

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

Students Condone Marijuana

The following story is an interview with several University students who use marijuana for various reasons, the names of whom have been changed for the sake of privacy. The names of the students interviewed are:

ANNETTE BUCHANAN, General Managing Editor. "The effects of marijuana are different from those of alcohol. It's not a fair comparison." "The decision to use marijuana was made by me and other students in the fall of the recent year. Marijuana and other drugs are not as addictive as marijuana:

It's not as physically so severe as alcohol. It's much more sensitive, aware, tender, and more aware."

Students chimed in with their own experiences. "You're much more important—rocks, like other people. You're tender and affectionate. You feel the person so much more strongly—intensified."

"I'M FEELING REALLY ALTERED—YOU CAN FEEL IT. It's completely altered—you can feel it. It's completely altered—you can feel it. It's completely altered—you can feel it."

By contrasting marijuana with alcohol, you have complete physical control. You don't lose yourself."

The

Stand

She

Took



...em change character. Bill commented that the pot "head" just like some but it's not necessarily true. They were highly critical of the students referred to in the article. "I don't exist," said Sue.

LIKE A C...
"Someone spending \$15 on drinking a case of beer is like that has got to have become addicted to anything declared.

Then he attacked the marijuana, heroin, and crime. It would be a problem if it were to remind their own business. The high cost of illegal drug."

"Pot isn't expensive," he said. "I would go to great lengths to substitute to get money for my whole anyway."

Joe pointed out that while he was against drugs it "just had to supply."

"The pot laws were put towards its use. They are not... (Continued)

Group Meeting

State of Oregon v. Annette Buchanan

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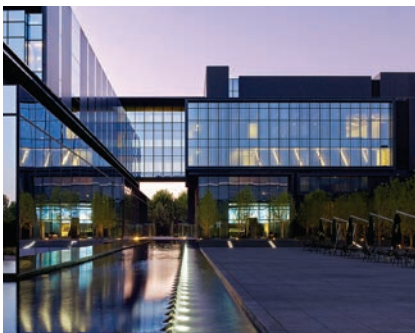
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Oregon

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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

Civil Discourse

We receive scores of alumni magazines here at *OQ* each month. Many of them amount to little more than 64-page marketing brochures, with rosy write-ups about happy students and professors, wise administrators, successful alumni, and generous donors. Others are thoughtful, ambitious journalistic endeavors, presenting a fuller picture of the institutions they represent—the highs and lows, struggles and successes, conflicts and ambiguities. They hold their own against the “real” magazines their audiences could be reading instead. *Oregon Quarterly* aspires to the latter category.

If we do our jobs well, each issue of *Oregon Quarterly* will include a story or two that touches you; that resonates with you as a Duck, yes, but that also goes a bit further and connects the University of Oregon to the wider world. When we hit the mark, we present stories that make you think, or that give you pause, that amuse you, entertain you, or educate you. We offer stories that tell you something new, that, as an editor friend describes it, make you say, “I’ll be damned!”

In presenting such stories, of course, we run the risk of irritating some readers. Our readership spans generations, including UO graduates from the 1940s (or earlier) on, from every field of study, all over the world. For every reader who wants “more philosophy, less football!” we have another who demands “more football, less philosophy!”

Our Spring 2013 issue included two stories in particular that involved issues about which many people have strong, emotional, and differing opinions: the economy and gay rights. In “Clear Economics, Muddled Politics,” Robert Kuttner offered a version of a lecture that he delivered to a standing-room-only audience last fall during his residency as Wayne Morse Chair of Law and Politics. Our cover feature, “All That You Can Be,” offered a look at the personal journey of Brigadier General Tammy Smith ’86 as she navigated a military career under, and eventually beyond, the limitations of “don’t ask, don’t tell.” Both stories prompted heartfelt reader response, some positive, some upset or disappointed. These letters prompted a second round of responses, several of which we’ve included in this issue. Both articles are examples of stories that connect the UO with the wider world. Austerity as economic policy and gay rights are both significant topics of national and international discourse. Both are complex, both provoke strong opinions. We looked at those topics through the lens of the UO, not as a declaration of university policy, but as an example of ways the university community contributes to the discourse.

In this issue, we present a cover story that serves as a reminder of whose shoulders we stand on no matter what we cover or what we have to say about it. It’s the story of UO student-journalist Annette Buchanan, who, in 1966, reported for the *Emerald* on a hot-button issue of her day—marijuana use on campus. The story led to her being charged with contempt of court for refusing to reveal her sources, and her experience put a face on the issue of journalistic privilege at a time before “shield laws” were established, when journalists were advocating for greater protection from prosecution in the course of doing their jobs. It’s hard to imagine this reaction today—a student-journalist going to trial for refusing to name a few students she interviewed who admitted to smoking pot.

As the magazine of the University of Oregon, *Oregon Quarterly* owes our readers—the majority of whom are alumni of this university—the respect and consideration of presenting stories that address real issues, that raise real concerns, and that represent many aspects of the university. The university is a place where people hold and form strong opinions, which they develop and refine through, among other things, ongoing civil discourse. Students like Annette Buchanan deserve much of the credit for our ability to continue that conversation in our pages.

awiens@uoregon.edu

DUTCH BROS.

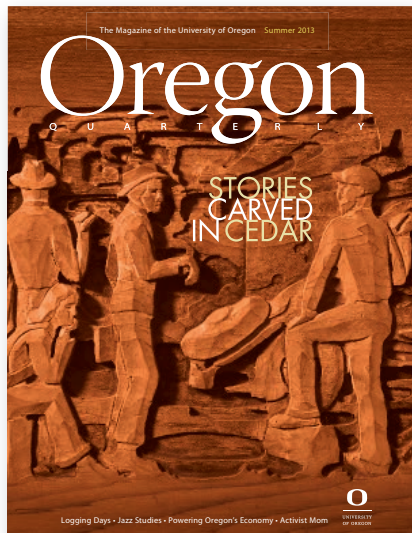
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Timber Memories

Daniel Lindley's "Logging Days" [Summer 2013] brought back vivid memories of my introduction into the world of Oregon lumber mills. Graduating in 1973 with a BBA, I started my quest to be a lumber broker with the then Oregon Pacific wholesale company in Wilsonville. Fortunately for me, OP had an excellent training program; it took us to many Oregon lumber mills to see firsthand how logs were sawn into timbers and lumber. Most of these mills are now long gone.

As Lindley also discovered, one of these mills was the famous Hull-Oakes Lumber Company, which I visited some 40 years ago and met the venerable founder, Ralph Hull. Lindley is absolutely spot-on when he describes Hull as "bearded like an Old Testament patriarch." When you shook this man's hand, you knew immediately it had touched many a piece of machinery and equipment in his sawmill.

My biggest takeaway from this mill was not only the iconic, patient Mr. Hull, but the fact that this ancient mill was still steam-powered! Thank you, Daniel Lindley, for the memories.

Daniel M. Bohrer '73
Lake Oswego

Eleanor, LBJ, and the CCC

I read with great interest the article by Kenneth O'Connell on "Stories Carved in Cedar" [Summer 2013]. O'Connell states that it was a Civilian Conservation Corps camp established at Skinner Butte in Eugene. Actually, it was a National Youth Administration camp. I know because my father, William

L. Lyon, MS '38, was administrator of that camp. The camp was founded in 1935 and dissolved in 1943. When I was born in 1939, that camp was my first home.

In our home we have a wonderful wood carving created by three of the young men in the program, and several photos of my father with Eleanor Roosevelt, taken when she was at the camp on an inspection tour. There was one other large NYA camp, this one in Texas. The administrator of that camp was Lyndon Baines Johnson.

Coralynn (Corky) Lyon Huffsmith '61
Indio, California

Editor's note: Kathleen Duxbury, a researcher who has studied the history of the CCC camps, provides this clarification: The key to the question is the date, 1935. As Coralynn Huffsmith points out, the NYA did not come into being until 1935. It was under the administration of the WPA. The CCC, however, started in 1933—two years earlier. The first three Clough carvings were completed in 1934. The Skinner Butte camp in Eugene would be abandoned by the CCC and turned over to the WPA-NYA, which was not unusual.

Activism Today

In Mary DeMocker's piece, "Sidewalk or Street?" [Summer 2013], the editors introduced the article with their proclamation, "Compelled to step up her activism by the urgency of climate change . . ." These are not the far-left radical activist DeMocker's words. These words are yours, *Oregon Quarterly*.

Gentlemen, please. There is most certainly another side to the global warming debate, and contrary to Al Gore's entire basis for existence, the debate is most certainly not over. A significant portion of the world is skeptical about the exaggerated and phony sense of urgency that manmade carbon emissions are changing the temperature of the planet for the worse.

I don't really care to get into an argument about the climatic science, or lack thereof, on the part of the hysterical environmentalists who believe the sky is falling. But calling a sizable portion of their fellow citizens "deniers" and subsequently dismissing their position despite enormous amounts of scientific evidence that debunks the global warming hoax is simply madness.

Yet again, *Oregon Quarterly* editors show their liberal political affiliation by teeing up this radical leftist activist woman's point of view. One of these days you will come

to understand that there are a great many conservative Oregon alumni who read your slanted publication, only because we are Oregon Ducks first and citizens second.

Steven K. Angvick '89
Burlington, Illinois

I found Mary DeMocker's "Sidewalk or Street?" a real eye-opener into the activists of today and the ongoing conflict between being an "activist mom" or a "soccer mom." When I was at Oregon in the early 1970s, protests were always in the street and the police were always directly in front and ordering us to disperse, which never happened. We usually then got fogged with tear gas. DeMocker seems to have always, in her words, "walked on the edge."

The *Quarterly* has allowed this writer to wander aimlessly down every environmental issue for six pages. It actually got to be fun, while reading it, to guess what her next point was going to be and how she was going to frame it. Milquetoast at best, well below what should be the *Quarterly's* standards.

My own political leanings have swung to the right as I have seasoned over the ages, but fighting the battles, no matter what side you are on, is always best done right down the center of the street.

Rick Pedley '76
Santa Clara, California

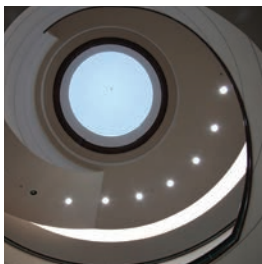
I've just read "Sidewalk or Street?" by Mary DeMocker—a great story of her commitment to the most important cause of our time. The dilemma she faces as a mom and the way she's come down on this issue will, I hope, resonate with a lot of other parents. And the way she described the dynamics of the February march in Eugene brought me right back to the anti-Vietnam War days, when I was in the thick of things in D.C. But this issue [climate change] is so much more dire and difficult for organizers. I respect her for tackling it head on.

Mariette Wickes
Eugene

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 or e-mail quarterly@uoregon.edu.

Onward!



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Good Cops

The article on Officer Ellis ["Marching to His Own Beat," Summer 2013] reminded me of Officer Dick Loveall, who patrolled the campus in the late '60s. I had both the fortune and misfortune of knowing (and of being known to) Officer Loveall, who stopped me more than once on my obnoxiously loud motorcycle. Loveall had a way of treating even this unkempt and rebellious college kid with respect and humor (even while writing a ticket), and his example inspired me to eventually pursue a career in law enforcement. I tried to look him up a few years ago to say thanks, and was sad to learn he had died. Officers like Loveall and Ellis, who sincerely know and care about their community and who approach the job with humor and creativity, are some of law enforcement's (and society's) greatest assets.

*Pete Small '70
Ridgefield, Washington*

Relevant Discourse

I was excited to see the article about Brigadier General Tammy Smith ["Ask, Tell," Spring 2013] in part because I have been hoping for this kind of movement on the part of the military for a long time, and in part because I was a friend of Smith when we went to school together at the UO in the mid-'80s.

Tom Shimshaw took the time to write a letter to the editor expressing his opinion that this article was irrelevant. I can assure him that it was not irrelevant to many of us. Smith's distress around the necessity of hiding her sexual orientation while at the UO was palpable to all who knew her well. The experience was ubiquitous: scary, sad, frustrating, and unfair. The reason lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender people share their gender and sexual orientation is because if we do not (or feel that we cannot), then people do not know this critical part of our lives. This means we cannot be ourselves. Not only that, it is pretty hard to find a mate—or even good friends—if you can't tell people about your sexual orientation.

In our heteronormative culture, heterosexuals have the privilege of exercising "decorum" when it comes to sexual orientation because it is the custom to assume people are straight until proven otherwise. I wonder how Shimshaw would feel if people assumed he was gay and he was trying to find an intimate partner, but couldn't tell anyone he was

attracted to women? I hear he was offended by this article. I am fervently hoping more people are offended by his letter than by the beautiful article offered by *Oregon Quarterly* about civil rights granted and long overdue.

*Kaseja Wilder '12
Eugene*

Critical of Critics

I'm disappointed that the *Quarterly* would allow its letters section to become a venue for partisan political talking points, particularly demonstrably false ones. Not one but two responders to Robert Kuttner's Spring 2013 column ["Clear Economics, Muddled Politics"] blamed Dodd-Frank for causing the housing crisis by "forcing" banks to lend to unqualified homebuyers. This is apparently a popular current talk radio theme.

It is also, of course, inaccurate. The 2008 collapse could hardly have been caused by a bill passed in 2010. (In fact, Dodd-Frank was a direct response to the crisis.) And it's a matter of public record that the banks eagerly, not reluctantly, made millions of unwise loans because they generated rich revenues.

The free exchange of ideas is always to be encouraged, but the *Quarterly's* self-described "right to edit for clarity" includes the responsibility to edit for documentable untruth.

*Mike Gaynes '78
Moss Beach, California*

Of the four critical letters you printed in the Summer 2013 issue, three did not indicate their graduation from any institution of higher learning. As a two-time Duck who is sick of stupid Tea Party drivel, I wonder if you print just anyone's diatribe. Robert Kuttner is a credentialed scholar whose contribution was brilliant, IMHO. I am interested in scholarly discourse from those who have bothered to invest in an education and serious work in their field. None of those critics demonstrated they knew anything about the area of their criticism.

I'm a big proponent of free speech. They can stand on the street corner or Fox News and spew that stuff all day long. And I can choose not to expose myself to them. Please set a higher standard for letters to the editor in *Oregon Quarterly*. Everything else was just great. Thanks for your good work.

*Nyla L. Jebousek '94, JD '97
Newport*

Philip Ratcliff's justification for the internment of Japanese Americans during World

War II is way off base ["Letters," Summer 2013]. He mistakenly justifies this massive violation of civil liberties because [of the war with Japan]. He also explains that the American public was frightened of a West Coast invasion due to a "ready-made collaborationist population." We were also at war with Germany and Mussolini's Italy... why weren't German or Italian Americans rounded up as well and interned?

His rationale is flawed because he makes no mention of the fact that the majority of those interned were American citizens, who received no due process and were never actually accused or convicted of treason or any other crimes. The factors that led to this massive civil rights violation were heavy anti-Japanese sentiment along the West Coast, wartime hysteria, and lack of political leadership. None of the intelligence gathered during this time supported the notion of treason or collaboration among the Japanese living along the West Coast. I would direct Mr. Ratcliff to read the findings and report from the Commission on Wartime Relocation and Internment of Civilians. In this report, which was released in 1983, he will learn the truth and facts surrounding this period of our country's history.

*David Maeda '94
Eugene*

Uni High Forever!

Glen Knowlton laments that "Uni High is almost completely forgotten" ["Letters," Spring 2013]. There is a way to keep that memory alive. Former students are funding an endowed scholarship given to a secondary education student each year. Contributions can be made to the UO Foundation (541-302-0300) designated for the University High School Scholarship. This will keep the memory alive long after we former students are gone.

*Delores Moreland (Helen Delores
Damewood Moreland) '58, MA '74
University High School '51
Eugene*

Correction

In the Summer 2013 issue's story about the University of Oregon partnership with the African nation of Gabon, "Nota Bene," the amount of the Gabonese contribution to the endeavor was misstated at one point as \$25 million; the correct figure is \$20 million.

YEAH, WE'RE

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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

'Autumn Bouquets for Everybody'

Intimate personal letters can provide unmatched insight into the inner workings of their author's mind. The letters of noted Northwest painter Morris Graves (1910–2001) show a complex character pulled by competing, sometimes-contradictory impulses. While he desired an active social life, for example, he also sought out and enjoyed his solitary time, especially in nature, as is clear in the letters excerpted here from Morris Graves: Selected Letters (University of Washington Press, 2013) edited by Vicki Halper, formerly the modern art curator at the Seattle Art Museum, and Lawrence Fong '72, past curator of American and regional art at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. With the extensive holdings of artwork by Graves at the JSMA and many of the artist's 40 cartons of letters now preserved in Knight Library's Special Collections and University Archives, the UO has become a center for Morris Graves studies.

Morris Graves to his mother, Helen Graves

Eureka, California, October 11, 1965

This Monday morning is such a glamorous sunshine day (after several overcast days) that I'm in a hurry to get back out to The Lake [the artist's home in the redwood forest near Eureka, California]. I've decided not to work out there today but just explore parts of the forest I've not yet taken time to explore. I did this for a couple of hours one day last week and discovered such beautiful great one-hundred-year-old mature white firs (my favorite of all forest trees) that on my way back to the cabin I got to wondering if I could ever make a path to them (instead of a trail)—a path that it might [be] possible to push you along in a wheelchair so you could see them. Something about these great old mature giant trees makes my heart go out to them. I love them more than my fellow man. Or so I feel sometimes. They stand in the forest with such serenity and character, their lives so resolved—so all-of-a-piece—and the forest is so deep and in places almost impenetrable that many of these great trees have never been seen by man. This gives them some deep quietude of their own, and, although you may think I'm waxing a bit emotional in this letter, I

lean with my arms outstretched against these great trees when I discover them and my heart floods with tears of love for them. I am *far* from what's called a "naturalist" (or what's called a "bird-watcher") but I'm *not* far from what's called a "solitary." I love to be alone in nature where no one has ever been and where there's not a chance that someone is going to be.

Morris Graves to his brother, Wallace Graves

La Conner, Washington, undated

Dear Wallace,

I am at La Conner alone for a few days' rest. . . .

East of town a mile or so . . . and on a wooded "pleasant ridge" in the cemetery and . . . a few times I have been there during the years to see the lichened markers—and think those thoughts that marvel at the names and dates (1880). Seems old and bleak—but more—those thoughts more full of poignant sadness than an 1880 plush family photo album—more full of sadness that's like sudden sharp despair and grief. . . .

It occurred to me while marveling at the whole sight of this little cemetery that I'd make autumn bouquets of wildflowers



*Flowers in Pitcher, late 1940s–early 1950s,
watercolor and colored chalk on paper.*

for everybody there—the roadside rows of weedy Michaelmas daisy and late clover and lupin, etc., would make sweet little nosegay-like bouquets. So I decided to do this and, rain or shine, return with them today. In my feelings and thoughts about this plan, I somewhat fancied for myself to move at a



“When [Graves] presents bouquets to the dead, he puts us on notice that his flower paintings, like his bird paintings, have deeply emotional content.”

—Morris Graves Selected Letters, page 29




ABOVE: Cluster of Lily-of-the-Valley Plants, ca. 1954, LEFT: Six Bottles, Three Flowers, ca. 1950

rhythmical pace—not even slightly meditative—as I, careless of names or bramble-lost graves—or recent flower decorations left by families—moved from one to the next to the next to the next, impartially placing an equal bouquet in an equal unpausing rhythm—like a dance, a dance leaning from left to right across a stage. . . .

I drove to the cemetery, parked at the gate, lifted out the box and immediately announced, calling aloud—and quite aloud—“Autumn bouquets for everybody!” (Oh lonely.) (Like a lone dance.) I placed one and then the next and then the next, saying, “Flowers for you—and for you—and for

you—and for you—rest, sweet souls—rest, rest, dear souls—I love you—it is late summer—it is autumn—the sun shines, the air breathes—you have autumn crows and now also this little new bouquet—you are clothed over with a sheet of ivy—you with a sheet of stone—you with a fallen iron fence—you with dry grass—you with dry lawn, you with brambles, you with a fallen marker—this little bouquet for you—and this one for you—for you, dear—are you a child?—are you a boy?—are you a man?—were you young?—were you old?—were you lonely and caught in the drift of this life too?—did you love the wind? and this autumn sun?”

I felt marvelously glad that I had done it. I felt sad too. I felt kind of charmed by this sadness, and so I held the pause—the rhythm was over. 

Dark Response to Our 'Fecund Mental Derelicts'

To our current sensibilities, historic accounts of treatments for the mentally ill may seem as twisted and macabre as some of the patients' most tortured hallucinations. Since it was established in 1883, the Oregon State Hospital in Salem has used the accepted treatments of the day—which have, at times, included lobotomies, dangerous medications, electroshock, and sterilization. In the following excerpt from *Inside the Oregon State Hospital: A History of Tragedy and Triumph* (History Press, 2013), author Diane Goeres-Gardner '71, MA '83, recounts the history of forced sterilization at the facility and chronicles how beliefs about the practice changed over time.

THE HISTORY OF THE EUGENICS Movement shows us that absolute power unhampered by conscience or compassion results in abuse of those who are the most defenseless. In Oregon it was those judged to be mentally ill or homosexual.

Between 1917 and 1983 it's estimated 2,648 Oregon citizens were forcibly sterilized by the state. Oregon became notorious for targeting young people labeled delinquent, women who'd given birth to illegitimate children, and homosexual men. Most of the operations were castrations for men and ovariectomies for women—the most severe forms of sterilization.

Eugenics is the applied science of a biological and social movement, which advocated sterilizing, or preventing the procreation of undesirable human populations to improve the genetic composition of humanity. The philosophy became widely popular in the mid-1920s and continued until the 1940s when the Holocaust was discovered in Germany. Eugenics theory rested on the presumption that people could measure and evaluate what constituted better or best in another human being. In the early 1900s intelligence as perceived by social class, education, income, and race became the primary focus of the Eugenicians.

It's claimed that 59 percent of the 509 sterilizations performed at OSH between 1918 and 1941 were women who received salpingectomies (removal of the fallopian tubes) or had their ovaries removed. The majority of the men were castrated (68 percent) while the remainder received vasectomies. If birth control was the real goal, vasectomies would have been enough to accomplish their purpose and castrations would not have been necessary.

In 1936 OSH superintendent R. E. Lee Steiner wrote the following: "Sterilization has been 'advocated for all cases of insan-



Toward a brighter future The aged and often dingy Salem hospital (shown here) was replaced in 2011 by a new 620-bed hospital offering modern treatment and recovery facilities.

ity.' Nevertheless it was carried out in but few cases because of legal restrictions; the patient and his next friend must both sign the petition." Later he went on to advocate a change in Oregon's marriage laws to prevent marriage between epileptics, those who were feeble-minded, mentally sick, chronic criminals, and degenerates of every sort. "Such an act would be a most potent factor in the program of prevention."

The men serving on the Board of Eugenics were intensely verbal about their support of Eugenics theory and their animosity toward the mentally ill in Oregon. Dr. John C. Evans, superintendent of OSH from 1937 through 1948, supported the Oregon sterilization law and believed it should also be extended to those outside Oregon's institutions. He stated that the law, "which he held weak in that it deals only with persons already locked up and

not high-grade morons, potential and prolific breeders of the unfit." He also supported the proposed marriage laws to be voted on in the fall of 1938 and believed that the physical exams required before marriage should be extended to include women, and both sexes should undergo mental exams as well. This would determine whether women were epileptic or unfit in any way for motherhood.

The largest newspaper in Oregon, the Republican-controlled *Oregonian*, supported Eugenics and used its power to inflame public opinion. In a news article headlined "Fecund Mental Derelicts of Oregon Called Menace by State Health Official," Dr. Floyd South, a member of the Oregon State Board of Health and the Board of Eugenics, stated on June 17, 1938, "Feeble-minded, insane, and other-

Between 1917 and 1983 an estimated 2,648 Oregon citizens were forcibly sterilized by the state.

wise mentally and physically incompetent persons in Oregon are reproducing twice as fast as normal persons.” He went on to state that within 200 years half the state’s population would be confined to public institutions if rigid sterilization laws were not enforced. This applied to the insane as well as “mentally weak persons.”

In 1940 Dr. Richard B. Dillehunt, dean of the University of Oregon Medical School and chairman of the committee appointed by Governor Charles H. Martin to analyze Oregon’s responsibility to the insane, wrote

a series of articles for the *Oregon Journal* reporting his findings. He believed mental illness could be prevented by marriage laws and sterilization. He stated, “Idiots, imbeciles and morons are singularly moved by the primitive biologic impulses and spawn prodigiously. Here is a place where social groups and others might get together and make an effort: for, mark my word, with the prolificacy and multiplication of the feeble-minded, such social groups might soon find themselves on the defensive instead of in a position to help.”

The admitted number of people sterilized under Oregon’s law varies from 2,341 to 2,648. Approximately 65 percent were women and 35 percent were men. One-third were diagnosed as mentally ill. The surgery center at the Oregon State Hospital served as the main facility for the operations. The last case was considered in 1981 and Senator John Kitzhaber pushed the legislature to abolish the State Board for Social Protection in December 1983.

Men who were castrated as young as age 16 suffered the lack of face and body

hair and eventually high blood pressure throughout their whole lives. Many didn’t know what was happening to them or suffered severe pain during the surgery as a result of inadequate anesthesia. At least 100 young girls living at the state training school for delinquent girls were sterilized before 1941. At least one Oregon woman died as a result of a forced hysterectomy.

In August 2002, news that Oregon’s Eugenics records had been shredded provided incentive for Oregon to acknowledge what had been done to thousands of Oregonians against their will. On December 2, 2002, Oregon became the second state to issue a public apology. Governor John Kitzhaber apologized to the 2,600 Oregonians sterilized during the last 60 years in a ceremony held at the state capital. “The state forcibly sterilized children,” the governor told the crowd, “as well as people with mental disorders, disabilities, epilepsy, and criminal records. Nearly all of them were vulnerable, helpless citizens entrusted to the care of the state by their families or by the courts.”



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The Taste of College

In 1961, university life was completely different than it is today—or was it? In “A Puppy Dog Tale,” a lighthearted item from the 1961 Oregana (the UO’s yearbook), author Ron Abell, MS ’60, and illustrator Jim Cloutier ’63, MFA ’69, enlisted the format of a children’s storybook to tell the tale of how a little yellow puppy learns what life’s really about. From a Duck. At the Fishbowl. Sound familiar?



ONCE UPON A TIME A YELLOW puppy, after chewing up an old shoe, a welcome mat, and the brim of a discarded fedora, found a university catalog in his mouth. He had chewed his way through the table of contents, the faculty, and the admission requirements, and was halfway through scholarships and other grants, when he decided he very much liked the taste of college. So much, in fact, that he decided to get more than just a taste. So the yellow puppy trotted out to the nearest highway and stood there, smiling, waiting for someone to drive up and give him a ride.

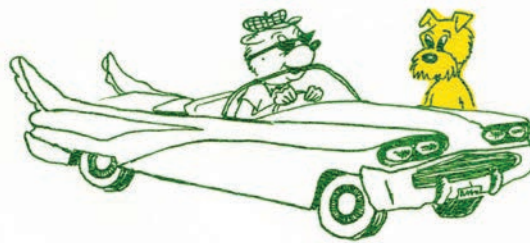
After a while a car stopped and a big bear offered him a ride. “Come to my college,” said the big bear. “It’s in a big city and every year we all go to Pasadena and play football.” But the yellow puppy thought, who needs football? And he told the big bear that he was sorry but he would wait a while longer. The next car that stopped was driven by a farmer. “Come to my college,” said the farmer. “You’ll learn how to drive a tractor and how to hoe a furrow and how to cash parity checks.” But the yellow puppy didn’t know what a furrow was, much less a parity check, so he said he was sorry but he’d wait a while longer. Then another car

stopped and a duck offered him a ride. “Come to my college,” said the duck. “It’s surrounded by pretty trees and we all have fun and we learn what life is really about.” The yellow puppy thought about trees and about having fun, and he sincerely did want to learn what life was all about, so he went with the duck.

At the duck’s college the yellow puppy ran around smiling and barking and looking at all the trees. People petted him and fed



him hamburgers and invited him to come along with them while they had fun. The yellow puppy visited the Fishbowl and watched all the ducks playing bridge and drinking coffee and talking about ParisFranceKarlMarxForeignFilmsandOlympiaBeer. “Bark! Bark!” he said, wagging his tail and grinning, and what he meant was, “What is life really about?” Then the yellow puppy was invited to Maxie’s, where a lot of ducks were talking. The puppy listened hard, but it seemed to him after a while that the ducks were



him hamburgers and invited him to come along with them while they had fun. The yellow puppy visited the Fishbowl and watched all the ducks playing bridge and drinking coffee and talking about ParisFranceKarlMarxForeignFilmsandOlympiaBeer. But nobody seemed to be learning what life was

FilmsandOlympiaBeer. “Bark! Bark!” he said, wagging his tail and grinning, and what he meant was, “What is life really about?” Then the yellow puppy was invited to Maxie’s, where a lot of ducks were talking. The puppy listened hard, but it seemed to him after a while that the ducks were





talking about KarlFranceParisBeerForeign-MarxandOlympiaFilms, which was indeed strange. But it was fun, and the yellow puppy did the same thing the second day he was at the duck's college, and the third day, and the fourth day.

After a while the yellow puppy had become a big yellow dog and he was still spending all his time at the Fishbowl, and the Side, and at Maxie's. He had a lot of



friends and a lot of fun. Every year he would make a few new friends, although a few old friends would sadly move along somewhere, out to a different sort of world where, the yellow dog imagined, they would commence finally to learn what life was really about. When he thought about it, which didn't happen very often, the yellow dog decided that it might be nice to go along with them someday. But after all, he had plenty of time, plenty of time. ☺



Oregana was published from 1910 to 1968 and from 1975 to 1980. It was preceded by yearbooks titled The Webfoot (1902, '03, and '05); Bulletin: a Class Book (1907-8); and, believe it or not, The Beaver (1909). Google "UO Oregana" or visit OregonQuarterly.com for a link to all the yearbooks, which are available online through the UO Libraries.

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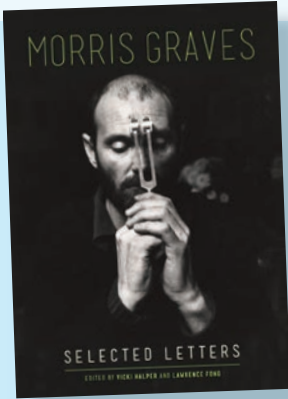
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Excerpted in this issue

MORRIS GRAVES: SELECTED LETTERS Edited by Vicki Halper and Lawrence Fong (*University of Washington Press, 2013*)

INSIDE OREGON STATE HOSPITAL: A HISTORY OF TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH by Diane L. Goeres-Gardner (*The History Press, 2013*)



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.

Basalt City (CreateSpace Independent Publishing Platform, 2013) by Lawrence Hobart, MEd '53. Based on events in La Grande, Oregon, during the early 1920s, Hobart's historical novel details a Ku Klux Klan-backed campaign to outlaw parochial schools—and in doing so, to take a swipe at Catholic immigrants. The story of fictional Basalt City “presages America’s 21st-century clash of cultures, and poses an historic warning against extremism in curtailing individual rights to guard majority values.”

Building for War: The Epic Saga of the Civilian Contractors and Marines of Wake Island in World War II (Casemate Publishers, 2012) by Bonita Gilbert '88, MA '92. The author “sheds new light on why the United States was taken by surprise in December 1941 and shines a spotlight on the little-known, virtually forgotten story of a group of civilian workers and their families,” about 125 of them from Oregon, including Gilbert's father.

El Salvador Could Be Like That: A Memoir of War, Politics, and Journalism from the Front Row of the Last Bloody Conflict of the U.S.—Soviet Cold War (Karina Library Press, 2013) by Joseph B. Frazier '70. In this “fast-paced adventure story” that blends journalism with memoir, Frazier, a Eugene native and former Associated Press correspondent, recounts his experience covering El Salvador's civil war in the 1980s.

Lincoln and Oregon Country Politics in the Civil War Era (Oregon State University Press, 2013) by Richard W. Etulain, MA '62, PhD '66. Etulain challenges the argument that residents of the Pacific Northwest were passive spectators of disunion during the Civil War era and exhibits “a keen eye for both the sweep of history and the small anecdotes that make the best history books irresistible.”

Night Is Simply a Shadow (Tavern Books, 2013) by Greta Wrolstad '03. In this posthumous book of poetry, Wrolstad “navigates the metaphorical intersection of internal and external landscapes” with a writing style that is “lyrically rich, formally buoyant, and constantly inventive.”

The Ecological Other: Environmental Exclusion in American Culture (University of Arizona Press, 2013) by Sarah Jaquette Ray, PhD '09. “Ray challenges assumptions in the field of environmentalism . . . [and] raises critical questions about the way that environmentalism excludes certain groups.”

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Author and poet and winner of the 2002 Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize and a Washington Book Award.



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Badger State Bred The third of eight children, Davis was raised on a small family-run dairy farm: no indoor plumbing, harsh Wisconsin winters. She excelled in school, becoming salutatorian of her high school class, graduating from college in math and PE, then earning a master's degree in health. Her charred high school math award (above) was retrieved from the ashes of a house fire.

44 Years, 17 Jobs, 1 Impressive Woman

A fixture on campus since the 1960s and as amiable as she is energetic, Lorraine Davis, PhD '72, is a Duck to be reckoned with.



Davis helps whip up UO football fans at the pep rally before the Rose Bowl game in January 2012 (Oregon 45, Wisconsin 38).



Career Launch She began her UO PhD studies in 1969, focusing on health education and statistics. Popular with students, Davis climbed the academic ranks during the '70s and '80s, becoming a full professor in 1986. She coauthored a textbook, *Access to Health*, in 1988; published a score of refereed academic papers; and chaired or served on (an astounding) 220-plus dissertation and master's thesis committees.



Batter Up Early on at the UO, she served as interim coach for the women's softball team—and drove the team van to away games.



Six Degrees of Education She dated (11 years!) then married her high school beau, Mason Davis, MS '71, PhD '75 (counseling psychology), with whom she has two children: Josh, MEd '00, and Zach '02, MEd '06.


Many Hats and Addresses Named vice provost for academic personnel in 1990, Davis oversaw employment decisions for all university faculty members. In the course of her 44-year (and counting) career at the UO, she has had 17 different job titles and been located (and relocated, and relocated) in 18 offices across campus.



The Rose Tattoo At the 1995 Rose Bowl, Davis and five friends pledged to get inked to commemorate the UO victory (which wasn't); she recommitted to her pledge before the 2012 Rose Bowl game and, with the Ducks' win, followed through.

Badge of Honor One of her responsibilities as vice provost for academic affairs was campus ROTC. Attending a regional leadership meeting at Fort Lewis in Washington, one afternoon's activity choices were hearing a lecture or hitting the Army obstacle course to run, slide, climb, carry, and crawl her way to earning a recon badge. No hesitation, she was out the door.



A Benchmark Career A bench commemorating Lorraine Davis's remarkable—and still ongoing—career of contributions to the UO is located just behind the Pioneer Mother statue. 

—Ross West, MFA '84



Lifelong Outdoorswoman She's an avid cross-country skier; has canoed miles of Minnesota, Washington, and Wisconsin waterways; has climbed every major peak in Oregon; and ran the Paavo Nurmi Marathon, a half marathon, and many 5K and 10K races.



Administrative Utility Infielder Retirement in 2004 and elevation to professor emerita status did not end Davis's UO career. She was interim provost for about a year, and filled in as interim athletic director for about six months following Mike Bellotti's departure. For a time, Davis simultaneously served as special assistant to the UO's president, provost, and athletic director. Today she works on the oversight and evaluation of support services for student-athletes and is a liaison between the Office of Academic Affairs and the Department of Intercollegiate Athletics concerning academic matters.

TATTOO AND BENCH PHOTOS BY JACK LIU; ALL OTHER PHOTOS BY STEVE SMITH—IMAGINE PHOTOGRAPHICS

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

World Leader in the House

The Dalai Lama filled the Matthew Knight Arena.

THEY ARRIVED BY FOOT, BICYCLE, shuttle, taxi, and wheelchair. Some leaned on canes. A few limped in on crutches. But come to Matthew Knight Arena they did, 11,000 of them on a sunny afternoon in May. They came to hear words spoken by a venerable world leader whose spiritual lineage reaches back centuries, and who was, for decades, the spiritual and political head of the exiled people of Tibet, yet who prefers to call himself a “humble Buddhist monk.”

For more than an hour before His Holiness Tenzin Gyatso, the 14th Dalai Lama, was scheduled to speak, the eager, the curious, and the devout lined up in front of the security detectors placed at the three entrances to the arena. The mood was upbeat, expectant. New-age fashionistas showed off their ethnic jewelry and sparkly scarves. Friends chatted. Couples held hands.

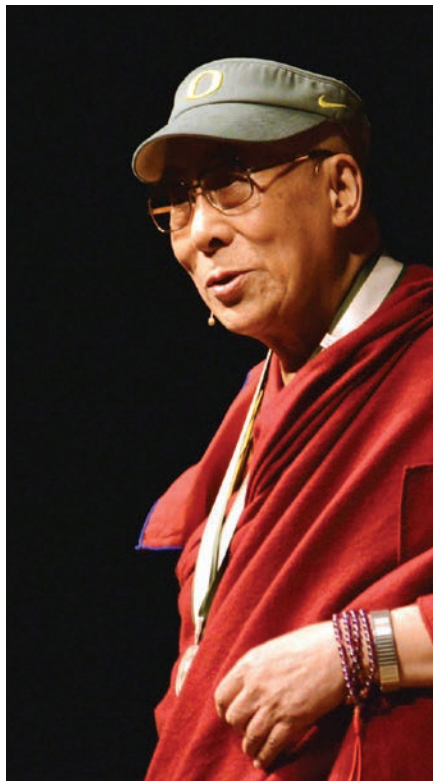
“Seeing him speak, I think it will change my life,” said Sophie Thompson, a UO sophomore.

In 1959, when the Dalai Lama was 24, just a few years older than Thompson, he was forced to flee his homeland of Tibet following a Chinese invasion. He established his home in exile in Dharamsala, India. For the next five decades he garnered worldwide respect for his commitment to the Buddhist teachings of compassion, nonviolence, and religious tolerance along with his unwavering support for the Tibetan people. Among the many honors he’s received is the Nobel Peace Prize (1989).

Josh Ford brought his 10-year-old daughter to the talk because, he said, “I think it’s important for her to hear the message the Dalai Lama wants to share about peace.”

Rabbi Hanan Sills ’78 said he almost stayed home and watched the talk via the Internet, but was glad he made the effort to see the Dalai Lama in person.

“I value his teachings, his being in the world, his way of living, his presence,” said Sills, who led the Hillel Center at the university from 1984 to 1998,



and taught in various departments.

Also in line were scores of middle school students wearing burgundy and gold T-shirts with the words “Peace Jam Northwest 2013” on the front, and on the back the lines “My brain and my heart are my temple. My philosophy is kindness.” Bryan Costa, of Monroe Middle School, said the youths are part of a program, begun by the Dalai Lama and fellow Nobel Peace Prize winner Desmond Tutu, to teach young people about peace.

Inside, almost every seat in the vast arena was filled—tickets for the event reportedly sold out in 30 minutes. The stage was festooned with flowers and at its center sat an elegant red chair donated by La-Z-Boy Furniture Gallery in Eugene, owned by Brad Parker ’89.

When His Holiness—also known as Yeshin Norbu (the Wish-Fulfilling Gem) or Kundun (the Presence)—walked onto the stage, the crowd greeted him with a stand-

ing ovation. He stood in bright stage lights, but also appeared projected on the arena’s scoreboard replay screens, each 20 feet by 12 feet, so even those with upper-level seats could see him up close. Taking his time, the Dalai Lama bowed to all quarters of the arena, then motioned the audience to sit.

His Holiness’s visit to Eugene was more than a decade in the making. It was initiated by the Eugene Sakya Center, a Tibetan Buddhist group that offers meditation sessions and classes on Buddhist fundamentals. One of Sakya’s resident teachers, Lady Palmo, was wounded and her parents and three siblings were killed during the same invasion that forced the Dalai Lama to flee Tibet. She was 15 at the time and spent the next 16 years meditating in caves in Tibet and India, “transforming the adversity she had experienced into forgiveness, compassion, and joy,” according to the center’s website. Palmo and her family moved to Cottage Grove in 1997. Her sons, Jigme Rinpoche and Ngaglo Rinpoche, head the Sakya Center.

For almost a decade, Lady Palmo wrote monthly letters to the Dalai Lama, asking him to come to Eugene. The Sakya Center secured the cooperation of four University of Oregon presidents (one interim), which was an essential requirement for an appearance.

According to Mark Unno, UO associate professor of religious studies, a committee made up of university administrators, logistics experts, venue specialists, and members of the Sakya Center met weekly to finalize detailed plans for the visit. The U.S. State Department and the Eugene Police Department hammered out transportation security arrangements. The center and the university coordinated with the Maitripa Buddhist College in Portland, which cohosted the visit and sponsored a series of events, including a talk by His Holiness at the Portland Veterans Memorial Coliseum.

“It was an amazing process to be involved in during the last nine months,” Unno says, “for all these people to come

together for one purpose—the successful visit of the Dalai Lama. It was a signature event for the university.”

At the arena, UO president Michael Gottfredson presented His Holiness, 78, with the Presidential Medal, given to the world’s foremost citizens honoring their leadership in the global community. Then one more gift, a bit less weighty: in keeping with his custom when speaking at universities, His Holiness received and, broadly smiling, donned a UO sports visor. So bedecked, and with no notes, he began his talk. He delivered his message of compassion, global interconnectedness, tolerance, and the oneness of humanity with his well-known gentle humor.

“I notice in America, knowledge about outside world, sometimes limited,” he said with a chuckle.

He also described the effect of selfishness on the human heart. “I, I, I, me, mine—such people [who say those words] have great risk of heart attack,” he said. “Inside, strong self-centered attitude. Extreme selfish, sometimes I call blind selfish. That self-

ish closes our inner door. [They] find it very difficult to reach out to other people. You feel lonely, then more anxiety, more suspicious, more distrust. That’s the cause of heart attack.”

His Holiness told the crowd the next Dalai Lama could very well be a woman (and likely “very, very attractive”); that the under-30 generation “has the opportunity to create new shape of the century” and that, when it comes to community affairs, “action is more important than prayer.” He exhorted the audience to face complex issues with wisdom, warm-heartedness, and patience.

“There is a Tibetan saying, ‘nine times failure—nine times effort,’” he said. “Sometimes you American brothers and sisters, too much impatience.”

The day following the talk, Tibetans Lama Jigme and Kyizom Wangmo, who own Potala Gate import store in Eugene, remained elated at having seen the man they consider a father figure and spiritual leader. Jigme and Wangmo were among a handful of others from the local Tibetan

“I notice in America, knowledge about outside world, sometimes limited,” he said with a chuckle.

community who had greeted the Dalai Lama at a smaller event before his Knight arena speech.

“Being in his presence, the feeling is not just that you are blessed but that all your negative karma has been removed, just by seeing his face,” said Jigme, whose words were translated by Wangmo. His Holiness touched Jigme’s prayer beads and blew on them, fulfilling his deepest wish, he said.

“Being there, being able to touch his robe, was a life-changing experience,” Wangmo remembered. “Your whole life has changed for the better. Now, you feel you are weightless.”

—Alice Tallmadge, MA '87

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LEGISLATIVE UPDATE

New Board to Govern the UO

State legislature approves S.B. 270, establishing board of trustees

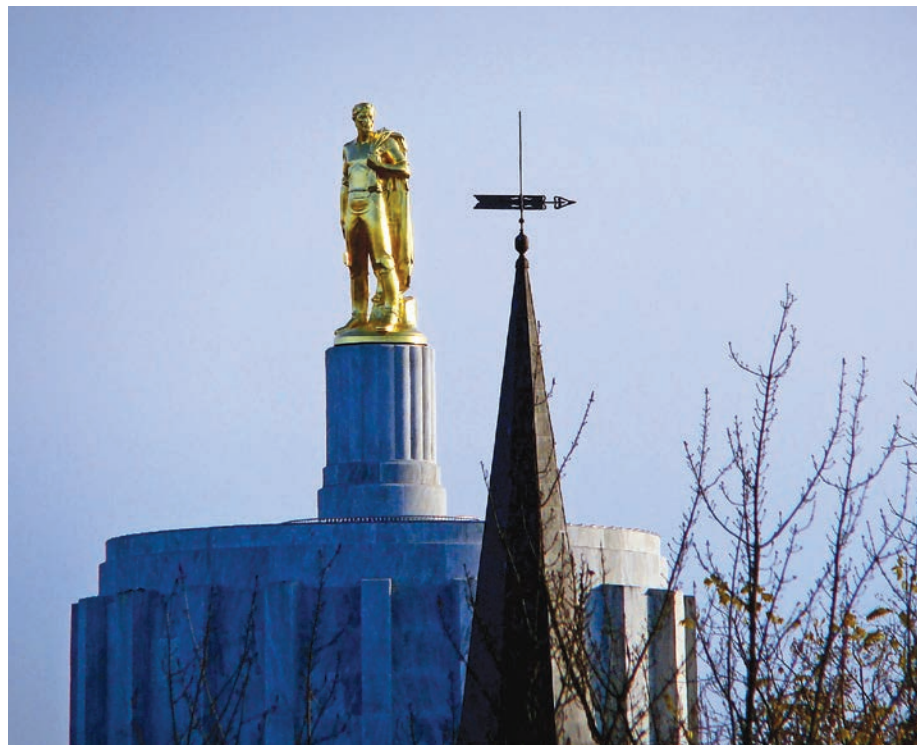
THE OREGON LEGISLATIVE Assembly has authorized the establishment of an institutional governing board for the University of Oregon, a shift in governance structure that will significantly change the way the university is managed. Senate Bill 270, which passed 23–7 in the Senate and 44–15 in the House during the final days of the 2013 legislative session, establishes institutional boards for the UO, Portland State University, and Oregon State University. It also creates a process for Oregon’s other four public universities to seek their own governing boards in the future.

The legislation creates an 11- to 15-member board of trustees for the UO, with members to be appointed by the governor and confirmed by the Oregon Senate by mid-September. (At press time, the governor’s office was accepting nominations for membership on the new board.)

The board will be authorized to issue revenue bonds (to be repaid from the university’s own resources) to pay for the acquisition and construction of property and facilities. It will develop and approve each year’s university budget, will have the authority to hire and fire the president, and will manage existing UO buildings and property on behalf of the state. The board will set tuition rates for out-of-state and graduate students, and will have limited authority to raise resident undergraduate tuition, with legislative approval needed for any increase greater than 5 percent.

“Local governing boards at our public universities will produce increased transparency and public accountability, while at the same time leveraging increased private investment and community engagement,” said Governor John Kitzhaber in a July 3 statement, issued as the legislation headed into a vote. The governor signed the bill into law in August.

The state’s public universities have been managed collectively by the Oregon State Board of Higher Education since 1929, when the legislature established the




statewide board to provide central oversight and eliminate unnecessary duplication within the system. Support for local, institutional governing boards has gained momentum in recent years, however, with PSU and the UO issuing white papers in 2009 and 2010, respectively, calling for a restructuring of their governance relationships with the state in response to the changing economic climate and needs of public higher education institutions.

UO President Michael Gottfredson, who assumed office in August 2012, is the fourth consecutive president of the university to advocate for a shift to an institutional governance structure. Citing the benefits of a board focused on the particular needs and individual mission of the UO, Gottfredson testified in support of the bill before the state legislature in April, telling the Senate Committee on Education and Workforce Development that passage of S.B. 270 would give the University of Oregon a board that:

- Works to assist and support the university, not merely as fiduciaries, but also through intimate familiarity with the university, engagement in developing a strategic vision of the university, and dialogue with the leadership of the university
- Provides the university with connections to the business, civic, and opinion leaders of the state
- Provides intellectual support for the university, engaging its professional schools, encouraging its leading faculty, and recognizing and broadcasting their contributions to discovery and scholarship, the state, and preparation of Oregonians
- Provides both support and oversight for the president and the campus leadership
- Brings expertise and an important external perspective to the university
- Ensures more direct connections between and accountability for the university’s mission, goals, strategic plan, financial management, and performance.

“An institutional board for the UO ensures more direct connections between and accountability for the university’s mission, goals, strategic plan, financial management, and performance.”

“Furthermore,” Gottfredson continued, “an institutional board will allow us to tap into greater philanthropy to recruit and retain top faculty members, make a UO education even more attractive and accessible to Oregon’s best students, and build state-of-the-art facilities and technology to better serve the needs of Oregonians in the 21st century. And, importantly, it assures a high level of accountability as a public board.”

The legislation requires designated seats on the board for one student, one faculty member, and one nonfaculty university employee. It stipulates that the student be a voting member, with the governor determining at the time of appointment whether the faculty and staff positions will be voting members. The university president will be an ex officio, nonvoting member of the board. The governor’s office sought input on board nominations from the University Senate and student government president, the Oregon Students Association, the university, and the broader community. Although the legislation calls for members of the board to be appointed and confirmed by September, they will not be installed and invested with authority for management of the university until July 2014, allowing for a period of training and greater familiarization with the institution. Until that time, the State Board of Higher Education will continue to oversee all seven universities within the Oregon system. 

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THE BEST ... Walk on Game Day

Clusters of students, parents, friends, and alumni steadily stream across Franklin Boulevard, as if in a mass exodus from the University of Oregon campus. The parade of green-and-yellow-clad fans grows larger with each step closer to Autzen Stadium. But attire isn't the only thing in common: they all share the peace of mind that comes with having a coveted game-day ticket secure in a pocket or purse.

At the mouth of the old Autzen Footbridge, hundreds more join the throng. Couples walk hand in hand and children are perched on parents' shoulders. Happy hugs are exchanged and the slapping sounds of celebratory high-fives ring in the air.

The fans funnel onto the bridge—bodies draw closer, elbows bump. The uneven rhythm of feet shuffling across concrete is sporadically punctuated by shouts of "Go Ducks!" and combines with the rush of the water below to create a pregame symphony. At the water's edge, the music rises into the trees, a colorful canopy of shimmering leaves illuminated in the slanting light of the setting sun.

Across the river and adrift among the fans flowing in the cool shade of Alton Baker Park, I let my senses guide me toward the stadium. Smells of burning charcoal and chilidogs tickle my nose. The closing notes of "Mighty Oregon" echo faintly in the distance. A few more steps and I suddenly emerge from under the sheltering trees, only to enter a different world.


A sea of folding chairs, barbecues, coolers, tents, and motor homes fills every inch of the



vast parking lot. The display of school spirit gets more elaborate each season, as if in direct competition with last year's tailgating festivities. Even with additions to the sporting complex over the years—the Len Casanova Athletic and Moshofsky Sports Centers, PK Park, and the new Hatfield-Dowlin Complex—the party's footprint is still vast and impressive.

Towering above the revelers is Autzen Stadium, a monument of unity for the 55,000 or so fans brought together by one love: the first home football game of the Pac-12 season. It is the ark that carries loyal fans through the tumultuous and

competitive sea of college football.

While my history at the university will be brief, I know I will forever be among the Ducks that make the migration to Autzen Stadium on those Saturdays in the fall. 

—Elliott Kennedy '12

"The Best..." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Elliott Kennedy, shown above, is a second-year master's degree student in the Department of Romance Languages, who also completed her undergraduate studies at the UO in journalism and French.

PHOTO COURTESY ELLIOTT KENNEDY

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A New Plan for Old Town

Oregon graduate students tackle urban redevelopment in Portland.




Portland has been continually growing, shaping, and redefining itself since its beginnings as a riverbank land claim 170 years ago. In parts of the Old Town district, however, all those decades of history, commerce, and culture have added up to something less than a perfect whole. Today, as local government, business, and nonprofit groups work to redefine and revitalize Old Town, University of Oregon students are helping shape the conversation, and maybe even the neighborhood's future.

The Oregon Leadership in Sustainability (OLIS) graduate certificate program is a yearlong intensive course that helps professionals from a wide range of backgrounds prepare for careers in sustainability. In 2013, the program's capstone practicum course asked some 20 graduate students to apply their course work in sustainable urban planning to a real-world problem: the issues facing Old Town Portland.

Through site visits to the district and multidisciplinary research, the students investigated the opportunities, resources, challenges, and pitfalls of the Old Town project, and worked to develop practical and detailed recommendations for redevelopment. Their task included balancing new development with historic preservation; responding to concerns of and about the area's homeless population; addressing parking and transportation needs; and creating a more clearly defined sense of place in the area.

After 10 intensive weeks of study, research, and meetings with experts and stakeholders, the

students presented their finished proposal at an event sponsored by the Commercial Real Estate Development Association. They offered three distinct but interrelated proposals for the new Old Town: a historic heritage district, an ecodistrict, and a creative district, each with a corresponding set of sustainability recommendations ranging from adding public garden space and standardizing historic signage to implementing a parking tax and creating infrastructure to support development of a corporate campus.

Years of work are still ahead before the extraordinary potential of Old Town can be fully realized. As that work, which will balance the needs, concerns, and dreams of the city, moves forward, the OLIS proposal will be a vital tool in shaping the future. 

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

WEB EXTRA: Read the OLIS report at OregonQuarterly.com

Calendar

In the White Box: Birdhead

OCTOBER 3–NOVEMBER 27

FIRST THURSDAY OPENING RECEPTION

OCTOBER 3, 5:00–9:00 P.M.

whitebox.uoregon.edu/upcoming/

Get Connected!

OCTOBER 22, 5:00–8:00 P.M.

Network with fellow alumni and hear advice from a panel of HR experts at this Portland Career Center event.

career.uoregon.edu/events/alumni

CUB Policy Center Conference

OCTOBER 25

The Citizens Utility Board (CUB) Policy Center, in partnership with the University of Oregon School of Law, presents its third annual policy conference, The Flexibility Challenge. The event will investigate the challenges facing the modern utility in the Pacific Northwest, such as renewable energy, energy efficiency, and demand response.

cubpolicycenter.org/conference

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PROFile

Sara Hodges

Associate Professor of Psychology



For hundreds of freshmen each year, college begins with a prank at the hands of Sara Hodges. Standing at the front of Columbia Hall's 510-seat auditorium, Professor Hodges introduces herself, then asks that her unwitting victims do the same. She watches her students' eyes widen with horror: the thought of sitting through more than 500 introductions inspires in them a collective groan that morphs, as the joke slowly sinks in, into a sigh of relief.

A fitting ploy from a social psychologist, Hodges's hoax is part of a broader effort to inject humor into this Mind and Society course, which covers serious topics, from depression to parent-

ing. Describing its curriculum as "the greatest hits" of psychology, Hodges also navigates these students through training in science literacy, an especially important skill for those grappling with the complexities of college-level research for the first time. "My class is sometimes a surprise for students because they think psychology is going to be all about their feelings or how their mothers treated them," she says. "A lot of what I'm teaching is actually an introduction to how we do research."

Hodges has taught dozens of first-year psychology courses and freshman interest groups (FIGs) in her 19 years at the UO, making her the friendly face at the gateway to the university for thousands of new collegians. She tries to make the most of this role as both a teacher and mentor, drawing from her own love for the college experience as she nudges freshmen in her FIGs to explore Eugene's off-campus gems, such as student-rate concerts at the Hult Center.

The opportunities to learn beyond the classroom extend to Hodges's lab, where she carves out a critical role for more advanced undergraduates in her research on "empathic accuracy," or people's ability to infer the thoughts of others. After training her student assistants (in tasks ranging from videotaping study participants in conversation to coding these interactions for empathic accuracy), she helps strongly motivated students transform their research experiences into honors thesis projects.

As the primary advisor on many of these thesis committees, Hodges steers students past the final

barrier of their undergraduate educations, completing journeys that began, for many of them, with their professor's signature prank.

"I think about the idea that [my class] is their first taste of college," Hodges says. "If it's going to be their first taste, I want it to be good."

Name: Sara D. Hodges

Education: BA '89, Rhodes College; PhD '95, University of Virginia

Teaching Experience: Joined the UO faculty in 1995.

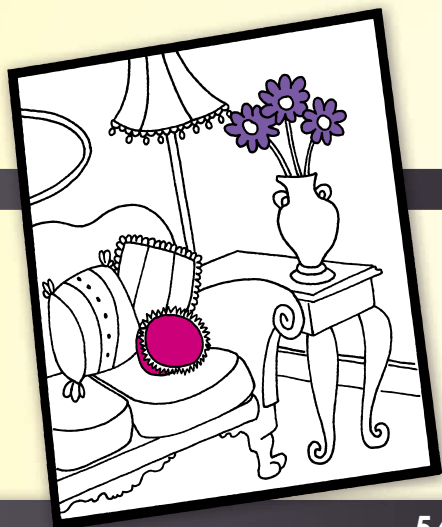
Awards: The winner of the 2013 Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching, Hodges is a five-time recipient of the James F. and Shirley K. Rippey Fund Award for Teaching Innovation and a 2008 Williams Council Fellow.

Off-Campus: A musician and dancer, Hodges plays in a string quartet with friends and performed in the dance chorus of *My Fair Lady* at the 2004 Oregon Festival of American Music. She also enjoys cooking, a hobby she says is offset by time in the gym trying to negate the effects of her creations.

Last Word: "A great research study can take several years to complete and publish. The little hits of accomplishment I experience while teaching provide me with more immediate gratification, which complements research really well." 

—By Ben DeJarnette '13

BEN DEJARNETTE



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I N B R I E F



A Brilliant Student Sophomore biology major Nardos Tadesse is aglow with neon pigment from the packets of dyed corn flour flung onto participants during the Indian Holi Festival of Color held at the EMU lawn on a sunny day in May.

More for Your Money

The University of Oregon received a Best Buy ranking in the *Fiske Guide to Colleges 2014* and “may be the best deal in public education on the West Coast,” according to the guide, which adds that the “UO’s caring faculty, excellent academics, and abundance of social activities reveal that the UO is all it’s quacked up to be.”

It’s Official

Michael Gottfredson was ceremoniously installed as the University of Oregon’s 17th president May 30. In his investiture address, Gottfredson stressed the importance of public research universities. He said the UO will sustain its mission in an era of diminishing resources by engaging the community in a bold campaign to raise an amount that will substantially exceed \$1 billion, more than doubling the current endowment.

Kudos

- Archaeologist **Jon Erlandson** has been elected to membership in the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. A professor in the Department of Anthropology and executive director of the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History, Erlandson is the Philip H. Knight Professor of Liberal Arts and Sciences.
- A book written by archaeologists at the UO’s Museum of Natural and Cultural History earned a 2013 Oregon Heritage Excellence Award from the Oregon Heritage Commission. Coauthored by


C. Melvin Aikens, emeritus professor of anthropology, **Thomas Connolly**, MS ’80, PhD ’86, and **Dennis Jenkins**, PhD ’91, *Oregon Archaeology* provides a narrative of the state’s cultural history, beginning with the earliest evidence of human occupation and continuing into the 20th century.

- The UO Chamber Choir took first place honors in the Fleischmann International Trophy Competition at the Cork International Choral Festival in Cork, Ireland, one of Europe’s most prestigious choral arts events. The Chamber Choir, directed by Sharon Paul, professor of music, competed with a set sung in seven languages.

Alternative Transport Thrives

A UO commuter survey shows that students, along with faculty and staff members, are increasingly getting to campus by methods other than the single-person car trip. Only 18 percent of campus commuters drive to work alone, while bicycling is the top commute choice (21 percent).

Gangnam Duck

The Oregon Duck’s parody of South Korean singer and rapper Psy’s *Gangnam Style* video has attracted nearly 7 million views on YouTube and won a silver medal from the National Association of Collegiate Marketing Administrators (NACMA). Oregon also earned a gold award from NACMA for its 2013 baseball poster and another silver for the “United We Ball” campaign for men’s basketball. 

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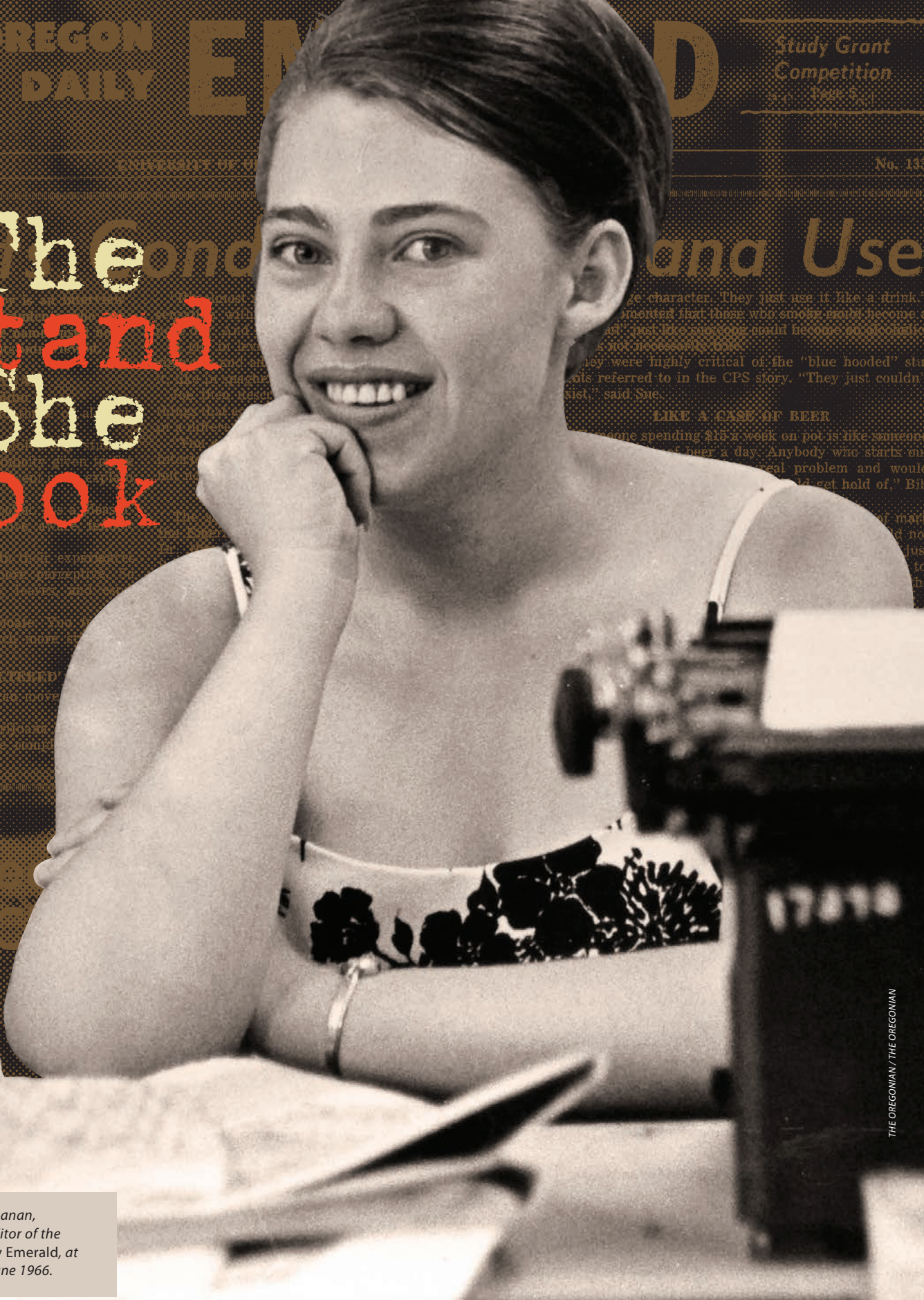
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Annette Buchanan,
managing editor of the
Oregon Daily Emerald, at
her desk in June 1966.

ANNETTE BUCHANAN

How an Emerald editor's gutsy decision to protect her sources frustrated authorities, rallied journalists, and helped change the law

By Elisabeth Kramer

Annette Buchanan lies in bed, shaking and fighting back tears.

Yesterday the 20-year-old was subpoenaed. Buchanan, the *Oregon Daily Emerald's* managing editor for just four weeks, was at work when she learned that she and three *Emerald* coworkers must appear in court on June 3, 1966. The district attorney has questions about Buchanan's recent article, "Students Condone Marijuana Use."

The next morning, Buchanan, likely sleepy from her restless night, slips on a high-necked blue dress. Usually her long brown hair flies free; today she pulls it back into a tight ponytail, her mother's suggestion to "get the right image across."

The third floor of the Lane County Courthouse is crowded with journalists when Buchanan appears shortly before 10:00 A.M. Her lawyer, Arthur Johnson '50, escorts her to the doors of the grand jury room. He can go no further; protocol forbids him from accompanying his client inside, leaving Buchanan to enter alone, the doors swinging shut behind her.

Buchanan is a University of Oregon junior majoring in journalism. At the *Emerald*, she makes \$65 a month with the promise of a \$20 raise come fall. Her horoscope in the day's newspaper: "Situations may put you in conflict with those that enforce the laws. Arguments will get you nowhere. Be amiable and discreet."

"I don't think the grand jury has to ask me to reveal my news sources and I don't think they have the right to force me," Buchanan says under oath on June 3.

"Do you think the grand jury should be interested in apparent law violations on the campus involving drugs?" asks William Frye '53, '56, the Lane County district attorney known for his youthful ambition, pipe smoking, and impeccably tailored suits.

A week ago, on May 22, two disgruntled students

approached Buchanan in the student union. They were unhappy with the *Emerald's* coverage of a public lecture by Sidney Cohen, a leading LSD authority who had spoken on campus about drugs and drug use. This was 1966 and, yes, this was infamously freewheeling Eugene, but Timothy Leary's iconic "turn on, tune in, drop out" speech was still a year away and recreational drug use remained a fringe activity.

The students had accused the *Emerald* of being "anti-marijuana," Buchanan recalled, and unwilling to "print the other side of the story."

She knew the charges were false, but was eager to address even misguided perceptions of bias. So she came up with the simple idea that would change her life: interview pot smokers and tell their story.

And with her editor's approval, that's precisely what she did. That same night, Buchanan spent two hours interviewing seven students who used marijuana. They advocated the "pleasurable sensation" of pot and shared their favorite ways to use it ("eat it, like in spaghetti sauce"). It was late when they dropped Buchanan off outside her Alder Street apartment. There, she stayed up half the night writing before destroying her notes.

"You know what pot laws are?"

asks Frye, who atypically handled Buchanan's case rather than pass it on to his assistant.

"Yes," Buchanan replies.

"You think they're valid?"

"I don't think this applies at all."

"Applies for what?"

"I see no reason for that question."

"It is not up to you to determine the reason for the question. You just answer the question."

"Well, I am not going to."

That, of course, was exactly the problem. Frye wanted answers; it's why he subpoenaed Buchanan, her editor Phil Semas '67, former editor Charles Beggs '65, and former managing editor Bob Carl '66, MS '69, after reading Buchanan's article on the front page of the May 24 *Emerald*.

The same day Frye issued the subpoenas he took the unusual step of releasing a press statement including a photo of him holding the offending *Emerald*. In the release, he explained: "As long as [federal and state drug regulations] are on the books, the sellers and the users can expect to be prosecuted if we get the evidence"—and evidence was precisely what he wanted from the four students he called to the courthouse.

Semas, Beggs, and Carl were dismissed within hours of their testimony; they'd had little to do with the story and didn't know the sources. Buchanan, however, said she remembered at least five names, names she wouldn't be giving to the police.

"In the canons of ethics a newsman, a reporter, will not release his sources when they were given to him confidentially," she tells the jury. "This is an understood precept of journalism."

Understood, perhaps, but not legally protected. In 1966, exempting a reporter from answering questions posed by a legal official was a far cry from the protections enjoyed by today's journalists. Only 12 states offered so-called "shield" or "privilege" laws allowing journalists some level of security to keep their sources confidential. Oregon wasn't one of them.

"I don't know if you should need a grand jury to find out about drug use on campus," Buchanan continues in her testimony. "You can properly investigate and do it through the normal channels."

"Do you have any suggestions?" Frye asks.

"Go on campus. Sit around and look. It is not that hard. I think you know." She also suggests her inquisitor has previously used subpoenas to get people to cooperate with the city police.

"Apparently," Frye replies, "people who have been subpoenaed won't speak so we haven't lost much."

Buchanan's resolute silence, it seems, stymies the legal system. After just seven minutes, the grand jury concludes. Afterwards, Frye, Buchanan's lawyer, and circuit court judge Edward Leavy settle on a June 13 hearing, which results in a court order officially requesting Buchanan answer Frye's questions on June 15.

"I'm sorry," she says that day in front of the grand jury, once again reaffirming her commitment to keep her sources secret. "It's a confidence that I can't violate for the reasons that I gave."

With that, Annette Buchanan is charged with contempt of court. Her trial is scheduled for June 27. If convicted, she faces up to six months in jail.

In the days leading up to the trial, the nation's journalists rallied around Buchanan, a young woman many felt represented the best of their profession. They sought answers, including why Frye, a graduate of the UO's School of Journalism and an *Emerald* alumnus, ever filed those subpoenas in the first place. Or, as one newspaper pointedly asked, "Is the law an ass? Or is it Lane County District Attorney Bill Frye?"

It's true Frye lost the primary election for the Fourth District Congressional Seat the same day Buchanan's article was published. It's true the *Emerald* supported Charles Porter over Frye for that seat, citing the DA's questionable "blanket endorsement" of the Vietnam War effort. It's true Frye made frequent, often vehement anti-Buchanan public appearances during the case, which moved Buchanan's lawyer to call, if unsuccessfully, for a new trial. What's not so clear is whether a correlation ever existed between Frye's professional ambitions and Buchanan's summons to court. For his part, Frye would deny such allegations until his death in 1988. Throughout it all, the law stood by him.

"I never got caught up in that. It didn't matter," says Judge Leavy, who now sits for the Ninth Circuit of the U.S. Court of Appeals. "All the prosecutor has to be is right. If his motive is to prosecute somebody and enjoy it while they're doing it, it doesn't matter as long as they're right. And if they're wrong, it doesn't matter how reluctant they are. If they're wrong, they're wrong."

The June 1966 trial came early in Leavy's career; he was just 36. Still, he vividly recalls Buchanan's case.

"It went right to the interest of the newspaper reporter," he says. "Here you have a young lady who is a decent person, who is a student of journalism, who doesn't have any baggage of being any kind of a villain or self-promoter. What more ideal personality could you have from a political standpoint to advance your cause?"

The cause being to get Oregon its own shield law, a goal about which, perhaps not surprisingly, journalists had a lot to say.

Publications covering the trial ranged from the *Emerald*—which still listed Buchanan as managing editor and ran supportive editorials titled, among other things, "Some Questions for Mr. Frye"—to Buchanan's hometown newspaper, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*—"Stay with it, Annette!"—to the *New York Times*.

"If the district attorney and other law enforcement officers had done their own investigative work competently, they would not have had to try to coerce a college student to turn unwilling informer. It is to her credit that she refused to play their childish game," thundered the *Times* editorial, "Child's Play in Oregon."

Support also arrived in more personal forms.

"I had [similar] trouble with another idiotic and ambitious Lane County district attorney," Dick W. Johnston '36, *Sports Illustrated's* executive editor, wrote Buchanan in a typed letter. "It didn't actually get to court, but I would like to think I would have stood as fast as you." His parting advice: "Hang in there and grind the bastards down. Everybody in the journalistic profession is proud of you."

On campus, Buchanan's journalism professor, Warren C. Price, began a letter-writing campaign to rally professionals to her cause. In the Eugene *Register-Guard*, Price wrote of his pride in Buchanan, who unwittingly "may now have become the one whose undervalued courage will be used to advocate a privilege law."

Buchanan's opinion on her new role? She remained cryptic in interviews. Once when asked if she felt like John Peter Zenger (whose 1734 libel case established U.S. press freedom decades before the First Amendment), Buchanan replied simply: "No, I feel like a college coed."

But she did believe in what she was doing. When Frye

asked her whether a journalist should have a special privilege, she answered, "Yes, I do."

"Why do you think that way?"

"Because I feel it is the only way that a free press can operate and do its job in society."

Kept at home by the needs of three younger children, Buchanan's parents didn't arrive in Eugene until the day before the trial.

"She wanted us to stay away because she said it would get ugly," says Sheila, Buchanan's now 88-year-old mother.

Ugliness had already crept in. Sheila, her husband, Paul, and their children were receiving threatening calls from "an ex-military guy" who spat venom about the girl he thought should "be a good citizen and turn in those drug dealers," recalls Marian Hoblitt, Buchanan's then 17-year-old sister.



Annette Buchanan (second from left) and her attorney Arthur Johnson (left) head to the Lane County Courthouse in June 1966 to explain why she should not be held in contempt for failing to reveal her sources in an Oregon Daily Emerald story about marijuana use on campus.

The menacing calls set the household on edge. "I can remember coming home from school one day and my mother was vacuuming," Hoblitt said. "She didn't hear me come in the house and I tapped her on the shoulder, and she just about jumped out of her skin."

A photo taken of Sheila and Paul while in Eugene shows them fighting their way through a throng of journalists. Sheila, in a posh striped jacket, sports sunglasses à la Jackie Kennedy; Paul, a Department of Agriculture economist, wears a freshly ironed suit. The image ran alongside a *Register-Guard* article headlined "Parents Agree with Annette."

"If she feels these convictions are worth suffering for, she is ready and we are, too, to go ahead," Sheila said in the piece.

"She stands on her own feet," added Paul.

It's standing room only in Courtroom 1 on June 27 where State of Oregon v. Annette Buchanan starts sharply at ten.

Defense attorney Johnson will call 10 witnesses. Most are longstanding West Coast journalists who almost unanimously champion the use of anonymous sources.

"It's as much a part of journalism as the typewriter you pound your story out on," testifies Hu Blonk, the *Wenatchee Daily World's* managing editor.

"The protection of the integrity of news sources is probably the first tenet of a good reporter," adds Stephen Still, managing editor of California's *Oakland Tribune*. Any reporter who refused to protect confidential sources would likely, Still says, "be drummed out of the business."

"Are you saying that there is a tradition in your profession that a journalist is entitled to defy or resist or refuse to abide by a court order directing that reporter to reveal information?" Frye asks Curt Osterman, associate news director of Portland-based KATU-TV.

"Yes," Osterman replies.

"Well, where does your opinion come from? Is this your own idea or is this really the idea of the profession?"

"With me it has been an inherited belief and inherited tradition."

What, Judge Leavy interjects, would be the penalties of defying this tradition?

"Being ostracized from the profession."

Still, Frye wants documentation.

"Do you have some authority for that statement?" Frye asks John Hulteng, dean of the UO School of Journalism, concerning Hulteng's opinion that reporters must often grant sources anonymity to unearth news.

"Would you regard as authority the editors of various newspapers around the country?" the dean replies.

"Well, have you got something in writing?"

The overcrowded courtroom has been stewing for hours in the early summer heat when Johnson calls his tenth and final witness: District Attorney Frye.

The two men, both in the prime of their careers, face one another.

"In some of the issues of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* that came out during May of this year were you criticized in the editorial pages?" asks Johnson.

"I don't know what you mean by 'criticized' and I don't read the *Oregon Daily Emerald*," Frye replies.

Cries of surprise fill the courtroom.

"You do not?" exclaims Johnson.

"I can explain that answer," Frye quickly responds. "I am given copies from time to time, but I do not regularly read the *Oregon Daily Emerald* and did not during the month of May."

"I don't want this thing to get out of hand," Judge Leavy interjects for the second time that day.

Apt words in a trial rife with objections, sustains, and muddled intents. More than once, the court reporter is asked to review the record and clarify what took place just moments before. Then, halfway through questioning, Johnson accidentally dismisses Frye and must ask him to resume the stand. Soon after, Frye summons Buchanan. "Objection," calls Johnson. She has already testified once this day; is it not enough? Overruled.

Frye's questioning of Buchanan goes no smoother then it has all month. Johnson argues the impropriety of compelling Buchanan to publicly answer questions she refuses to address privately. Leavy sees the point; questioning stalls; court recesses to the following morning.

Closing arguments begin at ten. Johnson speaks first.

"It has been suggested by some, and I think incredibly, that why didn't Annette Buchanan somewhere along the line simply say, 'Well, I don't remember the names anymore.' That's an easy out, an obvious out, but it would be a false out and an out that would indeed be contempt of this court," Johnson says.

Reporters, he argues, have no licenses, a fact that makes their traditions "more binding than anything." As such, Buchanan was simply living up to what she believed to be "the canons of her profession."

"How many times," Johnson continues, "do we say when we intend to pass the highest compliment to someone else that 'his word is his bond'? Well, Annette Buchanan's word was her bond."

It is simpler than that for Frye: "This is a case, I think, involving the law of the land and the dignity of this court. I don't think that any honest contention could be made that

this respondent's refusal to abide by the order of the court was not willful."

The court, he continues, has been brought into disrespect and dishonor. Perhaps this wasn't Buchanan's intention, but it's happened and the question remains "whether a private group is going to prevail over the law."

It is noon when Buchanan rises to hear the verdict; her face is pale as she looks to Judge Leavy. He asks if she'd like to say anything before the ruling.

"No, sir," she whispers.

The verdict: guilty. The sentence: a maximum \$300 fine.

Stunned, Buchanan buries her face in her hands, shielding herself from a world she thought she understood but of which she'd somehow lost control. Now, after weeks of turmoil, anxiety, and unsought attention, she finally finds herself alone, if only for a moment, in solitary darkness.

She would pay the fine using money sent from Senator William Knowland of California.

Knowland, editor and publisher of the *Oakland Tribune* and quasi-celebrity (he'd appeared on the cover of *Time* magazine), was unable to attend the trial but championed Buchanan and sent his managing editor to testify in her support.

News of the verdict traveled fast, even making its way across the Atlantic, generating the U.K. headline "Girl who refused to tell is fined £100 by U.S. court." Hundreds of donations poured in—some 700 supportive letters and telegrams from Europe, Asia, and 32 states.

She didn't pay up right away though. Buchanan and Johnson, by this time fast friends, appealed to the Oregon Supreme Court, which upheld the guilty verdict. Next, the pair petitioned the U.S. Supreme Court. "It would have been exciting," Johnson says of the chance to present such a "novel question." But the judges passed and so in 1968, Buchanan's legal efforts ended flatly two years after they began.

By this time, much else had changed. Buchanan, for one, was no longer Buchanan. In June 1967, she married Mike Conard, a photographer she met during the trial. She'd also dropped out of college, perhaps unable to recover from the 11 hours of incomplete grades she took in the spring of 1966.

"I wish she could tell the story herself," her mother said in an interview during the summer of 2012, "but she can hardly talk to us."

At age 67, Buchanan could no longer walk, dress, or feed herself. Up until two Christmases ago, she sang—carols mainly—but she stopped speaking in 2006. Her doctors suspected frontal lobe dementia due to head injuries caused by two car collisions and a horseback riding accident.

After more than a decade of declining health, Buchanan died on February 1, 2013.

The names of her sources died with her.

"I don't think she ever anticipated that it was going to be a big issue," says her sister Marian. "She was just writing an article for the college newspaper about kids using drugs. I think it was a shock to everybody."

Buchanan's family knows only vaguely of the case's role in the development of Oregon's shield law. In the wake of the trial, Secretary of State Tom McCall '36—himself a UO journalism graduate—said he would push for such a law. It was as governor that McCall signed Senate Bill 206 in April 1973, making it illegal for any authority to compel Oregon media representatives to share their sources and, McCall said, providing "a shield for the public's right to know."

Some scholars continue to debate the influence of Buchanan's case; her own lawyer, who still practices in Eugene, thinks the shield law "overbroad." Nonetheless, hers was a fresh face that spurred discussion, a compelling story that encouraged action. The media coverage of her trial meant shield laws were on the political mind; just weeks after the Lane County case concluded, President Lyndon B. Johnson told reporters that a citizen should be "free to confide in the press without fear of reprisal or being required to reveal or discuss his sources." (The revelations in May 2013 of the U.S. Justice Department using a subpoena to obtain Associated Press reporters' phone records suggest that differences of opinion remain with regard to interpreting press freedoms.)

Buchanan never publicly said how she felt about her article's unexpected importance. She did remain in journalism, but as an *Oregonian* copy editor rather than as a reporter. "I just didn't want to be on the firing line anymore," she told this magazine in 1987. "I didn't want a byline. I wanted to be behind the scenes."

When Annette Buchanan was 12 years old, a horse kicked out her teeth.

She was riding along the beach when her badly buckled saddle slipped. To avoid falling off completely, Buchanan hung on to the pommel, upside down facing the horse's pounding hooves. She would spend the rest of her life wearing a false plate to hide that day's scars.

Perhaps it would have been best if she'd let go, if she'd let the runaway leave her. But even at 12, Buchanan's instinct was to hold on for the whole ride. When life turned her literally upside down, unexpected and unwanted, Buchanan chose to face the coming charge. It knocked out her teeth; it changed her whole life; it could have been avoided. Then again, letting go never did come naturally to Annette Buchanan. 🍷

Elisabeth Kramer '12 first heard of Annette Buchanan as a journalism student at the University of Oregon. She currently works as an assistant editor at Wetpaint Entertainment in Seattle.

While the true story of Opal Whiteley may never be fully known, the love she felt for the natural world is indisputable.

Opal Whiteley *Curiouser*



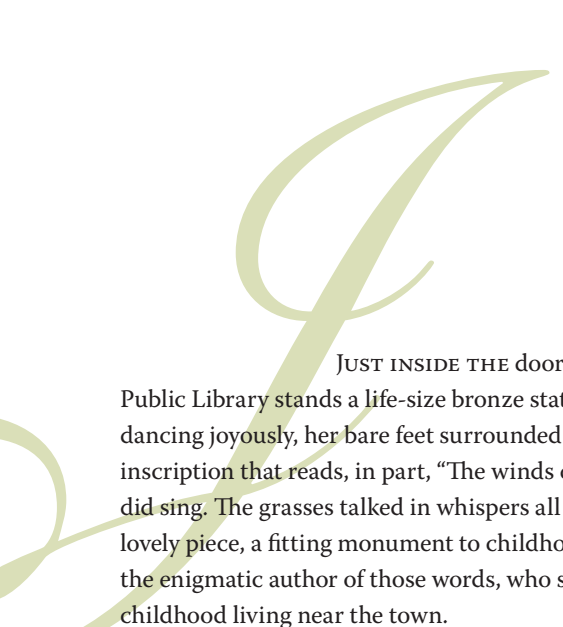


BY ROBERT LEO HEILMAN

AND *Curiouser:*

EMBRACING OPAL WHITELEY

“AMONG THE STRANGEST, and yet most interesting, personalities to attend the University of Oregon was Opal Whiteley '21, now a patient in a public mental institution in England.” So began a June 1949 *Old Oregon* story on this enigmatic Oregonian, whose mysterious life and work continue to defy consensus.



JUST INSIDE THE door of the Cottage Grove Public Library stands a life-size bronze statue of a young girl dancing joyously, her bare feet surrounded by tall grass and an inscription that reads, in part, “The winds did sing. The leaves did sing. The grasses talked in whispers all along the way.” It is a lovely piece, a fitting monument to childhood itself, as well as to the enigmatic author of those words, who spent most of her own childhood living near the town.

The text comes from *The Story of Opal: The Journal of an Understanding Heart*, a book published in 1920 by the Atlantic Monthly Press of Boston, Massachusetts. Its author, the girl depicted in the statue, was most commonly known as Opal Whiteley. Those two facts are about all everyone seems to agree on in what became a literary controversy that continues to this day.

ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1919, 21-year-old Opal Whiteley of Oregon travelled to the Boston office of Ellery Sedgewick, editor and publisher of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The *Atlantic* had recently started publishing books, and Whiteley brought a copy of *The Fairyland Around Us*, a volume she had self-published the previous year, in the hope of selling it to the Atlantic Monthly Press. Sedgewick wisely declined to publish the uneven hodgepodge of a book, but asked about a childhood diary Whiteley had mentioned in her cover letter requesting an appointment. She told him she still had the diary, but that it had been torn to pieces by a younger sister. The diary fragments were sent for, and the young author spent the next several months supported by Sedgewick while she worked on producing a manuscript from the reassembled pieces. The diary appeared during 1920 in installments in the *Atlantic*, and was published later that year by the Atlantic Monthly Press as *The Story of Opal*. Early on, readers were largely accepting of the work, but as the chapters unfolded, some began to express doubts as to the diary’s authenticity—a point that is still argued over today.

OPAL IRENE WHITELEY was what her parents named her. She was also known at various times as Opal Stanley Whiteley, Françoise d’Orlé, Marie de Bourbon, Francesca Henriette Marguerite d’Orléans, Françoise Marguerite Henriette Marie Alice Léopoldine d’Orléans, and Françoise Marie de Bourbon-Orléans. But when people argue about who Opal Whiteley really was, they tend to talk about one or another of three seemingly disparate Opals: Opal the Sunshine Fairy, Opal the Fraud, and Crazy Opal.

The debate usually involves someone emphasizing one of those three aspects of her life and personality and downplaying

or denying the others. It is probably impossible to settle for once and forever all the many claims and counterarguments concerning who she was, what she did or didn’t do, and, especially, why. What is certain is that she created a memorable character—the little nature girl now immortalized in bronze—one that still appeals to a great many readers.

Whiteley and her book have generated panel discussions, a blog, biographies, and, despite the many scholarly doubts as to the book’s authenticity, a grammar school nature studies curriculum that presents the work as that of a seven-year-old child.

OPAL WHITELEY WAS born in Colton, Washington, on December 11, 1897, the eldest of Charles Edward Whiteley and Mary Elizabeth Scott-Whiteley’s four daughters and a son. Ed Whiteley worked in the woods and in backwoods lumber mills. Back then, as now, it was hard work. It was also seasonal work in a boom-or-bust industry, and periodic layoffs were inevitable. As were so many families at the time, the Whiteleys were forced to move frequently in search of employment. Late in 1902 they left Colton for Wendling, Oregon, a hamlet near Marcola in the southern Willamette Valley. Two years later, at the time described in *The Story of Opal*, they were living near Mary’s mother’s parents in Walden, another wide spot in the road located about four miles east of Cottage Grove.

The Whiteley’s lived at times in shoeless poverty, but their cultural life was richer than one might expect, given the family’s financial instability. Opal’s parents were literate and her mother often read stories and poetry to the children, and provided them with music lessons. Her childhood took place in the first decade of the 20th century, in a gritty Oregon that still depended on horses and mules, a landscape and society richly described by James Stevens and H. L. Davis. She was a highly intelligent, imaginative, lively, and precocious child, full of questions and given to day-dreaming, much like the Opal of her 1920 book. Her father doted on her, and she must have been a charming little girl.

It is the particulars of that childhood, as portrayed in *The Story of Opal*, that are endlessly argued over. The specifics of landscape, many of the people, and at least one of the incidents mentioned in the book have been verified by researchers. Other details are simply too fantastic for most people to swallow. Among the more unbelievable aspects is the prevalence of French words and phrases within the book, along with a slathering of heavy-handed clues hinting that little Miss Whiteley was actually the orphaned daughter of French aristocrats.

This photo, part of the *Opal Whiteley Papers* housed at the University of Oregon, is inscribed, "Opal and Pearl Whiteley, 1914."

erable extent, the person she portrayed. Literature does not appear suddenly and fully realized out of nothing, but rather comes from within the author, drawn up in memory buckets from the well of experience. The character she made of herself could not have held such appeal for so many without the readers' recognition of the underlying artistic truths contained within the novel and within themselves.

The appeal of *Opal* the character (as distinct from Whiteley the author) explains a great deal about why readers today, primarily in Britain and the United States, still feel strongly enough about this book to defend its author on blogs and in panel discussions. Skeptics and true believers alike may yearn for someone like little *Opal*, with her unsullied outlook and mystical relationship with the natural world and with God. Her defenders, who often call themselves "Opalites," fall in love with the self-portrait of this sweet little girl, and loving her, seek to defend her from her critics. Her critics are often overly dismissive of the book and its author not because of its literary merit, but because it has been promoted as an actual diary. This critical vehemence, in large part, may come from a feeling of betrayal because *Opal*, as the *Sunshine Fairy* character, is so seductively innocent and has such a great appeal that one can be fully aware of the deception and still want to believe in such a delightful creation.

WHITELEY'S STORY IS also described as a mystery. Mystery is a wonderful word, one that reliably sells books and magazines and has provided gainful employment for generations of publishers, editors, and writers. In the matter of *The Story of Opal*, the mystery is not really whether or not the author misrepresented her manuscript, but what her state of mind was at the time.

Whiteley had a photographic memory, and drew attention at an early age by reciting long passages from the King James Bible. She took a keen interest in botany and wildlife biology, and from her studies could name hundreds of species of plants, animals, and insects by both their scientific and common names. At the age of 12 she came to the attention of G. Evert Baker, a Portland-area lawyer who was lecturing in Cottage Grove on behalf of Junior Christian Endeavor, a religious social organization for adolescents. He urged the girl to start her own local chapter of the group and recruited her as an organizer. A few years later she was touring the state, charming large crowds and helping to rapidly increase the number of Junior Christian Endeavor chapters. In the process she learned about the value of self-promotion, and she learned to rely on the kindness of the strangers who fed and

FROM A LITERARY perspective, *The Story of Opal* reeks of artifice. It is not, as the author claimed, a seven-year-old child's diary, but rather a novel in diary form, beginning with an introductory chapter, ending with a dénouement, and employing stock plots, foreshadowing, chapter finales, and a blatantly disingenuous worldview clearly designed to appeal to adult sensibilities. It belongs to an identifiable genre of 19th-century mawkish stories of childhood, such as Martha Finley's *Elsie Dinsmore* novels, which feature an oppressively sweet-tempered little girl who is constantly running into parental trouble by being so very earnestly good.

John Steinbeck once pointed out that every novel contains a character who is the author's wished-for self. This imagined self is who we read about in *The Story of Opal*. It is probable that *Opal* Whiteley really was a sensitive child, attuned to the great beauty of the natural world in imaginative ways that amounted to a sort of primitive and intuitive mysticism. She may well have known trees whom she regarded as friends, and likely had a great fondness for animals and flowers. Whiteley could not have written as she did without being, to a consid-

sheltered her. These two lessons became key survival strategies that served her well throughout her life.

In 1915, at the age of 17, she began to draw interest from the press. Both the *Eugene Daily Guard* and the *Oregonian* ran stories about her, depicting her as a backwoods autodidact and genius who had almost inexplicably accumulated an encyclopedic knowledge of natural history. Actually, she was a high school student at that point, had been attending school since the age of five, and had read extensively on natural history subjects in books acquired through the Oregon State Library. But the reporters weren't about to let facts get in the way of a good story.

The press attention that year came when, during a week-long visit with an aunt in Eugene, the teenager visited the University of Oregon and caused a stir among the faculty with her extensive knowledge of geology, wildlife biology, and botany. Professor Warren D. Smith, head of the university's geology department at the time, declared, "She may become one of the greatest minds that Oregon has ever produced." Plans were put forth to waive the university's requirement that students complete high school, so that Opal might be given a full scholarship to the university. In the end she had to wait a year while she finished her senior year of high school, and she was admitted in the fall of 1916 with a small, partial scholarship. Her university career lasted two years, during which she managed to complete about a year's worth of studies before dropping out, unable to come up with the funds needed to pay tuition.

SHE WAS CLEARLY ambitious—prior to her visit to Ellery Sedgewick at the *Atlantic*, she spent a year in Hollywood, trying to break into the movie business. She was also clearly suffering from mental health troubles. She was said to have been plagued by nightmares and to have complained of being followed by shadowy figures; between 1916 and 1922 she had four recorded episodes of what were called "nervous breakdowns."



LEFT: Opal shows off her catch after a successful fishing expedition.

BELOW: Opal, who spent the final 44 years of her life in a British mental institution, is shown here in 1963.

Each of these lasted several months and each came following months-long periods of extremely intense work—long days and overnight sessions running on little more than nervous energy.

Somewhere along the line she developed an *idée fixe*, believing that she was actually the orphaned daughter of Henri d'Orléans, a French nobleman and 19th-century explorer and naturalist who died in 1901. She must have needed that story very badly. Perhaps

it helped her to understand herself and her place in the world. William Kittredge once wrote that much of what we struggle with as humans is the development of an evolving story about ourselves that allows us to make sense of our lives. Some of these narratives are healthy stories that help us to survive; others are unhealthy. All of these stories are necessary responses to life's experiences.

Whiteley was acknowledged as exceptional while still a pre-teen—exceptionally intelligent, exceptionally knowledgeable, and an exceptionally charismatic public speaker. At least adults saw her that way, although she seems to have been something of an outcast among her

schoolmates. It sometimes seems a wonder that anyone survives adolescence, with its hormonal rollercoaster rides and doubt-filled search for a sense of self in a time of such substantial physical, emotional, and social changes. An exceptionally talented and socially awkward girl, likely experiencing the effects of bipolar disorder, might understandably develop an exceptional explanation for why she found her life as it was.

Through her nature studies, Whiteley was familiar with the now long-discredited 19th-century genetic theories underlying both Eugenics and Social Darwinism. A century ago, many mainstream scientists, as well as notables such as Oliver Wendell Holmes and Andrew Carnegie, believed that moral



inclinations, character traits, and intelligence were unavoidably inherited, just like one's hair color. If Whiteley felt superior to those around her (and she was told repeatedly that she was) and wondered at the reason for that, then being the orphaned daughter of European aristocrats, rather than that of a poor Oregon logger, would have offered an attractive explanation. Later on, it might also have explained her nightmares (the result of childhood kidnapping trauma) and those unsettling feelings of being followed by unseen strangers (agents hired—sometimes for her good and sometimes with ill intent—to keep an eye on the orphaned princess.)

It seems to have taken Whiteley a few years to fully develop the story of her ancestry. During her time as a student at the University of Oregon, she told a local woman that she was an orphan. A few years later, in Los Angeles, she was saying that she had been born in Italy. By 1918, when she arrived in Boston, her story had become that of a French orphan.

It would be difficult to say to what degree Whiteley believed in her increasingly elaborate story of marriage at the age of four to the Prince of Wales; shipwreck; kidnapping; being carried from Rome, Italy, to Portland, Oregon; and being placed in the care of Ed and Lizzie Whiteley. Her frequent and almost casual fabrications concerning her past show that she was no stranger to deception, but the fact that she stuck to the story for the rest of her life seems to indicate that she actually believed it. It's not hard to see how such an intensely imaginative person, playing a role long enough, could virtually become the character she started out portraying.

OPAL WHITELEY NEVER returned to Oregon or to the United States. She spent time in India, then settled down in London in the early 1930s and lived a marginal existence supported by wealthy patrons, a scattered few freelance writing assignments, and babysitting. Her neighbors saw her as a local eccentric, a bit daft, perhaps, but harmless. Whiteley was institutionalized in 1948 after her neighbors complained to the authorities that she'd been shouting in the street and was living in squalid conditions. She was diagnosed as having "paraphrenia with para-

noid features." Paraphrenia is usually interpreted nowadays as a late-onset form of schizophrenia that typically appears at about 40 years of age, though at the time it had a broader definition and served as a general term for delusional disorders that begin in middle age. The June 1949 issue of *Old Oregon* (now *Oregon Quarterly*) included a touching appeal to readers to contribute to the Opal Whiteley fund, care of Mr. Ellery Sedgewick at the *Atlantic Monthly*, to assist with her care.

Whiteley spent the last 44 years of her life in a British mental institution, growing increasingly paranoid. She believed herself imprisoned, and by the early 1970s came to believe that Jews from outer space were masquerading as people she knew and planning to invade Oregon.

THOSE WHO CONDEMN Whiteley often see the diary as a coldly fraudulent hoax. Some of her defenders insist that no fraud at all occurred, while others conclude that the fraudulence was only partial, and those parts excusable on the grounds that the author was mentally unstable. Reconciling

the paradoxical aspects of the author's life and art is challenging for many readers. That someone as enticing as the Sunshine Fairy was also a liar and a moocher who hurt her own family deeply by denying her parentage is, understandably, difficult for some readers to accept. But to ignore the harm she brought and focus

only on the beauty she created does a disservice to her, to literature, and to history.

It has been 95 years now since the day Opal Irene Whiteley kept her appointment with Ellery Sedgewick. My guess is that she was seeking not just a book deal, but acceptance of herself as well. In the near century since that day, neither those who condemn her for her fraudulence nor those who canonize her as a saint have managed to grant her the unconditional approval she so desperately sought. 🍷

Robert Leo Heilman lives in Myrtle Creek and is the author of *Overstory Zero: Real Life in Timber Country*. His last piece for *Oregon Quarterly* was the Autumn 2011 cover story "With a Human Face: When Hoedads Walked the Earth."

THE OPAL WHITELEY PAPERS, A COLLECTION OF CORRESPONDENCE, WRITINGS, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND OTHER EPHEMERA RELATING TO THE AUTHOR, IS HOUSED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARIES SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES. THE COLLECTION ALSO INCLUDES A COPY OF WHITELEY'S SELF-PUBLISHED BOOK, *THE FAIRYLAND AROUND US*.



Strong Words

Revitalizing a language to save a culture from being lost in translation

BY BONNIE HENDERSON

Loren Bommelyn believes he was born a linguist. A plane crash turned his eldest son, Pyuwa, into one.

It was August 2006. The Bommelyns and other Indian families around Crescent City, California, were preparing for their semiannual *nee-dash*, or Earth renewal ceremony, gathering and assembling regalia to take to the dance house up the Smith River. One member of the group—a pilot from Reedsport, Oregon—had flown in a day early and persuaded Pyuwa, then 25, to join him on a short sightseeing flight up

the river, stopping off at the town of Gasquet, just 10 miles or so by air to the northeast.

But something went wrong as the pilot touched down on the short airstrip tucked into the steep-walled canyon. He attempted to pull up and abort the landing, but within seconds the speeding plane was careening out of control.

“I saw an oak tree in front of us, right at eye level,” Pyuwa recalls. “I knew there was nothing I could do, so I just took a deep breath and closed my eyes to keep the glass out.” The

LEFT TO RIGHT: Guylish Bommelyn, Loren Bommelyn, Marva Jones, and Pyuwa Bommelyn outside the UO's Many Nations Longhouse during the Northwest Indian Languages Summer Institute. Jones's chin stripes are a traditional symbol of adulthood for Tolowa women; outlawed a century ago, the tattoo has been embraced by a new generation.



ghit-ts'ay

plane spun across the ground, then lurched to a stop, nose down. As soon as he opened his eyes and realized both he and the pilot had survived, Pyuwa's next conscious thought surprised even him.

"I've got to learn the language," he recalls thinking. "I've got to quit putting it off."

That language is Tolowa, or *Wee-ya'*, as its speakers call it: the language of the Tolowa, or *Dee-ni'* people, whose traditional homelands range up coastal rivers from present-day Crescent City north to the Sixes River at Cape Blanco in Oregon. Tribal headquarters are a few miles north of Crescent City at Smith River Rancheria—*rancheria* being a California term for a small Native American settlement—an Indian reservation.

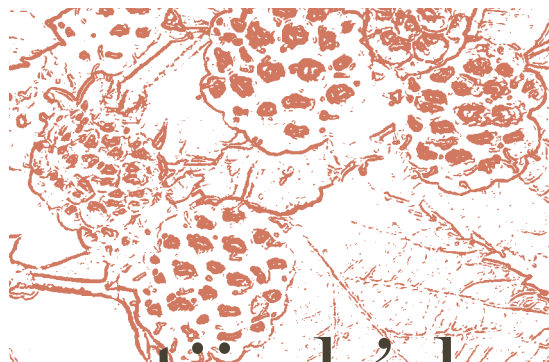
Pyuwa and his two younger siblings have heard their ancestors' language spoken since they were kids, most often by their dad and by older relatives. But the number of older "first speakers" has dwindled. None of the Bommelyn children's friends spoke it as they were growing up, and as kids, they had other interests. Not until the plane crash did Pyuwa wake to the urgency of something his parents had been talking about throughout his childhood: the awareness that the language of their ancestors would die if the next generation didn't continue the work to preserve it.

Today there are about 30 people studying the Tolowa language at Smith River and a dozen or so more at the University of Oregon, but there exists only one genuinely fluent speaker: Loren Bommelyn, MS '97, teacher and coordinator of the Tah-Ah-Dun Indian Magnet School in Crescent City, Tolowa Tribal Council member, traditional basket maker, linguist, husband, father. His grandparents spoke little English, but they had encouraged their own children—Loren's parents—to embrace English and to participate in the

larger community. So Bommelyn grew up with English as his first language. But he found himself drawn to the language of his grandparents, the language his parents, uncles, and aunts spoke among themselves. That fascination grew into a passion and, ultimately, a mission: to ensure that, when he dies, the language and everything it carries—the culture and its rituals, the spirituality he shares with his ancestors, a sense of self and a worldview that can't be adequately expressed in any other idiom—doesn't die with him.

As kids in the 1960s, Loren Bommelyn and his siblings used to accompany their mother as she drove the backroads of Del Norte County, conducting the region's first Indian needs assessment for the nascent Inter-Tribal Council of California. From the car's back seat, he learned how and where other Indians lived and heard how they talked, the words they used. On the beach during his extended family's annual smelt harvests or at Shaker Church dinners, he listened in on conversations among the elders and peppered them with questions, earning himself the nickname How Come. "How come you say *sii-ghvs* and he says *sii~-ghvs*?" he'd ask one elder or another while waiting to tuck in. "Cause I'm hungry!" was the usual response from a peckish uncle.

That question—*sii-ghvs* or *sii~-ghvs*?—or any other in Tolowa, could not have appeared in print in any form until 1969, when the first attempt to render the language in writing was made by a faculty member at nearby Humboldt State University. The alphabet used back then was Unifon, a set of 40 characters—some borrowed from the Latin alphabet, some invented—developed by a Chicago economist in the 1950s in an attempt to create a universal phonemic code. But it failed to capture the nuances of Tolowa's sounds—the spoken language's glottalized consonants and nasalized vowels. Nor was Unifon particularly keyboard-friendly. In 1993 Bommelyn, by then a public school teacher in Crescent City and chairman of the tribe's language committee, came up



yaa-tii-ch'ak-ne



ts'ee-nn-telh

with what he called the Practical Alphabet, which replaced some of the more obscure Unifon symbols with letters and other characters found on any computer. Using it, he published the first Tolowa dictionary in 1995. That same year he began a two-year master's degree program in linguistics at the UO, working with noted linguist Tom Givón on a grant from the National Science Foundation. *Sii-ghvs* or *sii~ghvs*? The slight variations that had stymied Bommelyn years earlier at the Shaker Church dinner, he finally realized in grad school, were simply the language's way of expressing a change in speaker, from *I* to *you*.

"I had a lifetime of collecting this information," Bommelyn recalls. "All I needed were the labels—and, of course, the theory behind it. All the mechanics that I saw in my mind, as a speaker of a language, had a name; all the grammatical processes had been analyzed by somebody before." Givón was particularly interested in the Tolowa language because it had never been studied in depth, and because it is something of an anomaly: a language in the Athabaskan, or Dené, family from a maritime rather than an interior culture, one more closely related to Navaho and to languages spoken in central Alaska than to those spoken by neighboring coastal tribes such as the Yurok and Karuk.

At the UO, Bommelyn developed a new written code—what he called the Tolowa Dee-ni' Alphabet—based on his close study of the language's sounds. By attaching a tilde to certain consonants in the Latin alphabet and an apostrophe to certain vowels, the new alphabet enabled Tolowa speakers to communicate not only in person, but on paper, and even electronically. He then began a wholesale revision of the Tolowa dictionary, completing it in 2006.

Among those now texting in Tolowa are Bommelyn's sons Pyuwa and Guylish and his niece Marva Jones, who leads the tribe's cultural department. Guylish has exchanged managing a fitness gym for teaching language classes for the tribe; he is in the process of becoming certified as a Native American language teacher. Loren Bommelyn's daughter, Tayshu, is an elementary school teacher on the nearby Hoopa Valley Reservation. None is quite fluent in Tolowa, but they're working on it, as is Pyuwa's wife, Ruby, learning

from Loren and others the same way Loren learned from his elders. In fact, Loren's self-styled education in Tolowa—engaging with fluent speakers in rituals and tasks of daily living—became the model for the Master-Apprentice Learning Program developed by University of California linguist Leanne Hinton at Berkeley and promoted in this country and as far away as Australia by the group Advocates for Indigenous California Language Survival.

Among Bommelyn's children, it is Pyuwa who has taken the study of the Tolowa language furthest. Before his plane-crash epiphany, he had already completed a bachelor's degree in elementary education and graphic design at Humboldt State. A year later he attended his first summer session at the UO's Northwest Indian Language Institute (NILI), where he met language learners and teachers from tribes throughout the region. In 2009 Pyuwa and Ruby moved to Eugene so he could pursue a master's degree in native language teaching. He completed it and has stayed on to begin work on a doctorate in linguistics. The kind of pioneering work his father did for Tolowa orthography—analyzing the language's sounds and developing a writing system that more closely mirrored the spoken language and made it accessible—Pyuwa is doing for Tolowa grammar, making him the first person to attempt to comprehensively map the language's parts of speech and describe how they function and interact.

"Growing up, I was always taught to look to my community, see a need, and then if you have to, go out and get the tools you need and come back and help your community," Pyuwa says, by way of explaining how he "fell down the rabbit hole of theoretical linguistics."

"So that's basically what I'm doing," he continues. "The Dené language family is a little challenging. And it's going to take more than one person for language revitalization to occur. It's going to take a community effort."

As NILI director Janne Underriner '84, MA '96, PhD '02, explains it, a language dying from disuse doesn't mean



lhin'-see-le'



sree-k'ee-li~

the loss of a mere curiosity or a charming relic from bygone days. To its speakers—the descendants of those who lived and died by its sounds—it means the world, literally. If it disappears, with it goes a way of understanding history and culture and even identity that cannot be adequately transmitted with any other words.

“It’s the seed,” she says. “Can there be cultural revitalization done in a dominant language? Certainly there can be some done. Traditions could be carried on. But everything’s done in translation. And a lot is lost in translation.”

Underriner has known the Bommelyns since 1995 when, as graduate students, she and Loren spent a year studying Tolowa together in a field studies class. After completing his master’s degree, Loren returned to his teaching job and family and tribal responsibilities in Crescent City. Meanwhile, Underriner stayed on at the UO, earning her doctorate and helping, in 1997, to found NILL, which offers curriculum development, teacher training, and grant-writing support to teachers of native languages throughout the year and in a three-week intensive summer institute on campus.

Language revitalization has become a central focus for many tribes seeking their way in the 21st century following the abuses of the previous two centuries. The broad story of the relocations and the diseases, wars, and massacres that decimated Indian populations throughout North America is well known. Less well documented by historians are details of the destruction that occurred during what native people themselves and, belatedly, scholars now refer to as the California Indian Holocaust of the mid-1800s. Then, arriving settlers seeking land in that state routinely murdered Indians (including Loren’s great-great-grandparents) and claimed their property, enslaved survivors (including Loren’s great-grandmother Deliliah) to work that land, and even collected cash bounties for the scalps of Indians killed, all with the tacit or official blessing of the federal and state governments. The result: in just two decades, the state’s native population was reduced by 90 percent.

“The United States government literally tried to kill us, and when they realized they couldn’t kill us off, they tried to kill our identity by assimilating us, stealing our children

from their families, and sending them to boarding schools,” Pyuwa says. When a native language is lost or goes out of use, he adds, “you can still partake in those cultural practices, but it’s not as strong. It’s the language that was given to us, it’s the way that we talk to the Creator, it’s our survival. So when we don’t know our language, it’s just one more step toward the death of our identity.”

Reviving that language, he says, is an act of rebellion against such contemporary killers as drug and alcohol addiction. “We’re still fighting these acts of genocide toward our people. That’s how I look at it. It’s a little radical, and maybe it stretches the definition of the term ‘genocide,’ but that’s how I see it.”

He recalls a metaphor his father, Loren, heard from his father. It is one Pyuwa expects to share one day with his own young children. “You’re like a post,” he says. “The more you know about yourself, the stronger you are. By digging your post deeper, you’re stronger. If someone comes along and tries to knock the post off, they can’t, because it’s grounded. That’s how I see language: you’re digging that post deeper. So when my children come up against challenges in life, they’ll know who they are.”

“Sometimes it’s slow going,” his brother, Guylish, says of his teaching duties at Smith River Rancheria. “But if I teach only a couple of people, that’s a huge success. If I teach two people, that is adding a high percentage to our speaker base.”

“In my growing-up period, there was a lot of the ‘last-of-the-generation’ going on, like the last of the basket makers, the last of the fluent speakers, the last of the regalia makers,” Loren adds. “So it was either stand up and do something, or just join the disappearance act. Our job was to push back the tide. And that’s what we’ve been doing.”

Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85, is a freelance writer and editor based in Eugene. “Big Wave, Small World” [Spring 2013] was her most recent story for Oregon Quarterly.



k'wee-nantlh-telh



FORM BEYOND FUNCTION

The UO's new football performance center offers architectural aspirations.

BY ANN WIENS

A first-floor restroom features terrazzo floors, laminated-glass stall doors in the UO's Pantone yellow, and a custom mirror showing the Oregon Duck vanquishing the other Pac-12 mascots.



**“MAKE NO LITTLE
PLANS. THEY
HAVE NO MAGIC
TO STIR MEN’S
BLOOD.”**

—**Daniel Burnham**, *architect*
(1846–1912)

“If we are, as we say, a global university, then we should create buildings that are of that class,” says Eugene “Gene” Sandoval ’89. Design partner at ZGF Architects, Sandoval was raised in the Philippines and attended the UO, where he earned his architecture degree as an international student. His ties to Oregon, however, are strong. “My father studied political science and business at the U of O, and my uncle studied architecture there,” he says. “I was named after the city of Eugene!”

Sandoval led the design team responsible for the university’s new, 145,000-square-foot training and football operations center, the third in a trio of recent projects the team has designed for Oregon athletics, including the Athletic Medical Center (2007) and the John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes (2010). (Others at ZGF oversaw the design of the UO’s Living-Learning Center (2006) and Global Scholars Hall (2012), both of which combine academic and residential facilities.) “I was excited about the balance of sports, academics, and architecture that really came together because of this project,” says Sandoval, who especially enjoyed that the project was for his alma mater. “We have a pretty damn good architecture school,” he says. “As a UO grad, I get to give back some of what I’ve learned, here and around the world.”

The building is a donation from another UO alumnus, Phil Knight ’59, and his wife, Penny Knight. Other donors, whose contributions will create an endowment

to support the facility's operations, are recognized throughout the building. The center's name, the Hatfield-Dowlin Complex, honors Lota Hatfield and Dorothea Dowlin, Phil and Penny Knight's mothers. The couple's philanthropic support of the university has included the expansion and renovation of Knight Library, construction of the 138,000-square-foot William W. Knight Law Center, and more than two dozen endowed chairs in academic departments throughout the university, as well as extraordinary support for the university's athletics programs, including the 2002 expansion of Autzen Stadium, a \$100 million endowment to insure the bonds taken out on Matthew Knight Arena, and the trio of projects Sandoval has designed.

About eight years ago, says Jeff Hawkins, senior associate athletic director of football administration and operations, "Phil asked the head football coach [then Mike Bellotti] what the program needed to be successful. Bellotti's number one priority was a medical facility for all student athletes—the Athletic Medical Center. Number two was an academic center, again for all student athletes—the Jaqua Center." This building is number three.

A small group representing the university, the donors, and the design team toured facilities across the country, assessing what each program had, and asking each what they would do differently. They also

brainstormed with student-athletes and coaches. "Everything is designed for efficiency, effectiveness, and flow," says Hawkins. "We have based everything on science, not myth. That's a reflection of the university." Beyond the functionality of the building, he continues, is the "wow" factor. "That's how Oregon does things—everything we do is fast, everything we do is wow, everything we do is cool."

The design-build team of ZGF Architects, Firm 151, and Hoffman Construction, all based in Portland, was charged with translating that functionality and "wow" factor into a building. "Phil said the University of Oregon deserves the best," says Sandoval. "He asked us to design a world-class facility." ZGF project manager Robert Snyder '91 met Sandoval when the two were students in the UO's architecture program. "As an architect, it's a treat to work on a project of this scale in which vision takes precedence," he says. "It's rare that you get to push the architecture like this."

Sandoval adds, "It's our responsibility to take our profession to the next level," an attitude he believes the entire project team shared. "They were not afraid. All believed nothing was impossible. They were all 'just do it' kind of people—and I think the building captures that."

It does, indeed. Talking with those who designed, built, and will use the building, the same adjectives come up again and again: Innovative. Bold. Cutting-edge. Modern. Beautiful. The building's public opening, after 18 months of construction,

elicited a few more: Opulent. Luxurious. Lavish. It's hard to disagree with any of them. The building emanates ambition. Dark and imposing from the street, the structure is clad in black glass, granite, and metal, a literal and figurative "armor" that serves as both energy-efficient sun shade and symbol of strength and formidability. By contrast, the building's interior is airy and light, more human in scale, its sleek glass and stone surfaces intermingled with warm woods and punctuated by bright pops of Oregon green and yellow. Spaces unfold like the galleries of a modern art museum: open, flowing, efficient, and intended to create an inward-looking, football-focused environment. The architects have crafted a precisely balanced composition of color and texture, transparency and opacity, every detail carefully considered and every view meticulously curated to contribute to the overall aes-



**“EVERYTHING WE DO IS FAST,
EVERYTHING WE DO IS WOW!”**

thetic of the space. The result evokes many of the same qualities that have come to be associated with Ducks football in recent years: Speed. Agility. Stealth. Flash. Domination. It evokes the attitude, says Sandoval, “of a program that’s not afraid to build the future.”

One approaches the center’s main entrance from the west via the Players’ Walk, an outdoor corridor lined with water-jet-cut, stainless-steel panels featuring the names of every UO football letterman since the program began in 1894. Inside, a grid

of 64 television screens commands the lobby with a panoramic wall of light and motion. The screens can be programmed individually or as a single unit to show game and practice footage, photographs, and video clips that will be produced by students interning with Nike’s sports media department. To the left, a display of maquettes, or figurines, shows the evolution of the Ducks’ uniforms over the years. (It’s interesting to see that the early uniforms involved neither numbers nor helmets!)

Clad in glass, metal, and granite, the six-story building’s upper floors are largely transparent. Cantilevered construction adds to the airiness of the upper levels and enhances seismic stability.

“IT’S RARE THAT YOU GET TO PUSH THE ARCHITECTURE LIKE THIS.”

To the right, a trophy case holds glittering mementos of the Ducks’ bowl-game championships. A compact, “O”-shaped room off the lobby’s east side offers an immersive audio experience of Autzen Stadium on game day, while brightly lit jewel cases display the team’s growing collection of championship rings. This space, named the McNally Hall of Champions, is open to the public (call 541-346-3825 for hours). So is the large outdoor plaza that links the new facility to the Len Casanova Center (which houses the Athletic Medical Center) and the Moshofsky Sports Center, the Pac-10’s first indoor practice facility when it opened in 1998 (8 of the Pac-12 conference members now have such facilities). A water feature adds sound and movement, and trees, café tables, and surprisingly comfortable stone lounge chairs dot the plaza and invite students, staff members, and fans to linger—perhaps over a snack from the adjacent Duck Store coffee bar.

The design of the building’s private spaces is equally deliberate. Materials were chosen for their durability and effect; layouts designed for flow and speed; and colors, surfaces, furniture, and fixtures for their tactile and visual impact. Everything in the building is, as Sandoval says, “the best.” Randy Stegmeier ’97 of Firm 151, the project’s lead interior architect, notes, “Every piece of walnut within the building [and there’s a *lot* of walnut in the building] was hand-selected by our client to maintain consistency of fitches, grain, and overall color.” While the materials were sourced globally, often “the best” came from very close to home. The striking walnut tables in the dining hall, for example, were made by Lamer Woodworking, a small family business in Sandy, Oregon.

The building’s early-August opening was met with a flurry of media scrutiny, with reactions running the gamut from excitement, awe, and pride, to umbrage


at what some see as further evidence of the overstated role of intercollegiate athletics. The *New York Times* weighed in with a thousand words or so devoted to an assessment of the facility that veered from bemused to awed to begrudgingly respectful of the remote university with the cuddly, quacking mascot, calling the building “an answer to how the Ducks turned a mediocre program into an unlikely powerhouse in a city of just more than 150,000 people.”

The idea of limiting design to basic functionality seems, to Sandoval and others involved in the project, contrary to the aspirational thinking a university represents. A building that does not go beyond its function “is not architecture,” says Sandoval. “It’s a warehouse. It’s Costco. World-class universities have 200-year-old buildings. They don’t last that long because they’re purely functional; they last because they find emotion and affinity that will change over time. They’re well built, well designed. They have a soul.”

Project manager Snyder says that approach “goes back to our UO training. It’s more than a technical school. And buildings are about more than keeping people warm and dry.” He also hopes new generations of students going through the UO’s architecture program will find value in his and his fellow alumni’s work. “If those buildings had been there when I was a student,” he says, “it would have made a difference. They would have educated me. When you improve the quality of the campus environment, you’re going to attract people who are hungry to learn.”

UO architecture professor Michael Fifield agrees that students in the university’s highly ranked program benefit from the increased presence of architecturally significant buildings on campus, particularly when they’re aware that alumni of that

program designed those buildings. “Gene is an excellent designer, and we’re very proud,” says Fifield. He believes students can learn much from the buildings’ “spatial composition, iconic forms, and materiality.” As an architect with a particular interest in urban planning, however, he cautions that building iconic structures outside of a comprehensive campus plan “limits their value in terms of what good architecture can be. In terms of the way we should be designing for the future, we need to be more proactive in campus planning. We need to be visionary, holistic.”

The project, both in its ambitious approach and its mixed public reception, brings to mind Chicago architect and urban planner Daniel Burnham’s famous call to “Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir men’s blood.” Burnham is credited with rallying 19th-century Chicagoans to support his audacious, improbable, and ultimately quite successful campaign to host the 1893 World’s Fair, a tough sell for a city better known for having recently burnt to the ground than for aspirations of greatness. Skeptical New Yorkers shook their heads, but Burnham and company rose to the occasion, creating a monument to modernity and innovation that caught the attention of the world. Burnham’s call—to, in essence, dream bigger and aim higher than others may find acceptable—rings loudly through the walnut-paneled conference rooms, marble-tiled showers, and glass-walled corridors of the Hatfield-Dowlin Complex. It is nothing if not ambitious. But the ordinary rarely stirs men’s blood. 

Ann Wiens is the editor and publisher of Oregon Quarterly.

WEB EXTRA: View more images of the Hatfield-Dowlin Complex and find links to videos and coverage of what others are saying at OregonQuarterly.com.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: The floor of the 25,000-square-foot weight room is clad in ipe (ee-pay), a super durable, South American hardwood; floor-to-ceiling windows look out on one grass and two artificial-turf practice fields. Staggered panes of tinted glass act as “sunglasses” on the building’s west façade, cutting solar glare and heat. Athletes used to trim their own hair in the locker room; now they have Howard’s Barber Shop. Graphics on the ventilated lockers feature four different body types related to various positions, as well as each player’s name, number, and hometown. A water feature links the building to the public plaza, while sky bridges connect the different sections of the complex.



A Medium for Their Message

Robert Fogarty asks people to tell their stories—in very few words.



HIS LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE city of New Orleans led Robert Fogarty '05 on a worldwide mission.

The Omaha, Nebraska, native moved to the Big Easy in March 2007—about two-and-a-half years after Hurricane Katrina hammered the city—for a one-year commitment to AmeriCorps. “It was an incredible experience,” Fogarty says.

As he gained his footing in the storm-ravaged city and connected with new friends, he found an avenue to let others share their experiences. Families had been ripped apart during evacuations. Homes

had been hollowed out by wind damage and floodwaters. Fogarty formed a company called Dear New Orleans and developed a distinctive approach to helping his neighbors share their experiences and their heartfelt and complex relationships with their hometown. Fogarty had people write messages on their hands, arms, or chests, then photographed them, creating powerful portraits of a traumatized but resilient city in the faces and on the bodies of its residents.

“I have had a bit of a love affair with the city since I moved here,” Fogarty says. “You can feel the joy here. I suppose I

never would have launched Dear New Orleans without having that feeling from day one.”

He attributes the success of Dear New Orleans to being in the right place at the right time following his growth as a student at the University of Oregon. “I was challenged like the other journalism students to do good work and don’t skip over details,” he says. “I failed one assignment because I misspelled [former Secretary of State] Condoleezza Rice’s name. That was an automatic F for anyone becoming a journalist. Those skills and attention to detail are things I learned.”

Every Picture Tells a Story Marie Lopresti (RIGHT) and her neighbors lost homes to Hurricane Sandy. (BELOW:) Bradley German embraces his son, Brody, who survived the deadly Joplin, Missouri, tornado of 2011. (FACING PAGE, COUNTERCLOCKWISE FROM UPPER LEFT:) Oregon senior Antonia DeMichiel uses crutches to walk due to cerebral palsy. Her message, “STOP SEEING MY DISABILITY. START SEEING MY ABILITY.” Undergraduate psychology major Juan Rivera uses only five letters, “THINK.” Kellee Weinhold, director of communication for the School of Journalism and Communication, says simply, “□ BOY □ GIRL—WHO CARES.” Graduate student and Air Force reservist Dante Jordán bears the words, “SELF SACRIFICE.”

WEB EXTRA: Read Jordán’s essay explaining his message at OregonQuarterly.com



When Fogarty encountered a Louisiana couple, Ralph and Rebecca Serpas, one personal detail played a part in convincing him that it might be possible to turn Dear New Orleans into a bigger project. Ralph had written *CANCER FREE* on his chest. The idea struck Fogarty that he “could tell more stories and have it be a bigger project,” he says.

The local devastation of Katrina begat Dear New Orleans, then more universal and personal tragedies begat Dear World. The new creative adventure has taken Fogarty to places such as Joplin, Missouri, and Queens, New York. Fogarty met Bradley

and Brody German in April 2012. The father and son survived the F5-category tornado that had ripped through Joplin a year earlier. Flying debris nearly killed the boy, leaving a pink scar running across the back of his neck. His brave message for the world: *SURVIVED*.

When Hurricane Sandy slammed into the Breezy Point neighborhood in Queens, New York, in late October 2012, residents suffered not only devastating wind and water damage but also a massive fire that burned more than 100 homes. Local resident Marie Lopresti’s response: *OUR HOMES BURNED, BUT OUR HEARTS ARE HERE*.

“It is amazing to have people open up to you,” Fogarty says.

What do you learn from running a project like Dear World, where people expose some of their most intimate feelings?

“We’re all going to struggle at points in our lives,” Fogarty reflects. “Sometimes, you can’t steer your life in the direction you hope.” After his experiences in New Orleans, it has become “a big part of me to continue telling stories of people who have no control . . . but responded so bravely in the face of their circumstances.”

—Brian Hudgins

DEAR WORLD—ROBERT FOGARTY

A World of Inspirations

Designer creates landscapes of delight

JEFFREY BALE '81 IS A NOMAD. FEW people possess passports more frequently or widely stamped: Brazil, Cambodia, India, Greece, Sri Lanka, Morocco—and that's just a short sampling. In his globetrotting, he finds inspiration for the stunning works of outdoor art that are likely to remain cemented in place for many decades.

Bale has trekked around the globe escaping the Northwest winters while seeking out humanity's great achievements in masonry, architecture, and landscaping, from the Alhambra in Spain to the mosaics of Pompeii to 2,500-year-old gardens in Ragusa, Sicily. He sets a world of motifs into his landscape designs, most notably his trademark pebble patios, pathways, walls, and fountains, which reflect natural, spiritual, and astrological imagery.

"I wanted to see the world," says Bale, "and I've been able to travel because I don't have a mortgage." He paid \$16,000 for his house in northeast Portland soon after graduating from the university's landscape architecture program, and paid it off when he was just 28. "Smartest thing I ever did."

Bale, who grew up in north Eugene, credits a junior high career-day interview with landscape architect Lloyd Bond '49—who designed the city's downtown Park Blocks—for early inspiration.

"He was a very fine landscape architect, and Eugene is lucky to have the Park Blocks," says Bale, who becomes passionate when talking about well-conceived designs that can endure, inspire, become classic.

Bale values his own instruction from the university's landscape architecture faculty. This was in the pre-AutoCAD era, he says, and had a heavy emphasis on reality-based design.

"The industry is all computers now. It's faster, but less personal, and not very reality-based. My work is more organic," reflects Bale, who rarely even does hand drawings. "I do mockups, I take a lot of pictures. And I'm really into natural materials; they have such soul and resonance."

Bale's stonework, especially, resonates with his connection to the earth and his recognition of a place's soul. Many of the mate-



rials he uses are stones he's plucked—he calls it "gentle resource extraction"—from ocean and river beaches, or other treasures he's unearthed near a project's site. You see this local-sourcing ethic in the stones he carted along a two-mile stretch of beach to craft an ornate fire pit inset adorned with the image of a Pacific octopus overlooking Puget Sound; in the four tons of old San Francisco street cobblestones and three tons of beach rock he scored to build a showpiece \$100,000 patio and fountain in Sonoma County. "It's a profound thing using material that took millions of years to get to the place where it's at," Bale marvels.

As careful as he is when selecting materials, his technique for using those materials is even more meticulous. Most artists use computers to generate templates, and then—quite comfortably—build mosaics modularly on a work surface in the "dry set" method. This involves placing stones to form part of an image in reverse, pouring grout over the back side and letting it set before flipping it over, anchoring the panel in a concrete slab, and repeating the



process to piece together an overall scene. But Bale tediously works on hands and knees, without templates, directly on the mosaic surface. He lays stones in about a one-square-foot patch of fast-setting wet mortar before covering it with plywood, jumping on it to level the surface, and moving to the next square. The process can take days, weeks, or longer.

Bale's unusual technique allows precise control over how deep each stone sits, and he inserts many stones so that the smallest surface areas are exposed. In the long term, he says, this makes it less likely rocks will detach.

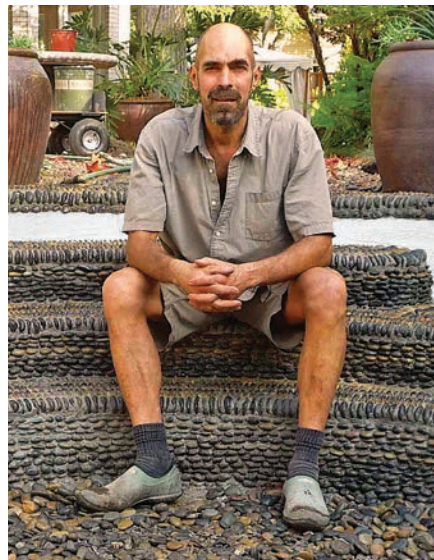
Detachment is something Bale often talks about—both in describing a project's potential for deterioration and in terms of



"My aim as a designer is to create gardens for people looking for a connection to the natural world. This can be as simple as a lovely place to unwind after a week of hard work, or as profound as a cosmological sanctuary for soul searching.

"As winters are cold and wet in Oregon, I started to travel routinely during the months of December through April. A trip to Europe, followed by 15 winters in Asia, and six in South America have had significant influence on my work. My own garden has taken on the form of a Maharaja's harem, essentially an Earthly paradise of opulent sensuous indulgence."

—Jeffrey Bale



.com) and photography, as well as in self-published books such as *The Gardens of Jeffrey Bale* and *Gardens of Southern Italy*.

He also is developing a proposed book, *The Pleasure Garden*, based on his ideas about luxurious landscapes where one can revel in the soothing sounds of flowing water and songbirds, inhale deeply the scents of blooming flowers, pluck fresh fruit and eat it on the spot, wonder at beautiful stones, and lie down and nap.

His thoughts and actions work together to create such pleasure—with every garden he imagines, every stone he gathers, every airplane he boards.

"The world's profound," Bale stresses. "If you can even come close to matching that in design, I think you've had some success." @

—Joel Gorthy '98

how far removed from the natural world many people—even landscape designers—have become.

"We're really disconnected from nature," he laments. "Americans may have a beautiful house, incredible furniture, a great art collection, and a crummy yard. They just come home, go in the house—'mow-and-blow' takes care of things, *maybe* they barbecue on the patio." Many newer parks and public spaces display the same detachment, Bale says. "Asphalt and white concrete *is* America, and they're the two ugliest things. It's such a disconnect from aesthetics and from nature."

Bale likes to comment on and challenge thought processes about design through his prolific blogging (jeffreygardens.blogspot

WEB EXTRA: See a gallery of Bale's creations at OregonQuarterly.com

UO ALUMNI CALENDAR

For detailed information visit uoalumni.com/events e-mail alumni@uoregon.edu telephone 800-245-ALUM

September 5, October 8, November 14

Duck Biz Lunches
DENVER, COLORADO

September 10
Duck Biz Lunch
PORTLAND

September 12
Let'er Duck Alumni Breakfast
PENDLETON

September 14
Idaho Ducks River Sweep Service Project
BOISE, IDAHO

September 17, November 19
Duck Biz Lunches
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

September 29
Duck Night with the Portland Timbers
PORTLAND

October 16
Duck Biz Lunch
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

October 18
Homecoming
Class of 1963 50th Reunion
Multicultural Alumni Reunion
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON CAMPUS

November 20
Portland Science Night
Prof. Greg Retallack—Why Did the Fish Leave the Water?
PORTLAND



Family Practice

Coastal community benefits from generations of care by the Rinehart family.

THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN RECLINING on the table in the Rinehart Clinic's procedure room appears healthy but for the neat track of stitches on his upper lip, the result of a surfing mishap. Dr. Harry Rinehart '68, peering closely, is pleased with what he sees.

"That's looking better than I thought it would!" he says with a wide grin.

In minutes, half the sutures are out; the rest will come out a few days later. Rinehart heads to an exam room down the hall, where a young man is waiting to talk with Doc—as he's universally known in these parts—about the treatment he's been getting for depression and ADHD. Before the day is out, Rinehart will troubleshoot a set of complex test results from a 93-year-old World War II veteran; treat a middle-aged woman plagued by cyclic vomiting syndrome; address a wisecracking, wheelchair-bound, 73-year-old diabetic's chronic pain; and provide an experimental and—so far—promising treatment to a physician from a nearby town whose depression has been so severe, she hasn't worked in nearly a year. He will end his day back in the procedure room, performing a vasectomy.

And that's on his supposed "day off."

A patient mix of this kind isn't unusual in a rural family practice. What *is* unusual is the lengths to which Harry Rinehart, a fourth-generation Oregon doctor, is willing to go to help patients, following the same spirit of innovation that characterized his parents' and grandfather's practice in this same clinic in the town of Wheeler (population 414), 20 miles south of Cannon Beach on the northern Oregon Coast.

Logging in the Coast Range was in full swing when Harvey Earl Rinehart, MD, son of The Dalles physician Belle Cooper Rinehart Ferguson, MD, arrived in Wheeler in 1913, recruited by sawmill owner (and town namesake) C. H. Wheeler. Three decades later, Harvey's daughter-in-law Dorothy White Rinehart, MD, arrived and joined the Rinehart Clinic; her husband, Robert E. "Bob" Rinehart, MD, would follow after he was released from World War II service in North Africa. The clinic provided not only general medicine but also



specialty care for arthritis, which drew patients from across the country. The younger Drs. Rinehart eventually divorced, and Bob Rinehart moved to Portland, but Dr. White, as she became known, stayed on, providing care, delivering hundreds of babies, and raising the couple's half-dozen children.

One of those six, Harry, attended medical school at OHSU and served a stint in the U.S. Army before practicing medicine in Prineville for 13 years. In 1990 he was recalled by the Army for five months of service during the Gulf War. Upon his return, he and his wife, Nancy, decided it was time for a change. While she pursued training as a surgical nurse, he worked at hospital emergency rooms in Astoria and Seaside.

By the early 1990s, Dr. White had retired, and the last doctor had left Wheeler. Tillamook County General Hospital had taken over the Rinehart Clinic, staffing it with locum tenens—short-term visiting doctors—who saw a trickle of patients. "I'd always wanted to come back," Harry recalls. So he and Nancy stepped in

100 Years of Gratitude A yearlong celebration marking the Rinehart Clinic's 100th anniversary culminated in July with a community picnic and carnival. The festivities commemorated not only a community institution but also Rinehart family members, who, for three generations, have staffed the clinic. This year also marks 20 years since Harry Rinehart (left) returned to Wheeler to revive what had devolved into a dying, small-town clinic, successfully meeting the manifold challenges of delivering health care in rural America.

to staff the clinic, and within two months they had tripled the number of patient visits. With the community's support, he put together a board of directors, and by the start of 1994 he was the medical director of what would ultimately become an independent, private, nonprofit, federally qualified community health center, allowing Rinehart to treat everyone in the community—people he had grown up with, and their children and parents—regardless of their ability to pay.

Today, the Rinehart Clinic has three physicians plus a physician's assistant, psychiatric nurse practitioner, and social worker and hosts a parade of visiting specialists from Portland and Seaside as well as numerous students in training.

Beyond possessing the administrative skills that salvaged a small town's only clinic, what most distinguishes Rinehart is his willingness to tackle tough diagnoses and offer innovative treatments if he thinks they might help a suffering neighbor. Chronic pain, for example, is a condition so difficult to treat and so fraught with risk—of turning patients into addicts, of patients scamming doctors for narcotics that they can abuse or turn around and sell on the street—that many physicians shy away entirely.

"It's a minefield," sums up Springfield pharmacist Kathy Hahn, chair of the Oregon Pain Management Commission, of which Rinehart is a member. "Harry has navigated all of this and has figured out both complementary and mainstream treatments and how to make all of it work together and to not cause harm." His efforts led to his receiving the Pioneer in Pain Award, the top honor from the Pain

Society of Oregon, in 2011. He also provides treatment for drug addiction using Suboxone, a safer, more convenient, and often more effective alternative to methadone, requiring patients to participate in support groups that he facilitates himself.

“Sticking his neck out, every single day, doing the right thing,” sums up Hahn. “He’s an amazing person.”

Severe depression—the kind antidepressant medication can’t fix—is another condition Rinehart has tackled head-on. Last year, he learned about the success some major medical centers around the country were having with experimental use of ketamine, an anesthetic, as an alternative to electroshock therapy. Rinehart studied the clinical literature and began offering the treatment to a small number of severely stricken patients.

“He went ahead and used it off label, which is quite proper; he’s simply an early adopter,” explains Bill Wilson, MD, a professor of psychiatry at OHSU, where institutional protocols limit doctors’ opportunities to try new treatments before

they’ve been thoroughly vetted—constraints Rinehart doesn’t have. Wilson has since referred a couple of his own suicidal patients to Rinehart, with good results.

“It reminds me of the way medicine was practiced maybe 50 years ago,” Wilson says, “when individual practitioners made decisions themselves based on their reading of science, and we weren’t as constrained by all of the things that may lead us to be too cautious or to act as a coordinated group rather than as individual practitioners. And while much of that has been to the benefit of people, we’ve also lost something of the independence of physicians. Dr. Rinehart hasn’t lost that independence. He does what he thinks is best and helps a lot of people in the process.”

Meanwhile, at age 67, Rinehart has begun to take tentative steps toward retirement, cutting back to a mere 60 hours per week and hiring an internal medicine physician to share the load. He and his wife even took an out-of-town vacation—their first since 1996. Still, he’s in no hurry; his own mother worked into her late 80s.

“It reminds me of the way medicine was practiced maybe 50 years ago.”

When he finally does retire, there will be no young Dr. Rinehart to continue the family business to a next generation. If he’s disappointed that none of his four children (a businessman, an artist, an FBI agent, and a realtor-mom) chose a career in medicine, he doesn’t show it.

“They’re great kids,” he says with a proud smile.

With his seven-days-a-week practice, Rinehart would be a hard act to follow in any case. He explains his dedication to his patients in simple terms: “I know that there are people who cannot get treatment other places.”

— Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85

40th anniversary celebration
November 7-9, 2013

Please join us



Ursula Le Guin / photo by Dan Tufts

Keynote Event

Ursula K. Le Guin

Nov. 8, 2013

6:30 p.m.

EMU Ballroom

Celebrating 40 years of feminist research, activism & creativity at UO

- “Agents of Change” film premiere
- “Women’s Stories, Women’s Lives” Symposium
- Sally Miller Gearhart “Worlds Beyond World” Science Fiction Symposium

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Writers Unblocked

Chris Angotti helps writers bring out their (50,000-word) stories.

A PILE OF PRISTINE PAPERBACKS—prizes for the evening’s raffle—dominates a window seat in a San Francisco ballroom. Glass vats of caramels and licorice ropes gleam under floral chandeliers. At linen-clothed tables sprinkled with confetti, hundreds of people in fedoras and suits and evening dresses hunch over laptops tapping away at their novels . . . for seven hours.

This is The Night of Writing Dangerously, a fundraising “write-a-thon” sponsored by the Berkeley, California–based Office of Letters and Light (OLL), a non-profit organization that creates motivational events for writers. Program director Chris Angotti ’04 mingles with the crowd, being of assistance when he can: *Sure, you can have more licorice. Author portraits take place in that corner, and yes, if you write 50,000 words, you’ll get to ring the giant bell.*

“Humor and whimsy define us,” Angotti says of OLL staff members. “The vibe is super fun. We always serve milk and cookies at the end of the night.”

NaNoWriMo (NaNo for short) is the affectionate nickname given to National Novel Writing Month, which attracts more than 500,000 writers annually—whose collective effort is something of a literary moonshot, with a target of some 25 billion total words. It’s caught on around the world. Egypt boasts 3,200 registered users. The Philippines has more than 4,000, while India exceeds 5,000. “What better way to spend a month than being creative?” Angotti asks. “Setting aside 30 days to bring out a story you have in your brain is amazing.”

He believes almost anyone can write a novel draft in 30 days with support from other writers. He and his coworkers manage online forums and Facebook and Twitter feeds designed to inspire would-be authors. The 24-year-old event is held each November; in recent years, NaNoWriMo’s virtual Summer Camp has served writers each April and July.

From April’s Summer Camp Twitter feed:



Upping Their Word Count Participants busily at work during The Night of Writing Dangerously

Did you go the rebel’s way & write a non-novel for #CampNaNoWriMo? Staff member Emily tells us about her epic poem: <http://bit.ly/117UtW6>

Remember that writing is one word after the other. Remember that once the words are there, editing is always possible.

Stop! That’s 15 minutes. Report back with your word counts, and let me know if you found a place for a fairy godstingray!

While critics disparage the idea of penning anything worthy in a month, author Sara Gruen wrote a draft of *Water for Elephants* during NaNoWriMo. The book spent 12 weeks on the *New York Times* Best Seller List and became a feature-length film starring Reese Witherspoon.

Erin Morgenstern wrote *The Night Circus* as a NaNo draft; the film version of her fantasy novel—a *New York Times* bestseller for seven weeks—is currently in production. In a post for NaNo’s website, Morgenstern describes her struggle to craft the story during an intense month characterized by self-doubt.

“The circus,” she tells other writers, “was my variation on the wise and ancient NaNo wisdom: *when in doubt, just add ninjas.*”

Most NaNo participants don’t end up with a publishing contract and a movie deal; for many, completing a 50,000-word manuscript is thrilling enough. Last November, UO freshman Amber Rose curled up with her laptop in a chair in the Science Library to work on her manga-inspired novel, *Astro Girl*, in conjunction with a course she was taking, “J-Pop Globalization,” a freshman seminar in which students explore the influence of Japanese popular culture on the lives of Oregonians.

“One of the best parts of NaNoWriMo,” Rose says, “is reading the pep talks sent out to participants. One of Chris Angotti’s pep talks was actually what kept my spirits up after my computer ate my 7,000 words. He said falling short of 50,000 words wasn’t something to beat yourself up over and to keep writing.”

Angotti didn’t intend to become an inspiration for authors worldwide. He just wanted to teach. He fell in love with literature while taking a UO English department course on Hemingway and Fitzgerald taught by Professor Emeritus George Wickes.

“So many English classes feel theoretical,” Angotti says. “Wickes talked about reading with so much love and affection

and excitement—I hadn't really seen this before. It affected me as a reader, and as a writer."

Angotti graduated from the UO with a degree in English and earned a master's degree from Teachers College of Columbia University in New York City. From there, he landed a teaching job. A few years later, he found himself rattling across the country in a U-Haul truck to be with his future wife, who'd been accepted to do graduate work at Stanford. "I was sure I'd find a teaching job in California," he says. "That's not quite how it happened."

As teaching jobs did not materialize, he replied to a Craigslist ad from the Office of Letters and Light. The initial job, director of the Young Writers Program, required him to maintain an online writing program for 35,000 K-12 students. Among the perks listed in the job description: "Casual office environment; fun-loving staff; next door to a bakery/café with the best chocolate chip cookies on the planet."

"That's our tone," he says of the OLL at which he advanced to program director in

"Ancient NaNo wisdom: when in doubt, just add ninjas."


2012. "We're having a good time activating and empowering creativity."

During April, July, and November, staff members help participants organize into online forums, clusters of digitally related individuals with common interests. A sojourn through the organization's colorful website reveals surprising subcultures: mystery authors over 40, campers with ADD, people who pen Christian teenage fantasy, and one group devoted to what they term "My Little Pony Fan Fiction."

"We have writers who are superconfident teenagers," Angotti says, "and 40-year olds who never thought they could write a thing. People have told us that they've been despondent after the death of a loved one and wondered, 'What am I going to do?' They realize they can write as a conduit to

get out their feelings. We've helped people in difficult spots."

And, sometimes, in unfamiliar environments—which is how the "huge" UO campus seemed to freshman Amber Rose, who grew up in rural Lowell. She says participating in NaNoWriMo helped her to stay focused and set personal goals. "Like Chris," she says, "I'm getting a BA in English. Seeing what he's done with his degree makes me hope that I'll be able to do something just as great with my own."

Angotti admits that he's put aside his own creative work while helping other writers. However, this year, he's been working on literary nonfiction that merges a love of writing with his passion for music. "It's about James Brown in the East Bay during the 1960s," he explains. "Brown was good friends with the owner of a record store down the street from my office. I found out about that, and it turned into a bigger investigation. When it's done, I'll submit it to independent weeklies," he says. "I feel like I'm finally coming into my own." 

—Melissa Hart



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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

■ **Mary Alderson Otley** '43, who turned 91 in May, owns a beautiful ranch near Steens Mountain, where she continues to keep the books, cut 900 acres of hay, and feed the cattle. Her daughter, **Sherry Otley Stott** '74, is married to Doug Stott; together they run the Redmond Greenhouse. Sherry also coaches soccer.

1950s

■ **Charles "Chuck" Landskroner** '58 and his wife, Sheila, hosted **Glen Knowlton** '58 and his wife, Janet, at their home in West Linn. Over cocktails and appetizers, they shared memories of their college years and Oregon's 1958 Rose Bowl appearance.

Phillip L. Woody '58 has travelled to more than 60 countries, including trips to Kenya and Churchill, Canada. A member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, Woody has enjoyed professional success as a fast-food restaurant owner and real estate investor.

1960s

■ **Joe M. Fischer** '60, MFA '63, and his wife, Alona, made their annual contribution to the UO's Joe and Alona Fischer Scholarship in Fine Arts, as well as their scholarship fund at Lower Columbia College in Longview, Washington.

■ Former Oregon state treasurer **Bill Rutherford** '61 has recently repurchased the assets of Rutherford Investment Management, reestablishing it as an Oregon-based and Oregon-operated company. "Oregon is home," Rutherford says. "It's where my career began and it is where I want to fulfill my commitment to my clients and our state."


Alaby Blivet '63 and his wife, **Sara Lee Cake** '45, have begun organizing a croquet tournament to coincide with the total solar eclipse that will plunge much of Oregon into daytime darkness on August 21, 2017. "The eclipse will be a spectacular celestial show not to be missed and we're creating this event to get folks outside to enjoy it," says Blivet. "We're calling the tournament 'Wicket Where the Sun Don't Shine.'"

■ **Mike Hillis** '66 has been elected president of the Society of Industrial and Office Realtors (SIOR). A SIOR member since 2001, Hillis works professionally as the managing partner and principal broker for the Cushman & Wakefield Alliance office in Las Vegas, Nevada.

Robert "Bob" Craven '68 retired in March from a career that included 10 years as a Foreign Service officer with



DUCKS AFIELD

A Poseidon Adventure In May, **Glen Brooksby** '77 and his son, future Duck "**Gen**" **Jenson Brooksby**, visited the Temple of Poseidon near Athens during a three-week trip to Europe. Born and raised in Eugene (South Eugene High School, 1973), Glen Brooksby's UO degree in biology helped prepare him to attend OHSU medical school. He has practiced anesthesia, specializing in cardiac surgery, in Sacramento since 1987. 

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 images will reproduce well in our pages. Send your photo along with background information and details of your class year and degree to rwest@uoregon.edu.

COURTESY: GLEN BROOKSBY

the U.S. Department of State, and almost 30 years in the domestic wireless industry. His spouse, **Sue Turnbull '67**, will soon join him in retirement after finishing her career at Seattle's Sound Transit, where she was one of the first employees hired. The couple plans to spend more time in retirement visiting their nine grandchildren and travelling internationally, especially to Spain.

Pritam Rohila, MA '68, PhD '69, returned from his fourth peace mission to India and Pakistan, where he conducted two-day peace camps at Hyderabad, Chandigarh, Varanasi, Karachi, and Lahore. At these camps, a total of 110 young men and women "learned how to cultivate a positive image of themselves, think logically, not follow others blindly, and live in harmony with others, especially those who are different."

1970s

Debbie (Debernardi) Coryell '70 retired from a 43-year career in advertising and public relations in Portland. She spent 34 of those years working for Jantzen and for Pendleton Woolen Mills.

Michael Jones '72, MBA '74, received Linfield College's Edith Green Distinguished Professorship Award, recognizing a senior faculty member who demonstrates sustained excellence in the classroom, and has worked creatively to enhance Linfield's commitment to academic excellence.

Patty Dann '75 will release her latest novel, *Starfish* (Greenpoint Press, 2013), this October. In the long-awaited

sequel to *Mermaids*, the novel that became a cult-classic movie starring Cher, Winona Ryder, and Christina Ricci, Dann rejoins the Flax women as they reunite in their old hometown. Calling it "an enchanting sequel," writer Sally Koslow says, "its plot twists will make you laugh—after you wipe away tears."

C. W. Sullivan III, DA '75, PhD '76, retired from East Carolina University as a distinguished professor of arts and sciences. He now lives with his wife, Sheree Scarborough, in a log cabin near Floyd, Virginia, and teaches a summer seminar on children's literature at Hollins University.

R. Terrance Moore, MA '77, MUP '77, won this year's Distinguished Alumnus Award from the UO Department of Planning, Public Policy and Management. As CEO of ECONorthwest, Moore has managed more than 500 projects in land-use and transportation planning, economic development, and growth management.

Denyse McGriff, MS '78, MUP '79, received the Ruth McBride Powers Preservation Service Award from the city of Oregon City for her work in historic preservation. She was also named volunteer of the year by the McLoughlin Memorial Association of Oregon City.

■ **Michael Merback '78** was promoted to first vice president, branch director, for the Casper, Wyoming, office of RBC Wealth Management. His daughter, Jordan, graduated from Stanford University in June with a double major in communication and education.

1980s

Rebekah Farber, MS '83, was appointed chair of the international board of RAVSAK: The Jewish Community Day School Network, which works to "strengthen and sustain the life, leadership, and learning of Jewish community day schools."

■ **Doug Nash '84**, who is general counsel for Harry and David in Medford, is proud to see his daughter, **Patricia Nash '13**, become the third generation of her family to earn her degree from the UO. Patricia graduated *summa cum laude* and received the Robert D. Clark Award for her honors thesis. Clark happens to have been the favorite professor of Patricia's grandmother, **Nancy (Peterson) Nash '49**. Her grandfather, **Kendall Nash '57**, earned his degree from the UO's law school. In the coming year, Patricia will be teaching English to French elementary students in Nice, France, through a French government-sponsored program.

■ **Stacy Paragary '87** of Paragary Restaurant Group celebrated the April opening of Hock Farm Craft & Provisions, a farm-to-table dining venue in Sacramento. Collaborating with interior designer **Amy Aswell, MArch '07**, Paragary transformed her old-world Italian restaurant into Hock Farm.

1990s

Lynda P. Jasso-Thomas, MS '92, DEd '02, opened two businesses, Florence Black Dog Lavender & Goods and W. Thomas Construction, in Florence, Oregon.



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Mary Tuominen, PhD '94, received the Charles A. Brickman Teaching Excellence Award from Denison University in Granville, Ohio. A professor of sociology and anthropology, Tuominen teaches courses in gender and race ethnicity, law and society, work and family, and social change.

Nguyen Thien Nhan, MA '95, has become the first U.S.-educated member of the Politburo, the top decision-making body of Vietnam's ruling Communist Party. A Fulbright Scholar in public affairs while at Oregon, Nhan is Vietnam's deputy prime minister overseeing education, health, and technology.

■ **Ryan Coonerty** '96 coauthored *The Rise of the Naked Economy—How to Benefit from the Changing Workplace* (Palgrave-Macmillan, 2013), a book about the changing nature of when, where, and why we work. Walter Isaacson, bestselling author of *Steve Jobs*, called Coonerty's book "a valuable guide to navigating the changes in the American workforce and economy."

Molly Ringle '96 released her fifth novel, *Persephone's Orchard* (Central Avenue Publishing, 2013), in June. A reworking of the Greek myth of Persephone and Hades, the novel features an Oregon college student who is kidnapped and brought to the land of the dead by a young man with strange supernatural abilities.

■ **James William Boyd** '98 was named CEO of the Louisiana Philharmonic Orchestra, the longest-standing musician-governed and musician-operated orchestra in the United States. Boyd joined the LPO as director of artistic planning and production in 2011 and has served as its interim managing director since July 2012.

2000s

Jason Bennett '00 was promoted to director of marketing for Banana Republic Factory Stores, headquartered in San Francisco, California.

The Oregon Arts Commission has selected paintings by **S. Randy Redfield** '00 for the Art in the Governor's Office program in the state capitol this summer.

■ **Ryan Nguyen** '08 was accepted to Duke University's Fuqua School of Business and will begin classes this fall.

2010s

Owner **Nathan Wiedenmann** '11 and his colleagues at Stella Lighting accepted the International Art Materials Association's annual Business Innovation Award for a Supplier. The award recognizes "the great ideas, creativity, and outside-the-box thinking of business in the art materials industry." Stella Lighting is located in Coburg and employs numerous Oregon alumni.

In Memoriam

Thomas W. Holman '36 died December 28 at age 99. A member of the Chi Psi fraternity, Holman was a UO delegate at the 1936 Japan-American student conference in Japan. He later served during World War II as a captain in the Army Transportation Corps and worked for 42 years with the Union Pacific Railroad's traffic department before retiring in 1979.

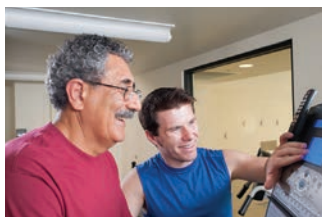
Elizabeth "Betty" Jones Keller '46 died April 17 at age 89. Born in Washougal, Washington, Keller was a member of the Chi Omega sorority and the mother of three. She and her husband, Dave, enjoyed golf and travel, passions they combined with annual trips to Palm Springs, Florida.

Richard "Dick" Thompson '52 died May 12 at age 81. A Korean War veteran, Thompson served as president of the Pi Kappa Alpha and Alpha Phi Omega fraternities while studying political science at Oregon. After retiring from a 36-year career with United States Fidelity and Guarantee Insurance, he and his wife, **Kathleen (Stryker) Thompson** '52, spent time traveling to Europe, Asia, North America, and the Caribbean, as well as volunteering for Master Gardeners and Happy Hollow Zoo in San Jose, California.

Samuel Howard Swaim '66, MA '71, died March 21 at age 79. After earning his master's degree in counseling psychology, Swaim specialized in drug and alcohol rehabilitation while working for several agencies across the state. A talented vocalist, guitar player, and pianist, Swaim released a CD in 2003 of his original piano compositions. It was titled *For the Mending Hearts*.

Sister Maureen Dougherty, DBA '67, died April 11 at age 91. Dougherty entered the Sisters of St. Joseph of Wichita in 1945 and spent much of her life serving rural communi-

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ties in Kansas. Her accomplished and wide-ranging career included stints as a primary school teacher, court clerk, college professor, and hospital administrator.

Arthur David Almgren, MS '68, died April 22 at age 84. After a 26-year teaching career with the Seattle School District, Almgren retired in 1984 as head of McClure Junior High School's English department. He previously served in the U.S. Marine Corps and was an enthusiastic sailor, spending many summers navigating the waters around the San Juan Islands.

Robert Bernhardt III, PhD '68, was posthumously honored with the Outstanding Administrator Award in Science, Mathematics, and Technology from the North Carolina Science, Mathematics, and Technology Education Center. Bernhardt, who died December 2, 2012, spent almost 30 years in teaching and administrative roles at East Carolina University (ECU), where he advanced the use of technology as a classroom learning tool. His legacy includes supporting the ECU Math Contest and initiating the North Carolina Early Mathematics Placement Testing Program.

Kevin K. Pierce '85 died May 2 at age 55. After graduating *cum laude* from the UO, Pierce began an award-winning career as an architect in Chicago. Specializing in green architecture and sustainable design, he was a vigorous advocate for urban agriculture and sustainability. His many honors include multiple Greenworks Awards from the City of Chicago and a Smart Growth Achievement Award from the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency.

David Matthew Zagel '89 died May 8 at age 47. Winner of the 1998 Bill Naito Rail and Transit Advocate Award, Zagel spent nine years as a project planner for TriMet in Portland before joining URS Corporation as a senior transportation planner in 2006. In addition to his involvement with Basic Rights Oregon and the Association of Oregon Rail and Transit Advocates, he was a passionate Ducks football fan and a member of the UO Alumni Association.

Former Oregon football player **Mark Vincent Spear** '91 died February 3 at age 44. A member of the Churchill High School Sports Hall of Fame, Spear played tight end for the Ducks while majoring in political science and philosophy. He later worked for former U.S. Senator Gordon Smith and opened his own business, Mark Spear Entertainment. He is remembered for his "kind heart and joyful spirit."

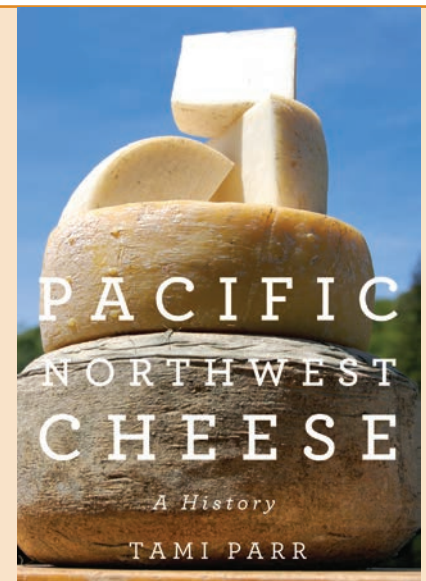
Llewynn Grayston '06 died on June 1 at age 29. Grayston was active in physical therapy and mixed martial arts and was a dedicated volunteer and staff member at the Irvine Animal Care Center in Irvine, California. He is survived by his parents, Deborah and **Michael Grayston**, PhD '73, and his brother, Scott.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

David Lee Baker, an instructional technology consultant at the UO Libraries, died April 29 at age 35. In 2010, Baker won the library's coveted High Jump Award for exceptional contributions, achievements, and endeavors within the library and throughout the campus community. His wide-ranging interests included video games, music, and film studies. His family has established the David L. Baker Memorial Fund at Oregon Community Credit Union.



Aimee Lynn Eaton (Brown, B.S. '04)

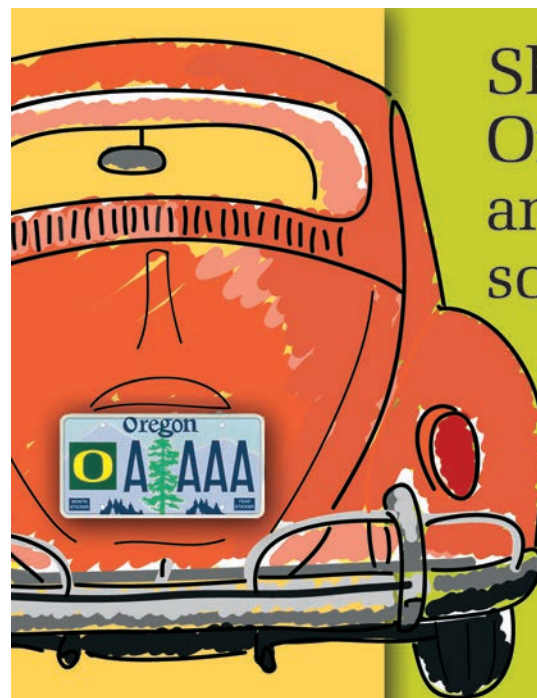


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George Stanley Jette '40, a UO professor emeritus in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, died May 17 at age 102. He was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity during his undergraduate years at the UO, where he later served as a professor for 35 years. During his career as a private landscape architect, he designed many Eugene gardens and contributed to the development of Mount Pisgah Arboretum and Wallace Ruff Regional Park. A third-generation Oregonian, he also worked on the 100 Years, 100 Trees project for the UO's centennial in 1976.


Cathleen S. Leué, the director of information technology for the College of Arts and Sciences and an associate professor of economics, died June 18 at age 56. Well known in IT circles and across campus, Leué helped move the university to the forefront of online education and worked with faculty and staff members across a variety of disciplines to ensure they were on the cutting edge of technology. A scholarship fund will be created in her honor. 

In Memoriam Policy

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice of the deceased UO alumni. 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.



CLASS NOTABLE

Inside Intel In May, **Renee James '86**, MBA '92, assumed the role of president of semiconductor chip maker Intel Corporation—Oregon's largest for-profit employer. As half of a two-member executive team with CEO Brian Krzanich, James is the highest-ranking female employee in the company's history. During her 25-year career with Intel, she has served as executive vice president and general manager of the Software and Services Group and as director and COO of Intel Online Services. 

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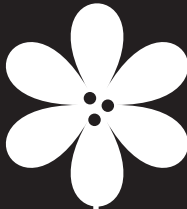
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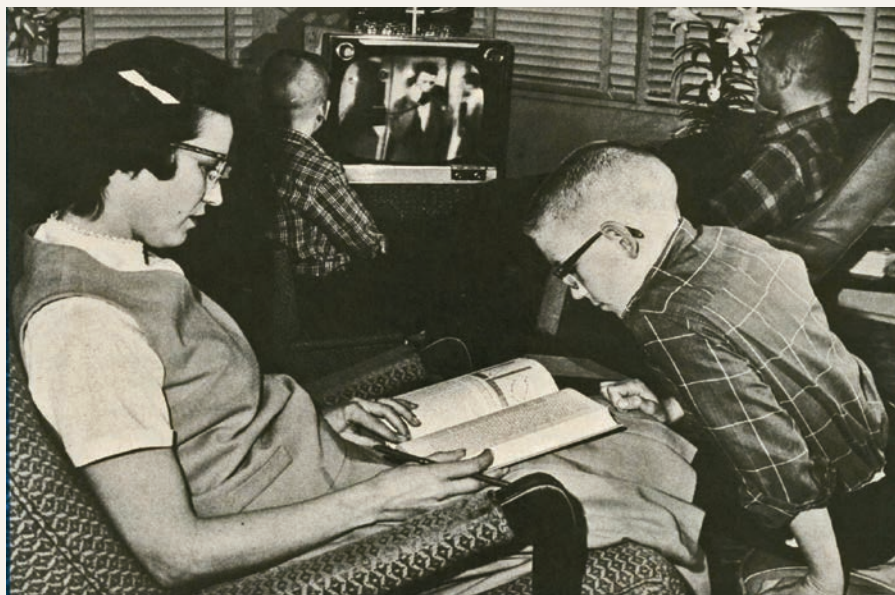
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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Autumn issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



Mom Goes Back to College Reflecting a national trend, more than 400 married women, many with children, begin or return to college at the UO in fall of 1963. "Study at home amid TV and children requires concentration," reports Old Oregon.

1923 More than 50 women sign up for a horseback-riding course to fulfill their physical education requirements. "The streets are full of equestriennes in attire varying from that of the Central Park bridle paths to that of the Wyoming cow range," *Old Oregon* reports, titling the news brief "For Men Must Work and Women Must Ride."

1933 The university prepares to break ground on two new buildings: a \$350,000 library and a \$100,000 infirmary. The infirmary's dispensary unit will include hydrotherapy and electrotherapy rooms.

1943 Football season is canceled at the start of the school year when only 16 prospective players show up from the war-depleted student body. However, by October, football is back on with a new squad — the "Army Ducks," composed of members of the Army Special Training Units housed at the UO.

1953 The state board of education is searching for the right candidate for UO president. "The man who fills the [shoes of the UO's eighth leader, Harry K. Newburn] must have... the patience and love of Francis of Assisi, the diplomatic talents of Tallyrand, the physique of Bernarr Macfadden, the personality of Dale Carnegie, and the wisdom of Solomon," writes Robert Frazier '48 in *Old Oregon*, adding that "it won't hurt any if he is also a peachy dancer."

1963 Campus is buzzing with an "upsurge of anxiety" about the university's image. A journalist observing the situation writes an editorial

warning potential students to avoid the UO if they feel uncomfortable about students picketing the administration building, wearing beards, drinking beer, or discussing subjects such as Marx, sex, and the Student Affairs Office.

1973 Former Oregon senator and UO law school dean Wayne Morse donates his senatorial, political, and personal papers to the UO Library—1,200 cartons worth. The largest single file in the collection relates to the Vietnam War and U.S. military activities in Southeast Asia.

1983 Doors of the cash-strapped Museum of Natural History will remain open, thanks to the generosity of former UO men's track coach Bill Bowerman '34, MEd '53. "He's the reason we're still surviving," said Patty Krier '68, MA '72, MA '84, assistant director of the museum. "He has said that as long as he keeps selling shoes [as Nike cofounder] he will help us."

1993 A new student-run radio station, KWVA, is broadcasting an eclectic mix of alternative music from its cramped studios in the EMU. Students approved funding for the station in 1990, but technical and licensing problems slowed the station's launch.

2003 Joey Harrington '01 offers to sell pieces of the ten-story banner featuring his image that hung in New York during the 2001 football season. Harrington hopes to raise \$250,000 to fund a scholarship for students at the Lundquist College of Business.

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That Book by Nabokov

By Michael Connolly '97

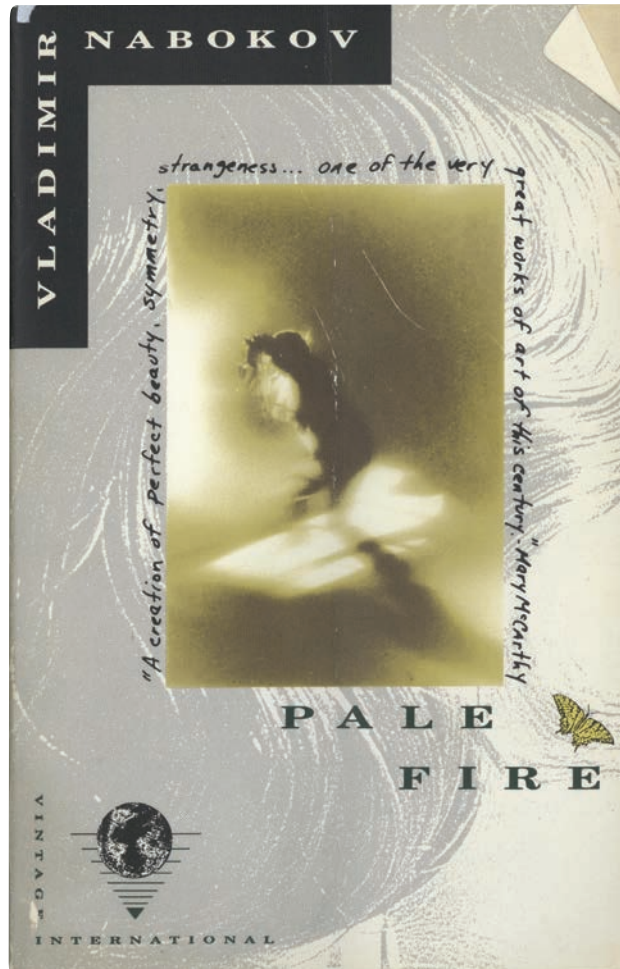
You don't remember me; I was in your class, maybe 20 years ago. I never talked, and unfortunately, rarely did the assignments. However, I remember buying this book listed on your syllabus. I appreciated English courses because the material never changed, so severely used books could be found for a few dollars at Smith Family Bookstore, and there was always a demand to buy them back.

You began the class by jumping right into the subject, your enthusiasm evident. "Nabokov, as you are no doubt aware," you said, "is best known for his classic and controversial novel *Lolita*." I remember because, in fact, I was not aware. However, I was already encouraged that I had something to take away from your class: the lyrics in The Police's "Don't Stand So Close To Me"—*Just like the / old man in / that book by Nabokov*—now made sense, and my interest was piqued. Holding up a book similar in condition and age to mine, you continued, "This book is probably his next-best-known work, and for some, myself included, Nabokov's finest novel." Perfect, I thought, we are of the same breed. Let's stay off the popular bandwagon.

On the blackboard you outlined some of the plot. The novel consists of a poem 999 lines in length, by a murdered writer, and commentary on said poem. However, the commentary rarely discusses the poem, instead focusing on a country that may or may not exist in an imagined world of a neighbor of the murdered poet who penned the 999 lines. The book is multidimensional and, you advised, could be read as either linear (commentary separate from the poem) or nonlinear (jumping from the commentary to the poem). For me, this was the greatest breakthrough since choose-your-own-adventure.

My attention belonged to you and the world you invited me into. Here, creativity may be found in the delivery as well as the substance. A story can jump, if I so choose, from page 50 to 151 and back again. A writer writes about writers writing about a poet; the author and his fictional author draw us in because all are unreliable and possibly deranged. This was what college was about—learning to see the world in a different way. As the class ended, I was excited, and I took with me your insights and fervor for Nabokov.

I left our classroom in PLC and walked to the EMU. Finding a quiet spot (but not too quiet, on the assumption that women might swoon over a guy dressed like Eddie Vedder reading some foreign author), I began to read. Start-




ing our novel about the poem of 999 lines, I decided nonlinear was the way to proceed. I flipped between pages, the writing flowed, the structure engaged, and the story entranced. The tattered used book had enough power left in it to energize my creativity and wonder. As I pondered the effect of words and the possibilities of stories, my focus drifted from the words on the yellowed pages to my own daydreams. Nabokov's words were seen, but not retained. I decided to stop after barely starting, and find some food and a new place to read.

I headed for the Glenwood for tomato cheese soup and a bagel—enough nourishment to end the distraction of hunger, but leaving enough appetite to continue reading. But where was I in this novel? My enthusiasm turned to confusion. I began again with page one and decided linear was the way to go. I felt some confidence now in my second start. The food arrived and I dove in; the cheese miraculously melted into the soup.

A block away, students gathered at Guido's for Mug Night—a dollar to fill a mug with beer. Thanks to this secondhand book, I could afford my fill. But first, I would go home, read a bit more, change my clothes, and get a mug. Walking across Alder Street, I heard my name called by several of my friends already heading to Guido's. There was a plea for me to join them. I refused

and provided an explanation. One of them magically produced an extra mug, and assurance there would be time to read tomorrow. I headed for the bar.

I never finished reading that book. I'm sure you had your suspicions, if you gave my effort any thought at all. My final paper was coherent, though not insightful. It was subpar work and you graded accordingly. Maybe you were not surprised. Is that just part of the job? Do many students show interest and then fade to a level of minimum competence to barely pass a class?

I still have not read *Pale Fire*, though it sits here on a bookshelf. Are you wondering why this former student you do not remember would bring this up after so many years? Because I wanted you to know, though it did not seem the case at the time, I listened. I don't recall your name or what you look like. The only book I remember is the one I did not read. Yet somehow you passed on to me something precious, and for that, I thank you. 

Michael Connolly continues his pursuit of completing his assigned reading in Portland, where he lives with his wife, Michelle Cannon Connolly '97.

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