

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Summer 2011

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

REVVING UP
DETROIT

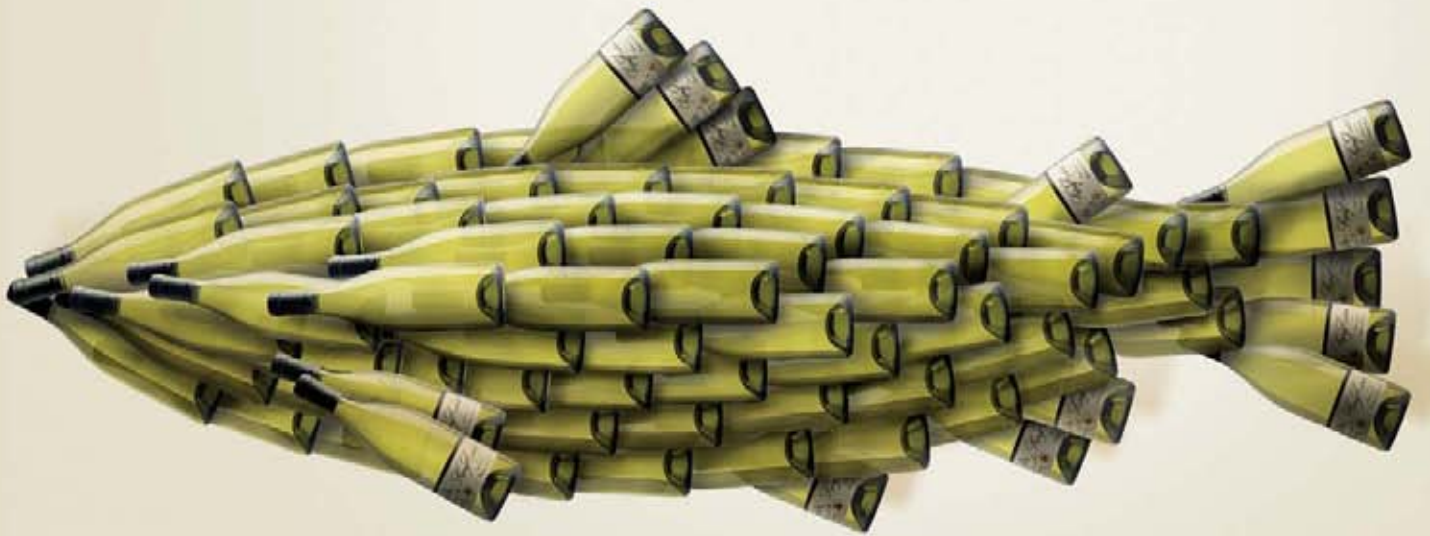


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COVER | Sandy Baruah stands tall amid the challenges of heading Detroit's Chamber of Commerce. Photo by Daniel Lippitt

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Mindy Moreland

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

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WEBSITE

OregonQuarterly.com

OFFICE ADDRESS

204 Alder Building
818 East 15th Avenue
Eugene OR 97403-5228
Phone 541-346-5045
Fax 541-346-5571

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Alumni Records, 1204 University
of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403-1204
541-302-0336, alumrec@uoregon.edu

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Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

Memory and Humility

We received quite a response to Deb Mohr's article in our Spring issue about a cross being burned in front of her UO sorority in the early 1950s while she was dating a Black man. See our Letters section on page 4. The last time I remember getting this much response was for a 1999 article by Beth Hege Piatote, MA '97, about the challenges of expanding racial and other forms of diversity at the University.

Almost all the letters we received about Mohr's article were positive, and most were from people of her era at the UO, thanking her for finally telling a story that had lingered in the background of their lives. Whether they knew of the specific instance of the cross-burning or not, they all grew up with the pre-1960s codified racism of Oregon and the United States. And Mohr's story seemed to serve as a kind of purging mechanism for them.

Racism is the original sin of the United States. The country was literally built on the genocidal slaughter and displacement of Indians and by the labor of African slaves. Exclusion—of men without property, women, minorities of all sorts, new immigrants, gay people—has been built into the nation's law and culture throughout its history. The Oregon law against interracial marriage that Deb Mohr and DeNorval Unthank ran into is just one example.

Our nation's foundational, wildly ambitious promise of equal opportunity and efforts to make that a reality are among the keys to our greatness—and the path to redemption from our original sin. But one of the underlying dynamics of our history is the struggle between the drive to make American society more inclusive and passionate resistance to those thrusts. That's why, I suspect, Mohr's and Piatote's stories triggered such a response.

Remembering the battles of that struggle is important not just as a reminder of where we come from but also to help see more clearly where we are. Some might say that dredging up the nightmares of our past is a useless exercise of self-flagellation, for those who "hate America." But repeating over and over what a great country we are, as our leaders and people who claim the mantle of "patriot" often do, doesn't do much to make us actually great. Finding a humility that acknowledges our flaws, past and present, puts us in a better position to learn, to grow, to come closer to the greatness of our professed ideals.

In 2071, will *Oregon Quarterly* (in whatever form it might be presented then) feature an article by a gay person, describing what it was like in 2011 not to be able to marry the person he loved? Or the now elderly child of Hispanic immigrants remembering the challenges of succeeding in the Oregon education system in the early twenty-first century? Or a poor person recalling the dark days of unequal access to health care? Or an American Muslim, telling of suddenly becoming an outsider in the vague us-and-them dichotomy defined by the War on Terror? Thank goodness we still have a chance to change those stories, and thanks again to Deb Mohr—and all those who responded to her—for an old story that still has much to tell us today.

* * *

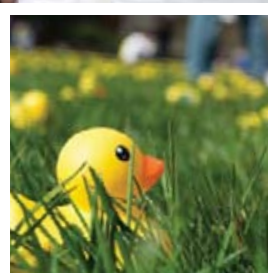
Most college graduates can point to a single professor who made all the difference for us—lit a spark, made us believe, gave us a direction. For me that person was UO journalism professor Ken Metzler '51, who died in April. It is totally coincidental but entirely fitting that my career path led me to be editor of this magazine, which Ken edited for fifteen years and transformed from a campus-news-oriented publication to a lively feature-based magazine. That's just one of a multitude of things for which I will always be grateful to him. Peace be to him and his family.

gmaynard@uoregon.edu

Oh, the Places They Will Go!



Caroline Palo, Class of 2010



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Cross Burning

I read Deb Mohr's story ["Cross Burning at Gamma Phi Beta," Spring 2011] with great interest. I enrolled at the UO in September 1958, and the athletic department asked me if I'd mind rooming with Sam Owens, an African-American from Southern California. I said it was fine with me if he didn't mind rooming with a White guy from South Salem High. We moved into Morton Hall dorm. I'm sure the football department thought my 3.6 high school GPA would help keep Sam in school so he could play for the Ducks but they couldn't have been more wrong. We both partied as we shared a love of jazz, local music, and dancing. We both were gone by spring. Sammy back to SoCal and me to Clark Junior College. I eventually graduated in 1963. Back then even Jewish members had to be slipped under my fraternity's national restrictions and our African-American friends just dropped by for backyard basketball and social visits. Now as a retired lumber exporter I've traveled to fifty-two countries but rooming with Sammy was a memorable start to a great education and awareness of society outside Eugene and Salem.

*John C. Braun '62
Eugene*

First, I want to congratulate you all on an incredible publication! I have read it for years and never bothered to say hello, thanks, congrats, or anything. My apologies! You guys are great. Secondly, I just finished Deb Mohr's stunning story. Truly a chilling account of the terror of racism. I applaud

her for coming forward with her story. The time period is quite compelling for me as I was a kid growing up in lily-white Roseburg at that time.

*Dan Arensmeier '59
Denver, Colorado*

I read Deb Mohr's article with interest because my sister, Ninon Odile King '47 dated a black student, Carl Maxey '47, while in her last year at the University. She lived in a dormitory, not a sorority. But she does remember unfriendly calls and comments from dorm windows when walking with Carl. Mrs. Turnipseed, then director of dormitories, apparently took no action. This was just a few years before Deb Mohr's racial campus experience. After graduating from the University (Phi Beta Kappa), Ninon married Carl in Spokane, Washington. He became a well-known civil rights lawyer there. You will find a detailed description of Carl's life and work at historylink.org, a publication of the Washington State Historical Society, or Wikipedia. Your publication is an excellent one, and I congratulate you on your work.

*Francis P. King '43
New York, New York*

Thank you so much to Deb Mohr for undertaking the painful task of telling a story that needed to be told. Although I grew up in Portland, I am originally from Texas. I spent my first two years of college at Texas Tech in Lubbock, where I pledged Gamma Phi Beta. I remember being very disturbed when alums told us that "Negro girls had their sororities and we had ours." I transferred to Oregon as a junior, and did not affiliate with the house in Eugene. At some point I heard about how a cross had been burned on the Gamma Phi lawn, and also that Mohr's husband had become a prominent architect in Eugene. Although I did not know Mohr, I admired her integrity and was thrilled to think that she and her husband had defied and risen above those ugly prejudices. Thanks to Deb Mohr for her courage, her love, and her loyalty. I am proud to be her sorority sister!

*Judy Hyatt Bacon '60
Boise, Idaho*

I received *Oregon Quarterly* today and, as usual, have finished it. Deb Mohr's fabulous story reminds me of my collection of what some referred to as "strange friends" while I

"I know now that they were simply two people who had fallen in love, something almost all of us were hoping to do in that long ago spring of 1951."

was at Oregon: Jack, a sullen, crippled young man disfigured by a disease that left him wheelchair bound and angry, a Black football player, two track team guys, and a good number of friends from Gamma Phi Beta. I still remember that a group I belonged to, names are no longer that meaningful, tried to force a young Black man to resign. I am relieved to say at the end the group "allowed" him to stay. I put allowed in quotes because the word is so ugly used here.

I went to Oregon because of Bill Bowerman (yes, I was on the track team) and stayed there because of him and Dr. Paul S. Dull, who chaired the Asian history department. I never saw a person of color until I arrived at the UO in 1959. And that person was Otis Davis, of Olympic gold fame and a member of Bowerman's team—one of the greatest guys I ever met. I didn't know about the Deb Mohr story till today. I would have gladly been her and De's friend if they would have allowed or honored me. I still love my "strange friends." Love the magazine.

*Bill Klimback '63
Boise, Idaho*

Regarding "Cross Burning at Gamma Phi," the author is suspect in mentioning Gamma Phi Beta ten times but not the name of the fraternity that erected the grotesque cross on the sorority's lawn. I'm not arguing that this deplorable display of ignorance did not

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.

Never, ever say
I should have



Karen Seresun, MBA, MPE; Class of '09, Assistant Vice Provost for Student Life, OHSU Department of Student Affairs

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occur, but I question the magazine's motive to single out one sorority on the Oregon campus when this type of vulgar display was happening throughout the state. I was a member of the Gamma Phi Beta sorority at the UO. We were then, and are now, diverse in our membership and dating. Our nation's past laws against minorities are shameful and Oregon's especially. We have come a long way, but should never forget our deplorable past. Gamma Phi Beta continues to be a strong presence on over 120 college campuses including the UO; promoting young women to success scholastically, personally, philanthropically, and professionally.

*Julia Hart-Lawson '77
La Jolla, California*

Editor's note: *Hart-Lawson is president of the La Jolla alumnae chapter of Gamma Phi Beta Sorority.*

On behalf of Gamma Phi Beta International, I would like to thank *Oregon Quarterly* for publishing the recollections, albeit painful, of our past member, Mrs. Doris Burgess Unthank [Deb Mohr]. The social upheaval of the 1950s and 1960s was a challenging time, and our organization is truly sorry for the pain experienced by Mohr as a result of her interracial relationship. We applaud Mohr for following the courage of her convictions—as we expect all members to promote integrity, respect, and appreciation for the worth of all individuals. We deeply regret that in the tumultuous times of the 1950s, Mohr did not receive this support from her chapter.

Today, Gamma Phi Beta Sorority is proud of our nondiscrimination philosophy. We do not tolerate discrimination or advocate intolerance of any kind, including that which is related to race, national origin, ethnic heritage, religion, disability, age, or sexual orientation. Our members are expected to uphold the highest form of respect for each other while supporting the personal choices of members.

*Linda Lyons Malony
Centennial, Colorado*

Editor's note: *Malony is international president of Gamma Phi Beta Sorority.*

The members of the classes witnessing Deb Mohr's painful experience on the Oregon campus in 1951 have greatly diminished in

number, and the prejudice she encountered has also diminished somewhat. She has told a cautionary tale, however: any marginal, minority population seeking acceptance in the larger society may still encounter the fear and hatred that Debbie's relationship with DeNorval Unthank aroused. The struggle for understanding and equity is not over. I do not think most of us were of much help to Debbie that spring. We were socially and morally unprepared for what was then an unusual departure from a behavioral norm. Anita Holmes had the courage to write the *Emerald* editorial; it did not occur to me to thank her. I do remember seeing Debbie and DeNorval on campus, together but very much alone. If they ever saw me, it was as a blank, noncommittal face—a person who did not entirely understand the course their lives had taken, but was at the same time saddened by their isolation. I know now that they were simply two people who had fallen in love, something almost all of us were hoping to do in that long ago spring of 1951.

*Robert N. Funk '52, LLB '55
Gwynedd Valley, Pennsylvania*

What memories were brought back to me after reading "Cross Burning at Gamma Phi Beta." I was a freshman student living in Carson Hall in 1951. Growing up, I had only seen Blacks when my mother and I took the streetcar from our Oregon City home to Portland to shop. I had no knowledge of what prejudice was. When I entered the UO in the fall of 1950, there was a Black student who lived across the hall from me in a "single" room. She was such a funny and happy young lady that I was shocked when the news broke that there had been a cross burning and that a sorority asked their "sister" to either stop dating the young Black man or move out.

It really makes me feel ashamed that the University did not do more to resolve the issue. I feel proud that Mr. and Mrs. Unthank handled the situation so admirably and that Mr. Unthank went on to distinguish himself in the community, which had been so prejudiced.

*Marlene Norquist Brady '54
Oregon City*

I wish to thank Deb Mohr for her article. I was from Washington state going through rush in 1953 and had no knowledge of what had happened two years before. I narrowed

my choices down to Gamma Phi and one other and ultimately chose the latter. When the house I chose asked me what my second preference was, they were shocked that it was Gamma Phi because of its recent "reputation." I was told only that a White girl from Gamma Phi had married a Black man and therefore created a bad stigma for the house. I was never aware, to my knowledge, of the cross burning. I am now aware of what Deb and her husband went through, as well as the Gamma Phi house. Thank heavens things have changed for the better.

*Lynn Meyer '57
Mercer Island, Washington*

Go Beavs!

Thank you for the great article on how beavers are helping save salmon ["Beaver Believers," Spring 2011] The piece did a nice job in illustrating that not all Beavers are out milking cows.

*John Schmitz, MS '68 (OSU '64)
Salem*

I just wanted to write and thank you for Bonnie Henderson's outstanding article ["Beaver Believers"]. It is so important to communicate the essential role beaver dams play for salmon. I just returned from the State of the Beaver conference where I presented on our city's effort to save local beavers and what that meant on a very small scale for our watershed and our community. We saw first hand the powerful effect of beaver wetlands—we now regularly document new birds, new fish, even mink! I can't think of a more potent message to communicate at the state policy level and I wish your article was sent to every politician and fisherman on the Pacific coast.

*Heidi Perryman
Martinez, California*

Editor's note: *Perryman is president and founder of the Worth A Dam group (www.martinezbeavers.org)*

Rajneeshpuram

Win McCormack's book, and your introduction to the excerpt ["Apocalypse Here," *UpFront*, Spring 2011] share a fearful, hyperbolic style, which is long on hysteria and short on perspective. First, the Rajneeshes did not engage in the first act of bioterrorism on U.S. soil. The U.S. government did

when it intentionally poisoned large numbers of Native Americans with [smallpox-infected] blankets. Second, the story is told as if the Rajneeshpuram residents as a group were engaged in violent criminal acts, when, in fact, those residents were mostly unaware of Sheela's violent acts, and were targeted for many of her worst criminal acts, from the attempted murder of Osho's personal physician to massive wiretapping. Third, there is no reliable evidence that Osho was aware of Sheela's violent acts or plans. Remember, Osho called in law enforcement and cooperated fully as soon as Sheela fled the United States and her actions came to light. Finally, while Sheela's violent crimes are abhorrent, that community was facing hostility from much of Oregon and all branches of the U.S. government from the time of their arrival. That hostility and legal assaults predated the violent responses by Sheela and her group. They weren't just crazy people becoming violent for no reason. Rajneeshpuram was a community under attack, and a few people defended themselves in a violently illegal manner. Declaring the city "illegal" was like terminating Salt Lake City because of a predominantly Mormon population. Never before had a city been declared illegal because of an establishment clause violation; an order correcting the wrongful influence is the constitutionally appropriate action. Much more could be said; your space limits prevent that happening here.

*Philip Niren Toelkes
Sequim, Washington*

Love Notes

Best issue [Spring 2011], ever!

*Michael O. Whitty '65
Eugene*

Thank you for another great edition of *Oregon Quarterly*. I love to hear about past alumni, great writing, and so on from my alma mater. It really brings back wonderful memories of the UO.

*Jason Ruderman '86
Alamo, California*

My husband and I have been receiving your publication since the '50s or '60s—not sure. This is the first time after all these years that I have been motivated to tell you that finally we are much enjoying the *Oregon Quarterly* in all its colored pictured glory.

I was a student in the '50s and my hus-

band graduated in the '60s after returning from serving in the armed services. Thank you very much. We like the interesting format, the continuation of Class Notes, and the great articles. We are, of course, huge Duck fans, as is most of our family.

*Marylou '58 and Lowell '63 Slick
Portland*

The Spring 2011 *Oregon Quarterly* is outstanding. My husband and I are 1953 Ore-

gon graduates and think this issue is among the best we have read. Just so interesting and it truly displays the basic meaning of the word *variety*. Pat and I lived through the "Cross Burning at Gamma Phi Beta." It was even more ugly than the article portrays. Thanks again to the OQ staff.

*Pat '53 and Andy '53 Dignan
Portland*

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Upfront

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Faceless Assassins

*Destruction and horror on an unimaginable scale lashed the people of Oregon in a series of epidemics beginning 500 years ago. Details of the devastation are described in this excerpt from *The People Are Dancing Again: The History of the Siletz Tribe of Western Oregon* (University of Washington Press, 2010) by Charles Wilkinson. Currently at the University of Colorado Law School, he previously served on the law faculty at the UC, where he received the university-wide Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching. He was honored at a reception on campus in April.*

THE FIRST BLOW HIT INDIAN people before they even saw the faces of the intruders. The killing germs may have invaded Oregon as early as the 1520s. The spark, set off by an arriving Spanish seaman infected with smallpox, ignited in what is now the Dominican Republic. The disease spread like wildfire, to the mainland, then up the East Coast, into the Midwest, out to the Great Plains. All of that is documented. What is not finally known is whether the smallpox moved beyond the Rocky Mountains. Some researchers believe that it did, while others consider the evidence incomplete.

But there is no question that European diseases ravaged Oregon by the 1770s. Smallpox epidemics came first, but the helpless people of the Siletz tribes who lacked immunity to the foreign germs also were infected by measles, malaria, gonorrhea, typhoid, tuberculosis, and other diseases. The attacks were relentless, hitting Oregon tribes at least every decade from the 1770s through the 1850s and beyond.

The effect was grotesque beyond any understanding. In his major contribution to the history of the Pacific Northwest, *The Coming of the Spirit of Pestilence*, historian Robert Boyd documented the epidemics, estimated the aboriginal populations of Pacific Northwest tribes, and compared them to the post-epidemic population

numbers. For the tribes in the Siletz confederation, the estimated population declined from approximately 52,000 to 4,200. In less than a century, they lost roughly 92 percent of their people.

Where did the affliction come from? When did it start? The most likely culprit is a crew member infected with smallpox on the 1775 voyage of two Spanish ships, the *Santiago* and the *Sonora*, captained by Bruno Hezeta and Juan Francisco de la Bodega. The explorers met with Indians at the mouth of the Trinidad River 225 miles to the south of Yaquina Bay, and at the Quinault River, nearly that far to the north. The Trinidad encounter is especially suspect because a large Tolowa village—with close social relations to the Tututni and other Athapaskan tribes of southern Oregon—was depopulated at about this time, probably from a smallpox attack. The disease easily could have moved north from there. But wherever the source of this first reported incident—and some scholars have speculated about even more distant origins—smallpox is a speedy, long-distance traveler that comes invisibly, in the dark of night, and then it is too late to react.

At first, Indian people were mystified by the invader. Amelia Brown, a Tolowa, recounted: “Old timers said that the sickness came from the south—it just came by itself.”

* * *

Suffering swept over the tribes. Coquille Thompson of the Coquille solemnly explained the dread. “They were afraid to call it by name. They spoke of ‘That kind of sickness.’ One little spot and a person would die. It was just like cutting brush . . . Men, women, children—all go . . . No one could cure for that kind of sickness. They were afraid, you know. Terribly.” Daloose Jackson (Coos) thought he heard cries from the old people buried in the graveyard. He knew the cries were a warning: “Oh, the smallpox is going to go through again.” A federal agent taking a census on the southern Oregon Coast found that the death toll of smallpox and measles epidemics in the Chetco and Rogue watersheds was so great that “many of their once populous villages are now left without a representative.” Of the Clatsop and Chinook tribes at the mouth of the Columbia, Meriwether Lewis wrote in his journal on February 6, 1806, that

the smallpox has destroyed a great number of the natives in this quarter. It prevailed about 4 years since among the Clatsops and destroy[ed] several hundred of them, four of their chiefs fell victims to it's ravages. . . I think the late ravages of the small pox may well account for



A Siletz Indian woman known as Sixes Julia Megginson. Shown here later in life, she married as a young woman before the outbreak of the Civil War.

the number of remains of villages which we find deserted on the river and Sea coast in this quarter.

Deeply ingrained tribal customs aggravated the effects of the unfamiliar diseases. When a person took ill, it was a tradition for medicine men, family, and others to gather around and give support. This hastened the spread of the viruses. The sweat houses, places of healing in precontact times, also contributed. The heat of the sweat, and especially the subsequent plunge into a river or the ocean, could seal the fate of the victim.

Terrible though the smallpox epidemics of the late 1700s and early 1800s were, the “fever and ague” crisis of the 1830s may have been worse. Robert Boyd calls this outbreak of malaria “the single most important epidemiological event in the recorded history of what would eventually become the state of Oregon.” The devastation started at Fort Vancouver and spread to the mouth of the Columbia, moved upriver a hundred miles, and raged through the Willamette and Upper Rogue valleys

and into northern California. Chinooks and Clatsops were among the first to suffer:

During its worst years, the few surviving natives of the lower river could no longer bury their numerous dead in their usual manner. Corpses, denied canoe interment, piled up along the shores to fatten carrion eaters, and famished dogs wailed pitifully for their dead masters. Surviving natives dared not remove or care for the bodies as they normally so meticulously did. Nor dared they molest markers in the river in fear of more fever. Natives burned their villages attempting to destroy the contamination. For years skeletons of victims would bleach on gaunt and dreary shorelines like so many pieces of driftwood.

While Indians made up most of the dead, whites also were infected. Ezra Hamilton, an early settler who survived, left this account of the epidemic’s torment:

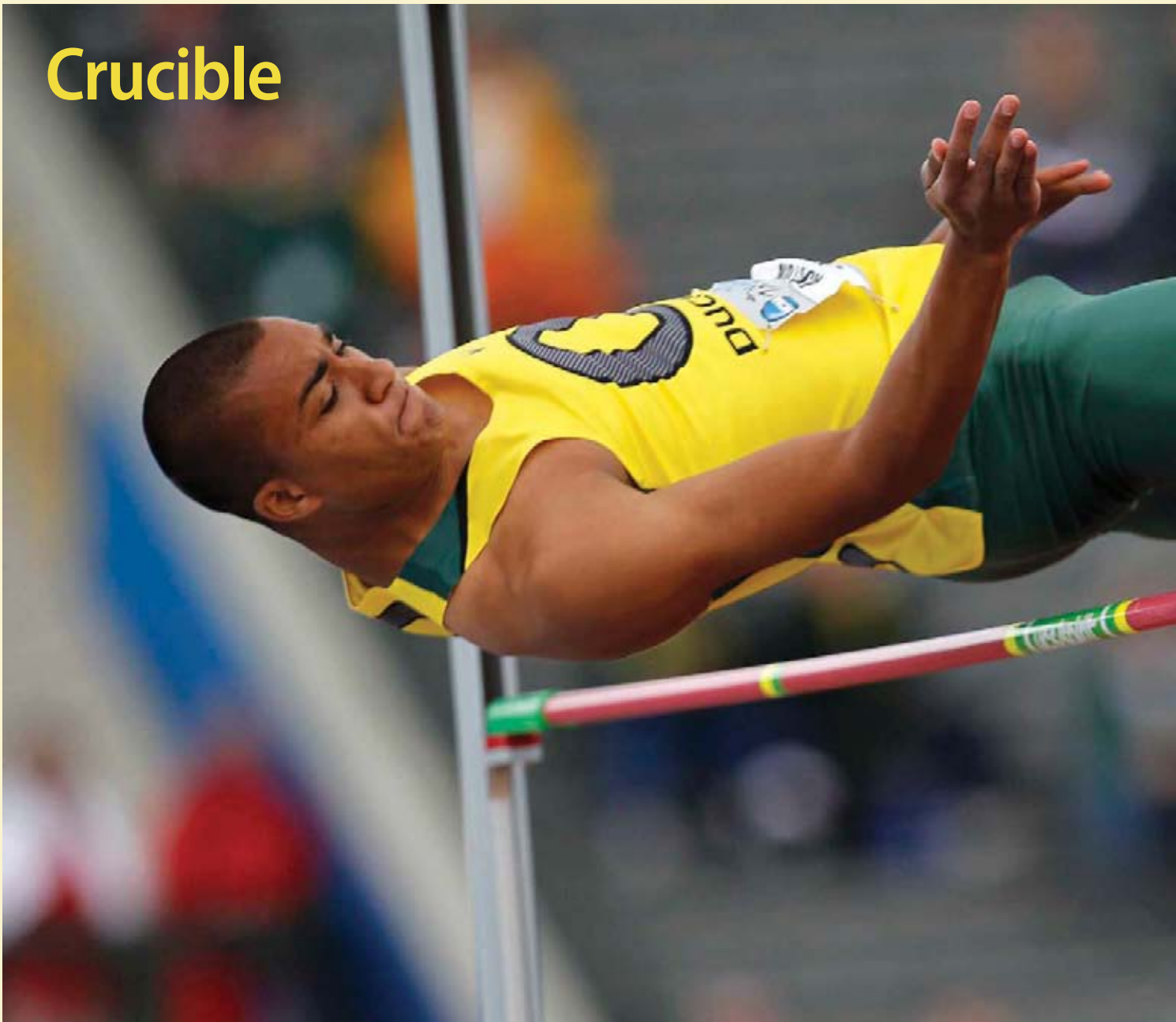
Natives burned their villages attempting to destroy the contamination. For years skeletons of victims would bleach on gaunt and dreary shorelines like so many pieces of driftwood.

[Of] the fever and ague, intermitent feavor and other malarial diseases, The fever and ague was the worst and acted peculiar. I was struck with it seven Sundays in succession. Would not have it durig the week. The act at work kep it of[f]. I have had shakes that lasted 2 ours, fevor two ours. It was no chill, but a genueine shake. Seamed I would freeze. All the covers you might put on would not keep you warm. I used to rape [wrap] the covers around my feet and take the corners in my mouth. When got through shakig I found I had chewed the corners of the blankets. The fever and ague was about 4 feet deep all over that country!

The “fever and ague” cut deeply into Willamette Valley tribes, the once populous Kalapuya and Molala tribes, until they were all but extinguished, fragments of their former selves. Farther south, the Takelma and Shasta lost many people. All tribes endured serial attacks, as numerous other epidemics of smallpox and other diseases were close behind.

With most of their people gone—nearly every tribe lost more than 80 percent, with the more remote south coast Athapaskans losing about two-thirds—one wonders how the survivors could cope. Who among us today can fully comprehend losing nearly the whole population of our own town or city? Most of our family and friends? 🍷

Crucible



For some, athletic competition is a somewhat cold calculus of distance and time, training and technique; but for Olympian runner Kenny Moore '66, MFA '72, competition at its most elevated levels also enters the realm of the tribal and the global, the archetypal and the transcendent. Track Town, USA—Hayward Field: America's Crown Jewel of Track and Field (Richard Clarkson and Associates, 2010) by Kenny Moore, Brian Lanker, and Rich Clarkson, tells the story of Oregon track and field with Moore's text and an astounding collection of images—from Hayward Field's earliest days through its most storied moments and up to athletes competing there today. The book's first chapter is titled "That Hayward Feeling," which begins with the following excerpt.

There is a reason Hayward Field in Eugene, Oregon, is the great American track and field magnet. There is a reason champions have come here for a century to battle it out, driven by deafening crowds. There is a reason Track Town, USA hungers to see the closest, most brutal contests.

Part of it is the impossible human spectrum that is track and field. Hayward roars on nine different body types: explosive, 300-pound weight men, touchy, prideful, bullet-body sprinters, fashion-model high jumpers, gymnast-god pole vaulters, cat-flexible hurdlers, regally proportioned milers, blocky, whippy javelin and hammer throwers, and bouncing-stork triple jumpers, hurling themselves distances that crack bones. Hayward

especially cheers ectomorphic distance runners, even though they look "skinny to the point of disfigurement." When your mother tells you that, you know you're ready to race.

Hayward Field has always been awestruck by things 10 standard deviations from humble normal. Of course that doesn't explain why track grew ever more beloved here and not elsewhere. But who can speak for elsewhere? Hayward speaks for itself. It became track's Carnegie Hall by pursuing a powerful moral purpose. Hayward's sustaining faith is not a spirit so much as a feeling, a recognition arising from our deepest atavistic nature. Since we are all descended from ancestors who survived by running and throwing, we cannot

In his final appearance as a Duck, Ashton Eaton '10 becomes history's only three-time NCAA decathlon winner.



turn away from a tight race or a looming, whistling hammer. Hayward embraces everything we have evolved to understand as glorious.

Part of the Hayward feeling is knowing that there is no higher calling than to be of service, rigorous, sacrificial service. The runner going for a record is one with the soldier on the beaches of Normandy, driving on, under orders from the stamping, thundering greater good.

Part of the Hayward feeling is understanding, with the ancient Greeks, that there is more honor in outrunning a man than killing him. Competition is the Olympian's answer to war. Giants lifting pilsners an hour after being screaming enemies in the ring is the meaning of civilization. @



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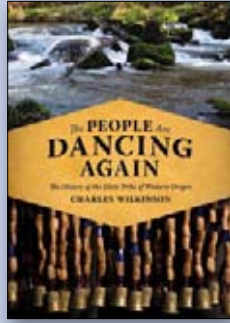
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Excerpted in this issue

THE PEOPLE ARE DANCING AGAIN: THE HISTORY OF THE SILETZ TRIBE OF WESTERN OREGON by Charles Wilkinson.
Copyright 2010 University of Washington Press.

TRACK TOWN, USA—HAYWARD FIELD: AMERICA'S CROWN JEWEL OF TRACK AND FIELD by Kenny Moore, Brian Lancker, and Rich Clarkson.



B O O K S H E L F

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

Actually Thinking vs. Just Believing (AmberHouse, 2010) by Douglas Matheson, MA '84. "In *Actually Thinking vs. Just Believing*, Doug Matheson discusses the importance of learning how to think, not just what to think" by using a variety of real-world examples.


Consumer Behavior Knowledge for Effective Sports and Event Marketing (Psychology Press, 2010) coedited by Lynn Kahle, UO marketing professor, and Chung-Hyun Kim. "As a whole, this book reflects the core ideas: To influence consumer behavior in terms of time, money, and emotional attachment to brands and products, one must first understand the behavior."

It Was Over When . . . Tales of Romantic Dead Ends (Sourcebooks, Inc., 2011) by Robert K. Elder '00. Described as "addictive" by fellow author Kevin Smith (AKA Silent Bob of the comic duo Jay and Silent Bob), Elder's latest book compiles snippets of insight on how relationships can go awry.

Lincoln's Enduring Legacy (Lexington Books, 2011) coedited by William D. Pederson, MA '72, PhD '79, Robert P. Watson, and Frank J. Williams. This latest look at Honest Abe is "a veritable smorgasbord of stimulating and provocative reflections about Lincoln's life, legacy, and leadership."

Microfinance and Its Discontents: Women in Debt in Bangladesh (University of Minnesota Press, 2011) by Lamia Karim, UO associate professor of anthropology. "In a series of ethnographic cases, Karim shows how NGOs use social codes of honor and shame to shape the conduct of women and to further an agenda of capitalist expansion."

Samuel Rothchild: A Jewish Pioneer in the Days of the Old West (CreateSpace, 2011) by Jack T. Sanders, professor emeritus of religious studies. This "truly American story" chronicles the life of Samuel Rothchild, a German immigrant whose adventures in eastern Oregon "epitomize the quest for the American dream."

Your Green Abode: A Practical Guide to a Sustainable Home (Skipstone, 2010) by Tara Rae Miner '96. "Encourages readers to start small, do what interests them, and handle only what they can afford" to make their homes greener. 

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Oregon and the State's Economy

What is the economic effect of the University of Oregon on the state? Plenty, according to a study by Tim Duy, MS '98, PhD '98, an adjunct assistant professor of economics at the UO. Some highlights of the study are below. Duy is director of the Oregon Economic Forum and monthly publishes the UO Index of Economic Indicators, a measure of Oregon economic trends.

The University's total economic impact on the state of Oregon for the 2009–10 fiscal year was \$1.97 billion. The UO is tied to \$1 out of every \$84 in Oregon's economy.

The UO produces \$33.64 in economic impact for every dollar it receives in state appropriations.

The University had 5,799 employees and directly or indirectly supported 13,247 jobs in Oregon, with associated household earnings of \$658 million.

UO researchers brought in a record \$135.6 million in competitively awarded external funding (2009–10), and the University's 137 percent growth in research expenditures over the past decade is eleventh best among sixty-three institutions in the elite Association of American Universities.

The UO generated an estimated \$35.5 million in state income taxes, based on total aggregate earnings tied to the University. That offsets the state appropriation of \$58.5 million received by the UO and brings the net cost of the University to the state down to \$23 million.

The decline in state funding has been largely mitigated by an increase in revenue from tuition and fees—fueled by surging numbers of students. The UO's total of \$243 million in tuition and fees more than quadrupled the state's funding for the University in 2009–10.

Duy cites the UO's ability to attract nonresident students as critical in light of declining state appropriations. The spending by nonresident students on tuition, housing, food, and other expenses represents new dollars flowing into the Oregon economy—economic activity that would not otherwise take place in Oregon.

The University's greatest impact on the state economy is the increased earning potential of its graduates. U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics figures indicate that twenty-five-year-old high school graduates who were employed full-time in 2009 had median weekly earnings of \$626, while twenty-five-year-olds with bachelor's degrees had median earnings of \$1,025. ©

The full report is available at economicimpact.uoregon.edu.



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Johann, Marin, and Joan

This year's Oregon Bach Festival theme is "In Praise of Women," and a highlight is sure to be *Joan of Arc at the Stake* (*Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher*). Former Eugene Symphony conductor Marin Alsop conceived the production and will conduct Arthur Honegger's sensuously dramatic 1938 oratorio as part of her "Joan of Arc project," which celebrates the 600th anniversary of the saint's birth. Renowned opera director James Robinson has created a semistaging (lighting and other theatrical elements) of the work for this OBF premiere production. The performance takes place in Eugene at the Hult Center for the Performing Arts on Saturday, July 2. UO professor of French Barbara Altmann will deliver a preconcert lecture exploring the various ways the girl-warrior's story has been told throughout history.

Alsop will later perform the piece with her own ensemble in Baltimore, followed by dates at Carnegie Hall and London's Barbican Centre.

The 2011 Oregon Bach Festival will take place June 23 to July 10 in Eugene with additional concerts in Ashland, Bend, and Portland. [@](#)

For more information, go to OregonBachFestival.com.

JOAN OF ARC'S DEATH AT THE STAKE (DETAIL), 1843 BY HERMANN ANTON STILKE-THE HERMITAGE

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PHYSICS

The Best Ant for the Job

Researchers discover ants do work suited to their changing abilities.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AN UNSUSPECTING ant crossed the floor of a basement laboratory at the University of Oregon's Volcanology Building and laid a trail for Robert Schofield, PhD '90. The senior research associate was then studying physics under Harlan Lefevre, now professor emeritus. Schofield was working on a new type of microscope, one that uses protons rather than electrons or light to generate an image.

Once the machine was built, the two men set out to discover something with it. Schofield saw the ant, placed it under the microscope, and was amazed. The proton microscope showed the ant's mandibles and the striations of the muscles that moved them. And because it also identified chemical elements, Schofield saw "these weird little zinc teeth" on the tips of the mandibles. "That's how I got started," he says. "It's continued to enchant me to this day."

Schofield went on to study other creatures: spiders, scorpions, even fruit flies. Their mandibular teeth, tarsal claws, legs, and stingers possessed biomaterial of heavy elements: zinc, manganese, bromine. This biomaterial is present in the sharp, translucent tips of the walking legs of Dungeness crabs, for example. It can bend six times farther before breaking than material found elsewhere on the crab. Schofield's discovery was ground-breaking at the time. "I found this stuff everywhere," he explains, "and biologists didn't know about it."

Fifty million years before humans developed agriculture, leafcutter ants had already begun the practice. Their crop, fungus; their soil, a mix of plant materials brought to the nest, often after being cut to size. Their agricultural skills support colonies populated with millions of ants organized by intricate communication and caste systems and living in gigantic, elaborate subterranean nests, each made up of hundreds of interconnected fungus garden chambers. They are, according to noted entomologists Bert Hölldobler and E. O. Wilson, a "superorganism"—composed not of cells and tissues but of closely cooperating individuals.

The leafcutter forager caste—the ants whose job it is to cut leaves—were the ideal insects to help answer one of Schofield's research questions: does wear matter for such tiny creatures with such short lives (an average female worker's lifespan is one to three years)? He suspected that the large amounts of zinc found in the teeth of their mandibles, like those of the ant in his lab, made them stronger. His hypothesis was that wear-resistant mandibles were essential to the well-being of the entire colony. His plan was to set up a colony in the lab, and then compare results with a colony in the wild, to prove it.

The ant colony in Schofield's lab began with a single queen from Costa Rica. In the wild, she would have dug a shallow hole in the soil and begun to lay eggs. In the laboratory, her nest was constructed for her, as was an entire artificial landscape consist-

ing of lengths of tubing, or trails, leading to separate glass and plastic chambers.

In the lab, Schofield, tall and thin with gray-blue eyes and dark brown hair pulled back from an angular face, drops leaves of the Northwest's infamous Himalayan blackberry into a large aquarium. The tiny red ants, *Atta cephalotes*, diligently cut away at the greenery, travel the tubing trails, and tend to the fungal gardens. They are everywhere. Schofield estimates there are several thousand now. He carefully picks up a writhing ant between his index finger and thumb. It doesn't take a microscope to see that her mandibles could inflict some damage.

This particular ant is a major worker, or a defender—the largest of four morphological castes, each with its particular tasks. "I like to call them the bulldozers," says Schofield. "On a normal day when they're not being attacked by a large animal like me, these ants maintain the trails." Schofield points to examples of the other castes: the gardening and nursing ants, the in-nest generalists, and the foragers. The foragers are easy to spot: they are the ants cutting and carrying the leaves and the subjects of Schofield's experiment, which began in 2004.

Schofield describes how coresearcher Kristen Emmett timed how long it took an ant to cut out a leaf disc, then measured the disc, collected the ant that cut it, and photographed the ant's mandibles under a microscope. She did this over and over. From the photographs, Schofield and his

He carefully picks up a writhing ant between his index finger and thumb. It doesn't take a microscope to see that her mandibles could inflict some damage.

team measured the length of the teeth of mandibles. Schofield then replicated the experiment with a colony in the rainforest of Soberania National Park near Gamboa, Panama.

"We could say that this ant cuts one millimeter a second, and this one cuts half a millimeter. And it turned out that the ants with the more worn mandibles cut slower," Schofield explains. Was cutting also more difficult for these ants? Schofield built another machine to answer this second question—basically a tiny saw into which ant mandibles can be fitted like blades. The apparatus then moves the mandibles across the leaf, registering the force required to do so.

The results confirmed the team's suspicions. Older, slower-cutting ants use twice as much energy to cut through a leaf as newbies with their razor-sharp teeth.

The answer to the question, does wear matter? "Is yes," says Schofield. "It matters in a big way."

The team's findings, published last winter in the journal *Behavioral Ecology and Sociobiology*, received a tremendous amount of attention. National Public Radio's *Science Friday* discussed the work. The BBC ran a story as did *U.S. News and World Report*. But articles about Schofield's research focus on more than just its scientific implications. Their titles are variations on the riff: "Leaf-cutter ants have their own form of Social Security." Schofield's team had guessed that the colony, based so fundamentally on cooperation, might find another job for aging ants. They discovered that out of all the ants they collected, the 10 percent with the most-worn mandibles were not cutters but almost exclusively carriers. "It makes a lot of sense," says Schofield. "It's what you'd do if, for example, you




Closeup of a leafcutter ant using its sharp mandibles to tear through a leaf

were no longer a good basketball player because you're getting a bit older. You might become a lawyer!"

Can an ant really recognize the fact that she's no longer cutting so well and then make a conscious decision to change jobs? Schofield is quick to clarify that this hypothesis has not been tested. He offers two possibilities. One, as the ants reach a certain age, genetic programming instructs them to stop cutting and start carrying. Or two, they are capable of self-evaluation. Schofield suspects the latter. "I see it as I watch them cut. If it seems way too hard they'll give up or go find a different place and start cutting. Well, maybe if they can't find a place they'll just carry a leaf back instead," he says.

Schofield also believes that the leafcutters might have something more to teach us than a good fable. As humans continue to build smaller and smaller high-tech machines and tools, how might we learn from tiny creatures that have adapted to wear for millions of years? Is there something within the biomaterial of the ants' teeth that might be useful to us?

In retrospect, it might not seem like such a leap for a physicist dealing in tiny things like protons to become interested in creatures like ants. In fact, Schofield still spends half his time studying astrophysics. He is part of a group of scientists that works at two Laser Interferometer Gravitational-Wave Observatories, the nearest located in Richland, Washington. These instruments were built to detect vibrations set off across the universe when cataclysmic events occur, like stars exploding into supernovas or black holes colliding.

Yet, if detected, such events would create a wave whose crest would only rise a tiny fraction of the width of the nucleus of an atom. At the heart of the project "is a very fancy measuring device," Schofield told a reporter. "All we do is measure distance." Here is one way to consider how something as grand as an exploding star and as tiny as a leafcutter ant can be connected: through measurement. 

—Tara Rae Miner '96

Web Extra To see leafcutter ants in action, go to OregonQuarterly.com.

SUSTAINABLE CITIES INITIATIVE

Big Ideas at Work

Oregon cities benefitting from focused UO energy

HERE'S AN IDEA THAT WOULD never work:

Recruit several professors from various University departments to gear existing courses toward real-world projects in one specific city, all in the same academic year. Convince the city's officials to plan their projects in ten-week segments so that students produce workable design ideas within the frenetic timeframe of an academic term. Make sure city officials understand they're part of an experiment that might very well fail. And get them to pay for it.

Marc Schlossberg, associate professor of planning, public policy and management (PPPM), calls this "the founding story" of Sustainable City Year, and if he's able to tell it with a straight face, it's because, well, it worked. It probably helped to offer it as a freebie the first time around. In any event, when Schlossberg and his UO coconspirators—whom he describes as "a few faculty members motivated by the urgency of meeting environmental challenges"—approached Gresham city manager Erik Kvarsten '82 with their idea, Kvarsten didn't kick them out of his office. Rather, he and Gresham's department heads knew a good opportunity when they saw one and quickly lined up a slate of nine projects for the UO participants to work on.

That was two years ago. Today, Sustainable City Year is just one piece of the Sustainable Cities Initiative (SCI), a multidisciplinary teaching, research, and policy effort to promote environmentally, socially, and economically sustainable cities. UO provost James Bean selected SCI as one of the five Big Ideas that will define the University's core work over the next five years, noting that "sustainability has been important on this campus for forty years." But that's getting ahead of the story.

Back to 2009–10, Sustainable City Year's first year, Gresham's projects ranged from the earthly (a new city hall) to the ethereal (a light-rail station that attracts commuters "with the dynamic qualities of sun, wind, and water"—to quote the SCI website, sci.uoregon.edu). Sixteen faculty members from PPPM, architecture, arts



Reinventing Salem Advanced architectural design student Tim Kremer's vision for the Northwest Center for Urban Agriculture, a proposal for redeveloping the North Downtown area

and administration, and landscape architecture devoted nineteen courses during the academic year to tackle the projects. In so doing, they unleashed a swarm of 350 energetic, idealistic students into Gresham's streets and administrative offices: "a few hundred twenty-somethings," as Schlossberg puts it, "hungry for doing good" and "desperate to make a difference."

Kvarsten still remembers them "going out en masse and engaging residents" to learn what they wanted, and "interact[ing] with senior project managers, facilities managers . . . the folks who were doing the work." The students' level of interaction with city staff members and residents, he says, went far beyond what a consultant would have done.

One architecture class produced six possible redevelopment proposals for Gresham's Rockwood area, a low-income neighborhood of vacant storefronts designated for urban renewal in 2003. Kvarsten expects the city will eventually implement a plan incorporating many of the proposals' shared elements. Rockwood project manager Michael Parkhurst concurs, saying, "People here still refer to the students' projects for inspiration."

In fact, Sustainable City Year came through so well for Gresham that the city decided to pay after all. "We thought that

the quality of the deliverables justified it," Kvarsten explains.

Before the "Gresham year" was concluded, many cities were vying for the chance to be next. Salem, the selection for 2010–11, presented fourteen projects, which tapped Sustainable City Year for an even broader range of resources: twenty-eight courses, twenty-five faculty members, ten departments and programs (including journalism, law, and business management in an increasingly interdisciplinary mix), and 500 or so UO students (devoting 80,000 hours to SCY projects, according to a favorable *New York Times* story). Portland State also got involved, contributing its expertise in civil and environmental engineering. The agreed-to cost for Salem was \$345,000.

Broader involvement, same result, beginning with another satisfied city manager, Linda Norris. "Having this kind of research done by all of these incredibly bright people in a short period of time has generated more ideas than we would have generated using our typical methods," she says. "They have dared to think differently."

Just consider what Assistant Professor Deni Ruggeri's landscape architecture class devised for Minto-Brown Island Park, a popular 900-acre recreation area in southwest Salem. What the city wanted was an

interpretive trails plan for educating the public about habitat restoration work being done in the park. What it got was a 150-page comprehensive vision that not only included the trail system, but suggested improvements to the restoration work and introduced ideas for urban agriculture and public programs that could take place within the park.

If Salem implements the students' vision, park visitors may someday see goats grazing on invasive plant species, towers housing bats to keep a pesky insect popu-

Selling It

The dread of having to make a major oral presentation can haunt students for a whole term. Students in Sustainable City Year make presentations to actual paying clients who have contracted for their services. So you'd expect some cases of nerves from the three undergraduate architecture students who presented their design plans for a new police station to a Salem city council subcommittee meeting in February.


If so, it didn't show. Afterward, they even spoke as if they enjoyed it. "For me," said Alice Peterson, "it was really great [to] see who you're designing for, and listen to their goals and their needs for a building."

But what about all the scrutiny from, among others, the chief of police?

"It's great to get that [kind of response] from people," Dustin Locke insisted. "They really want to see their ideas happen in your design. So they are very critical and are willing to come straight forward and tell you what they think, which is great."

"They're looking for what you can provide," added William Smith. "And it's very important that we experience that in school, because once we get out there, clients want what we say we're going to give them."

Associate Planning Professor Marc Schlossberg, whose Hendricks Hall office is cluttered with maps and charts created by students for just such presentations, calls this face-to-face experience with clients "fantastic." In his own classes, he has students give two-minute presentations, with the idea that in the professional world, that's all the time they'll have to sell their ideas.

He even makes them dress up for the occasion. 

—DM

lation under control, and sculptures made from recycled materials in one of twelve "outdoor rooms," all explained by interpretive signs bearing a poplar-leaf logo of student design. And the students' plan for improving access will make the park easier to reach by foot, bike, and bus from neighboring parts of the city.


"They produced an enormous amount of work in a short time," says an impressed Keith Keever '88, Salem's parks superintendent, whose staff worked closely with Ruggeri's nineteen students throughout the term. "It's refreshing to interact with students and absorb some of their energy and their enthusiasm."

The story could almost wrap up here, but that would overlook everything else going on with the Sustainable Cities Initiative. SCI's collaborative faculty research has garnered awards from the American Planning Association and the Partners for Livable Communities. In the policy arena, SCI expertise helped the City of Eugene to draft its Bicycle and Pedestrian Strategic Plan, and the State of Oregon to develop

codes for sustainable urban growth.

To better coordinate SCI's growing number of participating faculty members and departments, Bean authorized funding for SCI to hire an executive director, Robert Liberty '75, this past January. An Oregon native, Liberty had been serving on the Portland Metro Council since 2005 and brings a wealth of experience addressing smart-growth issues in the state.

Over time, Liberty will need to develop procedures to evaluate Sustainable City Year and SCI's array of research and policy initiatives. But he won't fix what ain't broke. "Part of the genius of the Sustainable Cities Initiative is that it's based on voluntary collaboration among professors and departments," he says, "and we don't want to fiddle with that."

That should be good news for all the hundreds of enthusiastic students eager to be part of Sustainable City Year for 2011–12. Conveniently, their real-world assignments will be but a carbon-neutral bike ride away from campus—in Springfield. 

—Dana Magliari, MA '98



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PRODUCT DESIGN

Team Green

Students in many disciplines work on eco-friendly products for a better world.

LAST SPRING, STUDENTS IN SARA HUSTON'S product design class created a cardboard waste receptacle to place in public restrooms for collecting used paper towels that could then be composted. One of the partitioned unit's sections was for the towels, which make up 85 percent of the waste generated in public restrooms. The other section was for non-recyclable waste.

A typical academic scenario would have the project winding up at term's end, with students going on to their next challenge and the receptacle stashed along a wall. But the innovative recycling container received renewed attention in the fall, when School of Journalism and Communication professor Kim Sheehan assigned the 120 students in her Principles of Advertising course the task of creating an advertising campaign to promote it.

To create a campaign that communicated why their product differed from others on the market, the students needed to understand the scientific terminology associated with green products, says Sheehan, who studies "greenwashing"—the advertising practice of making unsubstantiated claims that a product is "green" or Earth-friendly. "Students got the opportunity to learn about science in advertising class—the difference between *recyclable* and *compostable*." (*Recyclable* means a product can be reused to produce other materials. *Compostable* means a produce will break down in a landfill.)

The two-term project illustrates in elementary form the goal of the Green Product Design Network, a multidisciplinary University group formed in 2009 to further the development, creation, and marketing of sustainable green products, from inception to end-of-life disposability. Green product design is part of the UO's Big Ideas initiative, which defines areas that will shape the future of the University. The other four Big Ideas focus on planning and building sustainable cities, revising the Americas in a globalized world, redesigning education to create global citizens, and maintaining and enhancing human health and performance. Members of the Green



Arcimoto vehicle at the EMU

Product Design Network include graduate students, instructors, and professors from the disciplines of chemistry, business, journalism, and product design.

"Throughout the University we have thought leaders in various sectors of green innovation, and they are all wrestling with the same ideas," says chemistry department assistant head and network coordinator Julie Haack. "We're asking, 'What can we learn from each other? What can we do collectively to accelerate the movement of green products to the market?'"

Individually, some departments have already made inroads into the green frontier. Fourteen years ago, chemistry professors Ken Doxsee and Jim Hutchison developed a green chemistry curriculum—espousing waste prevention, use of low-hazard lab methodologies, and the design of safer chemicals and processes—that is now used in universities throughout the country. The Product Design Program, part of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, has had a sustainability component from its beginnings in 2008. That same year, Sheehan and advertising

professor Deborah Morrison, along with EnviroMedia Social Marketing, a public relations firm, created the Greenwashing Index, an online forum where people expose and investigate "green" claims made by advertisers, such as that a product is "eco-friendly," "clean," or "BPA-free."

Sheehan says she was invited to be on the network's leadership team because of high levels of concern about greenwashing. Postings to the index have challenged companies that offer businesses green certification without requiring validation, called out General Electric for its use of the term "clean coal," and questioned British Petroleum's much touted campaign slogan "Beyond Petroleum."

"One way to combat greenwashing is to have people more educated about the environment," she says, and promoting green products responsibly should be part of that process.

At the network's mixer last November, the austere basement in the Lokey Laboratories buzzed with excitement as dozens of professors, students, and community members nibbled on crackers and exchanged names and hopes. Chemists chatted with architecture students. Business people spoke with product designers. "We are seeing a lot of cross-disciplinary fertilization that draws professors and students," Haack says, "The opportunity to participate in this kind of collaboration and integration is unheard of."

Last summer, junior Sara Tepfer augmented her chemistry major with a stint in a product design course that worked with Eugene electric car manufacturer Arcimoto and a Portland textile company. Students were given the assignment to design environmentally friendly seats for the company's three-wheeled electric vehicle.

"It was really cool to see the similarities between the design process and the scientific method—the steps you go through in an experiment," Tepfer said. "It helped convince me that there is a huge opportunity for interdisciplinary work." She intends to stick with her chemistry major but she has also applied to the Product Design Program. "I want to be able to approach the

“We are seeing a lot of cross-disciplinary fertilization The opportunity to participate in this kind of collaboration and integration is unheard of.”

question of greenness from two different angles,” she says, “and develop products that are as green as possible” because of her multifaceted background.

Network leadership team member Tom Osdoba heads the Center for Sustainable Business Practices at the University’s Lundquist College of Business. The center is researching businesses across the state to find opportunities to collaborate on green product design, manufacturing, and marketing. One promising area is in outdoor apparel, he says, where “there’s a ton of work being done to try and identify ways to reduce toxic components, improve recycling at the end of [product] life, and address problems in supply chains.”

Osdoba admits that forging collaborations with businesses is complex and will take time. The network, he says, is the best way to make it happen. “We have an opportunity to create a platform, a funnel, where companies can come to the University, say what they are interested in, and we can match that with the specific expertise and resources we have internally.”

Whereas business partnerships are still in the future, a project undertaken this winter shows how such arrangements might work. Students in John Arndt’s product design studio hunkered down in a former auto showroom on the east edge of campus designing low-energy street light fixtures. They were motivated by a Green Power Initiative grant from EWEB, Eugene’s water and power utility, written by product design head Kiersten Muenchinger, who is on the network’s leadership team. The project gave the students a real-world issue to wrestle with—improving lighting in areas such as the Autzen footbridge, the Amazon bike path, and


Eugene’s Fifth Avenue shopping district.

Typically, says product design senior Annalee Kessler, designers would concentrate on creating just the fixture’s shell. But this project required students to think “with a greater vision not usual for product design.” Student teams spent two weeks studying green energy, from wind and solar to burning sewer sludge. They dove into the physics of light bulbs, reflection, and the properties of light. “We’re being forced out of our comfort zone,” she says. The students presented their prototypes—from sleek pole units to light a bike path to scalloped fixtures for Broadway Plaza—to EWEB representatives at the end of the term.

EWEB’s Tom Williams, who heads the utility’s Green Power Program, said he found a few of the projects aesthetically pleasing and thought they had possibilities. More importantly, he says, the project introduced students to an area of utilitarian design they previously weren’t aware of. “One student told me she had become much more interested in lighting.

Suddenly, she was paying more attention to outdoor lighting and how different cities handle it. It heightened her curiosity.”

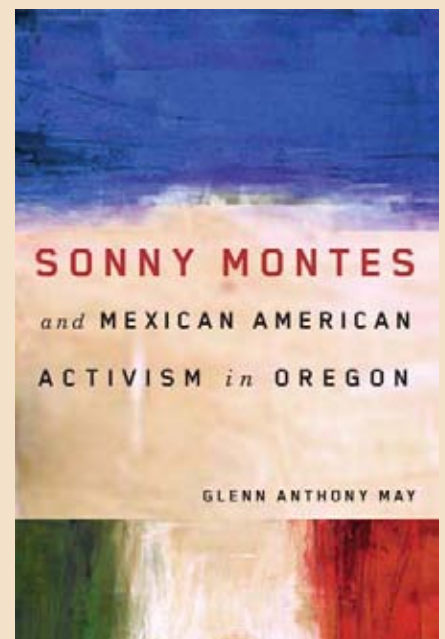
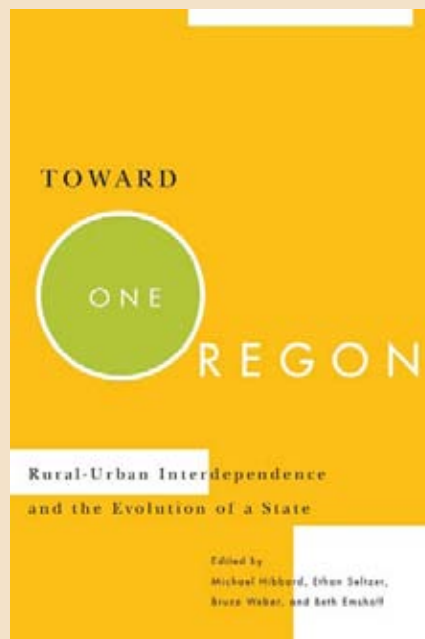
Faculty members involved in the network are devising ways to cultivate more sophisticated green awareness in students. Advertising professor Morrison taught a course in communicating sustainability this past winter, and Sheehan and her students are just completing a sustainability leadership course focused on how to market an Oregon company’s newly developed green product. Both courses were funded by the Meyer Fund for a Sustainable Environment, a gift from the T&J Meyer Family Foundation. Haack is creating a nonscience course that will expose students to the academic fields represented in the network and offer insight into how they integrate.

Whatever effort it takes to promote interdisciplinary collaborations and partnerships is worthwhile, she says. “I feel a sense of urgency, for the environment and for human health. We are running out of resources. Time is of the essence.” 

—Alice Tallmadge, MA '87

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I N B R I E F



Rose Parade Honor The Oregon Ducks football team will serve as Grand Marshal for the June 11 Spirit Mountain Casino Grand Floral Parade highlighting the 2011 Portland Rose Festival. At an announcement event on campus, Portland Rose Festival Foundation president Sue Bunday (right) acknowledged the importance of the UO and the team's recent achievements and presented roses to President Richard Lariviere, the Oregon Duck mascot, and members of the football team who competed in the BCS national championship game.

Expanding the Net

The University of Oregon's Network Startup Resource Center, which has helped to build Internet infrastructure and provide technical training in more than 100 countries for nearly twenty years, will expand its activities thanks to a \$1.25 million gift from Google Inc.'s Charitable Giving Fund.

Knight Arena Project Analysis

An independent audit of the Matthew Knight Arena construction project finds it was completed on time and on budget and realized a \$5.4 million savings over the original \$200 million construction budget. This savings was reinvested, allowing construction of two practice courts, two additional elevators, an acoustical dampening system for live concerts, and other improvements. The economic impact of the two-year construction project is estimated at \$320 million.

New Research, Grad School Head

Kimberly Andrews Espy, a clinical neuroscientist and associate vice chancellor for research at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln, will become vice president for research and innovation and dean of the Graduate School at the University of Oregon on July 1. She replaces Richard Linton, who has served as the UO's vice president for research and graduate studies since 2001.

Voices of America

Under the direction of music professor Sharon Paul, the UO Chamber Choir recently traveled to Estonia to compete with fourteen choirs from around the world in the Twelfth International Choir Festival, "Tallinn 2011." The only U.S. choir participating, the Ducks took top honors in two of the three categories they competed in: Chamber Choir and Renaissance-Baroque.

Debate Team National Champs—Twice

A team of two UO students competed among a field of sixty-four invited teams and won the national debate championship at the National Parliamentary Tournament of Excellence in March. Days later, the two won the National Parliamentary Debate Association national championship tournament in an open competition attracting more than 150 schools. UO debaters also won national championships in 2009 and 2001.

The Digital Diet

Responding to students' hunger for nutrition information, the UO's dining services now provide an online smorgasbord of detailed nutritional and ingredient information about foods served in University Housing dining halls. The website and accompanying mobile app includes menus, nutritional content, allergens, and vegan and vegetarian options.

HEIDI HAASEN

PROFile

Miriam Deutsch

Associate Professor of Physics
Director, Oregon Center for Optics



The only female professor in her department, Miriam Deutsch can't recall the day it stopped being weird to be a woman studying physics. The trend of few females pursuing science typically begins during the teen years, she says. Deutsch wants to get girls hooked early because "if they start thinking about themselves as scientists at the age of eleven then they might not let go of that later on."

That's where SPICE (Science Program to Inspire Creativity and Excellence) comes in. In 2008, Deutsch cofounded the program in which UO undergraduate and graduate students introduce science to middle schoolers (girls and boys) in fun, hands-on investigations. In creating the activities, Deutsch uses a strategy she calls "hiding the broccoli in the brownies." She disguises chemistry in solving a CSI-like faux crime scene, physics in playing with prisms, and engineering in constructing crazy Rube Goldberg devices.

During the school year, Deutsch and her UO students meet with middle schoolers on weekends and after school. Come summer, her program brings the teens to the UO for a weeklong camp during which they can "get in there, get

dirty, do experiments, mess up, break stuff, make mistakes.

"We really want to make them comfortable with just the process of exploring, of not knowing something but not feeling that they're going to shy away from it because they don't know it," Deutsch says.

For many of the middle schoolers (sixty in all this year), camp is their first experience on a college campus, offering a chance for them to grow familiar with University life. In turn, UO students gain teaching experience while making a little money in the process.

Deutsch (who receives no salary for SPICE) focuses the program the way she does her regular University classes: by making science interesting. She aims to have her students understand "why you should care about this particular physical phenomenon or physical principle." She does this by offering real-life problems and then introducing the physics needed to solve the puzzle. "You always have to have a hook," she explains.

Figuring out how to accomplish this goal is the same type of problem-solving Deutsch originally fell in love with during her own time as an undergraduate.

"My classes made sense. They were challenging. They made me think," she says. "And that, for me, was really the best thing about going to university. To think really hard about something."

Name: Miriam Deutsch

Education: PhD '97, Hebrew University, Israel

Teaching Experience: Joined the UO faculty in spring 2001.

Awards: National Science Foundation CAREER Award.

Off-Campus: Deutsch likes to hike at Mount Pisgah, swim, and cook with her two daughters.

Last Word: "My mom used to say that if you want me to do something, tell me it's challenging." 🍷

—Elisabeth Kramer

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You Are Where You Eat?

It's June in Portland: a time for sidewalk dining and riverside cycling, outdoor concerts, and blooming roses. In this green-conscious and food-loving city, June also means that all forty-one of the metro area's farmers' markets are in full swing, offering the bounty of local farms to eager cooks and shoppers.

The much-touted urge to "eat local," for those with the financial resources and geographic good luck to be able to do so, seems like a no-brainer. Transporting asparagus to Portland from Canby, instead of from Mexico, uses far less energy, thus creating fewer greenhouse gas emissions. Simple, right? But the number of miles a particular cut of meat or pint of berries travels is only part of the picture, says James E. McWilliams, the UO's 2010–11 Kritikos Professor in the Humanities and author of *Just Food: How Locavores Are Endangering the Future of Food and How We Can Truly Eat Responsibly*.

McWilliams spoke at the White Stag Block in April as part of the Oregon Humanities Center's yearlong exploration of "Sustenance." He is a vocal and often divisive critic of the wholesale embrace of the local food movement, working to impress upon food-mile-counters just how complex food supply chains truly are. Eating local seems an easy rule to follow, at least during these abundant summer months, but most regional climates can't produce everything required for a healthy modern diet. And even given the negative consequences of long-distance shipping, are we all really ready to permanently give up bananas? Or (one shudders to consider) coffee, tea, and all things chocolate?

McWilliams argues that many other factors are at work in getting our food to us. One British study, for example, found that lamb raised in New Zealand and shipped by boat to London (a food-miles nightmare journey of 11,000 miles) created far fewer pounds of carbon dioxide emissions than lamb raised and sold locally in Britain. The British lambs were fed grain (which had to be sown, grown, harvested, bagged, and transported), while their Kiwi cousins grazed in New Zealand's naturally verdant pastures. Meat itself is far more energy-inefficient than produce; cutting out meat from a family's diet just one day each week can have the same emissions-reducing benefit as buying all of that family's food locally.

Like most global environmental problems,




this one turns out to have no easy, two-word-slogan solution. "Buy Local," while a positive idea and one McWilliams supports, still isn't the end of our sustainability woes. It might just be the beginning, however, of a new and more complete understanding of how our food and where it comes from affects, challenges, and sustains us.

For More Information

View interviews with James McWilliams and many of the other "Sustenance" series' featured speakers by visiting UO Today at media.uoregon.edu and searching for "Oregon Humanities Center."

During the 2011–12 academic year, the Oregon Humanities Center will explore "Conflict" through a yearlong series of events, talks, performances, and discussions held in Portland and Eugene. Find out more by visiting ohc.uoregon.edu.

McWilliams' four books, including *Just Food: How Locavores Are Endangering the Future of Food and How We Can Truly Eat Responsibly* (Little, Brown; 2009), are available at your (yep) local library or bookstore. 

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

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Books To Write

Still gleefully a teenager at heart, Gayle Forman '95 has found an eager audience and her natural calling in the world of young adult fiction.

BY KIMBER WILLIAMS

Long before it reached a bookstore shelf, the novel by Gayle Forman, *If I Stay* (Penguin, 2009), was creating a powerful stir.

Her work of young adult fiction posed a disquieting question: *In the face of utter loss and disaster, walking the thin line between life and death, which direction would you choose? Would you stay? Would you go?*

Set in Oregon, the novel tells the story of Mia, a seventeen-year-old cellist from a quirky-but-hip family living in a mossy university town, much like Eugene. The narrator's life has just begun to blossom with rich possibilities when a harrowing accident leaves her in a coma. The tragedy threatens to destroy everything she cherishes—hardly traditional light-hearted teen fare.

Yet the question struck deeply, with a resonance that would stir readers young and old. And long before the book landed in the hands of the teens who would create YouTube tributes about it, before *New York Times* bestsellers lists and Paris book signings and a tumble of literary awards, came a powerful bit of validation.

Hollywood came calling.

The book hadn't yet been released when it was optioned for development into a screenplay by Summit Entertainment, the movie-making force behind the *Twilight* franchise. Soon, *Twilight* director Catherine Hardwicke's name was also attached, and the movie buzz was humming from literary and entertainment blogs to *The Huffington Post*.

Though delighted, Forman could have never predicted the fervor.

This was, after all, a book inspired by a darkly somber incident that unfolded ten years ago on a damp stretch of Oregon highway—a real tragedy that still haunts Forman—and posed the central question to her story.

"If you could choose . . ."

There is very little pretense to Gayle Forman.

Oh, please. What's the point? Frankly, she doesn't have the time.

She is a Brooklyn-based wife and mother of two. And she

is a writer, actively cranking out everything from books and blogs to occasional segments for National Public Radio. She juggles home life and writing against a brisk schedule of book readings and signings and literary festivals—all the hallmarks of an up-and-coming author on a roll.

Most days, she is deeply humbled by that fact.

Other days, she's bemused by the incongruity of the demands that it brings. Like trying to film a video that takes readers to key locations around New York City featured in her just-released sequel, *Where She Went*, while coping with the real-life rigors of, say, a head lice outbreak in her six-year-old daughter's classroom.

This is simply her life. She is busy and blunt and laughing about all of it. She takes lots of things seriously. But the happy chaos of her world is not one of them. Try to reach her by e-mail, and her automatic response quips:

"I'll answer your e-mail. But sometimes it takes me a little while to do so.

This is because:

I have kids.

I have books to write.

I have dinner to cook.

I travel.

I misplace e-mails in my inbox."

It's that frankness and easy humor, the lack of stuffy grown-up filters, and down-to-earth accessibility that draws teen readers. It helps that there is a part of her that, quite honestly, still feels sixteen.

"I never really stopped being a teenager," the forty-year-old author acknowledges.

If the tumult of her teen years seems tangible, that's a good thing for her YA readers, primarily tweens through young adults. She understands their passions, frustrations, and raw insecurities, their heightened sense of justice, and their quiet yearnings. And when pressed, okay, yes—she can still talk like a Valley Girl.

It helps, too, that she meets young readers where they live. Much of her marketing presence wisely unfolds online, whether answering reader queries via YouTube, advancing appearances at the New York City Teen Author Festival on her website, or being interviewed online by a teen book blogger.



TOP: Gayle Forman and Nick Tucker during their UO days. MIDDLE: Forman with Diane (Beck) Rios '93 outside the House of Rock in Eugene, where band members lived. BOTTOM: Oswald Five-O plays a basement party (drummer, Robert Christie '97; guitar and vocals, Tucker; bass, Rios).



PHOTOS COURTESY GAYLE FORMAN

Through it all, her exuberance shines through. Slim and animated, with a tumble of unrestrained red curls and lively dark eyes, Forman speaks to teens with the ease of a close girlfriend. She's also not at all afraid to let down her guard and be goofy—a YouTube clip shows her joining a group of young women at a bookstore to perform “Let’s Do the Time Warp Again” from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*.

Arrested development? Writing for the thriving YA book market—one corner of the publishing world that has actually seen growth in the past decade—maybe that’s a good thing.

There was a time YA novels were considered something of an afterthought within the publishing industry, a training camp where authors toiled until they could learn to write for the adult market. Today, that impression is evaporating.

Although book publishing in the United States has seen a slump in recent years, YA fiction has remained a strong performer, according to the Association of American Publishers. Sales of hardcover YA books jumped 30.7 percent in 2009 alone. Teens are buying books at the fastest rate in decades.

Today, virtually every American publishing house offers a teen imprint. And libraries and bookstores have caught the fever, hosting teen reading groups, book clubs, and blogs. With more talented writers, a surge in readers, and an eagerness to quickly translate teen books into film, some say that this may well be the new golden age of young adult literature.

“It’s such a fertile period, with such great YA fiction being written,” Forman says. “The way young people will get the word out about a book they love is awesome. It gives a book legs and it blows my mind. You find such a passionate, engaged readership.”

No question. Teen lit is rocking it.

When Forman writes for young people, she’s tapping into what she knows.

Skinny girl. Music nerd. Drama geek. She felt the sting of labels. She survived.

Raised in California’s San Fernando Valley by a loving, but admittedly unconventional, family gave Forman the starch to be independent and permission to go her own way.

“Growing up, I was the weird girl. When you are the one weird girl in school, you know it. I was teased for it, endlessly. My family was always a little off-kilter. I think other kids can smell that,” Forman explains. “I can very readily tap into that alienation.”

After graduating from high school, she put college on the back burner to travel for three years. In Amsterdam, she worked as a maid in a backpacker motel—which sounds

cooler than it was, Forman admits. “I was a very annoying eighteen-year-old,” she says. “I wasn’t going to go to college. I was going to attend the *University of Life*.”

By the time she was twenty-one, she was finally hungry for college, with plans to study medicine and work for Doctors Without Borders. Intent on majoring in premed, she arrived in Eugene. It wasn’t an easy fit. “I was a big city person, didn’t like the Grateful Dead, didn’t like hiking, didn’t like the rain—I hated it,” she admits. She never planned to be a writer. But inspired by a “crush on a guy,” she took an information gathering course at the University of Oregon’s School of Journalism and Communication, where she fell deeply, irretrievably in love—with the class, not the guy.

“I did my big research project on HIV-AIDS and pharmaceuticals and the crazy path it took to get drugs to those who needed them,” she recalls. “And I loved it, the way you pull a thread and things open up and become loose and then you pull them back together.”

Some students attend journalism school determined to see their byline in *The New York Times*, *Mother Jones*, or *Vanity Fair*. Forman wanted to write for *Sassy*—a now-defunct teen magazine aimed at girls with a leaning toward indie rock and alternative music.

As a magazine, it was gleefully subversive in a way that shattered the mold of traditional teen publications, with articles such as “A Day in the Life of Miss America: Indentured Servant” and “Power: What It Is and How to Get Some.”

“It was the most delicious, irreverent, intelligent magazine. Even though it didn’t last, it changed other magazines,” Forman says.

Teen girl magazines didn’t carry much clout among her peers but Forman didn’t hesitate to point out their potential.

“Gayle was extraordinary, with great talent and personality,” says UO journalism professor Tom Wheeler, who teaches courses about the magazine industry. “I remember that she would drop by my office and we would have these great discussions about teen girl magazines. It was wonderful to talk to a young woman who had grown up reading those magazines, who could speak to how that magazine could be so important to women of her generation.”

Forman believed most teen girl magazines were selling their readers short. Young people not only cared deeply about bigger issues, but yearned to have their voices heard. She was ready to help.

Beyond her passion, Forman could also tap her playful side.

“One of the manuscripts that I had my magazine students edit was a piece on killer bees. On the day that we were to review our insights and go over our edits, Gayle came to class *literally* dressed as a giant bee. Wings, the works,” Wheeler recalls, laughing.

“With Gayle, you have a person operating at a really high level in terms of talent and meticulous detail, at the same time willing to have fun and brighten the classroom,” he says. “That’s just who she is.”

Oregon grew on her.

Forman made peace with the rain, sank her teeth into journalism classes, and began exploring the burgeoning Northwest music scene that was exploding during the early 1990s.

Nirvana. Crashbox. The Spinanes. Some Velvet Sidewalk. The Clorox Girls.

From Seattle and Olympia through Portland, Salem, and Eugene, punk, indie, experimental, and alt-rock bands were finding hungry audiences. “Musically, it was this incredibly fertile time,” she recalls.

Forman began waiting tables at Cafe Fandango on Eleventh Avenue in downtown Eugene, where she could catch shows next door at John Henry’s, a popular live music venue. “I managed to find my niche,” she says. “Music was part of my emotional core. I just became part of it all, eventually met my husband, Nick [Tucker, ’95], and also met some of my dearest friends.”

By the time Forman graduated in 1995, *Sassy* was in decline—the magazine stopped publishing under its own title in 1996. Instead, she moved to New York to work for *Seventeen* magazine, where she carved her own niche, specializing in heavy-hitting social-justice issues, from the plight of child soldiers in Sierra Leone to the struggle to educate women in Afghanistan.

“Not only were they serious, interesting stories, they were stories our teen readers could relate to. They understood disenfranchisement no matter where it was happening,” she says. In time, she stretched into broader freelancing opportunities. *Glamour. Jane. Details. The Nation. Budget Travel*. It was the career that she had hoped for.

After seven years of freelancing, Forman and Tucker decided to pursue a travel adventure of their own—research that would become her first nonfiction book, *You Can’t Get There from Here: A Year on the Fringes of a Shrinking World*, a lively travelogue that met with a tepid response. “It came out to giant yawns of nothingness,” she jokes.

Forman returned home to some serious soul-searching. “I had my first daughter and just didn’t want to travel like that anymore. Then I had three freelance stories killed in one month. We had bought an apartment. Something had to happen.”

When it was suggested that she write a young adult novel, it was like a great cosmic light bulb coming on over her head. “I’d been writing for and about teens all along,” Forman says. “Behavior modification camps had really bothered me at the time [I wrote about them]. That’s where the first book was born.”

Sisters in Sanity (HarperTeen, 2007) told the story of a girl from southeastern Oregon enrolled at a treatment center designed to cure rebellious teenage girls.

It was creative storytelling anchored in the truth. And it worked.

Forman could write at home, tapping into past research and experiences, “taking the most amazing journeys of my



Oswald Five-O on the UO campus: Diane Rios, Nick Tucker, Robert Christie.

life without ever leaving my desk.

“When my first book came out—I actually got a little scared. Suddenly, I *knew* what I wanted. I remember writing to my agent, ‘*This is what I want to do.*’”

It wasn’t a job change so much as a homecoming.

The news arrived on an answering machine.

A friend from Oregon had left the message. Something was unsettling about the tone of his voice. Forman feared one of their friends had cancer.

The actual tragedy was unfathomable.

On February 8, 2001, a former Eugene family—Robert ’97 and Denise ’94 Christie, both thirty-eight, and their sons, Ted, eight, and John, one—were killed in a two-car collision along a damp two-lane road that ran from Clatskanie to the Oregon Coast.

The family had left Eugene only six months earlier, when Robert Christie had taken a job teaching at Clatskanie High School near Astoria. To Forman

and Tucker, they were dear friends woven tightly into the core of the vibrant local music scene they all loved. Robert had played drums, written songs, and performed vocals with many of the bands they’d followed in the early 1990s, helping found Oswald Five-O, which also included Tucker.

Within days, and with no prearranged plan, many of the Christie family’s closest friends instinctively returned to Eugene to grapple with the tragedy.

In a search for clarity, Forman wrote about her own spiritual fumbblings around the deaths in an essay for *Oregon Quarterly* (Summer 2001), “The Way We Mourn”:

We live in a bizarrely disconnected and conflicted world, one in which, I believe, it is still thought that unhappiness is something best kept private. We step gingerly around tragedy, not wanting to poke too far and increase the pain. . . . As we were licking our wounds and rushing headlong into the hell of our loss, we found something there that looked a little like wisdom. From within the depth of our grief, many of us felt a sense of being part of something divine.

“That was something I had to write, right after the accident and that spontaneous wake. Then I never wrote about it again. At least I never planned to write about it,” she says.

But Forman would still be haunted—in particular, by one nagging detail: After the accident, one of the Christie’s sons had been airlifted to Oregon Health and Science University, where he’d lived only a short time.

Forman couldn’t shake a stubborn thought: *Had he somehow known that the rest of his family was gone? Did he choose to go with them?*

“Seven years later the question was still in my head,” she says.

That was when she met Mia—a seventeen-year-old fictional character who came to her out of thin air one day full of her own thoughts on the subject.

Forman decided to listen. And write.

Three months later, she had completed a manuscript for *If I Stay*, which follows Mia’s out-of-body reflections and observations as she lies in a coma, balanced between life and death.

Strong elements of the book relate directly to the Christies.

The story unfolds in an Oregon university town much like Eugene. Mia's younger brother is named Teddy. Like Robert Christie, Mia's father is a former punk rocker committed to living Ozzie-and-Harriet values of home, family, and simplicity.

Writing at a desk in the corner of her Brooklyn apartment, Forman was amazed at how naturally the story spilled out. It was as if Mia—and the Christies—were right there.

"Ten years later I can still hear their voices clearly. In a way, they are so alive, so present," she says. "That's been the surprise. I think of them so much that I wanted to be at my computer every day so this story could get out."

Music saturates the story—from Mia's rocker boyfriend to her father's past band escapades. Forman's website (gayleforman.com) includes a playlist to accompany the novel, with artists ranging from the Ramones, Flaming Lips, and the Clash to Frank Sinatra and Yo-Yo Ma.

Even Mia's name has Pacific Northwest roots, inspired by Mia Zapata, lead singer for Seattle punk band the Gits, whose brutal 1993 murder stumped investigators for a decade.

The persistent musical threads only became apparent to Forman after the novel was done. But in many ways, it was no surprise. "To me, Oregon and music are integrally connected," she says.

With a completed manuscript in hand, Forman began looking for a literary agent.

First came the blanket rejections. Five months later, she heard from Sarah Burnes, a literary agent with Gernert Co. Not only did Burnes love the story, she couldn't wait to sell it.

"I just found it incredibly moving, thought it was beautifully written," Burnes recalls. "An editor commented to me recently, 'You cry, you buy.' The first five times I read the book, I cried. When I pitched it, I cried. It's rare that

you find something that powerful."

The book was scheduled for a spring 2009 release. In December 2008, just before Christmas, it was optioned to be developed into a screenplay by Summit Entertainment. This spring, the studio renewed its option on the book—a good sign, according to Burnes. "It means they've committed a lot of time and thought to it and they're sticking with it."



In addition to the powerful, provocative story, Summit was attracted to the book's early word-of-mouth buzz and ability to draw both teens and adults. In the United Kingdom, the book was actually marketed to both audiences.

"No question, for any author that's a dream come true," Burnes says. "Young adult material is popular right now among the movie studios. The passion for the project was great."

Though Forman found the news "mindblowing," she tries to remain circumspect. "It's making me practice my Zen," she laughs. "It's the movie business. I've read the screenplay, and that's exciting, but I have so little control over it. I'm so out of the loop. I actually try not to think about it."

She chooses to focus on what she can control. Or what controls her.

Like those nagging, wake-you-in-the-middle-of-the-night questions:

Then what happened? . . .

The characters simply wouldn't leave her alone. "I did not want to write a sequel," Forman says. "Then I was waking up at four in the morning asking myself what had happened to Mia and Adam [her boyfriend]."

The result is *Where She Went*, a much-anticipated sequel that was released in April and hit *The New York Times* bestsellers list within weeks. Months before its debut, Forman began revealing clues about the new novel through a "teaser tour" on YA websites, where young fans and bloggers gush over her work as maybe the best they've ever read.

"Just read *If I Stay*—it was amazing. I cried so much I stained the book!" confesses one young reader.

"If you haven't read *If I Stay* by Gayle Forman, I don't know if we can be friends (well, we can be friends, but we can't be *best* friends)," another blogger advises.


That's really the best part, Forman admits—igniting the passions of young readers, which she finds both energizing and nourishing. She can never imagine outgrowing YA novels.

And so, she writes. From a laptop in her living room, balancing her writing life against grocery shopping and double ear infections and "all the mom stuff," she puts together words that touch young lives. Forman writes because she must. She also writes because of young people, with all of their hopes and drama, pain and imperfection. They rock her world.

And she writes, too, for their parents, who occasionally like to pick up that book a son or daughter raves about to their friends.

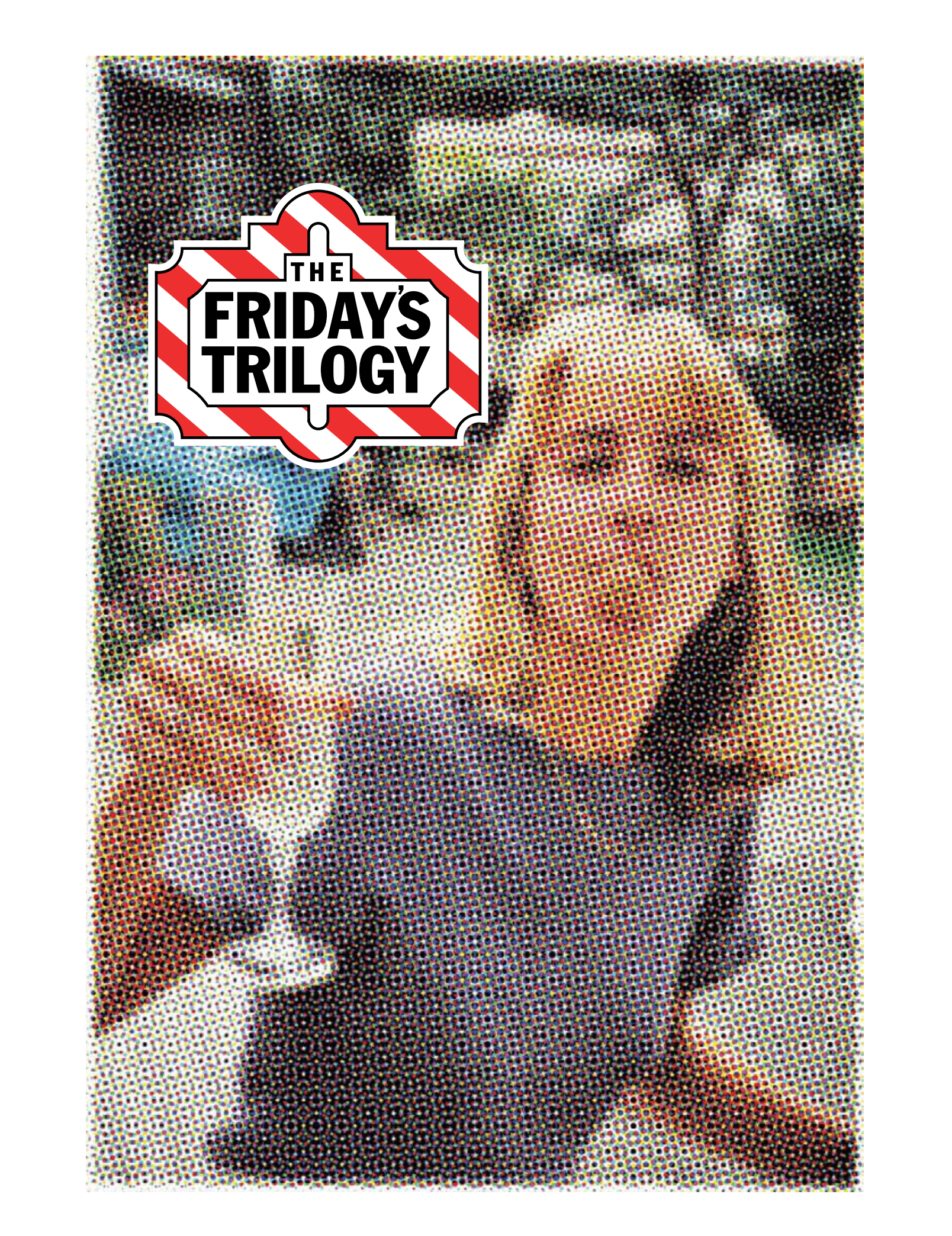
It gives her pause to think that stories created amid the happy chaos of her own life and the fertile folds of her imagination are now reaching people on other continents. That her words are embraced so fully, that they matter so deeply in the lives of young readers.

Unbelievable. Delightful. Perfect.

"I'm baffled and grateful at the same time." 

Kimber Williams, MS '95, makes her home near Atlanta, Georgia. Her last piece for Oregon Quarterly was "Maps for the Times" (Summer 2010).

Web Extra: Go to OregonQuarterly.com to read Gayle Forman's 2001 OQ essay, "The Way We Mourn."



**THE
FRIDAY'S
TRILOGY**

A SMALL-TOWN KID IN OREGON'S BIG CITY

BY KIM COOPER FINDLING

ARRIVAL

On Sundays you had to come in early because of the balloon arch. The head hostess explains this as she shifts her ballast of wild-rye hair from one shoulder to the other by tipping her upper body at the hips like a metronome. She hates the balloon arch. Everyone does. That was why the responsibility fell to new hires. I could expect this shift for a while. She blinks to reveal eyes heavily lidded with blue eye shadow the same color as her irises, and walks me to the back of the house, where the helium tank and the bulging bag of limp balloons sit in a grimy corner.

But Sunday morning will be my favorite shift, at least at first. These early hours are unsullied. I am fresh like the dawn sky, lovely and unsuspecting in pink lipstick. The whole day's adventure lies ahead.

It should be embarrassing, how much I love this job. I am a college graduate. I am supposed to be perched on the first rung of the career ladder. I tried to get a real job when I first moved to Portland from Eugene after graduating from the University of Oregon. I discovered all my psychology degree qualified me for was the graveyard shift at a home for deviant girls, pay rate \$7.75 an hour. The prospect was so depressing I couldn't even stomach an application. Instead I took a position as a hostess at a chain restaurant in a mall in Tigard. Here, I feel pretty and productive for the first time in forever.

"Like this," Barb says, looping the arch's primary string around a balloon stem. "Alternate colors." Red, white, red, white: the balloons cinch together into a ten-foot centipede that twists determinedly toward the ceiling until we secure its ends to the brass rails on either side of the staircase that leads to the bar.

At night, the balloon arch is gone and this bar central. Luminous with bottles of booze against a mirror, it is the restaurant's beating heart. There I perch nightly, drinking margaritas, conscious of how my legs lay tucked under my short skirt. I smile coyly and cross and uncross my ankles even if no one is looking, but someone always is. When you are twenty-three and new to the city, sex hovers around you like the endlessness of possibility.

* * *

Portland is the obvious destination for every small-town Oregon kid. The biggest city in the state beckons from afar, shining opaque brilliance from its northwest corner like the rays of the sun. Portland offers everything we think

we've been denied: opportunity, culture, excitement. Surely life would be better there. Greatness must come easy in the city. Even if you don't know why, you think you should move to Portland. Even if you don't think it will stick, you've got to try it once.

* * *

New Year's Eve. A trip over the Marquam Bridge, Portland lights humming below. Dom Perignon and a house crammed with taffeta and ties. We smile, we greet, we accept bubbling crystal flutes. We squeeze through tight passages of shoulders and hips, fingers skimming each in invitation. We dance. Confetti falls. We laugh and laugh, tumble outdoors under a secret midnight and stars blurry and bright. We are young, we are beautiful, our tomorrows spill out before us, a red carpet of plenty.

* * *

The restaurant waits, quiet. The air hums with eagerness. Part of the thrill is never knowing what you are going to get. And then—*bam*, the place fills in twenty minutes, hostesses sent scurrying, bartenders flinging bottles, kitchen heating to a fast-paced burn. Waiting tables is all about energy: exuding, absorbing, radiating. Great reserves of energy invested, harvested, flung about. Each night, it could go two ways—spectacularly or disastrously. We could spill out the other end victorious, or things could slide slowly but surely toward chaos. Either way, the evening ends, is debriefed, is celebrated or mourned the exact same way—at the bar, together.

But in the beginning, it's loaded with possibility. The air crackles with power and hunger, it licks at my toes like fire.

* * *

He slides into the bar stool next to me, saying nothing. Lights a cigarette, orders a beer, takes a sip and only then tips his eyes to me, offering that smile: part sex, part danger. "Hey," he says. "Hey," I say. A flame ignites in my gut. A couple of hours later, he pulls me toward him in my car.

DESCENT

I bent over the jagged line of cocaine and stuck a rolled dollar bill up my nose. The white powder had been chopped on a Nine Inch Nails CD case that I would lick clean

later, scraped with a credit card into a neat, narrow pile. By now, I'd stopped arguing with myself. The money was spent, the powder mine, the electric rush to the head on its way, and regret staved off until morning.

It would come, I knew. From this vantage point, crouched unceremoniously over someone's crappy kitchen table, surrounded by men, about to relinquish myself to the dark embrace of night once more, tomorrow's remorseful agenda was fixed. The bright morning hours of yet another glorious summer day would be spent either sleeping or in wretched, salty-eyed agony. The better part of the afternoon would creep forward in a cloud of self-hatred. The evening would pass in an internal war already doomed to failure. And after dark, this. The inevitable caving-in. I never went outside anymore. I had no idea where I was. I could have been anywhere.

The drug was quick. Instantly, I felt the stinging in the back of my sinuses and then the rush to my blood. My whole body tingled, lifted, and—*blast off*. We talked and talked—for hours, we talked. There was so much to say, and we were so fascinating.

I would sleep with him, too, of course. This as well was inevitable. He and the drugs were the same. The first time had been a cheap thrill. The second time to test the first. The third, habit. Just like that, and nothing better to do anyway. From then on, sex and drugs swirled together into an irresistible tornado whipped up nightly just for me.

Every night on toward dawn I'd close myself into the bathroom of whoever's cheap apartment and stare at myself in the mirror. Only the face didn't look like mine. This girl was prettier than me. Bold, daring, full of something strong and wild. She could take on anything, except for that she wasn't real.

* * *

Walk until you feel better, I told myself later, when I was in deep enough to know I needed rescuing but saw no one to do the job but me. I parked in Johns Landing and set forth on the riverfront trail. I was afraid to venture out of town, into the unfamiliar wild, even though by now I knew that nothing in this city would ever satiate me. I yearned for my small coastal hometown, or maybe just anything that felt like home.

At first, I could find myself if I walked for an hour. As the Portland summer wore on, it took longer. As I slept more of the day away, I had to hurry to fit in the walk before my night shift. But I would, because I had to. With no walk, I began the long night's sure descent without an ounce of my soul along for the ride.

* * *

We hurtled down Interstate 5 in my tiny Honda, Mark driving. Our regular dealer was sold out; he knew someone in Woodburn who could hook us up. It was much too late. We

should have just gone home to bed. But the demon calls.

Mostly, I kept the danger we taunted nightly at bay. But speeding south of Portland in that small car, all of us drunk and high, the highway abandoned, the empty fields dark on either side, I was thrown out of sorts. I recalled suddenly that my grandmother learned to drive on this road. In the 1920s, before it was a highway, her three older brothers brought her from their Portland home way out here because it was nowhere—the perfect place to teach one's sister to drive.

I imagined the four of them in newsboy hats and tweed, laughing and lurching down a country road, maybe in this same exact location, intent with camaraderie and purpose. I looked at the four of us. We were not laughing. We were not wearing tweed. We had no purpose.

* * *

Desperation finally trumped fear. Worse things could happen than going forth into the wilderness in my sister's unreliable car, getting lost, being caught on a wooded trail alone, tripping, falling, dying.

One Monday morning, I studied a map of the state of Oregon at my little card table. I circled the scribbled line of a trail along the Columbia Gorge, charted the highways to get there. My heart thumped with risk and hope.

* * *

He was sleeping with the new hostess. In under a year I'd become old news, the girlfriend used up, the novelty replaced by a girl of eighteen with breasts like melons.

I kept having sex with him anyway.

* * *

In a month's time I hiked the Coast Range, Tryon Creek State Park, the Columbia Gorge. Always alone, always nervous about setting forth into the unknown. But I didn't care anymore.

Once in July I waded into the middle of Silver Creek in Silver Falls State Park and sat down in the current. Icy-cold water ran around my waist, soaked my shorts and T-shirt, pushed over my toes, still in their shoes. I felt nothing.

* * *

I dreamt about my grandmother. She climbed Mount Hood in 1938. I could see her. She was shrouded in wool. She wore big leather boots with corded laces and followed a line of people straight up a snowy field toward the sky. I stood far below her, near the board-and-batten expanse of Timberline Lodge. I wore modern street clothes. We were separated—between us distance and time, the wooziness of a dream, her calm strength, my reckless weakness. But she turned back

to face me for a moment, shoving an old ice axe into crusty snow and cocking a knee to root herself. I could barely see her face. She may have been smiling. Come along now, she beckoned.



* * *

The night I found myself wandering alone at three A.M. on the waterfront, just north of the Portland Athletic Club, too high to sleep with nowhere to go under the dark of no moon, I was finally jolted from my stasis. He had come to my apartment and gone, the briefest encounter, sex without intimacy just like always, and yet this time enough to leave me wide awake and devastated. The loneliness was so horrible

that it drove me out into the street.

On the arc of green grass over the harbor, where in the day's bright sun children danced to the music of summer concerts, it hit me. I stumbled over a hump in the grass, nearly fell, jerked upright, felt the shock of exactly where I was.

You are in danger. You graduated sixth in your high school class. You have a family who loves you. You are not to end up a headline. This is not your life, and it sure as hell isn't going to be your death.

I ran back to my car, panting, and locked all the doors.

DEPARTURE

Where do you start looking for you when you've lost you altogether? First, you call your dad. Then you get some sleep. Then you leave everything behind and go searching once more. The answer turns out that you are nowhere, and everywhere. You are right here and have been all along, trying to find your way home.

You travel about and collect pieces of yourself and tuck them in your pockets, hoarding and savoring until they become whole.

Kim Cooper Findling '93 grew up on the Oregon Coast and now lives in Bend with her husband and two daughters. Her work has appeared in many publications over the past decade, including Travel Oregon, Horizon Air, Oregon Quarterly, Runner's World, Hip Mama, Sky West, The Best Places to Kiss in the Northwest, and High Desert Journal. She is the author of Day Trips From Portland, Oregon: Getaway Ideas for the Local Traveler, published by Globe Pequot Press in May, and Chance of Sun: An Oregon Memoir, to be published by Nestucca Spit Press in August. @

OREGON QUARTERLY NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST

"The Friday's Trilogy" by **Kim Cooper Findling '93** is the winning entry in the open category of the 2011 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, as selected by this year's contest judge, Debra Gwartney, author of *Live Through This* and faculty member of Pacific University's Master of Fine Arts in Writing program. Findling wins \$750. Second place winner in the open category is **Dwight Holing '76** of Orinda, California, for "A Flyway Runs Through It," and third place goes to **Heidi Shayla '94** of Eugene, who wrote "A Mountain Waltz." Holing wins \$300 and Shayla, \$100. The

winner in the student category is **Michelle Kyoko Crowson** of Salt Lake City, Utah, for "Body, Metal and Pine." She wins \$500. **Chloe Rambo** of Farmington, Washington, wins second (\$200) for "Tart Raspberries," and **Isolde Raftery** of Eugene, a UO student, takes third (\$75) for "The Sisters of Greenhill Road."

The other contest finalists are:

OPEN CATEGORY

(ninety-nine total entries)

- John Campbell, Corvallis, for "The Song in Front of You"
- Mary Emerick, Enterprise, for "The Shoe Tree"

- Beth Keegan, Portland, for "A Train To Nowhere"
- Larry Levine, Glide, for "Don Juan"
- Adam Nilsson, Corvallis, for "Ruthless"
- Tuula Rebhahn '09, Eugene, for "The Crab Raider"
- Robin Schaffler, Portland, for "Roots and Branches"

STUDENT CATEGORY

(sixty-three total entries)

- Stephen Lennstrom, Seattle, for "Mr. Republican Goes to Washington (State)"

- Christine Carter, Springfield, Virginia, for "The Path To My Stomach Begins and Ends in Oregon."

WRITERS ARE ENCOURAGED

to enter the 2012 essay contest, when the judge will be Oregon Book Award winner Robin Cody. The deadline is January 15, 2012. Additional details will be posted at OregonQuarterly.com as they become available.

WEB EXTRA! Go to OregonQuarterly.com to read more Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest winners and finalists.





THE MAN WHO WOULD SELL DETROIT

SANDY BARUAH '88, STAFFER FOR BOTH PRESIDENTS BUSH, FORMER HEAD OF THE U.S. SMALL BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, AND ONE-TIME MANAGEMENT CONSULTANT TO WALT DISNEY WORLD, IS TRYING TO JUMPSTART THE MOTOR CITY.



BY TODD SCHWARTZ • PHOTO BY DANIEL LIPPITT



DETROIT, MICHIGAN, HAS A PR PROBLEM.

Many, perhaps most, people around the country believe that Motown has become No Mo' Town, a blighted urban landscape, slowly decaying, with entire deserted neighborhoods given over to so-called "urban prairie" and the crumbling ruins of immense factories that once cranked out cars by the tens of millions. Maybe not quite postapocalyptic, but definitely postapoplectic.

Put that notion in neutral. While it is true that a local company runs "The Fabulous Ruins of Detroit" tours, and that the 2010 U.S. Census showed 237,500 citizens departed the Motor City since 2000—the second greatest ten-year drop in population for any large city in U.S. history (only Katrina-devastated New Orleans lost more, 29 percent compared to Detroit's loss of 25 percent)—the rumors of Detroit's death are greatly exaggerated.

At least that is the well-stated position of the energetic and enthusiastic Sandy K. Baruah, new president and CEO of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce. He would have you believe that Detroit's upside is unlimited, that a new economy will elbow out from the junkyard-crushed cube of sheet metal that was once the Great American Auto Industry, that even now the city is in the middle of a spin-the-wheel-pull-the-handbrake-180-degree turn in its fortunes. And the thing is, he just might be right. In truth, even two centuries ago the city was all about the comeback: Adopted in 1805, Detroit's official motto remains "We Hope for Better Things; It Shall Rise from the Ashes."

THE FIRST CADILLAC HIT THE STREETS OF DETROIT in 1701, although there weren't actually any streets, just a small fort with half-a-hundred French Canadians led by their captain, Antoine de La Mothe Cadillac. By 1765, 800 souls lived beside the Detroit River, making it the largest city in French territory between Montreal and New Orleans. A century later, many Detroiters fought with distinction in the Civil War as members of the Michigan Wolverines, a heroic regiment led by George Armstrong Custer. "Thank God for Michigan!" Abraham Lincoln is said to have exclaimed after the Battle of Gettysburg.

The city grew rapidly on an economy of shipping and manufacturing and then, in 1901, a thirty-eight-year-old local engineer and automobile designer named Henry Ford founded the Ford Motor Company. Twelve years later, he opened the assembly-line factory (his employees' idea, many now believe) that would change Detroit, and the world, forever.

One by one, mass-market automobile pioneers like William Durant, founder of General Motors, the Dodge brothers, Horace and John, and Walter Chrysler rose to success in Detroit. By the 1920s, the Motor City was king of the road. By the 1930s, growing labor unions including the United Auto Workers were in a sometimes pitched battle with the carmakers for a share of that enormous success.

The expansion of the auto industry and the jobs it pro-



vided made Detroit the fourth-largest city in America in 1920, and by 1950 its population peaked at 1.8 million. And then, the very thing that *made* Detroit began to slowly *shrink* Detroit, as the car enabled more and more people to move to the clean, uncrowded suburbs. Urban Detroit began to empty. Soon, the auto industry began to shrink as well—consolidation began in the 1960s, reducing jobs, and the gas crises of the 1970s boosted market share for foreign automakers. By 2010, Detroit’s population had declined to 713,777 (smaller, for example, than Jacksonville, Florida), and Michigan became the only state in the nation to register a net population loss since 2000. The once thriving Motor City had shed several cylinders and much of its horsepower.

News reports began with phrases like “The most startling example of modern urban collapse,” and the city became a cautionary tale—and a punch line: when comedian Kathleen Madigan was entertaining troops in Afghanistan, she was given a tour of schools, hospitals, and roads the soldiers had built.

“That’s awesome,” she said. “When we’re done here we should invade Detroit.”

Such is the state of the city’s public image. And how long does this thought deter the optimism of Sandy Baruah? Even less time than it takes the new 560-horsepower Cadillac CTS to go through a gallon of premium. Baruah sees better things; he believes Detroit is already rising from the ashes.



ASSAM IS A STATE IN THE FAR NORTHEAST of India. Mostly separated from the rest of the country by Bangladesh, it is well known for its teas.

This is where Baruah’s parents were born, coming to the United States in the 1950s, his father to attend medical school at Georgetown, his mother to attend Howard University. They settled in Washington, DC, where their only child was born in 1965.

His father died when Baruah was just nine years old, and his mother moved with her son to Salem in 1975.

“We owned some property in the state,” he says, “so one day my mother said, ‘We don’t have anywhere else to be, let’s try Oregon.’”

Soon after arriving, Baruah’s mother opened a shop selling bulk spices, teas, and coffees, a sweet-smelling bit of Assam next to a Ford dealership.

Growing up a dark-skinned Indian kid in oh-so-white Salem was never a problem for Baruah. The far bigger issue was that he had zero game.

“The whole ‘being different’ thing was never really part

of my core experience,” he says. “Oregon was progressive, and also there were so few minorities in the state when I was growing up, especially from India, that people seemed to judge you on your individual merits and there wasn’t a lot of baggage attached to you for looking different. I’ll tell you what *did* make me feel separate: the fact that I was a lousy *athlete!* Not being good at sports mattered infinitely more than the color of my skin or where my parents were born! To me, that was much more impactful.”

During high school, Baruah worked selling suits at the local Meier and Frank store, and life in the state capitol began to rub off on him. He became interested in politics, taking part in various civic activities and programs, some of which took him south to the UO campus. Early on, he found himself identifying with the Republican Party—as defined by a select list of Oregon examples.

“I knew I was a Republican long before college,” Baruah remembers. “It’s tougher to define what a Republican or a Democrat is now, but I still cling to the idea that Democrats are good at giving people fish, and Republicans are better at teaching people to be fishermen. And being in Oregon my role models as Republicans were people like Tom McCall ’36, Bob Packwood, Mark Hatfield, Norma Paulus, Dave Frohnmayer—I realized you could be both socially progressive *and* fiscally conservative. You could have an understanding of how the economy really works, how to spur private enterprise and build a strong national defense, yet *not* hold some of the social views that many Republican conservatives hold. I had opportunities to meet Senator Hatfield and Senator Packwood, and they seemed to be right where I was in that sense.”

At the UO, Baruah split his studies between business, political science (the label on his degree), and economics, eventually winding up somewhere in between. He became more and more drawn to national politics, and in 1985 he took a two-year leave of absence from the UO to work for Senator Packwood on his campaign staff. It was his first look behind the curtain of big-time politics.

“I didn’t know what to expect,” Baruah says, “but what hit me first and foremost was that these [politicians], who we tend to look at as entities, are actual human beings, with the same emotional underpinnings as everyone else. They do human things, like having to take time out of a meeting to speak to one of their children, like trying to find the balance between their public role and their families and friends. Intellectually, I guess I wasn’t surprised by that, but being so close to it had a profound impact.”

Baruah returned to Eugene to finish up, and as he was preparing to leave the UO in 1988, he began to look for a job.



He'd volunteered on the George H. W. Bush campaign, so he called up the Oregon campaign chair, Alan "Punch" Green, to ask for a reference.

"I called Punch long distance," Baruah recalls, "and asked him if I could use his name. So he puts me on hold for a long time, and I'm getting aggravated because I'm a college kid with no money and he's costing me a fortune in long distance charges! Finally he comes back and says, 'Sandy, you have a choice. I can give you a reference or I can give you a job.' It turned out he was looking for someone to run the campaign's field operations in Oregon and Washington, and Senator Packwood had recommended me. I told him I'd take the job, and he asked me how much I wanted to make. I asked him how much he wanted to pay. He gave me a figure that was incredibly low, that I couldn't possibly live on, and I said, 'Great, I'll take it!'"

After Bush won, Baruah was asked to move to Washington, DC, to work in the new administration. This was the political equivalent of being called up to "The Show" in baseball, and the twenty-three-year-old Baruah relished the big-league atmosphere.

"It was fabulous," he says. "You're exposed to and working with the best and brightest from all over the country and the world, the tempo is furious, and you have to be at the top of your game. Every day in the halls you see the people you used to see only on TV. It helped me so much that Senator Packwood had been such a demanding boss—from my time with him I knew how to think ahead, to write well, to know what was important and what wasn't."

Baruah was in work heaven, and he made the most of it, first as an assistant to the secretary of the interior, then in the Department of Labor. In the morning he might be writing policy papers or memos on appointees up for Senate confirmation, in the afternoon he might be getting coffee for a meeting—just as in *The Show*, even the hottest rookies carry the veterans' bags.

In 1993, like the president, Baruah found himself out of a job. He decided to return to Oregon, certain he would take the provinces by storm. He was wrong.

"One of the great learning opportunities of having great jobs so young was that, while I thought I was very cool, no one else got the memo. I thought I'd get hired in a heartbeat back in Oregon, but I quickly discovered that the political world and the business world don't necessarily speak the same language, and that prestige in one area doesn't always translate to another. If I was going to convince business that I had value, I figured I'd better get some skills."

And so, ten years after graduating from high school, Baruah found himself back in Salem, living in his mom's house,

once again selling suits at Meier and Frank and working on an MBA at Willamette University.

"I'd run into people I hadn't seen since I left," he says, laughing, "and I'd tell them I was back in school, living at home, and working at M and F. They'd look at me like, 'Oh man, this poor kid, we thought he'd end up doing *something*. His mother must be so embarrassed.' It just seemed so *small* to add 'I *was* working for the president of the United States,' so I just let it go."

He earned his MBA in 1995, about the same time his former boss's son was taking office as governor of Texas, and went to work for a Portland-based corporate management consulting firm. He worked with clients that included Walt Disney World, Intel, and several banks. And when George W. Bush won the 2000 presidential election, Baruah was on his way back up to *The Show*. This time, people carried *his* luggage.

"I returned at a much more senior level," he says, "but how you're treated in Washington totally depends upon your business card at that moment, and understanding that made my tour of duty with Bush 43 much more enjoyable. I was able to take the trappings of my various offices with a large grain of salt."

Baruah served as U.S. Assistant Secretary of Commerce, leading the federal government's domestic economic development program. He took over as administrator of the U.S. Small Business Administration in the final year of the Bush presidency. And while the Republicans for whom he worked moved considerably farther right from Bush to Bush, Baruah insists he didn't abandon his Packwood-Hatfield-McCall roots.

"I didn't change," he says. "Certainly there are issues on which I disagreed with the second President Bush, a woman's right to choose being one example, stem cell research being another—but the social issues are not why I was ever engaged in politics. And in most things I found Bush 43 to be an incredible humanist, constantly promoting the ideas of freedom and democracy and what they meant for human rights."

"What attracted me to Bush 43, and this grew over my eight years with him, was that he was willing to make the tough decisions based *entirely* on what he believed were the best interests of the country. I spent a lot of time with him, and he rarely ever looked at things in a political way. In fact, if you were to raise the PR or political ramifications of a decision with him, he got visibly irritated. His answer always was, 'That's not why they sent us here. Our job is to do the right thing for the country, and if we take some hits, we'll take some hits.' To him it was all about moral courage, not politics, and I'm confident that, in time, people are going to look back



at his presidency and, while they may disagree with some of his actions, they will realize he was the kind of president we hadn't had for a very long time, and may not have again—which I think is quite sad.”



THANKS TO A GEOGRAPHICAL ANOMALY, from Baruah's office high in downtown Detroit, he can look *south* into Canada—Windsor, Ontario, to be exact. It's just one of many new perspectives that are informing his role as leader of the Detroit Chamber of Commerce. And if ever a chamber had a hard sell to make, Detroit has to be it.

“That's why I'm here,” Baruah, who took the Detroit job in the spring of 2010, explains. “I like a challenge, and Detroit faces significant challenges, both on the ground and in the media.”

Chrysler and rapper Eminem took a gritty-but-proud approach to that media challenge with their 2011 Super Bowl commercial—the first positive bit of Detroit messaging in years—but, for Baruah, marketing isn't the answer.

“I'm just focused on fixing the fundamentals,” he says. “Here's where we stand: The economy here has bottomed out and we've turned the corner. The bleeding has stopped. I think it's stunning how quickly the auto industry, particularly the Ford Motor Company, has executed what I believe to be the most impressive industrial turnaround in history. From zero to hero in record time. And while we understand that everyone associates this city with the auto industry, everyone is working very hard to diversify this economy. We have tremendous assets—this is the engineering mecca of the planet, with the highest per capita population of engineers in the world. We also have amazing technology and financial resources here. And we have a whole new slate of leadership in the state, which is having a profound impact. A new city council, new mayor, and new governor are bringing new ideas.

“An entire generation has come of age in Detroit knowing nothing but a shrinking pie. Here at the chamber and throughout the region we are doing things radically differently than before, beginning with the decision to stop asking how we manage a shrinking pie and start focusing on baking a bigger pie.”

So how to turn it all around—or, if it has turned, to keep it going?

“We have to fix the fundamental problems of government inefficiency,” Baruah says, “and recalibrate how we go after new business and new investment. We have been a business-unfriendly state, no question, with a complicated

tax code and an inconsistent message. We are now fixing those things.”

Unlike several chambers of commerce around the country, the Detroit chamber hasn't declared open war on labor unions as part of its probusiness stance.

“I've reached out to unions, which I believe are an important deterrent to the rare cases of businesses abusing workers,” Baruah argues. “We need more *collaboration*—we have historically been divided in Detroit: union versus management, Black versus White, Ford versus GM . . . that has to end. There are probably a zillion political things I would disagree with my union friends about, but that doesn't mean we can't work together on a host of issues. We don't want to put unions out of business, we don't want to end collective bargaining rights—what we're saying is that we have really tough choices to make, and business and government need flexibility, need the ability to get things done. All parties must understand that.”

Baruah sees two very different inspirations for a new Detroit: Pittsburgh and Oregon.

“In 1980,” he says, “Pittsburgh's economy revolved almost completely around the steel industry. Today they have diversified, and steel is less than 30 percent of their economy, and the new steel industry is both more productive and more profitable. I think we're already seeing that in the auto industry.

“And what we can learn from Oregon, which will always be my real home, are the same things I learned growing up there: first, an abiding respect for civility and bipartisanship; second, the value of the environment—and I don't mean that in just a let's-hug-a-tree way, I mean the day-by-day beauty of a city like Portland and the competitive advantage that comes from that—and third, the entrepreneurial spirit. The companies we celebrate in the Northwest, like Nike and Microsoft, are my generation's Ford and GM. In Oregon and the Northwest we're surrounded by independent entrepreneurs and the spirit that drives them. That spirit is now returning to Michigan. It was dormant for a long time, because we had big business, big labor, big government, big everything. This region is realizing that big isn't the wave of the future, and we are poised for another renaissance.”

Baruah hears a new Motown sound—much less “Aint Too Proud to Beg” and much more “Let's Get It On.”



Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland writer who believes in teaching people to fish—and giving them a couple fish while they're learning so they don't starve.

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

What Happens When It Happens Here?

Oregon prepares for predicted massive earthquake and tsunami.

WHEN ROB WITTER'S PHONE beeped late the night of March 10 with a text message indicating there had been a magnitude 7.9 earthquake off the coast of Japan (later upgraded to 8.9), "That really caught my interest," he says—and then he went to bed. He woke at 4:30 A.M. when the telephone rang: Due to the tsunami warning on the Oregon Coast, his daughter's school in Newport would be closed for the day.

"That's a first," he recalls thinking. Still, he remained nonplussed.

This was not the tsunami Witter worries about.

Some day, probably in the next fifty to 100 years, part or all of an underwater fault stretching from Vancouver Island to Eureka, California, will rupture. The result will be an epic earthquake—roughly the size of the March 11 Japanese quake, or even higher, according to scientists' projections—that will shake the Pacific Northwest like nothing has in 311 years. That rupture, the result of the Juan de Fuca tectonic plate's inexorable, jerky slide under the North American plate, will displace a huge volume of ocean and send a series of massive waves speeding toward the Oregon shore.

That such massive quakes and tsunamis have happened here in the past and will happen again is virtually incontrovertible, according to geologists and others who have spent the past twenty or thirty years uncovering mounting evidence: ghost forests of standing dead trees drowned in one prehistoric fell swoop, patterns of underwater sediment deposits left by submarine avalanches, ocean sand and tidal mud layered like *mille-feuille* in estuaries, Edo-

period samurai scribes' jottings about flood damage from unexplained waves striking Japan's east coast—just the way waves from Japan busted up boats in Brookings this spring. Exactly when the next Big One will hit is anyone's guess. When it does, coastal residents and visitors will have just ten or twenty minutes to pick themselves up off the ground after the shaking stops and to run—not drive, as the roads will be a wreck—to high ground or risk being swept out to sea by the approaching tsunami.

How high will be high enough? That's the question Rob Witter PhD '99 has spent much of the past fifteen years or so investigating. It's become a major focus of the Oregon Department of Geology and Mineral Industries (DOGAMI), a state agency that, until the past decade or two, was more concerned with regulating prospectors than mitigating natural hazards. Witter joined DOGAMI's coastal field office in Newport in 2005 as a regional coastal geologist. He's now managing the agency's efforts to draw the projected worst-case-scenario high-water line for the state's entire coastline and communicating it widely and clearly and accurately and compellingly to everyone who will listen, read, or look.

The four-year federally funded project has teamed Witter, a paleoseismologist, with experts in marine geology, geophysics, and computer modeling from around the Northwest. And it's not just an academic exercise. "We really want to reduce losses from earthquake and tsunami hazards, and one way to do that is to develop maps that show people where to go in case of a tsunami," Witter says.

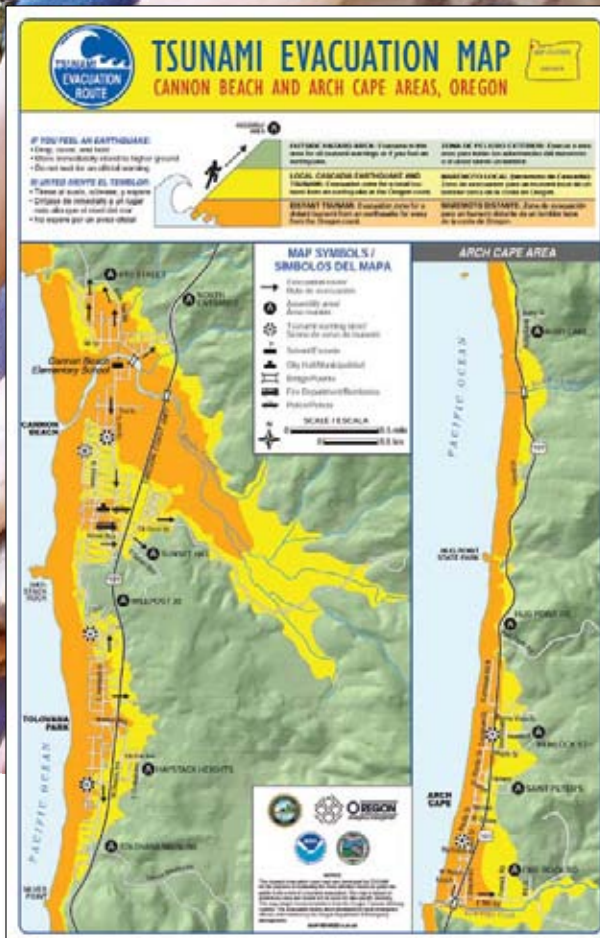
"It's a really ambitious project. Our

little agency is splitting its seams trying to get this project done, 'cause it's so huge."

No other U.S. state has attempted a tsunami hazard-mapping project this comprehensive. But excluding Alaska, Oregon faces the highest risk of any state to property and lives from tsunamis, because of its proximity to a quake-generating fault line—the Cascadia Subduction Zone—and the many low-lying coastal towns and accessible beaches. With detailed computer modeling of the inundation zone provided by Joseph Zhang of Oregon Health and Science University, Witter's team is creating maps showing how high is high enough along every inch of the state's more than 360-mile coastline. Printed maps are being prepared for the major cities and towns and updated maps of the entire coastline will be available online by 2013. (See Oregon.gov and search for "tsunami maps.")

No one knows how big the next Big One will be, so Witter is drawing the limit of the evacuation zone at the height required for an extra-large tsunami (geologic records indicate that the last Big One, in 1700, was, relative to previous quakes, merely medium-sized). The project builds on earlier tsunami hazard assessment work completed by DOGAMI in the 1990s, but newer data suggest that that work underestimated the possible height of the inundation zone.

The new evacuation maps actually indicate two maximum tsunami inundation zones. The orange zone is the theoretical worst case inundation from a *distant* tsunami, such as the one generated by the quake from Japan on March 11—not a particularly emergent emergency. "When you hear a siren or see a warning about a



Rob Witter and an international team of geologists at work in the Coquille River floodplain north of Bandon; INSET: Cannon Beach flood scenarios.

tsunami coming from an earthquake far away, relax,” Witter says. “As long as you stay away from beaches, harbors, and marinas, there’s very little risk.”

It’s a *local* tsunami—whose much larger inundation zone is indicated in yellow on the new maps—that prompted the mapping project. In that case, warning sirens won’t even be necessary: the unmistakable shaking of a magnitude 8-plus earthquake will be all the warning you need. People just need to know where to go and how to get there. That’s why DOGAMI is doing more than handing out maps and posting them online. The project includes holding community meetings and hiring local organizers to begin and help sustain the consciousness-raising necessary to make a community truly tsunami-ready: today, and tomorrow, and long after DOGAMI has picked up its sediment corers and gone home.

It’s not exactly what Witter imagined he’d be doing when he grew up. He was a biology major at Whitman College, but by his senior year he’d lost his passion for the life sciences. Plate tectonics, though—continental and oceanic crusts colliding and pulling apart over eons and right this very minute—now *that* was interesting. He squeezed in a couple of geology classes toward the end of college, learning just

enough to whet his interest and point him toward graduate school. At the UO, he fell in with a visiting geologist studying evidence of huge earthquakes and tsunamis on the southern Oregon coast. Such evidence had already been found elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest, but the mouths of the Coquille and Sixes rivers and adjacent coastal plain was virgin territory. Witter had intended to earn a master’s degree at Oregon, but after he and his supervising professor successfully applied for funding from the National Science Foundation, a doctoral dissertation was born. He spent several years with the leading geotechnical consulting firm William Lettis and Associates between grad school and the job with DOGAMI.

If the Japanese tsunami was a wake-up call, recent events in Chile—whose geologic history even more closely mirrors Oregon’s—are equally instructive. Witter made two trips there in 2010, once to deliver a paper at an academic conference and once following the magnitude 8.8 earthquake and tsunami of February 27. Two weeks later Witter was on site, taking sediment cores and documenting the disaster. It gave him a sobering firsthand view of what Oregon has to look forward to.

“It was unbelievable. Constitución was

just flattened,” he recalls. Some 350 people were killed in that city alone—a number that might have been much higher had the town not held a tsunami-preparedness drill just two weeks earlier.

“Front-loaders were driving down the main city streets, clearing debris—still, when we got there, two weeks after the tsunami.” Constitución is a smallish seaside resort city spread out on the coastal plain at the mouth of a river.

“That’s Seaside, Oregon,” Witter adds. “Exactly.”

Bonnie Henderson ’79 MA ’85

Update: Witter was among a half-dozen geologists from around the world who spent early May doing field research on northern Japan’s Sendai Plain, site of the greatest tsunami devastation following the Tohoku earthquake. They tested a computer model designed to estimate the size and speed of tsunami waves from the thickness and grain size of sand deposited by a tsunami. From this work, scientists will be able to more closely estimate the magnitude of past tsunamis on the Pacific Northwest coast—and make projections about what’s ahead.

BONNIE HENDERSON / OREGON DEPARTMENT OF GEOLOGY AND MINERAL INDUSTRIES (DOGAMI)

Pedaling on Pasta Power

Culinary bike touring in northern Italy

FROM THE SECOND-FLOOR WINDOW of my room in the Castello Hotel the mountaintop village of San Leo presented a stunning panorama of tenth-century castles, rolling green hills, and cobblestoned medieval streets. In the golden light of morning, it took a sleepy minute to realize that all this was real and not a feast-induced vision brought on by the previous night's celebration of fine vino, spinach- and ricotta-filled tortelli pasta, tender veal osso bucco, and two helpings of creamy tiramisu.

While such scenes may indeed have been the stuff of daydreams prior to this culinary biking tour through north Italy, they were now becoming almost commonplace. The "golden triangle" of elements one hopes for on such an adventure—fabulous locations, rejuvenating bike rides, and to-die-for meals—was perfectly fulfilled here. And to think that none of this would have happened had it not been for a UO student's sleepless night back in 1972.

Rick Price '72, MA '79, PhD '80, and his Italian-born wife Paola Malpezzi, MA '76, PhD '79, were spending another rainy February evening in their UO married student housing unit near Amazon Park. As anyone who's experienced a winter in Lane County can testify, this is a time of year when dreams of far-away sunny places beckon like siren songs in the soggy night.

While Malpezzi slept peacefully beside him, Price was wide awake reminiscing about a bike trip they'd taken the previous summer across central Italy. How they'd like to go back. How they didn't have the money. Then it hit him.

"If we enjoyed our cycling journey that much," he wondered, "then why wouldn't lots of other people?"

In the morning, he shared his brainchild with Malpezzi, who was equally enthusiastic, and they began considering a practical course of action.

"*Bicycling* magazine was not yet a national publication, but in the back of *Harper's Monthly*, *Saturday Review*, and *Atlantic Monthly*—all magazines I read at my mother's house in Newport," Price recalls, "there was a single page of classi-



The family that bikes together . . . Rick Price and Paola Malpezzi began organizing bike tours of Italy nearly forty years ago. Daughters Maria Elena and Monica now run the business, taking two-wheeled adventurers around the continent and beyond. OPPOSITE: Italian hill country.



fied ads that were small in size but big on dreams: Rent a villa in Provence! Charter a sailboat in the Caribbean!"

The couple envisioned their own ad: "Bicycle Across Italy! Take two weeks to explore enchanting back roads that convey you from the Adriatic Coast to Pisa, near the Tyrrhenian Sea. Savor Florence and revel in central Tuscany."

But this was the pre-Internet world, and even small ads cost a lot. "The only option we had," Price says, "was local networking." They promoted their plan in Eugene and at bicycle-friendly campuses in northern California—and they were "blown away" by the response.

"We sold not just one, but four different tours to Italy that summer," he says. "And we've never looked back since."

In their scholastic lives as well, Price and Malpezzi continued developing. "I completed my PhD in cultural geography at the UO," he says, "and Paola got hers in Romance languages. After graduation, however, reality punctured one of Price's

goals. "We smacked into the old two-academics career problem," he recalled. "Paola found a job in 1983, and I didn't."

"It was then I made the choice not to go into academe. I turned instead to what I enjoyed most—designing, selling, and leading bicycle tours, first in Italy, then in Greece, Costa Rica, France, and on from there. All along, I have considered myself as professional as any academic, practicing applied cultural geography."

They took the name Italian Specialty Tours, Inc. in 1985 and by 1989 they were getting nearly 100 customers filling five tours per year. It was enough business that he could quit a job he'd eventually found running the study-abroad program at Colorado State University.

Price and Malpezzi renamed their company ExperiencePlus! in 1992. Over the next five years, they enjoyed growth on the order of 30 to 50 percent annually. "By 1996, we were taking 600 people per year, and by 1999 it was over a thousand," Price says. "During July 2004 alone, we took 270

people to see Lance Armstrong go for his record fifth Tour de France win. Business was great.”

Despite all the traveling, the couple managed to raise two daughters who have since taken over the business and expanded it into several more European nations. Maria Elena manages the overall operations from their current base in Fort Collins, Colorado. Monica '01, who earned a bachelor's degree in anthropology from the UO and was honored as one of the Phi Beta Kappa Society's "Oregon Six," has taken a more hands-on approach as director of international operations, conducting tours with her cycling-guide husband, Michele Boglioni.

“My favorite thing about organizing and leading tours,” she says, “is the intense satisfaction we get from facilitating great experiences for our travelers. Accompanying cyclists throughout the world and sharing their adventures is why we do what we do.” Some of those adventures have included learning how to properly tie short grape vines on wind-struck Dalmatian islands in Croatia, discussing the meaning of life with farmers hand-picking olives during harvests in Provence, and making homemade pasta in Italy.

Malpezzi, currently chair of Colorado State University's Department of Foreign Languages and Literatures, is especially passionate about the food aspect of travel. “Food helps connect to whatever country and region we're pedaling through. For instance, you see tiny artichokes in the field in Sardinia and eat them that evening, or visit a Parmesan cheese co-op and then lavish grated cheese on handmade pasta that night.” She began collecting and writing regional recipes for the family business's website, “to try and let people vicariously travel back to the memory of a trip or into the future on a tour they are anticipating.”

Monica echoes her mom's sentiments, stating, “Bicycle tours travel on their stomachs. In Italy, we focused on the Emilia Romagna region, famed for its amazing assortment of high-quality cheese, prosciutto, olive oil, balsamic vinegar, and stuffed pastas. In France, we do the same for wine-growing regions. And while folks may think they can come on a bike tour to lose weight, that's hard to do with all the food we indulge in! The real gratification is how much you enjoy the food and drink after a day on the road. Relatively guilt-

free eating and drinking, and a heightened awareness of the culinary delights of a region just makes bike touring so much better!”

Despite their many triumphs, the road this family has taken has not been without



its detours, speed bumps, and potholes. “At the start of both Gulf Wars [1991 and 2003] when the U.S. invaded Iraq, all bookings stopped,” Price says. “Our tours went nowhere near there, but clearly many people don't like to fly or travel abroad on the verge of war. And of course, September 11,

2001, we had to cancel everything and issue rain checks for 110 customers who couldn't get to Europe.”

Still, the rewards have been far greater than Price or Malpezzi even imagined. “It's been fantastic, being able to maintain an international lifestyle and reexperiencing the excitement of going to Italy every year,” he says. “It never gets boring. Yet, at the same time, we've enjoyed a relaxed and steady existence in small town, USA, raising two trilingual daughters who feel that they are equally American, Italian, and citizens of the world.”

—Joe Lieberman

LATE ADDITION: National Geographic Traveler Magazine showcases an *ExperiencePlus! tour* in its annual collection of “50 Tours of a Lifetime.” The May-June 2011 issue also lists Maria Elena Price and Monica Price as top ten tour guides.

Web Extra

For some of Paola Malpezzi's favorite recipes, go to OregonQuarterly.com.

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Dribble, Shoot, Pray

NBA point guard Luke Ridnour's faith puts basketball in perspective.

IN THE FALL OF 2002, HEADING INTO his junior basketball season at the University of Oregon, Luke Ridnour, citing religious and familial objections, declined to be recognized as one of *Playboy* magazine's preseason all-Americans. In forgoing this prestigious honor, Ridnour made very public his private, and at the time still new, religious commitment—a commitment he continues to honor and draw on for grounding and clarity in the NBA.

Though raised in a Christian household, Ridnour's early worship was upon the alter of the orange rim. "I'd put so much into the game of basketball, it was my idol," he says. And his devotion was complete; were it not for his parents' insistence, church would not have interfered with sport. Inspired in part by 1970s NBA virtuoso "Pistol" Pete Maravich, Ridnour spent hours a day working on his ball handling, and from a young age demonstrated the knack for creativity that would keep him improving and innovating as a player: "I thought of the drills myself, or I would go to camps and see the things they would teach and I would pick up on them. Before long I was the one teaching them at camp."

Ridnour grew up in a basketball household—his father coached the local high school team in Blaine, Washington, and emphasized fundamentals and technical proficiency. "Once I took to the game," Luke says, "he would come and help me with things, but it was always *me* going to the gym, *me* working out by myself." His father also exposed him to older, bigger players who forced Ridnour to learn to be effective while smaller than his opponents. These skills have paid off enormously in the NBA, where Ridnour, optimistically listed at 6'2", is still both smaller and a better shooter than almost everyone he plays against.

In high school, Ridnour led the Rob Ridnour-coached Blaine Borderites to two state titles and was ranked among the top players in the nation. At the UO, Ridnour's focus on the game impressed coach Ernie Kent, who said it is "a coach's dream to have a kid who wants to work that hard."

Achievements and accolades abounded for Ridnour, including Pac-10 Freshman



of the Year in 2001 and Pac-10 Player of the Year in 2003. He set the UO record for assists in a season (218), and the Pac-10 record for consecutive free throws made (62). The Duck team also fared well these years, winning the Pac-10 Tournament in 2003, and making the NCAA Tournament twice—advancing to the Elite Eight in Ridnour's third and final season. Midway through his junior year, basketball over, Ridnour elected to sacrifice his studies and senior season to prepare for the summer's NBA draft. The chance to play professionally was too good to pass up, and he could return to school after basketball (as he still intends to do).

But along with Ridnour's successes also came defeats and frustrations. Many players find their emotions—and sometimes identities—shaped by on-court events. Ridnour, so committed to basketball, was especially prone to this tendency. "If I played well, I was up. If I played down, I was down. So, everything I accomplished was how I was on the court. I didn't have a way out. I never had peace, so I started to search that out."

He drew on lessons learned from the religion of his youth and shared his bur-

geoning faith with teammates. "I think all of us were kind of in the same place. We were still searching a little bit, but we were all at the same spiritual level." But it wasn't until Ridnour began a Bible study with Keith Jenkins—the pastor at Jubilee World Outreach Foursquare Church in Eugene who gave optional chapel before games and volunteered his counseling services to a whole range of Duck athletes—that he fully embraced devout Christianity. "When I started reading the Word, everything changed—the way I thought, the way I acted, my attitude." And with that, for the first time in his life, basketball was not the first thing in his life.

But as basketball lost primacy for Ridnour, it never lost his commitment. Watch his current team, the Minnesota Timberwolves, play, observe him from up close, and you'll see his physical grace on full display. He moves with a level of control that even among professional athletes is rare. He glides around the court during warm-ups in long strides, ball bouncing at all angles, returning softly to his hand for another casual redirection. A good dribbler makes the ball do what he wants it to, but what Ridnour does is subtler—and more tender. Rather than *making* the ball do anything, he seems to somehow grant agency to the ball and invite it to collaborate with him in sending onlookers searching for superlatives.


Ridnour's absolute comfort with the basketball is the product of melding freakish natural coordination with a lifetime of hard work, and it's what makes Ridnour one of very few NBA players who can take a hook shoot from his knees (as he once did over 6'10" Robert Horry) and make it look like a trusty piece of his skill set. But it's Ridnour's conventional shooting that has made him one of the league's top pure shooters. Other players shoot better over defenders or coming off screens, but few are more consistent when they have a clean look at the rim. An open corner three-pointer, a free throw—you can pretty much put the points on the board. He finished this season among the league leaders in both categories, making close to 45 per-

cent of threes and 90 percent of free throws. World-famous guys like LeBron and Kobe aren't nearly as effective in these categories.

But for all his ability, Ridnour's career has not been without disappointment. In eight NBA seasons, his best result has been a 2005 second-round playoff loss with the Seattle SuperSonics. The only other time he's made the playoffs, his Milwaukee Bucks lost in the first round. And the Timberwolves currently are among the worst teams in the league. Individually, he has been widely criticized by commentators for his shortcomings as a defender.

In Minnesota, he's not so much disparaged as ignored. The Timberwolves drafted Spanish prodigy Ricky Rubio in 2009 to be their point guard of the future; since then fans have hung their hopes on Rubio's willingness to eventually leave Europe for Minnesota and join Lake Oswego High School grad and NBA All-Star Kevin Love to form the core of a winning franchise.

A younger Ridnour might have been distracted or stung by this kind of thing, but now he pays almost no attention to anything in basketball off the court. When told of his free throw percentage, his response is amusement that anyone bothers with such trivia. His approach to basketball is to handle what he can control and leave the rest up to God. "Having that perspective makes it a lot easier to handle the trades and how I play. I don't get too up, too down, I just keep going."

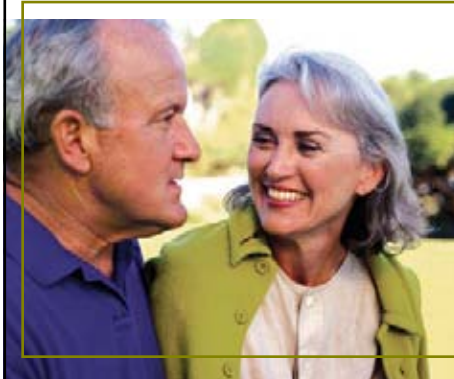
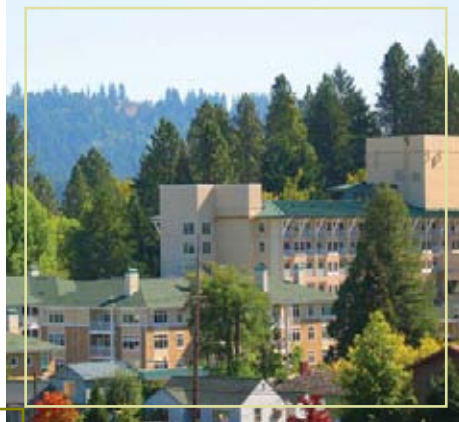
This perspective can seem awfully convenient for a guy who has the rare fortune of being in the NBA, but for Ridnour, a key element of God's plan is humility. "The Bible just reinforced the belief that I can't put myself above anybody else," he says. Faith and humility were recently tested when his wife gave birth to twin boys—with the kind of complications no parent would want. Though he prefers to keep the details private, he says, "We believe God is healing them. It's exciting to see God's power touch them daily." In light of these life circumstances, it's not hard to understand what Ridnour has understood for years: basketball is just basketball and a free throw is just a free throw. Asked what one of the league's best foul shooters does when he takes the line, he says, "I've never told anyone this before, but I bounce it three times and on each bounce I say 'I love Jesus.' And I shoot it." 

—Scott F. Parker '04

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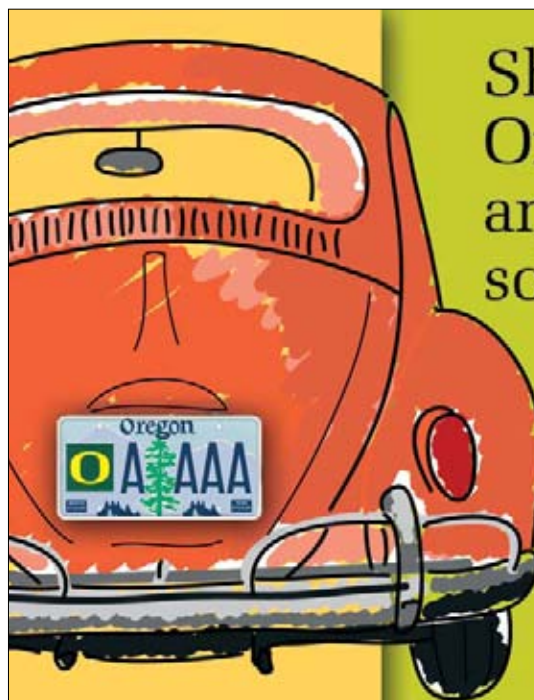


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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Dan Rodriguez Hangs It Up

Alumni Association director reflects on his long run at Oregon.

DAN RODRIGUEZ HAS HEARD a lot of stories in his two decades as alumni director. Alumni call, sometimes they write, and frequently they need something. The alumni director is their man.

There have been innumerable requests for Duck football tickets, inquiries into the status of a child's or grandchild's application to the University, pleas for national title game tickets, and even once a request to scatter the remains of an Oregon fan on the field at a bowl game. "That one definitely takes the cake," says Rodriguez, who is retiring from the UO in June after twenty-three years serving as executive director of the Alumni Association and associate vice president for alumni affairs. "I'm going to miss dealing with and meeting alums. It's what truly makes the job interesting and rewarding."

Plucked from the University of California at San Diego, Rodriguez arrived in Eugene in 1988 and led the effort to establish and build a dues-paying alumni association at the UO. Today more than 18,000 alumni and friends are members. Perhaps most satisfying, Rodriguez helped champion the cause to build an alumni center on campus. As he approaches retirement, the 60,000-square-foot, four-story Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center is preparing to open on East 13th Avenue adjacent to Matthew Knight Arena (a ribbon-cutting ceremony is set for June 10, and on June 13 an open house will take place in conjunction with commencement and Grad Fest).

His best memories are of working with graduates on behalf of the University. "There's great job satisfaction," Rodriguez says of his role as alumni director. "Alumni

have a special love for this campus, University, and city. Our campus is still small enough at 23,000 people that there's an interaction among students, faculty, and alumni that makes us unique."

Which brings Rodriguez back to the request to scatter the ashes of lifelong Duck fan Bob Havercroft at a bowl game. His wife, the late Jean Havercroft, was a longtime alumni volunteer. After her husband's death in 1994, she had successfully, and surreptitiously, honored his Duck spirit by scattering portions of his ashes on the field at the 1995 Rose Bowl and 1996 Cotton Bowl. In the weeks leading up to the 2000 Holiday Bowl, Havercroft called Rodriguez and asked for a favor. "She wanted Bob's ashes spread on the field in San Diego," Rodriguez explains. With the help of a Holiday Bowl official, Rodriguez got onto the field at Qualcomm Stadium

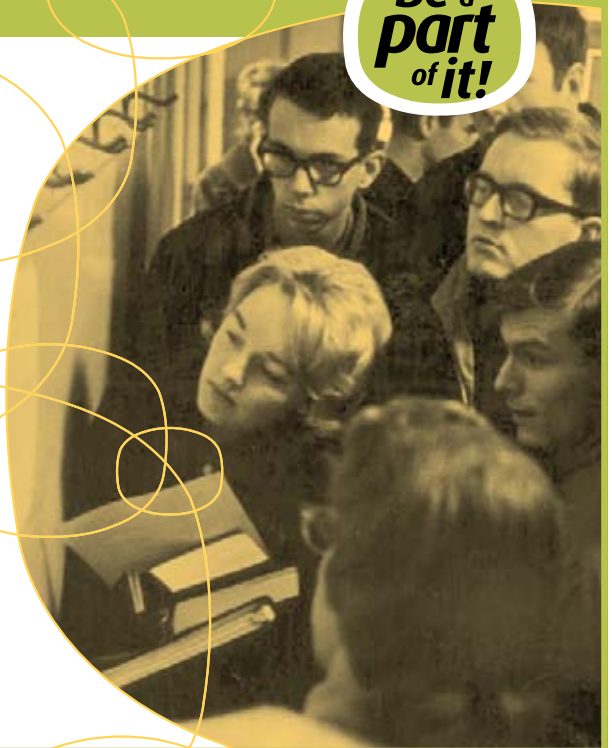


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Dan Rodriguez on the pep rally stage before the BCS football championship game in Glendale, Arizona.

moments after the game. He scattered the ashes of Bob Havercroft in the corner of the end zone where Joey Harrington '01

had scored on the trick play pass from Keenan Howry in the game's first quarter. "I was just humbled that she asked me

to do this for her. For me to pull it off was just special."

As for his retirement plan, Rodriguez plans to do some golfing and volunteering, and to continue to referee high school football, which he has done for thirty-five years now. He will also take his elderly mother back to Spain to visit family. (Rodriguez spoke only Spanish until he entered kindergarten in Sunnyvale, California.) He admits that back in 1988 he didn't intend to spend the rest of his career in Eugene.

"But after a few years I had to ask myself, 'Is the grass greener somewhere else?' Well, it's been pretty green here." 

—Paul Stieber, MEd '05

Tim Clevenger '86 has been hired to succeed Dan Rodriguez. Long involved with UO affairs, Clevenger is past president of the UO Alumni Association Board of Directors, a member of the Journalism Advancement Council for the UO School of Journalism and Communication, and vice president of the Leadership Council at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. A fuller profile will appear in the next issue of Oregon Quarterly.

JACK LIU

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uocalumni.com/events for detailed information

June 9
UO Advocate Day at the state capitol
 SALEM

June 10
Ford Alumni Center grand opening
 UO CAMPUS

June 12
San Diego chapter baseball event

June 13
Ford Alumni Center open house
 FORD ALUMNI CENTER LOBBY

June 23
New York chapter alumni boat tour

June 26
Denver chapter alumni reception with UO President, dean Kees de Kluyver, coach Paul Westhead

August 28
Lane County chapter alumni day with the Eugene Emeralds
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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

After graduation, **Rosalie (Calef) Willett '45** moved to Hawaii to teach. She met her husband and together they raised three children. Now living in Thibodaux, Louisiana, Willett keeps on rooting for the UO despite having some LSU grads in the family.

1950s

■ **Jack Borsting**, MA '52, PhD '60, received the University of Southern California's Faculty Lifetime Achievement Award. Borsting is professor and dean emeritus of USC's Marshall School of Business. Previously, he served as assistant secretary of defense at the Department of Defense.

■ On December 1, **Robert S. Summers '55** taught his last class of a five-decade career. Summers began his career as a UO law professor before moving to Cornell University in 1969, where he taught for the following forty-two years. Outside the classroom, Summers coauthored the *Uniform Commercial Code* (West Publishing Co., 1972).

1960s

Joe M. Fischer '60, MFA '63, recently completed a portrait of nine-year-old Luke Tomasik and received a commission for a portrait of Laszlo Ledenyi-Hanko to be dedicated in Hungary next year.

Richard S. Nystrom Sr. '60 attended the UO from 1953 to 1960. He has written seven books, which he describes as "quirky fiction" and "neophilosophy." Look for Nystrom on the road with his Oregon license plate "RIK LUV," a tribute to one of his protagonists.

Alaby Blivet '63 and **Sara Lee Cake '45** traveled to London for the recent royal wedding. In their luxurious Savoy Hotel suite overlooking the Thames, the couple watched Prince William and Kate Middleton wed on television. As the Archbishop of Canterbury intoned the solemn words of the ceremony, Blivet and Cake joyfully renewed their own vows.

Starting mid-June, **Don Clark '66** will be the new station manager of KERI-AM 1410 Christian Radio in Bakersfield, California. For the previous twenty years he worked as senior news anchor of the local CBS affiliate station.

■ **Jeffrey Cook '66**, MBA '68, works as a regional director for Koch Companies in Fairbanks, Alaska. He also serves on the community boards of Fairbanks Hospital, Providence

Health Services, and Alaska Airlines.

■ **Steve Moore '67** sends a sunny greeting from Mexico to all fellow Ducks. Moore lives on the shores of Lake Chapala in Ajijic, a village of less than 10,000, which is also the part-time home of Professor Emeritus John Leahy (mathematics). The two gathered with forty-five other Duck fans and alumni to watch this year's BCS title game.

After thirteen years of volunteering for Habitat for Humanity in the Portland area, **Terry Crawford '67** received the Brauner Award, the organization's highest distinction. Terry retired from Intel in 1999 and lives with his wife, Peggy, in Tigard.

Jonathan Stewart '69, '72 shares his story of four years spent trekking 2,650 miles along the Pacific Crest Trail in *Pilgrimage To the Edge* (Xlibris, 2010).

1970s

Gregory Ahljian '71 wrote *The Large Rock and the Little Yew*, a children's book inspired by a very old yew tree growing in Wakehurst, United Kingdom, and Ahljian's time as a volunteer at Jasper Mountain Center, an Oregon treatment center for emotionally disturbed children and their families.

The Oregon State Bar awarded **Albert Menashe '71** the 2010 Edwin J. Peterson Award of Professionalism. A founding partner of one of Oregon's largest family law firms, Gevurtz Menashe Larson & Howe PC, Menashe has also served as Oregon State Bar president.

Robert Sacks '71, JD '74, serves as principal of Portland's A&R Development Company. Sacks has received national recognition for his work redeveloping buildings around the Rose City.


■ **Michael E. Walsh '72** lives in Eugene. His 1974 fiber installation, *Attachment: Target*, is currently on display at the Museum of Contemporary Craft in Portland.

Jim Stenbridge, MA '75, PhD '75, published *Fifty State Capitols: The Architecture of Representative Government*. Stenbridge lives in Oregon's capital city with his wife Joan. He has worked as a policy analyst for the Oregon Legislative Assembly since 1995.

President Barack Obama nominated **David Brewer**, JD '77, chief justice of the Oregon Court of Appeals, to serve on the board of the State Justice Institute. This privately operated nonprofit corporation was founded in 1984 to improve the quality of justice in state courts.



CLASS NOTABLE

Ruth Lotz '48 is an accomplished painter who, at eighty-nine, considers low vision a part of her evolution as an artist. She was diagnosed seven years ago with age-related macular degeneration. Her paintings will be on display at the National Institutes of Health's Clinical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, until July 8. In May, the National Eye Institute held a reception to recognize Lotz for her accomplishments. 

With more than a decade of experience working with clients, **Paula Backus '79** joins the new executive coaching firm Insight Coaching Alliance with fellow Ducks **Susan Muck '84** and **Meri Justis MHRIR '98**.

1980s

■ **Charlene Carter '82** ranked number seven in the state for financial advisers, and number one in Eugene. Carter is president of Carter & Carter Financial.

James "Jim" Lund '83 coauthored *Danger Calling and Danger Calling, Youth Edition* (Revell, 2010), which explore risk and faith through real-life adventure stories. Lund lives in central Oregon with his wife and three children.

The artwork of **Annette Gurdjian '84** was selected for an honorable mention for the 2011 Art Auction benefiting Cascade AIDS Project in Portland.

After more than twenty years in the field, **Susan Muck '84** joins **Paula Backus '79** and **Meri Justis MHRIR '98** to

launch Insight Coaching Alliance, which provides personal life coaching for individuals.

Jerry Ross, MA '84, spent three weeks in Rome at the American Academy as a visiting artist and scholar. His work has also been exhibited at the Eugene Jazz Station and published in the spring 2011 volume of *Community College Moment*.

Loretta "Lory" (Rogers) Jepsen '88, MS '91, has been traveling the country lecturing about Parkinson's disease. She lives in Eugene.

1990s

■ A "very proud lifetime member" of the UO Alumni Association, **Blaine T. Eckles** '93 completed his PhD in adult and organizational learning and leadership at the University of Idaho. Eckles works as the director of student rights and responsibilities at Boise State University.

Matthew Kennedy '94 was selected to develop the Native American ceremonial garden for Autry National Center, a history center in Los Angeles that shares the stories of native tribes of the American West. Owner of Costello Kennedy Landscape Architecture, Kennedy lives in San Rafael, California, with his wife Teresa and their three children.

Environmental and water law professor **Adell Amos** '95, JD '98, has good reason to be temporarily absent from the UO School of Law. Amos is serving as deputy solicitor for land and water resources in the Obama administration. She lives with her husband and daughter in Washington, D.C.

■ **Meri Justis MHRIR** '98 launched a new executive coaching firm with **Paula Backus** '79 and **Susan Muck** '84. Insight Coaching Alliance provides personal coaching for individuals looking to "make positive shifts" in their lives.

Ryan Frank '99 returns to the UO as the new *Oregon Daily Emerald* publisher. In 1998, Frank served as the *Emerald's* editor in chief. He has since worked as an investigative reporter at *The Oregonian* and served as president of the Oregon-Southwest Washington chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists.

2000s

■ **Lyle Tavernier** '02, MEd '03, is the new NASA Digital Learning Network coordinator at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. The Digital Learning Network connects students and teachers with NASA experts and education specialists through videoconferences and webcasts.

■ **Kate (Deeks) Summers** '03 and husband Mike welcomed their first child into the world on March 23, 2010. Kate has already claimed her daughter as a Duck, but with Mike being a Beaver, she admits their baby is more of a platypus.

Steve Gaube '04 and Kim Gaube welcomed their son, James Alexander, on November 15, 2010. At twenty-one inches long, Jimmy arrived weighing eight-pounds and fourteen ounces.

Jessica Shoup '04 appeared in *Oregon Super Lawyers* magazine as a 2010 Rising Star, a designation awarded to the top 2.5 percent of Oregon lawyers each year. Shoup is an associate at the Portland commercial law firm Greene & Markley.

A recent graduate of Thomas M. Cooley Law School, **Jared Bellum** '05 passed the Washington State Bar exam in October. Bellum lives in Bellevue, where he operates the law practice, JD Bellum, Attorney at Law, PLLC.

■ The *Portland Business Journal* named **Eric Cook** '07 runner-up for the HR Leadership Award, which recognizes Oregon's outstanding human resources management professionals. Cook works for the family law firm Stahancyk, Kent, and Hook.

Elyse Fenton, MFA '07, won the 2010 Dylan Thomas Prize, a \$30,000 award given to a writer under thirty, for her book of poems *Clamor* (Cleveland State University Poetry Center New Poetry, 2010). Fenton began the book while attending graduate school at Oregon.

Duck fans and newlyweds **Ryan Keenan**, MBA '07, and **Iyonna (St. Gerard) Keenan**, MEd '10, married in June 2009 before moving from Portland to Los Angeles. Ryan is an administrator at the nonprofit City of Angels International Christian Church, while Iyonna works for the real estate software company RealPage.

Dylan Leeds '09 works in Portland as a freelance motion graphics artist. His clients have included Oregon Health and Science University, DIRECTV, Microsoft, Seattle's Best Coffee, and his alma mater.

In Memoriam

■ Former president of the UO Foundation's board of trustees **C. Harold Weston Jr.** '39 died March 19, 2010, at the age of ninety-three. His time at the UO included serving as senior class president in 1938, where one of his duties was to greet the UO team as the first NCAA basketball champions. Weston was also president of Alpha Tau Omega, lettered in track, and met his future wife, the Pi Beta Phi sister Betty Anderson. The couple married just six days before Weston went on active duty for the U.S. Army during World War II. Upon returning home in 1946, he began a career in insurance and pursued a lifelong love of golf, which resulted in a number of championships.

■ **Jeannette (Hafner) Hayner** '40, '42, died on November 26, 2010, at the age of ninety-one. She served in the Washington State House from 1972 to 1976 and in the Washington State Senate from 1976 to 1992, working her way up to senate majority leader. Upon her retirement, Hayner was on the board of directors for TVW, a public affairs broadcasting network, and in 1993, she received the UO School of Law's Meritorious Service Award for her "extraordinary contributions to legal education and the law."

On December 6, 2010, with his wife by his side, **Donald C. Boyd** '50 died at home in Solvang, California. He was eighty-six years old. Boyd served in the Navy before enrolling at the UO, majoring in Asian studies. For thirty years, Boyd worked as a flight captain for Northwest Airlines, mainly flying 747s. His travels took him to a number of places including Taiwan and Hong Kong, where he exercised his knowledge of Chinese.

■ **Molly (Muntzel) Smith** '52 died peacefully on February 8 at the age of eighty. An active member of Kappa Alpha Theta, Smith was crowned Queen of Homecoming in 1951. After graduation, she moved to San Francisco, where she met her husband. The couple married in 1954 and eventually settled in Newport Beach to raise their family.

■ **Charles "Bud" Covey** '53 died on February 12, surrounded by his wife of fifty-eight years and five daughters. He was seventy-nine. While at the UO on a basketball scholarship, Covey joined Phi Delta Theta fraternity and the ROTC. He served in the Air Force for three years before returning to Portland, where he worked for fifty years as an investment broker for Atkinson and Company. He loved sports and for many years held season tickets for both UO basketball and football.

■ **Barbara (Swanson) Lasater** '54 died of natural causes on September 11, 2010, at the age of seventy-eight. Lasater was a lifetime member of both the UO Alumni Association and the American Association of University Women. After graduating from the UO, she worked as assistant dean of women before marrying her husband, Vic. The couple moved to Lakeview, Oregon, where they ran a jewelry store.

Continued on page 52



DUCKS AFIELD

After graduating with a degree in biology, **Daniel Max McLean** '08 joined the Peace Corps as a health educator, serving in the Issyk Kul province of Kyrgyzstan in central Asia (in this shot he's visiting the mountain region of Jeti Oguz). Returning to Oregon, he's spent time working as a snowboard instructor at Mount Hood. 

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 background details and your class year and degree to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

Longtime Portland lawyer and Korean War veteran **Fred Granata '55, '57** died July 1, 2010, after a brief struggle with cancer. He was seventy-nine. In 2007, the Oregon State Bar recognized Granata's fifty years of legal service, thirty-two spent in private practice and eighteen as a senior counsel in Portland.

Mark Gorrell '63 died surrounded by his family and friends on April 6. An architecture graduate, Gorrell focused on green and sustainable structures. He was an environmental and social justice activist and served on the board of the Berkeley Ecology Center. He also taught design and architecture courses at the College of Marin.

Board game business owner **Linda Rae (Willis) Kilgore, MA '64, PhD '73**, died February 7 at the age of sixty-seven. Born in Boston, Kilgore grew up in Alaska before attending the UO. With her doctoral degree in English, Kilgore launched a board game business, End Games, which she managed until 1991. She later taught at Lane Community College and helped develop the school's online curriculum. Kilgore enjoyed camping, river rafting, and, in her later years, online gaming including competitions on Facebook that she played with pals from around the world.

Kappa Kappa Gamma member **Ann (Williams) Hendrickson '67** died February 3 from ovarian cancer. Hendrickson lived with her family in Portland, where she worked for Xerox. Her two sons, **Thomas Hugh Hendrickson Jr. '05** and **Charles Williams Hendrickson '09**, are also Ducks.

Monica Jean Burke '75 died at home on November 27,

2010, after a two-year battle with bone cancer. Burke worked at a public accounting firm in Portland. She then moved to the San Francisco Bay Area, where she was chief financial officer of three publicly traded companies. She retired in 2006 and spent her final years with her husband of twenty-five years in Larkspur, California.

Forty-three-year-old Eugene police officer **John "Chris" Kilcullen '95** died April 22 after being shot in the line of duty. Kilcullen served with the EPD for twelve years and earned more than eighty-five commendations. Outside of his work as a traffic officer, Kilcullen often volunteered in the community. He supported Relay for Life and, after learning how to scuba dive, cleaned tanks at the Oregon Coast Aquarium. Family, colleagues, and community members gathered at Matthew Knight Arena for a public memorial service.

Faculty In Memoriam

John Haislip died on March 13 at the age of eighty-five. Haislip was an English professor emeritus and an accomplished poet who taught creative writing and literature courses for many years. He served in the Coast Guard during World War II.

Robert "Bob" E. Kime died January 4, 2011, of heart failure. He was eighty-two. Before arriving at the UO, Kime studied at the University of Wisconsin, La Crosse and Ohio State University. He taught health education at the UO for almost three decades, retiring in 1990. He served as the Oregon

Track Club's head long jump official and helped officiate the long-jump at the 1984 Olympic Games. Kime also served in the Marine Corps during World War II and in the Navy during the Korean War.

Professor Emeritus **Ken Metzler '51** died at home on April 10. He was eighty-two. Metzler served as the editor of this publication for fifteen years, taking a sabbatical leave in 1966 to earn a master's degree from Northwestern University. He then joined the UO School of Journalism and Communication faculty in 1971, where he worked until his retirement in 1990. Metzler, however, remained active in the SOJC community and in 2008 was inducted into the SOJC Hall of Achievement. Among his many publications was the book *Confrontation: The Destruction of a College President*, about former UO President Charles Johnson.

On March 7, 2011, **Perry John "Jack" Powers '41**, died of heart disease at the age of ninety-one. Survived by his partner of thirty-one years, Powers was one of the UO's first openly gay faculty members. He taught Spanish literature and Romance languages.

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. E-mail to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

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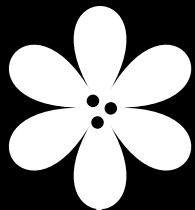
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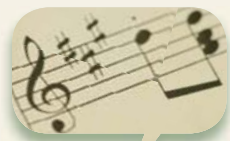
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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Summer issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



Fabulous Forties "Sinbad the Sailor" Canoe Fete float sponsored by Susan Campbell Hall and Sigma Nu

1921 Women's health adviser Dr. Bertha Stuart reports success in fighting the widespread campus problem of underweight women. Among the hundred girls given special diets last term gains ranged from two to thirty-five pounds.

1931 The School of Architecture and Allied Arts brings Frank Lloyd Wright to campus, where he speaks to an audience of 700 and shows a collection of his photographs, plans, and models.

1941 Junior Weekend is a big success—with this year's theme Arabian Nights thick with "mystic atmosphere and Oriental color." The Canoe Fete barges bob down the millrace to the strains of "Rimski-Korsakov and other melodies with an Oriental twang."

1951 Four noted scholars come to campus for a weeklong symposium on nationalism, Russia, and the Far East. One warns that America is playing into communist hands by supporting Asiatic leaders whose policies are hated and outdated.

1961 Various plans are competing for the new 40,000-seat football stadium to be located on

the north side of the Willamette. One plan calls for tiered parking lots rising above the end zones to allow "drive-in" viewing.

1971 A long-held campus tradition ends as the annual spring Canoe Fete, sponsored by the junior class and Greek organizations in conjunction with Mothers' Weekend, is cancelled due to rising costs and diminished student interest.

1981 Paul Olum is named thirteenth president of the University of Oregon.

1991 The family legend says famed UO quarterback Norm Van Brocklin '49 met his future wife Gloria Schiewe '46, MA '49, under a tree behind Deady Hall—where their children have just installed a bench and nearby plaque, which says "It is here we met and here we will always be."

2001 Legends associated with the 2.5-mile network of steam tunnels underneath campus (cockroaches the size of lab rats, escaped lab rats the size of cocker spaniels) are debunked in the pages of *Oregon Quarterly*.



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Photo by David Putzier



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



Dream Child

An adoptive family bonds over backpacks and tiaras

By Melissa Hart

"You won't get your dream child. If you want a tomboy who climbs trees, you're sure to get a princess who wants to stay inside and play fashion show."

Our social worker's words sent shivers of horror across my shoulders. "A . . . princess?"

My husband and I—planning to adopt a foster child from Oregon's Department of Human Services—reviewed toddlers' photos and profiles with an eye for those kids who seemed most compatible with our lifestyle. Jonathan grew up building forts and swinging from vines on his parents' vast acreage in upstate New York. I'd spent my childhood hanging from trees, wading through creeks, and conquering the Pacific on a boogie board. We did not want a princess, and to our delight, we got some help, first from the state, and then from the IRS.

We adopted a merry, round-faced seventeen-month-old girl with a pair of mischievous brown eyes and a toothy trickster smile. We brought Maia home from foster care to a nursery outfitted with owl curtains, birds of prey posters, and a stuffed turkey vulture. Nothing pink, nothing frilly, and no tiara.

A friend had given Maia a picture book about a family who treks past deer and leaping salmon into the backcountry—the illustrations of father, mother, and child looked remarkably like us. Inspired, I read the text to her, then holered for Jonathan. "Hey, let's take this child backpacking!"

Always up for camping, we'd recently discovered the pleasures of hauling our gear miles away from other campers' stereos and BMX bikes. On our second week together as a family, we headed out in our blue Volkswagen Beetle—Maia prattling in her car seat—to Scott Lake off Highway 242. We picnicked on a log beside the lake and offered our daughter California rolls, which she ate, likely because there wasn't a Goldfish cracker in sight.

This was before we capitulated to the cheddar crackers, to the half hour of *Sesame Street* daily, to the pink stuffed poodle. We were new parents, resolute in our determination to produce a junior outdoorswoman. When Maia sobbed in our tent that night, waking up beside two adults who—despite their insistence on "mommy" and "dad"—were still strangers, we shone our flashlights in her face and attempted to calm her. "Hush, sweetie." I hugged my new daughter to me. "You'll scare the owls."

The next morning, we hiked to the frigid, crystalline Tenas Lakes and jumped in. I have photos of Maia wrapped in a towel, postswim, grinning on Jonathan's lap. Back at our camp, she stacked cairns of pebbles and swigged apple juice from her sippy cup like a spent athlete chugging a microbrew. Still, on a hiking trip that ended with the child covered in scarlet blackberry juice and wielding a plastic axe, I worried about what our social worker might say.

The Department of Human Services mandates a six-month probationary period on all adoptions, during which time social workers can remove a child from a placement they deem unfit. I scrubbed the berry juice from Maia's face and hands and asked Jonathan. "What if DHS thinks we're crazy?"

Instead, because we'd adopted a foster kid, they sent us a complimentary pass to Oregon's State Parks. For twenty years, the state has offered the pass to foster and adoptive parents involved with DHS in the hope that children who've had a rough start in life will find solace in nature.

"Awesome!" I slapped together three peanut butter sandwiches and



grabbed Maia's jacket and the pink poodle. "Let's go to Silver Falls State Park!"

We sped past the line of cars outside the parking kiosk and Maia waved the green pass at a chuckling park ranger. A half hour into our hike, we stopped behind the largest falls and giggled at the roaring rush of spray that cast diamond droplets on our child's round cheeks. I kissed her wet nose. "You're such a nature girl!"

And then a babysitter introduced her to Disney's *Beauty and the Beast*. True, the intrepid heroine, Belle, is an excellent horsewoman, and if she blanches at the sight of snarling wolves, who can blame her? But rather than focus on Belle's courage and self-sacrifice, our daughter honed in on her yellow dress—the hoopskirted, off-the-shoulder confection in which she waltzes with the waistcoated beast.

Maia sighed with longing. "It's a princess dress."

Over her curly head, Jonathan and I exchanged looks of terror. We'd read Carmela LaVigna Coyle's picture book *Do Princesses Wear Hiking Boots?* and so we saw how silk and satin might complement, say, a pair of child's Timberlines. Still, we quaked.

Just in time, the IRS stepped in to help.

In the years before we'd adopted, Jonathan and I had been so preoccupied with applications and classes and committees that we missed the fact of the adoption expense tax credit—part of the tax bill signed by President Bush in 2001. The year after Maia's adoption became official, we received a sizable refund check.

"Technically, it's her money." I gaped at the numbers on the check. "We should use it for her."

"Maybe put it in a college fund." Jonathan furrowed his brow, attempting to impersonate a sensible father.

"Or . . ." I leapt to the computer and clicked on a well-worn bookmark. "We could buy kayaks!"

We'd used my recent book advance to purchase a Volkswagen bus complete with stove and refrigerator and pop-up bed, and we'd chugged Maia all over Oregon from Bend's high desert to Portland's Forest Park, from Crater Lake to coastal sand dunes. Kayaks seemed in keeping with our outdoor, antiprincess trajectory, and so we bought two.

Now, we devote most of our weekends to traveling the state, with Maia ever-present and learning to paddle and pedal and snowshoe and imitate owl calls. Still with that trickster smile, she embarks on daylong kayak trips and sleds down snowy thirty-foot slopes. Over her bathing suit or her silk long johns, she wears her "Belle dress." The hoop in the skirt snagged on a bush and fell out. Burrs have tangled in the flimsy tulle sleeves. But the outfit represents what seasoned parents see as an obvious revelation: a child is who she is, regardless of vigilant attempts to make her otherwise.

Jonathan and I have realized something else, as well. Watching the yellow dress bob ahead of us as the tiny Timberlines blur and the sun gleams down on the pink plastic tiara, we know we've proven our social worker wrong. We did get our dream child.

Melissa Hart is the author of the memoir, Gringa: A Contradictory Girlhood (Seal, 2009). She teaches journalism at the University of Oregon.

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