The Magazine of the University of Oregon Autumn 2009

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COVER | Maya Wolf, a Ph.D. student at the Oregon Institute of Marine Biology, prepares to deploy a plankton net to sample a water column. Photo by Jack Liu.

FROM TOP: CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY RICH GILES; PHOTO COURTESY OF OREGON INSTITUTE OF MARINE BIOLOGY; CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY NEITHERFANBOY; PHOTO COURTESY OF REBECCA REISBICK

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Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

A Duck in the Hall

Joe Gordon '38 has gone unnoticed before. He's nowhere to be found in *Old Oregon*'s preview of the 1934 UO baseball season. Though the piece touts the prospective infield, it doesn't mention the young shortstop from Portland, not even among those who can "fill in when needed." Gordon did more than fill in. He took over at shortstop as a sophomore and led the Ducks to two straight conference championships, leaving with a .358 career batting average and a reputation as a brilliant fielder.

The New York Yankees noticed, signing Gordon to a contract in the spring of 1936 and, after he spent two years in the minor leagues, installing him as starting second baseman in 1938. In the next six years, the Yankees went to the World Series five times, winning four of them. Gordon was named the American League's most valuable player in 1942, beating Ted Williams, who led the league in batting average, home runs, and runs batted in. Yankees manager Joe McCarthy, who had also managed Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, and Joe DiMaggio, said, "The greatest all-around player I ever saw, and I don't bar any of them, is Joe Gordon."

Gordon finished his playing career with the Cleveland Indians, winning another World Series with them in 1948. In his eleven seasons in the majors, he made the All-Star team nine times.

In those days, another great second baseman played for the Yankees' archrivals, the Boston Red Sox. Bobby Doerr couldn't claim the championships that Gordon could, but his batting statistics were better in almost every category and his reputation as a fielder was just as strong. Doerr also played in nine All-Star games—six times they were on the team together. Sportswriters and fans loved to argue over who was the preeminent second baseman of that era.

Bobby Doerr, who lives in Junction City, was inducted in baseball's Hall of Fame in 1986. And Gordon? Passed over, year after year, as the memory of the complete player gave way to the one-dimensional caricature of statistics.

It took another second baseman to stand up for him. "I can't understand why he didn't make it in the Hall of Fame twenty years ago," says Doerr, who is a member of the Hall of Fame Veterans Committee that selects older players to be inducted. Doerr championed Gordon, who died in 1978, as he finally got the necessary votes and was inducted into the Hall of Fame July 26—the first Duck in Cooperstown.

"The other guys hadn't played with him, against him," Doerr says. They didn't understand that the peculiarities of old Yankee Stadium were tough on right-handed hitters and that affected his statistics, he says.

"He was a heckuva player. I hope I was as good a player as he was." Doerr says. Powerful words from a man whose number 1 is one of only seven retired Red Sox numbers displayed in right field at Fenway Park.

And if all that's not cool enough, here's my favorite Joe Gordon story:

In 1947, the Indians, Gordon's new club, became the first American League team to have an African American player, Larry Doby (Jackie Robinson had been the first in the majors with the National League's Brooklyn Dodgers a few months earlier). When Doby was introduced to the team, there was a stiff cordiality, and some players even refused to shake his hand.

"I felt all alone," Doby said. "When we went out on the field to warm up, to play catch, you know the way we always did, no one asked me to play. I just stood there for minutes. It seemed like a long time. Then Joe Gordon yelled, 'Hey kid, come on. Throw with me.' That was it. Joe Gordon was a class guy." A class guy who now joins Doerr and Doby in baseball's hallowed hall.

gmaynard@uoregon.edu

Web Extra! Go to OregonQuarterly.com to read a 1938 *Old Oregon* story about Joe Gordon.

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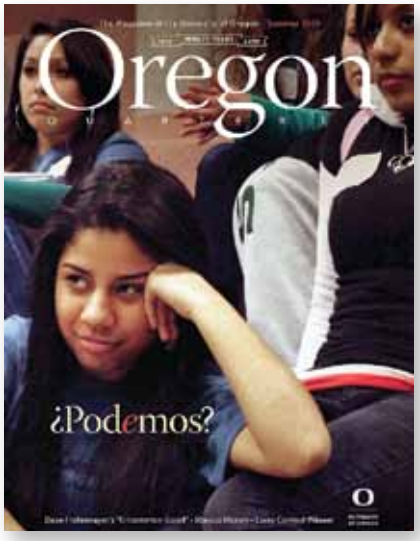

Paradise Intact

I'm not so sure as Harold Toliver ["Numbered Days," Summer 2009] is that Milton would have written something other than *Paradise Lost* had he understood nature as we do—its timetable, and so on. Incredibly to some, perhaps, there are many who navigate between scientific findings and their religious moorings quite successfully, not presuming to understand either sufficiently to discount the other out of hand. I think Milton would have been quite capable of writing his great epic in our age, with altered metaphors and such probably but with—surprisingly to some—intact substance.

Norman Davis, Ph.D. '71
Mantua, Utah

Spirit?

I have read the Editor's Note ["Ninety and Counting," Summer 2009] again and again. What intrigued me was your heavy use of the term "spirit." "That"(Oregon) spirit appears five times and "his" (Jim Warsaw's) once. Since you say that cannot be reduced to a paragraph or a catch phrase, is it then ethereal, indefinable? However, if it is definable, please explain. (A future issue of the *Quarterly* would be a good place.) How would our University of Oregon spirit differ from the spirit felt by an Oregon State University alum toward his or her school?

John Vazbys '57
Mahwah, New Jersey

Editor's note: The UO spirit is very real, but not easily defined—though indisputedly quite different from Oregon State's. Readers, send us your thoughts (gmaynard@uoregon.edu) about UO spirit, and we'll see if we can answer Mr. Vazbys' questions.

Glacier Location

I definitely enjoy receiving *Oregon Quarterly* every three months and generally read it cover to cover as soon as it comes. Thanks! It is a wonderful magazine. However, I noticed a small mistake when talking about Henry Villard ["Mighty Oregon," Upfront, Summer 2009]. Villard Glacier is located on the east side of the North Sister [not Mount Hood]. Having climbed on this glacier several times (without making the summit), I'm very sure that it exists in this location.

Ron R. Funke '98, M.C.R.P. '01
Eugene

The Play's the Thing

My congratulations to Scott Palmer ["Shaking Up Shakespeare," Old Oregon, Summer 2009] for producing successful Shakespeare in Hillsboro. I wish him all success.

At the same time, I must point out that what he is doing is hardly original. In the 1960s, I studied at Southern Oregon College in Ashland under Angus Bowmer, founder of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, and was a festival company member for seven years. It was there I developed my preference for "traditional" Shakespeare.

Yet, I have had adventures in the outré when it comes to the Bard. At SOC, I was involved in a production of *The Taming of the Shrew* in a Wild West setting—not a new idea even then, but an intriguing one. When I was at the UO in the 1970s, one of my colleagues and students was Jan Powell, whose Tygre's Heart company produced many Shakespeare plays with extremely inventive settings, costumes, and ideas.

"Milton would have been quite capable of writing his great epic in our age . . . with intact substance."

For the past twelve years, I have been a volunteer with McNary High School in Keizer. We teach multiple classes and stage four full productions each academic year in our well-rigged Ken Collins Theatre (capacity: 600 seats). We do Shakespeare every year. At first, I stuck to my conventional roots, except for "gender-bending" roles to create more roles for young women.

As time has gone on, I have ventured into more exploratory areas, including *Twelfth Night* set in 1735 Jamaica among pirates. That production also featured a heavy dose of slapstick and humor from Looney Tunes and two wandering Japanese tourists. Our *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was sort of a "kitchen sink" production that featured a playground setting, music spanning 2,000 years, and inventive costuming. This past year, we did our own Wild West version of *The Taming of the Shrew,* which I titled "The Yee-Haw! Version." I added an entirely new "framing play" in place of the Christopher Sly frame and altered the text in a great many places. Our show next year is *Romeo and Juliet,* set on a distant planet some 5,000 years in the future.

More attention should be paid to what is being accomplished in the arts on the high school level. We don't settle for "high school productions" (sorry, Walt Disney folks). I'll put our shows up against most colleges and universities for strength and quality.

Dan Hays, M.S. '80
Salem

Back to Mars

I write to offer belated praise for the "Mars and Back" cover story ["Ascent of a Woman," Autumn 2008]. I was so inspired by the brilliant Motazedian. It's a welcome reminder of what inquiring minds can accomplish. Thanks for the nice work.

Lisa Nuss '85
San Francisco

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Harmony or the Moon

How do we want to live in relation to our world and what price are we willing to pay in pursuit of that end? In the Galapagos Islands these questions look quite different to those who see the islands as a place to live, a laboratory, a source of natural resources, or a tourism magnet. UO associate professor of journalism Carol Ann Bassett lived for a time on the islands and describes her experiences in Galapagos at the Crossroads: Pirates, Biologists, Tourists, and Creationists Battle for Darwin's Cradle of Evolution *(National Geographic Books, 2009). Bassett read from the book on campus in June.*

In December 2007 I move to the town of Puerto Ayora on Santa Cruz Island and rent a little bungalow just off Academy Bay. It's a private house, surrounded by a white stucco wall. Its garden is graced with an almond tree and a feathery acacia with blossoms the color of fire. An alarm clock isn't needed: Every morning at dawn, yellow warblers whistle down through the trees. The patio consists of black volcanic cinder mined from a cone on the other side of the island. From the terrace upstairs I can watch magnificent frigate birds circle the bay, pirating sardines from each other in mid-flight. Blue-footed boobies dive beak first into the turquoise waves, their bodies stretched out like daggers. During mating season, marine iguanas sometimes emerge from the bay and waddle like toy-size dinosaurs into the street, forcing taxi drivers on Avenida Charles Darwin to slam on their brakes. In the morning I can sit in my yard and watch lava lizards do pushups, or welcome Darwin's finches so unfazed by my presence that they alight on the table and peck at my toast.

My house has tile floors, a beamed ceiling, and oval windows whose wooden frames open out into the yard. Their odd design means they can't be screened. But it's scorching hot in December, with humidity to match, so they remain wide open. I must admit I have had a lifelong aversion to mosquitoes: Their stings welt into the size of a dime and the itching can last up to ten days. To my horror, during my first few weeks in town, mosquitoes invaded my house and seemed bent on devouring me. Then the first rains came, and with them an onslaught of other insects. Tiny ants marched single file up my walls, hauling the lacy green wing of a beetle. Cockroaches the size of B-52 bombers emerged from nowhere. When darkness fell, flying ants entered through my unscreened windows by the hundreds, attracted to the lights. They didn't sting, so I watched in fascination as whole colonies clacked around inside my rice-paper lanterns. When they began dive-bombing my computer and its lighted keyboard, I freaked. I ran to the kitchen and grabbed a can of odorless insecticide that the owner of the home had left beneath the sink. As I blasted away, winged ants fell to the floor in heaps. I plopped on the couch with my head in my hands, surveying the carnage. Then, looking up, I saw a small gecko emerge from a crack in the wall. I tried to shoo it away, but it was too late. The round-toed reptile had just nabbed a few ants with its lightning-quick tongue before vanishing, probably to die of liver failure.

What had I done, and how was I supposed to behave as a member of *Homo sapiens* in the world-famous Galapagos Islands? I'd been here less than a month and was already at war with nature. The irony is that all these unwelcome "house guests" were *invasive species* brought here from elsewhere, and they now pose one of the greatest threats to the islands. But wasn't I also an intruder?

To protect my computer equipment, and my sanity, I installed two small air-conditioning units in my house. I justified this carbon footprint by convincing myself that my lifestyle in the Galapagos was more benign than my living pattern back home in Oregon. In Puerto Ayora I had no car; I walked or rode a bicycle. Nor did I have an oven, microwave, iron, dishwasher, fireplace, washer, dryer, or Jacuzzi. Even so, I had joined the ranks of those who had failed to adapt to this so-called garden of Eden.

With air-conditioning, the mosquitoes no longer entered my house. This was good: dengue fever had arrived in the Galapagos a few years earlier, and medical experts say it's only a matter of time before West Nile virus and avian flu arrive. There is also the threat of canine distemper, a disease that can jump species from dogs to sea lions. In 2001 canine distemper killed most of the dogs in the Galapagos but did not affect pinnipeds.

As I looked deeper into these issues, I asked myself on a daily basis: Are the Galapagos really more special than other places? Or are they one example among many microcosms that exist on this fragile

A brown pelican lands on Rabida Island, also known as Jervis Island, in the Galapagos archipelago.

planet we call home? I had to conclude that they are unique. Scientists have now said farewell to the Holocene and have rung in a new epoch. They've dubbed it the Anthropocene—a human-dominated age in which urban industrial society has contributed to global warming, mass extinctions, the displacement of species and cultures, and the depletion of nonrenewable resources. The impacts, they say, are permanent; the course of evolution itself has been thrust into the great unknown.

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The Galapagos Islands now stand at a critical crossroads: To heal and endure as one of the world's most intact natural museums, or to lose most of their biodiversity to human encroachment, just as the islands of Hawaii and Guam have. As longtime naturalist guide and dive master Mathias Espinosa told me one day on Isabela Island, "This is our last chance to live in harmony with nature. If nature loses this battle then our species—*Homo sapiens*—is condemned to pack our backpacks and live on the moon."

Life in the Fast Lane

The freedom, the power, the speed—cars are so cool. *At the same time, these modern wonders accounted for the deaths of some thirty million people in the twentieth century—twice as many as died in World War I (civilian and military) and roughly 10,000 times the number of victims of the 9-11 attacks—according to historian Brian Ladd in his book* Autophobia: Love and Hate in the Automotive Age *(University of Chicago Press, 2008), which explores humanity's complex relationship with the car. Ladd, the UO's Benjamin H. and Louise L. Carroll Visiting Professor of Urbanization, delivered this year's Carroll Lecture, titled, "How Cars Conquered Our Cities." A portion of the book is excerpted below.*

"Only connect" is E. M. Forster's famous motto from his 1910 novel *Howards End.* In it, the obstacles to Margaret Schlegel's ardent desire to maintain her life as a coherent whole often come calling in the motorcars that move restlessly in the background of the story. Not only do automobile trips disrupt Margaret's struggle to make sense of the time and space of her life, they also seem to rupture whatever harmony still governs social relations, provoking rich motorists to brutal inhumanity as they treat other people as nothing but hindrances.

It is easy to dismiss Forster's portrait of motorists' coarse behavior as the grousing of another articulate reactionary distressed by the democratization of mobility. Cars, we might conclude, simply appealed to the sort of people Forster didn't like—the very sort who ended up shaping the twentieth century. Yet the roadkill of history—technophobes mourning a lost world and snobs blustering about good manners—were never alone in their qualms. Even enthusiastic motorists like Louis Baudry de Saunier and Adolf Schmal were honest enough to admit that automobiles often brought out the worst in people.

The opening scene of Robert Musil's monumental novel *The Man without Qualities,* published two decades after *Howards End,* plays out on a Vienna street in 1913. A strolling couple stumbles upon the commotion following an automobile accident that has left a man lying motionless after being run over by a truck. "Somewhere between her heart and her stomach the woman had an unpleasant feeling which she was justified in believing to be sympathy. After a pause, the man said to her, 'These heavy trucks that they use here have too long a braking distance.' With this the woman felt relieved and she thanked him with an attentive glance. She had probably already heard this term from time to time, but she didn't know what a braking distance was, and didn't want to know. She was satisfied to bring this gruesome event into some kind of order and transform it into a technical problem that did not affect her directly." Her salvation lies not in connecting, but in dissociating. To focus not on the anonymous victim, nor even on his broken body, but on the technological conditions of his demise, enables her to evade the pain that confronts her. The arrival of efficient ambulance attendants completes the process of turning an automobile accident into an orderly and rational event, and the escape from emotional reality is sealed with the addition of some fantastic (and utterly spurious) numbers: "'According to American statistics,' remarked the man, '190,000 people are killed there annually by autos, and 450,000 are injured.'"

Image of Miss Agnes Gahan's automobile, which ran over a boy on Jackson Boulevard in Chicago, Illinois, 1907.

The novel experience of speed and dissociation was at least as thrilling as it was frightening. Just as Musil's modern woman does not want to "connect," the birth of the automobile coincided with an artistic modernism that often exalted (or at least was awed by) the disconnectedness of modern life, and automotive journeys stimulated the modernist imagination. In a 1904 story, the Belgian writer Maurice Maeterlinck praised the automobile as a magical creature that enabled speed to conquer space. This reordering of time and space helped shape modern literature through its effect on Marcel Proust, who expressed his fascination with automotive travel in a 1907 article for *Le Figaro* and later worked the same impressions into his fiction. The speedy automobile, this "giant with the seven-league boots," yanked the veil from some of the mysteries of the countryside even as it compressed his impressions of places once observed only at greater leisure. The ever-changing view from a moving car showed him a new way of com-

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. . . (T)he birth of the automobile coincided with an artistic modernism that often exalted (or at least was awed by) the disconnectedness of modern life, and automotive journeys stimulated the modernist imagination.

posing a picture of his world by juxtaposing multiple perspectives of once-familiar sights. (Virginia Woolf offered a similar observation in her 1928 novel *Orlando*, written just after she acquired her first car: "the process of motoring fast out of London so much resembles the chopping up small of body and mind, which precedes unconsciousness and perhaps death itself that it is an open question in what sense Orlando can be said to have existed at the present moment.") Soon after Proust discovered the automobile, the Italian futurists credited automotive speed with inspiring the dazzling blur of their paintings, and at about the same time this process of fragmenting and reassembling perspectives also gave birth to cubism. An explicit painterly nod to the automobile was the 1916 Matisse painting of a landscape framed by a car windshield. Nor can the birth of the motion picture be separated from the view through the windshield: the automobile turned the landscape into a movie at the very time that film cameras began to capture automotive speed.

Neither the flickering of memory nor lamentation for a lost world accounts for the way most people greeted the automobile. Hundreds of millions have chosen to obsess over, sacrifice for, and spend a great deal of their time in their cars. A good portion of common sense and decency advises us simply to respect their choices. Yet car critics, even if they refrain from condemning the foolish masses, remind us that automobility comes at a price—that stepping into a car means giving up something, which is presumably why Forster's fears have kept creeping back during the past century, like the guilt that haunts a hangover. Forster was not alone in his belief that the motorcar was uniquely suited to express the arrogance of the rich, and the democratization of driving has meant that we can all aspire to be petty tyrants of the road. In the end, the driver's sense of sovereign mastery and the bystander's perception of inhuman arrogance are two sides of the same coin. The abhorrence of cars is inseparable from their appeal.

For the Birds

OR 150 SUSTAIN THE SPIRIT

The vast open spaces of southeast Oregon draw thousands of bird watchers each year. In Afield: Forty Years of Birding the American West *(Oregon State University Press, 2009), Alan Contreras '82, J.D. '85, reflects on the state's most storied birding Mecca. Contreras is a past president of Oregon Field Ornithologists and edited* Birds of Lane County, Oregon *(Oregon State University Press, 2006) and* Birds of Oregon: A General Reference *(Oregon State University Press, 2003).*

There is no place like it. The ultimate pilgrimage for Oregon birders and one that is immensely satisfying for anyone interested in the natural world, Malheur National Wildlife Refuge lies at 4,000 feet in the high desert at the northern end of the Great Basin. This area is sometimes thought of as an empty place, even a sterile place. The desert is neither empty nor sterile; indeed it is full of life adapted to its requirements. A place like Malheur, though, provides that crucial factor, that astonishing change agent, *water.* In some years there isn't much, in other years there is too much. Sir Stephen Spender described his life in the early twentieth century in an autobiography entitled *World within World*. That title could as well describe the consequence of water in the desert.

I first saw Malheur in the late summer of 1970. Fabled Malheur was, at that time, characterized mainly by tall grass behind which even large languid birds could hide, and a disheartening number of mosquitoes, all of which behaved as though they had not eaten for weeks. Nonetheless my companions and I visited the northern part of the refuge and such delights as American Avocets, Black-necked Stilts, and Sandhill Cranes were photographed after a fashion, as were Black Terns and Willets standing on posts.

In that innocent time, birders (the term was then fairly new) had not yet begun systematically milking the groves of trees at the refuge for eastern vagrants [birds found outside their expected territory]. This tactic became standard procedure by the late 1970s and today it seems that each tree and shrub in the Sacred Grove at refuge headquarters has its own reputation as ancient as Middle Earth, and an accompanying proper name, e.g. The Morning Trees, The Spruce, The Hedge.

I missed a year or two of Malheur trips when I was in college but otherwise I have been to Malheur at least once a year, sometimes three or four times, for over thirty years. I have been there close to a hundred times. I will go there as long as I can. I will eventually go there permanently: my ashes will be scattered there. Why? What is so special about Malheur that brings me back to the mosquitoes, the dust, the hard water and thunderstorms? The only possible answer is "everything."

Contreras, in vest, and fellow birders at Kiger Gorge Overlook near Burns, Oregon

PHOTO COURTESY OF ALAN CONTRERAS

There are, of course, the birds. It is likely that more species of birds can be seen and heard from the front lawn of Malheur headquarters than from any other single location where an observer can stand in Oregon, perhaps in the whole northwestern quarter of North America. Every migrant passerine species crossing the Great Basin, with a few exceptions that use only specialized habitat, stops in the horseshoe of trees that shelters the headquarters complex. Even some of the supposedly specialized species stop in—for example the Canyon Wren that spent a day exploring the roof of the bunkhouse. Every waterbird, hawk, owl, and hummingbird that passes through eastern Oregon is probably visible at some time from that same lawn, by virtue of the fact that there is a large pond right below the lawn and the shores of the lake itself are visible by scope in the distance.

The headquarters complex is an oasis in two kinds of desert, a rare situation that acts as a magnet for any bird passing through the region. It is an oasis of trees in a region dominated largely by sagebrush desert with a few alfalfa fields. It is also an oasis of land bordered on the north by what is, in some years, the largest lake in Oregon. Any bird crossing that lake

from the north will see one large grove of trees on its shore and go there. Any bird starting to cross that lake from the south under adverse weather conditions may well change its mind and double back to the shelter of the grove.

What makes Malheur such a special draw for birders is that it is one of those places that is, as a whole, far greater than the sum of its parts. The parts alone take days to observe and enjoy, and even then it is possible to visit only a portion of the refuge complex. For many Oregon birders, myself included, going to Malheur is both a birding experience and a sort of spiritual retreat.

One reason that the refuge has this special place in many birders' lives is that it is rather isolated, 300 miles from Oregon's population centers, hemmed in on three sides by cliffs and hills, with the vast shield of Steens Mountain filling the sky to the southeast, providing part of the valley's water from snowmelt. Away from the northern part of the refuge, many cell phones reach nothing and a person who chooses to be alone in the desert or valley can do so most of the year.

The Malheur Field Station, a collection of old Job Corps buildings and Eisenhower-era house trailers dropped in 1964 apparently from the sky onto bare sage desert a few miles from refuge headquarters, has a couple of phones in the main buildings, but the rooms and trailers rented by guests have no connections to the outside world. There are no televisions, no phones, no radios. Anyone who brings any of these with them will find that there is not much reason to have done so. The station added wi-fi service in 2007; whether that is a virtue remains to be seen, but I am cautiously optimistic.

Malheur in the fall has equal charms as a birding destination and a place for contemplation. For in the fall, if you go to the field station or any other reasonably isolated place, you will hear that rarest of sounds in our modern world: silence. An evening at the field station in late September, when most of the tourists have gone and only a few birders are around, can be a time of extraordinary beauty and quiet, when literally no sounds can be heard for many long minutes, even half an hour or more. There is just the sky, the sage, the backdrop of Steens Mountain, and the occasional rabbit passing by.

Thank You, Sir, May I Have Another?

Many of us can remember scenes or quote favorite lines from the film Animal House, *shot on location in Eugene during the fall of 1977, but few of us can say we* appeared in *the movie. Martin Klammer '80 recalls his days working as an extra on the* Animal House *set in this essay, "Inside the Animal House." Klammer is now a professor of African studies and English at Luther College in Iowa.*

Sometimes when I ask students to hand in their overdue writing assignments, I'm tempted to mimic Donald Sutherland playing the college professor in the 1978 movie *Animal House*. "I'm not joking," he begs. "This is my job!"

I know the line well not because I've seen the movie a dozen times, but because I was in the room when he said it.

Thirty years ago I was an English major at the University of Oregon in Eugene, one of 2,000 student hopefuls trying out as extras in the film and hoping our Hollywood good looks would catch the eye of talent scouts. We were herded into the main hall of the student union and marched past a tribunal of casting personnel seated at a table, pointing us left or right like so many sheep and goats. I made it with about 200 other sheep, and I wasted no time asking why I was chosen.

"You're tall and naïve looking," the casting director told me. "That's perfect for upperclassmen in the 'good' house."

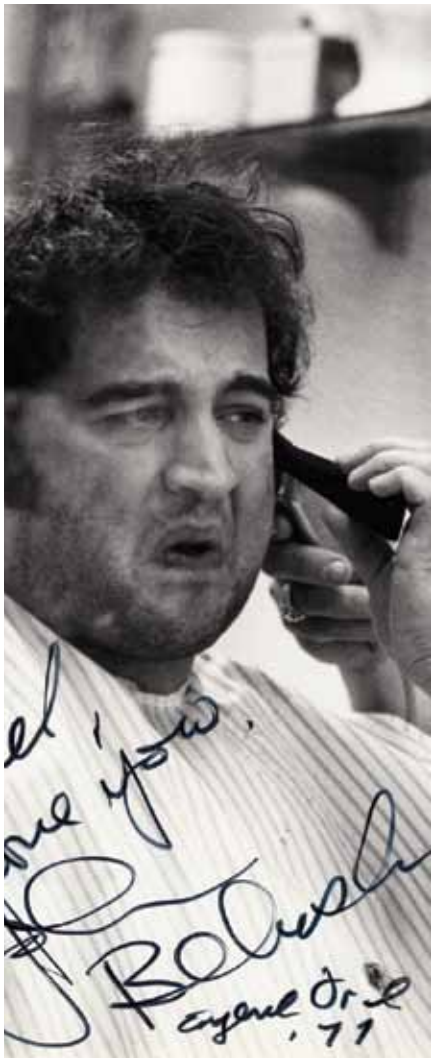
When I arrived that first day on the set—an actual fraternity with real frat boys coming and going as the lights and cameras were moved into place—my assigned "upperclassman" role changed at the mere whim of director John Landis. He was handing out beanies to four or five extras he thought would make good freshman pledges.

"Here, put this on," he said to me, holding out a little blue-and-yellow cap.

"I'm not a pledge, sir," I said. "I'm an upperclassman."

"You're a pledge now," he said. I took the beanie and put it on. "You look great!" He slapped me on the shoulder, smiling.

For the first couple of days I helped fill in the background of the pretentious Omega House party where Douglas Niedermeyer introduces Pinto and Flounder to his frat brothers. I appear for a millisecond in the background when the door opens—"There! There I am!"—and a few seconds later at the party. I'm chatting with "fraternity brothers"



The late actor John Belushi, as John "Bluto" Blutarsky, getting make-up applied on the set of National Lampoon's Animal House *in 1978.*

and munching on what I think are hors d'oeuvres. Actually, the food was plastic, a fact I discovered only after mashing an especially rigid spear of broccoli.

At the end of the second day Landis told us four beanie-wearing pledges to strip to our underwear for an initiation scene. I was mortified. No one told me this was part of the job. I'd never been seen by girls in my underwear—not even my mom! I looked down at my tighty-whities. They were frayed at the waistband and, here I confess, a tad *discolored*. I considered telling Landis I couldn't do it.

But then I thought, "Hey, what if this movie becomes famous? *I* could become famous—well, sort of."

I walked over to the assistant director.

"Uh. I'd like to do this, but I don't have the right kind of shorts."

"Good *gawd*." He gave me an exasperated look then walked over to the president of the *actual* fraternity where we were filming and commanded him to produce a pair of clean shorts. Within minutes I was sporting a pristine pair of briefs, courtesy of Mr. Fraternity President or some poor novitiate he coerced into forfeiting *his* undies. Students ask me if I appeared in *Animal House* in my underwear, and I tell them honestly, "No, not in *my* underwear."

Fans of the film know this as the "Sir, yes sir, may I have another" scene. A young Kevin Bacon plays an initiate bent over in his briefs getting paddled by black-hooded brothers and asking for more. Four of us extras, two on each side, kneel motionless at attention, hands at our sides, eyes straight ahead.

During the shooting of this scene a lighting problem delayed us. While waiting for that to get fixed, I donned a winter jacket and sat protectively behind an empty couch. Like out of some wacky dream, just at that moment Julian Bond walked in and sat on the couch in front of me. He was giving a lecture that night and apparently had been invited to the set by John Belushi after having guest-hosted *Saturday Night Live* a few weeks earlier.

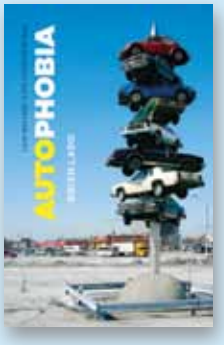
Not one to waste an educational opportunity, I introduced myself to Mr. Bond from behind the couch and began to engage him in a thoughtful political discussion, visible only from the waist up. We talked about apartheid and I remember asking him if he planned to run for Congress. He seemed to enjoy our chat, or

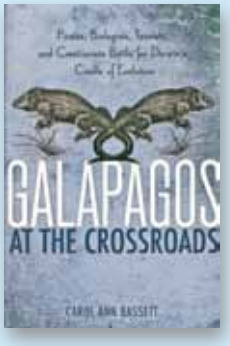
Excerpted in this issue

AFIELD: FORTY YEARS OF BIRDING THE AMERICAN WEST
by Alan Contreras. OSU Press, 2009.

AUTOPHOBIA: LOVE AND HATE IN THE AUTOMOTIVE AGE
by Brian Ladd, published by the University of Chicago Press.

GALAPAGOS AT THE CROSSROADS: PIRATES, BIOLOGISTS, TOURISTS, AND CREATIONISTS BATTLE FOR DARWIN'S CRADLE OF EVOLUTION *Reprinted with permission of the National Geographic Society. Text copyright © 2009 Carol Ann Bassett. All rights reserved.*





maybe he didn't have a choice. When Landis called us back to our places, I jumped up and peeled off the jacket, revealing my all-but-naked skinny white torso to a visibly shocked Julian Bond.

I worked ten days as an extra, earning about $250. I learned to drink coffee as a way to keep myself awake between the time we were asked to be on the set (7:00 A.M.) and when the stars arrived, several hours later. I made a few friends and learned how much of filmmaking is just standing around. I also learned to juggle from the actor Jamie Widdoes, the "president" of Delta House.

For my final stint I spent four days in the small town of Cottage Grove on the set of the parade scene. I'm one of the parade marshals in full military dress, though I've never been able to find myself in this segment of the film. During a break from the shooting, several of us "marshals" walked into a bar where World War II vets kept buying us drinks even though we kept telling them we weren't really soldiers.

Several of the parade days were rainy, and during one storm about 300 of us extras found shelter in the Catholic church basement. Most of the extras were senior citizens, and soon a bingo game started up and I was designated as caller. I asked the seniors, "Do you want to play just for fun or for money?" "Money! Money!" they yelled as one. For that little gig keeping the masses happy I got to eat lunch in the actors line, a sumptuous spread of catered gourmet foods far superior to the boxed lunches we extras usually ate.

My notoriety didn't end with the movie. *Playboy* later included a still photo of the underwear scene in its review of the movie. Yes, Dolly Parton's on the cover, but I'm on the inside. I'd like to think I'm the only college professor in the U.S. who's appeared seminude in *Playboy*. But then again, I don't really know.

Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

Meet the Pres

UO president **Richard Lariviere** got his first day on the job (July 1) off to an early and busy start, meeting UO groundskeepers at 5:30 A.M. He made morning stops at The Duck Store, the Department of Public Safety, and the Student Recreation Center followed by a press conference, lunch with the Faculty Advisory Council, and a tour of a molecular biology lab in Willamette Hall. He hosted University and community visitors at a well-attended late afternoon ice cream social on the lawn behind Johnson Hall, then spoke to the crowd. In the evening, he and his wife, Jan, had about forty students over to their rented home (McMoran House, the president's residence, is undergoing some repair work) to meet the new president and eat pizza.

You can read Lariviere's blog about these events and learn more about him at his website, **president.uoregon.edu.**

PHOTO BY MICHAEL MCDERMOTT


JOHNSON HALL

NEW MEDIA

Glued to YouTube—Duck Style

Spend a little time exploring and a picture begins to emerge.

YouTube is known as a bastion of the goofy and mundane, home to sneezing pandas, thrift-store Jedis, and Diet Coke-plus-Mentos-equals-explosion. But search for "University of Oregon" and more familiar scenery appears on the screen: footage that might inspire nostalgia, or a certain Duckish pride. There are beautiful short films and documentaries here, crisply edited and stamped with the University seal of approval. But there's DIY, hand-held footage too, which has its own particular grace. One video shows an oddly hypnotic stop-motion rendering of the walk from Hayward Field to McKenzie Hall. Another takes you to the center of the student section at Autzen, all yellow T-shirts and speakers-overloading noise.

Of course, none of it is quite like actually being there. But then again, it's all so immediate, right at your fingertips day or night, all free for the asking and without the need to wait for basketball season or to move back into a dorm or drive to Eugene. The University of Oregon is on YouTube. And it's a good place to be.

It's hard these days for the Internet-savvy to imagine a world without YouTube. But way back in early 2005, three PayPal employees noticed that the Internet lacked a quick and easy way to share videos. Nine months and one more Silicon-Valley-garage fairy tale later, YouTube.com was born, and immediately rocketed to a position of prominence in every web surfer's procrastinatory arsenal. Today, YouTube is owned by Google Inc. (prompting the nickname "GooTube" in some circles) and is the third most heavily trafficked website on the planet.

The glory of YouTube, apart from its ability to mercilessly devour spare time, is its interconnectedness. The instant one video ends, a list of related videos pops up, low-hanging fruit for the eager mouse to nibble. One video leads to another, and then another, and soon you've fallen down the binary rabbit hole, wondering how on Earth a search for Rubik's cube tutorials led you to something called "Advanced Cat Yodeling."

Clockwise from top left: engineering fun with "climbables"; UO recruitment film, 1934; Street Faire attendees munching Dave's Killer Bread; colorful chemistry; MC Stavitsky (AKA journalism professor Al Stavitsky) celebrating the success of Campaign Oregon; future entrepreneurs delivering "the elevator pitch."

But that same phenomenon can lead to amazing discoveries and unknown wonders. By searching for "University of Oregon" and repeatedly following one's whims, a little conceptual map of the University experience begins to take shape. Thanks to enterprising student journalists and the ability to make video recordings on most cameras and cell phones, these days anything that's noteworthy or unusual or entertaining on campus finds its way to YouTube. Protests and art installations, lectures and intramural matches, stump speeches and end-of-term performances. Sports highlight reels. Dorm pranks. Snow.

There's the weird, the scandalous, the insightful, and the sublime. There are bikini model auditions, thoughtful interviews, sepia-toned archive footage, and stunning displays of athletic skill. There are student projects, made for classes or just for fun; parodied or parroted versions of sitcoms, news reports, music videos, and movie trailers. Students read the news in Mandarin, folk dance to German songs, interpret a Spice Girls classic in American Sign Language. Cheerleaders do handsprings, professors and grad students discuss their research advances, Pre wins another race, and a student, clad for unknown reasons in an inflatable cow suit, does a jiggly dance in the EMU amphitheater.

Added up, it is a reasonably apt portrait of what we all know and love and remember of the University, and our years there. It is a blend of the scholarly and the silly, the noteworthy and the mundane, the past and the present, and an understanding that the future may be stored here one day, too. And, most important, it's a good place to explore, click on "play," lean in, and smile.

—Mindy Moreland, M.S. '08

A Walking Tour of the UO on YouTube

We begin with a delightfully stodgy sepia-toned film from 1934, a stentorian tour of the campus replete with extraordinarily precise details, including the construction cost of Mac Court: a whopping $203,604.

Search YouTube.com for *UO recruitment 1934*

The UO's YouTube is populated with dozens of paeans to the masters of the court and the gridiron, but here are also reminders of the awe-inspiring feats of strength and agility that other, lesser-known Ducks perform: check out the wushu team's highlight reel.

Search YouTube.com for *Oregon wushu demo reel*

Aspiring entrepreneurs give their "elevator pitch" in the atrium of the Lillis Business Complex. You may be just thirty seconds away from the Next Great Idea . . . or at least FratMart.

Search YouTube.com for *NVC Idea Elevator*

This might be among the greatest homework assignments ever, once you understand that "experiments in spatial access structures" can be interpreted as "handmade playground equipment for adults."

Search YouTube.com for *Climbables*

Science! Oddly hypnotic science!

Search YouTube.com for *Experiment at the University of Oregon*

Ever wonder what it's like to play the Oregon fight song on a trumpet on the field at Autzen? Wonder no longer . . .

Search YouTube.com for *OMB pregame trumpet cam*

Did you know that collegiate mascots have a competition every year in Vegas? Any guesses who won last year? Hmmm . . .

Search YouTube.com for *2008 Duck nationals skit*

A candid look at students today, told through the eyes of one vendor at the semiannual Street Faire, complete with a cameo by Frog, everyone's favorite joke-book peddler.

Search YouTube.com for *Street faire killer bread*

And our last stop, a new addition, the lovely, silly, heartfelt film created to celebrate the close of Campaign Oregon. If you only watch one . . . this might be a good one.

Search YouTube.com for *U of O It's a Wrap!*

ARCHITECTURE

An Idea Floats on the Water Road

UO students help revive a derelict Kyoto canal.

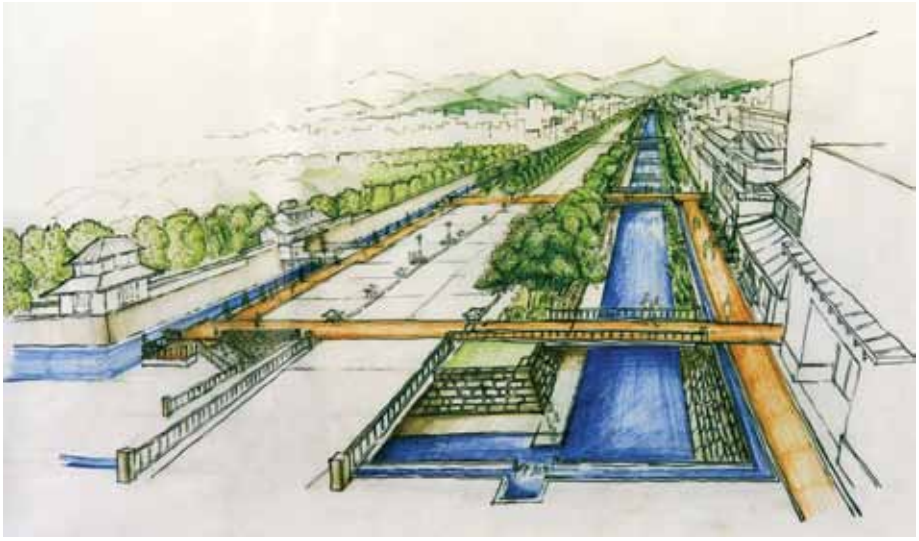
ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN LATE March 2009, the city of Kyoto is celebrating the reopening of its historic Horikawa Canal. Sunlight sparkles off the returning waters, flowing once again out of Lake Biwa. The gleam on the water matches the beaming faces gathered around the large podium. This triumph connects representatives from all parts of the community. The mayor of Kyoto, government officials, city planners, and neighborhood groups have joined together, like the links in the chains that pulled the barges along the 1,200-year-old waterway. University of Oregon landscape architecture professor Ron Lovinger and his former student, Daisuke Yoshimura '90, are here as two of those links. This restoration arose from ideas they generated in Lovinger's summer Kyoto design studio.

The new canal, a 4.4 kilometer-long rill of shining water, nestles in the bottom of the older watercourse. "It's really the memory of a canal," says Lovinger. At intervals, inviting steps lead down to the narrow stream, now flanked by walkways on either side. Next to the walks, the granite walls of the ancient canal rise up to street level. Overhanging willows and wide-spreading zelkova trees shade passersby. The granite rock that edges the new rivulet echoes in miniature the older massive walls above. Stones for both were mined from the same quarry with centuries in between. On dedication day, people stroll next to the water, children scream and splash, and vendors sell goods on the upper levels of the banks, their brightly colored flags snapping in the spring breeze.

This park is meant to be enjoyed throughout the seasons. In spring, blossoms of Yoshino cherry trees shimmer along the channel. The cooling waters offer a respite from hot Kyoto summers. Autumn colors are followed by the starkly evocative pattern of bare branches—a sheltered nature sanctuary in an urban setting.

Floating the Idea

The workshop that fostered this design had its beginnings in 1975. That year Lovinger first traveled to Kyoto and met the Reverend Tsuda of Daishen-in, Myoshinji Temple. Their enduring friendship was the foundation for the six-week summer studio design sessions. Each year, Lovinger brings UO landscape architecture students to Kyoto. They study traditional gardens and contemporary urban landscape issues. The students live in a fourteenth century monastery and focus on creating plans for city-enhancing projects—restoring the landscape of a temple, for example, or designing interactive playgrounds. The finished plans are presented to the city, graciously accepted, and neatly filed away for . . . the future.



Daisuke Yoshimura brought the canal restoration idea to the summer session when he joined the group as an undergraduate in 1989. Unlike his colleagues who were meeting a new culture for the first time, Yoshimura was returning home. His family has lived next to the Horikawa Canal for more than 300 years and he was born and raised there. For seven generations the Yoshimura's stone masonry business had been served by the canal.

The history of the Horikawa Canal (*horikawa* means *water road*) and the rise of Kyoto are intertwined. Constructed 1,200 years ago, the canal was originally used for irrigation, as well as the transportation of timbers from the northern mountains. It was a source of clean water in the heart of the city. New industries for Kyoto, like textile dyeing and the Japanese tea culture, flourished along its banks. In 1895 the first tram car in Japan ran alongside the canal, and the main street of modern Kyoto is named Horikawa. But by the 1950s, water traffic had declined. The canal became a repository for sewer and stormwater runoff. Then all the flow was shunted away, the conduit drained. Yoshimura remembers playing as a young boy in the abandoned canal, hunting for tiny fish, bugs, and frogs in shallow rainwater pools. He says, "The canal was like a small natural oasis in the middle of the city."

However, on that summer day in 1989, when Yoshimura took Lovinger to the banks of the canal, there was no sign of that oasis—no life left at all. The two men looked down on a dry concrete channel. Yoshimura said, "Let's make this into a project."

The summer studio didn't take up the canal idea until 1996. In the meantime, Yoshimura had graduated with a bachelor's degree in landscape architecture and married a fellow UO student, Diane Vaughn Yoshimura '89. After four years in Kyoto, they settled in Carbondale, Colorado, starting Yoshimura Design, an architec-

ILLUSTRATION COURTESY UO SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE AND ALLIED ARTS

Opposite page: a UO student architect's rendering of a revitalized Horikawa Canal in Kyoto, Japan. Above: a portion of the completed project.

tural landscape firm. Each year, Yoshimura returned to Kyoto with Lovinger and the students. It took two summers to complete the canal restoration design. Because the waterway was so long, the plan drawing measured thirty feet in length, Yoshimura recalls. They presented the proposal to the mayor and city planners for review. And that's where it would have been left—but this time, other forces were at work.

Water from the Ground Up

Yoshimura's father, Seiji Yoshimura, was the director of a local community group working to see the area restored as parkland. Residents petitioned city hall. Family and friends and neighborhood groups donated money. The Rotary and the Lions clubs got on board. Support for the idea grew, but the project took off when government planners decided to hook the canal park restoration to a massive overhaul of the city's infrastructure. Electricity, sewers, fiber-optic cable—all could be run in the bed of the old canal. The infrastructure cost $150 million and the canal restoration $18 million.

Lovinger had no idea the plans were going forward until two years ago, when he and Yoshimura received some of the contract drawings from Kyoto for a design review. Lovinger was skeptical. "I thought, my God, is this really going to happen?" A swift year later, the two men were invited to Kyoto for the festivities. Lovinger says, "I didn't really believe it until the dedication."

Lessons from the Water Road

The landscape workshops set an example of professional practice, Lovinger says. "We try as hard as possible to make students aware of public service to society." Workshops allow these future landscape architects to engage in critical issues of urban planning. "You see something, you get on it. You don't wait for someone else to do it."

The Horikawa Canal restoration drawings were one link in a chain that brought the wishes of a community together, connecting pragmatic practicality with the beauty of the natural world. The same principles could apply in the United States. Why not connect infrastructure refurbishing with a mandate for creating natural beauty? Both serve the public. "Nature isn't an object you can put a wall around," says Lovinger. "It's about connecting people to what is beautiful and exciting." But more important, it's about bringing life back to the city. Lovinger says, "What was desolate and dead becomes alive."

—Mary-Kate Mackey

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY RYOSUKE HOSOI

PROFile

Alan Dickman

Senior Instructor, Research Professor, and Director of the Environmental Studies Program

The late-October drizzle threatens to escalate into an early morning downpour as Alan Dickman, senior instructor in biology, coaxes a group of groggy forest-biology students out of a warm van and into the chill of the forest.

Their heavy boots make loud smacking sounds in the thick mud as Dickman leads the group deep into the damp woods. As they trudge in reverent silence, the trees become denser. They come to a stop, and Dickman's voice rings through the centuries-old Douglas firs. The students furiously scribble notes as he talks about the forest's genetic makeup, the movement of water in vegetation, decomposition, soil organisms, and long-term ecosystem change.

Dickman asks the students, most of whom are environmental science or biology majors, to look beyond the towering trees to closely observe the processes and structures that sustain life within the forest. "People often see old growth forests as unchanging," Dickman, who directs the UO Environmental Studies Program, explains, "but really, the forests change, too. They just change at a different pace."

The class hikes to several charred areas, black stumps rising above the ash-covered ground, witnessing firsthand the way fire affects the forest and various examples of post-fire growth. As the class hikes through the underbrush of the slowly healing forest, the greens and browns of the overgrown forest floor mix to create new colors, the smell of the damp moss and lichen wafts through the trees, and the sound of birds calling to one another echoes through the vast canopied expanse.

Each term, in addition to classroom lectures, campus tree identification walks, and a weekly lab, Dickman takes students on four weekend day-trips. He tailors the outings based on current forest conditions. In recent years topics have included climate change and the effects of forest management on Northwest salmon.

Leaving the woods at the end of the day, their boots soggy, backs tired, and notebooks full, the students possess a greater understanding of the ever-changing forest cycle.

Several of Dickman's students have gone on to serve in the University's environmental leadership program, where they work with local middle school students to inspire a passion for forest biology. Like the generational cycles they study in the ever-regenerating forest, the cycle of knowledge continues with each new group of students hooked on studying the sylvan environment.

Name: Alan Dickman

Education: Ph.D. '84; B.A. '72, University of California at Santa Cruz.

Teaching Experience: Member of the UO faculty since 1986. Curriculum director for Department of Biology, 1997–2006; director of the Environmental Studies Program since 2006.

Awards: UO Ersted Award, 1994; Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching, 2009.

Off campus: Dickman spends his spare time working in his vegetable garden, hiking, fly-fishing, and woodworking.

Last word: "Don't miss the forest for the trees; the big picture is essential."

— Melissa Hoffman

JOHN BAUGUESS

IN BRIEF

Fulbrights Aplenty

Six UO faculty members were named 2009–10 Fulbright scholars, including two from the Department of Planning, Public Policy and Management. Eight students received Fulbright student awards, the largest number of recipients in fifteen years. Fulbright funding supports international educational opportunities.

New Top Honor—"The Bowerman"

The U.S. Track & Field and Cross Country Coaches Association has chosen UO coaching legend Bill Bowerman as the namesake for a new annual award—equivalent to college football's Heisman Trophy—to honor the nation's most outstanding male and female track and field athletes.

Untempered Praise

Mary K. Rothbart, professor emerita of psychology, is the recipient of the American Psychological Foundation's 2009 Gold Medal for Life Achievement in the Science of Psychology for her "contributions to the development of the concept of temperament—the basic foundation of personality—[which] have been fundamental to the field of psychology." Rothbart joined the UO in 1970 and retired in 2002.

Bach Festival Results

Ticket revenue from this year's Oregon Bach Festival exceeded $439,000, a modest 12.5 percent dip from the record-setting season in 2008 and a 5 percent increase from ticket income in 2007. Three recent gifts worth a combined total of about $465,000 help position the festival on firm financial ground for 2010 and push the OBF's Saltzman Endowment to $9.25 million, fast-approaching its goal of $10 million.

Research Park to Expand

The UO plans to break ground in August on an 80,000-square-foot building in the Riverfront Research Park to be occupied by the Oregon Research Institute (ORI) and the Educational Policy Improvement Center (EPIC). ORI, a nonprofit research center founded in 1960 by UO faculty members, conducts research and develops products focusing on adolescent depression, tobacco and drug use and prevention, chronic pain, and diet and exercise. EPIC, also a UO spin-off, consults with school systems nationwide to improve student transition to college. The $17 million privately funded building project will receive LEED silver energy-efficient certification and is scheduled for occupancy in September 2010.

Beijing's Bird's Nest at night

Cross-Training

The UO's Warsaw Sports Marketing Center creates academic and business connections between Oregon and China.

BY CHRIS CUNNINGHAM AND PETE PETERSON

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY RICH GILES

China failed in 1993 in its bid to stage the first Olympic Games of the new century.

So in early 2000, Beijing's competition with Toronto, Paris, Istanbul, and Osaka to host the 2008 games weighed on the minds of China's leaders and many of its 1.3 billion people.

The prospect of a Chinese Olympics also increased e-mail exchanges among three Oregon sports marketing experts.

"China was actively seeking to raise its international profile through the use of sports," recalls Rick Burton, then the director of the UO's new James H. Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, which included the world's first graduate sports business program in an accredited college of business. Even in the center's early years, Warsaw graduates were landing positions in professional leagues, sports equipment manufacturing, marketing, broadcasting, and stadium management. But few were applying their marketing know-how outside North America.

Former sportswriter Terry Rhoads '90 had already begun to explore sports business in China. Fluent in Mandarin, he became Nike's first China marketing manager in 1994, slowly nurturing interest in sports in a country that had traditionally discouraged athletic programs in its schools.

If Beijing hosted "the world's greatest sporting event," as Rhoads called the Olympics, he predicted a boom market for Nike and other U.S., Chinese, and international businesses using sports to market their goods to the vast audience of China's new consumers.

But conducting business in Shanghai had taught Rhoads that China's business leaders lacked expertise in domestic and global sports marketing, management, and investment strategies. He also learned that American executives knew next to nothing about China's business methods, cultural nuances,

and the communist government's regulatory system. In the future, without professional coaching, businesses on both sides of the Pacific would blunder.

When Rhoads accompanied a Nike-sponsored Chinese men's basketball team to Eugene in 1996 for a game with the Ducks in Mac Court, he discussed the dilemma with Sheng Li, a student in Warsaw's first M.B.A. class. A Beijing native, Li's dream "was to work on an Olympic Games hosted in China." He was enthusiastic about Beijing's prospects for hosting the 2008 games, confident his country could build the vast new infrastructure required for the event. But he says he also saw "a potential shortfall in human capital—sports marketing experts."

At the Warsaw Center, Rhoads engaged in a similar dialogue with Burton, and, he says, he felt "an immediate kinship" because each wanted "to create programs that could benefit Oregon students, the Warsaw Center, Nike, and China." A Beijing Olympics could be the catalyst.

By 1999, with help from colleagues and like-minded groups, Burton, Rhoads, and Li had assembled an educational consortium for cross-cultural business training. The Warsaw Center faculty agreed to take the lead role. Rhoads won Nike as a founding partner, and Li gained endorsements from business professors at Fudan University in Shanghai and from the Chinese Olympic Committee.

And "to create a significant 'bang,'" says Rhoads, "to make people take notice of this innovative sports marketing education program for China," in the spring of 2000, the consortium of Fudan, the UO, the Chinese Olympic Committee, and Nike—called FUON—produced a splashy conference for sports business scholars, international corporate leaders, and Chinese sports officials.

Four hundred guests in a posh Beijing hotel ballroom received greetings via video from Phil Knight '59, CEO of Nike, the world's largest athletic equipment manufacturer. Carl Lewis, the nine-time U.S. Olympic gold medalist (and "super-hero to the Chinese," says Rhoads), and Madame He Hui Xian of the Chinese Olympic Committee gave keynote addresses. And for two days, experts outlined evolving concepts in sports marketing, advertising, sponsorships, facility management, broadcasting, and licensing.

In August 2000, the International Olympic Committee granted China the rights to host the twenty-ninth Olympiad. Perhaps the conference contributed to China's credibility with the International Olympic Committee, but more important, Li says, FUON convinced China's leaders that "the Olympic Games is not only about sports and cultural exchange, it is also about business. To get it right, we needed people who know how the 'business' works."

Faculty and staff members from the two universities soon began traveling to each other's campuses to learn and teach important lessons. Fudan marketing professor Emma Qiu Lijin, who audited classes at the UO, says, "This period gave me the chance to observe the advancement of the sports industry in the U.S., and helped me think about what we could do to develop the sports industry in China."

In Eugene, the Warsaw Center, which celebrates its fifteenth anniversary this year, added information in its classes about China's business practices. And by 2006, to boost graduate students' comprehension of crucial issues in China's government, economics, culture, and social structure, Warsaw collaborated with the UO Center for Asian and Pacific Studies to produce "Engaging China" seminars. Second-year M.B.A. students then took study trips to Beijing and Shanghai, where Fudan provided lectures and tours of businesses and manufacturing sites.

Adam Antoniewicz, M.B.A. '03, found that the Warsaw curriculum enhanced the experience he had already gained in Shanghai in the '90s, when he earned an advanced Chinese learning certificate at Fudan University and worked with athletic companies in events and marketing management positions. Studying league structure, sponsorship analysis, sports finance, and sports law gave him the practical knowledge that embodies "the fundamental building blocks of sports business."

Antoniewicz says the curriculum, the format of classroom project teams that tackle real-world industry issues, and the opportunity to travel abroad give students "a significant head start" over other applicants seeking employment in the sports industry.

Nevertheless, he says, while "it's possible to work [in China] without speaking Chinese,"

MORE CONNECTIONS

Here's a sampling of China exchanges in other UO departments:

- **SCHOOL OF ARCHITECTURE AND ALLIED ARTS** students visit and collaborate on public art projects with students in Jinan; digital arts faculty members have participated in a joint exhibit with the Shandong University arts faculty and presented digital arts workshops to Shandong students.
- **DEPARTMENT OF COUNSELING PSYCHOLOGY AND HUMAN SERVICES** faculty members help colleagues at Beijing Normal University learn about Western family therapy practices.
- **SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AND COMMUNICATION** faculty members and students participated in workshops, lectures, and a competition at Fudan's School of Advertising.
- **LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTURE** faculty members have taught ecological design concepts at Tsinghua University in Beijing.
- **THE OREGON MARCHING BAND** performed with other Northwest bands at Tiananmen Square, Beijing, during the Olympic Games.

— C.C. and P.P.

JIM WARSAW, 1947–2009

Jim Warsaw '06, founder of the Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, died April 22. He was sixty-one.

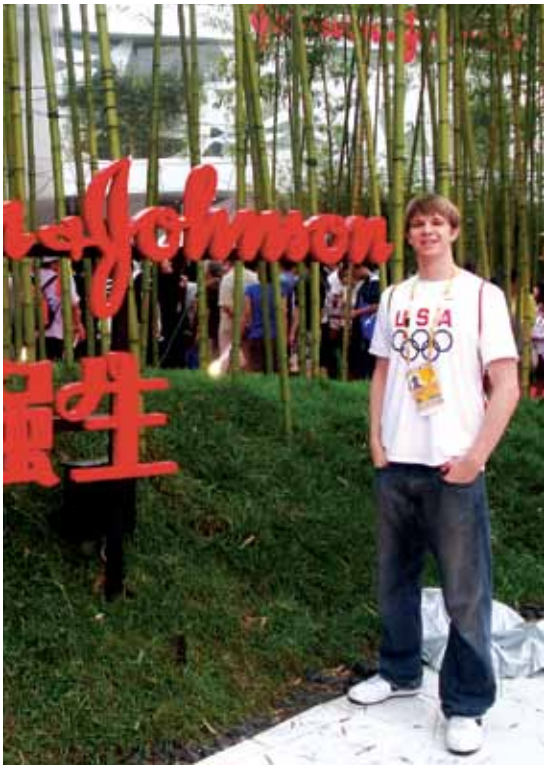
"His relentlessly positive nature, his self-effacing humor, his love for his alma mater and for 'his students' in the Warsaw Center were defining qualities of his personality," wrote Dennis Howard, dean of the Lundquist College of Business and a former Warsaw Center academic coordinator.

Paul Swangard '90, M.B.A. '99, Warsaw Center managing director, wrote, "The Warsaw Center was his passion and the students his pride. . . . As one of those former students. I'm forever grateful."

Warsaw dropped out of the UO in the 1960s, going to work for his family's sports headwear company. In the 1970s he ran company offices abroad, and between 1981 and 1993 served as the firm's chair.

Returning to the University to complete his degree in 2006, he told *The Register-Guard* he was setting an example for his own children and "his kids" in the sports marketing program.

— C.C. and P.P.



FROM LEFT GOING CLOCKWISE: COURTESY AUSTIN DEKONING, WARSAW SPORTS MARKETING CENTER, LAURA LU, PETE PETERSON

Above left: Austin DeKoning '09 in front of Johnson & Johnson exhibition hall during the Beijing Olympics; upper right: Warsaw M.B.A. students in China; lower left: Adam Antoniewicz, M.B.A. '03, at his National Basketball Association office in Shanghai; lower right: Laura Lu, incoming Warsaw student, with Women's Tennis Association pro star Peng Shuai, at Hong Kong Disneyland.

those who want to be in China long-term "are at a major disadvantage if they can't speak and read the language."

Now director of marketing partnerships for NBA China in Shanghai, where he works with such corporations as Coca-Cola, Cisco, General Mills, McDonald's, and Nike to market their products through professional basketball, Antoniewicz has learned to appreciate the similarities and differences between U.S. and Chinese businesses and consumers.

For one thing, he says, understanding that "Chinese law and attitudes are much more relationship-based" is crucial for future entrepreneurs. The preferred style of negotiating in China "is to have a solid relationship and trust, rather than to finalize all the details of a contract on the front-end."

First-year Warsaw student "Phil" Shi-Mu Huang, a permanent resident of the United States with Chinese parents in Taiwan, confirms Antoniewicz's observation. In the United States, he says, "It's law, logic, then connections and relationships; in China, people talk about connections or relationships first, prior to the law, and then logic."

Differences in U.S. and Chinese communication styles become obvious in the classroom, Huang says, when he and his fellow students work on project teams. These groups might hypothetically represent sports companies such as Ultimate Fighting Championship, for example, negotiating a sponsorship with Right Guard products. Within the teams, lively debates ensue, with classmates interrupting each other. These groups model the ideal, American-style work group, in which everyone's ideas contribute to the best outcome. But, "in Chinese culture," Huang says, "when you want to say that someone's thinking is blatantly contrary, you better use a very indirect way, so that people won't be offended. Here, it's not that way."

Austin DeKoning '09 says he is grateful that even though he was an undergraduate, the Lundquist College of Business and the Warsaw Center gave him "both the classroom learning and the skills that help you transition from textbook learning to learning in the marketplace."

With help from Warsaw managing director Paul Swangard '90, M.B.A. '99—a Warsaw

Center graduate—DeKoning arranged an internship in his junior year with the international sports marketing firm IMG, which assigned him to Johnson & Johnson's Olympic Games office in Beijing.

One of his tasks was to help J&J—an Olympic sponsor and the parent company to Band-Aid, Tylenol, and J&J baby products—identify opportunities for promoting its products at the Olympics and to nail down site logistics, from hospitality to security to marketing.

Fluent in Chinese, DeKoning says he was not only able to immerse himself in commerce but also in Chinese culture, staying in a traditional Chinese housing complex called a *hutong.* He says living in Beijing with Chinese roommates and working on the J&J team taught him "how to cooperate and collaborate with people on an international level."

Noting a strong reliance on following rules and societal norms in the Chinese culture, DeKoning says he learned that "if your boss comes to you and says 'this is what I want done,' this is exactly the way you have to do it."

Fudan alumna Laura Lu of Shanghai, who will begin her first year in Warsaw's M.B.A. program this fall, is aware of the stark contrasts between U.S. and Chinese businesses. A recent employee of Rhoads at his new Shanghai firm, Zou Marketing, Lu helped negotiate sponsorship contracts between United Parcel Service and Chinese athletic teams.

Because the sports industry is "essentially state-owned" in China, she's not sure which Warsaw Center courses will be applicable in her country. The fact that the Chinese government owns most stadiums, for example, may make it "hard to implement Stadium Finance course work in China's market," Lu says. "But who knows what will happen in the future?"

Lu says her parents support her dream of becoming a sports marketer, even though it means an extended separation from them. Having grown up during China's Cultural Revolution (1966–76), when Mao Zedong closed urban schools and universities denied enrollment to most students, "They understand it is important to have a dream and take action," Lu says. "I am lucky to have this right."

Like Rhoads at Zou Marketing, the other early promoters of the Warsaw-China connection are still active in international sports business. Sheng Li is now general manager of Visa China and was honored as a distinguished M.B.A. alumnus at a Warsaw Center reunion earlier this year. Burton was recently named a distinguished professor of sports management at Syracuse University, his alma mater, where he will teach international sports relations among other things.

China takes great pride in the success of the Beijing Olympics. The country's domestic annual sports market was close to $15 billion by the end of 2008, according to Zou Marketing. Now, Fudan's Qiu Lijin notes that "More Chinese people realize that sports can be thought of as an industry." Even so, the current shortage of professional management skills and the continuing government controls over professional sports still present barriers as China builds its promising sports marketing industry.

But thanks to FUON, Qiu Lijin says, "More than 160 Fudan students have completed the sports marketing program, and around half of them are now working in the sports industry in China."

Swangard says it makes sense that over the past seven years, Fudan's sports marketing program has developed its own approach. "We [taught] a set of paradigms, and the Fudan faculty is making it market-relevant."

Interested in repeating "FUON-like partnerships," the Warsaw Center has recently begun discussions with universities in South Korea and Singapore about opportunities for exchanges and faculty engagement, Swangard says.

Beyond that, Swangard hopes the sports marketing program will attract to the UO more students "who have a strong interest in international business and who view Asia as a place to focus their attention."

China was a great place to start. "There was always an inkling that the Chinese were going to use sports as a means through which to burst onto the global scene," Swangard says. "In a way, [it's] a language everyone can understand: Sports, like music and the arts, [can be] a connecting force."

Husband and wife Pete Peterson, M.F.A. '68, M.S. '77, and Chris Cunningham '76, M.S. '80, are freelance writers in Eugene. They traveled to Beijing and Shanghai in March.

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY RICH GILES

OR 150
SUSTAIN THE SPIRIT

LISTENING TO THEIR SONGS

Discovering Oregon's Institute of Marine Biology

BY SUSAN GLASSOW

"I asked what would help them identify the kind of whale they'd spotted. I had some expectations, like body shape and size. Then, a girl raised her hand and said, 'I'd listen to their songs.'"

LAUREL HIEBERT, OREGON INSTITUTE OF MARINE BIOLOGY GRADUATE STUDENT AND TEACHING FELLOW AT MADISON ELEMENTARY IN EMPIRE

Storms uncover shipwrecks, skeletons of lives and commerce, castaway on the southern Oregon coast. The wrecks are apt metaphors for an area in visible economic decline even before the national recession. The Oregon Institute of Marine Biology "is a bright spot in a bad economy," declares Arlene Roblan, principal of Madison Elementary School in Empire, a small town between Coos Bay and Charleston. Roblan used to teach at the now closed Charleston Elementary and remembers its sign: "It takes a fishing village to raise a child." Now, 81 percent of her students qualify for free or discounted lunches.

Her memory is a poignant reminder of the area's proud heritage. Timber disappeared first; the ships that filled the Coos Bay harbor, the largest timber shipping port in the world once upon a time, now sail in historic photographic exhibits on the bay boardwalk. Fishing declined. In 2007, Charleston harbor master Don Yost resigned, refusing to impound boats whose owners were delinquent on their slip payments. "There's a face with every boat," he said.

As part of a National Science Foundation program, OIMB graduate fellows are teaching children and grandchildren of those loggers, port workers, and fishermen. Pure science and community involvement mix in a helix of hope and intellectual energy.

* * * * *

Near the end of Boat Basin Road in Charleston, OIMB's campus nestles between low hills and the South Slough Estuary. Located next to the Pacific Seafood processing plant, the visitors' parking area smells of fish. Gulls cry and the horn-honking of California sea lions adds an offbeat bass. Fishing boats fill the anchorage. OIMB is a village of one- and two-story Cape Cod–style, wood-shingled buildings that feels like a place you'd want to live.

The University of Oregon first set up camp near Charleston eighty-five years ago. In 1924, two UO biology professors identified eighty-two species at Sunset Bay, and in 1925 enrolled eleven students in summer courses, using tents as dormitories and laboratories. The nearby permanent site was selected in 1929 and put to use for summer field studies. Year-round research programs began in 1966 and year-round

LEFT: STEPHANIE SCHROEDER, A PH.D. STUDENT FROM ALAN SHANKS' LAB, HOLDING TWO SEA STARS COMMON TO THE OREGON COAST. RIGHT: UNDERGRADUATE MARINE BIOLOGY MAJORS CAROLINE EMCH-WEI (LEFT) AND SARA PEARSON. PHOTOS BY JACK LIU

educational programs a few years later. In 1999, OIMB built two more research labs and the Loyd and Dorothy Rippey Library. In 2008–9, 106 UO students studied at OIMB and twenty-eight enrolled under the community education option. More than 350 non-OIMB students visited; most were members of groups attending specialized workshops.

OIMB has the only marine biology undergraduate major in the Pacific Northwest. Since 2004, nearly 100 UO biology students have declared the major, which means they are at OIMB full time for three terms. "We've identified a demand for basic, rigorous marine biology education," Director and Professor Craig Young explains. "Soon it will exceed the capacity of the classrooms."

Young came to OIMB in 2002. He has established one of the few labs in the world that raises the larvae of deep-sea animals and studies their development. He's worked in the deep sea since 1980. Young and his graduate students have made hundreds of dives in eight different submersibles, collecting and studying animals that live as deep as two miles beneath the surface. They've worked at marine laboratories and universities around the world and have sailed on oceanographic ships in the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans. They will be in the Gulf of Mexico this fall.

"The deep sea contains the largest biotic habitats on Earth, yet only miniscule parts of it have been explored," Young explains. "Basic processes such as reproduction and development remain totally unknown for the vast majority of species. . . . New species and phenomena are discovered on nearly every cruise."

Young leads a group of nine stellar faculty members who teach, mentor students, and conduct research. "We are fortunate. They are world class scientists, every one."

One day last spring, Professor Nora Terwilliger, Ph.D. '81, appeared in her invertebrate classroom-lab wearing a keyhole limpet hat, its velvet folds mimicking the pleated shell encircling the animal's air hole. The room was quiet. The soft bubbling of seawater, pumped from the bay into a long water table, could lull a tired body to sleep, but the students were intent on looking through their microscopes and filling lab notebooks. Their day had begun with Terwilliger and coteacher, Richard Emlet, at 7:00 A.M. with an intertidal field trip. Dressed in wet weather gear, including knee-high boots, they'd scrambled down a muddy cliff in heavy rain to an even muddier beach where they collected

"Our students have to take complex marine science and learn how to explain it using basic concepts and processes. They teach children how science is conducted as an active pursuit of knowledge."

LEFT TO RIGHT: DINING HALL AT OIMB; OIMB CAMPUS TODAY; AND CAMPUS AS IT APPEARED IN 1940; MYNDEE MCNEILL, A MASTER'S STUDENT IN CRAIG YOUNG'S LAB. PHOTOS BY JACK LIU; HISTORIC PHOTO UO LIBRARIES—SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

mollusks. "We show the students how to study by doing," Terwilliger says. "We get down and crawl on the sand, lift strands of kelp searching for animals." They also gently pried tiny limpets from their homes on the rocky shore. Back at OIMB, lectures and lab work completed the daylong focus on invertebrate biology.

Recently retired and teaching one course a year, Terwilliger came to OIMB as a faculty wife in 1970, back when there were only a couple of the old Civilian Conservation Corps buildings and two faculty members. She had her master's in marine biology from the University of Wisconsin and remembers putting her children down for a nap and sprinting across the lawn to the lab so "I could keep my hand in with a little research."

She earned a Ph.D. and returned to research and teach alongside her then institute director-husband, Robert Terwilliger. And although her research continues to be specialized on invertebrate blood proteins and oxygen absorption, she advocates students studying the whole breadth of biology. One of the strengths of OIMB, she says, is that when students remove themselves from the main campus, "They immerse in marine biology: vocabulary, invertebrate zoology, development, animal behavior, rhythm of the tides."

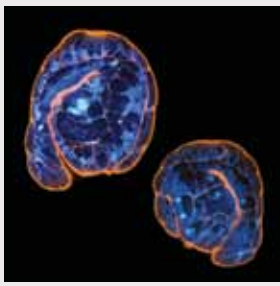
Professor Richard Emlet and Terwilliger have cotaught an intensive invertebrate zoology course for years. His research, however, sometimes takes him far from the Oregon shore: "I've been to southern Australia many times to study the unusual development of marine invertebrates between Perth and Sydney. Unlike their counterparts in other temperate regions, these sea stars and sea urchins have nonfeeding larvae that are in the plankton for a few days to weeks while elsewhere they are feeding larvae and are in the plankton for weeks to months." Emlet says that understanding this one seemingly small scientific anomaly—which he describes as one of his lifelong goals—would give scientists more understanding of the vastly complex web of interconnections in the world's delicate marine ecosystems.

Another OIMB faculty member, Professor Alan Shanks, studies the dispersal patterns of Dungeness crab larvae. He investigates the links between the seasonal shift of local ocean currents associated with the spring transition in coastal winds and movements of the late larval stage of the crab, which is free swimming. Shanks hypothesized that an early transition could result in greater numbers of the develop-

Blow up

MICROPHOTOGRAPHY OF MARINE INVERTEBRATE ANIMALS FOUND ON THE WASHINGTON AND OREGON COASTS. THEIR ACTUAL SIZE IS LESS THAN 1 MILLIMETER (1/25TH OF AN INCH).



ing crabs returning to shore and growing into harvestable adults. A later transition could lead to fewer adults. His first five-year study found "an almost perfect correlation."

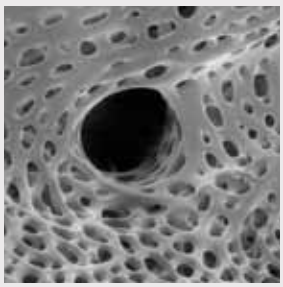
His work has led to funding from the Oregon Dungeness Crab Commission and further study to explore whether the correlation between the timing of the spring transition and the adult crab population and its potential harvest holds true: "I'm in the glorious position where. . . people are paying me to follow my curiosity. And, if this is done by thousands of us, you come up with amazing things that will affect us all."

Academic Coordinator and Associate Professor Jan Hodder, Ph.D. '86, teaches courses on birds and mammals and marine environmental issues. She directs the Centers for Ocean Sciences Education Excellence (COSEE) Pacific Partnerships, which connects marine stations in Oregon, Washington, California, and Hawaii. "Our overarching goal in the Pacific Partnerships project is to increase the availability of new scientific information about the ocean," she says. "The linking of marine scientists, who are generating this knowledge, with community college faculty, who will use the information in their courses, and volunteers, who help the public understand about the ocean, is the key to the success of our endeavors."

COSEE'S coastal master naturalist program is currently in a planning stage but, when developed, volunteers with nonprofits and state and federal agencies on the coast will have the opportunity to study and learn more about marine life and ocean processes. "The more people we have who have an understanding of how the ocean works and are scientifically literate," Hodder says, "the better we will be at making personal and policy decisions that affect our marine world and us—locally, nationally, internationally."

The newest OIMB faculty member is Assistant Professor Svetlana Maslakova, who at thirty-one is already considered an authority on ribbon worms (nemerteans). These worms are found in all the world's oceans and some of the 1,400 species can grow to nearly 100 feet in length. Maslakova's interest in marine biology was stimulated by teachers and mentors at an experimental high school and a university in Russia. "I heard about the ribbon worms. They had unusual musculature and people didn't know quite where they belonged. There was a mystery to be solved and only one other specialist in the world."

"OIMB folks are both fantastic scientists and wonderful educators," says Fred Betz, a science teacher at Blanco School in Langlois.



FIRST THREE IMAGES BY SVETLANA MASLAKOVA LEFT TO RIGHT:

"ACTINOTROCH – INTO THE MOUTH" | PLANKTONIC LARVA OF THE HORSESHOE WORM (PHORONID) *PHORONOPSIS VANCOUVERENSIS*

"PILIDIUM" | PLANKTONIC LARVA OF THE RIBBON WORM (NEMERTEAN) *MICRURA ALASKENSIS*

"SPIONID" | LARVA OF A SEGMENTED WORM (POLYCHAETE) COMMON IN THE PLANKTON OF COOS BAY

SECOND THREE IMAGES BY GEORGE VON DASSOW LEFT TO RIGHT:

"MOTHER AND DAUGHTER" | TWO EMBRYOS OF THE PISTACHIO CLAM *ACILA CASTRENSIS*

"THE SCREAM (AFTER EDVARD MUNCH)" | DIVIDING CELLS IN AN EMBRYO OF THE SAND DOLLAR *DENDRASTER EXCENTRICUS*

"STEREOM" | AN ELEMENT OF THE CALCITE SKELETON OF THE BRITTLE STAR *OPHIOPHOLIS OCULEATA*

THIRD GRADE STUDENTS FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE SCHOOL IN NORTH BEND ON A FIELD TRIP CONDUCTED BY ERIN MORGAN, ONE OF THE OIMB GK-12 GRADUATE TEACHING FELLOWS. PHOTO COURTESY OF TRISH MACE, OREGON INSTITUTE OF MARINE BIOLOGY

The collaboration has been "markedly successful at every level, in training graduate students to be better teachers, in teaching public school teachers how to teach science better, and in increasing science learning opportunities for the elementary children."

Thanks to a National Science Foundation grant secured by Shanks and Hodder more than 3,500 south coast elementary students have had the chance for the past five years to have their curiosity stimulated by graduate teaching fellows from OIMB. The grant pays university tuition and a living stipend for nine graduate students each year. In exchange, the graduate students teach marine biology in elementary schools from Port Orford to Reedsport while learning teaching and communication skills from the classroom teachers. The elementary school teachers can expand their expertise working with the OIMB fellows and through workshops and other professional educational opportunities.

The elementary students study their marine neighborhoods: They "get dirty" on mudflat scavenger hunts. They learn where beach hoppers live by studying high, medium, and low tide lines on the sandy beach. They practice "belly biology," head down on the edge of harbor docks, studying clouds of jellies or Dungeness crab larvae.

The program, known as GK-12, has forged "a true connection between academia and the community." Hodder says. "Our students have to take complex marine science and learn how to explain it using basic concepts and processes. They teach children how science is conducted as an active pursuit of knowledge."

Following a habitat-based curriculum first developed at the University of California at Berkeley's Lawrence Hall of Science and expanded at OIMB, kindergarteners study ponds, and successive grades investigate rocky shores, sandy beaches, wetlands and estuaries, kelp forests, open ocean, and islands.

The collaboration has been "markedly successful at every level," Shanks observes, "in training graduate students to be better teachers, in teaching public school teachers how to teach science better, and in increasing science learning opportunities for the elementary children." OIMB offers summer workshops for public school teachers and the grant also funds study outside Oregon—at marine stations like that at Monterey, California. Each spring a GK-12 open house brings as many as 500 parents and children on the OIMB campus to interact with their teaching fellows and learn about their research.

OIMB graduate students, including past and current teaching fellows, studied and worked onboard Young's May 2008 research cruise in the Bahamas. And, they didn't leave their elementary students behind. The website dedicated to the expedition (oimbkids.com) demonstrates how the pure science of Young and coprincipal investigators, Emlet of OIMB and Michelle Wood of the UO Center for Ecology and Evolutionary Biology, connects to grade school students. The site describes the scope of the research, life on a research vessel, and the tasks of the researchers and crews. It also includes the log written by the GK-12 teachers to their young scientists back home *(see sidebar)*.

"OIMB folks are both fantastic scientists and wonderful educators," says Fred Betz, a science teacher at Blanco School in Langlois. "Sometimes you see science curriculum that's not as balanced. GK-12 challenges kids across the spectrum of their skills. I think every kid in my sixth grade wants to be a marine biologist when she or he grows up!"

Some scenes from GK-12 classrooms: an eight-year-old responding to a question by saying, "I observe"; two sixth-grade teams competing in a game based on their knowledge of

elephant seal habitats and life cycles, applauding the other team when they 'get something right'; children as young as five, learning biological taxonomy phrases in Latin, seemingly without problem.

Erin Morgan, a teaching fellow at Lighthouse charter school in North Bend, describes the larger lessons of her fifth-graders experimenting with hydrothermal vents: "This is the process—I see this, I know this, so I test it to see if it works. We're teaching them to be brave enough to be wrong. We're teaching scientific process. If they don't set out to discover, they'll never know whether their hypothesis works or not."

The classroom teachers see the long-term effects, too. "If [children] have this empathy and understanding of science at a young age—a true understanding, not just 'I got out my book and did it'—they will be more informed individuals," says Nancy James, a teacher at Lighthouse school.

The grant that funds the program ends in 2010. Shanks and Hodder are writing another NSF proposal. If funded, they and their new cadre of GK-12 teaching fellows will write and teach marine science curriculum in grades 7–9. And, thanks to the first grant, many of those students will have had years of training in the scientific process and marine biology.

Marine stations traditionally welcome students and researchers who need the resources only available in these seaside settings. Young himself attended landlocked universities Brigham Young and Alberta and did marine work at Washington's Friday Harbor and at Stanford's Hopkins Marine Station. As a young man, he lived and worked in Italy where one of the first marine labs, Stazione Zoologica di Napoli, opened in 1872. "I've come full circle; I'm directing this institute and offering that hospitality to others."

Young and Hodder have expanded the ways OIMB provides hospitality, offering access to the vast diversity of animals, plants, and habitats (forest, shoreline, and salt marsh) found within OIMB's 130 acres. Hospitality means providing housing, a dining hall, a state-of-the-art library, as well as laboratory space and classrooms for visiting professors with students. A recent NSF grant paid for the construction of an apartment complex, which allows more visiting scientists to be in residence. This summer OIMB was at capacity, accommodating more than 100 scientists and students.

Last spring, Faculty Institute for Reforming Science Teachers brought twenty-four postdoctoral fellows teaching in colleges and universities across the United States to OIMB. "Because it's a residential experience," Hodder explains, "they also have an opportunity to get together informally and form their own learning communities that will continue. . . beyond their experiences at OIMB."

OIMB's Charleston Marine Life Center, scheduled to open in August 2010, is under construction. The two-story, 5,000-square-foot display space will include permanent and rotating exhibits, and live video feeds of sea lion colonies, sea bird roosting areas, and underwater habitats. A marine mammal gallery with an orca skeleton and other exhibits, galleries on Oregon fisheries and marine life, and a small aquarium highlighting local ecosystems will be among the displays.

At the end of Boat Basin Road, a ten-minute walk from the new center, the remodeled historic 1914 Coast Guard boathouse serves as campus auditorium. Among other events, it's home to a weekly seminar series for OIMB faculty and staff members and students. Once each quarter, the local community is invited to hear speakers on various topics, usually drawing an audience of around 100. The spring series included Julia Parrish, University of Washington School of Aquatic and Fishery Sciences, who gave a speech titled "Patterns in the Sand: Postbreeding, Winterkill, and Wreck Mortality in West Coast Seabirds" and who then, in the evening's public lecture, explored the question, "Can Soccer Moms Do Science?"

An inviting photographic exhibit, created by Young, lines the boathouse walls. A glass case houses a collage of OIMB's history, including a copy of a pamphlet: *Summer Camp, 1937*. On its cover, students and faculty members crouch on the beach, smiling toward the camera, looking just as excited and interested as their counterparts in 2009.

Susan Glassow, M.A. '72, lives on the McKenzie River near Blue River.

DEAR OIMB KIDS

Ship Log 5/19/08

All is well at sea. No pirates, no scurvy, and no one has yet gone overboard. . . .

It's 10:30 at night, and the lab is still bustling as people tend to their various experiments and get things organized for tomorrow. We just finished our evening lecture—given outside on the bow of the boat in the muggy, Bahamian heat. The lecture was on the effects of pressure on deep-sea animals—it's so cool to learn about animals and processes that we are seeing every day! Today is our sixth day at sea, and things are settling into a routine. It's crazy that the routine involves submersible launches and snorkeling trips and seeing animals that most people don't know exist!

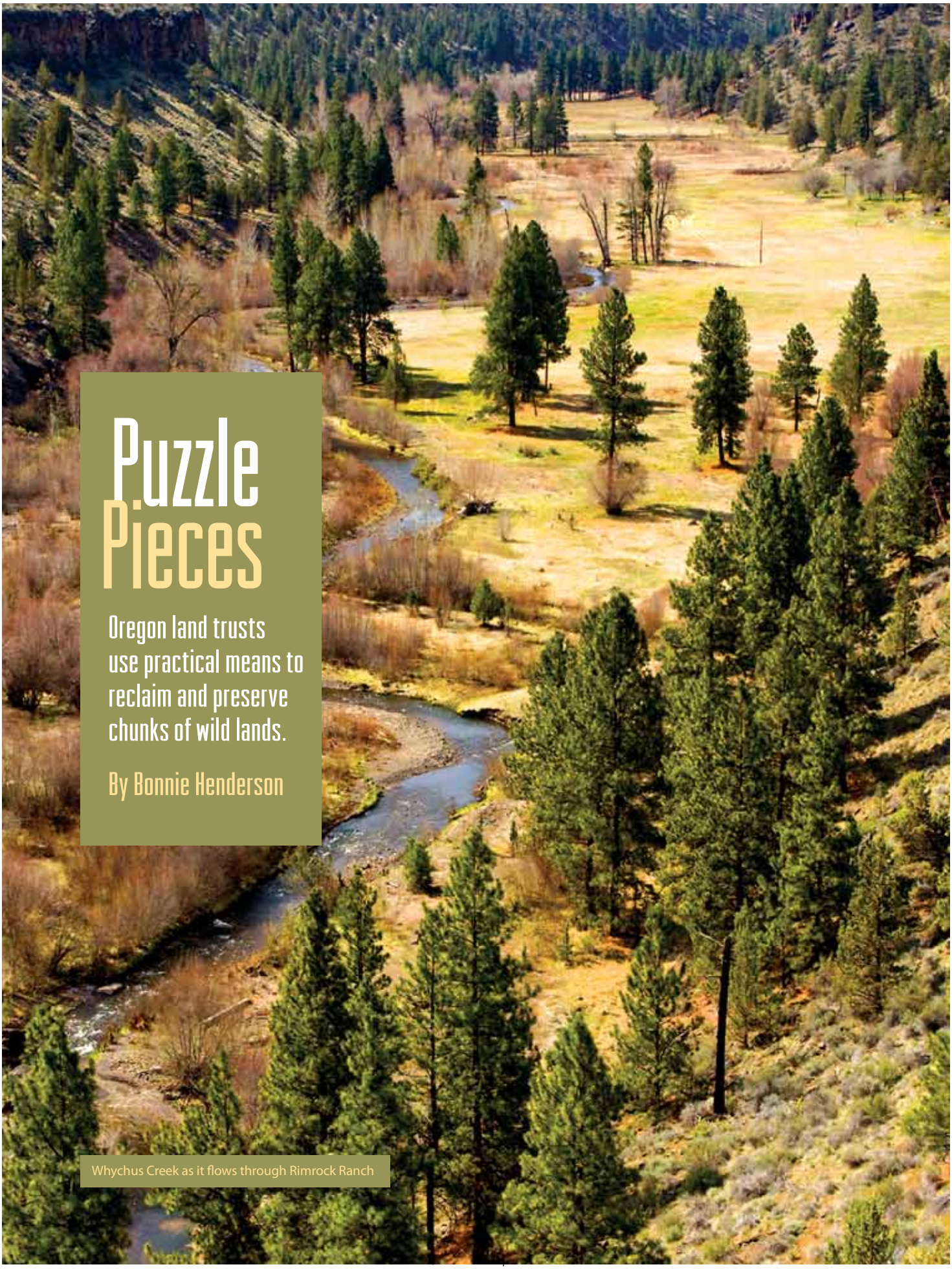
We do so many cool things, but do you know what we don't do much? SLEEP! I was on the late shift last night for the CTD [conductivity, temperature, depth] cast. We didn't start the cast until just before 9:00 p.m. For the CTD cast, an apparatus with twenty-four bottles is lowered down to the deep ocean. . . . The CTD allows us to collect water from specific depths of the ocean. Well, last night the CTD went deeper than any of our sub dives! It went deeper than 4,000 meters! And guess what went with it . . . dozens of Styrofoam cups decorated by the amazing students of the southern Oregon coast! The cups are back on the boat. What do you think they look like now? *

It takes a couple of hours to send the CTD down that far and bring it up again. Once it is back on board, it takes about two hours to process the water samples. . . . I didn't go to bed until after two in the morning! That might not seem too late to you, but keep in mind that breakfast is only served from 6:30 to 7:30 in the morning. And I like my breakfast.

Every day we are out here, I am reminded that marine biologists have the coolest job in the world. Take care, young scientists, you'll hear from me again soon.

Katie Bennett, *GK-12 Teaching Fellow, Coos Bay, Bandon, Langlois, and Port Orford*

**The experiment illustrated how the water pressure increased with increasing depth, compacting air spaces in the Styrofoam and compressing the cups to less than half their size, shrinking yet leaving intact the student decorations.*



Puzzle Pieces

Oregon land trusts use practical means to reclaim and preserve chunks of wild lands.

By Bonnie Henderson

Whychus Creek as it flows through Rimrock Ranch

PHOTO COURTESY OF DESCHUTES LAND TRUST/JW VISUALS

At the end of a gravel road a mile southwest of McKenzie Bridge, Ryan Ruggiero '02, M.L.A. '03, and Chris Vogel of McKenzie River Trust (MRT) pull on hip waders and take off down a steep elk trail, stopping where the terrain flattens out and forest gives way to an open wetland: Drury Meadow. Invasive reed canary grass—pale green and calf-high—seems to fill the valley floor. They pick their way across the meadow and step down into a silty, slow-moving stream to take a closer look. Some of the green blades turn out to be small-fruited bulrush, its tender tips nipped by elk. Then Ruggiero and Vogel spot more plant species in the mix: narrow-leaf cattail, soft rush, *Veronica americana*, and a sedge of some kind: "Oh, yeah, I see some nice native species in here," Ruggiero says, smiling. He pulls up a single slender sedge plant, roots dripping creek mud, and tucks it in a pocket of his orange safety vest to identify later. Then the pair turns west and follows the stream to its confluence with Taylor Creek. Here they find more native plants: burr reed, watercress, water parsley, another sedge (Ruggiero tucks another sample into his pocket), and Watson's willow-herb. "You have to kind of train your eye to see what's here," he says, scanning the waves of green. "This is actually way better than I expected." The canary grass had moved in after the valley floor was logged of its native Douglas fir years earlier, he explains. "But it looks like it's maybe 60 percent reed canary grass and 30 percent bulrush and 10 or 20 percent other stuff." He bends to pluck a sample of yet a third sedge species, tucking it in with the others flopping out of his vest pocket. By the time he and Vogel turn to walk back to the car, Ruggiero looks like he himself might be starting to sprout.

By itself, Drury Meadow, so named after the MRT acquired the twenty-two-acre property in late 2006, isn't much to shake a stick at. But restoration of side streams like Taylor Creek will be essential to recovery of spring Chinook salmon and bull trout in the McKenzie River basin, according to fish biologists. Ponds in Drury Meadow already host such sensitive species as western pond turtles and red-legged frogs. Living details like these help make this little wetland, just a few miles outside Three Sisters Wilderness, a potentially significant piece of the McKenzie River watershed puzzle—just the kind of thing a conservation group such as MRT keeps its eyes, and its pocketbook, open to.

The land trust itself is a piece of a larger puzzle: one of more than a dozen private, nonprofit, locally focused land trusts that have emerged in every corner of Oregon in recent years—particularly the past decade—collectively championing a new strategy within the environmental movement that combines pragmatism and idealism. Government regulation of public and private land clearly has its limitations, and it's never a permanent fix. Human needs aren't going to go away; we all eat food raised by farmers (and, often, by ranchers), and we all live on land that was once wild and is now developed, most of us in wooden houses. And if we don't get really busy preserving Oregon's special places that have not yet lost all their wildness, those places will be lost, many of them within the next generation. Forever.

Just buy it: That's the concept that got the Nature Conservancy (TNC) rolling almost sixty years ago. Alarmed at the accelerating disappearance of natural areas in the United States, the scientists at the core of what was originally called the Ecologists Union resolved to take "direct action" back in the late 1940s, beginning with buying a sixty-acre piece of the Mianus River Gorge on the New York–Connecticut border. The conservancy bought the land with its own resources, raised funds to reimburse itself, then went out and bought more land with the money they'd raised. It was a brand-new approach; rather than wait and hope for the government to preserve threatened wild lands, do it yourself and get fellow citizens to help. The Nature Conservancy now operates in thirty countries, identifying and prioritizing those threatened places most critical to preserving the world's biological diversity.

If we don't get really busy preserving Oregon's special places that have not yet lost all their wildness, those places will be lost, many of them within the next generation. Forever.

To an organization with that wide a lens, Drury Meadow might not even show up in the frame. But that doesn't mean it isn't important—to Oregon, anyway. That's where local land trusts can play a role—"mom and pop land trusts," as Neal Maine, founder and currently conservation director of North Coast Land Conservancy, calls them. Operating more or less on TNC's model, Oregon's local land trusts sometimes collaborate with and often complement the work of the big conservancy with their knowledge of local ecosystems and local players.

From the beaches and Sitka spruce swamps of Clatsop County to the glacial moraines of Wallowa County, each land trust in Oregon has its own local priorities and its preferred modus operandi. Staff members from trusts throughout the state usually meet once a year to compare notes, and they're in the process of creating a formal statewide coalition. Otherwise they operate independently. But they all share a particular philosophy and use the same tool kit. Stated simply, they work with willing landowners toward the goal of preserving valuable wild lands, in perpetuity. The most straightforward way they do that is by accepting gifts of land such as Drury Meadow. More often they

Neacoxie Creek

Drury Meadow

Green Island backwater

Lower Coyote Creek emergent wetland

McKenzie River Oxbow area

TOP PHOTO BY DON PYLE; BOTTOM FOUR PHOTOS COURTESY OF MCKENZIE RIVER TRUST

buy land outright (at below-market rates, if the landowner is willing) and keep it, managing the land to preserve and restore native vegetation and habitats. That sometimes means undertaking major restoration projects. Some preserves are open to the public; others aren't.

Green Island, McKenzie River Trust's crown jewel, is an example. In 2003 the trust bought the 1,000-acre island at the confluence of the McKenzie and Willamette rivers from the Green family, which had owned and farmed it for more than seventy years. The Greens wanted the land to be protected for the benefit of wildlife, and they sold it to the trust at a bargain-basement price. The trust has begun a massive restoration project that is slowly phasing out farming, managing the land to prevent weed infestation, and planting native species.

> Oregon's local land trusts sometimes collaborate with and often complement the work of the big conservancy with their knowledge of local ecosystems and local players.

Green Island is one of only a handful of properties McKenzie River Trust actually owns outright. MRT does most of its work in the McKenzie, Willamette, Umpqua, and Siuslaw River watersheds through conservation easements: voluntary agreements with landowners to preserve certain conservation values of the property—a grove of old growth trees, say, or the fish habitat in a stream—again, in perpetuity. The easement stays with the land, regardless of who inherits or purchases it in the future. Such easements can take years to negotiate, may be sold to the trust or given as a gift (in exchange for significant tax breaks), may apply to all the property or just part of it, and may or may not include a provision for public access.

A third way land trusts help keep wild land wild is by helping negotiate deals between private landowners and one or more—sometimes many more—government entities, from county parks departments to the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Bonneville Power Administration. The North Coast Land Conservancy (NCLC), headquartered in Seaside, specializes in these kinds of negotiations. Its staff recently helped broker a deal between a conservation-minded private landowner on Little Whale Cove, south of Depoe Bay, and the Oregon Parks and Recreation Department, using funds from both state and federal sources and dealing with a half-dozen government agencies. Now fourteen acres of prime ocean-view property that had been slated for development will remain wild and undeveloped, from the parcel's Sitka spruce forest to its steep cliffs where seabirds nest. Plans call for the area to be managed by state parks, which already owns adjacent Rocky Creek State Scenic Viewpoint. "It's complicated work," says NCLC executive director Katie Voelke, "and it's what we do well."

What land trusts also do well is form alliances with what might seem strange bedfellows for an environmental group, including such traditional adversaries as property developers, timber companies, and ranchers. But these are desperate times. Rural landscapes are under constant development pressure. Salmon habitat is in crisis. Invasive species encroach everywhere. Certain habitat types found in Oregon are particularly imperiled, such as seasonally wet prairie and river floodplains. And an unprecedented percentage of Oregon land ownership is expected to turn over in the next fifteen or so years. Wild land, and the time in which to save it, is running out, and polarization has given way to pragmatism, at least within the land trust community.

"That's what separates our work from other kinds of environmental groups," says Ryan Ruggiero, who negotiates deals as McKenzie River Trust's land protection manager. Ruggiero pursued a degree in landscape architecture at the UO with the specific goal of working for a land trust. "The approach we take to our work is inherently nonconfrontational. We accept the notion that people who live on the land, and *off* the land, do have a very strong connection with the land, even if they engage in activities that a mainstream environmentalist might consider troublesome. We try to see from a more holistic view."

"The way I thought in high school and college and the way I think now: I had to go through an entire flip-flop in my thinking," admits Voelke, who spent years as a biologist for state and federal agencies before joining the NCLC. "Especially in the coastal setting, history shows us what can happen if we don't try to work together. Development is going to happen. But there might be a way it can happen that, for instance, can allow a whole stream system to remain connected rather than fragmented. If you can make that happen, then you're really serving the whole of your community."

"We're not going where I thought we'd go, because the bulls are out," volunteer guide Mary Crow tells the small group gathered near the barn at Rimrock Ranch, northeast of Sisters. But there is still plenty to see in a four-hour ramble around the 1,120-acre ranch tucked between Crooked River National Grassland and tracts of Bureau of Land Management land. Three years ago, Deschutes Land Trust acquired a conservation easement on the ranch and began restoration of 1.5 miles of Whychus (rhymes with "righteous") Creek running through the ranch, beginning with moving grazing cattle off the creek's banks. On another ranch, where reopening wildlife migration corridors was the priority, removal of barbed wire fencing might have been the first step in a conservation strategy, but here the immediate focus is on fish habitat. The tour group, led by Crow, troops down a dirt road to the creek-level floodplain—no lon-

Taking in the landscape at Rimrock Ranch

DESCHUTES LAND TRUST/LISA BAGWELL

ger flooding since the Army Corps of Engineers built berms and straightened the creek's meanders back in the mid-1960s. Scattered over the floodplain, thickly in places, are tall spikes of mullein and shrubby tassel-headed knapweed, two aggressive invasive species on the land trust's eradication list. The hikers spread out for a half-mile walk through the weeds, then reassemble at the ranch's summer kitchen—a gray canvas tent, some wooden tables and benches, a fire pit and propane stove clustered in the shade of tall ponderosa pines—to examine the riparian restoration work begun here. Whole dead juniper trees have been thrown into the creek and secured to metal fence stakes, encouraging the cold water rushing down the artificially channelized stream to slow and warm and eddy into little oases of rest for the salmon and steelhead that the land trust hopes will, within a few years, return to Whychus Creek. And holding those gray tree skeletons in place is the very tool that, more than a century ago, helped to tame this wild country: silvery strands of twisted barbed wire.

Perpetuity is a word you might see in writing now and then, but it's not something you commonly hear in everyday conversation. But it's a word that pops up even in casual chit-chat among staff and volunteers in land trust offices. It's a concept they take very seriously. "Policy can change," the NCLC's Voelke says of environmental regulation, "but conservation easements are forever. In perpetuity."

Working landscapes is another phrase land trusts use more these days, some more than others. Rimrock Ranch is an example. Here, rather than seeking to kick out all the cattle, Deschutes Land Trust (DLT) entered into a conser-

vation easement that allows the owners, current and future, to continue to run cattle on portions of the ranch while the trust restores the stream and its floodplain to lure back migrating fish.

Timberlands are another type of working landscape, one with which DLT has become intimately familiar. "The topic of forest land turnover really started coming to the fore seven or eight years ago," says DLT conservation director Brad Nye '86. Half of all private timberlands in the United States changed hands from 1995 to 2005, and another 44 million acres—an area nearly two-thirds the size of Oregon—are expected to be sold within the next twenty years, according to the U.S. Forest Service. Why? Many small forests are family-owned, and some of the now fourth- or fifth-generation owners want out of the timber business. And with poor shareholder returns, big timber companies have been cashing out as well, often to investment companies with no interest or expertise in growing and harvesting trees but a keen interest in making money. Often the quickest way to do that is to sell the land to a housing developer.

> Wild land, and the time in which to save it, is running out, and polarization has given way to pragmatism, at least within the land trust community.

Since when did environmentalists start making friends with timber companies? Since they realized that a managed forest can be better than no forest at all.

For more than four years, DLT has been working on strategies to preserve what they've dubbed Skyline Forest, a 33,000-acre former tree farm owned, since 2006, by one of the country's largest insurance companies. It's the broad belt of green you see at the foot of the snow-clad Three Sisters when you look west from Tumalo or Bend. The "community forest" DLT proposes to establish there would be managed to enhance wildlife habitat and provide the public with scenic views and recreation opportunities. And it would be purchased with tax-exempt bonds that would be repaid with revenues from the sustainable harvest of timber from the forest. In June the Oregon legislature approved a bill that will allow intensive development of a small portion of the forest in exchange for conservation of the rest, assuming the land trust can raise $12 million to close the deal.

"We would never compromise the land just to acquire it or to keep it going; that's an absolute truth you can rely on," Nye says of the land trust. "That being said, we are not a lock-it-up type outfit." The land trust has harvested trees on other properties in the interest of good forest management and wildlife enhancement, he explains. "We are just not going to chain ourselves to every tree."

A cold fog has blown off the ocean and settled over the Reserve at Gearhart, a gated community with neat lawns and a few scattered houses on what were once seaside dunes. The grass slopes down to a meadow edging a long, narrow band of forest beside Neacoxie Creek. No houses down here: just brooding Sitka spruce and ancient native crabapple overshadowing clumps of salal and huckleberry. Fifty yards to the north, a dozen or more Roosevelt elk mill on the meadow, a congregation of dark brown manes and white rumps. Neal Maine, in muddy rubber boots and a damp parka, squats down and begins describing the early blue violet, a native species that had been all but eradicated in this meadow by invasive Scotch broom. "It's not a rare plant," he says; "I have them growing in the gravel of my driveway." What makes it special, he explains, is its role in the life cycle of the Oregon silverspot butterfly, a species threatened because of destruction of its habitat. Female butterflies lay their eggs among the violet's dried stems, and the larvae feed on the plant. Adult butterflies forage meadows like this one for nectar from goldenrod and black knotweed; when the northwest winds kick up, they flee into the trees, seeking refuge deep among the Sitka spruce. Just a few years ago, the owner of all this land—eighty acres, all zoned for housing—had attempted to sell it to a developer, but the sale had been blocked by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Enter North Coast Land Conservancy, which proposed a solution: set aside twenty-five acres of the most critical butterfly habitat—the meadow and forest adjacent to the creek—to be managed for its natural values by the likes of NCLC, allowing the rest to be developed, subject to certain open space requirements. It was a tradeoff, Maine readily admits. The stalemate could have gone on for years, but to no one's benefit, certainly not the butterfly's; while the parties argued, invasive Scotch broom would have taken over, eating up precious habitat and effectively ending the debate.

"Developers aren't going to go away," Maine says. "Developers are going to develop. But what percentage, and where?" He stands up, warming to his subject and triggering a nervous stirring among the elk. "So we can wait five years and have 100 percent Scotch broom coverage, or we can do something now, while there's still a population of violets and we can still cut a deal." He gazes at the belt of green-black spruce and turns reflective. "Remember those bumper stickers, 'Earth First—We'll Log the Other Planets Later,' or 'Spotted Owl Tastes Just Like Chicken'?" He chuckles quietly, shakes his head. "That kind of polarization: nobody cares about that anymore."

Bonnie Henderson '79, M.A. '85, is a writer who lives in Eugene. An excerpt from her most recent book, Strand: An Odyssey of Pacific Ocean Debris, *appeared in the Winter 2008 issue of* Oregon Quarterly.

WINNER OF THE STUDENT CATEGORY OF THE 2009 *OREGON QUARTERLY* NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST.

THE ROMANCE OF SALMON

PHOTO COURTESY OF REBECCA REISBICK

BY REBECCA REISBICK

GROWING UP ON A FISHING BOAT makes for a special connection to the Northwest's iconic fish.

Their glittering flashes, shining leaps, and epic journeys have come to symbolize the long-awaited arrival that will bring life to Northwest rivers. For thousands of years salmon have brought sustenance to coastal populations and enriched our streams and rivers. However, for me, salmon are more than a symbol of nature's bounty and the vitality of the Northwest. I grew up on a small commercial fishing boat called the *High Hope,* a vessel owned and operated by my parents. We spent our summers following the salmon up and down the Pacific Coast and harvesting their sleek, silver bodies to sell to restaurants and specialty markets. Home was a forty-seven-foot salmon troller on which my parents and I lived during the four-month season, and my backyard was the Pacific Ocean. Over the years I developed an ever-deepening respect and admiration for the salmon—our livelihood and our stability.

My first summer aboard the boat was 1991. I was only eight months old. Instead of staying home and waiting for my father to come back from a season of fishing, my mother packed up the baby supplies and took me along on what would become the first of many summer adventures. My parents were told that raising a child on the boat would never work; but my mother always had the time to come in from catching fish to read me a story or make a peanut butter sandwich.

In the following years more changes occurred—toddler-proof railings were

erected, a sandbox was placed on the back deck, boxes of movies, toys, and crafts were packed under my direct and even tyrannical supervision. Later came the pets: a dog, rabbits, gerbils, a guinea pig, even frogs. All found themselves packed into cages and tanks that could be strapped down at the advent of poor weather. The dog was afraid, the gerbils got seasick, and the guinea pig tipped over if the weather got too rough. Through all of that, they didn't seem to mind.

My school days came all too quickly and these brought yet more changes. It was tough enough to have a child on the boat, but to teach the child too? Some things were just too much. Soon, along with the toys, pets, and movies, there were added boxes of books. I read history, fiction, fantasy, mysteries—all with the discrimination of a precocious literary critic. Books were one thing, but math, now that was another. Still to this day I hold that it can make one seasick to think too hard about algebra.

Spending my summers on a fishing boat gave me the childish bragging rights for the best summer vacations. I remember standing, hands on hips, challenging my playground acquaintances to prove me wrong as I told fabulous tales about all the strange sea creatures I had seen and the fierce storms I had weathered. I had never seen pirates, but hey, it could happen. Sunny days found me on the back deck "helping," as I termed it. "What are the fish eating?" I would want to know. I laughed and hung over the side of the boat as I waved at porpoises. I lived for the excitement of a rare catch: slimy hagfish, gleaming mackerel, even sharks with the sandpapery feel of their skin. I watched squid glide and dart in buckets of water. I giggled as I wrapped chubby fingers around writhing anchovies. Who needed a backyard? I had the Pacific Ocean.

I'm not sure when playing with fish changed to working, and I suppose that some days I still wish that instead of methodically running one of the lines of gear we tow behind the boat I could once again be chasing after a silver mackerel as it flops across the deck. But I have come to enjoy working on the boat. I will be the first to say that I do not like my job when the seas are rough and the wind whips salt spray and rain against my face as I try desperately both to stand up and to run the gear to bring up the flashing salmon; but there are days when the weather quiets to a glassy calm, the sun reflects its brilliance against the blue of the water, and the salmon bite as if they desire only to leap aboard the boat—I promise you that there is nothing more perfect or more beautiful.

This summer is my last in high school and I don't know how many more seasons I'll spend on the boat; even so, I find that I cannot imagine a summer when I will not wake to the hum of the *High Hope*'s engine each morning. I find it hard to imagine a summer without fantastic sunsets setting the ocean on fire and burning forever in my memory. I even think of those gray, storm-tossed days with some romantic nostalgia. But most of all I will miss the vitality of the salmon; I will miss the perfect, beautiful silver of their bodies, the power with which they move through the water, and even the frantic joyful splashes of those that get away.

Because of all of this I have come to a great appreciation of the salmon. Salmon have migrated from the oceans to the streams for thousands of years; they have provided nourishment for the people and animals of the Northwest. Man has fished for the salmon, and still the salmon remains; man has built dams, and yet the salmon perseveres in its migration; man has destroyed habitat and built fish farms, and yet the salmon still returns faithfully each year. The lingering salmon populations are held in a delicate ecological balance, the scales are weighted with countless environmental factors against the salmon's tenacity. We must therefore understand that while the salmon is a valuable natural resource it is also a vital symbol of the Northwest, epitomizing determination, perseverance, and the will to survive.

I have come to understand that the ocean's bounty is not unending and in recent years we have seen the salmon populations shrink. Our seasons have been shortened and many fishermen now struggle to catch enough fish to make a living. Salmon are a natural resource, but they also must be protected. We must fish responsibly and we must protect our rivers and streams so the salmon will remain a Northwest symbol for years to come.

Rebecca Reisbick lives in Olympia, Washington, when she's not on her family's fishing boat. After being homeschooled by her mother, she attended South Puget Sound Community College for the last two years of high school. Rebecca plans to attend Western Washington University in the fall and to continue spending her summers working on her parents' fishing boat—for now. *This was the winner of the student category of the 2009* Oregon Quarterly *Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. For information about the essay contest go to OregonQuarterly.com.*

WEB EXTRA:

All fifteen finalist essays from the 2009 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest are posted on OregonQuarterly.com.

One Million-Plus Words, Column Inch by Column Inch

"You have a dream position."—A reader [scribbled on a Post-it after Bob Welch's first* Register-Guard *column and still pinned to the wall of his cubicle]

Let's begin with what he considers the worst of his more than 1,400 *Register-Guard* columns to date, then work our way back up, shall we?

"That's easy," says Bob Welch '76, sitting in the stands at the University of Oregon's P.K. Park on a postcard-perfect May day, watching his beloved Ducks play Arizona in baseball. "I tried to do a parody pretending I was interviewing Smokey the Bear. My first question was: 'What's with the no-shirt look? You just wear the jeans . . . no socks, no shoes, no shirt. Isn't that kind of weird?' I thought it was really funny."

Some folks at the U.S. Forest Service, however, thought that August 15, 2004, column celebrating Smokey's sixtieth anniversary was "the stupidest column you've ever written," Welch remembers. So he went back and read it, and thought: "They're right."

What?

What kind of columnist are you, Robert S. Welch?

They're right?!?

If your idea of a newspaper columnist is someone who likes to mix it up, who feels he or she has not succeeded unless somebody, anybody, has been irked, then you'd better just keep on moving right past Welch's columns, because there's nothing like that to see here.

But wait a minute. People all over town, all over the county, and even beyond talk about Bob Welch. Some might think the hot-chocolate-drinking, s'mores-eating, church-going, Ducks-loving, Q and A-writing machine is as square as a scoutmaster, but then how do you explain his annually being named the area's "best writer" in a counterculture tabloid like the *Eugene Weekly*?

JOHN BAUGUESS

Bob Welch on Skinner Butte overlooking downtown Eugene

It's hard to argue with the success and broad appeal of the fifty-five-year-old Welch, a UO School of Journalism graduate who began his *Register-Guard* career twenty years ago—after stints at newspapers in Bend and Bellevue, Washington—and his three-times-a-week general-interest column ten years ago this fall. He might be the first to admit that he's written "some real clunkers" over the years, but he is indeed much beloved and a journalist who has also found the time to write a dozen books, teach at the UO, start a writers workshop on the Coast, and even travel the country as an inspirational speaker.

He has been honored by the National Society of Newspaper Columnists six times since 2001, including being named the nation's best for all newspapers in 2006, even though he writes for a paper with less than 100,000 circulation. (He inadvertently marked the 100,000+ box that year. *Oops*).

"The vacuum cleaner." That's what

Welch's longtime friend, mentor, and editor of some of his books, Dean Rea, calls him. "In terms of information gathering, that's the highest mark I can give a person," says Rea, a former *Register-Guard* editor and former UO assistant professor of journalism who met Welch when he was a student.

It's not all the bits and pieces of history and facts and people's lives that Welch sucks up that has made him what he is today, the region's voice; it's what he does with it, Rea says. Welch is the "connection with the community, the living link," he says.

Welch demonstrates that by doing what he told readers he would do in his very first *Register-Guard* column of November 2, 1999. He said he would be more of a "tour guide" than a columnist who would engage in "abusive relationships" with readers. He would provide a "sense of place" and more than anything, write about the people of Lane County.

"If you want another Don Bishoff, then don't hire me," Welch says he told *RG* editors. "Here's what I would do: I love inspiring stories about people. I like to write about place. If you read a year's worth of my columns, you'd really get a sense of what this place is like."

Welch also said in that first column that he was both "pumped and petrified" to land this dream position. "Petrified because I'm replacing a legend, Don Bishoff," Welch wrote. "Bish dates so far back with *Register-Guard* readers that some still remember his first column—about the newly opened Oregon Trail and how, in Don's eyes, it was a clear violation of land-use laws."

Clearly, Welch also intended to write with humor.

"You can't be somebody you're not," he says. "I'm not passionate about politics. I'm not good at politics. You wouldn't want me trying to be [Bishoff], pretending I know all about it, and care all about it. I'm not apathetic about it, it's just not what I'm good at."

Bishoff, now an aide to state senator Bill Morrisette of Springfield, says Welch "was absolutely right in declaring his independence from my shadow. And I think he's done a wonderful job."

At the same time, Bishoff says, "I would never be caught dead writing a letter to my grandson and signing it Don-Don," referring to Welch's yearly columns to his now four-year-old grandson, Cade, who calls him "Bob-Bob."

"But I certainly think there's an audience for that," Bishoff says.

Welch believes he has done "what I said I was going to do. And I know that's not everybody's cup of tea. I know there are people who wish I were more like Bishoff, more issue-oriented. But I'm satisfied with what I've done. And I just think it's been a huge privilege to do it."

Oh, and the column Welch considers his best? That would be the one of January 25, 2007, on 104-year-old Thelma Doak of Eugene publishing her first and only book, about growing up in Colorado during the dust-bowl days of the Great Depression. She died a month after the book signing at her assisted-living facility.

"I just thought that was about as good as it gets," Welch says.

—Mark Baker '92

(Welch's second book of Register-Guard *columns,* My Oregon II, *hits bookstores in September.)*

Home Games in Portland

Notes on the long history of University of Oregon football in the Rose City

Imagine: Plans are announced to build a football stadium in Portland with a seating capacity exceeding that of Autzen Stadium. The University of Oregon announces that future home games against Washington and USC will be played there. A spokesman for the athletics department explains that increased revenue is necessary if the Ducks are to remain competitive with their traditional West Coast rivals.

Think about the uproar that would follow.

Far-fetched as this sounds, it is nearly what occurred in the mid-1960s, with one difference: the new stadium with the larger seating capacity was Autzen and the jilted venue was Portland's Multnomah Stadium (now PGE Park). Oregon had played its home games against USC, Washington, and such major intersectional opponents as Texas and Nebraska there for half a century. Multnomah Stadium could seat 37,000. The all-time record football crowd at Hayward Field in Eugene was 23,500.

Announcement of plans to build the stadium in Eugene caused consternation throughout the state but nowhere greater than in Portland. Norv Ritchey '53, assistant to UO athletic director Leo Harris and later AD himself, was in charge of the construction project. He understood the opposition. "The Washington game was always a sell-out. It was a weekend party–type thing, the biggest social event in the state of Oregon, bigger than the Rose Festival. . . . It was the largest income producer for the city of Portland at that time and, of course, that's why they didn't want to lose that game."

Nevertheless, many Portland-area fans supported the new venue. "They backed our plans to build Autzen," Ritchey says, "perhaps not thinking that every game would be played there."

"It wasn't such a controversy among our alumni, our supportive alumni, because they knew that games should be played on campus."

Seating 40,000, Autzen Stadium opened in 1967, built for a cost of $2.5 million.

"There was still resistance to playing games there after it opened," Ritchey says. "The freeway [I-5] was just being constructed and some people thought it went one way and that was to Portland. They thought it was halfway to Mexico to go down to Eugene."

The era of UO football in Portland started in the 1890s, with most of the earliest games played against the Multnomah Athletic Club, many times on Thanksgiving Day. The Ducks—or Webfoots, as they were also known through the pre-Autzen days—played more than ninety games in Portland, often three a year.

In 1908 the University of Oregon defeated Oregon Agricultural College (later Oregon State University) 8–0 on what the *Oregon Journal* described as "rain-soaked sawdust" on Multnomah Athletic Club's field. The Model-T Ford went into production that year, but players and rooters would still travel to Portland on the Southern Pacific Railroad for many years to come.

Nearly half the Portland games drew crowds that exceeded Hayward Field's capacity. "It was one of our major income producers with crowds of 25,000 or more as opposed to 5,000 to 20,000 at Hayward Field," Ritchey says. Eleven Oregon vs. Washington games attracted crowds of 30,000 or more in the Rose City. A record 37,263 attended the 1959 battle.

A 50–50 split of gate receipts was common practice in college football at the time, and schools that had large home stadiums didn't want to come to Eugene. Washington played at Hayward Field once, in 1924, and that was only after the Ducks had gone to Seattle eighteen times to play the Huskies.

The history was similar with USC, whose home field was the massive Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum, built to stage the 1932 Olympic games. Its capacity was more than double the entire population of Eugene through most of the pre-Autzen era. Of the first fourteen games between Oregon and USC, thirteen were played in Los Angeles. The Trojans never played at Hayward.

Several landmark games in UO football history took place at Multnomah Stadium.

In 1938, Oregon played Gonzaga there at night, a fairly uncommon occurrence in college football at the time.

Three years later the Webfoots played Santa Clara in a game that began at 2:30 on a Tuesday afternoon. It was Armistice Day, November 11, still a widely observed holiday in 1941. One of Santa Clara's assistant coaches was Len Casanova, who later would become Oregon's head coach.

The UO opened the 1942 season in Portland against St. Mary's Navy Pre-Flight School, a team of naval officers and cadets—half of the St. Mary's players were twenty-five to thirty years old. Their quarterback was Frankie Albert, who had led Stanford to a 1941 Rose Bowl victory. Pre-Flight's coach was Lieutenant Commander Tex Oliver, who had been Oregon's head coach until the outbreak of World War II. The official game program listed most of the UO players as nineteen- and twenty-year-olds and noted the draft status of each. St. Mary's Pre-Flight won the game 10–9.

After the UO defeated USC 8–7, coach Jim Aiken gave the 1948 squad permission to stay in the big city for the weekend. Like teams everywhere at the time, Oregon's roster was liberally sprinkled with World War II veterans. More than thirty were of legal drinking age. It's doubtful the victory over the Trojans went uncelebrated.

Television was still in its infancy when ABC showed the Oregon-USC contest to the nation in 1954. It was the first-ever UO home game shown on TV.

A more select television audience watched a night game against Penn State in 1963. While 30,355 fans witnessed the action live at Multnomah, another 4,047 viewers watched on black-and-white closed circuit TV across the river at Memorial Coliseum.

Later that fall Oregon recorded its first-ever victory over a Big Ten opponent. Bob Berry's twenty-nine-yard pass to H. D. Murphy with eleven seconds left gave the Ducks a thrilling come-from-behind win against Indiana. Perhaps not coincidentally, it was the first time a Big Ten team had ever come west to play Oregon in a regular season game.

Panoramic view of 1934 Civil War game at Multnomah Civic Stadium. Oregon wins, 9–6.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARIES—SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

There was no open discontent from coaches about having to play so many home games so far from home. "It was basically a home game for us," Ritchey says. "We just said 'that's the way it is' and there weren't any great complaints about it. The big games, the so-called money games, were scheduled in Portland. They had to be. The only real money game we had at Hayward was the Oregon–Oregon State game."

Even that annual prize sometimes went to Multnomah Stadium. Seven Civil War battles were waged there between 1908 and 1952, several attracting larger crowds than could have been accommodated in Eugene or Corvallis.

Oregon played its final game at Multnomah Stadium on September 12, 1970. Following an NCAA vote to expand the college football season from ten to eleven games, Ritchey and the Cal AD both needed another opponent and agreed their teams should play each other. But where? Cal accepted Multnomah as a neutral site and a deal was struck. The game drew a crowd of 25,556—less than would watch games later that season against Stanford and USC at Autzen.

—Richard Leutzinger '62

Restoring Balance

A new device helps vertigo sufferers.

Turning someone topsy-turvy when they're already suffering constant dizziness might seem a cruel trick. But when Carolyn Tomei first heard of the Epley maneuver, she would have tried anything to stop the room from spinning, to regain her balance, and to tame the nausea—all symptoms of the vertigo that has plagued her for much of this decade.

"I've had it so severely that I was flat on my back and couldn't lift my head to eat," says Tomei, a state legislator from Milwaukie. During the worst spells, she adds, death would have been welcome relief.

That first experience of someone manipulating her head through a series of odd movements "worked like magic" to relieve the symptoms, she says. "It's like going from a dark room into daylight."

Months later, Tomei sought out Dr. John Epley '53 himself to ease her chronic symptoms. She arrived at the modest medical office Epley has occupied for more than forty years, in a northeast Portland neighborhood as suited to forklifts and greasy spoons as it was to lab coats and stethoscopes. Another patient, also vexed by vertigo, was sobbing in the waiting room. Tomei almost left. She's glad she didn't.

She soon found herself strapped into the Omniax, Epley's computer-driven, multiaxis rotating chair. With camera-equipped goggles capturing every involuntary twitch of her eyes for Epley, who was staring quietly at his computer screen, Tomei started spinning into various positions, stopping briefly at one then spinning off toward another.

The motions weren't as pleasant for Tomei at age seventy-three as carnival rides were at seven. But after about twenty minutes in Epley's contraption, the maneuvers had cleared debris that had clogged her inner ear's ability to maintain balance. It vanquished her vertigo.

This year, the $100,000 Omniax became the first of Epley's numerous inventions to reach the commercial market through Vesticon, the company his daughter Cathy helped found in 2003. Its headquarters are in the same neighborhood as Epley's clinic. Even at age seventy-nine, he still sees patients three days a week and continues his research two days a week at Vesticon.

The Omniax, Dr. John Epley's invention used to treat vertigo

Like so many of Epley's patients through the years, Tomei had a condition known as benign paroxysmal positional vertigo. That mouthful, usually shortened to BPPV, is the most common form of vertigo but one that had defied simple treatment before Epley solved the puzzle. All forms of vertigo, which also can be caused by disease and accidents, strike about 15 million Americans a year. At some point in our lives, half of us will be vexed by a bout with the dizzying disorder.

Epley developed the Omniax chair over time, tweaking it as he went. But today, the Omniax is a gleaming apparatus that looks more like an astronaut's training station than medical device. It has modern engineering and full computerization with the help of Vesticon's small technical staff.

During treatment, infrared goggles like those Tomei wore closely track various eye movements, which Epley has learned to read like a map pointing him directly to the locations of problem debris. Now the computer is programmed to guide doctors without Epley's experience through the right maneuvers. It also stores data from each session to track changes and also helps diagnose other forms of vertigo, which may require different treatment.

The Omniax has been tested at "beta site" clinics around the nation and in Australia. One of those sites is in Dr. Owen Black's office, also in Portland. "We use that thing continuously. It's just such a great advance," Black says. "I can't even remember when we operated on someone for BPPV."

John Epley is small on small talk—but big on big ideas.

When he discusses them, he often closes his eyes in thought, then blinks them open. His demeanor, and the slight stoop of his shoulders, led one writer to describe him as "turtlish."

When Epley first went into practice, the accepted treatment for BPPV was to cut the inner ear's vestibular nerve. The surgery solved vertigo but left patients feeling strange. Epley did that surgery early in his career, but he never felt right about it.

The inner ear is the body's balance con-

PHOTO COURTESY OF VESTICON

trol center. As the head tilts, one chamber uses tiny particles and sensitive hairs to detect gravity while, next door, fluid flows back and forth through the semicircular canals across more tiny hair sensors. The sensors send signals that allow the brain to translate the motion into balance.

Earlier researchers had found the loose particles in the inner ear but didn't implicate them in BPPV. By the late 1970s Epley, with some research help from audiologist Dominic Hughes, realized the particles breaking off in the one chamber were working their way into the semicircular canals. Once there, they were clumping up and damming the fluid, causing the hairs problems, in essence, garbling the messages they sent to the brain. These scrambled messages result in dizziness.

Epley discovered that simply moving the particles out of the canals solved the problem. Along the way, he also learned how to interpret certain involuntary eye movements, called nystagmus, to reveal the location of the debris in the inner ear without surgery.

Once he perfected his procedures, his own trials started showing close to 100 percent success. He wrote papers, but medical journal editors rejected them as "against existing theory," Cathy Epley says. He gave presentations, but mainstream surgeons walked out. Other doctors thought he was a quack and reported him to the medical board on charges that proved unfounded.

Epley never lost faith. Over time, outside researchers confirmed the effectiveness of the Epley maneuver, which has transformed from novelty to protocol.

"To my mind, this was so incredibly obvious," says Dr. Black of Portland, an internationally known researcher in his own right. He remains incredulous that some colleagues once dismissed a man he says has contributed more to vestibular medicine than almost anyone.

"I could go on and on about John," Black says. "He's a genius."

John Epley was born in Eugene to a couple of journalists and spent his boyhood in Klamath Falls, fishing nearby rivers and rambling around the high desert country with his older brother. They remember their father, "Mac" Epley Sr. '28, as a poker-playing, scoop-chasing journalist who was twice nominated for the Pulitzer Prize for his World War II–era reporting for the *Herald and News*. Their mother, Jane Dudley Epley '28, sold advertising at the *Herald and News* and was a correspondent for the *Oregon Journal* in Portland.

Mac Epley Jr. '50 followed his parents' footsteps to Eugene and a journalism career before switching to marketing. But brother John Epley didn't take to the family profession. "I couldn't handle those deadlines," he says.

John also was a talented musician who would complete his brother's piano lessons, with their unsuspecting parents listening from another room, while Mac Jr. sneaked out of the house. "He wrote a love song for every girlfriend he ever had," recalls Mac Jr.

But music seemed an impractical career choice, so Epley turned to physics—"it was easy to me"—and later to medicine. With financial help from the Air Force's Reserve Officer Training Corps, he graduated from what was then the University or Oregon's medical school in 1957. An internship in Miami included a rotation in the vestibular department. That experience led to a stint as acting flight surgeon and head of an ear, nose, and throat clinic at an Air Force base while fulfilling his military obligation. Then it was on to residency at Stanford Medical Center, where he was an early researcher of cochlear implants.

Epley never lost a taste for innovation. Besides the Epley maneuver and the Omniax, he has invented other devices that correct hearing and balance problems. At times, Epley had brushes with commercial success with his innovations, but it never quite panned out.

"I'm not much of a promoter," he says today. "It wasn't until Cathy came along that we actually put something together."

"This is my dad's legacy," said Cathy Epley, Vesticon's CEO and majority owner. "I'm taking his ideas and turning them into things people can use in the clinic."

Seated at the conference table at Vesticon, John Epley still talks about ways his Omniax machine may continue to evolve, perhaps one day by integrating artificial intelligence. And he talks about ongoing work to bring more of his inventions to clinics to reach more patients.

What the doctor pushing eighty doesn't talk about is retirement. He still puts in some sixty-hour weeks and attends medical conferences around the world.

"I tell everybody," he says, "I'm beginning to catch on to things and starting to hit my stride."

—Eric Apalategui '89

The Honorable Mustafa Kasubhai

New judge brings changes to Lane County court.

After graduating from the University of Oregon School of Law, Mustafa Kasubhai, J.D. '96, spent the summer of 1996 in Eugene rebuilding the engine of his car, instead of taking the bar examination. If you'd walked up his drive that summer, you'd most likely have met him in the garage, dressed in overalls, sweating over an engine in pieces. He shuttled between local auto parts shops and his work as a reference librarian at the UO law library.

By October the car ran great, and he still wasn't sure he wanted to practice law. But months of researching people's legal dilemmas helped Kasubhai rediscover that he "went to law school to help ordinary people navigate the legal problems that can wreak havoc on a family or business." He passed the bar in February 1997 and began private practice. It was a good thing he'd gotten the car in good working order since his practice involved a long commute to Klamath Falls.

Oregon was not necessarily the most likely home for Kasubhai, however. Originally from the Los Angeles area, he graduated from the University of California at Berkeley in 1992 with a business degree. He is a first-generation American with family roots extending throughout India, Pakistan, and Yemen. In coming to Oregon, he faced practicing in a court system once characterized by Oregon Chief Justice Edwin Peterson in a 1994 Report of the Oregon Supreme Court Task Force on Racial-Ethnic Issues, as "no more immune from [racial discrimination] than are other segments of society. . . . [S]trong evidence demonstrates that racial minorities are at a disadvantage in virtually all aspects of the Oregon court system."

Kasubhai found kindred spirits, however, in Oregonians who value equality and open-mindedness, and aren't afraid to get their hands dirty in a useful endeavor. The UO law school's commitment to environmental law and public service appealed to him. He felt welcome by school officials who already knew him by name even before he arrived for classes. And, after graduation, he enjoyed talking with his

PHOTO COURTESY OF MUSTAFA KASUBHAI

Klamath Falls clients about favorite hiking spots, the Ducks' Civil War prospects, or which native tree species might thrive on the restored farm he owned with his wife, Kristin, near Junction City.

His work in Klamath Falls included representing workers and unions in workers compensation cases and general tort litigation. While in private practice, he took on a complex product-liability case against Coleman, the camping equipment manufacturer, where a man died of carbon monoxide poisoning while using a propane heater inside a tent. The man's family believed the company failed to adequately warn of the danger of using the product in enclosed areas. The trial lasted two weeks, involving numerous witnesses and experts on both sides. Kasubhai won the case. And following a lengthy appeals process the verdict award ended up at more than $1 million.

After this success and a few more years in private practice, Kasubhai was appointed by Governor Ted Kulongoski to the Oregon Workers Compensation Board, where he spent several years reviewing appellate workplace injury litigation. Then, in November 2007, the governor named Kasubhai to the Lane County Circuit Court. Judge Kasubhai is the first judge of color to serve on the circuit court in county history.

At the ceremony welcoming him to the court, Margie Paris, UO law school dean, recalled Kasubhai had been a "boundary-crosser" in law school and during his subsequent legal career. In his short tenure on the court, Judge Kasubhai already has begun to do things a bit differently, by allowing questions from the jury, for example. A juror who served in his courtroom wrote to *The Register-Guard* describing his experience: "I think jurors were more engaged in listening to the testimony offered because they could ask questions if they wanted clarification beyond the responses to questions of . . . counsel. I commend Judge Kasubhai for allowing jurors to more actively participate in the process."

In April 2008, Kasubhai spoke at a dinner to honor Chief Justice Edwin Peterson with the Frohnmayer Award for Public Service, and in his welcoming remarks, Kasubhai recalled the racial-ethnic issues report. "In the early 1990s, as a student at the law school . . . I remember very distinctly the impression it had on me to know that someone like Justice Peterson actually cared," he said. "And I thought, 'well, this might be a place I might actually stay.' . . . And now, as a state circuit court judge . . . I continue to be thankful for his commitment to racial diversity."

Moments later, Peterson took the podium, turned to Kasubhai, and said, "I can't tell you how much I was touched by [your opening remarks] and I thank you for them. The thing that particularly hit home with me is, if what we did with that task force report in any way led to your staying in Oregon, it was a wonderful accomplishment for us."

Today, Kasubhai continues to actively support increasing diversity in the bar, and to pursue his broader passion for public service to all Oregonians. He says, "The thing that brought me back to the law after I graduated from law school was working with regular people who had everyday problems that needed attention. Now I can do that every day."

—Kirk Bailey '91, J.D. '96

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Sum-Sum-Summertime

Campus is tranquil and sunny for summer students.

OR 150 SUSTAIN THE SPIRIT

Ahhh, summertime.

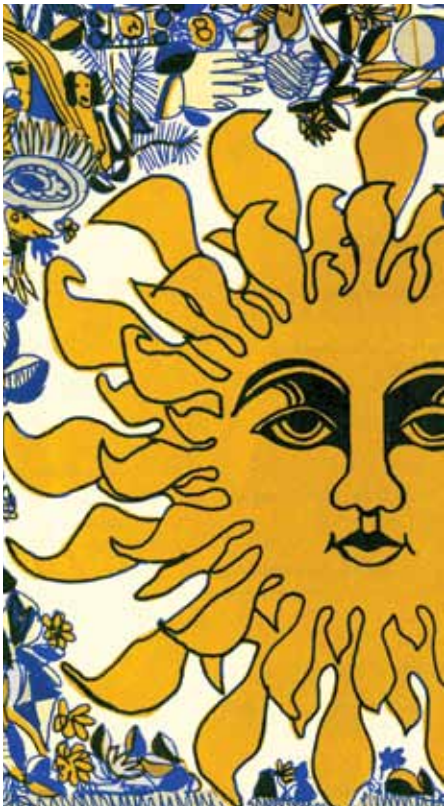
Take a stroll across campus during Eugene's calm and temperate summer months, and what will you find? Birds chirping, squirrels chasing one another and chattering, butterflies fluttering among well-tended flower beds. The emerald sward is sprinkled, here and there, with brightly colored blankets where students laze with iced coffee drinks, laptops, and stacks of books. Nearby, the University bells chime the languid hours away.

A picturesque scene? Yes. Idyllic? Yes. But definitely not idle. More than 8,200 students took part in the UO's 2009 summer session, in courses that range from Accounting Information Systems to Zebrafish Development and Genetics. Nearly 600 courses were offered this summer in fifty-five different departments on campus, online, and at the UO's Oregon Institute of Marine Biology in Charleston.

Why choose to study in summer, when most students are taking a well-deserved break?

"Summer session is great for students who want to get that tough physics or math course out of the way," says Ron Trebon, M.S. '79, Ph.D. '89, the UO's summer session director. "It's intensive, and they can really focus. It's also flexible, since most students have to work at least part of the summer. We have four-week sessions and eight-week sessions; some departments even offer four-credit week-long courses. It's really very student-friendly." Many students take advantage of lower summer tuition to add a second major or that job-getting minor; some sign up for internships or study-abroad programs that they can't quite fit into the regular academic year.

This popular and important component of life at the UO evolved from a meager beginning. In 1895, the first month-long "Oregon Summer School" was held at Gearhart Park, north of Seaside on the Oregon Coast. The following December, the UO bulletin described that first session as ". . . a concerted effort made by half a dozen teachers . . . not very well advertised; funds were lacking to provide accommodations . . . . Still, the meeting was a success. There was a good body of students in attendance and regular recitations were conducted as advertised." At that time, railroads gave reduced rates to students attending the school. Lodging and board were provided for four dollars a week, and the princely sum of five dollars ". . . was set down as the fee for tuition, giving all the privileges of the school." Courses included arithmetic, drawing, physical training, and astronomy. The benefactress of the school, Mrs. N. W. Kinney of Astoria, graciously lectured on temperance hygiene—whatever that was.



Detail from 1972 Summer Session poster

Through the decades, of course, the University's summer session offerings grew in number and complexity. In the 1920s, separate concurrent sessions were held in Portland and Eugene; many of the students were teachers who returned time and again to keep up with changing curriculum and technology. Out-of-state students were enticed by pamphlets describing Oregon's cool summer days and recreational opportunities "that run the whole gamut from sea bathing to mountain scaling, with hiking, fishing, golfing, and motoring as variants." In 1924 the registration fee for summer session was $12.50, and room and board in one of the residence halls was $9.00 per week.

Fast forward to the vibrant days of the sixties and seventies, when summer session offerings in the arts greatly expanded. Some programs came and went—the theater arts department bought a circus tent and, for several years, staged seven plays in seven weeks on the lawn that is now home to the recently expanded Robinson Theatre (now the James F. Miller Theatre Complex). Over in the music department, a fellow by the name of Saltzman taught music courses and cofounded a summer music event that eventually became the Oregon Bach Festival, still a sparkling jewel among American summer music celebrations.

Ron Trebon started as associate director of the department in 1976, joining then-director Dick Schminke in developing the summer session programs. "It seems like things were more relaxed a couple of decades ago," says Schminke, now eighty-two and long retired. "We see a greater use of the summer session now by regularly admitted students. It's not just students transferring in, or teachers updating their credentials."

Trebon agrees, noting that summer enrollment is a great way for students to build academic foundations and foster relationships that will complement their studies the rest of the year. "If you take a four-week class, you're immersed with that professor for several hours at a time, four days each week," he says. "You really get to know the professor and the topic."

Besides, what's more beautiful than the UO campus in summer? And, like that first summer session held in 1895, " . . . it will unite the best teachers of Oregon for a month of substantial work, mingled with the enjoyments of an outing. Everything will be plain, honest, and good of its kind."

—Katherine Gries '05, M.A. '09

ARTWORK COURTESY OF UO SUMMER SESSION PROGRAM

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to **uoalumni.com/events** for detailed information

September 3
THE OREGON TAILGATE PREGAME PARTY
Oregon vs. Boise State Boise

October 4
UOAA TRAVEL PROGRAM*
Chianti in a Tuscan Villa

October 10
THE OREGON TAILGATE PREGAME PARTY
Oregon vs. UCLA
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

November 7
THE OREGON TAILGATE PREGAME PARTY
Oregon vs. Stanford
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

November 21
THE OREGON TAILGATE PREGAME PARTY
Oregon vs. Arizona
TUCSON, ARIZONA

December 2
Thirteenth Annual Tailgate Auction
EUGENE HILTON

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JOHN BAUGUESS

Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1930s

■ **Karl S. Landstrom** '30, M.A. '32, reports his disappointment with the lack of Class Notes sent in by fellow members of the 1930s decade. Landstrom, who lives in Arlington, Virginia, urges his classmates to speak up!

1940s

Yoo-hoo, 1940s grads. Anybody out there?

1950s

Harry M. Short '55 organized the "Vets and Pets Clothing Donations Drive" to benefit the veterans home in Yountville, California, and the Vacaville chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA). Short, who is semiretired, volunteers at the Leisure Town Homeowners Association in Vacaville.

Sally H. Cohn '56, a member of Delta Zeta, has started a memoir blog, which can be viewed at whistlingsal.blogspot.com.

1960s

An acrylic painting entitled "Blue Windows," created by artist **Joe M. Fischer** '60, M.F.A. '63, is now on display in the permanent collection of the Longview Public Library in Longview, Washington.

Patricia Treece '60 won third place in the biography category of the 2009 Catholic Press Awards for her book *Meet John XXIII: Joyful Pope and Father to All* (Servant Books, 2008).

■ Since retiring as chairperson of the Environmental Horticulture and Forestry Department at City College of San Francisco six years ago, landscape architect **Sidney M. Lewin** '61 continues to run his landscape architecture and property management business in San Rafael, California. Lewin and wife Barbara are celebrating fifty years of marriage with a trip to Vancouver and Victoria, British Columbia.

Larry L. Lynch '61, a retired writer in Paso Robles, California, maintains a blog dedicated to the Ontario *Argus Observer,* which his parents operated in the 1950s. Check out the website at www.rememberingtheargus.blogspot.com.

■ **Janice (Nakata) Modin** '62 has retired after forty-five years as a flight attendant and instructor for Northwest (now Delta) Airlines. Modin lives in Berkeley, California.

Alaby Blivet '63 traveled to Hangzhou in eastern China to view the July 22 total eclipse of the sun. While sitting at a bar just after the "mind-blowing" celestial event, he encountered two high-ranking North Korean diplomats, with whom he shared innumerable bottles of "a devilishly potent local brew that tasted faintly of goat." Blivet turned the discussion to Pyongyang's recent A-bomb detonations, ballistic missile tests, bellicose rhetoric, "and the resulting international political poostorm" in an ad hoc effort to secure peace on the tension-laden peninsula. "No progress on the nukes," reports Blivet, "but I came away with Kim Jong Il's personal recipe for kim chee."

The UO Department of Planning, Public Policy and Management and its advisory council have honored **Hardy Myers** '64, former Oregon attorney general, for outstanding service to Oregon. As attorney general, Myers presided over significant growth in the Oregon Department of Justice, placing special emphasis on consumer protection and crime victim services and rights.

■ **Gary B. Rhodes** '64, senior fellow emeritus with the Center for Creative Leadership and senior partner of Leading Edge Solutions, coauthored *Transforming Your Leadership Culture* (Jossey-Bass, 2009) with John McGuire.

Jacqueline Taylor Basker, M.A. '66, a professor of art at the New York Institute of Technology's Middle East campus in Amman, Jordan, has been named department chair of the fine arts and computer graphics department.

Psychologist **Arthur L. Mattocks**, Ph.D. '68, has published *How to Create and Maintain an Alien: An Insider's Look at Criminals and Their Culture* (Vantage Press, 2008), about his career working with inmates in the California correctional system.

Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands bestowed **Jan ten Sythoff** '69, M.B.A '70, the title of knight in the Order of

DUCKS AFIELD

Oregon green in the Irish Sea Motivational speaker Tyson Wooters '03 (left) and travel videographer Justin Weiler '06—former members of the Duck mascot squad—at Peel Castle on St. Patrick's Isle off the Isle of Man.

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

Oranje-Nassau for his contribution to Dutch society in the fields of business, arts, and landscaping. The mayor of the municipality of Aa en Hunze awarded the honor on behalf of the Queen at a ceremony in Sythoff's home in Anloo, The Netherlands. Sythoff says UO "professors Stuart Rich, Gerry Albaum, Norman Smith, and James Reinmuth contributed greatly to my career and I am very thankful for their wise lessons in business administration."

1970s

Judy Nedry '70 has published *An Unholy Alliance* (iUniverse 2009), a mystery novel set in Oregon's Newberg-Dundee area about an accidental sleuth who finds herself involved in a wine country murder.

Gary W. Studebaker, D.Ed. '74, has published a new book of poetry titled *Piercing Truths* (PublishAmerica, 2009), a series of confrontations with morality and personal challenges. Studebaker's previous book, *Choice Words* (PublishAmerica, 2008), addresses relationships and values.

Accomplished jazz pianist, composer, and producer **Dan Siegel** '76 has released a new album, *Sphere*. After the album, which is Siegel's nineteenth recording, was released in Japan earlier this year, it remained in the top ten for ten weeks. Siegel says he is planning both a European and an African release of *Sphere*, as well as a worldwide tour, before the end of the year.

■ **Mike Ryan** '77, a member of Theta Chi and a principal with commercial real estate consulting company Colliers Tingey International in Fresno, California, cowrote two songs on singer-guitarist Trey Tosh's latest album, *Aiming for the Sun*.

Luckiamut Cathedral, a river painting by artist **Dale Draeger** '78, was selected for the twelfth annual International Society of Acrylic Painters exhibition in Santa Cruz, California.

1980s

Vanessa Kokesh Gallant '82 received the Georgina MacDougall Davis Founders Award from the Seattle chapter of the Association for Women in Communications. The award is given annually to recipients consistently exhibiting the highest ethics, professional excellence, and personal commitment.

The UO Department of Planning, Public Policy and Management and its advisory council have honored **Rachel Bristol** '82 as a distinguished alumna. Bristol has worked to counter both statewide and national hunger for more than twenty-five years. As acting executive director in 1988, Bristol played a key role in the formation of the Oregon Food Bank, which, under her leadership, was named the most admired Oregon nonprofit organization in a statewide survey.

Fire ecologist **Michael Medler** '85, M.S. '90, associate professor at Huxley College of the Environment at Western Washington University, was awarded a faculty outstanding achievement award.

Cheryl (Bayne) Landis '86 was nominated and selected as an associate fellow with the Society for Technical Communication, an honor celebrating his more than fifteen years of experience in technical communication. Landis is the owner of Seattle-based Tabby Cat Communications.

Jeff Dow '88, M.S. '91, head women's basketball coach at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, coached his team to their third consecutive conference championship. Dow's team was ranked nineteenth in the Women's Basketball Coaches Association's top twenty-five poll.

1990s

Rachel Wallins Guberman '91 was promoted to director of global human resources at Ketchum Public Relations in Manhattan, New York. Guberman lives with her husband and daughter outside of New York City.

Professor **Laurence Musgrove,** M.A. '89, Ph.D. '92, is head of the English department at Angelo State University in San Angelo, Texas.

■ The UO Department of Planning, Public Policy and Management and its advisory council have honored former UO student body vice president **Karmen Fore** '93 as this year's distinguished young alumna. As district director for Congressman Peter DeFazio, Fore has extensive campaign experience.

Lane DeNicola '94 completed a Ph.D. in science and technology studies at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in 2007 and has accepted a permanent lectureship in digital anthropology at University College in London.

Photographer and philanthropist **Heath Korvola** '96 created Project Help 2009, which he hopes will be a yearly endeavor on behalf of his staff at Heath Korvola Photographic. The project supports a selected nonprofit organization with powerful visual media. This year's recipient, the Network of Young People Affected by War (NYPAW), works to help children whose lives have been derailed by the horrors of warfare. Korvola and a producer, assistant, and cinematographer will spend a week working with NYPAW to put a new face on the image of child-soldiers and the young people affected by war.

Molly (Winter) Ringle '96, a member of Delta Delta Delta, has written *The Ghost Downstairs* (The Wild Rose Press, 2009), a novel that takes place in a haunted former sorority house, which Ringle says was inspired by her experiences living in the former Tri Delta house while at the UO.

2000s

"Regatta," a song by composer and pianist **Rebecca Oswald**, M.Mus. '01, was nominated for a 2009 Just Plain Folks Song Award in the solo piano category. The ceremony will be held on August 29 in Nashville, Tennessee. *Good luck!*

■ **Jon Carras** '02 won a 2009 James Beard Award for producing a story called "In a Pinch: The History of Salt" with correspondent Martha Teichner for *CBS Sunday Morning*. Carras and his wife, Lauren, live in Jersey City, New Jersey.

Michael D'Ambrosia '03, an architect in San Diego, California, received the Calvin Family Traveling Fellowship, which enables him to spend the summer traveling to Japan and

Scandinavia, studying the architectural expression of each culture.

Travis Smith '03 was named director of development for the College of Education at the Oregon State University Foundation.

Monica Wells, J.D. '03, associate attorney with Bullivant Houser Bailey, has joined the resource development board of CARES Northwest, a child-abuse assessment program in Portland.

Tyler Mack '05 has accepted the post of online sales manager at the *Las Vegas Review-Journal* following his four-year tenure as director of online sales and marketing at *The Spokesman-Review* in Spokane, Washington.

Sarah Biedak '06 has been hired as a public relations and social media coordinator at CMD, one of Portland's largest multidisciplinary marketing agencies. Previously, Biedak served as part of CMD's administrative team.

Jessica Steiert '07 is working as a reinsurance analyst in New York City.

The Society of Professional Journalists named former *Oregon Quarterly* intern **Whitney Malkin** '08 a Rookie of the Year. Malkin is a general assignments and rural communities reporter for the Eugene *Register-Guard.*

In Memoriam

George Corey '38, a Pendleton attorney, died at age ninety-three. Corey was Umatilla County district attorney, chairman of the Pendleton school board, president of the Pendleton Rotary Club board, and a past Pendleton first citizen.

Famed UO halfback **Gerald "Jay" Graybeal** '41 died in October 2008 at age ninety-one. A member of Alpha Tau Omega, Graybeal served as a marine in the South Pacific during World War II. After the war, Graybeal settled in his hometown of Pendleton. He remained active all his life, playing golf several days a week until age eighty-eight.

Petroleum geologist **Gerald W. Fuller** '51 died at age eighty-two. A World War II veteran, Fuller and his wife lived in West Sussex, England. He was a founding member of the European Association of Petroleum Geologists and a member of both the American and Turkish sister organizations. He was also an avid golfer.

Allen William Kraxberger '51 died at age seventy-nine. Kraxberger attended the UO on a track and basketball scholarship, and went on to teach and coach at several Oregon high schools. He established Happy Hollow Nursery in Mulino where he specialized in grafted ornamental trees. He is survived by his second wife, Gwen (Bloom) Kraxberger '63, daughters Mary Lynn Yoder, Jane Vaughn, and Rose-Anne Vojtek, M.S. '85, Ph.D. '93, and sons Allen Jr. and Verlyn.

Marvin J. Simons '52, a member of Zeta Tau Alpha, died at age seventy-nine. An elementary school teacher, Simons and her husband, Les, lived in Myrtle Point, where she served on the local library board.

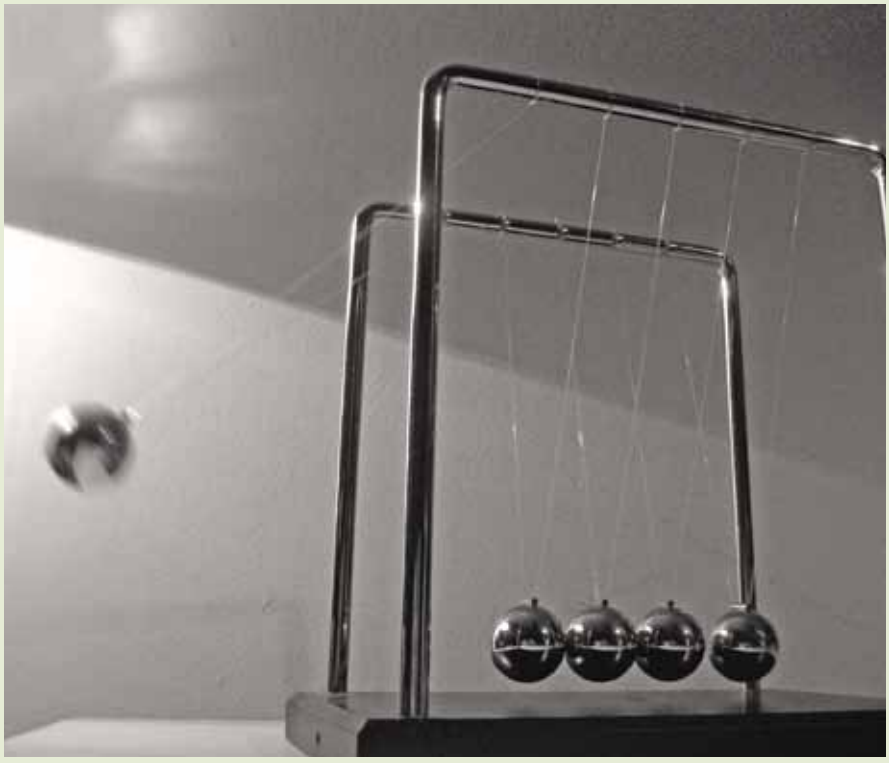
Navy veteran and Virginia Polytechnic Institute professor emeritus of mathematics **Charles Edward Aull**, M.S. '53, died at age eighty-one. In his lifetime, Aull published more than fifty papers on topology, or spatial mathematics,

Continued on page 54

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY FRANCESCA LAFFERTY

D E C A D E S

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



1919 Upon his fortieth class reunion, Joel Pearcy '79 recalls fondly his professors, saluting them with these words: "Dear old professors—you have long gone from Earth, but your memory lingers in the hearts of your graduates; your scholarship has borne fruit in many communities; you laid broad and deep the foundations of the splendid institution of which we are proud to be alumni."

1929 This year's hot fashion trend for women on campus: shoes made of lizard or other reptile skins.

1939 Forty-five hundred alumni, students, prospective students, and parents gather at Jantzen Beach for a "Webfoot Rally"—picnic dinner, student performances, and a speech by UO President Donald Erb. Portland radio station KEX broadcasts the event live.

1949 New buildings are springing up like mushrooms: five-story Carson dormitory will house women this fall, an addition to Villard Hall will feature a 400-seat theater, and the Erb Memorial Union is nearing completion in the heart of campus.

1959 More than 100 UO couples participate in a survey about their recent marriages. Some results: the average wedding cost $423.22, 84 percent of couples honeymooned, the honeymoons ranged in duration from one to fourteen days. Three wives responded that their honeymoons had lasted between twelve and eighteen months—but researchers suspect they may have misunderstood the question.

1969 *Old Oregon* profiles Lee Trippett '57, the inventor and manufacturer (in Eugene) of Swinging Wonders, a wildly popular toy consisting of five free-swinging steel balls suspended from a simple frame illustrating Newton's Third Law of Motion. Trippett uses his windfall earnings to finance his passion: searching for Bigfoot.

1979 After catching on slowly in the mid-'70s, weightlifting is now a regular part of football coach Rich Brooks' player training regimen.

1989 Contruction work nears completion on the $45 million science complex. The 250,000-square-foot facility is the largest single building project in Eugene's history.

1999 The Institute of International Education releases a report ranking the UO number one among public research institutions for international student enrollment and for the number of its students studying abroad.

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

CLASS NOTES–*OREGON QUARTERLY*
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CLASS NOTES *Continued*

and edited two large works, including *Rings of Continuous Functions*.

Gordon Edward Diebel '55, a member of Phi Gamma Delta, died in November 2008 at the age of seventy-nine. While serving in Japan during the Korean War, Diebel became enamored with the country and later returned to Tokyo to teach English. He loved the outdoors and gave generously to nature conservation organizations.

Edwin J. Gwaltney '55 died in May.

Jeanne Havercroft '58, a beloved "Daisy Duck," died at the age of seventy-two. Havercroft and her husband Bob met in 1966, married, and became avid Duck fans—buying season tickets when Autzen opened in 1967 and enjoying many games thereafter. After Bob died in 1994, Havercroft survived breast cancer and continued to support the Ducks. An active member of the booster club and cofounder of the Eugene-Springfield Relay for Life, Havercroft is remembered for her generosity, easy sense of humor, and love for others.

Susan (Jenkins) Neustadter '66, a member of Delta Gamma, died at the age of sixty-five. Neustadter worked as a buyer for Meier and Frank stores in Portland and part owner of Kaufman's department store in Eugene until 2000, at which point she began a career as a professional beagle trainer. She enjoyed gardening, photography, and travel.

Edward L. Phillips Jr. '66, a member of Delta Tau Delta, died in April 2008 at age sixty-five. Phillips had a long career in banking, public finance, and investments, and is survived by his wife, Sandra Allen Phillips '64, and their two children.

Artist **Keith Lebenzon** '72, M.S. '78, died of a stroke at age sixty-two. Lebenzon, in addition to showing work at the Smithsonian and at the Chicago Art Institute, owned and operated Magic Paper Online, an e-store based in Beaverton. Under the name "Brushman," Lebenzon created brushes for some of the world's most renowned calligraphers.

Ralph Douglas Zenor '72 died at age sixty-five. After serving in the U.S. Army, Zenor worked as a city manager in cities throughout the Northwest, eventually settling in Roseburg with his wife, Martha. Until the time of his death, Zenor served as general manager of Roseburg Urban Sanitary Authority. Zenor, an avid fisherman, is survived by his wife, daughter Tia Simmelroth '94, son-in-law Miley Simmelroth, Ph.D. '03, and son Andy Zenor '00.

Brian Sanborn '73 died in November 2008 at age fifty-seven due to prostate cancer. Sanborn is remembered as one of the "rocks" of the state library of Queensland, Australia. He helped to establish a statewide electronic database service and worked to lay the foundations for the library's notable music collection, which is now one of the strongest in Australia.

Anthony Allingham, D.A. '74, Ph.D. '76, died in May 2008.

Joel B. Knowles, Ph.D. '76, died in July 2008.

George Donald "Don" Miller '76, M.L.S '77, who suffered a massive stroke two years ago from which he was unable to recover, died in February. A veteran of the Army Security Agency, Miller worked as a coordinator for Neighborhood Library Services in Seattle, Washington, until he retired in 2005. He enjoyed cooking for friends and family, telling stories, and traveling.

Glen B. Spottswood '78 died in June 2008 in Boise, Idaho.

Paul Alessie, M.B.A. '78, died unexpectedly in June 2008 while traveling in Spain. Alessie attended the UO as an exchange student from Nijenrode University. In recent years he was the owner of Alessie and Company, a coffee-trading firm in Amsterdam, which his grandfather founded around the turn of the twentieth century.

Youth counselor **John Crumbley**, M.S. '82, Ph.D. '89, suffered a fatal heart attack in January at age fifty-seven. Crumbley worked at Lane County's John Serbu Juvenile Justice Center for twenty-eight years, where he developed a program to help juveniles cope with anger problems. Crumbley was known for his unshakable optimism when it came to troubled teens.

Mark H. Nikkel '92 died in a scuba-diving accident near Bora Bora in November 2006.

Strawberry K. Gatts, Ph.D. '05, died of cancer in December at age sixty-three. Gatts, a tai chi master in the lineage of Huang Wen Shan and Marshall Ho'o, dedicated much of her life to the scientific study of the impact of classic tai chi in rehabilitating balance and movement dysfunction. An early pioneer in holographic imagery, Gatts is listed in *Who's Who in Holography 1978–79*, published by the Museum of Holography.

Musician **Patrick Daniel Williams** '07 died in late June of accidental drowning as the result of a seizure at the age of thirty. A free-spirited individual who loved his family, friends, community, and most of all, music, Williams enjoyed working at House of Records in Eugene. Surviving family members include his parents, longtime UO administrator Dan '62 and Maureen Williams of Eugene.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Pauline Austin, UO director of media relations, died in late May at age sixty-seven. After working for twelve years as an assignment editor for KVAL television in Eugene, Austin developed a finely honed sense of what makes a good news story. For more than a decade, she helped share the University's news with the outside world. Austin had retired in January.

Longtime UO professor of history **Edwin R. "Bing" Bingham**, who retired in 1982, died in July at age eighty-nine. His main areas of research were American cultural history and the history of the Northwest.

Web Extra! **Go to OregonQuarterly.com to read a profile of Bingham from the Winter 2006 issue of *Oregon Quarterly*.**

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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Jim Klonoski: Deep Questions and Gored Oxes

By Rita Radostitz '81, M.S. '02

I learned about his death on Facebook. My friend Russ's "status update" said, "R.I.P. Jim Klonoski." Ah, I thought sadly: The end of an era.

Back in the late 1970s when I was an undergraduate political science student at the UO, Professor Klonoski was my adviser. I took every class he taught during my four years at Oregon. And thirty years later, I still thought of him often, spoke with him occasionally, and knew so much of what I know because he taught it to me or taught me how to figure it out.

To survive in Professor Klonoski's classroom, I learned to thrive under his direct questioning. Even in a 150-student American Government class, he would pepper the room with withering questions about the reading assignments. And he would often comment on a student's hometown or high school baseball team. He knew his students, and he took the time to know more than just our names.

My first out-of-class experience with Professor Klonoski was when I needed his approval to go on an exchange program at a college near Philadelphia. After drilling me on what I would gain from leaving Oregon and going back east, he granted me permission to go.

When I got back, of course, he demanded a report on what I'd done and what I'd learned. So began a conversation that lasted more than three decades. I'd go somewhere and do something and then would run into Jim (as I later learned to call him) and he'd ask, "What are you doing?" and I knew it meant much more than what I was doing at my job. He expected a report on what I had seen and what I had learned. It was not a superficial question. Jim never asked superficial questions.

During my senior year, I applied to law schools. My impression was always that Professor Klonoski didn't like lawyers much. So, it was with a bit of trepidation that I asked if he'd write my letters of recommendation. He tried to talk me out of it. He thought a career in public service was more important than being a lawyer. At the time, I thought maybe he didn't believe I had the stuff to be a lawyer. But now, I realize that he just wanted to test my commitment. He wrote an amazing letter of recommendation for me.

Once I got to law school, I was amused by my classmates' terror at being called on in class. Our law professors mostly used the Socratic method, which, to the uninitiated, seemed like an opportunity to pick the most obscure part of a legal case and ask an even more obscure question about it, and then mock the student who didn't know the answer.

But I was never afraid.

I had Professor Klonoski.

He taught me a few really important lessons. One was that if you're prepared, you can figure out the answer. The other was that if you couldn't figure out the answer, it meant that the professor hadn't properly asked the question. Professor Klonoski took full responsibility for teaching us. And he respected that we were smart enough to figure out the answers if he encouraged us properly.

He asked deep questions. The one that he asked every class (or at least it seemed that way to me) was, "Who rules America now, how, and why; and what can we do to maintain, gain, or regain control?" He taught us that, to understand most issues in American government, you had to ask, "Whose ox is being gored?" In the classroom, he was just as likely to critique the Democratic Party for mistakes it was making as he was to tear apart Republican Party ideas. Though I think we all knew his political leanings—he was chair of the Oregon Democratic Party during the years I was his student—I never felt they interfered with his teaching all sides of the issues (though perhaps that was because I shared his political leanings). And he taught that political will and political discourse was a pendulum. It swung left and it swung right. We just had to determine the direction it was swinging and do what we could to push it along toward justice.

Early in the 2008 presidential campaign, I ran into Jim on the street. We talked presidential politics and bonded over our awe of the skinny young senator from Illinois whom we both hoped would become president. On election night, I thought of Jim—and thought of that pendulum.

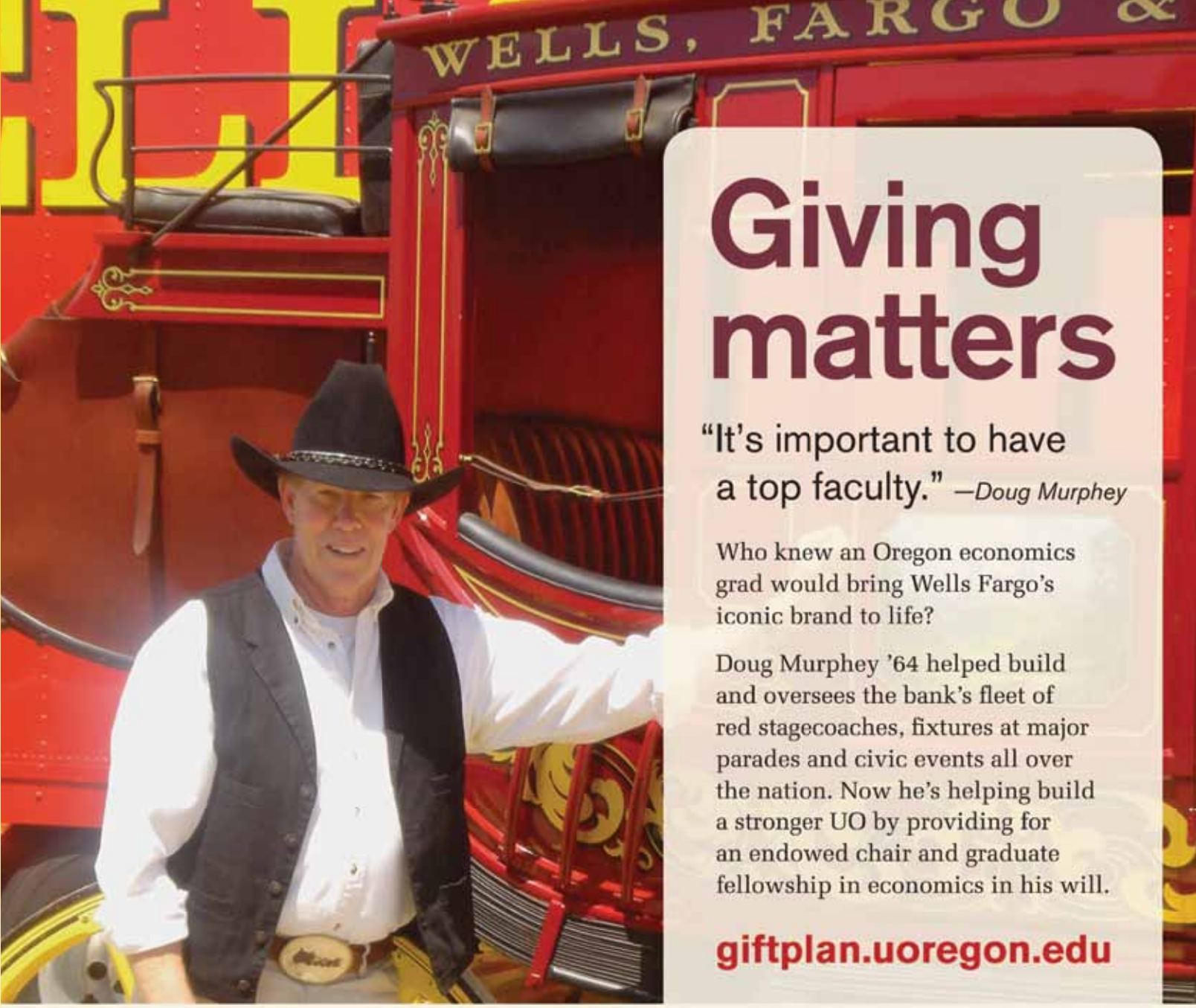
Jim and his family learned on Inauguration Day that he had a malignant brain tumor. He watched President Obama being sworn in, and, I hear, pumped his fist in celebration. He died just ten days later, the cancerous tumor destroying more quickly than anyone could have imagined.

But also, I have to believe, Jim must have felt that he didn't need to be around to agitate any longer. He could finally rest assured that the pendulum was swinging in the right direction.

It's now been almost thirty years since my last class with Professor Klonoski. And as the word spread of his death among my friends through e-mails and Facebook, I realized that my closest friends from my UO days are all men and women I met in or through his classes. When we gather, we always share "Klonoski stories" and we did so again electronically.

I know that years from now, when my Duck friends gather again for a birthday or a wedding or a picnic, we will still be telling Klonoski stories. And we will be comforted in knowing that, wherever he is, Professor Klonoski must now know—indisputably and always—exactly whose ox is being gored.

Rita Radostitz lives in Eugene with her twelve-year-old twin daughters, who help keep her on her toes by asking esoteric questions just like Jim hoped they would.



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