

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Autumn 2008

# Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

## *Mars and Back*

Rock Star Returns • Olympian Images • Dr. Dung • Chuck Palahniuk



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# Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y



## 26 Put Out to Pasture



## 30 Following Her Star



## 38 Zoot Suit Grad



## 41 Eugene 08 In Pictures

**COVER** | Táhirih Motazedian photo by Balfour Walker.

### FEATURES

## 26

### THE SPORT OF KINGS

by Rebecca Owen

The winning essay in the student category of the 2008 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest exposes the unglamorous side of horse racing.

## 30

### ASCENT OF A WOMAN

by Kimber Williams

A devastating injury that forced Táhirih Motazedian to abandon her musical career led her to a new passion and a dream job studying Mars. But her story doesn't end there.

## 38

### DROPPING IN

by Corey DuBrowa

After big-time record sales, a number one hit, and sold-out world tours, rock star Steve Perry came back to the UO to take care of some unfinished business.

## 41

### OLYMPIAN ACHIEVEMENT

Photos by John Bauguess

The UO and Eugene shined during the Olympic Trials, June 27–July 6.

### DEPARTMENTS

## 2 EDITOR'S NOTE

## 4 LETTERS

## 8 UPFRONT | Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

### First There Is a Mountain

by Kathleen Dean Moore

### The Mind Boggles, The Heart Hardens

by Paul Slovic

### Preemptive Arrest

by Steven Bender

### Bright Lights, Big Cities

by Ben Metcalfe

## 16 UPFRONT | News, Notables, Innovations

### Dung Research

### Breakthroughs and Tax Breaks

### Online Oregon Encyclopedia

### PROFile: Peter Mills

## 46 OLD OREGON

### Sorority Turns 100

### Ed's Coed

### Chuck Palahniuk

### The UO Band's Birthday

### Class Notes

### Decades

## 64 DUCK TALES

### A Ken Kesey Legacy

by John R. Gustafson '60



# Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

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## Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

### I-5

I don't remember exactly when the car trip between Eugene and Portland flipped from a pleasure cruise to drudgery. Any 110 miles of interstate gets old eventually if you pound it enough. And I know that route so well that I can time a playlist to kick out some rocking Allman Brothers just as I'm passing the Brownsville exit on the return trip, when I need a little boost. But it's more than just the sameness of it, more than just that what's new (the barrier walls in Salem, the outlet mall in Woodburn) could be in San Jose or Omaha or Cincinnati, more even than that the sheer number of cars and trucks makes I-5 feel more like a backed-up inner-city expressway than the open road interstates that were the paths to freedom and space when I first started to drive.

It's not even meanness, really—the road rage that makes a headline every now and then. There's none of that sort of passion involved.

I generally cruise I-5 a few miles per hour over the speed limit, somewhere in the middle high range of the traffic flow—a safe place to be both legally (police cars pass me with nary a nod) and in respect to protecting life and limb. I drive in the right lane until I come upon cars going slower, at which point I move to the left lane, stay there until I am well clear of the slower moving traffic, and then ease back to the right lane, so cars going faster than me—and there are plenty of them—can go past. To me, that movement creates a graceful choreography of our internally combusting hunks of whatever it is they make cars out of these days. I find an exhilarating groove in that dance; with my tunes blasting, I offer little nods to my partners as I pass them or they pass me—we're on this road together and it's all right, it's all right, it's all right.

Except that doesn't happen much anymore—just short stretches here and there unless I happen to make the trip after midnight and even then . . . the flow gets clogged and lots of people who don't get the dance, don't get that highway travel is a collaborative undertaking cut in and screw it all up.

Some drivers think the left lane is just for them, regardless of their relationship to other cars. They don't pass and move over. They just linger in the left lane as cars who want to pass back up behind them. Speed is not the issue. If a car in front of me in the left lane is making progress in passing a car to its right, though going slower than I'd like to be going, I keep a safe and respectful distance and wait my turn.

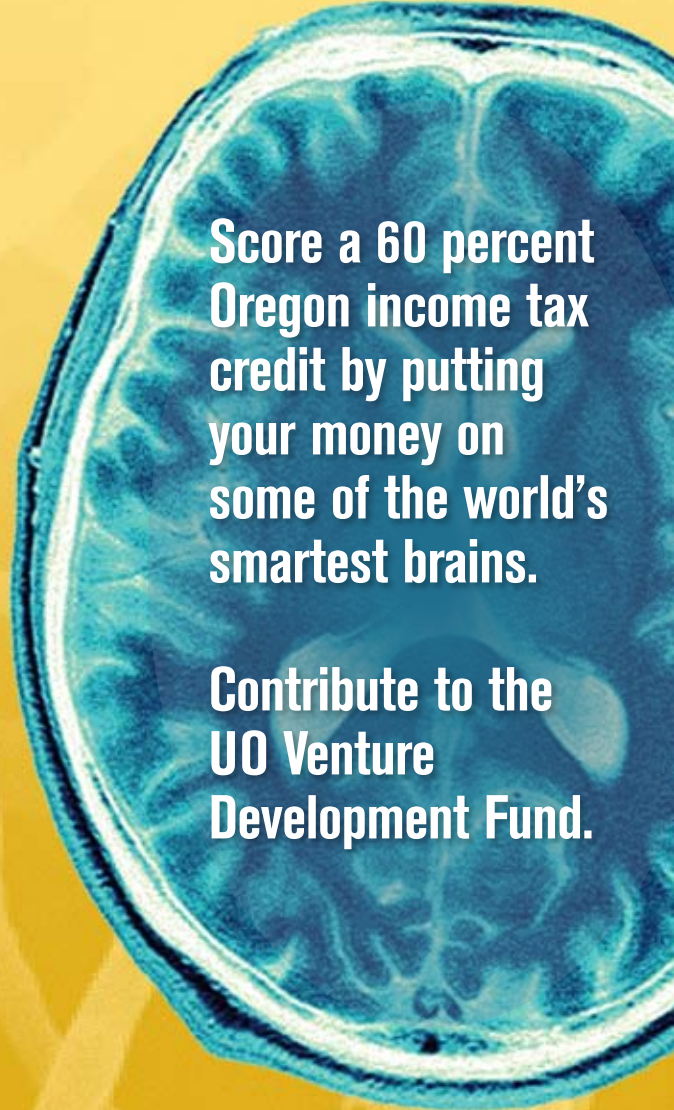
But when someone clogs the left lane and cars behind maintain a reasonable distance from them, the other set of self-absorbed drivers jerk into the right lane and then squeeze back into the left lane, eliminating all that safety distance (should be at least two-thirds the length of a football field at 65 miles per hour). The result is a long line of cars in the left lane too close together—and I'm mad at the slow driver blocking my path and the fast driver cutting in. The groove is gone.

Yes, we should all drive less. Yes, we need a reliable high-speed rail all the way up and down the West Coast—yesterday. Yes, I need to accept that the Eugene-Portland drive will never be that graceful dance again and just chill out. But it's a damn shame.



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## Names and Places

I wanted to send a few words to let you know how much I enjoyed Ellen Waterston's essay ["The Old Hackleman Place, An Obituary," Summer 2008] in *Oregon Quarterly*. On finishing it, I immediately read it again aloud, trying to sort out how she so unobtrusively guided me through such a range of emotional terrain. She put into words some of the nebulous thoughts and feelings I've had in relation to places, those places I've spent days and years doing what one does when it's primarily you and the earth: hard labor and staring at the space between here and there. I thank her for making those experiences more tangible with her words.

*Byron Glidden, M.S. '86  
Eugene*

Just finished Ellen Waterston's "The Old Hackleman Place." A fine piece for all kinds of reasons, among them the fact that so many moss-laden western Oregonians seldom venture into the third quarter of this remarkable state.

## Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

When I was about four-cum-five we lived in a rented house in Gooding, Idaho. Down the street (not paved) lived a magical fellow, maybe fourteen or fifteen. I thought he was maybe forty but I couldn't imagine forty. His dad wore a large black Stetson and was, I think, sort of a cowboy. John, the boy, was my best friend and old enough to allay any thoughts I might have had in getting warts from the toads we played with. My hometown irrigated lawns (what there were) and gardens via flood irrigation. Ditches were all over town and they provided the summer respite pre- and during those days when the marginal waters were replete with (we later learned) that stuff which caused polio. I survived; a couple of my friends did not.

John announced one day that they were moving. I near collapsed. He was the older brother I never had. And he told me they were moving to Drewsey, Oregon. I didn't know where Drewsey was; I didn't know where Oregon was.

So years later, driving that extraordinary Highway 20 between Vale and Bend (many times), I took a sidecar trip to Drewsey—John, of course, long gone. Drewsey was and remains Drewsey. And as with any adventure on that highway, it always demanded a stop in Juntura . . . coffee, hotcakes as large as cattle-leavings, and a rest under those massive poplars. The banks of the hushed Malheur River out of Vale, Drinkwater Pass, Stinkingwater Pass, Riley, Hines where the aborted concrete structure still hovered (was it planned to be a hotel?), on through Brothers (someone always seemed to be at that store) and on through to Bend where the waft of juniper was all-pervasive. I used to stop and pluck a small branch for the sniff in the car.

At Brothers I was always reminded of the Raft River Store outside of American Falls, Idaho, where the Oregon Trail split for those taking the California Trail. There was a sign behind the counter at the Raft River Store . . . "If I had a summer home in Hell and a winter home on Raft River, I'd spend my winters in my summer home."

Ellen Waterston's Hackleman piece brought back fine memories of the high desert I continue to love. Ghosts still hover. Need to get to it more often.

*Terry Melton  
Salem*

**"If I had a summer home in Hell and a winter home on Raft River, I'd spend my winters in my summer home."**

## Kenny Moore

I just received my copy of the Summer 2008 *Oregon Quarterly* and was really blown away by the quality of the publication and especially with the Kenny Moore article ["Intertwining Ovals"]. I graduated back in '97 and have been living and working around the world since, so seemed to receive your updates only periodically. Thanks for keeping them coming, it's so refreshing to get a taste of Oregon in my busy life.

I have been lucky to enjoy an amazing run at life following my time in Eugene (my sister is a sophomore there now) and certainly owe the school a big thanks for helping prepare me for everything I've since accomplished. If you ever need a proud alumnus to help speak to the strengths of the political science, language, and international studies program at Eugene I would be happy to [do it]. In the past five years I have built a successful company dedicated to the revitalization of failed urban housing communities and would not have had the tools to do so were it not for my time at the UO.

*Matt Wanderer '97  
Miami, Florida*

This article ["Intertwining Ovals"] was well written. Good job! Kenny and I were teammates at North Eugene High School. You mention that his coach was Bob Newman. The real name was Bob Newland, who was also a vice principal at North. Keep up the good work!

*Ron Bloom  
Eugene*

I thoroughly enjoyed Todd Schwartz's article "Intertwining Ovals." One error that needs correcting: Bob Newland was Kenny





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# Fly easy...



Moore's coach at North Eugene. Newland, along with Tom Ragsdale and principal Ray Hendrickson, produced some excellent-quality runners in the '60s and '70s. All three men were actively involved with the track-and-field movement in Eugene. Bob Newland directed three Olympic track-and-field trials. In addition, Bob Newland's son, Bob, was an All-American wide receiver at Oregon ('70). All in all, a great article about a distinguished graduate and remarkable writer.

Keith Barnes '77  
Vallejo, California

## Duel for Dual

I eagerly read *Oregon Quarterly* virtually word for word. It, along with *Smithsonian* and *National Geographic* are, in no particular order, my favorite periodicals and the only ones to which I subscribe. The quality of your journalism is always thought provoking.

The letter from Stephen Wasby [Letters, Summer 2008] made me chuckle and I must confess his writing skills far surpass mine. [Development of my writing skills] ended with a creative writing class from Professor Aly in the spring term of 1964, which I took to avoid the dreaded research paper then required of freshmen.

I read "A Blossoming Transplant" [Old Oregon] and noticed an example of what I think is a too convenient habit of writers and editors. The habit is over reliance on the spell-checking feature imbedded in word processing programs. Buried in the third paragraph (second sentence) is the example. The word *duel* where *dual* is correct in that context. The best spell-checking software in the world would not catch it as an error.

Maybe one skill I learned from Professor Aly was that the best spell-checking software lies in the mind of a careful reader or editor. I am sure she did not realize she was teaching us that in 1964 because word processing was done with a typewriter.

Evan Mandigo '67  
Bismarck, North Dakota

*Editor's note: We agree with Professor Aly and would never trust the proofreading of Oregon Quarterly to spell-checking software. Unfortunately our careful human editors and proofreaders occasionally miss*

*things. This error is particularly galling to us because we caught and corrected an error involving the same homonyms elsewhere in that issue. We do enjoy the company of Smithsonian and National Geographic on your reading list.*

## Pre

Living and working in rural Missouri, half a continent away from my heart, I have been amazed by the level of influence Pre's memory still has on local running culture ["The Church of Pre," Upfront, Summer 2008]. I've had more than one conversation with runners who long for the chance to visit Pre's Rock and stand on the hallowed ground of Hayward Field. That the echoes of his life are being felt in high schools and universities over thirty years later and two thousand miles away is testimony to his greatness as an athlete. I only hope this current generation of Ducks appreciates fully the history they are blessed to participate in through their acceptance into the University of Oregon.

Jon Smith '95  
Joplin, Missouri

## Baseball

I am happy to learn from *Oregon Quarterly* that the UO is resuming its baseball program. My pain was mitigated by the fact that, since I have not been in Eugene since the mid-1950s, I was unaware that the University had dropped baseball a number of years ago.

For me, it was, from the fan point of view, the best and most entertaining sport in town. Fortunately, I was graduate assistant to the late Bill Williams, fresh from the University of Wisconsin, and he shared my enthusiasm for the sport. The big gun of that era was, as you mention, Earl Averill of Snohomish, Washington, the son of the Hall of Famer of the same name who had played center field for the Cleveland Indians during the 1930s. Oregon's Earl Averill was a catcher who, according to Google, spent seven years in the majors (of which two years were with his father's old team, the Indians). Earl Jr. retired from baseball in the early 1960s.

Charles W. Grover, M.A. '53  
Bethesda, Maryland





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# Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

## First there is a mountain . . .

*Is there a better metaphor for catastrophe and renewal than Mount St. Helens? Twenty-five years after the cataclysmic eruption of May 1980, a group that included scientists, philosophers, journalists, and artists hiked into the devastated wilderness, camped for four days, and shared their knowledge and insights. Essays and poems that resulted from this unusual cross-pollination appear in *In the Blast Zone: Catastrophe and Renewal on Mount St. Helens*. The excerpt below is from a chapter titled "In Endless Song," by essayist and Oregon Book Award–winner Kathleen Dean Moore. In addition to serving as distinguished professor of philosophy at Oregon State University, Moore is also director of the Spring Creek Project for Ideas, Nature, and the Written Word, which helped organize the Blast Zone project, and served as the judge of Oregon Quarterly's 2008 Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.*

WE'VE PITCHED OUR TENTS in pumice on a north-south spine. Snow-crowned Mount Adams floats on forests to the east; to the west, Mount St. Helens stands raw and gray. As daylight drains off our camp, pink light collects in the cracked bowl of the volcano. One by one, we set down our coffee cups and gather on the ridge to watch. The pink cloud glows above lavender cliffs and dims the rosy distance. At a sudden rumble of rock, we shout and scramble for binoculars to watch rubble roll down the caldera's flank. A dust plume boils up, bursts red, and pulses over the rim. The last of the light shafts through broken rock, flickering in the smoke.

I've seen paintings of Creation that look like this—a red gleam moving over smoking stone. And I've seen imaginings of the end of time that look just the same—gray rock seamed with fire, rising smoke, falling darkness, nothing left of life except a handful of human beings lined up at the edge of Destruction, unable to speak.

The smoke stays with me in my dreams. In the dark before morning, low rumbling shakes me awake. Light strobes the side of the tent. An eruption? I'm on my knees at the door. But it's lightning that crashes between the mountains. Thunder rolls

again, and I unzip the tent. The broken side of the mountain, that shattered tooth, fills the doorway. A bolt of lightning shoots from the crater almost to the moon, half hidden behind glowing clouds. The tent fills with light. Thunder shakes the ground under my knees. Should I run down the road to the landing and bring up a van to protect them, all the beautiful, pyroclastic minds of my friends?

One. Two. Three. I count the seconds to gauge the distance of the storm and turn my head to judge its direction. Making camp on the highest ridge for miles around. COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL UNABLE TO BE REPRODUCED FOR THE WEB The lightning might pass to the north. It might not.

In the morning, I pull on a rain slicker and climb out into a cold, wet day. Dawn floods under purple clouds that dash lightning onto the mountains to the north. Wind-driven rain rivers down the road. But sunshine pours over clouds on Mount Adams, and when we gather for breakfast, a meadowlark sings.

Under the flapping tarp that shelters the picnic tables, a geologist is hanging onto the tent poles to keep the whole structure from winging across the valley. With his free hand, he gestures toward the crater. "Lightning creates the conditions for

life," he says. "The gas cloud over the 1980 eruption was full of lightning—up, down, every which way. The lightning charged the nitrogen in the ammonia and ozone. So when the ash finally fell from the cloud, it was full of the nitrogen that would fertilize new plants." Here on the volcano, I no longer understand the difference between destruction and creation.

The scientists among us can hardly contain their excitement at the ecological possibilities of the eruption, what they call this great "biomass disturbance event." Disturbance kicks the world into motion. What had been stagnant, the mature stands of fir and pine, is booted into new life. What had been simple is now complex. What had been monochrome is now a hillside of purple lupine and orange butterflies. What had been silent now chatters and sings.

Destruction, creation, catastrophe, renewal, sorrow, and joy—these are human projections onto the landscape, the ecologists say. What is real, they say, is change. What is necessary, they say, is change. Suddenly, there are new niches, new places to grow and flourish—ponds, landslides, rocky hillsides, a great profusion of edges where beetles troop over stumps, huckleberries emerge from snowbanks, aston-






*Mount St. Helens erupting on May 18, 1980, and (right) twenty-eight years later, a photo taken from the Johnston Ridge Observatory.*

ished pocket gophers dig into the sun. Between the forest patches, meadows fill with the creatures of wet prairies and oak savannahs.

“Meadowlarks!” an ecologist exults, sweeping his arm toward the expanse of lupines and corn lilies under the storm. “Where else can you find meadowlarks on a mountaintop?”

This biomass disturbance has made a new place for birdsong. I understand that. But at what terrible cost to nestlings burned in their nests, the sudden silence where there had been hungry peeping? Lord knows, I’d like to see the world the way ecologists do. If all of us thought of death as change rather than catastrophe, could we blunt Earth’s edge of sorrow? And isn’t this a source of hope, that the forces of nature turn death into life again and again, unceasing? 



I’ve seen paintings of Creation that look like this—a red gleam moving over smoking stone. And I’ve seen imaginings of the end of time that look just the same—gray rock seamed with life, rising smoke, falling darkness, nothing left of life except a handful of human beings lined up at the edge of Destruction, unable to speak.

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# The Mind Boggles, the Heart Hardens

*Round-the-clock news coverage and the eyes and prayers of the nation are easily engaged when, for example, a single child becomes trapped in a mineshaft, yet the slaughter of thousands, tens of thousands, or more in some faraway land barely gets noticed. Why? One answer, according to UO psychology professor Paul Slovic is “psychic numbing,” a phenomenon he writes about below in a piece first published in New Scientist magazine. Slovic is a founder and president of Eugene-based Decision Research, a nonprofit research organization investigating human judgment, decision-making, and risk. In May, he delivered talks on genocide and psychic numbing at a conference in Auschwitz, Poland, as well as on the UO campus.*

SINCE FEBRUARY 2003, HUNDREDS of thousands of people in the Darfur region of western Sudan have been murdered by government-supported local militias, and millions forced to flee their burnt-out villages for the dubious safety of refugee camps. It is genocide by any definition, yet the world looks away.

The events in Darfur are the latest in a long line of mass murders since the Second World War that powerful nations and their citizens have responded to with indifference. Think of Rwanda in 1994, Cambodia under Pol Pot, Algeria throughout the 1990s, Ethiopia under the Mengistu regime, the Chinese takeover of Tibet. Why do we ignore killings on such a scale? This indifference is in sharp contrast to the heroic acts of people who rescue individuals in distress. Why do we not feel so compelled to act against genocide? Recent research suggests that our inaction may reflect, in part, some fundamental deficiency in our humanity—one that, if understood and appreciated, might be overcome.

One psychological mechanism that appears important here is our capacity to experience affect—the positive and negative emotions that combine with reasoned analysis to guide our judgments, decisions, and actions. In the “dance of affect and reason” involved in decision-making, research demonstrates that the statistics of mass murder or genocide, no matter how large the numbers, do not convey the true meaning of such atrocities. The numbers fail to spark emotion or feeling and thus fail to motivate action. Genocide in Darfur is real, but we do not “feel” that reality.

Several studies have illustrated how people are much more willing to aid identified individuals than those who are unidentified or simply listed as statistics. But it also appears that statistics can dissipate any emotion we might feel toward a victim. A recent study by Deborah Small at the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia,



*The faces of three refugees in the Darfur region where hundreds of thousands have been killed, millions displaced*

George Loewenstein at Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh, and myself found that donations to aid a starving seven-year-old child were significantly higher when her image was accompanied by a statistical summary of the millions of needy children like her in four African countries (*Organizational Behavior and Human Decision Processes*, vol. 102, p. 143). The numbers appeared to dampen people's feelings of compassion toward the young victim.

In another recent study, Tehila Kogut and Ilana Ritov at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem asked one set of people to contribute to a costly lifesaving treatment needed by a group of eight sick children, and another to contribute to the same treatment needed by an individual child selected from the group. The amount needed was the same in both cases. The researchers found that people contributed far more to the individual child than to the entire group (*Organizational Behavior and Human Decision Processes*, vol. 97, p. 106). A follow-up study by my Decision Research colleagues Daniel Västfjäll and Ellen Peters and myself found that people felt less compassion and donated less aid toward a pair

of victims than to either individual alone.

In 1999 the U.S. writer Annie Dillard, struggling to comprehend the mass human tragedies that the world ignores, wrote of “compassion fatigue” and asked, “At what number do other individuals blur for me?” The research just described suggests that this blurring may begin for groups as small as two. No wonder compassion is absent when deaths number in the hundreds of thousands.

Doesn't everybody know this? After all, Stalin is reputed to have said, “One man's death is a tragedy; a million is a statistic.” Yet it is one thing to be aware of this at a superficial level, quite another to appreciate the deeper implications of the research. How can an emotional response sufficient to motivate action be created and maintained? As psychologist Daniel Batson of the University of Kansas in Lawrence and colleagues have observed, compassion for others seems “a fragile flower, easily crushed.” Faced with genocide, we cannot rely on our moral intuitions alone to guide us to act properly.

What should we do, then? We must look instead to moral argument and international law. The 1948 United Nations genocide convention was supposed to meet this need. Yet it has not been effective. For example, it states that parties may call on the UN to prevent acts of genocide, yet Security Council members can block UN intervention. There is no suggestion in the convention that states should act on their own to suppress genocide in other states, nor is there any obligation to respond collectively.

Given what we now know about our psychological response to genocide, it is time to look at the weaknesses in the UN convention. We need to design legal and institutional mechanisms that will force nations to act against genocide and other crimes against humanity. Leaving things as they are makes it too easy to do nothing. 

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## Jacko and Omar

When delivering lectures on genocide and psychic numbing, Paul Slovic often uses a PowerPoint slide show that covers relevant psychological research as well as genocide's history, media treatment, and ethical dimensions. Here are some elements of his presentation.

**"If only Michael Jackson's trial had been held in Darfur. Last month, CNN, Fox News, NBC, MSNBC, ABC and CBS collectively ran 55 times as many stories about Michael Jackson as they ran about genocide in Darfur."**

— **Nicholas D. Kristof**  
New York Times opinion piece,  
July 26, 2005

\* \* \*

**Do you know the name of the president of Sudan, who is responsible for the genocide in Darfur during the past five years? Have you ever seen his picture?**

**Why haven't we ever seen his face?**



Omar al-Bashir, president of Sudan,  
perpetrator of genocide

\* \* \*



**One man's death is a tragedy. A million deaths is a statistic.**

—Joseph Stalin



**If I look at the mass, I will never act. If I look at the one, I will.**

—Mother Teresa

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# Preemptive Arrest

*A strike raged in California's agriculture industry in 1966, pitting titanic forces of labor and management against one another and involving some of the era's most notable political figures. In March, the U.S. Senate held three days of hearings in California investigating the ongoing conflict. A climactic moment in the hearings is described in the excerpt below from One Night in America: Bobby Kennedy, César Chávez, and the Dream of Dignity by Steven Bender, the James L. and Ilene R. Hershner Professor of Law at the UO School of Law.*



Robert Kennedy passing a communion wafer to César Chávez to break Chávez's twenty-five-day fast.

THE DELANO [CALIFORNIA] police department and the Kern County Sheriff's Office had conducted striker surveillance, compiling a dossier on about five thousand picketers with their photographs taken from the picket lines. Police would complete the file with information gathered by stopping pickets and asking questions such as their names and backgrounds.

No doubt this frontier law enforcement of intimidation and the baseless arrest of [César Chávez's] wife Helen [during an earlier protest] riled Chávez. On the first day of the Senate hearings in Sacramento, Chávez told the senators (Williams and Murphy) that the Kern County lawmen were photographing and interrogating picketers while they marched peacefully on the road. Senator Williams commented to Chávez: "I don't understand by what authority you have to go through the inquisition and questioning and all that." Chávez replied: "At one point we made up our minds we had been harassed

enough, and we refused to give them any information and refused to let them take our pictures after we had been subjected to this many, many times, and we told the inquiring officer from the Kern County Sheriff's Office that if he wanted more information from us or wanted to take our picture, he would first have to arrest us."

Senator Murphy suggested inviting the sheriff to explain these actions, setting up the confrontation between Sheriff Galyen and former attorney general [Robert] Kennedy in Delano two days later. Nearly one thousand spectators, many of them Mexican American, crowded into the hearing, held in the Delano high school auditorium. Over three hundred could not squeeze in and waited outside the auditorium. The day was stiflingly hot and the auditorium was jammed—space had to be cleared for the growers who attended.

Kennedy first questioned Galyen about the policy of photographing and naming each striker:

KENNEDY: Do you take pictures of everybody in the city?

SHERIFF GALYEN: Well, if he's on strike or something like that.

Kennedy pressed on, leading his questioning into the territory of civil liberties and constitutional guarantees that Kennedy understood well as a former attorney general. The questioning soon reached the arrest the previous October of Helen and the other forty-three picketers:

GALYEN: [W]e had news from the inside, that there was going to be some cutting done if they didn't stop saying certain things, so I'm responsible to arrest them as well as anyone else.

KENNEDY: What did you arrest them for?

GALYEN: Why, if they got into a riot and started cutting up the people . . .

KENNEDY: I'm not talking about that. Once you got into a riot, I understand that, but before, when they're just walking along, what did you arrest them for?

GALYEN: Well, if I have a reason to believe that there's going to be a riot started, and somebody tells me there's going to be trouble if you don't stop them, it's my duty to stop them.

KENNEDY: Then do you go out there and arrest them?

GALYEN: Yes.

...

KENNEDY: What do you charge them with?

GALYEN: Violation of—unlawful assembly.

KENNEDY: I think that's most interesting. Who told you that they're going to riot?

GALYEN: The men right out in the field that they were talking to said, "If you don't get them out of here, we're going to cut their hearts out." So rather than let them get cut, we removed the cause.

Senator Murphy joined in questioning the sheriff:

MURPHY: Do I understand you, Sheriff, that it's your opinion that it's better to take precautionary moves before the trouble starts, that this is in the best interest of the community and the peaceful interests of the citizens?

GALYEN: Who wants a big riot on his hands? And if you can stop it, why, let's stop it before it gets to that point. And I think you'll find all down the line that we've had wonderful cooperation between all of them, and the longer we went along, you'll find nobody say we beat anyone, or anything like that. This is not Selma, Alabama.


Can I suggest  
in the interim  
period of time ...  
that the sheriff  
and the district  
attorney read the  
Constitution of  
the United States?

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KENNEDY: ... This is a most interesting concept, I think, that you suddenly hear or you talk about the fact that somebody makes a report about somebody going to get out of order, perhaps violate the law, and you go and arrest them, and they haven't done anything wrong. How can you go arrest somebody if they haven't violated the law?

GALYEN: They're ready to violate the law.

The auditorium crowd laughed in disbelief, as did Kennedy. At this point, Senator Murphy, either praising or, as he contended later, mocking the sheriff, interjected, "I think it's a shame you weren't there before the Watts riots." Then, Senator Williams called a recess for lunch, and Kennedy delivered his immortal scolding to hearty cheers from the overflow crowd:

KENNEDY: Can I suggest in the interim period of time, the luncheon period of time, that the sheriff and the district attorney read the Constitution of the United States? 

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## BOOKSHELF


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

**OUT OF NOWHERE: THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW NIKE MARKETING THE CULTURE OF RUNNING** (Meyer and Meyer Sport, 2008) by Geoff Hollister '68. "... An engaging story of the explosion of the sport and culture of running from the perspective of a man in the center of it. Hollister was there at the beginning of Nike and he rode through thirty-three years of trial and error, success and failure, joy and pain."

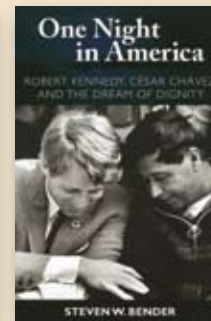
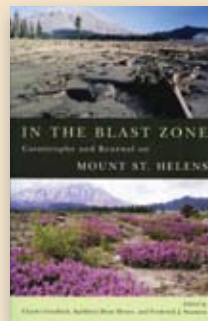
**WITH GRIT AND BY GRACE: BREAKING TRAILS IN POLITICS AND LAW** (Oregon State University Press, 2008) by Betty Roberts, M.S. '62, with Gail Wells. This memoir by the first woman to serve on the Oregon Supreme Court "will inspire its readers, both women and men, to move forward together to work for equality for all members of society."

**COPS, CROOKS, AND CLERGY: A LONG JOURNEY TO INSIDE THE CATHOLIC CHURCH** (Outskirts Press, 2007) by James Harvey '52. "A military and a parallel police career provided [Harvey] with a unique perspective to make a professional evaluation of the church he loved and served."

**THE NIKON CAMERA IN AMERICA, 1946-1953** (McFarland and Company, 2008) by Michael Wescott Loder, M.S. '74, M.L.S. '78. "Examines the roles that American businesses and photo-journalists played in the early overseas marketing of the Japanese-built Nikon camera."

**JEANNETTE HAYNER: AN ORAL HISTORY** (Washington State Oral History Program, 2007) Sharon Boswell interviews longtime Washington state politician and UO Pioneer Award-winner Jeannette Hayner '40, '42. 

## Excerpted in this issue:



**IN THE BLAST ZONE: CATASTROPHE AND RENEWAL ON MOUNT ST. HELENS** Edited by Charles Goodrich, Kathleen Dean Moore, and Frederick J. Swanson, with a foreword by Scott Slovic. Copyright 2008 OSU Press, Oregon State University.

**ONE NIGHT IN AMERICA: BOBBY KENNEDY, CÉSAR CHÁVEZ, AND THE DREAM OF DIGNITY** by Steven Bender. Copyright 2007 Paradigm Publishers.

## Bright Lights, Big Cities

China's ongoing and tumultuous social and economic upheaval is manifest in many ways—including a rapidly changing distribution pattern for its 1.3 billion people. In 1990, only about a quarter of the world's most populated country lived in urban areas; by 2006, 44 percent of Chinese dwelled in cities. UO senior geography major Ben Metcalfe produced this map illustrating population shift in selected Chinese cities for his Advanced Cartography course. The Eugene native plans to pursue a master's degree—"hopefully at the UO"—after he graduates.





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# Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

## ARCHAEOLOGY

### Dr. Dung's Discovery

*Eastern Oregon find sheds light on early Americans.*

IT'S NOT UNCOMMON TO CARRY A bit of work home at the end of the day: the editor reads the newspaper with an eye for errors; the chef analyzes the family dinner; the actor criticizes the nightly sitcom. And, what of the archaeologist? Dennis Jenkins, Ph.D. '91, a University of Oregon senior research associate who has spent years studying coprolites—dried or fossilized dung—laughingly admits his work follows him home too: “I wander around and take a look at my dog’s poop and go, ‘Oh, look at that.’”

This spring, Jenkins was part of an international team of scientists who made worldwide headlines after *Science* published news of their research on coprolites found in the Paisley Caves of southeast Oregon. Within minutes of the article’s publication, Jenkins’ grinning, bearded face

appeared on websites from Minneapolis to Munich, proudly displaying the poop that is helping scientists rewrite the timeline of people in the western hemisphere. In late June, the History Channel featured Jenkins’ research in its first showing of *All About Dung*, an “excremental safari” on the historical, medical, scientific, and evolutionary importance of poop.

Often mistaken for rocks and overlooked by scientists, coprolites have been studied with increasing interest over the past 180 years. Oxford geology professor Reverend William Buckland was the first to identify these artifacts for what they were, and in 1829 coined the term coprolite from the Greek words *kopros*, meaning “dung,” and *lithos*, meaning “stone.”

Jenkins’ coprolites—which earned him the nickname “Dr. Dung” among his col-

leagues—more closely resemble dirt clods than anything of archaeological significance. Though they may not look like much, the coprolites are anything but average: they have helped push scientists’ estimates for the date of earliest human habitation in the New World back by 1,300 years.

For decades, scientists believed that the Clovis civilization, which existed 13,000 years ago, was the first significant human presence in the Americas. An abundance of artifacts, including the carved points from weapons, found across both continents, proves that the Clovis people were widespread and well established. But recent discoveries in Peru, in South Carolina—and now in Oregon—indicate that the title of first Americans likely belongs to a different, much older, group of people. Jenkins hopes the 14,300-year-old Paisley coprolites may help dispel the “Clovis first” idea altogether. “Can you imagine that anything so little and so insignificant—and [that] kind of grosses everybody out—could be so important?” Jenkins muses.

In 2002, during his thirteenth summer of working with the UO Northern Great Basin Archaeology Field School, Jenkins took a team of students to the Paisley Caves. Along with basket fragments, sagebrush rope, and wooden pegs, students unearthed dozens of coprolites. Suspecting that humans may have left some of the ancient feces, Jenkins began analyzing them in search of clues about diets, finding seeds, bone fragments, and hair. By looking closely at a coprolite, Jenkins says, a careful observer can “reconstruct

### Coprolite Facts\*

**The largest coprolite is believed to be from Sammy the T. rex, found in Saskatchewan. It measures approximately 50 centimeters (1.6 feet) across and weighs 15.5 pounds.**

**The world’s oldest coprolites, left by tiny marine creatures, are 1.9 billion years old.**

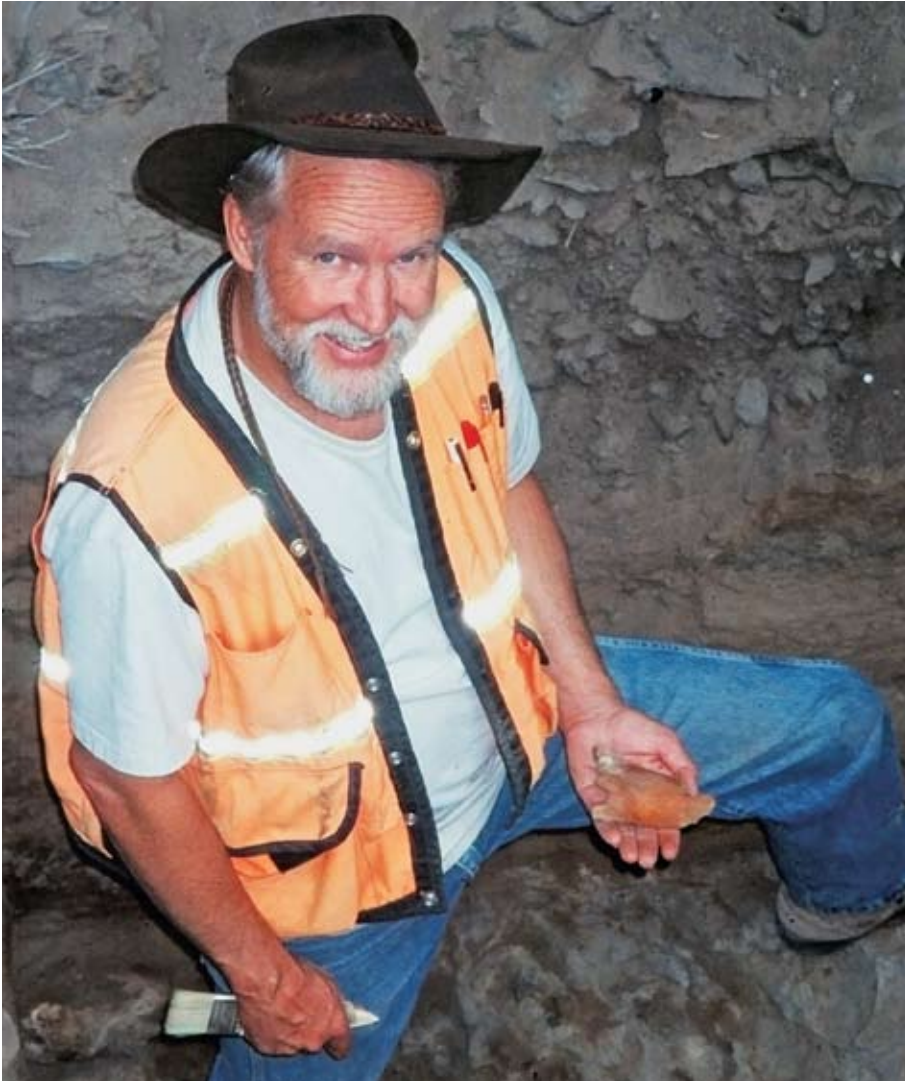
**Hendrik Poinar, an associate professor at McMaster University in Canada, was the first person to successfully extract DNA from a coprolite. (Incidentally, Poinar’s father, George Poinar, inspired the book and hit movie *Jurassic Park* with his research on amber-encased insects.)**

**In England, coprolite mining became popular during a fertilizer shortage—the coprolites were ground up and added to fields.**

**Hinds Cave in Texas is site of the largest collection of human coprolites—over 1,000.**

*\*most drawn from Jurassic Poop: What Dinosaurs (and Others) Left Behind by Jacob Berkowitz.*





*Dennis Jenkins on site at Paisley Caves on the east side of the Cascades*

the environment” in which it was produced and learn a great deal about the animal that produced it.

Jenkins teamed up in 2003 with scientists from around the world to extract DNA from several of the coprolites. Independent laboratories conducted tests that showed six of the samples contained human DNA, most likely from people of Siberian or East Asian descent. As exciting as that discovery was, the team anticipated the relics held the answer to a far more important question: just how long ago did these people live?

But, being scientists, there was no rushing to conclusions. “I proceeded very cautiously,” Jenkins says. “Every step of the way we have multiple strands of evidence.” Their diligence paid off when radiocarbon dating revealed that the coprolites were the oldest yet found in the western world.


While these findings are hard evidence that pre-Clovis people had been in the Paisley Caves, the idea is not brand new; it was originally suggested by Luther Cressman, the first member of the UO’s anthropology department. Cressman was a University faculty member for thirty-five years and is considered the father of Oregon archaeology. Among his notable contributions was the discovery of 9,000-year-old sagebrush sandals, unearthed at Fort Rock Cave, that were, until recently, the oldest shoes ever found. But Cressman (who was briefly married to famed anthropologist Margaret Mead early in his career) is best remembered for discovering, in the early 1930s, that humans began inhabiting the Northwest as early as anywhere else in North America. Then, in 1938, Cressman tried to take that theory a step further.

On his first visit to the Paisley Caves,



*Luther Cressman at a small cave near Fort Rock Cave in 1966*

Cressman was joined by archaeologist Ernst Antevs, who immediately recognized the area’s significance, calling the caves, as Cressman writes in his memoir, “one of the most important sites for Early Man in the whole West.” Cressman spent three summers at the caves digging below the layer of ash marking the eruption of Mount Mazama, the cataclysmic blast that created Crater Lake approximately 7,500 years ago. He unearthed bones of ancient bison and camels, as well as artifacts that indicated humans had been in the area. Those findings led Cressman to believe that people had been in the caves at the same time as these large animals. But there was no way to prove the age of the artifacts (the now-common practice of radiocarbon dating wasn’t developed until 1949), so the theory was widely dismissed. Seventy years after his first visit to Paisley and fourteen years after his death, Cressman’s idea is getting new life through Jenkins and his research.

For Jenkins, who has spent much of his career working with desert archaeology, the Paisley coprolites represent an opportunity to delve further into the mysteries of human history. With each new discovery, he says, the sum of scientific knowledge about the past grows and each bit of the archaeological jigsaw puzzle is fitted into the overall picture more quickly. “I feel like we’re really making some super strides now,” Jenkins says. 

—Kate Griesmann

## RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

# Small investment, big payoff

*Oregonians spur a medical advance and an energy-saving technology—while getting a tax break.*

**T**WO UO RESEARCH GROUPS ARE applying science to improve medical care and save potentially huge amounts of energy—with voluntary financial support from the citizens of Oregon. The projects are receiving funding through private gifts to the University Venture Development Fund, a state income tax credit program designed to help move research discoveries from the laboratory to the marketplace.

Mark Lonergan '90, associate professor of chemistry and director of the UO Materials Science Institute, together with David Stay, a graduate student in Lonergan's chemistry lab, are engineering a prototype for a new lighting technology. Their patent-pending work has applications in the semiconductor industry and for consumer products ranging from under-cabinet lighting to streetlights. If successful, their innovation will significantly improve on the stability and efficiency of polymer light-emitting electrochemical cells used for solid-state lighting. One-fifth of the nation's electricity goes for lighting, and the U.S. Department of Energy's goal is to increase efficiency by at least 50 percent through advances in solid-state lighting.

Terry Takahashi, professor of biology and director of the UO Institute of Neuroscience, will create the first prototype of a device to evaluate hearing that does not depend on a patient's ability to answer questions. The concept arises from Takahashi's work with barn owls, which led to the discovery that the pupils of the eyes dilate in response to sounds. Recently completed trials found that the dilation response is as reliable as conventional ways of testing human hearing. One potential application of this technology would be in diagnosing or treating patients unable to otherwise communicate about their hearing with doctors—for example, a young child not yet able to talk or an unconscious or comatose accident victim.

Gifts to venture development funds at the UO and other participating Oregon campuses provide a source of targeted



**Sound and Light** Inspired by his work with barn owls, UO biology professor Terry Takahashi [top] is working on a prototype for a new tool to evaluate hearing in patients too young or too ill to verbally indicate awareness of sounds; [bottom] Chemistry associate professor Mark Lonergan (right) and graduate student David Stay are developing a promising new means of solid-state lighting at the UO's Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories. Their work is supported in part by gifts to Oregon's University Venture Development Fund.



funding for highly promising projects at critical stages of development, says Rich Linton, vice president for research and graduate studies.


"Our experience at the University of Oregon shows that relatively small strategic investments during these stages can be crucially important over the long term," Linton says. "The innovations we have selected for the first round of awards from the UO's University Venture Development Fund have compelling potential to provide great social and economic benefit."

A total of \$58,000 will fund the next stages of development for the Lonergan and Takahashi projects.

Since the tax credits took effect in October 2007, the UO has received gifts totaling \$721,062. The UO can award the 60 percent tax credit on the first \$3.27 million in gifts designated for its venture development fund.

Under the venture development fund program, donors can receive a 60 percent tax credit by contributing to one or more funds at state-supported universities in Oregon. For an overview of Oregon's University Venture Development Fund program, including FAQs and links to participating universities, visit [www.ous.edu/venturefund](http://www.ous.edu/venturefund). For details about the UO's venture development fund, visit <http://uoventurefund.uoregon.edu>.

The UO Office of Technology Transfer focuses on helping university inventions successfully make the transition from academia to the commercial marketplace. Since 1992, the University of Oregon has received more than eighty United States patents and numerous non-U.S. patents. UO research has given birth to scores of commercially marketed products, including monoclonal antibodies and other biomedical research tools; computer software for scientific research, for teaching, and just for fun; early-childhood support systems for use by schools and social workers; and even innovative furniture designs.

UO researchers and staff members have helped create a number of successful companies over the years, including Electrical Geodesics, a world leader in dense-array EEG acquisition and analysis; On Time Systems, a developer of innovative algorithms for scheduling complex tasks; Just Write, a company that markets intelligent bridge-playing software; and sports-wear giant Nike. 

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## I N B R I E F

## New provost named

Senior Vice President and Provost **Linda Brady** was recently elected chancellor of the University of North Carolina at Greensboro. On July 1, Charles H. Lundquist College of Business dean **James Bean** replaced Brady on a two-year basis. Bean has served as the Harry B. Miller Professor of Business and dean of the Lundquist College since 2004.

## Three Deans appointed

An internationally recognized expert on sports finance and former head of the marketing department, **Dennis Howard** '66, will replace James Bean as business school dean.

**Michael Bullis**, Ph.D. '83, has been appointed dean of the UO College of Education. Bullis, the Sommerville-Knight Professor of Education, is a nationally recognized expert on at-risk youth and vocational preparation of youth with dis-

abilities. He served as interim dean in 2005 and accepted a two-year appointment as dean in 2006.

**David Frank**, professor of rhetoric, has become the first dean of the UO's Robert D. Clark Honors College, the nation's oldest four-year, public honors college.

## Ducks in Portland

**Wendy Larson** '74, a professor of East Asian languages and literatures and former dean of the UO's College of Arts and Sciences, has been named vice provost of Portland programs. Larson will be based in the University's 103,000-square-foot White Stag Block in downtown Portland. The newly refurbished facility consolidates many University of Oregon offerings in subjects such as journalism, architecture, digital arts, product design, and law in a downtown location.

**Kate Wagle**, head of the Department of Art

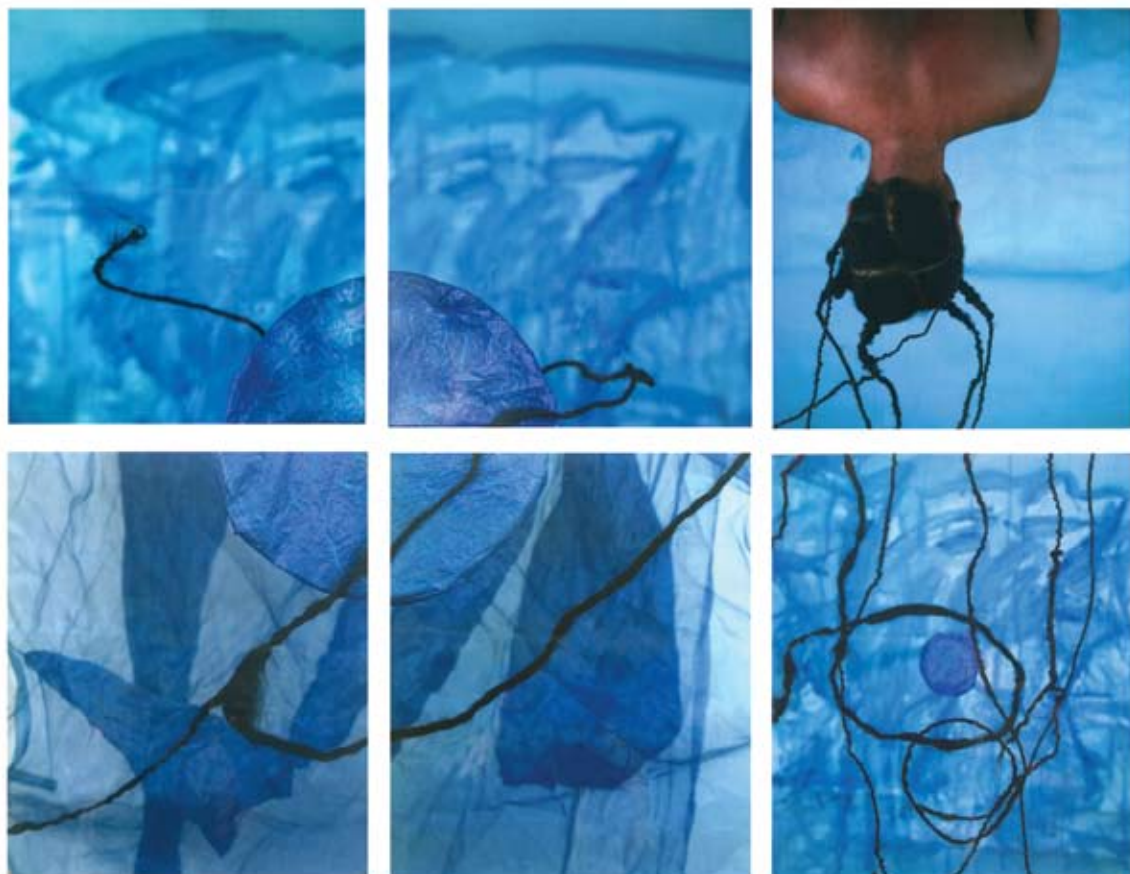
since 1999, is now the administrative director of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts' recently expanded Portland programs.

## Oregon Bach Festival sets records

With a second straight year of sales growth, besting its previous high-revenue mark by 12 percent, the Oregon Bach Festival enjoyed one of the most successful seasons in its history. Night after night of sold-out concerts grossed more than \$500,000 in ticket sales to audiences totaling more than 32,000.

## Homecoming

Tailgating, a parade, the 13th Avenue Street Faire, and battling the UCLA Bruins in Autzen Stadium are just a few of the activities on tap for the 2008 Homecoming and Family Weekend, October 6 through 12. For the latest details, visit [uolumni.com/homecoming](http://uolumni.com/homecoming).



*Maria Magdalena Campos-Pons, Study for Elevata, 2002 Polaroid print, six individually framed prints, each 24 x 20.75 inches—part of the West Coast premiere of Cuba Avant-Garde, October 4 through January 4, 2009, in the Coeta and Donald Barker Gallery of the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. The exhibit, on loan from the Farber Collection, showcases contemporary works by forty-two artists.*





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## Oregon online

*New encyclopedia created, beginning to grow.*

**W**ITH ANY LUCK, AND A whole lot of help from its friends, Oregon will soon have a comprehensive online encyclopedia of all things Oregonian. In fact, you can easily check on it, or, if you get the notion, contribute suggestions or articles to its completion.

Following three years of discussion and planning the compendium's website, [www.oregonencyclopedia.org](http://www.oregonencyclopedia.org), has been up and running since February 14, the 149th anniversary of statehood. It is, of course, next year's Big One, Oregon's 150th birthday celebration, that inspired this effort to create a useful one-stop reference work for learning about Oregon's culture and history.

The project came about as the result of sesquicentennial celebration planning conversations among staff members of Portland State University, the Oregon Historical Society, and the Oregon Council for the Humanities. Portland State and the Oregon Historical Society eventually took the lead role while OCH opted for sponsorship. Other key organizations involved are the University of Oregon and Oregon



*Young people arriving at Vortex I, a state-sponsored rock-music festival in 1970*

Cultural Trust. An extensive statewide encyclopedia working group—including a number of UO alumni and members of its faculty and staff—is working to make the Oregon Encyclopedia a reality.

"I can't remember any group of people being so enthusiastic about a project over such a long period. It's really quite remarkable," says William L. Lang, one of the project's three editors in chief and a PSU professor of history. "We're very strongly driven by the desire to preserve Oregon's diverse history and culture."

The encyclopedia features short but detailed biographies of prominent Oregonians, accounts of our state's well-known historical events, and photographs taken from the archives of the Oregon Histori-

cal Society. But it also contains articles on some of our more recent or otherwise obscure times, places, and people. A piece on the Vortex rock concert of 1970, written by William G. Robbins, M.A. '65, Ph.D. '69, an Oregon State University professor emeritus of history, is a great example of writing about recent history that helps explain not just the event itself but the turbulent times and the tangled context of it as well. An article titled "The Great Waterfront Strike of 1934" by Michael Munk, M.A. '59, brings to light a largely forgotten event in labor history, the single largest work stoppage in our state's history, involving some 50,000 workers and lasting eighty-two violence-laced days.

Other entries include Glen Love, Uni-

## A Taste of Oregon

*A few brief excerpts from the Oregon Encyclopedia*

### Vortex I

During the war-hot summer of 1970, thousands of young people began streaming toward Clackamas County's Milo Mclver State Park to attend Vortex I, a state-sponsored rock-music festival. . . . The festival was strategically planned to attract young anti-Vietnam War protesters who otherwise might descend on Portland to disrupt the American Legion's annual convention,

which would begin on Sunday, August 30. (See photo above.)

— William G. Robbins,  
M.A. '65, Ph.D. '69

### Basques

The first Basques to Oregon arrived in the late 1880s. These Euskaldunak, or newcomers, usually migrated north and east from Nevada and California, often as sheepherders, and settled in the southeast corner of the state. The number of Basques continued to expand in eastern Oregon into the 1920s and 1930s, especially in the Jordan Valley, Steens Mountain, and Ontario areas, but from 1940 on, the influx of immigrant Basques rapidly declined. By the

end of the twentieth century, the Basque presence in Oregon had notably shifted, with the largest concentrations now living outside the eastern parts of the state and in or near western urban areas such as Portland.

— Richard Etulain, Ph.D. '66

### Johnnie Ray

*Johnnie Ray was completely different from anything that went before him. . . I consider Johnnie Ray to be the father of rock and roll.*

— Tony Bennett

In the early 1950s, Johnnie Ray was the biggest musical star in the world. His emotional singing

and sexually suggestive performances earned him the titles "The Prince of Wails," "The Cry Guy," and "The Million Dollar Teardrop"; they also put him at the top of the music charts. From Sydney to Chicago and London, teenage riots erupted wherever Johnnie went. Many who were a part of the music scene in the 1950s find it unbelievable that Johnnie Ray, whose singing turned the pop music world upside down and opened the way for Elvis, has been largely forgotten today. They remember Johnnie as the first rock and roll star.

— James Fox, Head of UO  
Special Collections and  
University Archives



versity of Oregon emeritus professor of English, writing on the life and work of native Oregonian H. L. Davis, whose first novel *Honey in the Horn* won the 1936 Pulitzer Prize and is recognized as one of the great works of Northwest literature; Richard Etulain, Ph.D. '66, on Basques in Oregon; and Henry Zink, Ph.D. '84, exploring the origin, use, and decline of Chinook Trade Jargon in Oregon.

The encyclopedia's editors are holding a series of thirty public meetings around the state. While the meetings are designed to promote awareness of the project in the hope of soliciting entries and funding, the prospect of discovering little-known stories through the meetings has the project's planners particularly excited. The stories of groups of immigrants who have arrived in the state during the past fifty years or so, for example, have been largely untold. There are also probably some tales from the tawdry side of life that can now be told—long past the time when public exposure would bring anyone still living any harm.

"We really want to find things that have been missed or neglected and bring them to light," says James Fox, a member of the


encyclopedia's editorial board and head of Special Collections and University Archives at the University of Oregon Libraries—and the writer of encyclopedia entries on photographer Thomas Leander Moorhouse and rock and roll pioneer Johnnie Ray.

The Oregon Encyclopedia Project is both similar to and different from other online, contributor-generated information sources known as *wikis*. Oregon Encyclopedia articles can be created by anyone, but unlike the well-known Wikipedia, all entries are rigorously fact-checked and edited.


The submission process begins with a query to the editorial board outlining the proposed topic and its significance to Oregon history and culture. This step helps to avoid duplication in topics for articles, but it also helps the editors to identify and weed out self-serving submissions aimed at promoting personal or commercial interests. Having received a go-ahead, the author then writes a piece that must be footnoted with citations for the sources of its facts and include a list of works that an encyclopedia reader might want to consult for further information about the topic.

When the website debuted in February of this year, it contained a mere half-dozen articles. It is hoped—perhaps a bit optimistically—that some 3,000 entries will be completed and posted in time for the kickoff of the sesquicentennial celebration.

It takes a great deal of work to handle the flow of queries and electronic manuscripts. The Oregon Encyclopedia group has enlisted a small paid staff and numerous volunteers to get the job done. "I feel very honored to be able to do this," says Fox, "and the University has been very supportive."

It also takes a surprisingly large amount of money for this project, considering the volunteer nature of most of the work—the project is expected to cost some \$1 million. The project's editors in chief believe that attracting funding from corporate and private donations will be crucial to the encyclopedia's success. The money, according to PSU's Lang, is being well-spent: "People don't need an encyclopedia to sustain their bodies, but we do need one to sustain our culture." 

— Robert Leo Heilman




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Introductory one-day seminar "**The Art of Living: Philosophy for Retirement**" with Professor Jim Earl (English), Saturday, Sept. 27, 10:00 a.m.–2:00 p.m. Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, 1430 Johnson Lane, UO Campus. Registration \$35, lunch and books included.

More information and registration online at [uoinsight.uoregon.edu](http://uoinsight.uoregon.edu) or call (541) 346-3475.



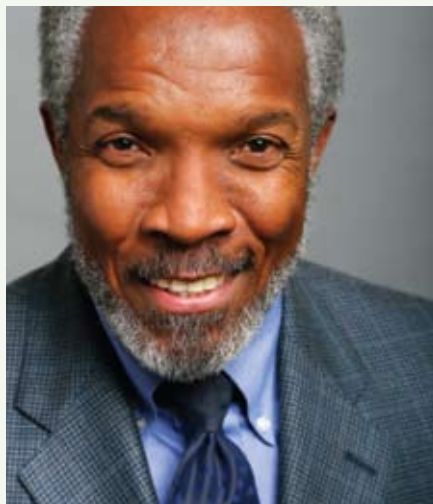
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EO/AA/ADA institution committed to cultural diversity. © 2008 University of Oregon CP0808

## PROFile

### Peter Mills

Gerald B. Bashaw Professor of Business



"If you leave my class satisfied, something is amiss," says business professor **Peter Mills**. "You're supposed to leave my course saying, 'Let me think about what he said.' Then I know I would have succeeded."

Mills' students can often be seen in the halls of the Lillis Business Complex poring over their reading assignments, scribbling frantic notes to prepare for class discussions, and holding heated debates with their peers. As a teacher, Mills admits, "I am quite demanding." But in the brave new world of business, where the sale of things has been usurped by the sale of ideas, mental strength and flexibility are vital, so Mills uses his classroom as an intellectual gymnasium.

Mills' business strategy course is one of the final requirements for students completing their undergraduate business degrees: a capstone course that unites the skills gained through other course work. In his classroom, teams of six to eight students select a publicly traded company such as Bank of America, IBM, or General Motors (invariably someone chooses Nike, Mills says with a smile) to follow throughout the quarter. The students work with up-to-the-minute information on their chosen corporation, using raw data from stock quotes and quarterly reports to see how the ideas Mills presents in his lectures play out on Wall Street. "It takes it out of the blue sky," Mills says of this

practical approach. "If the concept isn't applicable, what's the point?"

But some students don't see the use of all this intellectual heavy lifting—right away. One former student in particular, Mills recalls, "couldn't see why we were doing this nonsense." The seemingly preposterous market analysis techniques she had so begrudgingly mastered became invaluable after graduation, she admitted later. Those skills were precisely what were required at her first job by her Harvard-trained M.B.A. boss.

Mills explains that his task as a teacher is not merely to cultivate competent business professionals, but finely tuned minds, capable of taking on the intellectual challenges of a complex global marketplace and their own burgeoning careers. "We exist in a culture of critical discourse," he says. "You should develop healthy skepticisms . . . even about the things I say."

**Name:** Peter Mills

**Education:** B.S. '70 in business management and M.B.A. '71, California State University, Long Beach; Ph.D. '78 in business administration, Stockholm University; Ph.D. '80 in organization theory and behavior, University of California, Irvine.

**Teaching experience:** Charles H. Lundquist College of Business professor since 1995. Visiting professor at the University of Cape Town, South Africa, in 2005. Associate professor at Indiana University's graduate school of business from 1989 through 1995.

**Awards:** Dozens of teaching awards, including most recently the UO's 2008 Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching.

**Off campus:** Mills loves jazz, reading (and rereading) classic works of existential philosophy, and tending to the ferns and phlox in his English cottage garden.

**Last word:** "Question just about everything."

— Mindy Moreland

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# THE SPORT OF KINGS

WHEN THE CHEERING AND THE WINNING STOPS, THE  
WORLD OF HORSE RACING IS NOT SO GLAMOROUS.

BY REBECCA OWEN

Tea Basket, a dapple-gray Thoroughbred mare, prances around the paddock next to her handler, a woman in a green raincoat. When she is older, Tea Basket will turn white. Anxious and alert, Tea Basket tosses her head. The woman in the raincoat jerks Tea Basket's lead rope, which is attached to a silver chain that runs underneath her top lip and clips onto a buckle close to her ear. Tea Basket tosses her head again.

"Quittit," she growls at Tea Basket, "or I'll hitcha in the face."

It is the day of the Portland Meadows Mile, where the winner takes home \$25,000 and a monogrammed horse blanket. Portland Meadows, Oregon's racing home, is far from the green grass and white rail fences of more prestigious racing venues. Horse racing happens only in the fall and winter, and soupy Oregon mud permeates each race day. In the summer, the best Portland Meadows horses run in Seattle; the horses less likely to win run at smaller tracks throughout Oregon. The future of all these racehorses becomes uncertain as they age and retire from racing.

*Tea Basket at the  
Grants Pass Downs* ►







**T**ea Basket is not running in the Portland Meadows Mile, she is entered in a \$2,500 claimer, where a horse may be purchased for the claiming price prior to the race. This practice keeps the competition even; horses of the same class compete only with each other.

From her history in the *Daily Racing Form*, I see dismal descriptions of past races: *Turned, no menace. Rushed up, faltered.* She's raced only ten times, winning in April 2006 and coming in second in August 2006. Tea Basket is eight—ancient in racehorse years. She's running in a race for mares who have not won more than three races. The odds for Tea Basket make her the fourth favorite choice for this race, out of nine horses. Besides worrying about the dangers of galloping in mud, I worry about Tea Basket and her future.

For every potential Seabiscuit there are thousands of Tea Baskets, horses that rarely finish in the money. Many horses, past their racing prime, will get shuffled off to new owners, stables, and careers and, eventually, wind up in America's horse slaughter pipeline. In 2006, 104,896 horses were slaughtered in the United States. Horses from around the country are shipped from auctions to feedlots to slaughterhouses, processed into steaks destined for markets in Europe or Japan.

The ride to the slaughterhouse is long and brutal. Horses are crammed into trailers intended for cattle. Since their necks are longer, horses must stand uncomfortably for the duration of their ride—up to twenty-eight hours without rest, food, or water—a practice deemed humane by the U.S. Department of Agriculture.

American horse meat is marketed overseas as wild and fresh. In the wake of mad cow disease, horse meat is thought to be safer than beef, as well as leaner. In reality, the horses slaughtered for meat are domesticated livestock that receive dewormers and antifungal treatments on a regular basis. These medications are all stamped with a warning: *Do not use on horses intended for human consumption.*

Solomon Benarroch is one of three track veterinarians at Portland Meadows. With a soft Canadian lilt, he lists three drugs that are allowed in a racehorse's daily regimen. Banamine, for stomach discomfort; Lasix, for lowering blood pressure and preventing bleeding in the lungs; and phenylbutazone, an anti-inflammatory. Benarroch explains that these medications are not given to mask or treat any visible pain but are given far in advance to prevent conditions that would affect the horse's performance.

"Any animal that trains will have mild aches and pains associated with being a professional athlete, and so it would be inhumane to prohibit anti-inflammatory medications," he says.

Benarroch details how the Lasix helps the horses' hearts regulate blood flow. High blood pressure during the extreme stress of a race can cause blood to seep into the lungs. So gamblers won't be distressed by seeing horses bleeding through the nostrils, vets always administer Lasix prior to a race.

"We get blamed because of the perceived animal cruelty

by some people," drawls Ben Root, a young Northwestern trainer. "I can promise you that I have horses in the barn that do a whole heckuva lot better in their stall, training four or five times a week, than they do in a pasture with other horses. They love being here. In our barn, they have to perform and they have to win some money to stick around. The ones that don't, we're not going to make them. There's not a lot you can do to make them. They're bred to run, they're trained to run, and most of them like it a lot. They pace the fences when they're not here."

**A** bell rings, and nine jockeys enter the paddock where the Thoroughbreds are waiting, saddled. Tea Basket's bright green saddle pad contrasts nicely with her dappled coat. The jockeys are hoisted atop their mounts, and they parade to the track. No one seems distracted by the piercing, sideways rain.

"We're wet and cold constantly, so we're always trying to decide when [the horses] are healthy and when they're not," says Root. The wet sand surface of Portland Meadows' track is much better in the winter than in the summer, according to Root. During hotter months, it is the consistency of hard, packed clay and is stressful on ligaments and joints. In the winter, it is comparable to running on beach sand.

"As far as I know," Root says, "my horses' injury rate is far less in the winter."

A bell rings, and the announcer's cry of "and they're off!" is barely audible over the wind and feedback on his microphone. Tea Basket's final odds: ten to one. The approaching hoofbeats grow louder, and even from half a track away, I see mud splattering through the air. The small crowd presses the fence, but avoids a lake-sized puddle that borders the winner's circle. The horses are in a tight bunch, and I can't find Tea Basket in the muddy whirlwind. As the race closes in to the finish line, I see that my favorite is not in the top three. Tea Basket finishes second to last and I have just lost two dollars.

**B**ecause horse racing is so visible and features horses between the ages of two and seven, the industry has been blamed for the surplus of horses in their prime that find their way to the slaughterhouse. Many horses are bred for the track but few produce revenue for their breeders and trainers. Even some champions have bitter fates. The *Daily Racing Form*, when doing a "where are they now?" of racehorses, discovered that Ferdinand, the 1986 Kentucky Derby winner and 1987 Horse of the Year, met his untimely end in a slaughterhouse, as did Exceller, another champion who won more than \$3 million for his owners.

Like Dr. Benarroch, the American Veterinary Medical Association supports slaughter as a form of humane euthanasia.

"It's not illegal to eat horses. Personally, would I eat horse? No. Have I eaten horse? No," says Benarroch. "Some of the animals, if they do race, if they do have an injury that is career ending and not life threatening—why euthanize the animal? It can go to some other use."

Once purchased at auction by a "kill buyer," horses go to a feedlot. Horses of all ages, genders, and sizes mix together and fight over food and space until their final ride. Upon arrival at the crowded slaughterhouse, they will be shocked with electric prods at every refusal as they walk up a cement ramp into the building. One by one, the horses are shot in the head with a four-inch nail from a captive bolt gun—the weapon made famous in *No Country for Old Men*. Workers often miss and fire a number of times to render the horses unconscious. Then they can be chained by their legs and hoisted up to have their throats slit. Most Americans know nothing about this process and still use euphemistic terms like "glue factory" and "turned into dog food" to refer to the disposal of horses.



In 2006, the U.S. House of Representatives passed a bill to ban horse slaughter for human consumption. In January 2007, the two slaughterhouses in Texas were closed indefinitely because a 1949 Texas law prohibiting the sale of horse meat was reinstated. The last remaining American slaughterhouse, Cavel in Illinois, stopped processing horses in May 2007, after the state voted to ban horse slaughter operations. American Airlines and Delta refused to fly horse meat to Europe, further hindering the industry. Currently, slaughter-bound horses are shipped to Canada and Mexico, but advocates are pushing for a bill that will close the borders for doomed horses.

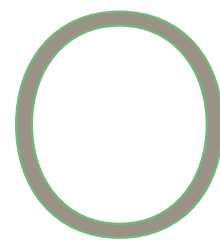
But what will happen to 100,000 horses slaughtered each year if there is no slaughter option for horse owners? Benarroch worries that financially struggling owners will take drastic measures to rid themselves of their equine burdens. Horses will be abandoned to starve in pastures. Horses will be shot. Horses will be turned out into the high desert grasslands of Eastern Oregon to fend for themselves.

"People need options," says Benarroch. "The ban on slaughter is a huge mistake." Many disagree, saying that abuse and neglect will not increase; horses can and will be rehabilitated and retrained. Like shelters for dogs and cats, a growing number of rescue operations and sanctuaries are now caring for unwanted horses.

Root trains sixty horses a season. A Portland Meadows win brings him around \$4,000; Seattle, \$10,000. He sells any horses below Portland Meadows quality. Root explains that his retired racehorses sell off the track for around \$4,000, but one just resold for \$25,000. The higher prices keep the meat buyers away, he implies, preferring not to give his opinion on slaughter practices.

"Once a horse leaves your possession, you can't follow it around forever," says Root, "but we do our best to sell to reputable people. I have no problem giving them away if they have a shot at a good life. The ones we're most proud to sell are the good-looking slow ones. They'll have the best chance having a good life."

But well-bred Thoroughbreds line the stalls at the monthly Woodburn Auction. On the third Friday of each month, surplus horses in Oregon are run through the ring for tragically low prices—former athletes and pets sold for \$50 or \$100 to the kill buyers who frequent the sale.




**I**n Father's Day weekend, horse racing comes to southern Oregon. Grants Pass Downs occurs on a small track that's a dirt-bike course the rest of the year. During the third race of the day, a tall chestnut Thoroughbred

stumbles and is carried away by the horse ambulance: a dusty Ford truck and trailer painted red and white.

I look through my program to the next race and see Tea Basket's name. She hasn't won since I saw her in Portland, but I still bet five dollars for her to win. She stands calmly in the saddling paddock while a groom tightens the girth of the small racing saddle. At nine years old, Tea Basket is the oldest horse in this race by far. Her dark coat is flecked with white.

As the jockeys are hoisted onto their horses and parade away, I find a spot at the finish line; my fingers braid the chain-link fence. The bell rings, and the horses are off in a blur of dust and snapping whips. Tea Basket trails the field. Her final odds: six to one.

The horses heave their delicate bodies with all the speed they can muster as they sprint to the finish. The crowd is on its feet, cheering. Like all great races, one horse surges through the pack in the final seconds. She changes leads and overtakes the rest of the field, lengths ahead of the competition. It's Tea Basket, and I have just won twenty dollars. 

*Rebecca Owen grew up in southern Oregon. She now lives in Portland, but will attend Minnesota State University's M.F.A. program in creative writing starting this fall. She attended Portland State University for writing and Russian language classes, played the cello in the Oregon Sinfonietta, and volunteered at HyTyme Equine Rescue. This essay is the winner of the student category of the 2008 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. For information on the essay contest, go to [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).*



# Ascent

## A CELESTIAL CONCERTO IN SEVEN MOVEMENTS

BY KIMBER WILLIAMS  
PHOTOS BY BALFOUR WALKER



### TÁHIRIH MOTAZEDIAN TRAVELS TO MARS AND BACK.

As a junior at the University of Oregon, Táhirih Motazedian '04 walked into a planetary science class and found her future. Her academic ascent was meteoric. Less than a year into her studies, Motazedian skyrocketed to international attention with a startling theory about how the movement of water beneath the dusty surface of Mars may account for dark streaks and stains upon its slopes, an idea that set the scientific world abuzz. And it seemed that everyone—from the BBC to *Astronomy* magazine to the European space community—came calling to hear more about it.

All the while, Motazedian quietly dreamed of traveling on the first manned mission to Mars, determined to pursue a career to help unravel its distant mysteries. Her research eventually led to work with NASA and a dream job at the



*of a Woman*



University of Arizona's Lunar and Planetary Laboratory downloading breathtaking new images of the Red Planet from the Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter. But throughout her success, Motazedian was haunted. Something else was always jostling for her attention—nudging, gnawing, invading her very dreams. At night, she would lie awake, questioning herself. Until finally, at the top of her game, Motazedian had to face her own doubts: What if the dazzling calling she had found wasn't the one she really wanted?

## I OVERTURE

**THE PASSION AROSE FROM MUSIC**—a strange duet of thundering Beethoven symphonies and the lyrical jangle of African rhythms woven into life in a remote corner of southwestern Zimbabwe. But it was the commanding strains of classical music that could not be ignored. They seeped into her skin and throbbed through her veins and made her fingers ache to create them herself.

"We didn't have any radio living out in the bush, but I remember listening to this music—cassette tapes of Beethoven's nine symphonies—and it just overwhelmed me with emotions I had never felt before," recalls Motazedian, from her home in Tucson, Arizona. At twenty-eight, she still remembers the impact of those symphonies, filtered through a child's memory. The music deeply moved her, creating images in her head that she yearned to sketch out with crayons.

Born in Corvallis, Motazedian, her brother, Vahid, and her Iranian-born parents had moved to Africa after her father, Iraj Motazedian, assistant professor of crop and soil science at Oregon State University, signed on to promote sustainable agriculture through the Matopos Research Station.

For a child, there was great freedom growing up in bush country. "We were in the middle of nowhere—no constraints, no neighbors. We could do whatever we wanted, whenever we wanted, and really, wild animals were the only concern," Motazedian says. Yet, it could be a lonely existence. So when the wife of one of her father's colleagues offered to teach Motazedian to play the piano, it was a welcome diversion.

The family took a day trip into South Africa to purchase an electric keyboard for her. The salesman raved about the "concert grand piano" sound that could be coaxed from a tiny instrument with only twenty-five keys—a scant offering compared to the eighty-eight keys on a standard piano.

"It was about the size of a TV dinner," Motazedian says, chuckling. She could not have cared less. She was utterly in love. Motazedian threw herself into learning to play from mimeographed pages of ancient John Thompson method books, with their British "minims and crochets"—quarter and half-notes. She practiced constantly. "[The keyboard] was everything to me. As soon as I got it, it was all I wanted to do," she says. "When my parents needed to punish me, they would hide the power cord." She would play the silent keyboard anyhow, "to show that my spirit wasn't broken," Motazedian now laughs. "Yes, I was willful, even then."

Motazedian accepted that her parents didn't share the same fire within that she felt. No one else in her family played music. But Iraj and Nourieh Motazedian supported her, nonetheless. "The focus was always on being the best possible version of yourself, contributing as much to the world as you have within you to contribute," Motazedian says. "My parents believe strongly that it's everyone's duty to help out—that was the purpose of everything."

## II ETUDE

**HER FINGERS DIDN'T GROW ACCUSTOMED** to a real piano until her family returned to Corvallis. For a nine-year-old girl whose closest companion had become an electronic keyboard, reentry into American life wasn't easy. "I did not like it," Motazedian recalls. "I definitely didn't want to leave [Africa]. That was my home, what I knew . . . I was suddenly an animal who had been allowed to roam in the wild, put into a cage."

Music was her freedom. Catching a ride on the back of her brother's bicycle each week, Motazedian would skirt across town to her piano lessons.

"My musical world opened up," she remembers. "Music was my best friend. At school, I would just daydream of coming home and practicing." At her lessons, Motazedian could stretch her fingers across the smooth landscape of a real keyboard. It was thrilling, hands suddenly unbound: "Honestly, it was like an entirely different instrument. I can't explain it. Like being kept in a goldfish bowl and being dumped into an ocean. It opened up so much possibility, nuance, depth. There was a richness to be coaxed out of a piano that just didn't exist on my flat little keyboard."

At home, Motazedian taped cardboard extensions on either end of her little electric keyboard to fill in the missing keys. By sixth grade she had changed teachers,



graduating to more challenging pieces. She plodded along with her cardboard-enhanced keyboard until the day she walked home from school to find a truck parked conspicuously in front of her house. “Just thinking about it still leaves me a little breathless,” she recalls. Inside, workers were already positioning the honey-colored spinet piano in the living room. To this day, it remains a bit of a mystery exactly how it was that her parents, who had po-

lately supported her music as a nice hobby, were moved to invest in a piano.

“My parents definitely never expected that I would take to it the way I did,” Motazedian laughs. “As Iranians, I think they hoped I would pursue science, engineering, maybe medical fields—something solid to fall back on. Never in their darkest nightmares did they think I would want to professionally pursue music.”



BY THE AGE OF TEN, MOTAZEDIAN HAD expanded her repertoire to include the violin. It was her mother’s idea. “She bullied me into it,” Motazedian jokes. “When she was growing up, her brother had really wanted to play the violin, but her family was poor and couldn’t afford it. I guess she always wanted to give her children that opportunity,” Motazedian balked, then grudgingly signed up for sixth-grade orchestra. She knew nothing about the violin. The conductor had other students take Motazedian aside to teach her basic technique.

Within months, she was elevated to concertmaster and she was hooked: “The violin offered so many things—it was so responsive, easily manipulated to do wildly different things than a piano. There was much more potential for an individual sound—a very excitable, volatile instrument. It became exciting to explore it.”

By the ninth grade, she got a huge break. While practicing the Prelude in G Minor by Rachmaninoff on the piano during a youth orchestra rehearsal break, Motazedian was overheard by award-winning pianist Daniel Epstein, a guest soloist from New York. He invited her to perform for a master class at Oregon State University the next night. Motazedian had no idea what that meant, but went anyway.

Her nervous energy translated into a fiery Rachmaninoff performance. Epstein encouraged her to take lessons with OSU music professor Rachelle McCabe, an acclaimed concert pianist. Motazedian sought her out. McCabe declined, saying she didn’t work with high school students. Motazedian begged for an audition. McCabe finally relented, heard her, and accepted a new student.

“She was determined to study piano with me, and I enjoyed her exuberant and contagious love of music,” recalls McCabe, who is still at OSU. “Her burning desire to play the piano was inspiring, motivating to the entire class.” Motazedian felt her skills exploding.



“SHE WAS ALWAYS A VERY UNUSUAL PERSON IN THE BREADTH OF HER AMBITION. UNCONVENTIONAL IN MANY WAYS, WITH A TREMENDOUS CURIOSITY, ALWAYS VERY PASSIONATE ABOUT WHAT WAS MOST INTERESTING TO HER.”

Now, both piano and violin consumed her. She performed with the Corvallis Youth Symphony and the Corvallis Camerata and helped start a youth string quartet. It never occurred to her to choose one instrument over the other. “Decide which one of your kids you wanted to give up for an adoption,” she says. “An impossible idea. Both of them gave me something I didn’t get anywhere else in my life and couldn’t do without.” By her senior year, she began studying violin at the University of Oregon with Associate Professor Kathryn Lucktenberg, who “transformed my technique.”

Her life was immersed in music. When she won a full scholarship to OSU, her parents applied their college savings towards a Samick upright grand piano, which she still plays. When she found her “soul-mate violin”—with a breathtaking price tag—Motazedian went to a local credit union and took out a loan, cobbling together part-time jobs and “eating a lot of tofu” to make the payments.

She began playing with the Corvallis–OSU Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of conductor Marlan Carlson, chairman of the OSU Department of Music, who remembers her as a standout student with a feverish intensity: “She was always a very unusual person in the breadth of her ambition. Unconventional in many ways, with a tremendous curiosity, always very passionate about what was most interesting to her.

“And she was someone who enjoyed pushing the boundaries of everything, which I view as a tremendous asset,” he says.

After two years at OSU, Motazedian elected to transfer to the University of Oregon, drawn by its strong School of Music and the talents of faculty members such as Lucktenberg and Victor Steinhardt, professor emeritus of piano. She knew her parents still held out hope that their daughter was using music scholarships to underwrite a more practical career, but Motazedian had other ideas.

## IV BATTAGLIA

THE LIFE OF A MUSIC MAJOR CAN be a lot like boot camp—she knew that going in. Studying both piano and violin meant seven or eight hours of daily practice. Motazedian also played in the UO Symphony.

“Being a music major is pretty much like this kind of gas—it expands to whatever volume is available. If you have five hours of free time, that’s five hours of practice time. You always feel the need for more practice,” she explains.

One afternoon, during her junior year, Motazedian was getting ready for orchestra rehearsal when she began brushing her long, black hair. “My left wrist just literally snapped,” she says. “It made this horrible snapping sound and I couldn’t move, it was frozen in a locked position.”

The wrist would not release. A trip to the emergency room and a cortisone shot returned some mobility. But the wrist remained uselessly weak and excruciatingly painful. Her right wrist wasn’t much better, putting both hands effectively out of commission. When Motazedian had experienced periodic pain in her hands and wrists late in high school, she’d simply cut back. But she’d never found a good diagnosis or adequate treatment. For the most part, she had ignored it.

But now Motazedian was devastated. She couldn’t lift a book or open a door without searing pain. Any time she felt slight improvement, she dove back into her music to make up for lost time, only to suffer another setback. “It was like removing a dam and the water was bursting out, and I would just go too far,” she says. “It was pretty much the worst experience of my life.”

She tried ultrasound, physical therapy, and medication. No improvement. Two years shy of her degree, the doorway to music slammed firmly shut.

“I think my body just said, ‘Enough. If you can’t stop, we’ll just shut down,’” she says. “After a month of not playing, I assumed I would get better. Once I realized that wasn’t going to happen, I started taking stock of my life.”

Motazedian was depressed, mourning the loss of her music and going through the motions. Short one science credit, she signed up for a two-week summer school astronomy course, taught by UO physics professor Robert Zimmerman. “I really had zero interest in science at that point,” says Motazedian, who hadn’t even bought the book for class. Minutes into the lecture, something happened. To recount it, Motazedian’s voice lightens, speeds up.

“My life opened up to me again,” she says. “[Zimmerman] was an incredible teacher, so charismatic, with a grand way of speaking about the amazements of space. It made me feel excited again.” The minute class was over, she “literally ran to the bookstore, bought the textbook, and read the whole thing from cover to cover,” she says, laughing. “I knew nothing of space or astronomy, so it was all dramatic and completely new.”

Zimmerman was a little worried about the intense young woman. Yes, she came to class every day. And her attention was unwavering. But once he broached the mysteries of Mars and the search for life there, “she was bound and determined to go to Mars,” he recalls. Zimmerman tried to talk her out of it. “Anyone who wants to be an astronaut is half crazy,” he chuckles. “The chances of coming back [from Mars] are quite small, and her timing wasn’t quite right—I think our next generation may actually get there.”

But Motazedian wouldn’t give up. “She’s very persis-

tent, very aggressive—in a nice way,” he says. “It’s why she’s a success in whatever she does.” Links between science and music have been studied from the time of Pythagoras. But it’s one thing to muse about theoretical connections, another to switch from art to science altogether. It was an uphill struggle—trading majors halfway through her undergraduate program, she had to make up four years of math and science classes.



PHOTO COURTESY OFFICE OF COMMUNICATION UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



*Motazedian as an undergraduate at the University of Oregon*

ZIMMERMAN WAS A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT THE INTENSE YOUNG WOMAN. YES, SHE CAME TO CLASS EVERY DAY. AND HER ATTENTION WAS UNWAVERING. BUT ONCE HE BROACHED THE MYSTERIES OF MARS AND THE SEARCH FOR LIFE THERE, “SHE WAS BOUND AND DETERMINED TO GO TO MARS,” HE RECALLS.

IF EARTH HAD A DISTANT COUSIN, it might well be the planet Mars. Like Earth, it is pocked and peaked with valleys and volcanoes, deserts and polar ice caps. It hosts the highest mountain in the solar system and crevasses that far surpass the Grand Canyon.

And once, it appears, there was water. Lots of water. Which leaves scientists wondering where it went. Some believe that the Martian oceans retreated to its polar ice caps and eventually sank back into the planet’s rusty soil, where the water now remains as permafrost. A primary mission for the Phoenix Mars lander, now completing three months of research of the Martian surface, is to investigate the history of water on the Red Planet.

“Mars is very intriguing, because if we’re going to find life elsewhere in the solar system, it will be there,” Zimmerman explains. “It won’t be as developed as what we have here on Earth. But to a person with vision, it has great implications.”

Motazedian was captivated: “At one point, it was *really* a wet planet. Definitely a lot of liquid sloshing around.

“There is so much mystery there. Where did all that water go? Such a delicious thought. It’s just that we don’t know, and humans can’t stand not to know. To have something out there so vast that we don’t understand is unbearable,” she says.

Motazedian decided to major in geophysics, with an emphasis on planetary geology. Her family was delighted.

So was their daughter. If she couldn’t have music, studying the planets was a great consolation prize. And she was a natural. In 2002, less than a year after she had first stepped into Zimmerman’s introductory astronomy class, Motazedian snagged a summer research internship, “even though I had very little science background and experience,” she acknowledges.

At the Arkansas–Oklahoma Center for Space and Planetary Sciences, she was given an office; her only direction was to “look through journal articles to see what interests you.” “Mars kept sticking out in my mind,” she recalls. “The whole water issue was just very sexy.”

Left to study pictures of the surface of Mars, she cranked up a classical music CD, Ottorino Respighi’s *Pines of Rome*. It was the perfect soundtrack to a discovery. While looking at surface features, she stumbled across an image with long, dark streaks. “The moment I saw them, I said out loud, ‘Oh my god, that’s water . . .’



Leading theories suggested those surface streaks were the result of dust flows. But studying satellite images taken at different times led her to believe that new streaks were forming all the time, sometimes within a matter of months. Motazedian theorized that they were evidence of water on Mars, suggesting that thermal activity around the extinct volcano Olympus Mons was melting subsurface ice, releasing brine that dissolved surrounding minerals. With a high salt content, the water would freeze at a lower temperature and take longer to evaporate, giving it time to flow downhill, leaving long, jagged streaks.

The notion that substantial underground ice deposits could melt and flow across the surface of the Red Planet sent a big ripple through the astronomical community. Not everyone agreed, but many were intrigued. She published her findings in the journal *Lunar and Planetary Science* and received an invitation to present her work to the world's largest gathering of planetary scientists. There were interviews and press conferences; online chat rooms were ablaze with the news. When a reporter from the BBC e-mailed to request an interview, Motazedian didn't even open it at first, convinced that it was spam. In time, the European Space Agency came calling, asking her to suggest sites to be photographed by their Mars Express spacecraft.

"I just felt really, really happy to do something that was stimulating to me. I enjoy doing things well—don't have any use for the mediocre. And it was the only thing that got me through not being able to play my instruments," she says.

## VI VI INTERLUDE

THE DAY AFTER GRADUATING FROM the UO, Motazedian was on her way to Johnson Space Center, in Houston, Texas, for a coveted NASA internship and one step closer to her dream: to work as a crew member on the first manned expedition to Mars. "Space is the last frontier, this great unknown," she says. "We've really barely scratched the surface of knowledge about space, which makes you kind of feel like a cowboy. Everything in space is new; there's so much to discover."

Her internship turned into a full-time job. But after a year at NASA, she was drawn to the University of Arizona Lunar and Planetary Laboratory in Tucson. "I came for Mars," she says. "I knew there was a mission in the making and I wanted to jump aboard." In August 2005, the lab planned to launch HIRISE, a High Resolution Imaging

Science Experiment, onboard the Mars Reconnaissance Orbiter mission, which was being sent up to study the history of water on Mars.

"It was like giving the scientific world contact lenses," Motazedian says. "Before, the best we could see was like trying to read a newspaper with your eyes squinted shut. The HIRISE camera is so sharp and clear that it's kind of disorienting. You think it must be Earth."

She came aboard the program about a month before the launch, hired to download images from the spacecraft, process them, and monitor the instrument's health and safety. As the first images arrived, Motazedian was blasting the Mars movement of Holst's *The Planets* over the loudspeakers. Operations manager Eric Eliason recalls the excitement. "Táhirih led the group that did the downlink operations," he says. "I remember we all looked at this data and tears came to her eyes—one of those great moments. Hey! We're orbiting Mars and bringing back pictures!"

The mission brought a flood of data (to view images, visit [hirise.lpl.arizona.edu](http://hirise.lpl.arizona.edu)). Eliason suspects that, in her three years of work, Motazedian has downloaded and processed more data from Mars—literally, tens of thousands of high-resolution images—than all other planetary exploration programs combined.

## VII VII BRILLANTE

IF TÁHIRIH MOTAZEDIAN ISN'T the first woman to step foot onto Mars, her eyes were among the first to closely scrutinize the rippled, dusty surface of the planet. The images she processed gave the scientific community its clearest view ever of the Martian landscape. It was work that *mattered*, and she felt happy in it.

But the music had never gone away. She knew that, too.

It took about six years for her hands to properly recover, and more self-discipline than she's ever known to slowly return to practicing. "I was always attempting to play, like a pathetic prisoner trying to find some new way to escape, digging my way out with spoons," she acknowledges. The music pulsed within, fighting to get out.

"I was always trying to push it away, because I couldn't have it. But every time I saw someone walking with a violin case, it hurt my heart to think 'That's not me, I can't do that.' It was like watching someone else walk away with my life," she explains.

Leaving music had bruised her, creating a well of re-

gret. And she didn't want to live with regret. "This is my life, the only one I have," Motazedian says. "I want to feel completely satisfied in the end."

At first, she tried the piano. Her fingers moved tentatively through some Bach chorales, simple church hymns that had been given to her by Rachelle McCabe back at OSU. It wasn't long before she picked up her violin. Then, the hunger was roaring.

She contacted Thomas Cockrell, conductor of the Arizona Symphony Orchestra at the University of Arizona School of Music. Her first rehearsal felt like a homecoming: "I was incredibly ecstatic—I felt like myself again, suddenly awake, alive."

For months she proceeded with a foot in both worlds—science at work, music with the symphony. It should have been perfect. And yet, it wasn't.

"I had been thinking about what was lacking in my life," she says. "I had achieved the exact job that I wanted with a live Mars mission. But still . . ."

Motazedian would lie awake at night, mulling it over. Then, one day she was talking with her husband, UA architecture student Karl Hansen, about a couple who had won the lottery. Hansen casually asked her what she would do if *she* won the lottery.

"The first thing I blurted out was that I would quit my job and go back to music," Motazedian says. "As soon as I said it, I was kind of shocked. But I immediately realized that it was what I wanted."

To Motazedian, it made sense: "Science was like this passionate, fiery love affair of my youth. It filled me with excitement and adventure. But music has always been the love of my life, almost like my oxygen. I really don't know how to live without it."

In May, she resigned her dream job, with plans to pursue an M.A. and Ph.D. in music theory.


Eliason, her supervisor, was disappointed, but not shocked. He had watched Motazedian drifting back toward music. "That's what happens when you follow your dream," he says chuckling. "I think when she finally made the decision, she was a changed person, much happier. As if she really discovered what she wanted to be doing in life."

In leaving her job, there is uncertainty. When Motazedian told her parents about quitting the financial security of a science career, they were concerned. What about the risk of career-ending injuries? Could they return?

To a woman who once dreamed of walking on Mars, fear is an abstract concept—and not particularly useful. She is deeply content in her decision.

Risks? She's okay with that. "I really have no regrets leaving science behind as a profession. My goal was to work on a live Mars mission. It was amazing and exciting, a perfect ending to that chapter of my life, a great detour."

"I'm so happy that everything turned out the way that it did. If I'd never had problems with my hands, I would have missed out on this tremendous part of my life, of history. I was so honored to be a part of it. And I just love music all the more for having to fight so hard to get back to it."

For now, her life is an unfinished symphony, the ink on the page still wet with a tune that is now being written. Like science, it is filled with mysteries. This time, she's comfortable not having all the answers. 

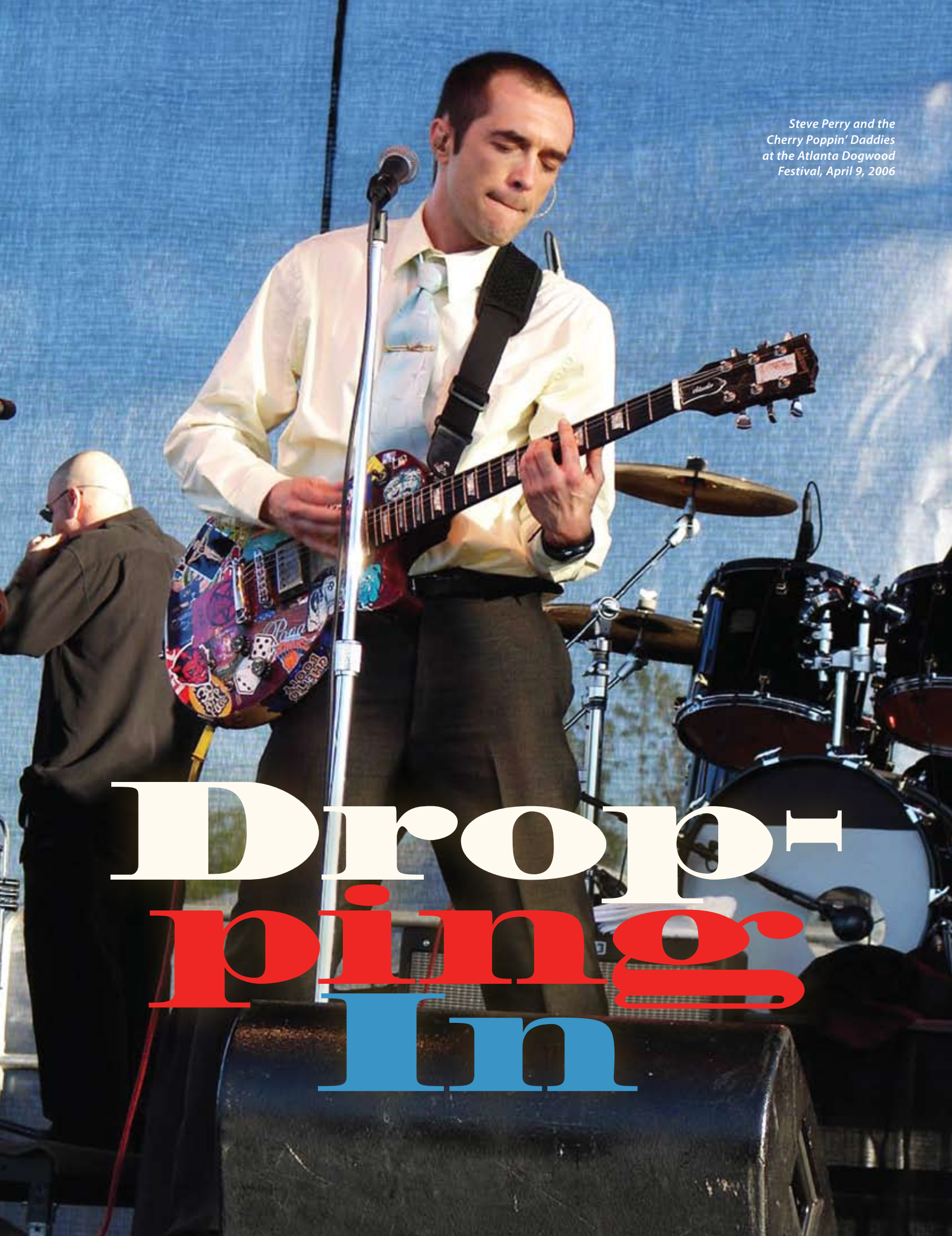
*Kimber Williams, M.S. '95, makes her home near Atlanta, Georgia. Her last piece for Oregon Quarterly was "Ally's Way," Spring 2008.*



HIRISE image of the Martian surface

"I REMEMBER WE ALL  
LOOKED AT THIS DATA  
AND TEARS CAME TO HER  
EYES—ONE OF THOSE  
GREAT MOMENTS. HEY!  
WE'RE ORBITING MARS  
AND BRINGING BACK  
PICTURES!"



A photograph of Steve Perry and the Cherry Poppin' Daddies performing on stage. Steve Perry is in the center, wearing a white shirt and tie, playing a guitar with a colorful, collage-like finish. To his left, another band member is partially visible, wearing a dark shirt and glasses. To the right, a drum kit is visible. The background is a clear blue sky.

*Steve Perry and the  
Cherry Poppin' Daddies  
at the Atlanta Dogwood  
Festival, April 9, 2006*

# Dro- ppin' g In



For one of the UO's most famous dropouts—Cherry Poppin' Daddies frontman Steve Perry—the answer to the eternal question “What should I do with myself now?” proved simple enough: **go back to class.**

BY COREY DUBROWA



Steve Perry stood outside Oregon Hall with a single thought roaming through his head: *This is a bad idea. I'm not sure I can do this.*

It was spring 2002, and over the preceding decade, Perry and his band, Eugene's Cherry Poppin' Daddies, had sampled nearly every delicacy the music business was capable of serving up. After years of independent album releases and grinding it out on the U.S. club circuit, the group emerged as one of the progenitors of the so-called “swing revival,” resulting in a number one Billboard single (“Zoot Suit Riot,” 1997), sold-out world tours, multiplatinum record sales, a nomination for an MTV Video Music Award, and even a “Weird Al” Yankovic parody (“Grapefruit Diet”). Not bad for a bunch of guys who irregularly attended the UO early in their academic tenures to pursue the glittering but ephemeral rock 'n' roll dream.

But lately, that dream had faded: in 2000, the group's more eclectic follow-up album, *Soul Caddy*, had failed to register with the mass audience generated by their swing material (the Daddies' new fans proved largely unaware of the group's early stylistic zigzagging, which included songs that jumped easily across the ska, funk, rockabilly, and punk genres). The band's major-label record company, Mojo, hadn't helped matters any: “The label was concerned,” Perry remembers with a sardonic chuckle. “They told us ‘it's good, but not like the Cherry Poppin' Daddies people know and love.’ Their brilliant idea was to issue our next single, ‘Diamond Light Boogie,’ with no band listed on it whatsoever. It was comedy—we ended up really disappointed, because you work really hard to make something you're proud of and then give it to the Keystone Kops, watch them bump into each other, and fall down. That's where we were at the time.”

Burned out and bummed out, Perry retreated, moving to New York City, where he spent parts of more than two years “chilling out anonymously. I basically just needed a vacation!” he explains. “It was a good time in my life in that it allowed me to heal. But I missed everybody back in Eugene—my friends and a lot of people who loved me took it personally, like I'd turned my back on them. So I came back to Eugene but didn't have very much to do: I wasn't going to make another record. My main memory



of that time is my brain feeling like a smooth lacrosse ball: no wrinkles in my cortex at all. I felt stupid!”

And this is how Perry—having waked up one night bathed in a sweat, wondering *Oh my god, what am I going to do with myself?*—decided to pursue his backup plan by returning to the campus he'd left in 1983, when, washing dishes, attending Black Flag shows in someone's basement, and the call of the rock 'n' roll life had proven stronger than his will to study.

He'd go back to school.

So there he stood that fine spring day, steeling himself for the pitch that followed. “I remember laughing through the whole thing,” Perry recalls. “I walked into Oregon Hall and told 'em my story: I used to be a rock star, and I want to see if I can come back to school. But I'm pretty stupid now. I'm not sure I can pull it off. Can I take a few classes and see? Maybe I can get the degree I'm interested in pursuing.” By the time he left, it was official: Steve Perry had dropped *back in* to the UO.

## Just like starting over

Like most of Perry's endeavors—such as giving his band a name guaranteed to generate controversy or writing songs in a variety of styles that would force the group to learn entirely new musical genres—his chosen field of study reflected a desire to challenge himself to the maximum degree possible. Perry would pursue an undergraduate degree in molecular biology.

As it happens, the apple didn't fall far from the tree, intellectually speaking. “I have a tendency to throw things in front of me that are hard, put weights around my ankles,” Perry explains. “My father's a scientist—he worked for years at IBM in upstate New York—and the value of an education is something that had been drilled into me as a kid, but I had basically walked out on all those values in 1983. At that time I was going to be a chemistry major. It was just the beginning of the DNA revolution and of course the UO had all the heavy hitters of molecular biology as faculty—Frank Stahl, George Streisinger, Aaron Novick. By the time I had returned to campus, genetics had exploded and was much more interesting [than chemistry], much more my bag.”

**D**iving headlong into his new task, Perryaced his first few classes, developing a focus that surprised even him. “Anyone who’s an older student knows this, but when you’re older, your study habits are better—I’d pretty much gotten all my ya-yas out in my other world. You’re also more willing to be the irritating person who asks the dumb questions everyone wants to ask. I was basically Socrates: ‘I know zero, I’m a rock ‘n’ roll guy, you’re going to have to explain this to me.’ I went to several of my professors and gave them the same pitch I did before: ‘I’ve been out of school a long time, I’m pretty stupid, and I’m not sure I can do this. But I’m going to try. So if I’m ever in the way or something, just tell me and I’ll drop out.’”

Perry enjoyed a few years of relative anonymity on campus. “I have a general tendency to hide my identity, not to use the fame thing,” he laughs, “but when it would come up, the reaction [from fellow students] was almost always, ‘No, you can’t be the guy from the Cherry Poppin’ Daddies, I’ve heard them before, and we’re in the same class!’”

But then it became clear to Perry that he needed to wrap up his undergraduate career. For one thing, his mother was ill (she died of unknown causes last year) and he could hear the clock ticking. “Not to sound like a silent movie or anything, but I wanted to do it for my parents because when I dropped out to pursue music, my mother told me, ‘Stevie, you can have a vocation and then maybe music can be your avocation.’ And I told her, ‘mom, that all sounds good, but it doesn’t work that way, at least not for me. It’s a 24-7 job. I’ve gotta wash dishes and play music.’ It bummed her out when I dropped out.” And there was a part of him that just needed to do it: “The degree was an unfinished thing in my life. I mean, my dad’s a physicist, and one thing I’ve always liked about him is his sense of wonder and curiosity about how things work. So in many ways it was in me.”

Perry finally secured his degree in spring 2004, mounting a very different stage than the ones upon which he’d earned a living for the entirety of the ‘90s. “It was such a great day,” Perry remembers. “My mother and father were both there, and although it felt kind of silly—my friends cheered when I received my diploma—it made me feel better about myself to earn my degree. For one thing, it made me feel more secure as a musician—the business has changed so much that people take what you do for free these days—like I could be a lab rat somewhere and do my music if and when I wanted. It was like a safety net. And best of all, I had the sensation of my cortex actually


wrinkling a little. It was as if my brain had gotten back into shape.”

## Man of words, man of music

Even as he completed his studies, Perry could feel himself being drawn back to his musical roots once again. “At some point during the last year, I was already thinking about doing music again. The Daddies had basically been on hiatus but there was stuff going on—people would call us up and say ‘Hey, come play the Dogwood Festival in Atlanta,’ and we’d fly out and play the greatest hits of the Daddies. It wasn’t that hard—we’d show up and do it, then everyone could go do their side projects, be with their families. We’d settled into something that was nice but didn’t ask very much of us. That’s when I decided it was time to do a new record—I’d say ‘Hey, I’m down, is anyone else down to do this?’” Perry laughs. “It ended up being a mixed bag of responses.”

The fruits of this labor can now be heard on the Cherry Poppin’ Daddies latest album, *Susquehanna*, a triumphant return to the musical spotlight in the form of a concept album: a thirteen-track story-in-song that proves to be the band’s most reflective, nuanced work to date. “I wanted to go back to doing multiple musical genres,” Perry recounts enthusiastically, “but I also wanted a narrative arc running through it. I was watching this [Jean-Luc] Godard movie *Pierrot le fou* recently—it starts out as a road film, then out of nowhere, becomes a musical. It’s a consciousness-raising disruption,

which makes you wonder what Godard really had in mind. My ideas are like that, too; but as you get older, the way you want to do things is subtler. So [*Susquehanna* is] not really about the different genres—they’re just an information-carrying device. It’s about the story: the remembering, the loss of innocence. You get a picture of this person who longs to be part of a community but continually runs away. I’m a classicist, when it comes down to it: I like Greek tragedies, Shakespeare. I’m trying to lead you down the path to where I want you to go.”

Wherever his path may ultimately lead—to a recording studio, a biology lab, or both—it’s clear that Steve Perry still has a few new wrinkles to dazzle us with. 



Steve Perry with his parents at graduation

*Corey duBrowa ’88 serves by day as the Portland-based president of the PR firm Waggener Edstrom Worldwide and can remember when his lousy college band played on the same three-bar Eugene circuit as Perry’s first group, Snakepit.*



# Olympian Achievement

PHOTO ESSAY BY JOHN BAUGUESS

THE TOP AMERICAN TRACK-AND-FIELD ATHLETES COMPETED THIS SUMMER AT HAYWARD FIELD—A VENUE ONE JOURNALIST CALLED THE SPORT'S CARNEGIE HALL. ONLY THE BEST OF THE BEST—APPROXIMATELY 120 OUT OF MORE THAN 1,200 ELITE ATHLETES—EARNED THE TITLE OF OLYMPIAN AND A TICKET TO BEIJING. EACH OF THE EIGHT DAYS OF COMPETITION DREW MORE THAN 20,000 FANS, FOR A TOTAL NEARING 170,000 TICKETED ATTENDEES. ADJACENT TO THE STADIUM, THE EUGENE 08 FESTIVAL—FREE, OPEN TO THE PUBLIC, AND MORE THAN A YEAR IN THE PLANNING—DREW TENS OF THOUSANDS OF ADDITIONAL FANS AND CURIOUS ONLOOKERS TO EAT, DRINK, WATCH THE COMPETITION ON HUGE VIDEO SCREENS, ENJOY ENTERTAINMENT, PURCHASE MEMENTOS, PLAY GAMES, LEARN NEW SKILLS, AND MUCH MORE. *OREGON QUARTERLY* ASSIGNED PHOTOJOURNALIST JOHN BAUGUESS TO CAPTURE THE SCENE.







# Hayward

















## Gamma Phi Beta turns 100

*A century of change at sorority and in the larger Greek world*

UNLIKE THEIR NEATLY GLOVED and Marcel-waved sisters of the 1920s, the more than 300 Gamma Phi Beta alumnae from seventeen states who gathered in Eugene earlier this year to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the first sorority at the University of Oregon did not disembark from canoes on the Millrace to take tea on the chapter house's lawn. Reunion attendees, who spanned eight decades of sorority membership, gathered for open houses, winery tours, and the elegant Pink Carnation Banquet, where UO President Dave Frohn-meyer saluted them. The evening's entertainment included a slide show of images from the past 100 years, skits, and shared memories.

Heather (Maas) Schrag '97 praised the planning and execution of anniversary events by alumnae, and she especially appreciated the enthusiastic participation by current members, despite their busy student lives. Current GPBs hosted open houses, modeled clothing styles from earlier eras at the banquet, and performed chamber and vocal music. Phyllis (Friedrich) Potter '59, one of the alumna planners, comments, "It was rewarding to see the active campus group so involved and happy to be entertaining their alums."

Gamma Phi Beta, founded nationally in 1874, is currently riding a wave of renewed interest in Greek organizations. Sororities and fraternities peaked in popularity in the early 1900s, with around 400,000 members, but they were subsequently affected by young men leaving to fight in two world



*Gamma Phi Beta sisters during the fall term of 1936*

wars. In the 1950s, Greeks enjoyed their greatest postwar popularity. Local Gamma Phi reunion coordinator Ann (Henderson) Kershner '59 acknowledges that, along with the many benefits of sorority life, "snob appeal" motivated many women to pledge in her era.

Increased housing options and broadening social attitudes—seen in the civil rights and antiwar movements—helped make the 1960s a low point for Greek membership. Since then, membership has for the most part been on the upswing. The

blockbuster 1978 movie *Animal House*, filmed in some of the UO's own Greek houses, helped fuel a hard-partying image of fraternities and sororities in the 1980s and 1990s. Parental concerns over hazing and binge drinking led to a 25 percent drop in fraternity membership in the 1990s. Increased oversight by national Greek organizations helped address this problem and, by 2000, membership had risen back to about 350,000.

Sororities originated in the late 1860s as academic support groups and safe places


to live for women scholars, who were vastly outnumbered by male classmates. University administrators have long valued both sororities and fraternities for their positive effect on student retention rates. More recently, Greek organizations have touted the benefits of academic support, community service opportunities, and professional networking for the futures of their pledges—initiatives that harken back to the origins of American sororities. Gamma Phi house director (the new term for “house mother”) Marcia Furtney is proud of the way sometimes awkward pledges are transformed by sorority participation into poised, confident young women suited for exciting careers.

To support the progressive efforts of individual houses at the UO, in 2005 Greek Life, the on-campus office that governs the activities of fraternities and sororities, began aggressively promoting the advantages of Greek living to incoming freshmen. Consequently, fall 2005 “recruitment” (the new-millennium term for “rush”) saw 25 percent more students sign up. House director Furtney partially credits changes in recruitment tactics with Gamma Phi’s increased numbers. In the past, women had spent endless hours creating elaborate one-night performances designed to dazzle potential members. Now, less-stressed “actives” converse with recruits one-on-one. Getting better acquainted with one’s future housemates leads to better matches and, eventually, to higher rates of retention.

Gamma Phis believe they have a special advantage in recruiting because of the chapter’s Tudor-style house on the Millrace at Hilyard Street. The building—the sorority’s third campus home—was completed in 1926 and placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1991. Ann Kershner exemplifies the personal attachment Gamma Phis have to the house itself—her parents’ wedding in August 1926 was the first to be held in the now eighty-two-year-old building. Heather Schrag remembers wondering what it would be like to live in the “gorgeous house” even before she visited it for the first time during rush. “I knew I loved it already, and I hoped the women inside it would impress me as well.”

In 1959, a three-story addition expanded the house without disturbing the classic lines of the Tudor façade. Since then, alumnae have funded repairs and upgrades ranging from the structural (hydraulically lifting the massive building to shore up the

foundation), to the merely decorative—wallpaper has been hung, ripped down, hung again, steamed off, and painted over. Changing tastes led to some intergenerational disagreements regarding upholstery, drapery, and rug choices, but mutual love

of the house and the sisters who have lived there always overshadowed decorating trends and, ultimately, brought hundreds of them “home” in 2008 to celebrate those sentiments. 

—Kathleen O’Fallon, M.A. ’84, Ph.D. ’88



Gamma Phi Beta house in the 1930s


## “Ed’s Coed” Was a Gamma Phi

When only three years old, the eye-catching Gamma Phi Beta house appeared in the first full-length student film produced in the United States, *Ed’s Coed*. In the film, Joanne, Ed’s first campus “crush,” lives in the English Tudor-style sorority—rechristened “Theta Delta Zeta.” She and her sorority sisters lean from the windows of the house’s “tower” room while Ed (a.k.a. The Phantom Violinist) serenades them from the shadows.

Students James Raley ’31 and Carvel Nelson ’30 wrote and directed *Ed’s Coed*, a parody of campus life at the time. Legendary director Cecil B. DeMille lent Raley and Nelson a movie camera and a cinematographer, Frank McBride, to complete their silent film. They wrapped filming on June 30, 1929, and held the movie’s premiere at the McDonald Theater in downtown Eugene the following November, during homecoming weekend.

While the student high jinks in *Ed’s Coed* do not achieve the levels of hilarity and creative gross-out on display in that infamous UO-set film *Animal House*, Raley and Nelson’s black-and-white “snapshot” pokes good-natured fun at sororities, fraternities, and academic life in general. The film’s villain, Ed’s ne’er-do-well cousin Les, is a snob who borrows money from Ed to pay his debts, then enlists the help of Joanne and his frat brothers in playing elaborate pranks on the gullible Ed. When students are not tormenting unsuspecting freshmen, they seem to be riding horseback—a good opportunity for the women to look chic in jodhpurs—or canoeing down the Millrace.

Hollywood writer and producer Bryce Zabel ’76 views the behind-the-scenes story of making *Ed’s Coed* as having such “great heart” that he and his wife Jackie have turned it into a screenplay for a “very hip” independent comedy called *Let’s Do It*. (The Zabels cowrote the Hallmark Channel miniseries *Pandemic*, for which they won a 2008 Writers Guild of America award.)

Zabel hopes to make *Let’s Do It* his feature directorial debut. His production company has not yet scouted on-campus locations, so the Gamma Phi Beta women may want to issue an invitation, perhaps by waving their great-grandmothers’ hankies from the tower windows. 

—KO



# The guru of gruesome

Novelist Chuck Palahniuk provokes strong reactions from readers.

It's hard to remain ambivalent about Chuck Palahniuk '86. Described by his fans as a postmillennial Jonathan Swift and by his critics as a one-trick pony churning out the same vulgar observations, the man who made an art form out of offense doesn't seem to understand what all the controversy is about: "Where's the rule that says *Oliver Twist* can't sit on the toilet like the rest of us?" he asks.

Palahniuk's path to profanity began when his first book was rejected by every publisher he contacted, on the grounds of being unfit for public consumption. His response was to write an even more provocative novel—an attempt, he says, to disturb the publisher even more for rejecting him in the first place—the result of which was *Fight Club*.

A tale of disaffected men who join an underground fighting club as an extreme form of therapy, it later became an acclaimed film and established his reputation as one of America's most edgy writers.

Exploring the darker side of human behavior won Palahniuk a sizable fan base as well as a significant amount of criticism, most of which contends that he is little more than a gross-out artist par excellence, writing each book to the same formula.

Palahniuk says he doesn't listen to his critics, but surprisingly seems to concede that his novels frequently cover similar ground.

"Variation is such a two-edged sword," he says. "Most readers want more of what they already enjoy. The balance is to keep them happy while offering something different. All of Dickens sounds much the same. When did we get the idea that a writer has to reinvent everything with every book?"

This question is not likely to be settled with his recent efforts.

*Rant*, published in 2007, is yet another glimpse into the depths of Palahniuk's twisted imagination. The novelistic answer to documentary film, the book takes the form of an "oral biography" of the now-deceased Buster "Rant" Casey, wherein more than 100 onlookers—friends, family, and enemies—gather to share their recol-



Chuck Palahniuk speaking at the Booksmith, San Francisco, about his novel *Rant* in 2007.

lections of his life. It's an often contradictory assemblage that, he says, "arrives in tidy, bite-sized chunks you can eat compulsively."

It doesn't take long, however, to discover that this is no standard-issue eulogy. Set against the backdrop of the near future—or perhaps a reimagined present—the tale follows a restless Buster Casey growing up in a stiflingly banal U.S. town called Middleton, a place that is "four solid days of driving" away from anywhere.

The pressure to "fill up the 100 years of every boring day" sees him embrace antisocial behavior and masochism as a means of staving off boredom.

The destructive impulse can't be satiated by ordinary teenage flirtations with vandalism, however, and Buster soon intentionally contracts rabies and begins acting as "America's walking, talking Biological Weapon of Mass Destruction," doing his best to inflict the disease on his sexual partners and, eventually, the entire country.

Having successfully thrown his hometown into chaos, "Rant" (his onomatopoeic nickname comes from the sound his con-

vulsing victims make at the height of their infections) soon moves to a big city where he joins an obscure group of "party crashers," whose members get their kicks by staging and participating in very real car crashes twice a week, often for the benefit of confused onlookers.

*Rant* is a deeply complex and often cheerfully depraved affair. Its follow-up, *Snuff* (2008), offers more of the author's trademark quirkiness. The book is structured around an aging porn star's quest to break the record for serial sex acts. (Palahniuk's fans have come to expect extremes from a writer whose graphic imagination was responsible for "Guts," an eye-wateringly unpleasant short story credited by the author with causing scores of audience members to faint at readings.)

Palahniuk, though, rejects the idea that his works are merely expressions of an adolescent desire to provoke and disgust.

"The sad truth is, I invent very little. I have been party crashing four times, twice in Portland and twice in San Francisco. My degree is in journalism, and my tendency is to collect true anecdotes and experiences and quilt them together to illustrate larger themes."

Nowhere are his themes more vividly expressed than in *Rant*. Palahniuk's books are explorations of the sense of alienation—particularly for adolescent males—created by an inauthentic society; odes to antisocial mavericks who often band together in violent ways to display their rejection of mainstream morality.


It's a macabre exploration of human behavior that others would prefer remained unexamined, but that, says Palahniuk, who is often mistaken for an angry nihilist, doesn't mean that his novels don't carry a moral message. "If you don't value what others value, they insist you value nothing," he says. "If I don't love exactly what you love, that doesn't mean I love nothing. I'm actually a hopeless romantic and all my books are romances."

A peculiar brand of romance, to be sure, but one that seems to resonate with his readership—particularly on the Internet, where his aptly named official website

"The Cult" (www.chuckpalahniuk.net) averages more than 300,000 hits a day.

A story about love, rabies, sex, violence, and everything in-between, *Rant* is a typically noxious and sometimes beautifully bleak Palahniuk novel. Many readers will be repulsed by its flagrant embrace of the perverse, but that alone, he says, should not obscure its underlying value: "Much

**"The sad truth is, I invent very little. . . . my tendency is to collect true anecdotes and experiences and quilt them together to illustrate larger themes."**

of my work takes a profane path to arrive at what I hope is a profound place. I try to engage the reader on a gut level. Most books engage your mind. Some engage your heart. But I want it all; your mind and heart and stomach. My characters go to the bathroom, fight, get sick, take drugs, have sex, but they go on to do so much more. Don't we all?" 

— James Robertson

## A Campus Bestseller

Chuck Palahniuk's gritty prose is startlingly popular among college students, according to "What They're Reading on College Campuses," a top-ten list that appeared in the July 25 issue of *The Chronicle of Higher Education*. Ranking number three is Palahniuk's *Rant: An Oral Biography of Buster Casey*—beaten out only by David Sedaris's *When You Are Engulfed in Flames* and Randy Pausch and Jeffrey Zaslow's *The Last Lecture*, and ahead of Barack Obama's *The Audacity of Hope* and Stephen Colbert's *I Am America (And So Can You!)*. Palahniuk's book *Snuff* took seventh place. The *Chronicle* compiled the list using June figures for hardcover and paperback trade books sold at about forty college bookstores nationwide.

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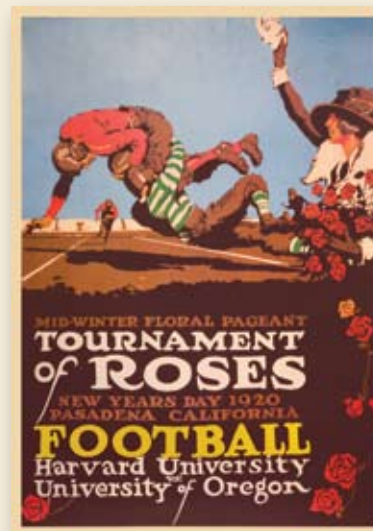
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# A Brass Anniversary

*If twenty-five is silver and fifty is gold, one hundred must be mother-of-pearl-inlaid spit valves.*

**Y**ELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS bloomed brightly on the chests of proud Oregon supporters that chilly November afternoon. The rooters had turned out in force for the 1908 Civil War game—more than 400 of the University of Oregon's 526 students crowded together in raucous glee in the stands of Portland's Multnomah Field. But the students' exuberant presence was increased in shine and bravado by the accompanying clamor of a

small group of students armed with drums and horns: the UO's very first band.

Carey V. Loosely, Oregon's student yellmaster, surveyed the packed stands with pride. The Oregon gridders didn't get a chance to settle the score with that team from Corvallis (known then as Oregon Agricultural College) every day—and for the past two years, the UO had come up short. Today, though, as the leather-helmeted teams scrapped on the wet, heavy sawdust

of the field, 10,000 spectators were treated to selections from the book of chants and lyrics the Oregon students fondly called "Loosely's hymn book." A special contest, offering cash prizes for the best new school songs and cheers, had been promoted for weeks by the campus newspaper, the *Oregon Weekly*. One writer even went so far as to suggest that "anyone who can write Spencerian verse in English literature class ought to be able to write a yell."

**By the time the much-anticipated match against OAC was upon them, the Boola Band was ready to support the Oregon fans in high brassy style.**

Armed with new rooting material and with a lucky rabbit's foot tucked into his vest pocket, Loosely thought the Oregon students just might be able to cheer their beloved team on to victory. But the bright din of the musicians was his ace in the hole—a band of their own, at last.

In September, amid back-to-school notices and ads for \$18.50 tuxedos, the *Weekly* had announced, "A band has long been needed, and every year an attempt has been made to establish one. This year, the demand is stronger than ever, and those interested are confident of success." The University was home to excellent musicians and sponsored a well-loved Glee Club for singers and a Mandolin Club for the UO's finger-picking enthusiasts. A brass band, like those gaining prominence at universities to the east, would not only encourage the wind players on campus, but would surely raise the already-formidable Oregon spirit to an even higher pitch (and greater volume) at rallies and games.

At the inaugural meeting, "more than a




**Loud and Proud** The UO Marching Band circa 1923 (top) on the steps of Johnson Hall; in 1947, performing in downtown Central Point (below, left); and at Autzen Stadium in 2003 (right).

score of men signed the list pledging themselves to play in the new band," the *Weekly* happily reported. Cornets, trombones, one flute, two drums, and a collection of other horns and reed instruments made up the infant ensemble.

Luckily, a student trombonist from Monmouth named Burns Powell had two years at the helm of the Monmouth Cadet Band under his belt. Powell's experience leading bands and orchestras, along with his noted prowess on his own instrument, made him the natural choice for bandmaster despite his lowly status as a freshman.

Powell and his "Boola Band" (named in homage to the famous Yale fight song) had only two weeks to prepare their repertoire for the first football game of the season. "Mighty Oregon" wasn't present in the stack of sheet music they rehearsed—the theme song to all Oregon athletics wouldn't be composed until 1916. Instead, selections from John Philip Sousa's arsenal of inspirational marches, such as "The Stars and Stripes Forever" and "Liberty Bell" (more fondly known by modern ears as the theme to *Monty Python's Flying Circus*), echoed across campus.

By the time the much-anticipated match against OAC was upon them, the Boola Band was ready to support the Oregon fans in high brassy style. On that November afternoon, Loosely's planning, the band's rehearsals, and the ardor filling the chrysanthemum-festooned chest of every Oregon fan were rewarded: the team claimed victory in the fourteenth Civil War, crushing the Corvallis squad 8-0.


From these humble beginnings, the student brass band took root in Eugene, swelled, and prospered. Today, the UO is home to seven bands, four brass ensembles, three jazz bands, two percussion groups, and numerous upstart student ensembles. This year, at Civil War number 112, a band more than eight times larger than the Boola Band will blast "Mighty O" with pride and ridiculous frequency. While swoosh-emblazoned uniforms and the chorus of "Louie Louie" may bear little resemblance to their 1908 counterparts, if you listen closely, even 100 years later you can still hear the legacy of twenty-some scrappy students who decided to form a band to play Old Oregon on to victory. 

—Mindy Moreland



**The Boys of Summer** University of Oregon baseball players, probably taken between 1908 and 1913

## A Sporting Year

More than just changing the soundtrack to Oregon sports, 1908 was a banner year for athletics on numerous fronts. "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" made its debut, and Oregon added baseball to its official sports roster for the first time. That summer, the length of the modern marathon was accidentally established at the Olympic Games in London after the Princess of Wales requested a slight addition to the twenty-five-mile course so that her children could watch the start of the race from the lawn of Windsor Castle. Track Town legend Bill Hayward was in attendance at the Games, cheering on former Oregon track star Dan J. Kelly to a silver medal in the long jump. 

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## UO Alumni Calendar

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### August 28

LANE COUNTY CHAPTER

#### Twelfth Annual Tailgate Auction

*Benefit for student scholarships and business programs*

### September 13

#### Official UO Pregame Party at Purdue

*Celebrate before the Ducks take on the Boilermakers*

### September 14

#### Puget Sound Freshman Sendoff Reno Freshman Sendoff

*Afternoon receptions for incoming UO freshmen*

### September 19

SPOTLIGHT AWARDS

#### Reception at the White Stag Block in Portland

*Honoring Portland-area alumni*

### October 4

#### Official UO Football Pregame Party at USC

*Celebrate before the Ducks take on the Trojans*

### October 10-12

#### Homecoming and Family Weekend

*Parade, pep rally, tailgating, football, and more*

### October 10

#### Oregon Marching Band 100th Anniversary Celebration

*Join your former band mates for a reception and dinner at the Valley River Inn*

### All-Greek Reunion

*Celebrate Greek life with an on-campus dinner and reception*

### November 1

#### Official UO Football Pregame Party at Cal

*Celebrate before the Ducks take on the Bears*



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# Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

## 1950s

**Paul Edlund** '50, a member of Beta Theta Pi, was given the title of "distinguished member" by the Construction Specifications Institute. The award is the institute's highest honor and celebrates a lifetime of superb service to the construction industry.

■ **James A. McGrath** '50 was named a Santa Fe Living Treasure in June. McGrath's work as an artist, environmentalist, and volunteer earned him the honor, which is given to elders who share their time and talents with the community.

■ **Richard Allen**, M.D. '58, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, has been elected president of the Society for Humanism in Medicine.

## 1960s

**Larry L. Lynch** '61 published *Farewell Bend* this year, a novel about growing up in Ontario, Oregon, where Lynch's family published the semi weekly *Argus-Observer* newspaper during the 1950s.

■ **Stephen L. Wasby**, M.A. '61, Ph.D. '62, traveled to Eugene in May from his home on Cape Cod to lead a workshop on grant proposal writing for sociology graduate students. He recently completed a three-year term as editor in chief of *Justice System Journal*.

**Albert Drake** '62, M.F.A. '66, has collected the automotive columns he wrote for *Rod Action* and *Goodguys Gazette* during the past twenty-five years in his newest book, *The Age of Hot Rods*.

Fresh from attending the summer Olympics, a beaming **Alaby Blivet** '63 declares he is "going for globalization gold" by opening a Beijing branch of the Blivet Biscuit Works. "We have two goals," says Blivet: "Selling every man, woman, and child in China one Blivet snickerdoodle, and, nearly as challenging, finding a Mandarin word for snickerdoodle."

In January, **Lee Felling** '66, M.B.A. '67, was elected mayor of Sammamish, Washington (rated by *CNN Money* magazine as the eleventh best small-to-medium sized American city in which to live). Felling's wife, **Audrey (Rantala) Felling** '67, recently retired as chair at the English department of Redmond High School.

■ **Gaylord E. Davis** '68, a member of Phi Gamma Delta, is celebrating his fortieth anniversary as a financial representative at Northwestern Mutual Financial Network in Portland. He is a cofounder of Pumpkin Ridge Golf Course where he has chaired or cochaired six United States Golf Association events.

Davis lives in Portland with his daughters, Marie and Annie, and his wife, Judi.

■ **William G. Marsh** '68, M.D. '72, a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, was named 2008 Washington Family Practice Doctor of the Year by the Washington Academy of Family Physicians. Marsh lives in Puyallup, Washington, with his wife, ■ **Errollynne Ackerson Marsh** '88, a member of Delta Zeta.

**Charles "Jack" Dudley**, Ph.D. '69, retired from his position as director of the Virginia Tech Honors Program in July after thirty-four years of service. Dudley next plans to teach a university honors colloquium, pick up where he left off on a few writing projects, and devote time to his painting hobby.

**William "Pat" Sanderlin** '69 attended his first Duck football game, the 2007 Civil War, at the tender age of sixty. Of his belated fandom, Pat says, "Better late than never!"

## 1970s

■ **John A. Nelson** '70, a member of Delta Tau Delta, sold his business, Mitchell Nelson Group, in 2007. The thirty-year-old firm, which started in Eugene, was acquired by Maul Foster Alongi, an environmental sciences, engineering, and planning firm. Nelson sits on the board of directors and directs the company's planning and landscape architecture group.

**Mohammed R. Forouzesh** '73 received the 2008 Outstanding Professor Award at California State University, Long Beach, for his work in the health science department. The award recognizes excellence in three specific areas: instruction, scholarly and creative activities, and professional service.



### CLASS NOTABLE

## Gettin' Their Kicks . . .

■ **Thomas Hewkin** '75 won \$5.4 million on a \$1 quick-pick lottery ticket in January. He and his wife, Kathy, continued their jobs with the Three Rivers School District in Grants Pass until June 30 and then retired. They plan to travel the world and "will remain avid Duck football and basketball fans." The '57 T-Bird—the only splurge the couple made with their winnings—will propel them during a much-anticipated road trip on Route 66. 🍷





## DUCKS AFIELD

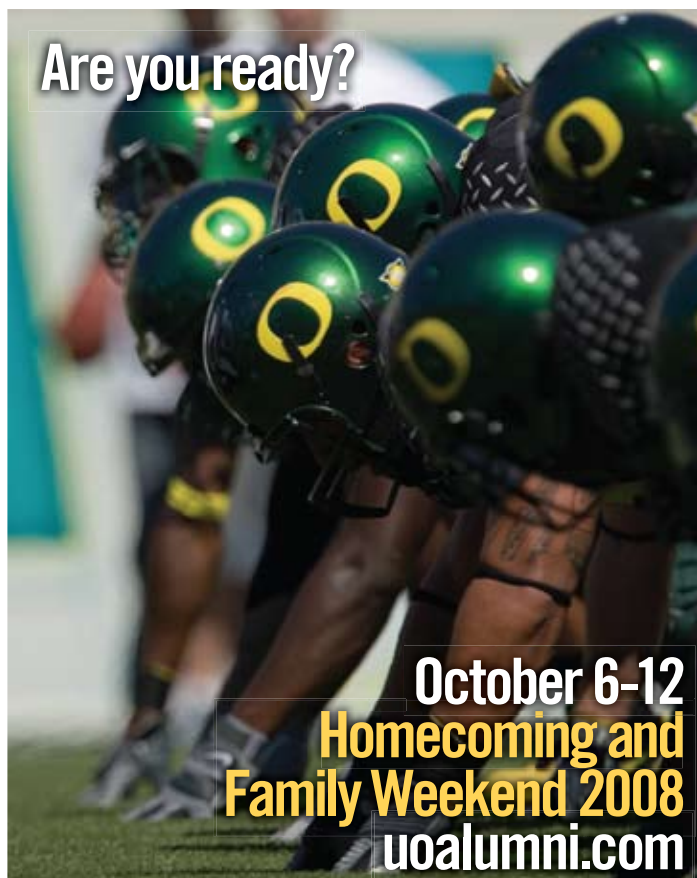
### Photos Wanted

Oregon Quarterly wants your photos of family or friends in Duck regalia (hats, T-shirts, and such). Of special interest are shots from exotic or unusual locales. Other kinds of Duck-related shots also are welcomed—the more interesting or funny, the better. *Technical note: High-resolution digital images work best; low-resolution shots will not reproduce well in print.* Send to [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).



**Ducks in flight** In Southern California for a tournament at UCLA, the UO women's club soccer team spent a day enjoying a light workout at Torrance Beach. One of the players, Kat Penberthy, has parents living in the area—father Gary '72 was on hand to capture this photo.

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**CLASS NOTES** *Continued*

**Clay Eals** '74 was awarded a silver medal in the biography category of the 2008 Independent Book Publisher Awards for *Steve Goodman: Facing the Music*. An excerpt from the book appeared in the Summer 2007 issue of *Oregon Quarterly*.

**Nancy Golden**, M.S. '74, Ph.D. '87, received Springfield's First Citizen Award in January for her work as superintendent of the Springfield school district.

**Gustena (Miller) Thompson** '74 recently moved to Hilton Head, South Carolina, where she works as a wine consultant with Wine Shop At Home.

**Patrick McLaughlin**, M.L.S. '75, retired as professor and collection development librarian in December 2006 after twenty-two years at Central Washington University. Patrick and his wife, Nancy, live in Ellensburg, Washington, where they enjoy traveling and spending time with their three grandsons.

■ **Joel Davis**, M.L.S. '76, had his most recent science article published in the April 2008 issue of *Astronomy* magazine. He also taught the spring 2008 course in nonfiction writing for the University of Washington's extension program and will teach the same course in fall 2008. Davis and his wife, Judy, live in Bellevue, Washington, where he is a technical writer for Microsoft.

**Rick Satre** '77, M.S. '91, is president of Satre Associates, a Eugene-based planning, landscape architecture, and environmental consulting company with fifteen employees.

**Nancy Arthur Hoskins**, M.S. '78, received a grant from Australian National University to lecture at Tapestry 2008, an international fiber arts symposium. While in Canberra, she was a visiting fellow in the university's textile department for the month of May.

**Warren Nelson**, M.S. '78, was included on the Labor Relations Institute's list of the top 100 labor attorneys in the United States for 2008. Nelson, a partner at Fisher and Phillips' Irvine, California, office, has been named to the list every year since its inception three years ago.

**Dan Friedmann** '79 joined a new Internet gaming start-up as chief technical officer last year and is looking forward to his company's launch of royalfelt.com, an online community of games and game-lovers.

**Darius Whitten** '79 has launched Retire Northwest, a free online resource for boomers and seniors ready to retire in Oregon, Idaho, or Washington. RetireNW.com includes searchable listings of resorts, retirement communities, home and health services, and summer and winter recreation.

## 1980s

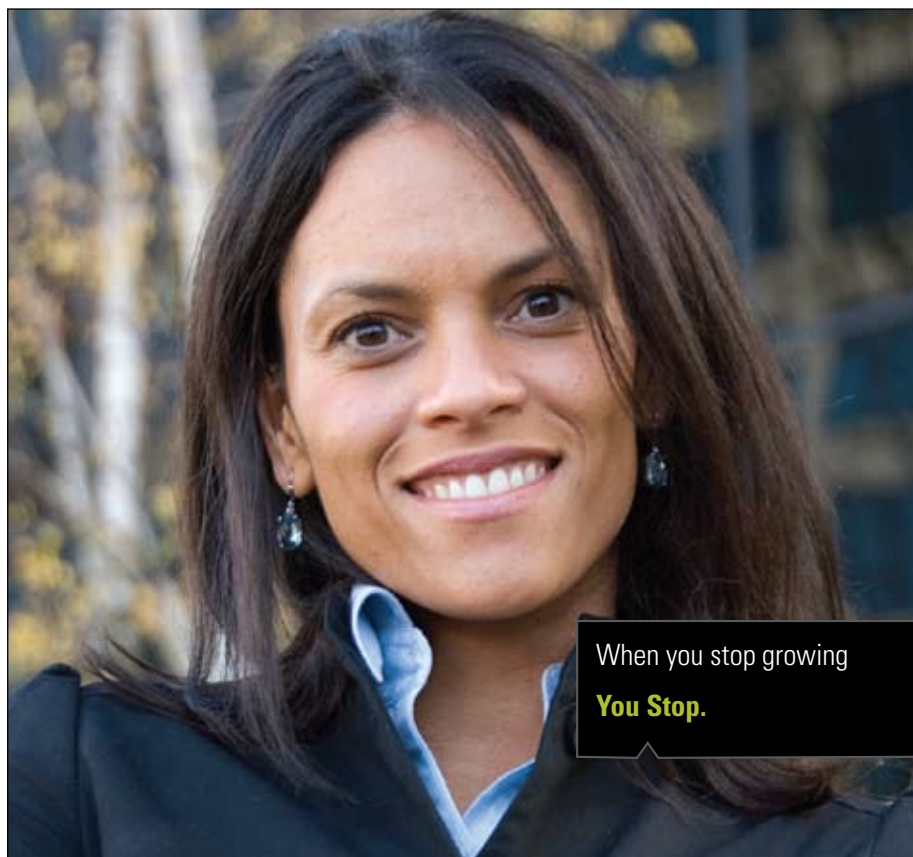
**Gregory Brown** '82 lives in Washougal, Washington, with his wife, Jennie, and their two children, Kirk and Suzanne. He is a vice president and special assets officer for Riverview Community Bank in Vancouver, Washington.

**Pete Kent**, M.S. '82, was appointed to the position of executive director of the Oregon Dairy Products Commission in June. In his new role, Kent will guide a ten-person staff in the commission's work on behalf of Oregon's more than 300 dairy farm families.

**Kellee Bradley** '85 is the marketing and public relations coordinator for the Shoreline-Lake Forest Park Arts Council, a nonprofit group advocating art in the Seattle area. Bradley also continues to pursue her career as a singer and songwriter and has released three albums. She is the proud mother of Mackenzie and **Connor Worley**, who enters the UO as a freshman this fall.

**Mark Roth** '86 has published many of his fine-art photographs with international poster company Bruce McGaw Graphics. His published work includes posters of covered bridges in Lane County entitled *Back Home* and *On the Way Home*, as well as Newport's *Yaquina Light* and images from Colorado and the West. Mark graduated from culinary school in Seattle in 1995 and currently lives in Colorado Springs, where he works as a personal chef and photographer.

**Johnny Coppedge** '87 celebrates twenty years as a financial representative at Northwestern Mutual Financial Network in Lake Oswego. Coppedge has been awarded the Achievement, Pacemaker, and Life Impact awards. He lives in West Linn with his wife, Laurie, and their two sons.



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## CLASS NOTES *Continued*

**Jan Oliver**, M.S. '87, retired from her post as the UO's associate vice president for institutional affairs at the end of June. She had been a member of the University's staff since 1981.

■ **Peggy Lee** '88 just returned from a vacation in Scandinavia, where she stayed at the Ice Hotel. She is engaged to be married to Peter Ward in 2008, and was recently promoted to manager of international mobility at Bunge Limited.

■ **Jill Brenton-Strandquist** '89, a member of Alpha Phi, ranks number one in the nation in group marketing for her employer, California Casualty Management Company. She recently started a business custom-painting furniture and garden accessories and is celebrating ten years of marriage to her husband, Jason.

**John (Schwartzman) Shipe** '89 released his eighth album, *Yellow House*, in May. The acoustic album features performances by Shipe's wife and friends and was recorded in his home studio in Eugene.

## 1990s

**Kimberly (Collins) Lindsay** '94 recently completed her fourth year as executive director of Community Counseling Solutions, a community mental health program serving the residents of Morrow, Wheeler, and Gilliam counties.

**Fiona Simon**, M.A. '95, owns Fiona's Natural Foods, a granola company based in Boulder, Colorado. She produces organic, wheat- and dairy-free granola for distribution to retail markets in seven states.

■ **Gregory Woldt** '95 will graduate in October from Saint Mary's University of Minnesota, Twin Cities Campus, with an M.A. in human resource management.

**Josh Ewing** '96, a member of Lambda Chi Alpha, has traveled frequently to Asia during the last three-and-a-half years for his job at Synopsys. He recently began a part-time M.B.A. program at the University of California at Berkeley's Haas School of Business.

■ **Anne Marie Levis**, M.B.A. '96, and the team at Funk, Levis, and Associates were recently informed that their work was chosen as a winner in the twenty-fourth American Corporate Identity Competition. As part of the recognition, their winning designs, including logos for Sipping Dreams and the Green Store, will be published in *American Corporate Identity 2009*.

**Sky (Barnhart) Schual** '96, a member of Alpha Chi Omega, was named 2008 U.S. Small Business Administration Small Business Journalist of the Year for Maui County. Schual is the owner of SkyWrite Journalism, Copywriting & Editing. She and her husband, Steve, live in Haiku, Maui, and are expecting their first child in August.

**Jean Bond-Slaughter** '96 was recently promoted to editor and rights coordinator at Portland's Graphic Arts Center Publishing Company, where her duties include photo selection for the company's calendar line and managing rights and permission requests for three book imprints. She and her husband Jeff make their home in the City of Roses.



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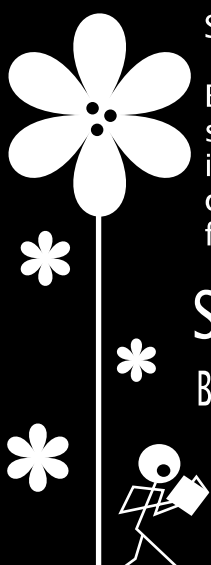
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## DECADES

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



*Braving a blustery Oregon afternoon, the staff members of the UO's first yearbook, the 1902-3 Webfoot, pose for a photograph. The longer-running Oregon yearbook (published 1910-1969 and 1975-1980) dedicated its 1923 edition to these publishing pioneers.*

**1928** Dormitory staff women are hard at work on their annual prodigious canning effort—this year's tally is expected to top 10,000 half-gallon jars of fruit and jams.

**1938** Total UO enrollment figures for fall are in: 3,253 students (2,014 male, 1,239 female), an increase of 6.4 percent over last year's student population.


**1948** University coed Joanne Amorde wins *Pic* magazine's national "queen of the coed queens" competition. Amorde qualified by being the *Emerald's* "cover girl" in spring. The twenty-one-year-old ex-schoolmarm from Sutherlin was 1947's Miss Oregon and a finalist in the Miss America contest in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Her measurements include calves of 13 ½ inches and ankles of 9 inches.

**1958** In an *Old Oregon* essay on reading, associate professor of English Carlisle Moore prophesies, "Books of all kinds will be replaced by a ubiquitous talking-screen, at home, in the classroom, in the office, which will provide us with the latest news and the latest contribution to human knowledge in visual-capsule form."

**1968** With a moon landing likely in the near future (unless the Russians get there first), UO geologists are preparing their labs to receive samples of the lunar surface that the Apollo astronauts are expected to bring back.

**1978** The UO library is bursting at its seams, with an ever-growing collection and limited shelf space. One proposed solution is to expand the library; another is to store part of the collection at an abandoned Air Force facility near Corvallis.

**1988** Without sufficient space, teaching faculty, or support services to accommodate the burgeoning number of applicants, the UO will no longer accept all freshmen hopefuls that meet minimum entrance requirements. Oregon will become the only school in the state system of higher education to have selective admissions.

**1998** The UO Women's Studies Program has offered a minor and a graduate certificate for more than two decades—making it one of the oldest programs in the nation. Now, following approval by the State Board of Higher Education, UO students will be able to pursue a women's studies major. 

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

**Melissa (Matusch) Beatty** '97 recently opened a KidzArt franchise serving greater Portland and Vancouver. KidzArt is a nationally recognized after-school art program that teaches problem solving and self-confidence through art. Beatty currently teaches elementary school programs but aims to expand into assisted-living classes and preschool.

■ **Bryan Mercier** '97 works for the Department of Treasury's Community Development Financial Institutions Fund, where he manages a federal grant program that develops community banking services for American Indians, Alaska Natives, and native Hawaiians.

**Shea Andersen**, M.S. '99, has moved to Ketchum, Idaho, where he became editor of the *Idaho Mountain Express* newspaper in July.

**Sheila Miller** '99 married John Rivera-Dirks in May in Old San Juan, Puerto Rico. The couple relocated to Washington, D.C., after living in New Delhi, India.

## 2000s

■ **Timothy Irons** '00 recently left his job as vice president at Auerbach Grayson and accepted a position as executive director at Redburn Partners, an international financial research firm in New York City.

**Jeffrey Martens** '00 recently left Nike after working for nearly six years in a variety of analyst roles. He is now a senior strategic planning analyst with Synopsys in Hillsboro.

**M. Rose Barlow**, M.S. '01, Ph.D. '05, has earned certification as an instructor at arms by the San Jose State University Fencing Masters Program. She begins a new position as assistant professor of psychology at Boise State University in August.

**L. Zoe Wild** (formerly Lara Oxentenko) '01 has joined the law firm of Stahanecyk, Kent, Johnson, and Hook at the firm's Portland office.

■ **Matt English**, M.B.A. '02, was appointed athletic director of Concordia University in June. English leaves his post as interim director of the UO Duck Athletic Fund to take his new position in Portland.

**Rob Bailey** '03 worked as a Peace Corps volunteer in Kyrgyzstan for two years. He currently lives in Boston, Massachusetts.

**Gina Bonfiglio** '03 is a mental health therapist and owns a private counseling and therapy practice in Tigard. She and her husband, Ryan, recently celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

**David Cummings** '03 worked as an accountant for three years before returning to school to earn a master's in education from Pacific University. He now teaches math and Spanish at Columbia River High School in Vancouver, Washington.

**Jason Gillies** '03 has completed his licensure certification to practice landscape architecture in Oregon and continues his job with WHPacific, where he has worked for the past five years. His duties as a ski racing coach for Portland's Wilson and Central Catholic high schools included organizing the state championships held on Mount Hood. He and his wife Lindsey live in the Portland area.

**Ting Ting Zhou** '04 graduated from the Oregon Health & Science University School of Medicine in June and began her residency training in Portland, where she specializes in internal medicine.

**Adam Blair** '05 married Jackie Kelchlin in September 2007.

■ **Danielle Chiacco** '05 completed her M.A. in international peace and conflict resolution from the School of International Service, American University, Washington, D.C., this summer. She recently served as a political intern with the Department of State in the Bureau of Western Hemisphere Affairs, Organization of American States.

**Suzanne Gaffke**, J.D. '05, started her own law practice in Oregon focusing on legal research and writing services. She is engaged to Solomon Sliwinski, a software engineer at Pipeworks Software.

**James George** '05, a member of Delta Sigma Phi, is a market growth and development consultant with Wells Fargo Bank. He works for the company's corporate trust and escrow services department, located in Los Angeles.

**Lenore Matthew** '05 returned from traveling through South America, where she volunteered at a school for disadvantaged youth in Peru, learned Spanish in Argentina, and explored Uruguay, Bolivia, Chile, and Ecuador.

**Chak-Yin Tse** '05 was promoted to an associate at Citi Private Bank in Hong Kong.

**Melissa Tilleman** '06 spent a year teaching English at primary schools in southwest France before returning to the U.S. in July 2007. She now lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

**Haloti Ngata** '06 hosted the 2008 Haloti Ngata Summer Sportsfest in July, a Salt Lake City event benefiting the football program at Highland High School, where Ngata (currently a defensive tackle for the Baltimore Ravens) was a student. **Matt Toeaina** '06 was one of seven NFL celebrities in attendance at the two-day event. Toeaina plays for the Chicago Bears.

## In Memoriam

**Constance Baker Palmer** '32, a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, died in January at age ninety-seven. In 1934 she and her husband **Omar "Slug" Palmer** '32 were the first couple ever to be married at the Oregon Caves. She and Slug raised their two daughters, **Joan Palmer** '58 and **Molly Spencer** '63, in Portland. Constance loved gardening, winning bridge games, tailgating at Duck football games, and singing duets with her husband. Her family was her greatest delight, and she loved spending time with her five grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren.

**Norris Humphrey Perkins II** '35, a member of Kappa Sigma, died in April at age ninety-five. Perkins came from a remarkable family of notable Oregonians. His great-great grandfather, Eli Perkins, came to Oregon in 1836 with three generations of his family in a wagon train, settling in Yamhill County, where the first Norris Perkins was a banker and first mayor of Yamhill. Father **Cloan Norris Perkins** '06 was responsible for bringing Bill Hay-

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**Class Notes** are an easy way to let your UO friends (long lost and otherwise) know what you're up to, where you've ended up, what you've blossomed into. Have you turned into the CPA that those thirty-seven accounting courses prepared you to be, or did you change direction and become a yoga instructor? What about a spouse? Kids? Hobbies? Volunteer work? Did you win an award or write a book? Start a career? Or change to a new one? Or retire from the one you devoted many years to? Your friends (classmates; room, dorm, or house mates; team mates; lab mates; old flames and secret admirers, etc.) want to know.

Where do OQ Class Notes come from? We don't have the staff to scour newspapers and magazines and the Internet to keep up on Oregon grads, so we rely on you, our readers, to give us the material that we can pass along to recipients of the roughly 100,000 magazines we publish each quarter as well as viewers of our website. Many Ducks go online and fill out our easy-to-use form (go to **OregonQuarterly.com** and click on **Class Notes**) or send an email to **quarterly@uoregon.edu**. Others mail in the form that appears on page 55 of this issue, or send newspaper clippings directly to our office:

**Class Notes—Oregon Quarterly**  
**5228 University of Oregon**  
**Eugene OR 97403-5228**

We edit Class Notes submissions for style, clarity, length, and appropriateness. We put a lot of effort into making sure entries are accurate, but sometimes we slip up. We are always on the lookout for especially interesting or unusual Class Notes for use in our **Class Notable** feature (see page 53). For those, we want a photograph (high-resolution digital file or a print) to accompany the text.

In **Ducks Afield** (see page 54) OQ publishes photos of graduates with UO regalia (hats, T-shirts, flags, etc.) in the most distant or unlikely or exotic or lovely places imaginable. We can't use blurry shots and only high-resolution digital files, prints, or slides will reproduce well in our pages.

## CLASS NOTES *Continued*

ward to Eugene. After Norris' own time at the UO, he served in the famous Second Armored Division, training under General "Blood and Guts" Patton and leading tanks into North Africa and Sicily. After the war, he earned his medical degree from Oregon Health & Science University, founded the Cedar Hills Medical Clinic, and served on the staff of St. Vincent's Medical Center for nearly thirty years.

**Barbara Younger Woolsey** '45, a member of Delta Gamma, died in May. She worked in publishing in San Francisco, was a Head Start volunteer, raised three children, and was a member of the library science faculty at Chico State University. Later in life, she was devoted to her six grandchildren, traveled extensively, and continued her study of Chinese history and the arts.

**Ulric V. "Uly" Dorais** '47, member of Theta Chi, died in April at age eighty-five. A veteran of World War II, Dorais held many financial and management positions in Washington, Oregon, California, Arizona, and New Mexico.

**Marvin D. Butterfield** '49, a member of Theta Chi, died in May after a short battle with cancer. He was eighty-four.

**Wayne St. John**, Ph.D. '52, died in May of complications resulting from a broken leg. St. John was the recipient of the UO's first doctorate in organic chemistry and applied his knowledge at Proctor and Gamble, where he worked to develop Tide, Gain, and Biz. He taught at Kansas State and the University of Illinois before retiring to Tucson, Arizona, where the beauty of the Catalina Mountains inspired him to become an avid hiker and conversationalist. Shortly before his death, he and his wife, Charlene, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary.

**Barbara Zumwalt Farnan** '53, a member of Phi Beta Pi, died in May at age seventy-seven. She was an active volunteer in her Yakima, Washington, hometown, serving her church, the Phi Beta Pi alumni, the Red Cross, and the Yakima Valley Museum.

**William E. Neely** '58 died in September 2006.

**Robert Hadley Doornink**, Ph.D. '62, died in March at age eighty-two. His distinguished career as a professor of physical education was mainly served at Washington State University, where Doornink boxed and played football as an undergraduate. In 1962, Doornink was a Fulbright Visiting Professor in South Korea, where he met his wife, Myong Jin "Jinny" Won. The two raised three children, who remember their father as a "humble person dedicated to his family and students."

**Paula Allen** '66, M.F.A. '68, died of lung cancer in May at age sixty-eight. Allen was a scholar, professor, and author, and is credited with helping to add a feminist perspective to the study of Native American literature. She published seventeen books, including works of poetry, biography, literary criticism, and fiction. In 1990, her work as editor of a collection of Native American women's short stories earned Allen the American Book Award.

**Robert A. Lee**, Ph.D. '66, died in April of congestive heart failure. His career as an English professor took him to Turkey as a Fulbright Lecturer, the University of Wisconsin, Milwaukee, and California State University, San Bernardino, where he taught for twenty-four years. He is survived by Gloria, his wife of forty-seven years, two children, and three grandchildren.



**Kerry "Doc" Nelson**, M.S. '69, Ph.D. '76, died in May after battling pancreatic cancer. Nelson was a professor for thirty years, teaching special education at the University of Kansas and the University of Wisconsin, LaCrosse. He received many teaching awards and was named an emeritus professor by Wisconsin governor Tommy Thompson in February 2000. Nelson worked to improve the quality of life for infants, developmentally disabled students, and the homeless through numerous charitable projects. He loved golfing, drove a restored 1954 MG TF to Badger football games, and auditioned twice for *The Apprentice*. Nelson is survived by his wife, Jeanne, and three sons.

**William Brower**, D.M.A. '73, died in May at age eighty-one. Brower was a musician and music teacher, who taught in the public schools of Richland, Washington, for thirty years. He is survived by his wife of nearly fifty-four years, Margaret, and their three sons.

## Faculty In Memoriam

**Mel Krause**, former University of Oregon baseball coach, died in June of complications from acute myeloid leukemia at age eighty. Krause was the head coach of the baseball team from 1970 to 1981. During his tenure, his teams won two conference championships. After the program was eliminated in 1981, Krause coached high school baseball and basketball and worked as a scout for the San Francisco Giants, the Philadelphia Phillies, and the Los Angeles Dodgers. Krause spent the last twenty-seven years of his life working for reinstatement of the Oregon baseball program and was instrumental in the decision to return baseball to the roster of Oregon sports. He also served as a volunteer consultant in the planning and design of the school's new state-of-the-art baseball park, and in the hiring of two-time national coach of the year George Horton. Oregon plans to honor Krause with an entrance monument at its new ballpark.

**M. Megan Partch**, professor of finance, died in October 2007 after battling cancer. She was fifty-eight. An Ohio native, Partch studied at Carleton College and the University of Wisconsin, and joined the Lundquist College of Business faculty in 1981. She was head of the Department of Finance from 1997 to 2006, and added significantly to the college's reputation for excellence in the field of finance research. As a teacher, she inspired countless finance students and took great personal joy in helping them succeed. Her fellow professors remember her as a gracious and caring person who will be greatly missed as a scholar, educator, and colleague.

### 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.



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# A Ken Kesey Legacy

By John R. Gustafson '60

For many years, my old friend "Tiger of the Alps" and I planned to climb Mount Pisgah, the small mountain near Eugene where the Coast and Middle forks of the Willamette River meet. Tiger makes that climb at least once a week, year-round, and he always wears a lanyard with a picture of his son, Torry, lost many years ago in a bout with cancer. Last summer, with my wife and a group of old friends, I finally joined Tiger on that trek.

It was one of those beautiful August days in Oregon. My bad knee, a recurring memory of high school football, was acting up, so I let the others go ahead. I paused often, leaning on my hiking poles to eat wild blackberries, crushing them against the roof of my mouth as I always had as a boy. The oak trees were draped with silver moss. Even the poison oak looked beautiful, bright red and gold, winding through the lichens on the tree trunks.

I had never seen the monument that Ken Kesey had commissioned sculptor Pete Helzer, M.S. '77, M.F.A. '83, to build on Mount Pisgah's summit in memory of his youngest son, Jed. In the winter of 1984, a van carrying the UO wrestling team crashed while traveling to a match at Washington State University. Jed and fellow wrestler Lorenzo West died in the crash.

I got to know Ken and became his friend in the early 1960s at Stanford, where he was a postgraduate fellow in creative writing and I had a fellowship in international relations, studying the causes of war. Both of us were from the Eugene area. Our families knew each other and our fathers were friendly competitors in the ice cream and dairy products business.

I was several years younger than Ken. I had seen him perform as a ventriloquist and as a magician when I was a kid, but was most impressed when I later witnessed the quickness, guile, determination, and guts he displayed as a Pacific Coast Conference champion 177-pound wrestler at the UO.

When we became acquainted at Stanford, he was working on a new novel, after the successful publication of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*. Periodically over two years, until I left graduate school to enter Army basic infantry training in 1962, I visited Ken and went to picnics and parties on Perry Lane, where he lived with his wife, Faye. This was before the Bus and the book that made him a legend, Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*.

My most memorable afternoon with Ken was when he handed me a pile of yellow typed pages and asked for comments. It was a draft of the beginning of *Sometimes a Great Notion*, a story about a determined logging family in Oregon, struggling to succeed. I have always viewed those discussions as my one significant brush with American literary history. We discussed the requirements for a "great American novel," with *Huckleberry Finn* and especially *Moby-Dick* as examples.

Now I was climbing up the east slope of Mount Pisgah, not far from the Kesey farm near Pleasant Hill. I wanted to see the memorial. I knew how devastated Ken had been by the loss of his son. Our hope to have sons some-



day was one of the things we had discussed in our conversations as young men on Perry Lane.

As I walked along, I also thought about how many times Ken must have walked up this hill, telling stories about animals and trees to his kids, and later his grandkids. I thought about Jed—taken away in that crashing moment on a mountain. Could I have withstood the loss of one of my children? I hadn't seen Ken for many years, but why hadn't I sent the letter I wrote to him and Faye after the accident? It seemed so inadequate. I felt so sorry, and so lucky. How could you abide the loss of a son?

My wife and my friends walked ahead of me. From time to time I paused to look down in the valley, back at the Kesey farm. From our past discussions, I figured Ken would have a message on the monument, even if it were in the form of a mystery to be unraveled. Ken believed in the power of mysteries.

We got to the top. The monument looked like a bronze tree stump. It had vertical slots on the side, not horizontal grooves like the ones cut by loggers so they could insert planking to stand on while felling huge spruce and fir trees with cross-cut saws. The bronze sides of the stump featured

reliefs forming fossils of ancient mollusks and crustaceans, leaves, and ferns, correlated to time periods 10 million to 200 million years ago. Notes gave the longitude and latitude. But there was no name, no mention of Jed. On top was a relief map of the Willamette Valley, the Promised Land, showing the river, the cities of Eugene and Springfield. The volcanic Cascades were to the east. The Coast Range Ken wrote about, whose timber had supplied much of the lumber to build homes throughout America, was to the west. To the south, I could locate on the bronze relief the cemetery hill below Spencer Butte where my parents and grandparents were buried.

But I believed there was more. Tiger helped me as I dropped down to the ground where I could look through the vertical slots, which I concluded were for catching the sunlight of the winter and summer solstices.

My solstice theory will have to be tested another time, but through the slot I could see, more than a mile away, the house, barn, and fields of the Kesey farm, the farm where Jed was buried—and now Ken, too. Here was the connection I was looking for in the memorial to Jed. Around us were the Oregon mountains, below the valley, the river, and the land. Here from Mount Pisgah was the great sweep of the Oregon story, and the heart of what Ken considered his greatest novel, *Sometimes a Great Notion*. ☞

*John Gustafson, a member of Friars, the university honorary society, edited the Oregon Daily Emerald editorial page in 1959. He retired from public service in 2005 after receiving the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency's highest honor, the EPA Distinguished Career Service Award. He lives in the Washington, D.C., area.*

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### Office of Gift Planning

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