each cell that determines individual hereditary characteristics. "The UO was on the very early edge of molecular biology," says Rogers. "So, getting an experience in studying DNA at that level so early in the game was very valuable."

After finishing his baccalaureate degree and teaching science in Swaziland for the Peace Corps, Rogers pursued his master's degree in botanical studies at Oregon, then did doctoral work at the University of Washington, where his research set off a buzz among microbiologists. While studying the inheritance pattern of part of the fava bean's genome, he wanted a faster, cheaper, and more reliable method for extracting DNA than the process favored at the time, a difficult method that often yielded unusable results. He experimented with CTAB, an unexceptional laboratory chemical available since the 1950s. To his surprise, the application yielded usable DNA. "It precipitated, fell right out," visible to the unaided eye, he says. "A gooeey mess, it looked very much like string and snot all together," about the width of thin thread one might use for sewing.

What mattered most to Rogers was



Pete Peterson

Pandemic-class viruses may be unleashed by global warming — and Scott Rogers is on the hunt.

that tests proved the easily obtained DNA was of a remarkably high quality and suitable for research. Not only that, but his CTAB procedure greatly speeded the extraction process — DNA that had previously taken days to obtain could now be ready for further use in only a few hours.

"Absolutely fascinated" with the scientific challenges and opportunities his technique seemed to open for him, Rogers tried the procedure on hundred-year-old leaf samples. It worked. Then on seeds and leaves embedded in pack rat middens. Generations of the animals had urinated on the material, and "the urea crystallized around all of the plant parts — keeping them dry — which protected the DNA." Once again successful in extracting DNA, he discovered that the samples proved to be extremely old. He followed up with a series of experiments to see how far back in time his technique had taken him. He says the result was truly thrilling: "The oldest ones are over 45,000 years old and may be as much as 100,000 or 150,000 years old, but 45,000 is the limit of carbon-14 dating."

Since the 1985 publication of his report in *Plant Molecular Biology*, thousands of scientists have cited Rogers's CTAB-based extraction procedure in their research. "Some use it to study archaeological sites, searching for the origins of grains, such as maize and wheat." He and his colleagues have developed

variations of the protocol to identify animals, fungi, bacteria — "any organism you can think of, even marine algae and sharks. DNA is DNA." He's worked with tissue captured in ancient amber (ala the technique used in *Jurassic Park*), and last July, at the invitation of Turkish scientists, Rogers assayed an unknown cedar species used to build part of King Midas's tomb.

In 1989, while teaching at the State University of New York's College of Environmental Science and Forestry in Syracuse, he joined an international team studying ancient microorganisms in water as old as 1.9 million years — locked seemingly forever in permafrost, glaciers, and subglacial lakes in Siberia, Alaska, Greenland, and Canada. Fellow SUNY-CESF microbiologist John D. Castello appreciates Rogers's ability to "distill complex, abstract concepts and theories into their essence, and then to design experiments to test them." The two chaired a National Science Foundation symposium, and in 2001 co-edited the book *Life In Ancient Ice*, a compilation of the research on fungi, bacteria, pollen grains, and viruses frozen at high latitudes — in what one book reviewer calls "genetic storehouses . . . a new frontier in microbial ecology."

Exploring the thawed specimens under his microscope, Rogers acknowledges that he's found "a lot of things we can't identify." But he cautions, "That

NEWS IN BRIEF

GIFTS BOOST BACH FESTIVAL

A pair of million-dollar gift pledges has added momentum to the Oregon Bach Festival's \$10 million endowment drive. The gifts from Andy '55 and Phyllis "Phyzz" Berwick '56 of Hillsborough, California, and David Katzin of Phoenix, Arizona, will help to fund festival operations in perpetuity. The thirty-seventh Oregon Bach Festival will be held in Eugene June 30–July 16.

WESTMORELAND SALE PROPOSED

The University announced plans this fall to sell the Westmoreland housing facility, a 20-acre complex of 37 buildings with 404 units, which was completed in 1964. The site is located three miles west of campus and is valued at approximately \$18 million. At the January meeting of the State Board of Higher Education UO President Dave Frohnmayer briefed board members on the project and plans to address concerns of current residents.

SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT

The UO dance team won the hip-hop division of the USA Collegiate National Competition recently in Las Vegas. The UO cheerleading squad — last year's champs — took second place in the competition for four-year schools. Donald, the Duck mascot, lost in a squeaker to Texas State University's Boko the Bobcat.

DUCKS FLY HIGH

The prestigious Association of American Universities has appointed Robert M. Berdahl its new president. From 1967 until 1986, Berdahl was a member of the UO history faculty, and served from 1981 to 1986 as dean of the UO College of Arts and Sciences. In his new post, Berdahl may have occasion to call another Duck, former UO president and current NCAA President Myles Brand.

CAMPAIGN UPDATE

Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives, the \$600 million fundraising effort designed to help the UO attract top students and professors, maintain premier facilities, and continue groundbreaking research, is rapidly closing in on the \$400 million mark.

doesn't mean they're new, it just means no one has sequenced them."

Now chair of the Bowling Green State University Department of Biological Sciences, he continues research with the team under grants from the National Institutes of Health and the World Health Organization, looking for possible disease-producing microorganisms. If the ice thaws, "there is the potential for an ancient pathogen to infect a modern population that has not been exposed to the pathogen," Rogers says. "Since the individuals would lack any immunity, they might be susceptible to the pathogen."

It's a practical theory. "None of us can look into the future to see how some other person might use the knowledge that we are generating today."

Once again, Rogers smiles politely at the suggestion that his research has the makings of a sci-fi plot.

— PETE PETERSON MFA '68 MS '77

ATHLETICS

WELCOME TO THE PIT

Energized students whoop for hoopsters

A VISITING BASKETBALL PLAYER STANDS on McArthur Court's free-throw line, ready to attempt a critical, late-game shot. Five hundred members of the Pit Crew, University of Oregon students in blazing yellow shirts, vibrate in their courtside seats, screaming, yelling, and then taking the raucous activity a step further. Jumping up and down, they generate enough energy to shake the floor, sway the backboard, and potentially affect the free throw.

The Pit Crew is an integral part of Oregon's home court advantage. Before every game, they form the wildly cheering tunnel through which Duck players run onto the court. When the Pit Crew hear visiting players' names announced, they turn away, displaying "Welcome to the Pit" on the backs of their shirts. For the rest of the game, except timeouts and halftime, they stand — and cheer, clap, stomp, and heckle.

Of the 1,000 Pit Crew members — about three-quarters of them men — those who arrive too late to get a place in the throbbing courtside throng find seats and cheer from the upper levels of Mac Court, easily visible in their yellow T-shirts.

While the Pit Crew has been an equal



Michael McDermott

Swaying the momentum pendulum at the Pit

opportunity group of zealots since they organized in the late 1990s, joining has never been easy. But students like sophomore Julie Nastasiuk are up to the yearly challenge. In 2005, she waited fourteen hours in a process that involved getting a wristband and exchanging it for a T-shirt, the signifier of Pit Crew membership.

For Julie, the waiting felt like a party. She laid her sleeping bag in a line that wrapped around the EMU the night before distribution began, and joined the fun. Students lit propane barbecues, tossed Frisbees, and practiced the fight song. Julie's dedication paid off. She was the first student to pick up a 2005–6 Pit Crew shirt.

Julie, who has cheered with the Pit Crew during every non-vacation home game for the past two years, always arrives at Mac Court at least three hours early for conference games. Standing in the pre-game line, fans pass along information about the Oregon team and their opponents.

Pit Crew president and senior Kali Baker swings her thick braids with a mischievous smile as she says Pit Crew members use high school yearbooks, former teammates, and even e-mail in their never-ending search for ways to distract opposing players. But in Kali's memory, the unparalleled highlight of the Crew's antics involved a coach.

It began in 2002, when the Pit Crew's enthusiasm got the best of them with

DUCK SITES

WEBSITES OF INTEREST TO OQ READERS

overly pointed taunts of USC coach Henry Bibby about his estranged son, NBA star Mike Bibby. In a post-game press conference, the coach expressed disgust, calling the jibes "too mean." The next February, the Trojans returned to Mac Court. Prepared for another onslaught, Bibby stayed out of view until just before game time. When he stepped onto the court, the Pit Crew-sponsored Bibby Love Fest ensued. Hundreds of students brandished cutouts of the coach's bald head attached to popsicle-stick handles and emblazoned with "I ♥ Bibby." Students shouted professions of undying love. Trying to win a sign contest, students held aloft posters that read, "I wish Bibby was my dad"; others nominated him for president. The winner — whose sign said, "Bibby, will you marry me?" and showed a bride with Bibby's face superimposed on it — wore a suit, carried a box of chocolates, and waved a bouquet. After the game, Bibby told the press he loved the Pit Crew, too.

This is the kind of response Crew member Marcus Kent (son of Coach Ernie and brother of Jordan, a key player on the team) looks for when he thinks up pranks to play on the opposing teams. Kent enjoys the way the Pit Crew works on "creative and fun, as opposed to rude," jokes. He prefers getting "inside a player's head more by making him or his teammates laugh" rather than by making him angry. Although Kent, like nearly everyone in the Pit, gets steamed up over a particularly bad call or misbehaving opponent, younger students look to him as a barometer of sportsmanship. When Arizona State's Chad Goldstein played against Oregon in a clear facemask and some of the Crew started up a "You're so ugly" chant, Kent shook a hand in disapproval. "That's terrible," he said. "We act nice around here." The cheer died down.

The Pit Crew is part of Mac Court's formidable reputation. Opened in 1927, The Pit is the second oldest basketball arena among NCAA Division I programs. Fans during the 1939 season watched the team, then called the Tall Firs, win victory after victory on its way to becoming the first NCAA national basketball champions. In 1975, UCLA coach Gene Bartow famously dubbed the wildly enthusiastic Duck fans "a bunch of deranged idiots," an appellation the idiots immediately and proudly embraced.

Today's Pit Crew carries on the tradi-

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tion, chanting Oregon players' names, counting down with the shot clock, and leading the crowd in cheers of "Go! Ducks!" When the visiting team has the ball, they pop up and down like pistons, calling out a thundering "Oooh-oooh-oooh." Toward the end of a game, when a visiting player's free throw could change the outcome, they lead a frenzied commotion. If the backboard shakes, the referees order the PA announcers to tell them to stop. The Pit Crew relents enough to give the player a stable target, but Oregon's most zealous fans never let up for long.

— AMY DUNCAN

CREATIVE WRITING

ARMED BARD

On duty in Iraq with an M-16 and a pen

SOME NIGHTS IN IRAQ, MORTARS CRASHED into camp; during one attack Army sergeant Brian Turner MFA '96 witnessed fellow soldiers racing naked to a bomb shelter. Other times, he patrolled the silent streets of Mosul, wondering if some unseen sniper aimed to shoot him. The title poem in his new book, *Here, Bullet* (Alice James, 2005), emerged from the fear of being killed. Turner — an infantry team leader with the Third Stryker Brigade Combat Team, Second Infantry Division — scribbled his poems by the glow of a red-lens flashlight in the dark after each mission. "I had to write them as quickly as I could," he says, "because tomorrow, I might be dead."

What was a poet doing in the middle of a war? It's a question Turner asked often of himself during his yearlong deployment in Iraq. As a shy teenager living in Fresno, California, Turner was captivated by war as it appeared in literature. He read and reread the *Epic of Gilgamesh*, mesmerized by the ancient Sumerian battle stories. He grew up listening to the war stories of his father and grandfather, both former soldiers. The subject further intrigued him after he read Tim O'Brien's novels about the Vietnam War. "His books are fictional, but the surreal aspect of them rings true," Turner notes.

His own life took a similarly surreal turn when, after earning his MFA in poetry, he responded to adverse circumstances in his personal life by enlisting in the Army. He served for six years and spent 1999–2000 in Bosnia-Herze-



Brian Turner in Mosul, Iraq, early 2004

Thomas Bosch

govina with the Tenth Mountain Division. But although his service in the Armed Forces upheld family tradition, his mother called the night before he flew to Iraq for his final year of duty in 2003. "She wanted to buy me a plane ticket to Australia," Turner explains quietly. "But while I don't agree with a president that says 'preemptive action is good strategic foreign policy,' I'd made an oath, and the entire country was saying this invasion needed to take place."

In Iraq, Turner found himself negotiating daily those internal and external conflicts he remembered so well from his study of *Gilgamesh* — a story he now believes should be mandatory reading in grammar school. "It's about friendship and wise leadership as much as about war," he says. Inspired by experiences both bleak and beautiful, Turner wrote *Here, Bullet*, which was hailed as a *New York Times* "Editor's Choice." "I wrote poetry in Iraq not just because I'm a poet by nature, but because what I experienced in that country was brief moments of interesting things happening," Turner explains.

In one such moment, he patrolled the Tigris River near Mosul, across from a castle where Persians had once held off Christian invaders during the Crusades. "I wondered what that looked like from the Iraqi point of view," Turner says, "to see an ancient castle on one side of the river, and an American soldier on the other." He walked in formation through snow in the ancient city of Nineveh, where tab-

lets dated to the seventh century B.C.E. and inscribed with the Gilgamesh legend had been found. He gazed at the ancient lands he'd studied in literature from the window of a Humvee.

"We drove from Kuwait through Baghdad," he says. "We passed Sumer, Babel. There was *Bayt al-Hikmah* — the 'house of wisdom' and a light of learning for the entire world. It was surreal to travel through it in a uniform, carrying a gun."

Although he deliberately wrote the poems in *Here, Bullet* in a direct style with little sentimentality, Turner didn't show them to soldiers in Iraq, worried about how they might react to his belief that the war is unnecessary and destructive to that country with its rich and epic history. "I don't know if any of the other soldiers knew about the history of Gilgamesh and the tablets, and where we really were," he says. "We need to be more educated before we take military action."

In his poem "Gilgamesh, in Fossil Relief," Turner writes:

*History is a cloudy mirror made of dirt
and bone and ruin. And Love? Loss?
Immortality?
These are the questions we must answer
again
by war and famine and pestilence, and
again
by touch and kiss*

Turner believes that poetry must serve as a witness, and the poet's job is to navigate the line between honesty and the impulse to romanticize the wartime experience. And he seems to have succeeded. *Publishers Weekly* calls Turner's poetry "straightforward and direct. It highlights the violence and death of the war in a manner little seen elsewhere."

Turner returned home to Fresno in 2004. He divides his time between teaching English at Fresno City College and giving readings and interviews related to *Here, Bullet*. He hopes to have the poems translated into Arabic. "I'd like the Iraqis to see the concern for all that informs these poems," he says. "The average Iraqi is just like someone in the United States. He wants to go to work and feed his kids and relax on the weekends. We'll never have peace or understanding if we can't break down this idea of Iraqis as 'the other.'"

— MELISSA HART



Courtesy Carolyn Bishop

Richard Hotes '73 (left), founder and CEO of Alaska Structures, making a difference in Pakistan

PHILANTHROPIST TAKES NEW MODEL OF GIVING TO THE MOUNTAIN

WHEN RICHARD HOTES '73 ARRIVED at Ground Zero two weeks after the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, he assessed the activities of firefighters, police, and relief workers searching the smoking remains of the World Trade Center buildings. Then he and his crew erected three command centers to support the grueling work.

The founder and CEO of Alaska Structures, a worldwide leader in fabric buildings used by military, government agencies, and commercial customers, Hotes says his management at the building site is part of what he calls a new model for corporate philanthropy.

Last fall, he had two more opportunities to lend a hand and apply his model.

As Hurricane Katrina flooded several Gulf states, Hotes called Mississippi Governor Haley Barbour to offer aid, then worked his way to Waveland, Mississippi, with truckloads of ready-made structures and a thirty-member team of corporate executives and volunteers (among them, Dave Martin '78, Phyllis Hellman '76, and John Hellman '76).

"He just said, 'I'm Richard from Alaska . . . The Lord sent us, and I'm here to help you,'" Rev. Martin Gillespie told the *Chicago Tribune*, explaining how Hotes and colleagues canvassed storm-ravaged Waveland, then assembled eighty buildings for public school administrators, police, fire, and disaster workers, as well as two units on the concrete slab where

Gillespie's St. Clare Catholic Church and school once stood.

Three weeks after returning to their Seattle offices, Hotes and twenty of his staff flew to Pakistan after a massive earthquake killed 80,000 people and razed countless mountain dwellings. He intended to "adopt a mountain," he told U.S. Ambassador Ryan C. Crocker — to donate a hospital complex, three schools, and 117 highly insulated family units that he, an Alaska native, and his company had designed for extreme weather conditions.

Responding to the generous, although unorthodox offer, Crocker and officials from the U.S. Agency for International Development arranged for a 747-cargo jetliner to transport the 210,000-pound payload to Islamabad Airport where

Hotes had forty trucks waiting. But the embassy advised against his traveling out of the city, fearing the American businessman might be a target. It was contrary to the CEO's model, and Hotes told them, "Look, I'm getting into the Jeep and going to the mountain. Come visit."

Days later at the housing sites on the Himalayan ridgeline known as Puthian, officials saw the quick progress Alaska Structures executives and the local people had made. Hotes remembers, "They said it matched their vision" of American generosity and ingenuity.

And accountability. Hotes says that relief agencies are stretched too thin to assure that resources reach people truly in need; in response, he visited each site to verify that neither politics nor favoritism influenced distribution. In some cases he confiscated units that he felt had been unfairly allocated. "One guy grabbed my arm and asked, 'Why are you taking my building?' I told him, 'Because it's my building.'"

To recruit other CEOs, Hotes has created a DVD showing his team's effectiveness. "If the video captures at least some people's emotions and reaches their hearts, we'll get them together for a donors' conference," he says. Instead of writing checks, he wants corporate leaders to adopt their own mountains, donating materials as well as expertise.

And spreading goodwill, adds Carolyn Bishop, Alaska Structures vice president for sales who served in both Mississippi and Pakistan. She says when arriving in

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villages, Americans were scared at first, and “The [Pakistani] people were unsure about us or what we were doing there. But by the third day on the mountain, they opened up their homes to us — their broken homes. And the women loved us [American] women working there. They’d pull out a bench or a blanket and offer us tea.” At the end of their stay, the volunteers were joking with the adults and playing with the kids.

“The children, they loved Richard,” says Bishop. “They were touched that a wealthy, successful CEO was doing something for them. That’s the model Richard is creating, showing that we care for them, and making sure that the resources are getting to the mountain.”

Ambassador Crocker told *Oregon Quarterly*, “Richard Hotes is the personification of American corporate philanthropy as it should be. His contribution of over \$4 million worth of cold weather shelters will keep survivors of the October 8 earthquake alive — literally — through a Himalayan winter. Their children are able to attend school and receive medical care in his structures. . . . He is a great American, and I am proud to be his representative in Pakistan.”

In February, Alaska Structures flew another 1,000 family units to a second Pakistan mountain.

— PETE PETERSON MFA '68, MS '77

DETOX ME!

THINK OF IT: ONE MONTH OF NOTHING but gut-bomb burgers, greasy fries, chemically flavored milkshakes, mega-caffeinated sodas. . . .

For vegan chef Alexandra Jamieson '97 this nutritional nightmare became reality in 2003 when her fiancé, filmmaker Morgan Spurlock, set out on a thirty-day McDonald's-only diet to create his award-winning documentary *Super Size Me*. During that month, Spurlock packed on almost twenty-five pounds and was plagued by a glut of debilitating side effects: depression, sexual dysfunction, decreased attention span. His cholesterol and blood pressure soared, and the film's consulting doctors warned Spurlock that he was in mortal danger — his liver was failing, overwhelmed by the huge quantity of fat that he was consuming.

Jamieson's part in the film was a true-life role: the concerned, health-conscious girlfriend who was horrified by the physical damage her fiancé was doing to

himself. After the film, with the result of thirty days of fast food jiggling on Spurlock's once-lean frame, Jamieson countered with a regimen of natural, whole foods, simply prepared. After several miserable days of withdrawal, he started shedding the fast-food overdose symptoms. Jamieson's nutritious meals soothed away the sugar, fat, and caffeine cravings, and Spurlock's robust good health gradually returned.

Super Size Me premiered in May 2004, after which Jamieson received hundreds of e-mails and more than 70,000 hits on her website (healthychefalex.com) from viewers interested in her nutritional detox method. She was inspired to write her first book, *The Great American Detox Diet* (Rodale, 2005). In the book, she chronicles the hazards of the typical American diet — over-processed, chemical-laden foods with little nutritional value — and notes that busy people want a fast, easy solution to the dinnertime dilemma.

Eating healthfully doesn't have to be hard, says Jamieson. "We've just gotten out of practice. There are two extremes that we have come to view as what cooking at home should be — it's either ultra-gourmet, super high-end," or the quick-fix, processed convenience foods that leap at us from grocery store shelves and television commercials. "This sends the wrong message — that it takes too much time to cook whole foods."

Jamieson, thirty, learned her own healthy habits growing up in Lake Oswego. Her family worked together in their huge garden to raise much of the fresh bounty they consumed. Her mother hosted a local radio show called "Eve's Organic Garden," and both parents enjoyed cooking and providing wholesome natural meals and treats.

Athletic and physically fit — but cursed with an outrageous sweet tooth — Jamieson says that her healthy, active lifestyle changed drastically during her teenage and college years. An after-school job at a local muffin shop turned her into a sugar junkie, and she spent the next several years supporting her newfound habit.

Eventually the junk-food blues found her. For the first time in her life, she gained weight and suffered from depression. Burdened with migraine headaches and extreme lethargy, Jamieson self-med-



Bob Wallace
 Filmmaker Morgan Spurlock with vegan chef Alexandra Jamieson, who shares favorite recipes on her website, healthychefalex.com

icated with more sugar, caffeine, and chocolate in an attempt to regain her flagging energy.

Mystified by her symptoms and desperate for relief, Jamieson scoured the public library for books on nutrition theory and alternative health, and soon set about creating her own detox. She designed a simple dietary plan that eliminated processed foods, additives, sugar, and caffeine. "Changing my diet so radically was the hardest thing I'd ever done," she says. "But within a week, I was a new woman."

The headaches stopped, and her normal energy and enthusiasm returned.

Surviving her own eating crisis helped Jamieson to discover her vocation: She wanted to help people find their way to vibrant health through nutrition. She completed a natural cooking curriculum, interned at a macrobiotic restaurant in Milan, Italy, and went on to graduate from the Institute for Integrative Nutrition in New York City.

Now a certified health counselor, Jamieson works by phone with clients across the country seeking a simple, healthy alternative to the fast-food lifestyle. She stresses gradual rather than dramatic dietary change. "Give yourself six months, spend a little time relearning and working it into your lifestyle."

The good news, Jamieson says, is that people's tastes change very quickly. "After one or two weeks on a whole-foods, non-processed diet, you might taste a soda and wonder, 'How did I ever drink that stuff?'"

— KATHERINE GRIES '05

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CLASS NOTEABLE



Bob Best

BEST OF '28

I am **C. Edward (Ed) Best '28** and now ninety-eight years of age. I always enjoy reading the Class Notes in *Old Oregon [Oregon Quarterly]* and now seldom see mentioned any class as far back as mine. I thought you might be interested in hearing from me.

I attended Eugene High School from 1920 to 1924. I was a fairly accomplished violinist, having studied under a nationally known teacher in St. Paul, Minnesota. I continued my violin studies under Rex Underwood, the head of the violin department at the UO.

I entered the UO in 1924 and enrolled in the economics department because I wanted to pursue a business career. However, I spent a lot of time at the School of Music working with the orchestras and providing musical groups for civic events.

In 1928, as graduation time neared, Rex Underwood had acquired an affliction in one of his arms that partially disabled it. . . . I was asked to stay on and help out in the School of Music. I agreed to stay on for one year. So, with my degree in economics, I joined the School of Music as an instructor in violin.

I still remember the first faculty meeting. When I was introduced as a new member of the School of Music staff, Dr. James Gilbert, dean of the economics department, remarked that it appeared a good economist had gone wrong. Dr. John Landsbury, dean of the School of Music, retorted that it was the first time he had met an economist with enough imagination to be a musician.

At the end of the year I resigned as agreed and went to work for Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. in San Francisco. I subsequently married Dorothea Drake '27. That was a most happy union, lasting seventy years, until Dorothea's passing in 2004 and from which at last count there were forty offspring.

I spent forty-three very enjoyable years in the telephone business and used my violin for a very pleasant avocation wherever I happened to be.

So, I am a 1928 graduate of the economics department, a 1929 retiree from the staff of the School of Music, and a 1972 retiree from the telephone business. I am ninety-eight years of age, still going strong, and enjoying my retirement.

1950

■ **James McGrath '50** has published a book of poetry, *At the Edgelessness of Light*, with Sunstone Press of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

1960

In November, **Joe M. Fischer '60 MFA '63** presented eleven of his paintings in the Local Color Art Exhibition at the art gallery of Lower Columbia College in Longview, Washington.

Michael Hollister '60 has published the novel *Follywood* (AuthorHouse, 2005), part of a trilogy including *Hollywood* (2004) and *Hollyworld* (2006).

William D. Rutherford '61 was re-elected chairman of the board of directors of Metro One Telecommunications. He also serves as president of Rutherford Investment Management LLC in Portland. He is a former treasurer of the state of Oregon and a member of the Oregon State Bar.

Homeland Security officials apprehended **Alaby Blivet '63**, whose laptop was the origin of a computer virus, dubbed BlivetBlast, that turned millions of home computers into slavlike "zombie machines" and launched orchestrated online attacks against banks, government agencies and, curiously, the Uma Thurman Fan Club. When arrested, Blivet proclaimed his innocence, shouting, "I'm just a patsy." Further investigation revealed that Blivet's only involvement was to be the first victim of the nefarious hacker, who remains at large.

■ **Denese Harrington Allen '64** retired from Fairfield-Suisun Unified School District after thirty-eight years of teaching in the primary grades. She worked in Oregon, Texas, and California during her long teaching career.

Lee D. Carter MS '67 served as senior editor of *Guam History: Perspectives, Volume Two*. He currently lives and works in Hagatna, Guam.

1970

In October 2004, **Stephen Nelson Ph.D. '71** joined the law firm of Miller, Canfield, Paddock and Stone, P.L.C. in Kalamazoo, Michigan. He is a senior technical specialist in the Intellectual Property and Information Technology group. Previously, he was a senior patent scientist at Pharmacia/Pfizer Corporation in Kalamazoo.

William O'Brien '73 reached his ten-year milestone as the owner of Brock LLC Brokerage Co. He and his wife, Tracy, just completed construction on their dream home in Broomfield, Colorado.

Phyllis Hellman '76 and her husband, John, sold their Fresno State and USC football tickets to go to Mississippi and help out with Hurricane Katrina relief efforts.

Scott Strauss '77 is thrilled that his daughter Marisa is a freshman at the UO this year, continuing the family tradition of studying in Eugene. Other ducks in the family include Marisa's grandfather, **David Strauss '52**, Scott's wife, **Terri Wallo '84**, and several of Marisa's aunts and uncles.

1980

Jim Gersbach '81 won the 2005 Bill Naito Oregon Community Tree Award for his efforts to create

an arboretum showcasing the “urban” trees of the Pacific Northwest. The arboretum features three dozen species planted along Ainsworth Street in northeast Portland. Gersbach is a long-time volunteer and past president of the urban tree-planting group Friends of Trees.

■ **Karen A. Yelle** '82 has worked for Portland State University as the classified employment manager for more than eighteen years. She has been singing in the PSU Community Chorus for about twelve of those years. She and her husband, Matt, are trying to enjoy an empty nest, but the kids keep coming back!

■ **Dan Dodderidge** '83 moved to New York City after graduating from the UO. He and his wife, Nancy, have two children, Bradley and Brooke. Brooke was born the morning of September 11, 2001, a few miles from Ground Zero. Dan was elected to Who's Who in 2000 and regularly speaks and writes about financial investment. His points of pride include his family and the volunteer work he does with foster children.

Sara Scott MS '83 has been named the Interpreter/Conservation Educator of the Year for the Northern Region of the United States Forest Service. An archaeologist who specializes in heritage preservation and interpretation, Scott was selected for her work on educational and interpretive signs for the Helena National Forest's Lewis and Clark bicentennial commemoration.

Carl Steidley Ph.D. '83 retired from his position as chair of the Department of Computing and Mathematical Sciences at Texas A&M University—Corpus Christi. He began his academic career at Oregon Institute of Technology and has held research appointments at NASA Ames Research Center, Oak Ridge National Laboratories, and Electro Scientific Industries.

■ **Dane S. Claussen** '84 has been appointed editor of *Journalism and Mass Communication Educator*, beginning with the Summer 2006 issue. He currently is an associate professor and director of the graduate program in the Department of Journalism and Mass Communication at Point Park University.

■ After spending twenty years on Wall Street, **Brad Gevurtz** JD '84 has returned to Oregon to head up D.A. Davidson & Co.'s investment banking group. He now lives in Lake Oswego.

Trish (King) Porter '84 broke the world record in the high jump for the forty-to-forty-four age group. She also won the Masters Nationals in high jump in 2003 and 2004. She and her husband of thirteen years, Pat Porter, live in Albuquerque with their eight-year-old son, Connor, and their four-year-old daughter, Shannon.

Sheila Raj '85 and her husband, Ronald Peterson, have owned Budget Lighting for three years. The couple moved to Mesquite, Nevada, from Colorado in 2001. They are both active members of the Mesquite-Virgin Valley Lions Club.

Mike Fish '86 is the beauty advertising director for the *People Magazine* group at Time, Inc., assigned to *People en Espanol*, the largest Hispanic magazine in the U.S.

Jim Marr '86 established Jim Marr PR, a Lake Oswego public relations and advertising agency, in 2001. Before opening his business, he spent fifteen years as a reporter and anchor at KMTR-TV in Eugene and KPTV Channel 12 in Portland. He

also worked as a senior advertising manager at KXL AM 750. He married Rhona Hamilton Marr, who works as Nike's Asia Pacific public relations manager, in September 2005.

Monte Muirhead '89 is working as a reporter at the NBC5 news bureau inside the Grants Pass *Daily Courier* as part of a new partnership between the newspaper and Medford's KOB1-TV.

■ **Alan Mushen** MS '89 is starting his eighteenth year as a life skills learning specialist at Tillamook High School. He has served as an adjunct faculty member for Tillamook Bay Community College, where he has instructed classes in tutoring and developmental disabilities. He and his wife, Micki, live in Oceanside.

1990

F. Paul Dickerson III JD '91 recently became a judge in California's Riverside County Superior Court. Prior to serving on the bench, he worked as a deputy district attorney, deputy public defender, and in a private legal practice.

Erik Bjorvik '92 joined M Financial Group in Portland where he designs and develops wealth management products.

■ **Tim Stafford** '97 and **Elizabeth Stafford** '98 will welcome their first “little duckie” in June. Tim currently works at Google as a senior product management recruiting consultant in Mt. View, California. Elizabeth is a general manager of a small neighborhood restaurant called Firefly in San Francisco, California. Tim is working on completing his doctorate in public administration by 2007. Tim is also completing his first short screenplay for production in 2006.

■ In May, **Matt Stormont** '98 earned his architecture license for the state of Oregon. He lives with his wife, Becky, in Medford, where he is the founding principal of Endeavor Architecture, LLC.

Gregory H. Allbright M.Ed. '99 was named Lead Teacher of the Year by Community of Caring and received \$20,000 in grant funds and service donations for the Humboldt County School District. He works as a special education teacher for a small rural school in Northern California.

2000

Jodi Newton '00 has earned her M.Ed. in counseling psychology at Washington State University. She is an instructor for Blue Mountain Community College and a contracted mental health clinician.

■ **Dylan Westphal** '01 and **Jill (Stevenson) Westphal** '00 welcomed their first child, a son, in November. The Westphal family lives in Laguna Niguel, California.

After working for the Foundation for Russian American Economic Cooperation in Seattle for two years, **Alina Tureeva** '02 is studying at the Monterey Institute of International Studies. She is working toward an MA in International Policy Studies with a specialization in International Development and Human Rights. Alina and three fellow Ducks in her program often talk about their memories of the UO.

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

Julie Kennedy '03 is now an administrative assistant at Lane County's United Way chapter.

Sarah M. Marshall '04 joined Satre Associates, P.C., a Eugene consulting firm, as an environmental specialist. She helps clients comply with wetland regulations and conducts biological assessments around Western Oregon.

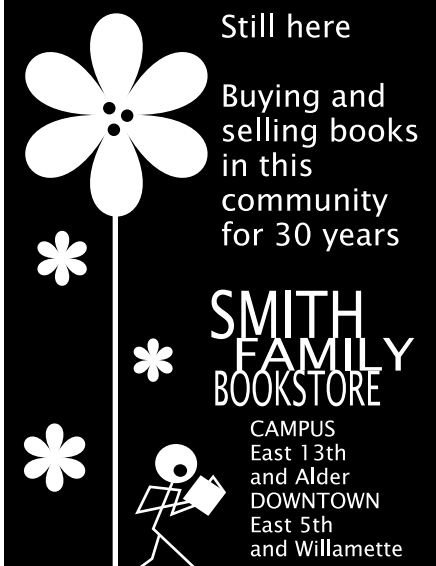
Shortly after graduating fall term from the UO School of Journalism and Communications, **Tyler Mack** '05 was appointed to the new position of marketing manager for online products at the *Spokesman-Review* in Spokane, Washington. A third-generation UO graduate from Eugene, he is responsible for developing online reader contests, promotions, and advertising packages for *spokesmanreview.com* and *spokane7.com*. He interned last summer with the *Spokesman-Review* and in the fall with the *Register-Guard*.

In Memoriam

Hellen I. Siegmund '31 died September 8 at the age of ninety-five. She had lived in Eugene since 1928. At the UO, she was a member of the Alpha Omega Pi sorority and studied music education and French. She and her husband, Edward, had three children and owned Siegmund's Cleaners in Eugene. She enjoyed supporting UO sports, golfing, and gardening.

Floyd John Hawn '36 died November 7; he was ninety-one. He played football at the UO before attending UC Davis to concentrate on the family sheep business. During WWII, he served in the U.S. Army as a medic and earned a Bronze Star. A resident of Ukiah, California, he was involved with many community groups, including the Ukiah Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, the Redwood Empire Council, and the Aahmes Shrine.

Frank E. Nash '37 JD '39 died November 13. He was eighty-nine years old. He grew up in Pendleton and then attended the UO, where he received his undergraduate and law school degrees and was the editor of the *Oregon Law Review*. He moved to Portland in 1939 and joined the law firm of McCamant, Thompson, King & Wood. He served in the U.S. Army for four and a half years



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in WWII as an officer in the Counterintelligence Corps and was commander of the Fourth Counterintelligence Region during the occupation of Japan, attaining the rank of lieutenant colonel. He married Elizabeth Kibbe in 1943 and returned to Portland, becoming a partner at the law firm now known as Miller Nash. In 1980 Nash received the Oregon Pioneer Award from the UO, and in 1992, the UO presented him the Law Meritorious Service award. In 1993, he funded a professorship in law at the University. He was past president of the Multnomah Bar Association and a Fellow of the American Bar Foundation. He volunteered with many organizations, including the Board of Visitors of the UO Law School and the UO Foundation, for which he was an emeritus trustee. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, golf, and travel.

Walter "Walt" Dennis '39 died September 2 at the age of 101. Before earning his MBA at the UO, he was the superintendent of schools in Rogue River, Clatskanie, and Roseburg. After graduating, he began work in the motor hotel industry and was president of Best Western for three years. He and his wife Nelly had one son. He enjoyed hunting, fishing, traveling, and lapidary arts. His award-winning crystal and mineral exhibit remains on display at the UO.

Sylvia Sarlat Stone '40 passed away in her sleep on September 5 in Boise, Idaho, at age eighty-seven. At the UO, she became a lifelong member of Sigma Kappa sorority and earned her degree in journalism. She worked at several newspapers in Eugene and Idaho. She married Joel, who, during WWII, was assigned to the Army Air Corps while Sylvia served as an administrative noncommissioned officer in the U.S. Marine Corps. Upon discharge, the couple, who were married for sixty years, moved back to Idaho, where Sylvia began a long career in medical administration in Boise and Caldwell. A lifelong member of Congregation Ahavath Beth Israel, she was also active in the Parent Teacher Association and the Caldwell Women's Golf Association. She will be missed by her twin sons, her grandchildren, and her community.

Elizabeth May "Betty" Weston '42 died May 16 at the age of eighty-five. She graduated from high school in Seattle and then attended the UO, where she pledged Pi Beta Phi sorority and was named "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" fraternity. She married Harold Weston, the 1941 UO student body president, and the couple moved to Portland. Her life was devoted to her family, her friends, her home, her various volunteer activities, and her three children, all of whom attended the UO. She will be missed by her husband of sixty-three years, her three children, her ten grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

IN MEMORIAM POLICY

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

A SOLDIER AT SIXTY-FIVE

MANY PEOPLE TURN SIXTY AND begin thinking about retirement. Lanny Snodgrass Ph.D. '77 joined the Army. He did it in part to serve a need, in part to fulfill a lifelong passion. Or maybe the Seattle-area psychiatrist is just part crazy.

When he checked into an Army medical center for a prerequisite physical screening, he found himself standing in his underwear, shoulder-to-shoulder with men young enough to be his grandchildren. As if his age weren't enough to make him stand out from the crowd, he forgot that his skivvies were a far cry from standard-issue tighty whities. Much to his chagrin, he was wearing a pair of leopard-print briefs — a pair his wife had given him.

"I felt like someone from another planet," he recalls.

Although Snodgrass, now sixty-five, only recently joined the Army Reserves, he's been treating military personnel and their families for most of his career as a civilian doctor. He worked in Southeast Asia in the early 70s during the Vietnam War, in Nuremberg, Germany, during the first Gulf War, and in various stateside locations as the fighting in Iraq and Afghanistan has raged on.

But, Snodgrass observes, things are "different this time." The fighting in the Middle East has no clear end in sight and many servicemen and women — including large numbers of National Guard troops — have been called up for successive deployments, which Snodgrass says creates a high level of stress and strain. As a clinical psychiatrist, he treats people who bring remnants of the conflicts home in the form of nightmares, difficulty stepping back into family life, Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, and other psychological problems. He sees the results of these crushing pressures every day and understands the gravity of his mission.

"I try to heal the wounds of those who have served," Snodgrass says.



Jared Soares/Lawrence Journal-World photo

"I try to help families integrate, try to alleviate depression and get them connected to support groups in the community."

During the years he's been around the military, he's seen top brass become more sensitive to the psychological issues facing soldiers. Since the most recent Gulf wars broke out, for example, all military personnel returning from a war zone are screened for possible depression.

"We understand and recognize that you may have been affected," Snodgrass says. "We're saying that just being human, you might have been affected."

Thankfully, improved body armor and battlefield medical care have led to a decreased mortality rate among wounded soldiers since the days of Vietnam. But while their lives and vital organs are better protected, soldiers all too often return home having lost a limb — and carrying associated psychological wounds.

"He was visibly moved by the soldiers who had come back," says Robert Plant, a psychiatric nurse and Snodgrass's close friend. "He was refortified that his mission was the right one."

For Snodgrass, whom Plant describes as a Scottish bulldog of a man with piercing eyes and a deter-

mined chin, just getting into the Army was a challenge. He first attempted to join in 1963 after finishing high school, but a football injury kept him out. Forty years later, trying to join the Army at sixty wasn't easy either.

Colonel David Baker, director of health services, U.S. Army Recruiting Command, said the typical cut-off age for the Army is forty-seven. But exceptions are made for people like Snodgrass with special skills, especially on the medical side.

It took a few years, but Snodgrass finally was cleared to go through basic training, which was especially hard for a man in his mid-sixties with a heart condition. He made it through, worked for a while at an Army hospital in his home state of Kansas, and now is a lieutenant colonel in the reserves.

While Snodgrass hasn't been sent to battle, he has been transformed by putting on a uniform. He says he has a better sense of what it means to be a soldier.

"I have a different sense of respect I didn't have before . . . a certain empathy," he says. "I developed a deeper sense of compassion."

When he's not on active duty, he works for Madigan Army Medical Center in Tacoma, Washington. During his spare time, he plays the piano, a skill he developed while earning his way through the University of Oregon in the late 1960s. Snodgrass paid his rent by tickling the keys at Pietro's in Springfield.

He's a man who isn't afraid to take on challenges.

"He's done way more than he should for someone his age," one friend says.

For Snodgrass, it comes down to doing what is right.

"We've got to give credit to the guys who are taking care of our young soldiers," says Baker. "These guys that sign up for us are outstanding. They give up a lot."

— JACKSON HOLTZ MS '05

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JUNE 30 – JULY 16, 2006

Jean (Phillips) Cootes '44 died November 24, 2004. She was eighty-two years old. She graduated Phi Beta Kappa with a music degree from the UO and went on to serve as an intelligence officer on General Eisenhower's staff in the European theater. She married Merritt Cootes, a diplomat, after the war, and the couple was assigned to Pakistan and Florence, Italy, during their government careers. Upon retirement, the couple settled in Princeton, New Jersey, where Jean continued to play piano.

After a three-year battle with cancer, **Chester S. Bergeron '47** passed away September 2 at age eighty-seven. He grew up in Hoquiam, Washington, and enlisted in the Army after graduating from high school. He married Norma Kansala in 1943 and was then sent to the European theater of WWII where he fought with the 179th Infantry Regiment and received a Bronze Star. He attended the UO after the war and earned his degree in business. He worked for United States Plywood in California, and later formed his own plywood company, Pacific States Plywood in San Rafael.

James Robert "Bob" Fulton '49 died September 21 at the age of eighty-one. He served with the U.S. Army Air Corps in WWII before attending the UO. He earned a degree in music and worked as program director and sales manager of KERG radio in Eugene. His thirty-year career as a play-by-play sportscaster of college sports included commentary on UO sporting events. He served in many community groups in California, including the Fresno Philharmonic, the San Joaquin Valley Health Consortium, and other healthcare-related organizations. He was a public speaker, singer, artist, writer of fiction and nonfiction, and twenty-one-year member of the Fresno Rotary Club. He will be greatly missed by his wife Jean, his children, and his grandchildren.

Duane Charles Lemley '50 passed away suddenly of a stroke on September 12; he was seventy-eight. He served in the U.S. Navy during WWII before earning his master's degree from Ohio State University. His thirty-year career in social administration included work for state and local children's services in Ohio, Wisconsin, Oregon, and California. He also founded Shared Housing and Store-to-Door, two Portland-based service organizations for the elderly and disabled. He and Darlene, his wife of fifty-five years, became Peace Corps volunteers in the Philippines after retirement. Duane and Darlene traveled to every continent and enjoyed cross-country trailer trips to visit family and friends.

Mortimer R. Patton '53 died November 10 at the age of eighty-six. He graduated from the School of Architecture and Allied Arts and worked for U.S. Gypsum Company. Upon his retirement, he returned to school to become an ordained minister. He and his wife, Betty, lived in Georgia.

Frank J. Primozich MS '53 died October 8 in Camano Island, Washington. He was eighty-two years old. He served in the U.S. Army for four years during WWII and participated in the Tokyo war trials as a secretary. At the UO, he earned a graduate degree in political science and began his professional career as a teacher. He was employed by the U.S. government in the Western Caroline Islands, where he worked with island chiefs to form an autonomous government. When he re-

turned to Washington, he worked for FEMA until retirement in 1987. He and his wife of fifty-eight years, Marjorie, loved spending time with their eight children and fourteen grandchildren.

Mary Lou Hansen Reed '53 died September 5 from lung disease complications at age seventy-three. She was a member of Gamma Phi Beta sorority at the UO and later earned her teaching credential from San Jose State University. She taught elementary school in the Bay Area, where she married James Reed, her husband of forty-eight years. She enjoyed keeping in touch with her friends from Oregon, playing duplicate bridge, watching baseball, and knitting sweaters for children.

John "Jack" D. Gabrielson '55 died June 3, 2004. He was seventy years old. After graduating from the UO, he served as a pilot in the U.S. Air Force. A resident of Riverside, Oregon, since 1964, he was an active volunteer in the community with groups such as the United Way, Riverside Community Hospital, and the Epilepsy Society of the Inland Empire. He will be missed by his wife of forty-three years, Darlys, their three children, and their seven grandchildren.

Faculty In Memoriam

Edward C. Harms Jr. '41 Ph.D. '49 died November 12 of a heart attack; he was eighty-one. He served in the U.S. Navy at Iwo Jima and Okinawa

and married Patricia Walker when he returned home in 1946. He served on the Springfield City Council from 1950 to 1952 and as Springfield mayor from 1952 to 1960. He was named Young Man of the Year for the state of Oregon in 1956 and Junior First Citizen and First Citizen of Springfield in 1956 and 1957. He taught law at the UO School of Law and served as city attorney for Springfield. He enjoyed mountain climbing, golf, history, politics, reading, and Duck athletics. Harms was a member of the Springfield Forum, the Eugene Country Club, and the First Baptist Church in Springfield. He also received a League of Oregon Cities special recognition award in 1986.

Steve Keele '62 died at the age of sixty-five on September 27 after battling brain cancer. Keele was a cognitive psychology researcher and a pillar of the UO psychology department. His work on attention in relation to movement led to his book, *Attention and Human Performance*, which spurred many later developments in both attention and motor control research.

Annabel Reed Kitzhaber died October 27 at the age of eighty-eight. Born in Joseph, Oregon, she grew up in Lewiston, Idaho, and graduated cum laude with a BA in English from the University of Idaho. She was inducted into Phi Beta Kappa. She went on to graduate school at Washington State University, where she earned her MA in English and Philosophy and married Albert R. Kitzhaber,

a fellow graduate student. She was an instructor in English at Washington State College, Iowa State College, and the UO. A tireless community activist, she worked with the Girl Scouts, PEO, and the League of Women Voters in every community where her family lived. Her public service in Oregon also included working with the Lane Transit Board of Directors, Governor McCall's School Finance Task Force, and the Eugene City Club. A month before her death, her long relationship with the League of Women Voters was recognized with the first annual Annabel Kitzhaber Education and Advocacy Award. She also received the UO's Distinguished Service Award in 1999. The Kitzhabers raised three children, including Oregon Governor John Kitzhaber.

Professor Emeritus **Jim Lemert** died December 13 in hospice care, surrounded by friends and caregivers, in Waldport. He was seventy. Lemert came to the UO in 1967 as an assistant professor in the School of Journalism and Communication. During his thirty-year career at the UO, he served as director of the School of Journalism and Communication's graduate program. His extensive research and teaching focused on public opinion, newsroom ethics, and political reporting. He was instrumental in building the graduate program in journalism research and was frequently called upon by media outlets around the country to provide political analysis. He enjoyed jazz music, reading, and travel.

DECADES

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

1926 Interpretative dancing is the UO's latest craze, with more than 250 women participating. Instructor Lillian Stupp proclaims it "democratic" because, unlike other terpsichorean forms "it can be done by any type of girl." The radically new approach to dance requires freedom from self-consciousness, a love of music and art, and a spirit of play.

1936 The NBC radio network broadcasts the UO and Yale University debate on the question "Resolved: That It Is More Fun to Be a Man Than a Woman." A trio of male orators from the UO upholds the negative side of the question after Yale vetoes the UO's request to use co-ed speakers.

1946 As the first step in the UO's postwar building expansion, plans are afoot for a new science building to house the physics, chemistry, biology, and astronomy departments; the four-story facility will provide lecture rooms, laboratories, research rooms, classrooms, photography labs, animal care facilities, and centralized administrative offices — at a cost of \$80,000.

1956 The UO Student Senate enlists in a nationwide campus movement called the Crusade for Freedom. Proceeds from the coordinated fundraising drive will support monitoring activities to provide a constant vigil on forty-five communist radio stations in Europe, the radio broadcast of messages of hope to freedom-hungry Europeans, and the distribution via air drop of publica-

tions and leaflets — 26,000,000 in one month — behind the iron curtain.

1966 In the wake of the past year's demonstrations, sit-ins, and riots at forty educational institutions, *Old Oregon* asks: Can we assume that the era of "student unrest" has run its natural course and gone the way of goldfish swallowing, panty raids, and telephone booth stuffing? The ominous reply: "Unless solutions are found, the majority of campuses will face such problems within the next few years."

1976 Fifteen UO Centennial celebration banners disappear in a campus crime wave (and reappear as decorations on the walls of dorms, fraternities, and apartments around campus). One banner is anonymously returned, neatly folded in a brown paper wrapper affixed with a lengthy quote on integrity and honesty, attributed to Ayn Rand.

1986 A comparative study of salaries at universities that grant doctoral degrees ranks UO faculty pay close to rock bottom — 95 out of 107 — making the UO, despite its national reputation for quality, among the worst-funded universities of its kind in America.

1996 The *Oregon Commentator* reports that, perhaps with an eye toward encouraging alternative modes of transportation, University officials have recently issued 5,925 staff and student parking permits for the 2,820 available parking spaces.

STEP BY STEP

By Philip Frohnmayer M.Mus. '72

THE WAY TO BE TOGETHER WITH my dad, Otto, was to tag along with him when he was working, which was most of the time. He loved his work, and with four children, all of whom ended up at expensive colleges, it's a good thing he did. I went on business errands with him one day when I was in grade school. One task took us to a building with an elevator. In the 1950s in Medford an elevator was a neat thing, and I pressed the button. It didn't come right away, and he said, "Let's take the stairs." We did.

Whenever he could and into his nineties, I think my father nearly always took the stairs.

I don't know much about his childhood, but he was born in Germany in 1905. The family emigrated to Portland in 1906. Dad's people were poor. He paid for his own education by working a variety of jobs. First he went to a business college to learn accounting. Then he was an undergraduate at the University of Oregon, where he also graduated from law school. To be a lawyer was for him an honorable and serious calling. He loved the law in a way that isn't much talked about now. For him the law was his church. It offered protection to the weak and ordered society so that productive work could be done. He prospered in his practice but never forgot where he came from.

My parents worked hard and they saw to it that we did, too. Sloppiness would not do. We children used to joke about their parting remarks when we'd leave the house to do whatever we needed to do: "Remember who you are and what you represent!" I still wonder exactly how they came up with that one, but as I get older I understand it better.

I make my living teaching and performing vocal music. I've witnessed many a performance of late where the most basic elements of responsible music-making were barely evident. I heard a prelude at church with piano and harpsichord playing antiphonally. Both players could play, but the two instruments were a quartertone apart in pitch. Another performance had singers on stage and instrumentalists in the pit and never were they together. Their efforts, though, were dignified with a standing ovation at the end.

I'm talking here about the necessity to have standards, and high ones, in the business of music. We have standards for the food we eat, the water we drink, the cars we drive, but somehow to insist on really good music (particularly in church) can get you pegged as a snob, an elitist, or worse. Standards can make people seem unloving and inflexible, but without them our efforts soon become adulterated and without meaning — then no one is served.



Tim Jordan (based on Juan Gri's Guitar and Clarinet 1920)

Over thirty years ago in graduate school, a gifted pianist told my friend Bob Edwards (a preacher's kid who'd been playing organ and piano in church since he could walk) that the great liturgical music didn't speak to today's *real* believers. The pianist had left his church to find one where the congregation sang less stuffy music. The "new" music had (and has) a restricted harmonic and rhythmic palette. Because it was based on the folk-rock idiom, the leaders didn't need much formal training.

My friend Bob replied to the young man that he felt God loved the sincere efforts of his people to praise

him, but that there was no virtue in being an amateur if you'd been trained to be a professional.

My brother John had a small ceremony in the Oval Office of the White House when he was installed as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts. The proceedings were short, but the president, the elder George Bush, found a little time to be sociable. I identified myself to the president as the brother who lived in Louisiana. He asked what I did. "I'm a singer and a professor of music," I said. "What kind of music?" "Classical," I said. "Oh," he replied. "That isn't really my thing. I've always liked country music."

I've often wondered why educated people with all the advantages wealth and position could afford them have fled classical music in such huge numbers. Shakespeare hasn't been deserted thus, nor have the paintings of the Old Masters.

We in the academy have made a poor case for our art over the past several decades. We've presented lots of difficult and unapproachable music and have dared audiences to like it. They didn't. As if to atone, now classical musicians sometimes put on sloppy performances of good music. Or we perform music that we think the public will like, but it's not anything anyone wants to hear more than once. The audience may applaud, but will they come back for more? I don't think so.

Audiences are starved for excellence. They long to be moved. They want what they've always wanted: to experience a true, beautiful thing. To give it to them, we who teach and perform need to give the very best we have in every situation. We have to practice.

I think we need to take the stairs.

Philip Frohnmayer is the Mary Freeman Wisdom Distinguished Professor of Opera and chair of vocal studies at Loyola University in New Orleans. After Hurricane Katrina, he spent last fall in Eugene and taught at the UO.

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