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Oregon

QUARTERLY

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
WINTER 2012 • VOLUME 92 NUMBER 2

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EDITORIAL
541-346-5048

ADVERTISING
541-346-5046

SUBSCRIPTIONS
\$30 per year domestic
\$40 per year international

E-MAIL
quarterly@uoregon.edu

OREGON QUARTERLY is published by the UO in March, June, August, and November and distributed free to alumni. Printed in the USA on recycled paper. Copyright 2012 University of Oregon. All rights reserved. Views expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the UO administration.

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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

Public Offering

This fall, Chicago Public School teachers took to the streets. Pundits proclaimed the strike a test of the continued relevance of American labor unions; outsiders said the teachers were lucky to have jobs at all. But most Chicago parents stood with the teachers. I know why.

My own children, now seventh and tenth graders in Eugene's District 4J, attended Chicago Public Schools until this year. As resourceful parents, my husband and I were able to navigate the complicated school-lottery system, gaining our children access to high-performing schools. Our daughter, armed with a foundation provided by dedicated teachers, landed a spot at one of Chicago's few selective-enrollment high schools. I'm grateful for our good fortune, but the fact that the system excludes so many infuriates me.

My friend Lisa Hutler is a teacher at a very different school, where the student population is 98 percent African American and 96.5 percent low income. The strike was not about pay, she says. It was about "placing students within a classroom environment that sets them up for success." Her classroom reached 95 degrees on September afternoons. She had 50 students and 25 chairs, so students sat on the sills of open, third-floor windows. The strike, she says, was about working conditions. And teachers' working conditions are students' learning conditions. Is this the degree to which we value education?

Here in Oregon, we've set an ambitious education goal for ourselves: the state's "40-40-20" plan asserts that by 2025, 40 percent of adults will have a bachelor's degree or higher, 40 percent will hold an associate's degree or career certification, and 20 percent will have at least a high school diploma. It's an admirable goal, but a lofty one—as of last year, those education-attainment rates stood at 30-18-42, with 10 percent lacking high-school equivalency. Will we realistically be able to graduate 100 percent of our high school students, given continued budget shortfalls and decreasing funding for education? Will 80 percent of them be prepared to continue on to college?

David T. Conley, a professor of educational policy and leadership in the UO's College of Education and director of the university's Center for Educational Policy Research, says that projects like College Ready Lane County are a start. The program, a partnership among the UO, Lane Community College, and Lane County school districts, strengthens alignments between secondary and postsecondary schools to support college readiness, particularly for first-generation college students.

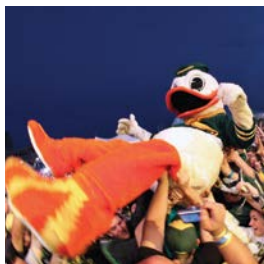
But even if students are ready for college, will they be able to afford it? State appropriations for higher education have plummeted—from 14 percent of the UO's budget in 2008 to less than 6 percent currently—and a difficult economy has left many students scrambling to finance their educations.

"For a very long time, the foundation in this country has been that there was some degree of equal opportunity for all students to continue on to postsecondary education, regardless of their background or income level," says Conley. Federal initiatives from the Morrill Acts, which created land grant colleges in the late nineteenth century, to the G.I. Bill have supported this ideal. But if current trends toward disinvestment in public education continue, Conley warns, "We're going to deprive an entire generation of that opportunity at precisely the moment when we most need to close the gap."

While jobs and the economy were the central theme of this fall's election cycle, education—such a critical piece of the recovery puzzle—has been only a low murmur in the background. Discussions of this country's economic future must include real commitments to public education, in Oregon and beyond. That's what the teachers in Chicago were striking for, and it's something we should all demand.

awiens@uoregon.edu

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In 2010–11, the Office of the Registrar provided more than 53,000 official transcripts to University of Oregon students and alumni. A new system called “Go Green” allows current students and graduates since 1986 to request a secure electronic PDF transcript, saving paper and trees. Graduates from years prior to 1986 can request the traditional paper option.

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Readers Quack Back

Absolutely fabulous article on The Duck! [“The Duck Abides,” Autumn 2012] I have only two comments: On page 37 Alice Tallmadge writes, “However he made it, today the Duck is close to the top of the college mascot heap...” First, he should properly be identified as *The Duck*, and *he IS the top of the heap*; he looks down on the other mascots! GO DUCKS!

Tom Beltram '67
Rancho Cucamonga, California

May I add some information to the local history of the UO Duck? While working as art director for “Oh Shirt!,” I was the first (and at the time, only) artist licensed by Disney to draw Donald Duck for UO T-shirts. I was also the first to copyright a T-shirt with a mascot. I created the “Hugga Duck” in 1982, which I noticed is still selling as a keychain design. I also created the first “Quack Attack” and “Duck Fan” designs for T-shirts, selling them to the UO bookstore. We were the first to have the mascots actually *doing* something on the shirts, then the first to use the long sleeve to show a design, and the first to print on the back. As an alumna of the UO, I thoroughly enjoyed designing for the Ducks.

Claudine Lundgren '67
Marcola

I thought it was a bit ironic that you featured Bill Bowerman’s picture in “The Duck Abides” article. Having been one of Bill’s Men of Oregon (’69–’72), I recall that Bill

really didn’t have much love for the Oregon Duck. At the time Oregon was known as the Fighting Ducks, and Bill would let us know that he had never seen a fighting duck. He would insist that the track team members be referred to as the Men of Oregon.

I also recall a story that there was actually a mallard duck that would be brought out to events to represent the Ducks. Seems this particular duck would chase the cheerleaders around the field, to the delight of the fans. This otherwise tame duck would spend the summers in the care of one of the coaches. When it was Bill’s turn, Bill introduced the duck to his pet raccoon. The career (and life) of the duck ended that day and I guess Bill proved his point.

Gary Wolf '72, MBA '74
Saratoga, California



As the coconspirator, with John English, behind the Retain Class in Your Bird (RCYB) committee—the 1978 “Save Donald” group—it’s always amused me that histories of the Duck misinterpret what that election was about. It was a joke.

The *Emerald* was running a series of house ads promoting its editorial duck—Steve Sandstrom’s Mallard Drake—as mascot. John and I, both freshmen that spring, didn’t really care about Donald’s honor. We just wanted in on the gag. So we created our RCYB (riffing on the acronym of a campus protest group), stapled photocopied posters across campus, held an “upper-class sit-in” at the *Emerald*, and otherwise made merry with the campaign—which led to that 2–1 vote that outpolled the ASUO presidential race on the same ballot.

Best part of the joke? The referendum itself had nothing to do with Donald. It was merely whether to approve Mallard. But it’s been regarded as a Donald confirmation ever since.

Mike Lee '81, MA '91
San Diego, California

My boyfriend is a huge Ducks fan, and although we live in Orlando, he makes it up to see a Ducks football game almost every season. In addition to the Ducks, his other great passion is Disney. We’re both cast members in Orlando, and he almost fell out of his chair with excitement to show me the Puddler article in the Autumn issue of *Oregon Quarterly*. Go Ducks!

Christina Boncela
Orlando, Florida

In the picture of Walt Disney and Leo Harris that accompanies the Autumn 2012 *Oregon Quarterly* article “The Duck Abides,” is that singer Phil Harris next to Leo Harris? What was the occasion of this picture being taken?

Patrick Holleran
via e-mail

Editor: John Bauguess, whose photographs frequent our pages, also wondered if that was Phil Harris in the photo. The photo was taken in Los Angeles, and Phil Harris worked with Disney, so it’s likely him in the picture. We’re unsure of the occasion being photographed, but do know that it was successfully used as evidence of Disney’s agreement with the UO involving the use of the duck mascot.

Water Is Everything

Kudos for the article “Watershed Moment” in your Autumn 2012 issue. As a youngster I waterskied on algae-filled Upper Klamath Lake, and lived on the arid hills above Lower Klamath Lake, now a drained peat farmland. I know in my bones that water is a precious resource. While our current wars might relate

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

to oil, it is commonly accepted that future conflicts will be for water. Even now, the conflict between Israel and Palestine has as much to do with the control of scarce water sources as with the control of land.

The drama *Salmon Is Everything*, mentioned in the article, gave me hope that before again resorting to violence, we could use the arts as another way to come together, to explore the issues, and to develop constructive solutions.

Mary (Andrieu) Ryan-Hotchkiss
Portland

Go Gottfredson!

I congratulate and welcome Michael Gottfredson to the huge task and job known as the president ["Michael Gottfredson Appointed President," Autumn 2012]. That said, the easiest steps have been taken. Michael now needs to prove that he can be the advocate that the university requires to move forward. With the current governor, OUS board, and chancellor, his is a gargantuan task indeed. They have

proven that they require a person who will toe their line, a person who will get along with the group, and not a person who will look out for the best interests of the UO.

I hope that Michael is smarter, more devious, a better politician, and a better communicator than most of the rest of us. I will be rooting for him, and worrying about the University of Oregon.

Steve Jacobson '73
Shelton, Washington

OM(K)B

In "The Hardest Working Band in (Halftime) Show Business" [Autumn 2012], Paul Roth was incorrect in stating, "In 1970, though, the OMB was dead." As a senior that year I can attest and affirm the existence of the Official University of Oregon Marching Kazoo Band.

Immediately following the end of funding for the original, official Oregon Marching Band, a small group of happy jesters and musicians formed what became the most anticipated distraction to the travails of our

mighty Ducks football team (led by the inimitable Dan Fouts). Each home game this merry band (possibly influenced by Ken Kesey or other interests) took to the Autzen turf, marching up and down the field in their own imitation of the more traditional musical half-time entertainment. Their ragtag presence not only livened up the game, but possibly served as the impetus to bring back the OMB!

John La Londe '71, MEd '72
San Rafael, California

Successful Generations

We now have our oldest grandchild (26-year-old Erin) living with us after completing eight years in the U.S. Coast Guard. She is working, but decided after returning from her last deployment in Kuwait that she also wanted to go to college. She's enrolled at Centralia College. Yesterday, after she had returned from a college orientation session, I let her read your "Success" piece ["Editor's Note," Autumn 2012]. She was emotionally moved (as I was when I first read it) by Kari Sommers's quote

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about education. As college-educated grandparents, we're so proud that Erin's making the "journey." She's doing it!

*Craig Weckesser '64
Rochester, Washington*

Remembering a Mentor

Sitting in Manhattan on a Sunday morning, I picked up the latest *Oregon Quarterly* I'd tossed in my bag to read on the plane, and read about the recent death of Jim Davies ["In Memoriam," Autumn 2012]. Professor Davies was my faculty advisor when I was a poli sci major at the UO back in the '60s. His advice and insight was valuable to me as a student, a veteran coming back into the academic community, and as newly married. While I did not see Professor Davies after my graduation, I thought of him often. I have recalled his personal therapy of apprenticing as a watchmaker and even considered that myself, but never did. I will miss him now that he is no longer with us.

*Tom Underhill '69
Placentia, California*

CORRECTIONS

In the Autumn 2012 issue, the photo on the opening spread of "The Duck Abides" (page 34) should have been attributed to Marlitt Dellabough. The photo of Scott Vossmeier '05 on page 52 was shot by John Giustina. The raptor trainer pictured in "Raptors on Guard" (page 49) is Kit Lacy '98, MS '01, education director at Cascades Raptor Center.

Regarding our statement that Michelle Obama received her law degree from Princeton ["Editor's Note"], Ray Sullivan '79 points out that "Princeton does not have a



law school and never did." Obama graduated from Princeton with a BA in sociology; she earned her JD at Harvard.

Fair-weather Fans?

The beginning of fall coincides with the start-up of the professional and college football season. The UO team is of intense interest to me (Duck sports keep my memory of the happy time on the campus alive). Consequently, I first look in the just-arrived issue of *Oregon*



Quarterly for mention, however meager, about the current football team. Unfortunately, one has to wait until after a bowl game. But what will happen if the Ducks don't play well enough to earn a bowl berth? There will be nothing in the *Quarterly*, I suspect.

*John Vazbys '57
Mahwah, New Jersey*

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"Yuka Iino, Principal Dancer for Oregon Ballet Theatre" Photograph by Allela J. Rose

Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Miss Hobbs and the Gunslingers

*Copperfield, Oregon, near the southern end of Hells Canyon, was a small and struggling town in late 1913, its economy based primarily on alcohol, gambling, and prostitution. "It was a wild and lawless place," writes historian Joe Blakely, and the setting for a tense and colorful chapter of Oregon history. Unhappy town residents wrote letters to Oregon's fourteenth governor, Oswald West, complaining that the city was being run by its saloonkeepers, making it an undesirable place to live. What happened next is recounted below in an excerpt condensed from Blakely's book *Oswald West: Governor of Oregon 1911–1915* (CraneDance Publications, 2012). Blakely retired from the UO after serving for 13 years in the Office of Public Safety.*

THE LETTERS UPSET WEST, A MAN who had promised his mother never to drink a drop of alcohol. This was the governor whose greatest unfulfilled wish was to shoot a bartender or blow up a brewery; the very same governor who told a temperance crowd he was a one-term governor, and "we are all going to have a lot of fun during my remaining time in office"; the same governor who ran the moral crusades in Portland, cracking down on illicit alcohol sales. Some people joked about Governor West, saying he was just bluffing to get attention. But the majority of people in Oregon loved and supported Oswald West. Oregon was decidedly leaning toward prohibition. So when the governor received the letters from Copperfield, he seized the opportunity to push for his agenda.

The governor fired off a telegram to the six-foot-six-inch tall Baker County sheriff, Ed Rand, on December 21, 1913: "You are hereby directed to close at once and keep closed until further notice, all saloons and other places in said town where intoxicating liquors are sold." The governor gave the sheriff until Christmas.

When nothing had been done by the deadline, tension mounted. Baker County sheriff Rand and District Attorney C. T. Godwin waffled, saying they would be acting illegally if they closed down properly licensed saloons in a "wet" town. They

declined to obey the governor's order, claiming the unrest was just a feud between three saloonkeepers that would be resolved without interference. Besides, they thought the governor was bluffing.

If the sheriff of Baker County would not close down Copperfield's saloons, the governor told the press, then he would send his five-foot-three-inch tall, 104-pound private secretary, Miss Fern Hobbs, to do the work. The media howled and the people laughed. The authorities of Baker County dragged their feet, certain that a petite woman could not close down the wildest saloons in the state of Oregon. But the governor knew how to use the press. So he pushed the story that local Baker officials were refusing to act. Headlines blazed across Oregon and the nation. The story set the telegraph lines abuzz. David had challenged Goliath in the rugged outback of Oregon. A photograph of the petite secretary was sent to every Oregon newspaper. Her image appeared to be that of a teenage schoolgirl. Could she confront a ruthless and lawless town and shut it down?

In fact, the 28-year-old Miss Hobbs was not an ordinary secretary. Left on her own at the age of 12, she completed her high school education, and had fought her way through life working as a governess for a wealthy family, before learning stenography and typing. She became a secretary to the president

of the Portland Title Guarantee and Trust Company. Because of her outstanding work, she moved to the Ladd Estate Company. All this time she was caring for her younger brother and sister, seeing to their education. Next came her job at the Capitol. She continued to work hard, obtaining a law degree at Willamette University, successfully passing the bar in 1913. Although on the outside she was diminutive, on the inside she was fiercely determined.

On December 31, the press hounded the governor, "Will Miss Hobbs enter the saloons?"

"I don't know," the governor responded, "It will be up to her, and, as I said before, she will close the town." Just in case something unpredictable happened, the governor prepared the proclamation that would give him authority to call out the militia.

On Thursday, January 1, as Fern Hobbs prepared to leave Portland on the train, an *Oregonian* reporter asked, "Are you armed?"

"Armed?" she replied. "Well, yes; I am. I have a dressing bag, a portfolio, and an umbrella."

"How do you propose to proceed?"

"Well," she said with a smile, "I guess I will proceed to Baker and from there to Copperfield."

"When you get to Copperfield, what will you do?"



The indomitable Fern Hobbs, shown here as a member of the Salvation Army in Paris, c. 1918. When Miss Hobbs came to town, the saloons were shut down.

“Close the saloons,” she said.

“Who are you going to have help you?”

“I am alone.”

The resourceful reporter discovered a little later that also on the train, dressed in civilian clothes, were Oregon State Prison superintendent Berton K. Lawson and five veteran antisaloon crusaders. The *Baker Morning Democrat* jumped on the story, reporting on Friday morning, January 2, “WEST IS SENDING AN ARMY TO COPPERFIELD TODAY.”

“At any rate,” the *Baker Morning Democrat* surmised, “today will be a big day in Copperfield, for the residents are expecting only one lone female to close up the town.” Preceding Miss Hobbs to Copperfield was a telegram sent by Governor West, addressed to the mayor of Copperfield. He wrote, “Miss Fern Hobbs my private secretary will arrive your city two fifty p.m. today. Would request you kindly arrange for a public

meeting so she may meet the members of the city council and yourself together with the citizens of the city and deliver a message from this office. Governor West.”

Saloonkeepers H. A. Stewart and William Wiegant, also known as the mayor and city councilman of Copperfield, were defiant. Overhead, dark clouds threatened rain and snow. Miss Hobbs’s train was about to arrive. The saloon owners had prepared for the occasion by draping patriotic flags in conspicuous places. The saloons were festooned with pink and blue ribbons, with cut flowers displayed on their bars. Finally, on Friday afternoon, January 2, 1914, Miss Hobbs arrived in Copperfield. Steam pulsed from the train’s engine. Every person in town showed up to greet the governor’s now-famous private secretary. Snow began to fall. Across the state of Oregon, everyone was holding their breath, for after all, this was surely the most momentous event to


“Armed? Well, yes; I am. I have a dressing bag, a portfolio, and an umbrella.”

take place in Oregon since statehood.

Wearing a fur coat, hat, and black boots, and carrying a briefcase, Miss Fern Hobbs stepped down from the train. At 2:30 P.M. Mayor H. A. Stewart held an umbrella to escort Miss Hobbs to the meeting hall. Trailing behind were the residents of Copperfield. The meeting room had been quickly reorganized from a dance hall to a makeshift city hall. All present, including a few journalists, jammed into the building. Most of the men were fully armed. A rostrum stood at one end of the room. A courageous Miss Hobbs stepped right up to the rostrum and said, “I have been sent here as Governor West’s representative with a message addressed to the mayor and city council, which I wish to read to the assembly before delivering it to the mayor.” Miss Hobbs then read the governor’s message and passed out letters of resignation for the city council to sign.

The mayor and city council members refused to sign them, and would not close down their saloons. So, Miss Hobbs declared martial law. She turned the meeting over to Colonel Lawson. He read the governor’s prepared proclamation establishing martial law and posted it on a wall. One reporter wrote that the colonel shouted, “Women had better leave the room.” Then the colonel’s men searched and disarmed every person in the hall as they left.

During the presentation, the other militiamen had been closing the saloons, padlocking them, and confiscating weapons. According to the *Oregon Blue Book*, more than 170 weapons were seized in the town. All the saloons were closed and city officials were placed under arrest. At 4 P.M., holding her own umbrella, Miss Hobbs hurriedly returned to the waiting train for the return trip to Baker.

The historic confrontation between Miss Fern Hobbs and the gunslingers and saloon owners made the front pages of newspapers across the nation. The *New York Times* reported on January 3, “GIRL PUTS TOWN UNDER MARTIAL LAW.” 

We Can Be Heroes

Comic book heroes use their super powers to fly over buildings and save the world from imminent doom, but when it comes to the challenges of love and marriage they can be as flummoxed as the rest of us mere mortals. This idea is explored in the excerpt below from *Do the Gods Wear Capes?* (Continuum, 2011) by English professor Ben Saunders. Saunders is the program director for the UO's new minor in comics and cartoon studies.

WHAT WOULD IT FEEL LIKE to be a superhero in love? In the 1980s, Alan Moore and Alan Davis considered this question in their groundbreaking reinterpretation of an obscure British hero named Marvelman—a character who had briefly flourished in the 1950s, as a shameless rip-off of the more famous American superhero, Captain Marvel. (In the U.S. original, an ancient wizard grants young newsboy Billy Batson the ability to transform into a mighty superbeing on speaking

the magic word, “Shazam!” In the British version, a mysterious astrophysicist grants young reporter Micky Moran the ability to transform into a mighty superbeing on speaking the magic word, “Kimota!”—that is, “atomic,” spelled phonetically and backwards.) Like Captain Marvel, Marvelman possesses the standard superheroic gifts: great strength, apparent invulnerability, tremendous speed, and of course, the power of flight. But in Moore and Davis’s revision, the gulf between the human and the superhuman was emblemized less by Marvelman’s extraordinary physical abilities than by his capacity to love.

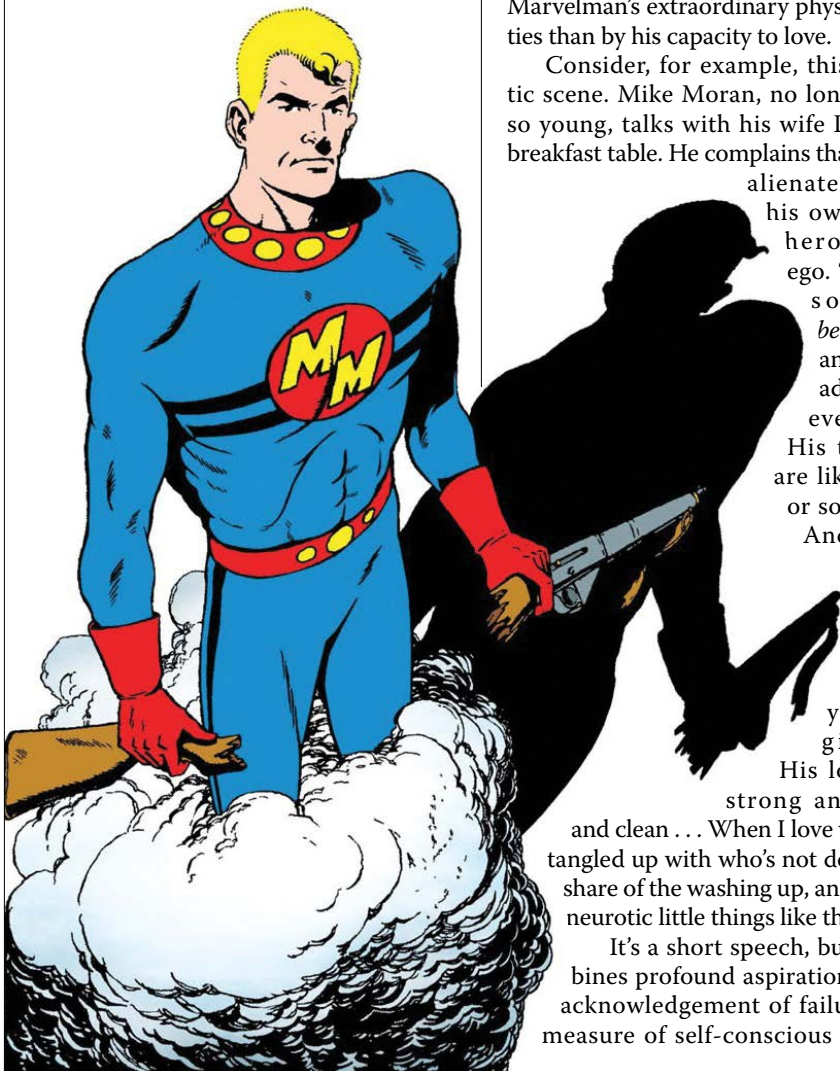
Consider, for example, this domestic scene. Mike Moran, no longer quite so young, talks with his wife Liz at the breakfast table. He complains that he feels alienated before his own superheroic alter ego. “He’s just so much better than I am,” Moran admits. “At everything. His thoughts are like poetry or something. And . . . his emotions are so pure. When he loves you, it’s gigantic. His love is so strong and direct and clean . . . When I love you it’s all tangled up with who’s not doing their share of the washing up, and twisted, neurotic little things like that.”

It’s a short speech, but it combines profound aspiration with an acknowledgement of failure and a measure of self-conscious bathos—

This man does not care much about bending steel with his bare hands or beating up bank robbers. He just wants to love his wife.

indicating among other things that the emotional dynamics of the superhero genre can be more nuanced than some critics acknowledge. It’s also a confession of inadequacy that invites us to identify not with the icon of perfected masculinity who stands as the eponymous hero of the story, but with an altogether ordinary man. This man does not care much about bending steel with his bare hands or beating up bank robbers. He just wants to love his wife in a way that doesn’t feel compromised by the banal character defects of his all-too-human nature—his acts of petty scorekeeping, his garden-variety narcissism. But, of course, he cannot always love her in that transcendent way, and the superhuman abilities of his heroic alter ego only exacerbate the point by exposing the painful limitations of his everyday incarnation. The irony is poignant, a reminder that even at our best we are rarely as good as we might wish to be. Little things like household chores get in the way of our finest feelings. Striving to grow spiritually, we get stuck on superficial trivialities that diminish our capacity for love.

At this moment, the superhero fantasy has become a self-reflexive allegory about the frustrations of human desire, with some obvious spiritual overtones. For it turns out that what Mike Moran really wants is to want his wife the way he does when he is Marvelman—which means what he really desires is a particular experi-



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ence of desire itself. He wants to feel a love that is “like poetry,” unsullied by either his own human imperfections or those of his no less human partner. He wants to feel a love that is gigantic, strong, pure, and that forgives all trespasses, great and small. In short, he wants to inhabit a structure of feeling that could best be described as divine. Indeed, this passing resemblance to the divine etiology of desire that St. Augustine famously traced, many centuries ago, when he argued that all sensations of early concupiscence were more or less distorted reflections of the soul’s original and primary desire for God. Of course, the context is modern and secular, Moran’s language is psychological rather than theological, and his choice of devotional object, in orthodox terms, is uxorious. But like Augustine, Mike Moran’s awareness of the profound inadequacy of human love is grounded in

his sense that more-than-human love is better.

For Alan Moore in *Marvelman*, then, to imagine loving like a superhero is to imagine loving like God—at least, according to several religious traditions. It is to imagine what it would be like to feel an infinite, compassionate, and forgiving love for even the lowliest and least deserving of creatures. But the actual effect of postulating this super-heroic variant on the experience of divine love turns out to be to focus our attention on the nature of human love and its limitations. This moment in *Marvelman* thus encapsulates . . . the idea that our fantasies of superhuman perfection can not only provide insight into our projections of the infinite, but also sharpen our conceptions of what it means to feel love, as finite and mortal beings, for others who are no less finite and mortal. ☺

Comic Relief

Charles M. Schulz entertained readers for 50 years with almost 18,000 comic strips featuring Charlie Brown, Lucy, Linus, Snoopy, and the gang. The exhibition *Good Grief!*, which shows examples of Schulz’s original *Peanuts* artwork, with five strips for each decade (including the panel below from May 15, 1959), is on display at the UO’s Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art through the end of the year. ☺

RIGHT: Schulz visited campus in 1957, delivering a talk, visiting with students, and drawing this cartoon for the Emerald.



For the “EMERALD”



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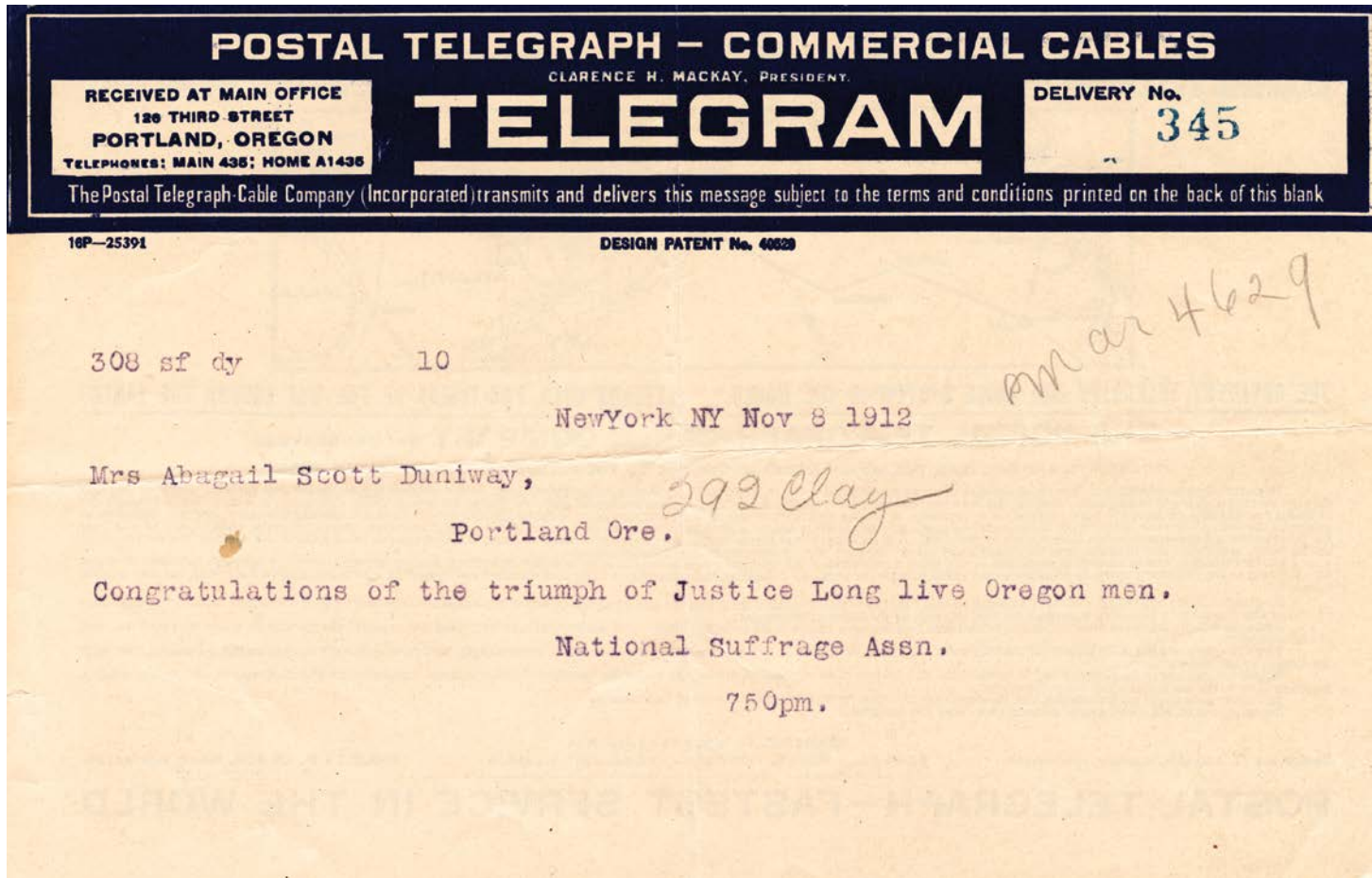
AS OREGON WOMEN HEADED to the polls on November 6, 2012, most were unaware that exactly a century earlier, only men cast their ballots on election day. Those men sent Democrat Woodrow Wilson to the White House, and passed a list of referenda and initiatives, including giving women in the state of Oregon the right to vote. The first woman to register was Abigail Scott Duniway, a writer, publisher, and activist who had spent 42 years passionately advocating for women's suffrage. Duniway, and the battle she and other activists of her day fought on behalf of Oregon women, is the subject of an exhibit on view through December 31 on the first floor of Knight Library (in corridors to the east and west of the circulation desk).

Oregon became the seventh state to grant women suffrage rights, eight years before the Nineteenth Amendment ensured that right at the federal level. A determined champion of women's rights who had come west on the Oregon Trail as a teenager, Duniway founded a newspaper, the *New Northwest*, in 1871 to further the cause. Interestingly, strong opposition to women's suffrage from her brother Harvey Scott's paper, the *Oregonian*, may have delayed her victory. After many failed attempts, the initiative passed by 4,161 votes on November 5, 1912—two years after Harvey Scott's death. 

RIGHT: Abigail Scott Duniway signs Oregon's Equal Suffrage Proclamation on November 30, 1912, as Governor Oswald West and Viola M. Coe watch.



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The National American Woman Suffrage Association (precursor to the League of Women Voters) congratulated Oregon suffragist Abigail Scott Duniway on the long-sought passage of voting rights for women in the state, with a nod to the men who voted the measure into being.



This portrait of Abigail Scott Duniway by Sidney Bell, unveiled in 1947, hangs in Gerlinger Hall. Original plans to name the 1920 building Duniway Hall were scrapped due to concerns that prohibition-era donors would be put off by Duniway's antiprohibition stance.



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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.

Bending with the Wind: Memoir of a Cambodian Couple's Escape to America (McFarland, 2012) by Karline (Topp) Bird '68. The book recounts the lives of Bounchoeurn and Diyana

D. Sao, a Cambodian couple who immigrated to the United States after fleeing the terrors of the Khmer Rouge.

Eyes Up (Red Horseshoe Books, 2011) by Terry Shea '68, MS '69. A former Ducks quarterback with 45 years of experience playing and coaching, Shea provides his advice to athletes, coaches, and parents on developing successful quarterbacks in this 420-page volume.

The Mirrored World: A Novel (HarperCollins, 2012) by Debra Dean, MFA '92. Set in eighteenth-century Saint Petersburg, Dean's novel

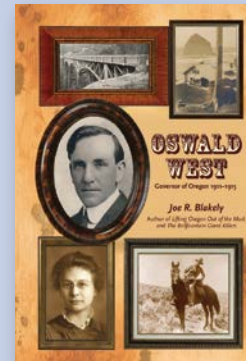
follows Saint Xenia of Russia from her younger years in Russia's lower nobility through the personal tragedy that "transforms Xenia into a revered angel of mercy to the poor, and a controversial figure to the upper classes."

The Story of PCUN and the Farmworker Movement in Oregon, Revised Edition (Center for Latino/a and Latin American Studies, 2012) by anthropology professor Lynn Stephen in collaboration with Pineros y Campesinos Unidos del Noroeste (PCUN) staff members. Stephen's history of PCUN, first published in 2001, is updated and expanded in this new edition that chronicles the movement from its roots in the 1940s to the present day in informative chapters with crisp photos and illustrations. @

Excerpted in this issue

OSWALD WEST: GOVERNOR OF OREGON 1911-1915 by Joe R. Blakely (Copies may be obtained from the author for \$17.95 plus \$3.00 shipping. Send check to Joe R. Blakely, PO Box 51561, Eugene, Oregon 97405.)

DO THE GODS WEAR CAPES? SPIRITUALITY, FANTASY, AND SUPERHEROES by Ben Saunders (Printed with permission from the Continuum International Publishing Group, © Ben Saunders, 2011.)



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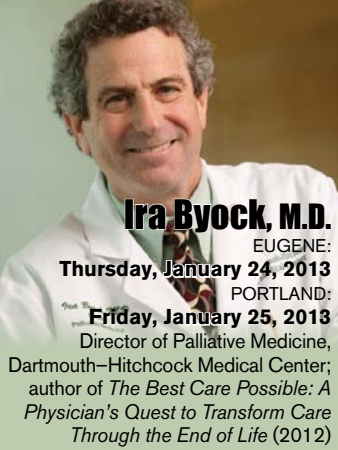
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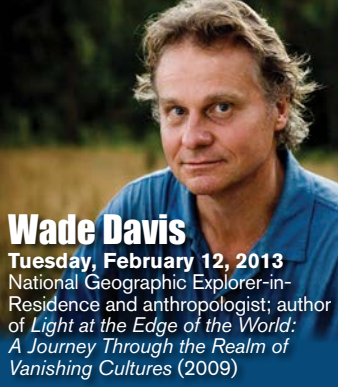
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 author of *The Best Care Possible: A
 Physician's Quest to Transform Care
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Wade Davis
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 National Geographic Explorer-in-
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ARCHAEOLOGY

Rediscovering the New World

UO archaeologists are rewriting the history of the Americas with their discoveries in Oregon's Paisley Caves.

THE EARLIEST EVIDENCE OF human presence in the Western Hemisphere has been found in Oregon. Thanks to the latest research by University of Oregon archaeologist Dennis Jenkins, PhD '91, and his colleagues at the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History, we now know that people have been here for more than 14,000 years. And unlike past discoveries that were plagued with controversy, these new findings appear to be rock solid.

As reported this summer in the journal *Science*, Jenkins and crew found ancient human DNA from fossilized feces (coprolites) radiocarbon dated to about 14,500 years ago, and Western Stemmed projectile points—stone spearheads or darts—dated to about 13,200 years ago. These are as old or older than stone tools found near Clovis, New Mexico, previously thought to be the oldest human technology in the Americas.

To confirm the accuracy of their findings, an independent laboratory conducted blind analyses of 65 coprolites and obtained more than 100 high-precision radiocarbon dates from materials in the caves. "In the past, radiocarbon dates of this age, basically 13,000 calendar years ago, have been obtained near Western Stemmed projectile points, but never could people demonstrate beyond a shadow of a doubt that the two were associated," Jenkins says. "If our data continues to hold, which I believe it will, then now there are at least two technolo-

gies on the landscape and that means there could be others."

These new revelations and the report in *Science* have catapulted the UO archaeology program and its field school into the international spotlight with media attention from the *New York Times*, NPR, the BBC, the CBC, and France24. "So many people in Europe know about the archaeology we have done here," Jenkins says. "It's going to raise the prominence of Oregon as an archaeological research unit in the international market for students."

But these latest developments didn't happen overnight. "We've been working on the *Science* article that just came out for a couple of years," he says. "They don't publish just any archaeological work. You really have to have something that changes the way people think to get into *Science*."

And Jenkins's research is doing just that. It's transforming the way we think about the peopling of the New World. For more than 80 years, scientists believed that the Clovis people were the first and only ones on the landscape. The discovery of a distinctly different stone tool technology, used for different purposes around the same time as Clovis, points to a second wave of human migration from Asia into the Americas that possibly preceded the Clovis intrusion, Jenkins says.

He imagines that the first settlers traveled from Siberia to Alaska over a land bridge, establishing a human presence in

Jenkins's research is transforming the way we think about the peopling of the New World.

the New World in at least two separate movements. The Clovis people probably came through the interior of the United States, while people making Western Stemmed tools traveled along the coast. They were hunter-gatherers and would have encountered fertile land—cooler and wetter than now—with edible plants, and big game to hunt. And although the Paisley Caves, now dry and desolate, would have offered a lakeside view back then, "this was not a destination location," according to Jenkins. The evidence indicates that the first Americans probably stopped here to find shelter for only a short time and then moved on.

Jenkins's evidence has been building since 2002, when he first took the UO's Northern Great Basin archaeological field school to south central Oregon's Summer Lake basin, about 130 miles southeast of Bend, to excavate the Paisley Caves. Their mission was to continue the research that Luther Cressman, a UO anthropologist known as the "father of Oregon archaeol-



Digging the Paisley Caves University of Oregon archaeologist Dennis Jenkins, far right, and fellow researchers excavate the site.

ogy,” started in the late 1930s. Cressman reported finding Pleistocene animal bones associated with stone tools, but his artifacts were not well documented and other archaeologists questioned his interpretation of the evidence.

“In 2008, we published in *Science* and there was a huge hoopla about that,” Jenkins says. “Paisley was projected into the international spotlight at that point.” In that article, Jenkins and colleagues reported finding 14,300-year-old coprolites that contained human DNA, but some archaeologists suspected that the samples were contaminated by more recent DNA from humans and rodents through water and urine that could have seeped down through the caves’ sediment. That sent Jenkins and his field crew back to work.

For the next three summers, they returned to Paisley and meticulously excavated the caves. “If you’re not careful about how you collect your samples,” warns Melvin Aikens, UO professor emeritus of anthropology and former director of the field school, “you might just be sampling the DNA of your field crew because they’re all raining DNA every day.”

Jenkins learned that the hard way. When he received the initial results that human DNA had been found at Paisley, he had to contact all of his students and get samples of their hair to verify that what he had was actual ancient DNA and not modern contamination. “We tracked down 60

people and eventually demonstrated that none of them matched the DNA that we had,” he says. “I had students sending me hair from all over the world.” So when they’re collecting samples these days at the Paisley Caves, they take extra precautions. As Aikens describes it, “They’re wearing moon suits.”

In July, Jenkins, with the help of 19 other researchers, including Tom Connolly, MS ’80, PhD ’86, director of research at the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History, published the report in *Science* that finally validates what Cressman believed to be true decades earlier. “What’s really significant about this,” Jenkins explains, “is that we have meticulously dated these Western Stemmed projectile points to the same time as Clovis. And while that had been suggested in the past,” he adds, “nobody had been capable of generating the evidence that we have so strongly put together here.”

But he also knows this is not the end of the debate. “I expect that some controversy will continue,” he concedes. “However, the responses that I’m hearing from other archaeologists right now are that they think this is an incredible piece of research—they’ve never seen anything like it.”

The UO’s archaeological field school, founded in 1937 by Cressman and revitalized by Jenkins and Aikens in 1989, has been instrumental in these discoveries. “Our field school is designed to do real research,” he says, “and I’ve always tried to

incorporate the students, as fully as possible and as much as they’re capable of doing, as colleagues.”

Since 1989, Jenkins estimates that the field school has trained more than 600 students. Each summer, a three- to six-week session is offered and about 25 students participate. Students are up at 6:00 A.M. and work a full day in the field. “It’s eight hours of intensive labor,” he says, “some of it physical and certainly some of it mental, just trying to do the best you can every second, because the one second you’re not paying attention could be the one when you make that incredible find of your lifetime.”

—LeeAnn Dakers ’96

More About Oregon’s Prehistory

In 2011, UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History archaeologists Dennis Jenkins, Melvin Aikens (professor emeritus of anthropology), and Tom Connolly coauthored *Oregon Archaeology* (OSU Press), a comprehensive historical account that documents Oregon’s cultural history—from Paisley Caves to trends in the development of modern Oregon. Filled with detailed maps and photographs, the book is an important resource for anyone interested in the fascinating story of Oregon’s past.

—LD

PSYCHOLOGY

Fostering Connections

UO psychology professor Philip Fisher supports foster and adoptive families facing big challenges.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, UNIVERSITY of Oregon psychology professor Philip Fisher, MS '90, PhD '93, and his wife, a special education consultant, adopted a little boy from Oregon's child welfare system. David was a brown-haired, brown-eyed, three-year-old who loved cats and dogs and, according to Fisher, had the sweetest smile.

Like most adoptive parents, the couple believed they could help their son overcome his adverse infancy. During David's preschool and elementary years, his development was mostly on track—he was a bit slower to learn than his peers, but the Fishers helped him with his homework and hired tutors.

Approaching adolescence, David's struggles intensified. His friendships diminished. He had trouble remembering new vocabulary words. As soon as he learned a new math skill, he promptly forgot it. He had increasingly frequent disciplinary problems at school and became depressed. Despite the Fishers' expertise in child development and the efforts of a dedicated group of teachers and school administrators, friends and family members, no one seemed to be able to help David. Fisher searched for a therapist.

For years, this is the path he had been advising foster parents to follow in similar situations. But his own experiences proved disappointing—and enlightening. One of David's therapists recommended a family finger-painting exercise as a way to solve his apparent "bonding disorder," often a default diagnosis when behavioral issues arise. The therapist was so convinced this treatment would work that she volunteered to participate when Fisher and his wife refused. "She was supposedly an expert in helping adoptive families," Fisher says. "Like other therapists we had seen, she had no clear idea of what David and our family needed."

Fisher knew that the first three years of his son's life, like every child's early years, had been critical in terms of brain development. During this time, the proliferat-



University of Oregon psychology professor Philip Fisher, MS '90, PhD '93

ing neurons in babies' brains reach out and connect to other neurons. Both positive and negative experiences stimulate connections, which develop into neural networks. Underused connections die off in a process called pruning.

In simple terms, a child who receives loving parental attention will be more likely to develop neural networks associated with pleasure, while networks associated with occasional stress are pruned. Conversely, the brain of a neglected child will be predominantly wired for stress. "You don't need the child to be scarred with cigarette burns for things to go off-track," Fisher says. "It's not just about bad things happening, it's the absence of good things as well."

Because kids who end up in foster care often have been neglected, it's likely their brains have adapted to stress. Adaptations to chronic stress appear as cracks in a child's road to the future; kids who fall into them tend to be impulsive and socially insensitive, and often develop learning difficulties.

These children require especially clear signals to move forward, Fisher says,

comparing their situation to driving on a 40-mile-per-hour thoroughfare. "They need a road sign with big letters every quarter mile: 40 MPH. IT'S 40 MPH. IT'S *STILL* 40 MPH. DON'T FORGET IT'S 40 MPH. They also need to know when it's curvy, when it's straight, when people are crossing."

Dangerous road conditions intensify at adolescence. From a brain development perspective, basic instincts kick in, like sex drive. But the part of the brain that involves self-control generally develops slowly in early stress victims. With hormones pushing teenagers into new behaviors and underdeveloped self-control mechanisms failing to provide an adequate counterbalance, these adolescents need even more support. "They don't want the road signs," Fisher says. Like most teens, "they want to figure it out themselves." The more support they get, the more they push away.

This is the point at which therapists often enter the scene, along with prescriptions for powerful psychoactive drugs to treat diagnoses of attention deficit hyperactivity disorder, psychoses, or bipolar disorder.

Instead of treating foster kids as mental health patients, Fisher and collaborators at Oregon Social Learning Center (where he works as a research scientist) view the children's behavior in terms of early adversity and brain development. In the mid-1990s, Fisher developed the Multidimensional Treatment Foster Care-P program (MTFC-P), a cost-effective regimen offering a different approach to helping young foster kids get their behavior back on track. In effect, MTFC-P teaches foster parents how and where to build road signs and teaches their kids how to read them. Fisher calls it "crash prevention."

The program places preschoolers for six to nine months with adults who have received training from psychologists like Fisher to notice and reward their child's positive behavior, avoid arguing with them, put them in time out, and calmly discipline them when they refuse to sit quietly on their own.

The results? MTFC-P children exhibited dramatically less antisocial behavior at home and during play dates than children who did not participate. Its effect was so dramatic that the British government recently integrated a similar program, called Adopt, into their social welfare system for adoptive families.

As Fisher repeatedly saw positive behavioral changes in MTFC-P children, he wondered what effect the program had on their neurological function. He tested three groups of five- to seven-year-olds: MTFC-P kids, similarly aged foster kids who did not participate in the program, and nonmaltreated peers. He compared peripheral brain activity (using electroencephalography, or EEG) when they played computer games, when they made mistakes while playing them, and when they were given instructions to avoid future mistakes.

Neurons in the prefrontal cortex of MTFC-P kids and the nonmaltreated kids showed more activity when the players learned how to avoid computer game errors, indicating that their brains were absorbing this information and putting it into action to prevent further mistakes. In contrast, non-MTFC-P foster kids showed very little brain activation, demonstrating that they were not processing instructions on how to avoid wrong choices.

Fisher explains: "If you are a teacher who says, 'Remember to raise your hand

before blurting an answer,' and the child doesn't, you wonder why she isn't paying attention." She is processing the road sign as meaningless information. The 40 MPH zone has turned into the autobahn.

In further experiments, Fisher and his doctoral student Alice Graham used functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) to explore how infants process stress. At the UO's Lewis Center for Neuroimaging, they put sleeping six- to twelve-month-olds from high-conflict families in an fMRI scanner and played them sounds mimicking angry, mildly angry, happy, and neutral tones of voice.


The scanner measured brain activity in response to each sound. Their results demonstrated that babies from homes with the most domestic conflict (as reported by the mother) had the greatest response to angry speech tones. The scans showed increased levels of activity in the deeper areas of the brain that control emotions, stress reactivity, and stress regulation, Graham says. "Brain cells that fire together wire together," she explains. The research indicates that raised voices are enough to stimulate stress-related neural networks in infants. Most people think that babies are not absorbing a lot of what's going on in their environment, Graham says, but these findings offer a different picture.

For many families, bringing foster or adopted children into the home is a positive, life-transforming experience from start to finish. Others, like the Fishers, have navigated their way through their children's learning disabilities, often-difficult behaviors, and well-intentioned but uninformed therapists.


David will turn 18 next year and will face even more challenges as an adult. Fisher hopes his research helps kids like him reach their full potential and provides adoptive families with the support they need. "I want to reach out to them because I think there are a lot of them having similar experiences," he says.

Adoptive parents do not want to think about the behavioral challenges that may lie ahead when they bring their child home for the first time, Fisher says. "We all hope for the best." The best means raising healthy, well-adjusted children who mature into healthy, well-adjusted adults. It means keeping kids home, safe, and happy. It means everything to Fisher. ☺



—Michele Taylor '10, MS '03



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SOCIOLOGY

Greetings from Lovely Pyongyang

UO professor shares impressions of mystery-shrouded North Korea

A SHORT COURSE IN GEOPOLITICS can be read in a nighttime satellite image of the Korean Peninsula. The south is a land ablaze with light from scores of vibrant urban centers culminating with the radiant metropolis of Seoul. The north is essentially dark, a black expanse with just a pinprick of light marking North Korea's capital, Pyongyang. With outside access controlled to an extreme degree, even basic knowledge about the Democratic People's Republic of Korea (DPRK) is sketchy. For decades, reports of mass starvation, Orwellian mind control of the populace, nuclear arms development, and the ruling family dynasty have been cobbled together from mere scraps of information.

This July, University of Oregon sociology professor Patricia Gwartney had the rare opportunity to form her own firsthand impressions of the mysterious nation.

"It was amazing," she says, "though I still don't know how to interpret so much of what I saw."

Gwartney, who has worked at the UO since 1981, was the founding director of the now-defunct Oregon Survey Research Laboratory. This summer, under the auspices of Statistics Without Borders, she taught courses at the inaugural Pyongyang Summer Institute in Survey Science and Quantitative Methodology (PSI). A primary goal of PSI is to teach Koreans skills they can use when applying for international grants and aid to help improve their struggling country.

The old Russian-built Air Koryo plane she boarded for the flight from Beijing to Pyongyang had open luggage racks instead of bins and no air conditioning. "We sat on the runway for 45 sweltering minutes." Flight attendants handed out fans and glossy magazines that trumpeted the glories of the motherland, its outstanding care for its people, and its leadership status in world affairs. One passenger collapsed from heat exhaustion.

Upon landing in Pyongyang, Gwartney saw a surprising number of Mercedes-Benz



Outlined area shows North Korea at night.

and other cars at the tiny, bare-bones airport. This didn't square with books she'd read, which said motorized vehicles are extremely rare in the DPRK. She began to suspect the cars might be "plants," Potemkin vehicles intended to impress the arriving foreigners.

When she boarded a bus that traveled along a broad, well-paved road with virtually no cars on it, she wondered aloud if it, too, might be mostly for show. Her "minder" (any time PSI members were "a foot off campus" they were accompanied by friendly but vigilant government minders) emphatically rejected this suggestion. The minder also forbade taking photos from the bus.

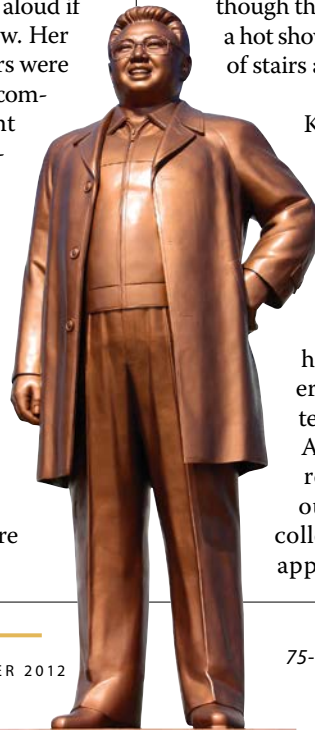
What she didn't photograph was a huge number of people walking—people who she thought looked darkly tanned and sweaty with zoned-out eyes. Wooden carts pulled by oxen or by people. Some broken down electric trams, possibly from the 1950s and so overcrowded people were almost falling out.

PSI is located at Pyongyang University of Science and Technology (PUST, rhymes with *roost*), the first and only private university in North Korea. Funded largely by South Korean Christian churches, it began offering courses in October 2010. Arriving there, she noticed "there was no fence, or clear demarcation of the campus, but we were absolutely not to leave the grounds." Movement was always strictly limited, Gwartney recalls. Once, on an excursion, she wandered away from her minders, attracted by an inviting brook. They couldn't regain control over the meandering American until they warned—truthfully or not—that there were land mines along the creek bed.

The newly constructed PUST campus suffered from shoddy construction, she says, "with cracks everywhere and unreliable plumbing."

The 25 to 30 summer faculty members were international volunteers; their room and board was provided. Gwartney knew she was expected to bring her own bedding and towels to stock her dorm room, and she did, but she wasn't expecting to sleep on a box spring. The room had one sad sagging desk and no chairs. "Mosquitos buzzed in and out of the bathtub drain," though the room had no hot water—a hot shower was a hallway and flight of stairs away.

In a uniquely North Korean twist, the university was run by a regular administration along with a parallel administration, agents of the central government—the *counterparts*. For example, the university had a president and the government had its own counterpart university president. Among their duties, which remained mostly mysterious to Gwartney and her colleagues, the counterparts apparently grilled students



"Supreme Leader" Kim Jong-il's 75-foot statue overlooks Pyongyang.

about any interaction with Caucasians (as all foreigners were called). When she offered students candy they wouldn't take it, preferring to avoid scrutiny from the counterparts.

The all-male student body of 200 undergraduate and about 50 graduate students, she was told repeatedly, ranked academically in the top 1 to 2 percent of North Korean collegians. All students wore black slacks and white shirts with neckties to classes. "They show their individuality in their ties," she says. "Very bright colors."

Instructors conducted all PSI classes in English and all students spoke the language (in varying degrees of proficiency). When Gwartney entered her classroom the students leapt up and enthusiastically called out, "Good morning, Professor!"

"They were beautiful young men," she says. "I thought of them as Peter Pans, stuck in a bubble." And stuck—quite literally—they were. School officials allowed students two visits home each year, even though nearly all were from Pyongyang.

Higher education in the DPRK? Simple tasks such as getting materials photocopied required great diplomacy and effort. She was promised books for her students and teaching assistants to help with her classes . . . but they never materialized. Electrical power, intermittent at first, became less dependable as Gwartney's stay progressed, sometimes going down for minutes, sometimes hours. Her classroom was monitored with microphones.

Student performance "ran the gamut." Most of her undergraduates had previously studied statistics, but the "brazen and rampant" cheating made it difficult to accurately judge their abilities. Though she was told her grad students would have Internet access, she questioned this assertion since not one of them completed the Internet-required homework.

She describes her students as "prudish about sexuality." The all-male PUST students were guarded by a detachment of 100 female soldiers. When she asked about secret romances, her students were vehement—absolutely not! (Gwartney questions what exactly the soldiers were protecting the campus from. The fact that PUST is required to billet and feed its protectors, she posits, may explain this staggering level of security.) She also surveyed her students on their opinions about allowing women to attend the university. Nearly all were against the idea—coed classes would be a major distraction.

Another question arose from the students' behavior. They would crowd their desks in the front of the classroom, bunching together, "draping their arms around each other" and at times "casually stroking one another's ears." Such unexpected displays spurred Gwartney to ask about homosexuality among students. They responded that they had heard of such stuff *in America*, but surely not on their campus.

She and her colleagues ate "colorless, repetitive" food in the dining hall: lots of

rice, tofu, soups, kimchi, and flavored vegetable protein. No fresh vegetables, salt, pepper, sugar, or soy sauce. She had one peach in four weeks. Professors and grad students ate better than undergraduates.

Her food options were less dismal in the markets of the capital's embassy district, which sold otherwise hard-to-find items including peanut butter, jelly, oranges, canned goods, and lots and lots of alcohol.

"A big jar of Nutella saved my life," she recalls with a chuckle.

While Gwartney's students appeared unaware of the country's poverty, crumbling Soviet-era infrastructure, and utter lack of many freedoms, they wholeheartedly believe "they live in the best country in world, the most beautiful city, the cleanest city, et cetera."

Nevertheless, she sees cracks forming in the DPRK's isolationist policies. The counterpart university vice president seemed genuinely to value and welcome foreign instructors. Gwartney was permitted to teach whatever she wanted and she used that freedom to show her grad students datasets that ranked (unflatteringly) their homeland alongside other countries in health, education, and economic development. Perhaps most optimistic of all, in one anonymous survey of her students, Gwartney left space on the form for "other comments." In the blank, one respondent wrote, "I really want to travel." ☹

—Ross West, MFA '84

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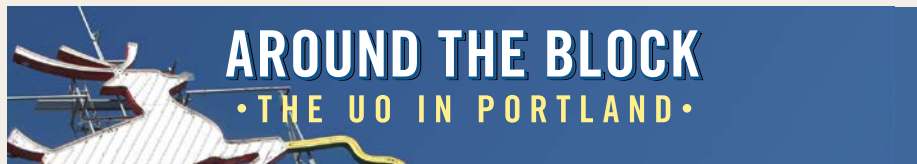
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The Body Politic

The French sculptor Auguste Rodin, of *The Thinker* fame, once stated, “Man’s naked form belongs to no particular moment in history; it is eternal, and can be looked upon with joy by the people of all ages.” While the human form may indeed be timeless, any artwork to feature it reveals much about its native society’s values, aspirations, and ideals. This was particularly true for the ancient Greeks and Romans, says historian and classicist Jeffrey Hurwit, Philip H. Knight Professor of Architecture and Allied Arts. In October, Hurwit presented “Nudes and Nudities in Greek Art” at the White Stag Block. His lecture’s focus was the collection of Greek and Roman artworks from the British Museum currently on display (through January 6) at the Portland Art Museum, many of which are among the world’s finest examples of sculpture from this period.

The ancient Greeks, Hurwit explained, sculpted nude figures to pay homage to their highest ideals. Young Athenian men were depicted in the nude to show their readiness to serve in the state’s military; a well-toned physique was a sign of devotion to the principles of democracy. Celebrated warriors were sculpted in idealized nude forms not as a matter of historical record (they assuredly did wear clothes and armor into battle) but as a symbol of their commitment to the Greek cause. One such idealized athletic form is Myron of Eleutherae’s famous *Discobolus*, sculpted in bronze in the mid-fifth century B.C. and copied numerous times in marble and bronze by the Romans.

“Myron conceived of the body as a composition of circles and semicircles,” Hurwit says, noting that the circular discus itself presents the theme of the composition in both form and subject. The *Discobolus* is depicted at the greatest point of potential energy, and is an outstanding example of the Greek principle of *rhythmos*, or patterned movement, which sculptors of the age sought to express through static composition.

One version of the *Discobolus*, along with more than 100 other treasures of Greek and Roman art, is on display in Portland through early January. As these treasures rarely travel, Hurwit hopes many Ducks will take the opportunity to experience the collection, and to look upon these timeless treasures with joy. [@](#)

WEB EXTRA: To read an in-depth blog post about Jeffrey Hurwit’s lecture, visit OregonQuarterly.com.



Discobolus, Roman, second century A.D., marble.

Calendar

6/one and Light Box

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6/one flows from the creativity of six artists collaborating on one project. *Light Box* mixes pigment and light projections to explore perception and reality. Visit whitebox.uoregon.edu to learn more.

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A continuing education workshop on food-related issues. See sustain.uoregon.edu for details.

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RAINING GREEN: PRACTICAL INNOVATIONS FOR NORTHWEST TECHNOLOGIES
FEBRUARY 15, 2013, 9:00 A.M.–4:30 P.M.

The Northwest’s premier student-organized green business conference. More information at law.uoregon.edu/org/gbisa/symposium.



T H E B E S T

... Place to See the Fall Leaves

Each fall it's not uncommon to find myself hurrying among swarms of students toting book-filled backpacks and scurrying to early-morning classes at the University of Oregon. Bustling through the season's cool, crisp air, it's easy to let my surroundings go unnoticed; but despite autumn's chill, I always look forward to one outdoor event: the yearly descent of colorful fall foliage in the University High School Courtyard.

At the center of the Lorry I. Lokey Education Building in the university's education complex, the courtyard is surrounded by the façades of white, early twentieth-century buildings, one of which operated as a high school until 1953. A brick-laid pathway lines the courtyard, creating an atmosphere reminiscent of a southern promenade.

For me, the courtyard's east-facing bench is a perfect vantage point to watch the morning sunrise over the trees of the nearby Pioneer Cemetery. I feel the sun's warmth on my face as the slanting rays also dance across the multicolored leaves of the courtyard's birch trees, Japanese maples, and tall oaks.

When I turn my head to the south and look toward the new HEDCO College of Education building, I see an amazing tunnel of color shroud-

ing a 50-foot-long pathway. The dense canopy of oaks and *Ginkgo biloba* trees, whose leaves once fluttered in shades of deep green and shielded me from the hot summer sun, now glow red, orange, and yellow.

A breeze strikes up and the courtyard becomes a kaleidoscope of fall hues, with leaves swirling midair before drifting to the ground, becoming a crunchy carpet. The crackling sound of leaves breaking beneath my feet draws the autumn season close in my conscious, raising memories of childhood days spent collecting pinecones and tree boughs to create table centerpieces for the nearing holiday season.

The urgency of morning exams and expired parking meters can often create chaos in this gateway to the heart of campus. But once a year I always make time to pause in the University High School Courtyard and drink in this intoxicating show of seasonal delight. ☺

—Lacey Jarrell

"The Best . . ." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Lacey Jarrell (pictured above) is a senior majoring in journalism and minoring in biology who serves as editor in chief at Ethos, a student-run magazine.

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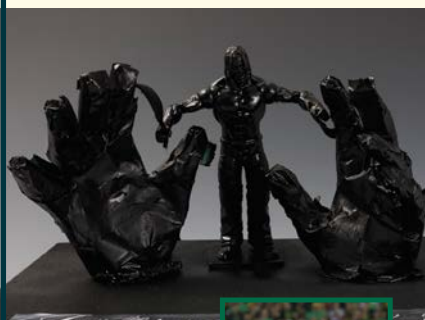
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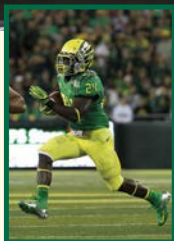
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Kenjon Barner.
(Detail) *Look Within*, 2012.
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I N B R I E F



Six Tons Aloft A crane crew hoists a new research-grade magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) machine into the Lewis Integrative Science Building, which opened in October. Cognitive psychologists, physiologists, and researchers in other fields will use the \$2.7 million scanner to create detailed images of the brain and body.

More Students, Better GPAs

Record fall enrollment of around 25,000 students includes a freshman class (nearly 4,000) with an average GPA of near 3.58—well above the 10-year frosh average of 3.4.

International Education

Seven UO students will receive Fulbright scholarships to study abroad—in Germany (2), Denmark, Armenia, Senegal, Kosovo, and India. The UO has had 201 student Fulbright recipients since the highly competitive program was founded in 1946.

Coolness, Etc.

- The university has been named one of the "Coolest Schools" and placed thirteenth overall in the Sierra Club's recent ranking of America's greenest schools.
- The Princeton Review listed the UO in the 2013 edition of its college guide, *The Best 377 Colleges*, which included one Oregon student comment that the UO has "all of the creative perks of a small learning environment with all of the excitement of a big school."
- Campus Pride included the UO in its Top 25 lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (LGBT)-friendly colleges and universities.

Nine-Figure Generosity

University of Oregon supporters contributed nearly \$107.7 million in private gifts during the year that ended June 30, topping the benchmark of \$100 million for the fifth straight year. Individuals, companies, and foundations made 43,295 gifts and pledges totaling \$51,737,551 for academics and \$55,950,231 for athletics.


Butt Out

On September 1, the UO went smoke-free with tobacco products banned on all university property: buildings, athletic and entertainment facilities (indoor and outdoor), sidewalks, roadways, parking lots, and grounds.

A Design Masterpiece

The UO's John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes received top honors in a recent ranking by the *Business Insider* of the "10 Most Impressive Athletic Buildings in the NCAA," which called the building "a design masterpiece" and "architecturally and aesthetically in a class by itself."

Emerald Revolution

To keep up with the times, the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, a newspaper since around 1900, has "reinvented itself for the digital age" and is now a twice-weekly publication with real-time news posted online at dailyemerald.com. 

LEWIS TAYLOR

PROFile

Jennifer W. Reynolds

Assistant Professor of Law and Associate Director
for the Appropriate Dispute Resolution Program



In college, Jennifer Reynolds once had a dream summer job abroad in London. Life couldn't have been sweeter. There was only one problem: She worked in private equity.

"It just was a way of making rich people richer," Reynolds says. "It actually had no socially redeeming value." When the company offered her a full-time position, a career stepping-stone into high finance, she turned it down. Reynolds contemplated her options and changed course, turning toward what she believed would be a more rewarding career in education.

Hired by the UO School of Law in 2008 as an assistant professor of civil procedure, mediation, and negotiation, she is also associate director of the nationally ranked UO Appropriate Dispute Resolution (ADR) Center. The center promotes the study and pursuit of alternative solutions to conflict, a relatively new and promising field within the practice of law, which Reynolds believes is an essential part of any prospective lawyer's repertoire.

While lawsuits are inherently adversarial and can lead to drawn-out, antagonistic litigation, ADR techniques—such as mediation—address clients' emotional responses to conflict and the

legal aspects of a case by creating conditions for constructive communication. "The mediator is there to help two people who can't otherwise talk to each other have a conversation," she says.

A custody dispute, a divorce, a sexual harassment lawsuit. "Lawyers happen to be with people at these extremely stressful times," Reynolds says, and they need to have a variety of tools to help their clients resolve their problems, "because the single way of going to court is not effective."

Tackling these challenges head-on, Reynolds guides students in her mediation course through simulations during which they take on the roles of different players in a case such as a vicious landlord-tenant dispute. The exercise, she says, is important because, in addition to practicing their skills as legal counsel and mediators, students gain empathy for both sides in a conflict. "It's good to know what's frustrating about mediation," she notes.

Reynolds says new students often believe the law is black and white and that being a lawyer means fighting in court, but ADR offers a different path. "The law itself is never settled," she says. "We can make society what we want it to be if we just put our minds to it, because it's not as firm as it looks."


Name: Jennifer W. Reynolds

Education: BA '92, University of Chicago; MA '96, University of Texas at Austin; JD '07, Harvard University.

Teaching Experience: Visiting professor at the University of Missouri, August 2008. Joined the UO faculty as an assistant professor in 2008.

Awards: Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching, 2012; Orlando John Hollis Faculty Teaching Award, 2012.

Off-Campus: An avid outdoorswoman, Reynolds also enjoys cooking and spending time with her husband and their three children.

Last Word: "What drives people apart is the lack of respect they feel from the other and the way they don't feel heard. I think oftentimes people are much closer than they realize." 

—Brenna Houck

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TO THE END OF THE EARTH

If you want to study Antarctic icefish, you have to go where they live.

by Tom Titus • Photography by John Postlethwait

There are only a few truly remote places left in our world: the greatest depths of the oceans, the highest peaks of the mountains, the most rugged interiors of some deserts and jungles, and the poles—the literal ends of the Earth. Palmer Station, on Anvers Island, Antarctica, qualifies. With no regular air service, the United States research station is accessible primarily via the ship the Laurence M. Gould, an ice-strengthened research vessel that shuttles supplies, scientists, and support staff members from Punta Arenas, Chile.

In mid-March (late summer in Antarctica),

Department of Biology professor John Postlethwait and research associate Tom Titus boarded the Laurence M. Gould in Punta Arenas and headed south to Anvers Island, where they would spend several weeks at Palmer Station studying Antarctic icefish—specifically, the genetic sequencing of icefish—in an effort to understand genetic variations affecting bone mineral density that might someday help fight conditions such as osteoporosis in humans (see sidebar, page 33). It was a return visit for Postlethwait, who had conducted research at the station

in 2008 and 2010, but for Titus it was a new experience, one he chronicled in a series of colorful e-mails to friends and family members back home.

Titus's letters, paired here with Postlethwait's photography of the same journey, offer a reminder that research doesn't always take place in conveniently appointed labs, and that curiosity—the need to know, to discover, to understand—still motivates the most inquisitive among us to venture far, far from home in search of answers.

—Editor





Adelie penguin, Primavera Station, Antarctica. On their return trip, the researchers stopped at "a little pile of rock and ice called Hugo Island" so a crew could replace equipment at a remote weather station, then at Primavera, an Argentine field station, where inflatable Zodiacs shuttled back and forth from ship to shore, collecting a crew of American geologists and their equipment.



Torres del Paine National Park, Chile

It took half the day to find a rental car to go to Torres del Paine, a national park five hours north of Punta Arenas. But it was worth it. Driving north to Torres could have been the run between Bend and Burns on Highway 20: short brown grass, low trees and shrubs, the pronghorn replaced by guanacos and rheas. The hillsides are covered with southern beech forest, *Nothofagus*, one of the biogeographical markers that connect southern South America with Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and New Guinea into a pre-continental-drift Gondwanaland. There are even *Nothofagus* fossils in Antarctica.

The next day we went to the Mirador trailhead. John headed up another trail for an out-and-back 26.2-mile trip that would get him his South American marathon, last of the seven continents that he set out to run years ago. (See “Midwinter Marathon,” page 31.) The Mirador trail rose steeply from the valley floor; the climb at the end of the trail was 30 minutes of steep. It paid off. The Torres are three towers of vertical rock climbing straight out of a glacier. They are extreme, nearly violent manifestations of rock and ice. I sat on a rock for an hour watching wisps of cloud fold around the Torres like gray feather boas, then move off as though they recognized the futility of trying to soften those hard edges etched in blue sky. My camera batteries died at the end of the hour—as if they recognized the futility of trying to capture the scene in bytes and phosphors.

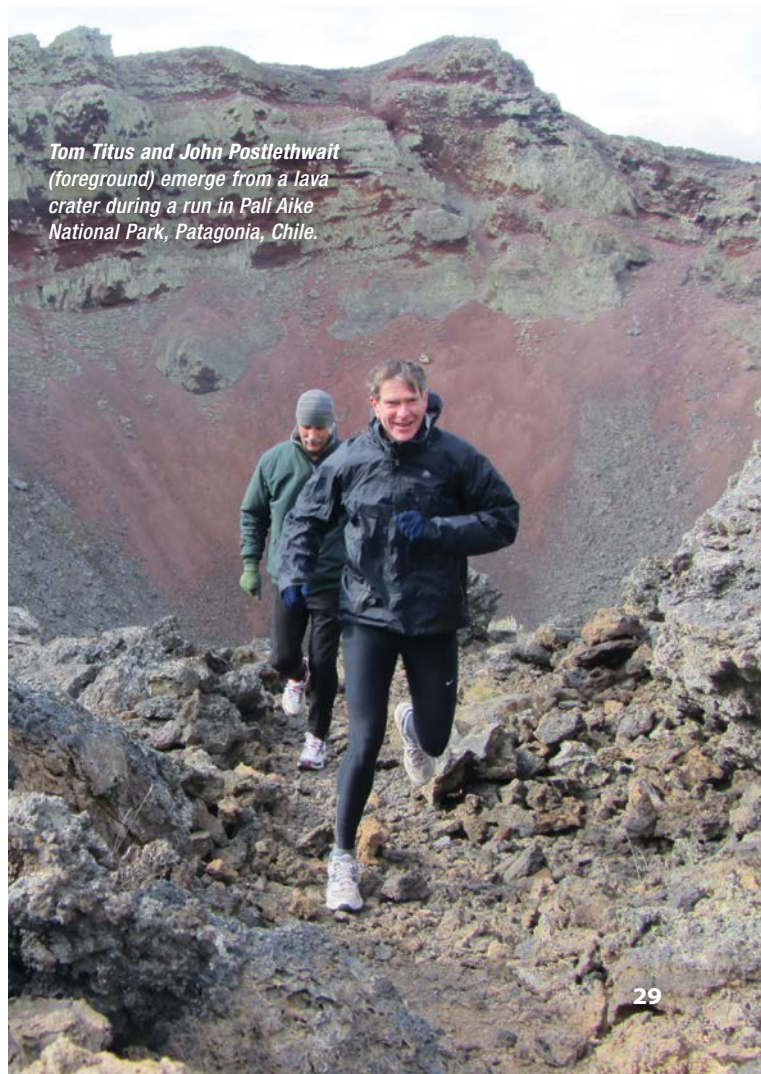




Guanacos graze in Torres del Paine National Park, Chile. The native, llama-like mammals are numerous in the park, where grazing competition from livestock is limited.



Torres del Paine, viewed from Lago Gray.



Tom Titus and John Postlethwait (foreground) emerge from a lava crater during a run in Pali Aike National Park, Patagonia, Chile.



Tom Titus (left) and John Postlethwait fishing from the Laurence M. Gould.



The RV Laurence M. Gould, an icebreaker used by the National Science Foundation for research in the Southern Ocean. The Gould provides the only regular transportation to Palmer Station, Antarctica.



Iceberg tunnel near Palmer Station

Aboard the *Laurence M. Gould*

The *Laurence M. Gould* pulled away from the pier at Punta Arenas at sunset. I'm bunking with a Colombian electrician most recently out of Seattle who doesn't snore and has promised to help me with my Spanish. I should mention that our group of five represents the only scientists on this ship. All the rest are support staff members of various sorts, all here to help us do our thing. Amazing.

By morning we were steaming south down the east coast of Tierra del Fuego, and the rock and sway had definitely picked up. I got up, ate a big breakfast, slept some more, ate a big lunch, worked out on the treadmill and bicycle, slept some more, then ate a big dinner and topped it off with one of the kitchen crew's fresh chocolate chip cookies. This was good.

Sometime after dinner, we cleared the southern tip of Tierra del Fuego and entered the unprotected Drake Passage. The Drake Passage is a DMZ between two oceans that, as near as I can tell, don't like each other very much. This night they were sending up warrior waves, white-frothed watery pyramids 15 feet tall. Occasionally the spray tore loose like a clump of feathers and these became a wandering albatross that tipped and glided over the waves, disappearing into gray chasms, climbing back into view on the opposite side.

The waves quartered into us from the rear, causing the 230-foot *Gould* to dance a circling pirouette. I needed some fresh air, like *right now*, and headed out on the back deck. Before long I was bent over a rail while my stomach wound up and pitched my dinner like a hard fastball, and in a moment of absolute clarity I realized why seabirds follow this ship.

I thought it would be better to die in bed, and somehow crawled into my top bunk, taking the small waste bin from under the desk and propping it between my pillow and the wall. I found that by using my glasses leash that was hanging over a small shelf above my bed as a sort of plumb line, I could rock my head the opposite direction that the ship was rolling and stave off the nausea for a while, hoping that I could absorb at least some of my water and medication. I think this went on for two days.

Then everything changed. We stayed inside the shelter of the islands paralleling the Antarctic Peninsula and the water was flat. The sun was out and the sky was nearly cloudless, and the mountains and glaciers were absolutely, hand-wringingly, heart-wrenchingly, mind-bogglingly beautiful. Even the experienced crew members were out on the deck, cameras in hand, all smiles, and I knew that it must have been an unusually beautiful morning. As the channel narrowed, the mountains came closer and everything became increasingly spectacular. That last day was absolutely beautiful. But if I had a million bucks to hire a helicopter to take me back to Punta Arenas at the end of my stay at Palmer Station, I might spend it. Do not take solid ground for granted. Go out and kiss it. Now.

Iceberg off Anvers Island, Antarctica



John Postlethwait (left) and Paul Quienor finished an Antarctic marathon in 2008, running 26.2 miles on Midwinter's Day.

Midwinter Marathon


It is June 21, 2008: Midwinter's Day. Residents of Palmer Station traditionally celebrate the holiday with a reprieve from work and an evening plunge into the frigid water.

Today, John Postlethwait is celebrating with a run at history. As he approaches the starting line, Postlethwait knows no one has ever completed an Antarctic marathon on the winter solstice, a day when the sun never clears the horizon and the temperature usually hovers well below freezing. But the University of Oregon geneticist likes his chances.

Over nearly four decades, he's tackled many feats of endurance with other members of the UO Noon Runners, a midday running group that began meeting on campus in 1961. Together they've turned the incredible into routine, with 49-mile runs around the Three Sisters among the highlights of their collective résumé.

While Postlethwait has never been the fastest in this group of self-described adventure runners, his appetite for a good challenge is boundless. When he hit 40, he began the annual tradition of running his age in miles—on a single run. Now, after 24 successful age runs, Postlethwait is ready for a new challenge—a dream, really—to run a marathon on every continent. So far he's checked off North America, Australia, Europe, and Africa. In Antarctica with the support of a grant to study icefish, realizing his dream seems much closer.

Closer, perhaps, but reasonable? As he and four other intrepid souls trudge around (and around, and around) the 0.4-mile circumference of a glacier near Palmer Station, Mother Nature is doing her best to stymie Postlethwait's ambitions. At 15 miles the wind whips up, slicing through his ski jacket like a frozen dagger.

Even after three of the five starters call it quits, Postlethwait and fellow runner Paul Quienor press on. Seeking some degree of shelter from the bitter wind, the men descend from the exposed glacier and continue their effort on the snowy road below. With each circuit they draw closer to covering the vaunted 26.2-mile distance, until finally the moment arrives. As Postlethwait crosses the makeshift finish line his colleagues cheer. *Midwinter's Day marathon—complete.* 

—Ben DeJarnette

Postlethwait has since run marathons in Asia and South America to complete his global marathon challenge.

Palmer Station, Antarctica

Life at Palmer Station is like nowhere I've been. On Saturday, the one day off, there is an event called House Mouse where everyone draws a cleaning duty out of a hat, and in one hour the entire station is cleaned. There is a list that gets checked off. The first item is "Choose Music" and the volume is always loud. There are only two locked doors in the entire station. One is the store. I can't remember the other one. Folks leave laptops and every other thing lying around. I have never heard so many pleases and thank yous and you're welcomes, seen so many people holding

doors open for others, never been greeted so often. People are inordinately friendly and polite because of intention-driven necessity. They are nice first because they have to be nice, then because being nice is just the way it is, and then because they want to be nice because everyone realizes that being around nice people is better than being around assholes. Palmer is a small, confined place where people live and work in close quarters. There is no place to run, no way to avoid anyone. Positive relationships are paramount. For all its natural beauty, this

human element is what I will miss most about Palmer. I'm already steeling myself to the reality of coming home to the daily, hourly encounters with people who are locked away, self-protected, sequestered within the bubble of their workaday world. Funny, isn't it, how different we behave when psychological imperatives change the dominant culture? There is some gratification in knowing that people can choose to be different.

We left Palmer Station about 8:00 A.M. on March 29. There was a lot of hugging on the pier, and when the ship pulled away, about eight people were out there doing

the Polar Plunge—a traditional leaping off of the pier into water that is nearly freezing in honor of the departing boat. They looked like they were having a good time, but I was happy to watch from the back of the ship.

Within a day or so we were into the Drake and there was nothing but the low-throated drumming of the ship's engine and swells of gray water and rocking, restless rambling from one end of the boat and back again, waiting on breakfast waiting on lunch waiting on dinner waiting for someone to choose a good movie,



fergodsake (this did not happen). I went to sleep and woke up to . . . silent stillness. We were tied to the pier in Punta Arenas. No rocking, no engine noise, no nothing. The sun was out and a rainbow terminated on shore. This must be a good thing.

I now have to rethink my entire existence: how to walk, eat, sleep, throw up, exercise. I can actually get off of this ship and become the landlubbing bipedal quadruped that I once was. John and I went for a run on dirt and grass and concrete. There is no ice or snow anywhere. 🌀

Tom Titus, a research associate in the UO's Department of Biology, is the author of Blackberries in July: A Forager's Field Guide to Inner Peace.



A blackfin icefish (Caenocephalus aceratus). The fish's low bone density adds to its transparent appearance.

Fishing for Answers

“Scum-sucking bottom dwellers.” That’s what Tom Titus playfully calls the ancestors of the Antarctic icefish he and fellow University of Oregon geneticist John Postlethwait hope will lead to a breakthrough in the understanding of human bone loss disease.

In a study funded by the National Institutes of Health, Titus and Postlethwait are searching for a link between the adaptive bone loss experienced by Antarctic icefish across countless generations and bone mineral density conditions such as osteoporosis seen in aging humans.

Unlike the study’s bottom-dwelling control group the Antarctic rockcod, icefish have evolved a lower bone density that allows them to feed on prey closer to the water’s surface. The genetic factors behind this divergence are at the heart of the study, which seeks to pinpoint how specific genes affect bone density in icefish and humans.

In 2008, faced with a dearth of background research on both icefish and rockcod, Postlethwait travelled to Antarctica to collect and preserve tissues, which he sent to project collaborators H. William Detrich of Northeastern University in Boston and Chris Amemiya of the Benaroya Research Institute in Seattle. They used the tissues to compile genomic libraries for the fish, allowing the team to observe exactly what genes are present in each species.

The presence or absence of particular genes is one possible reason for varying degrees of bone density, but Titus and Postlethwait expect a different explanation. They hypothesize that both species of fish possess the genes necessary for dense, mineralized bones, meaning icefish have developed low bone mineral density through evolutionary changes in how those genes are regulated and expressed, rather than whether or not they are present.

“The genes are still there in the icefish. What’s

different is in the regulation of the genes,” Postlethwait says. “And that’s what happens in a person. An old person still has the genes that are necessary to make mineralized bones, but they get brittle bones because those genes have stopped working.”

To understand exactly how this process works in the fish (with the ultimate goal of knowledge that may lead to improved bone health for humans), the scientists use powerful new research tools—including what Titus describes as “mind-boggling” advances in sequencing technology—that have led to a 25-fold increase in data extraction capabilities since 2009.

Titus says the application of this technology has transformed questions that were once computationally out of reach into problems that can be solved in a matter of weeks. With the help of research assistant Peter Batzel, MS ’11, and the university’s new Applied Computation Instrument for Scientific Synthesis (ACISS) supercomputer, the team’s analytical capacity is keeping pace with the huge influx of data, setting up Titus and Postlethwait for what could be a very fruitful year of discovery. “It’s going to come,” Postlethwait affirms. “We had to do all the background work, and we’re just coming now to the point where we’re hoping to make the big leap in understanding.”

With the team’s grant set to expire in 2013, Titus and Postlethwait are in the process of applying for additional funding. As they work toward understanding evolutionary bone loss in fish, it’s the potential benefit to public health that continues to motivate their efforts. “The public supports our work, and so the public needs to get something out of it,” Postlethwait says. “Before I get old and decrepit, I’m hoping that we can contribute to the understanding of human osteoporosis.” 🌀

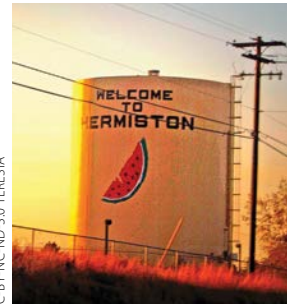
—Ben DeJarnette



LONG JOURNEY HOME

With luck, determination, and the kindness of strangers, a young man uncovers the mysterious circumstances of his birth.

By Kimber Williams, MS '95



C-BY-NC-ND-3.0 TERESIA

A giant watermelon slice is painted on the water tower in Hermiston, Oregon, a town of around 17,000 residents nestled amid rolling farmland that ripples endlessly across the Columbia Plateau. Fueled by agriculture and food processing, it's the kind of

down-to-earth place where farming, family, and high school sports form a stable backbone. Embrace it, and you fit in.

Growing up on those sandy plains of Eastern Oregon, Wyatt Harris '12 was very much a son of the American West. His upbringing was woven with the sturdy threads of church and school, wrestling and Rotary Club, and fireworks on the Fourth of July.

But he was also something more.

Chinese by birth, he was a demographic curiosity. The nation's controversial one-child policy had flooded China's orphanages with baby girls, but it was unusual to find boys, who remained culturally prized.

Then, there was Wyatt.

Childhood photographs show a bright-eyed boy with a winning grin, as fine-boned as a fledgling bird. What the images don't show are his limbs. Wyatt's left arm ends abruptly at his elbow in a soft knob of flesh, a birth defect that the orphanage was reluctant to reveal.

Wyatt Harris in the rural village where he was born, near Ma'anshan, an industrial city in eastern China's Anhui province

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY WYATT HARRIS



Infant Number 58, from Harris's file at the Ma'anshan City Social Welfare Institute, his home for nearly four years

Cal and Midge Harris couldn't have cared less. They happily adopted the four-year-old, raising him first in Baker City, then Hermiston. There, he found a good life—a great life, really. Yet deep within Wyatt Harris resided a quiet urge to understand the shadowy beginnings of his own life.

Beneath it all, one question: *Why was I abandoned?*

The search for an answer would lead him on an extraordinary journey to a distant culture, a past he never knew, and a future no one could have predicted.

开始 In the Beginning

Everyone has a story.

This much he knew: In 1994, Cal Harris arrived at the Ma'anshan City Social Welfare Institute to adopt a son. Back in Baker City, he and his wife, Midge, were already raising a six-year-old daughter, Margie, from Colombia. This time, the adoption agency had steered them to the country with the greatest need: China.

Wyatt, they decided, would complete the Harris family. They knew only that Wyatt was about four months old when he arrived at the orphanage, though child welfare officials had guessed at his birthdate. He'd been abandoned, bound in blankets against early spring temperatures and tucked inside a basket left alongside a portable toilet near a soccer stadium.

China's one-child rule was implemented in 1978 to curb growth in a nation that had seen its population nearly double from 1949 to 1976. But the policy cast a dark legacy—an upswing in child abandonments, gender-selective abortions, and even allegations of child confiscation by family-planning officials. No one knew where Wyatt fit into that picture.

From the beginning, Cal and Midge refused to see their son's disability as a barrier—a view helped by Wyatt's tenacious personality. When an occupational therapist tried teaching the boy to tie his shoes with one hand, Midge recalls, the youngster instead devised his own better, quicker method. "You have to know Wyatt—when he's determined, he's determined," explains Midge, who works for an education service district in Hermiston. When Wyatt tried tennis, he not only mastered it, he won tournaments. Wrestling,

Childhood photographs show a bright-eyed boy with a winning grin, as fine-boned as a fledgling bird. What the images don't show are his limbs.

soccer, T-ball, basketball—he did it all. He was a fast learner, adventurous, inquisitive, big-hearted, and open to the world, his parents discovered. "We expected both kids not to let things get in their way—if someone gives you guff, prove them wrong," recalls Cal, who works at the Two Rivers Correctional Institution in Umatilla.

The angles of his face, the stub of his arm—Wyatt knew he was different. But he owned it, even joked about it. "I like to tell people I grew up in a town so small, there were only five Asians—the four people who worked at the Chinese restaurant, and me," he laughs. Margie Harris had no desire to know more about her biological roots. Wyatt was a different story.

过去的秘密 The Past Whispers

It was during his junior year of high school that he heard China calling.

Through Rotary International, Wyatt had an opportunity to study in Taiwan, an island of 18 million people that lies just off the southeastern coast of China like a plump yam tossed at sea.

The Harris family had hosted students from Mexico and France through the Rotary Youth Exchange Program, and believed in it. They knew Taipei would provide a good experience. Wyatt saw a chance to learn about his own distant culture, to feel what it was like to walk down streets crowded with Asian faces. Once there, enrolled for 11 months of study at a vocational high school, he began learning Mandarin, making no secret of the fact he was adopted from China. Someday, Wyatt knew, he would be back.

By the time he returned to Hermiston High School for senior year, Wyatt already knew he was headed for the University of Oregon. Aunts, uncles, cousins—so many relatives had gone there it was simply an accepted rite of passage. By taking college-credit classes in high school, he entered the UO as a sophomore intent on majoring in Chinese and international business.

Maram Epstein, an associate professor in the Department of East Asian Languages and Literatures, recalls Wyatt standing out in her Chinese literature class as an eager student, hungry to learn and willing to dive deep into the subject. Much of the reading that term focused on classic themes, including filial piety, the foundation of Confucian society that speaks to the respect, obligation, and love a child owes a parent over his lifetime. She noted Wyatt's interest, but wasn't surprised. "We have a lot of students from East Asia who've been adopted in the U.S. taking courses because they're try-

ing to figure out something about who they are.”

Epstein never spoke with Wyatt about his arm, but she knew that China still carried cultural taboos around birth defects. “In early Chinese texts, it was considered extremely inauspicious if a child was born in some way that was irregular,” she says. “In fact, it’s still very hard to have an obvious disability in China—a lot of places won’t hire you, certain schools won’t take you, you are cut out of a lot of opportunities.”

When Wyatt learned of study-abroad opportunities through the UO Office of International Affairs, he was intrigued. By 2010, he was off to study Chinese and business management for a year at National Taiwan University. He had unfinished business. With mainland China only about 100 miles to the west, the chance to learn more about his roots was tempting.

Then, an opportunity. Traditionally, the Chinese New Year is one of that country’s most important celebrations, triggering more than a month of holiday travel often described as the largest annual human migration in the world, as hundreds of millions of residents find their way back to home and family. On January 30, 2011, Wyatt Harris joined them.

馬鞍山 Ma’anshan

There was little to go on: the name of a city and orphanage, a few photographs, some random documents—but even that was more than many Chinese orphans had to work with. Wyatt landed in Nanjing with a backpack, just enough language skills to get by, and no real plan.

Located in eastern China along the banks of the Yangtze River, Ma’anshan is one of the nation’s brawny steelmaking cities, home to more than a million residents. Wyatt was struck by the incongruities—this beautiful urban setting, its ancient bones glowing beneath holiday fireworks, was also home to elderly beggars who held out dirty tin cans.

The next morning, Wyatt was in a taxi heading for the Ma’anshan City Social Welfare Institute, and feeling nervous. The gated complex was clean, attractive—nothing like what he expected. Wyatt introduced himself by his Chinese name, *Wamubao*, the one they’d given him at the orphanage. A caregiver shouted, calling to others. How could they possibly remember him? But there he was, remembered and celebrated and embraced. Over the babble of dark-eyed babies, Wyatt laughed and asked if he’d been that talkative. “Oh yes,” the caregivers insisted. It was a small detail, but for the first time, a crisp, tangible fragment of his own cloudy history.

The next day, Wyatt returned to meet with Chai Zhonghao, his primary caregiver, a woman he knew only by her photograph. She greeted him warmly, suggesting he enlist the help of local media to find his biological family.

He wasn’t the first to try. After a generation of overseas adoptions—more than a quarter-million children by some estimates—China has recently experienced a surge in foreign

adoptees returning to learn more about their beginnings, spawning a cottage industry of “root-seeking” tours, culture camps, and orphanage reunions.

After an afternoon meeting with other orphanage “siblings,” many of whom still remembered him, Wyatt found himself alone in his thoughts, walking past a radio station. It was fate, he decided.

The station was protected by a fence, but no security guard. He took a chance, entering the 22-story building and randomly pushing elevator buttons. One floor, then another. No luck. Giving up, he left—only to be met by an angry guard. Observing Wyatt’s curious behavior on a security monitor, the guard assumed he was a burglar. As Wyatt frantically tried to avert an international incident, a young woman appeared, drawn by the commotion. Lisa was a DJ at the radio station Wyatt had been trying to locate. Hearing his story, she reassured the guard, and offered Wyatt a ride back to his hotel. Though interested in helping publicize the story

Wyatt landed in Nanjing with a backpack, just enough language skills to get by, and no real plan.

of an American boy seeking his Chinese birth family, with the looming holiday, she thought it unlikely that his story could run for at least a week.

Shortly after dropping Wyatt off, however, Lisa called. Her supervisor wanted to air his story the next morning. Wyatt arrived at the radio station to find a cluster of reporters interested in his story. Minutes into the radio interview, the phone lines lit up with strangers offering heartfelt support and suggestions.

The birth defect that the orphanage had once wanted to hide was now something that made him stand out—a mark of distinction that would surely be recognized by his birth family.

Listeners wanted to share his story online. News outlets in surrounding cities wanted to broadcast it, too, in case his birth parents had moved. And no one wanted him to be alone during the holiday. He was stunned. In the most populous nation on earth—1.3 billion by the latest count—the chances of finding his biological family were beyond remote. But soon, his face was in the local papers. Strangers recognized him on the street, greeting him with a warm, “Welcome home.”

In only a few days, Wyatt Harris had become a top news story.

篮子里的男孩 The Boy in a Basket

Early the next morning, a reporter called:

She knew exactly where Wyatt had been abandoned and could take him there. He would have never found it on his

own. After years of neglect, the soccer stadium had been demolished and replaced with an attractive park. As he watched children at play, for the first time in his life Wyatt felt something like anger toward his birth parents. He'd been robbed of such simple moments, the right to stretch out his toddler fingers to grasp their warm hands.

Next stop, a nearby police station to search for his child-abandonment records. They never got past the front gate. Record keeping had been abysmal that far back; everything was on paper, crammed into boxes. Most likely the records either didn't go back that far or had already been destroyed, a skeptical officer advised.

Wyatt returned to the orphanage. Working with the director, he found his own photo, marked "Number 58." A corresponding file contained a dusty, sealed folder—within it, a few photos and assorted documents, which lay before him like random pieces to different puzzles. Another dead end.

The days dissolved into a chaotic stream of media interviews, phone calls, and dinner invitations. But time was evaporating. With only three days to go until his scheduled departure, Wyatt returned to the police station where he'd been taken as an infant, shadowed by an entourage of at least a half-dozen journalists.

This time, they got inside. But again, officers were doubtful that records could help. "Tell me this," said Wyatt. "If I were to abandon a child today, what process would you follow?" An officer produced a book containing the "receipts" of abandoned children—a system that had long been in place. The orphanage, the officer advised, might still have a matching receipt. Somehow, amid years of paperwork, it did. And with it, more details. A woman named He Wenyiu had found Wyatt on March 18, 1991, near Ma'anshan Stadium. Though she had died in 2005, officers were able to locate her son, who had been with his mother when she found an infant that day.

Wyatt was handed an address and phone number: "They want to see you tonight."

Minutes into the radio interview, the phone lines lit up with strangers offering heartfelt support and suggestions.



Harris with Lisa, the radio DJ who put his story on the air

Trailing a now-familiar entourage of reporters and cameramen, he entered a small, modest apartment to find an elderly man, easily in his eighties, and his grown son. As the man spoke, the past eased into focus:

The family had been out walking the day they found Wyatt. Many had passed his basket without a glance, the man, now a grandfather, recalled. But when his wife peered inside, she was shocked to find an infant; he hadn't so much as whimpered. If they didn't already have three children, the grandfather insisted, "we would have kept you as our own."

The old man's words were a comfort, but offered few clues into his past. And he was running out of time.

我叫甚麼名字?

What Is My Name?

Wyatt Harris had come to China as an American, a stranger. Eleven days later, he left with a face that even the cab drivers recognized.

Back in Taiwan, he decided to squeeze in some sightseeing before the start of a new semester. Gazing out a bus window, his thoughts kept drifting back to China. Checking his e-mail, he felt a jolt. It was a message from a

Chinese newspaper reporter: "Good news. Your biological parents came forward." He read it three times, even asking a nearby stranger to translate it, to be certain. After only 18 days and few leads, his search was over. Wyatt wept. With his right hand, he dialed his parents in Oregon. They congratulated and cautioned him, not knowing what he might find on the unseen pages of a hidden past.

Easing back into his seat, Wyatt noticed more e-mails. He opened one to find a photo of a young man. There was a distinctive chin, so much like his own. The bone structure, the smile—all remarkably familiar. *His brother.* Next, a sister with that unmistakable chin. Finally, a woman who could only be his birth mother. Many times he had imagined what his biological family looked like. In minutes, the weight of that mystery had lifted. "I knew it was happening, it was really happening," he recalls. "I just couldn't believe it." Days later, a DNA test would confirm what Wyatt already knew.

His first contact was a brief phone call. Wyatt introduced himself by both his American and Chinese names. "Are you my biological mother?" he blurted in Chinese. The phone was quickly passed to an uncle.

Next question: "When was my birthday?"

His birth mother spoke up, nervously explaining that she was illiterate and not good with dates. But she remembered: December 20, 1990. A midwife had come to her house; there had been no official record of the delivery. December? The realization hit him. Wyatt must have been with his biological parents for several months before they abandoned him. He asked for his original Chinese birth name, but the answer was hard to take. They had never named him.

长途旅行回家

Long Journey Home

During the descent into

Nanjing Airport, doubt began to sink in: *What was he doing?* Wyatt closed

He asked for his original Chinese birth name, but the answer was hard to take.

his eyes, asking God to help him get through whatever awaited him.

Winding through customs, Wyatt felt panicky. He could already hear unfamiliar voices shouting, “*Mawubao! I see Mawubao!*” He wasn’t ready. He slipped into a bathroom to splash water on his face and apply more deodorant—he was already sweating beneath his University of Oregon jacket. A deep breath, a few more steps, then faces that he recognized: Lisa from the radio station, the reporters, the cameramen—and his birth mother, a small woman in an oversized leather bomber jacket, pushing her way through the crowd to seize him. She clung to Wyatt’s good arm, sobbing like a frightened child. Reporters shouted a torrent of questions; Wyatt has no idea what he told them.

Amid the chaos, a taller man appeared—his biological father. Not sure what to say or do, Wyatt greeted him with a cheery, “*Hao jiu bu jian* [Long time no see]!” The man laughed, responding with a generous hug, then rolled up Wyatt’s sleeve to study the nub of his left elbow.

A tap on his shoulder. Wyatt turned to find the face of his big brother, whose eyes were already red from crying. Grinning, they hugged and studied each other, as if gazing into a mirror clouded by time. Then his younger sister appeared, a pixie with a sweet, playful smile.

Outside the terminal, his birth mother still clung fiercely to his right arm, plastered against him like a wet leaf. The plan was to drive to a hotel, which had donated a meeting space. After all these years, Wyatt needed some answers.

Along the way, he chatted with his new siblings. His brother had never attended college. In fact, neither sibling had graduated high school. It hit him like a swollen wave—this would have been his life, too.

Had his brother known of Wyatt’s birth? Yes, from a fairly young age. His brother began to cry. Maybe Wyatt wasn’t the only one haunted by the past.

Arriving at the hotel, Wyatt was mystified when a reporter began asking about “the cleansing ceremony.” Curious, he watched as his birth mother dampened a washcloth and began to rub his face, his cheeks, his chin, his right hand, his left nub. It was a traditional ceremony, performed when a family member returns after a long journey to purify the body and celebrate a safe homecoming. As Wyatt’s birth mother washed his left elbow, she manipulated the short arm, whimpering. Wyatt took the rag, wiping away her tears.

Finally, it was time for the media to leave. How to begin? First, he expressed his appreciation. His family didn’t have to come forward, but they had. “For that, I thank you,” Wyatt said. Then Wyatt looked into the eyes of his birth parents: “The answers you give me will not at all hinder our relationship,” he assured them. “I just want to hear the truth—if you tell me the truth, it will only make our relationship stronger for the years to come.” With a nod from his birth father, Wyatt began:

“Why did you leave me on March 18, 1991, at the stadium?” It was the very soul of his journey, the reason for this search.

His birth father cleared his throat. They had been so poor. He made little money—perhaps \$3 a week—and his wife had no job. For three weeks, the family struggled. By January, they were wrestling with a bitter decision: Love this child and fight to keep him alive, or give him to someone to find a better future, releasing his destiny to the winds of chance.

FROM TOP: Harris’s birth family awaits his arrival at the Nanjing airport; the reunion with his birth family; sharing a family meal; Harris and his brother run an impromptu footrace down the road to the family’s village; Harris surveys his birth family’s modest home.



The Magazine of the University of Oregon Winter 2012

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

Doomsday **or
Deliverance?**

Antarctic Adventures • Long Journey Home • Mush! • Free Speech in 1962



UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON



TOP: Harris poses with his birth family. Rural families are often allowed exceptions to China's complex one-child policy. BOTTOM: The Harris family, from left: Wyatt, Margie, Cal, and Midge.

The decision was wrenching. They took a 30-minute car ride, first planning to abandon Wyatt in a small city near their rural home. They hid nearby to watch. Overwhelmed, his birth mother couldn't bear it, retrieving him after 10 minutes. His birth father recalled holding Wyatt's small body against his chest all the way home, his weight a warm reminder of where the child belonged.

Two months later, though, they re-

peated the journey. Outside a soccer stadium, they again said their silent goodbyes. Before leaving, his birth father placed a box of biscuits on Wyatt's small chest, the baby's birthdate carefully written upon it. They watched the basket for hours before someone—He Wenyi, her husband, and son, whom Wyatt had met earlier—took notice. Satisfied that the infant had been found by a decent family, they left.

“Did you know I was at the Ma’anshan Welfare Institute?”

Again his birth father spoke haltingly: “Yes.” Head down, he described eventually finding a better factory job not far from where they’d left Wyatt. After work one day, he passed a nearby orphanage. By then, it had been a few years since they’d abandoned him. Curious, he walked inside. There, in the corner of a courtyard, he spotted a small boy missing part of his left arm. Wyatt’s birth father admitted that for the next year he had visited Wyatt often, never once revealing his secret until one day, the boy was gone.

“Why did you reveal your identity?”

“You are our son; you deserve to know who your parents were for four months and why we did what we did,” his father explained. For Wyatt, it was enough. “I could see the anguish and regret,” he recalls. “From that point on, my task was to somehow find a way to tell them they didn’t need to feel guilty.”

重新看過去

A Past, In Focus

The van rattled to a stop. Looking out, Wyatt took in the misty, winter-bare landscape, which lay like a muted watercolor, rugged and raw. Before him stretched a crude gravel road cut between murky pools the color of stout black tea—fields flooded for rice paddies.

His biological family piled out, their excitement palpable. Wyatt’s brother began chattering in rapid-fire banter: “Do you like to exercise? Do you like to run? Let’s run to our house!” It was a brother’s challenge. “Three, two, one . . .” he chanted. Like small boys, they tore down the lane, racing toward a distant cluster of buildings. Legs pumping, Wyatt could hear voices chanting his Chinese name, *“Mawubao! You’ve returned!”*

Then, fireworks, an explosion of noise and sparks showering upon them, flowering blossoms of pyrotechnics. At the end of the road, more than 100 cheering people had gathered to greet

By ancestral tradition, it was if he'd never existed. Wyatt would have to make his own mark in the world.

him, smiling, hands reaching to embrace him.

Inside his family's modest house, he was met with hugs and handshakes, a parade of food and happy toasts of strong rice wine.

Over the next three days, Wyatt observed the life he might have known. It was sobering. His biological father worked at a shoe factory in a distant province, typically gone from home 11 months out of the year. His birth mother worked in neighboring rice fields. His brother had just taken a job at a printing plant. His sister was a masseuse. While his biological family had achieved financial stability by local standards, saving for years to build their modest farm home, they wanted to show Wyatt how far they had come. It was a shock. The house he was born in was a shanty barely the size of a college dorm room.

The second day, they visited an ancestral burial site to give thanks for the reunion. From his studies of Chinese history and culture at the UO, Wyatt knew it was a ritual to be taken seriously.

While uncles pulled weeds away from a tombstone, Wyatt was handed Chinese ceremonial paper money. Kneeling, he watched his older brother, copying him as he folded, then unfolded each sheet of yellow paper, placed it on the cement pad, and lit it. As the papers burned, thin fingers of smoke floated toward the heavens, a symbolic fortune sacrificed to unseen ancestors. As Wyatt helped feed the fire, he grew reflective. This was his birth family, his other family. What would become of their relationship after he left? But just then, his brother motioned him to another burial site.

"This is Dad's dad, our grandfather," his brother said, explaining that there were two types of tallies on the tomb-

stone: one row of marks represented each of the deceased's children, another tallied his grandchildren. When his brother grew quiet, Wyatt knew why—his grandfather's tombstone bore only two tally marks. By ancestral tradition, it was if he'd never existed. Wyatt would have to make his own mark in the world.


As quickly as the reunion began, it was over.

At the airport, his biological father handed Wyatt a letter for his parents in Oregon, conveying his gratitude. Barely literate, he had dictated his appreciation to Wyatt's brother, who'd typed it. He confessed that he'd had trouble sleeping lately; there was much on his mind and in his heart.

Stopping, the man's eyes filled with tears. "I'm sorry," he finally stammered. Wyatt absorbed the fragile weight of those words. They washed over him like healing waters, a soothing balm to his years of confusion. For a moment, he recalled the life he'd found in Oregon. It had changed everything.

"Don't be sorry," he explained. "Be grateful. Because of what you did, I now have an education, I have a future that I can call my own. Because of what you guys did, I have a family that loves and supports me and pushes me to be a stronger person every day. Don't be sorry," Wyatt added. "Be happy for giving me a second chance."

A second chance. With those words, Wyatt would share the same message with thousands of new graduates and their families this June, when he appeared as one of three student graduation speakers during the Class of 2012 commencement exercises in Matthew Knight Arena. Looking across the vast, joyful crowd that day, he spoke of the power of second chances with the calm acceptance that comes from understanding your own past.

Everyone has a story. Some of us just have to go looking for it. 


Kimber Williams, MS '95, covers faculty and staff news at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. Her last piece for Oregon Quarterly was "Freedom Can't Protect Itself," in the Winter 2011 issue.



A Second Chance

Tracking down his biological family and visiting the Chinese orphanage where he spent his early years revealed what Wyatt Harris's life might have been like without an education and the support of his adoptive family, and helped him appreciate the opportunities he found growing up in Oregon. It also prompted a personal decision.

Working with a Taiwanese publisher he met through Rotary International, Wyatt decided to turn a series of lengthy e-mails written to his friends and family back home into a book that chronicles his journey. At the same time, he began developing plans to create a foundation—an organization that could help orphans come to the United States for an educational experience. Proceeds from the sale of the book would support the foundation, he decided. During his last five months of study in Taiwan, Wyatt worked with a writer and translator to polish a Chinese-language manuscript. Released in December 2011, his autobiographical story, *The Second Chance*, has raised about \$600,000. Much of the proceeds will benefit his Second Chance Foundation, which is based in Taiwan. The goal of the foundation is to provide financial assistance to Taiwanese orphanages—anything from beds to schoolbooks—and to cover the costs for orphans to come to Oregon to advance their education.

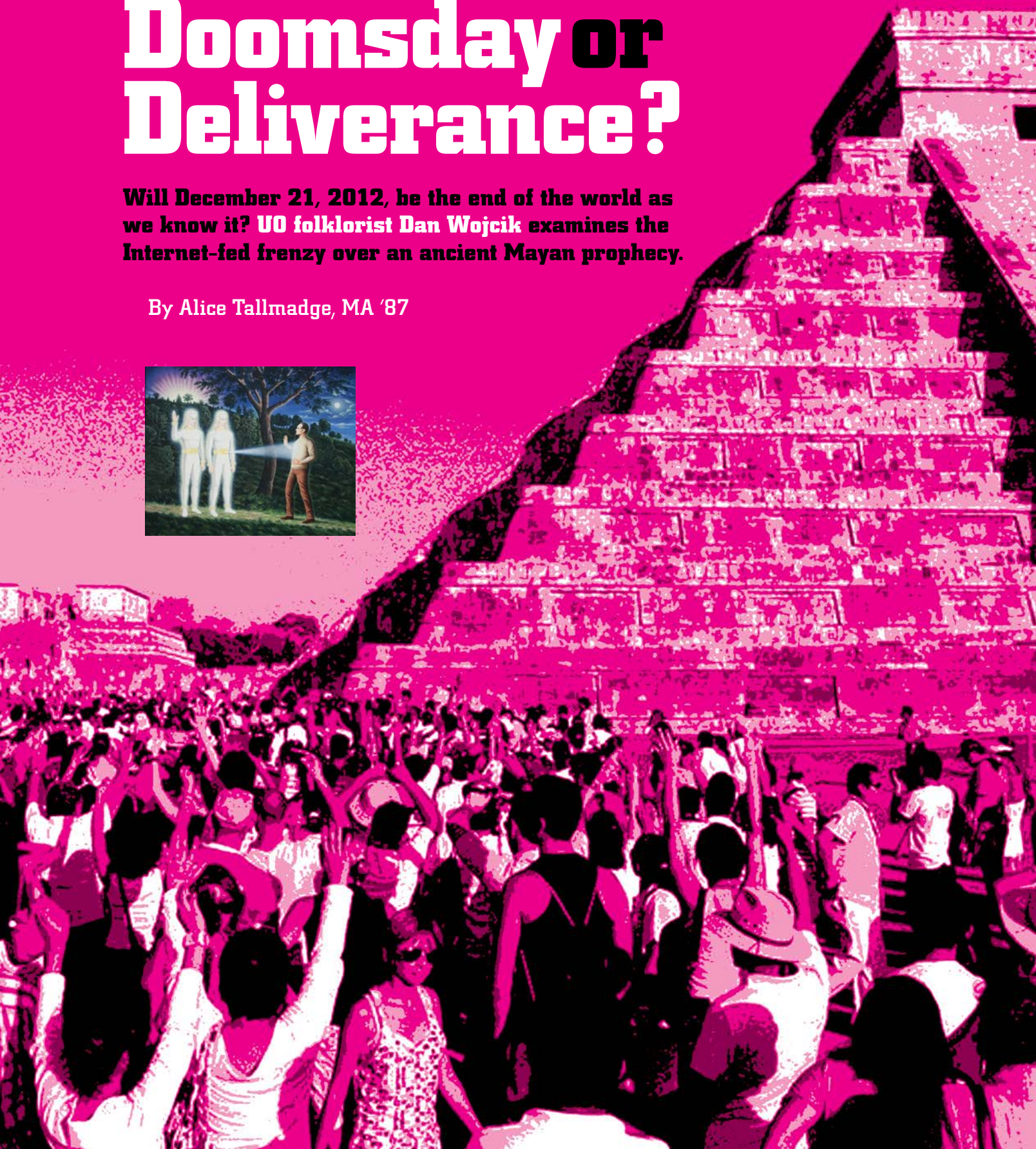
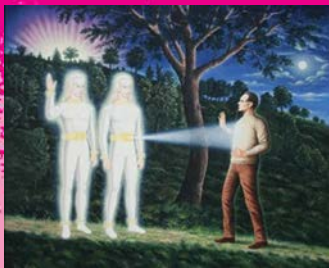
This fall, Wyatt saw his efforts come full circle. Working with Rotary International, his Second Chance Foundation brought its first Taiwanese student to Oregon in October. Chen Jia-hao will stay with a family in La Grande, where he will attend high school. "Second chances happen, but it's really what you decide to do with them that matters," says Wyatt, who now lives in Virginia, where he is weighing postgraduate educational opportunities and looking for a U.S. publisher for his book. 

—KW

Doomsday or Deliverance?

Will December 21, 2012, be the end of the world as we know it? UO folklorist Dan Wojcik examines the Internet-fed frenzy over an ancient Mayan prophecy.

By Alice Tallmadge, MA '87



Where will you be on December 21?

Dan Wojcik knows where he'll be: in Yucatán, Mexico, at the ancient Mayan site of Chichén Itzá—the hub of the hub-bub over a prophecy that many believe specifies that day as the last in a 5,125-year Mayan time cycle that began in 3114 B.C. Like Wojcik, thousands are traveling to ancient Mayan sites in southern Mexico and Guatemala—or gathering at locales closer to home—to mark the occasion, which some see as ushering in a new level of consciousness but others fear will be marked by more apocalyptic disruptions—fire, flood, or clashes in the cosmos.

"I need to be there to document this moment in a respectful way," says Wojcik, director of the folklore program and associate professor in the English department at the University of Oregon, and one of few folklorists in the country who specialize in apocalyptic themes. "It's a fascinating happening in the history of religion, and certainly in the history of millennialism. It's sort of uncharted territory—almost a counterculture apocalypse of the world, something we've never seen before."

What intrigues Wojcik about the Mayan 2012 prophecy—and distinguishes it from the many end-times predictions that have preceded it—is that it has been cultivated and spread largely via the Internet, and hence has developed an especially broad, eclectic, and leaderless following.

"In terms of the diversity of prophecy beliefs, the 2012 phenomenon has everything," he says. "Indigo children, UFOs, Mother Earth returning, DNA transforming, galactic alignment, the emergence of the noosphere, the arrival of Quetzalcoatl, and hundreds of other ideas. This eclectic mixture of beliefs, a millennial stew of apocalyptic expectation, often confuses eschatologists [those who study end-times beliefs], and many of them don't take 2012 beliefs seriously. But this represents a new dynamic in the creation of belief in the twenty-first century in the age of the Internet—a mix-up or mash-up, a smorgasbord or cafeteria of beliefs. But it's not necessarily frivolous. It deserves academic attention and analysis, like other new religious movements."

According to historians of Mayan culture, the Mayan Long Count calendar completes its current "Great Cycle" on a day that corresponds to December 21, 2012. The Great Cycle began on August 11, 3114 B.C., and comprised 13 *bak'tuns*, each of which was made up of 144,000 days. The cycle has lasted for approximately 5,125 years. The Mayans apparently said little about what would occur at the end of this current cycle, but various individuals have offered their spin on what the move into the fourteenth *bak'tun* portends.

Among the first was Jose Argüelles, who began building the buzz about the end of the current Mayan calendar in

It's uncharted territory—a counterculture apocalypse of the world.

the mid 1980s. An energetic organizer and author, Argüelles developed a philosophy that his *New York Times* obituary described as "an eclectic amalgam of Mayan and Aztec cosmology, the I Ching, the Book of Revelation, ancient-astronaut narratives, and more. It was united by an urgent concern with time." Argüelles is perhaps best known as the organizer of the 1987 Harmonic Convergence, a synchronized, worldwide meditation event he intended "to create a field of trust, to ground the new vibrational frequencies," and ultimately put off the end of time.

As the 12/21/12 date crept closer, a plethora of blogs and websites appeared on the Internet, some accompanied by advertisements for survivalist paraphernalia, such as seed bags and generators. The 2009 release of the movie *2012*, which focused on the death-and-destruction end of the apocalyptic spectrum, prompted a wave of news stories related to the prophecy. The 2008 *Complete Idiot's Guide to 2012* attempted to explain the prophecy's significance in the context of Mayan culture and discussed the meaning of rare celestial events the authors believe will occur close to or on December 21, including the sun's supposed alignment with the center of the Milky Way. "The 2012 alignment will interrupt the flow of energy reaching the Earth from the galaxy," wrote *Guide* authors Synthia Andrews and Colin Andrews. "The birth of the solstice New Year will also be the birth of a whole new age filled with new energy."

Apocalypse believers are far from a fringe group. A 2012 Reuters poll found that nearly 15 percent of people worldwide—and 22 percent in the United States—believe the world will end during their lifetimes and 10 percent think the Mayan calendar could signify it will happen in 2012.

Scientific institutions that usually remain above the apocalyptic fray have waded in to address the fears of a jumpy public. NASA even has a 2012-focused web page devoted to quelling anxiety about wayward planets, breakaway continents, or a polar shift in the near future. (The site, at nasa.gov/topics/earth/features/2012.html, states bluntly and authoritatively: "December 21, 2012, won't be the end of the world.") Venues around the country, including the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry (OMSI), are showing a video presentation debunking rumors about pending astronomical calamities. Jim Todd, director of space science education at OMSI, says the program is being offered twice a day through the end of the year. "It seems only appropriate that we end it at that time," he quips.



End of world scenarios have been a staple of Western thought for centuries, tracing back to ancient Jewish, Greek, and Roman beliefs and appearing in the Book of Genesis (Noah and the ark) and the Book of Revelation. Religious apocalypse themes, says Wojcik, author of the 1997 book *The End of the World as We Know It: Faith, Fatalism, and Apocalypse in America*, involve some kind of cataclysm wrought by gods displeased by human hubris or misdeeds; most offer believers the promise of a better life in postapocalyptic times, a golden age free of suffering, evil, and injustice.

From its beginnings, Wojcik writes, the New World seemed to nurture apocalyptic—or millennialist—beliefs. Christopher Columbus believed his explorations were helping to prepare for the millennial kingdom on Earth, and the early Puritans settled their communities with an eye toward Christ's Second Coming.

A series of believers warned of coming doom throughout the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, among them the Millerites, followers of biblical scholar William Miller, who were greatly disappointed when the world didn't end in 1843 or 1844 as he had prophesied.

Some ardent millennialists lived their ethos communally—for example, the Shakers and members of the Oneida Community in upstate New York. Millennial beliefs were a cornerstone of emerging religious denominations in the New World, such as Seventh-Day Adventists, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (or Mormons), and Jehovah's Witnesses. The Native American Ghost Dance movement of the late 1800s, Wojcik writes, prophesied divine destruction of white settlers who had decimated Native cultures, promising a return to presettlement times.

The twentieth century saw several extreme manifestations of apocalyptic beliefs, the consummate example being the 1978 murder-suicide of 914 followers of Jim Jones and his People's Temple in Guyana. In the United States today, many Christians embrace the concept of the Rapture, a belief that people of faith will be taken up to heaven and protected from the ravages of an earthly apocalypse.

The turn to the twenty-first century created a flurry of Y2K-related end-times furor, mostly around fears of a technological doom as computers struggled with the shift to the year 2000. A more recent apocalyptic prophecy made news last year, when Harold Camping, the president of Family Radio, a Christian broadcasting network based in Oakland, California, spent millions spreading the word that the end of the world would occur on May 21, 2011. When the day came and went without incident, Camping revised the date to October 21. "We have learned the very painful lesson that all of creation is in God's hands and He will end time in His time, not ours," Camping wrote in a statement after that prophecy, too, failed to materialize.

Wojcik notes that the modern era also ushered in a new type of secular apocalyptic belief, in which the destruction of the world comes from human actions and doesn't include

"It has everything: Indigo children, UFOs, Mother Earth returning, DNA transforming, galactic alignment, the emergence of the noosphere, and the arrival of Quetzalcoatl."

the component of spiritual redemption. Fears of nuclear annihilation spurred the wave of secular apocalyptic fears, but as that threat ebbed, others arose to take its place: pandemics, famine, overpopulation, terrorism, and global climate change. Young people, in particular, have bought into what many see as an inevitable destruction of the world—a 1995 Gallup poll found three teens in ten "fearing the world may come to an end in their lifetime."

With fears that the end is near occupying our national consciousness with some regularity, why has the Mayan prophecy, more than others, garnered so much interest? In addition to the ease of communication afforded by the Internet, Wojcik and others think it is because this prophecy includes the element of salvation. "There's the sense that everything is going to be upgraded; a widely held belief that there will be a spiritual transformation of humanity," he says.

Rob Howard, PhD '01, a professor of folklore studies in the Department of Communication Arts at the University of Wisconsin at Madison, did his doctoral studies under Wojcik and continues to work in the field of apocalyptic studies. He believes that the compelling, but incomplete, nature of the ancient Mayan prophecy allows the prediction to provide "something for everyone." Some project fear onto the prophecy, referencing the economic recession, the degraded global status of the United States, and the increasingly obvious effects of climate change, he says. But others are choosing a more positive spin.

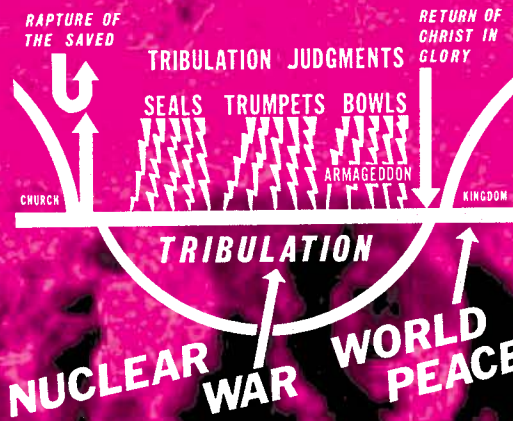
"We all want our fears to be alleviated," he says. "The fascinating, ancient Mayan culture holds out the possibility to think there is hope. Even if it is hope for access to wisdom, for a return to a proper understanding. The thinking is, 'The Mayans had it figured out. Maybe I can access that wisdom and be ready.'"

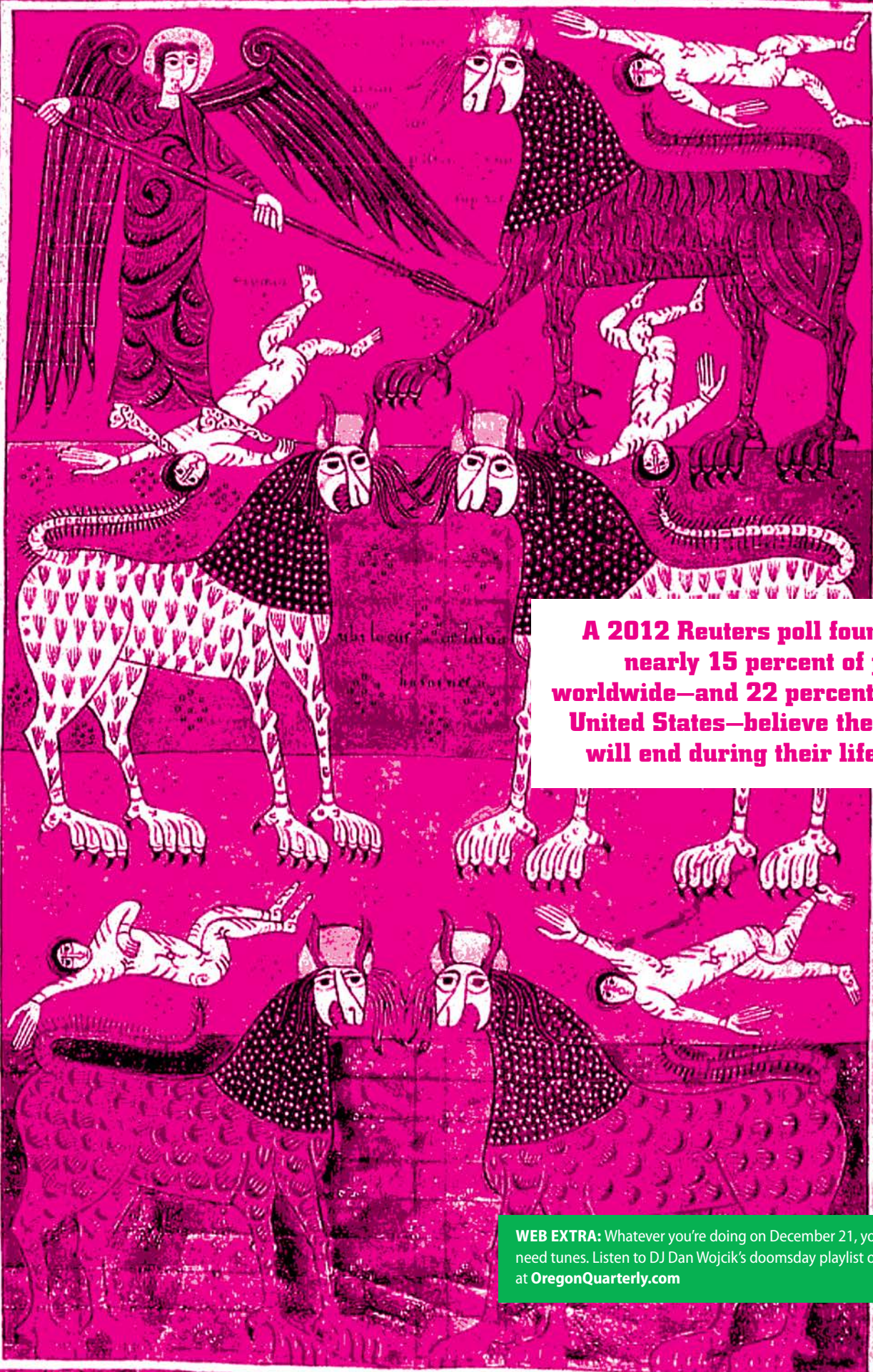
Eden Sky, a southern Oregon resident who studied with Argüelles and has used a modern application of Mayan time to publish her "13-Moon Natural Time Calendar" for the past 18 years, calls the coming time "a huge and mysterious moment." She says the change heralded by the prophecy is the end of a world age, not the end of the world.

"The main component of the new world age is a shift into the recognition of the interconnectedness of life, and constructing our culture from that understanding," she says. Change is not going to fall from the sky, she stresses, but will come from individuals' actions. "My focus is to encourage



**"December 21, 2012,
won't be the end
of the world."
—NASA**





ANGEL OF THE ABYSS AND LOCUSTS - FROM THE SIBOS BEATUS, BY BEATUS OF LIEBANA, 1109

A 2012 Reuters poll found that nearly 15 percent of people worldwide—and 22 percent in the United States—believe the world will end during their lifetimes.

WEB EXTRA: Whatever you're doing on December 21, you'll need tunes. Listen to DJ Dan Wojcik's doomsday playlist on Spotify at OregonQuarterly.com

people to align with the recognition that we are shifting world ages, and from that inspiration and commitment, to participate in the process.”

As some focus on the salvation end of the apocalypse spectrum, others have their eyes on more material prizes. For the past year, the Mexican states that encompass traditional Mayan lands—Campeche, Chiapas, Quintana Roo, Tabasco, and Yucatán—as well the countries of Belize and Guatemala, have been gearing up for a tsunami of tourists as the portentous date approaches. In July 2011, Mexican president Felipe Calderón announced the launch of Mundo Maya 2012, a program to promote tourism and understanding of Mayan culture and to prepare for what he estimated would be upwards of 50 million tourists in the coming year.

Former Eugene resident Rosa Maria Mondragon Flores now lives in the Mayan town of Tulum, in the state of Quintana Roo on the Yucatán Peninsula. She says many people are expected to come for “12/21,” and among them will be several members of her family from the United States who will participate in rituals at the nearby ruins. “I don’t look at it as an ending, but a new beginning,” she says. “A new awareness coming to take place. It is a very exciting time, and I feel privileged to be there.”

Closer to home, “preppers”—those determined to be prepared for the worst—continue to boost sales of camping gear, guns, and ammo. Retail sales for the national outfitter Cabela’s, which has a store in Springfield, increased 16.9 percent in the year’s second quarter, according to Matthew Carr with the Investment U website. The company is so in tune with the apocalyptic trend, Carr writes, “It even offers a doomsday prepper-focused catalogue.” This past September, Costco offered a year’s supply of canned foods—grains, meat, protein, dairy, fruits, and vegetables—for \$1,200.

The rising apocalyptic tide isn’t floating all boats equally. At Powell’s Books in Portland, end-times sales have fallen off since the beginning of the year, says Gerry Donaghy, new book purchasing supervisor. “As a subject matter, the interest has waned,” he says. But farther south, sales are up at the Soul Connection Bookstore in Shasta City, California, possibly because of its proximity to Mount Shasta, one of the sites of the 1987 Harmonic Convergence and considered by many to be a vortex of spiritual energy. “We’ve seen a 30 percent increase from last year,” says owner Bruce Catlin. “People are pursuing spiritual tools. It’s a waking-up time for a lot of people—2012 is a springboard into the future.”

But even if it doesn’t lead to profits, people are using the possibility of an imminent end-time as a hook for a variety of agendas. Singles in Sedona, Arizona, a New Age hot spot, can sign up for a round of doomsday dating. Doomsday daters might consider participating in the Birthing the Fifth

World Gathering, being held in Sedona from December 19 to 21. For those seeking security, Mother Nature Network offers a list of the “Ten Best Places to Survive the Apocalypse,” including a 112,544-square-foot underground bunker beneath the Greenbrier Resort in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, commissioned in 1958 to house Congress in case of a nuclear event. A three-bedroom, 2,300-square-foot “Silohome” in the Adirondacks, refashioned from an unused Atlas-F missile silo, is another possibility.

Armchair doomers looking for vicarious survivalist experiences have an array of options, as handy as the television remote. This fall, NBC began airing its dystopic *Revolution* on Monday nights, featuring a Diana-ish, arrow-shooting heroine, sword fights, and bad-guy militiamen roaming a forlorn landscape near Chicago 15 years after a mysterious, countrywide power outage. *Doomsday Preppers* is in its second season on NatGeo, AMC is continuing its popular apocalyptic-zombie drama *The Walking Dead*, and TNT is offering a second season of *Falling Skies*, in which a former Boston University history professor leads a band of soldiers to confront alien invaders. Unfortunately, Spike TV cancelled its proposed competition series *Last Family on Earth*, which was to have awarded the family with the best survival smarts a bunker in which to spend December 21.

As for the day itself, folks in certain brew-friendly communities can ring in doom or deliverance at their local pub. In Eugene, Hop Valley Brewing plans to tap its 666th (no joke, says brewmaster Trevor Howard) batch, an Imperial stout named Demon Sweat, on December 21. Apocalypse-themed brews will also be available at Ninkasi and Falling Sky. In Seattle, Elysian Brewing Company has tapped a custom brew on the twenty-first of each month since last January as part of its “12 Beers of the Apocalypse” series: “Rapture” in February; “Ruin” in May, “Wasteland” in June. Each release has been accompanied by a theme party—a comic display of survivalist skills, or old footage of atomic fallout. Some sort of fanfare will accompany the last release in the series, “Doom,” but with one difference, says Corinne McNielly, who does graphics and marketing for Elysian.

“We’re having the party on December 20,” she says. “Just in case the world *does* end.”

While Wojcik has become a devotee of these apocalyptic-themed brews, he’ll likely have to find something more readily available in the Yucatán to toast with on his birthday this year—as it just happens to fall on the momentous date Mayans inscribed for posterity thousands of years ago. Whatever occurs, Wojcik is prepared for it to be memorable. “I’m thinking the vibe and celebration at ancient Mayan sites will be kind of like the Country Fair, or Burning Man,” he says. “Spiritual, but fun.”

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Say What You Will . . .

Two controversial speakers led the Class of '62 to present the university with a platform from which all ideas, no matter how questionable, could be presented with dignity.

ON A COOL, LATE OCTOBER day in 1961, Homer A. Tomlinson arrived in Eugene on a Greyhound bus. He brought with him his portable throne, one gold and one silver crown, a royal robe, and (it was Eugene, after all) an umbrella.

Tomlinson planned to crown himself “King of the University of Oregon.” As the self-proclaimed “King of All Nations of Men,” he had already declared his sovereignty in 101 countries, all 50 states, and at 42 universities. He had twice run for president on a platform advocating the union of church and state and the establishment of two new cabinet posts: secretary of righteousness and secretary of the Holy Bible.

His UO coronation, as outlandish as it seemed, was a seminal teaching moment for the Class of '62, which celebrated its fiftieth reunion this October. “This was the initial incident that triggered the consciousness of the student body leadership,” says then-ASUO president Dan Williams '62, who went on to serve as the UO's vice president of administration from 1983 to 2005. “It was a sobering experience for all of us. I have always carried with me, since then, strongly held views about freedom of speech.”

Tomlinson appeared outside the student union, where about 1,000 students had gathered to watch the show. But things quickly turned ugly. “Before and during the coronation, he was pelted with tomatoes, sprayed with shaving cream, laughed and jeered at, and reviled,” reported the *Daily Emerald*. “Firecrackers were set off during the ceremony.” Even as a brother in the



Self-styled “King of All Nations of Men” Homer A. Tomlinson in a 1959 press photo

Delta Upsilon fraternity helped Tomlinson escape in a Chevrolet convertible, students thronged about the car, shouting, “Homer is a fink!” and “Get out of town by sundown!”

Williams had an office just above the plaza. “I saw it unfold, and I was very embarrassed,” he says. “I had a sense of responsibility.” He was not alone. UO president Arthur Flemming called the students’ conduct “indefensible.” Many students wrote letters to the *Emerald* condemning their classmates’ behavior. One wrote sarcastically, “It takes a lot of guts to degrade a nice harmless old man.”

Even the members of Delta Upsilon, who had brought the would-be king to

campus, expressed their remorse. In a letter to the editor, they admitted that they had a “prankish, smug attitude” when they invited him to visit. But once they met Tomlinson, they said, they admired him for his sincerity. “We can say we were successfully taught a lesson in human dignity,” they wrote. “While Brother Homer tried to convey to us his apologies for any repercussions we might encounter for having assisted him to and from the ceremony and for opening our home to him, we feel the lesson we have learned far outweighs any repercussions that might ensue.”

Williams remembers Si Ellingson '48, director of the Erb Memorial Union, taking the time to talk to student leaders about what had happened. “Si saw this as a learning opportunity for us,” Williams says. “We talked about how the essence of any university is the freedom to say what you want to say, no matter how silly it seems on the surface.”

About four months later, in February 1962, Williams got a call from his counterpart at Reed College saying that student leaders there had invited Gus Hall, chairman of the Communist Party USA, to speak on campus, but they needed another school to share the cost. The Cold War was in full swing, and Hall was a well-known—and generally reviled—figure. The student cabinet sought the president’s approval. “I was naive,” Williams says. “I didn’t think about the potential for serious implications, but I learned about them damn quick, I’ll tell you.”

President Flemming was under a lot of pressure to say no—there were numerous



Gus Hall, leader of the Communist Party USA, speaking at Hayward Field in 1962

angry phone calls to his office as well as organized protests. The *Emerald* wrote of a “smear campaign against Hall and university president Arthur S. Flemming, engineered by local extreme rightists.”

But in Flemming, a liberal easterner, the students found a willing supporter. He consulted with faculty and staff members, who voted unanimously to let Hall speak despite the fact that the presidents of the University of Washington, Western Washington College, Central Washington College, and Oregon State University had refused to allow him on their campuses. “That the state’s public university would invite a Communist to speak was outrageous,” Williams says. “Flemming took a lot of heat, but he made the case publicly for the principles of academic freedom at the UO.”

On the day of Hall’s speech, Williams and his good friend Dick Sorenson ’62, head of the Interfraternity Council, went to pick up Hall at a motel on Franklin Boulevard. “I was nervous by then,” Williams recalls. “People in Oregon had you believing the Devil incarnate was here.” When they arrived at the motel, the door opened a few inches and they saw three or four men inside, dressed in raincoats with fedoras pulled low over their foreheads. “It was like a scene from a B movie,” he says. “Quite intimidating for us young people.”

But Hall turned out to be warm and friendly. He jumped in the car, and accompanied by a police escort, they proceeded to Hayward Field. Here they found nine mounted sheriff’s deputies stationed to the rear of the speaking platform while city and county law enforcement agents kept a close eye on the field and bleachers.

Hall spoke to a capacity crowd of about 11,000, but the speech itself was not very memorable, Williams says. “It revealed him for what he was, not a very great threat to this country. He seemed like an interesting and harmless fellow.”

Hall said in an *Emerald* interview later that day that his visit to the UO was one of the high points of his life, adding that he was particularly impressed by the maturity and discipline of the crowd. And while his audience didn’t express agreement with his ideas, he said, their polite reception “expressed that they had been hearing about Communism from anti-Communists for so long they wanted to hear about it from the horse’s mouth, so to speak. It shows that they really want to reaffirm the very deep commitment to freedom of speech.”

With these two incidents ingrained in their consciousness, the Class of ’62 presented the university with the Union Square Free Speech Platform just a couple of weeks after Hall’s visit. It was erected in front of the Erb Memorial Union and dedicated by President Flemming. “We gave it as a symbol of what we take for granted at the university,” Williams says. Roger Fischler, MA ’62, PhD ’65, a graduate student in mathematics, was the first to use the venue, immediately after the ceremony. He said in his speech that he felt the university was putting too much emphasis on football, to the neglect of other sports. His comments inspired a discussion among the 100-or-so students in attendance.

A brick replacement for the wooden podium was donated the next year by the Class of ’63. The platform is now located on the north side of the EMU Amphitheater.

“I was nervous by then. People in Oregon had you believing the Devil incarnate was here.”

Anything goes—any argument or position—any time, as long as the speaker is “self-contained” (meaning he or she doesn’t set up a canopy or a table), and is not interrupting a previously scheduled event, says Jessi Steward, MPA ’09, associate director of the EMU.

Most of those who use the platform are students, Steward says, with the majority talking about university or social issues. “But we do get people who have a message that is unpopular or controversial,” she says, citing a visitor who warned students last year that solar flares were about to wipe out the world, and that only those who had gold-flaked blood would be saved.

Some speakers, especially religious extremists who insult their audience, inspire students to call the EMU. “They say, ‘How can you allow this person to be here?’” Steward says. “We tell them that we allow him because we also allow the equal and opposite voice to be heard.”

However uncelebrated the concept of free speech may be by the average student, the free speech platform continues to serve an important role. “A college can’t achieve its mission if there are constraints on topics that are discussed,” Williams says. “Free speech is the essence of a university.”

— Rosemary Howe Camozzi ’96

Mush!

Riding a successful 35-year dog-sledding career, Jerry Scdoris watches daughter Rachel compete for Iditarod gold.

AS A YOUNG BOY GROWING UP in Portland, Jerry Scdoris '75 was a voracious reader. Jack London's adventure stories set in the wilds of Alaska fascinated him. "As much as the landscape and the adventures," he says, "I loved reading about the dogs."

For the past 35 years, Scdoris has been giving folks a taste of the traditional Alaskan life that loomed so large for him as a child—namely contact with the breed of dog he'd read about, Alaskan huskies—by way of Oregon Trail of Dreams, the sled-dog touring and racing company he founded in the early 1980s and operates in central Oregon. Scdoris, along with his daughter, world-class dogsled racer Rachael Scdoris, owns more than 100 huskies and runs nearly 900 sled-dog tours a year on the slopes of Mount Bachelor. Last winter, he took his forty thousandth guest on a dogsled ride.

But it took some time before that Portland schoolboy caught up with his dream of running a sled-dog team. After a stint in the army, Scdoris attended the UO and earned his degree in community service and public affairs. In 1975, he moved to Gold Beach on the southern Oregon Coast to launch a career working with disabled people.

It was here that he first laid eyes on a team of Alaskan huskies. "One morning, I saw a man running a dog team on the beach," he recalls. Scdoris approached the man, who gave him both advice about building his own wheeled dog cart and a free husky. "A beautiful dog," says Scdoris. He paired the gift with an "athletic mongrel" he already owned, then rounded out his first dog team by several visits to the pound. "Within six months, I had eight dogs," he recalls.

There was only one crucial sled-dog racing element notably missing in his life on the Oregon Coast—snow. In early 1979, Scdoris moved to Central Oregon, where snow can fall from October to June. He bought a 40-acre spread in a rural community called Alfalfa near Powell Butte, and began building a life around sled dogs.

"I'd never worked so hard in my life,"



Jerry Scdoris runs a team of sled dogs through a snowy forest at Mount Bachelor.

he says of the early years of Oregon Trail of Dreams. He likes to tell the story about the Forest Service refusing to let him put up signs for the business on National Forest Road 45 between Sunriver and Mount Bachelor. He took a can of bright orange spray paint and wrote "SLED DOG RIDES" in big letters on the snow bank. "We got inundated."

In the winter, a typical Trail of Dreams tour traverses a six-mile trail behind a team of 8 to 12 dogs. In the summer, visitors hold on tight in wheeled carts cruising along at 25 miles per hour.

As the business grew, Scdoris also began to enter—and win—sled-dog races in the Pacific Northwest.

At about this time he became a father.

Rachael Scdoris was born in 1985—legally blind. From the get-go, father and daughter were very close, especially after Rachael's mother left the family when the little girl was three. "Rachael grew up on the back of a dogsled," says Scdoris, who used to hook his kid's car seat to his dogsled

for romps in the backcountry. At the time, he had no intentions of his daughter racing her own team one day. "She just went with me because she was my little girl," he says. "Most of the time, she'd go to sleep immediately."

Rachael seems to have gotten something besides a bumpy nap from those early dogsled rides. "She didn't know it and I didn't know it, but she was a sled runner," says Scdoris. At 11, she entered her first race—and was hooked.

Scdoris divided his time between racing (both he and Rachael were actively competing) and managing his year-round business.

Even with her visual limitation, Rachael proved herself a winning competitor from the start. Trouble began, however, when her success put her in position to move from novice to pro. Race officials, her father says, were suddenly convinced that the sport was way too dangerous for a blind person.

"I was fit to be tied," says Scdoris. "I wish for no one to be looked in the eye and told their child isn't good enough for something. I was ready to kill someone."

Father and daughter walked away from the Pacific Northwest sled-dog circuit. But in 2000, Scdoris received an unexpected call from the director of the International Pedigree Sled Dog Race in Wyoming; he'd heard Rachael hadn't been allowed to race and welcomed her to compete in the Pedigree. Scdoris laughs at the recollection. "I said, 'Your race is 500 miles long! The longest she's ever raced is 25 miles.'" Scdoris knew firsthand the challenges of the Pedigree course; in 1997, he entered and failed to complete the punishing race.

But Rachael jumped at the opportunity. Not only did she finish the Pedigree race, she also discovered that by doing so, she'd completed one of three qualifying rounds for the ultimate sled-dog race, the Alaskan Iditarod. She soon entered and finished the other two qualifiers.

Off to Alaska? Not so fast. Iditarod race officials denied Rachael's application based on her disability. "All of the buttons were pushed in my heart and my brain," says

Scdoris. “It brought out the daddy grizzly in me.”

This time, however, Scdoris and daughter had a serious backup crew—their cause brought forth legal champions of the Americans with Disabilities Act and the American Civil Liberties Union, not to mention Nike and other major sponsors. The Iditarod officials caved, with the caveat that Rachael race alongside another team, to assist and ensure her safety.

“It was the fulfillment of a dream and the realization of that old cliché about being careful what you ask for,” says Scdoris of the 2005 race. The epic, 1,150-mile marathon is infamously grueling—howling winds, long durations of darkness, a treacherous course, and temperatures frequently below zero. Scdoris was beside himself with anxiety, awaiting news from each successive checkpoint along the course. “I’d stumble through the day in a haze, waiting for an update.” Eventually he received word that Rachael’s dogs had become sick around mile 759. For her, the race was over.

Until the next year. During that race, Scdoris was again “completely worried,”



Rachael Scdoris at the 2009 Iditarod sled-dog race in Alaska

even though the addition of a GPS device meant he could continuously monitor Rachael’s progress. This time, she finished. In 2009, she raced again, placing forty-fifth overall and achieving her best time yet, about fourteen and a half days.

Neither daughter nor father is sure when Rachael will race the Iditarod again. Entering and running the race costs

“More than anything in the world, I want to see Rachael in the Iditarod top 20.”

\$55,000 for Rachael and \$40,000 for the second team that accompanies her—a cost offset by sponsors but still ultimately underwritten by Oregon Trail of Dreams.

“It’s idiocy what we’ll do for our kids,” says Scdoris, his smile revealing that he wouldn’t have it any other way. “She’s a professional athlete and I’m her dad. We just make it happen.”

Scdoris too returned to racing. In 2007, he finished the Pedigree race and he has entered—and won—“maybe a race a year” since. But at age 64, his own victories aren’t what interest him. “More than anything in the world, I want to see Rachael in the Iditarod top 20,” he says. “If she made it to the top 10, my life would be complete.”

—Kim Cooper Findling ’93

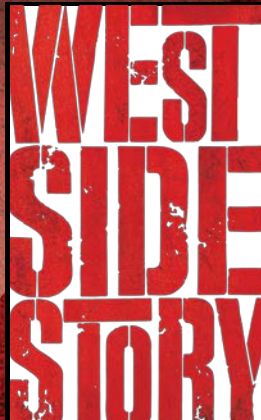
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What's Up, Supwitchugirl Guys?



Where Are They Now? What happened to the three members of Supwitchugirl following their meteoric success? Michael Bishop, left; Jamie Slade, center; and Brian McAndrew have pursued separate interests since the energetic performance pictured here, rallying Ducks fans before the 2011 BCS National Championship Game in Glendale, Arizona.

THEIRS IS A LOVE THAT DID NOT go unrequited.

They loved their Ducks and Ducks loved the guys from Supwitchugirl right back.

Michael Bishop '10, Jamie Slade '10, and Brian McAndrew '10 professed their shared affinity for Oregon football in two music videos—"I Love My Ducks (I Smell Roses)" and "I Love My Ducks (Return of the Quack)"—which spiraled into virality during the 2009 and 2010 seasons and have gone on to amass some 3.2 million combined views on YouTube.

The hip-hop hits, performed by the trio as Supwitchugirl (a twist on "what's up with you, girl?"), pumped out catchy beats carrying the catch phrase that quickly became a mantra for Oregon sports fans.

The three journalism undergraduates created the first video as one of several weekly comedy shorts for the DuckU student television station. While it sparked a brief flap with university administrators over unauthorized use of the Oregon Duck mascot, it ignited a feverish run on "I Love My Ducks" T-shirts leading up to

the 2009 civil war game and Supwitchugirl was, quite suddenly, famous.

Things haven't been the same since for McAndrew, Slade, and Bishop. The former roommates' "I Love My Ducks" experience left them with momentous memories, jumpstarted their careers, and feathered their bank accounts.

Speaking by telephone from the Nike campus in Beaverton—where he works as a social media copywriter for New York City-based Team Epiphany, a marketing firm servicing Nike's American football account—Bishop marvels at what "I Love My Ducks" has meant for him and his Supwitchugirl mates.

"It sounds cliché, but it's been a wild ride," he says. "I wouldn't have a job here right now if it wasn't for 'I Love My Ducks.' It's had a huge impact on my life. But I don't think we've all had a chance to reflect on it too much. We've been just go-go-go since it happened."

In fact, until recently the three hadn't been in the same city at the same time since they performed in Glendale, Arizona, for a wild flock of Ducks fans before the January

10, 2011, BCS National Championship Game.

"Looking out across that pep rally, 35,000 people as far as the eye could see, even on the rooftops . . . that was an out-of-body experience for us," Bishop recalls.

Soon after the Ducks' 22–19 loss to Auburn, McAndrew flew to Sierra Leone to start volunteering with Worldwide Arts for Youth (WAYout), a nonprofit that supports conflict-affected youths through art and digital media. In West Africa, he directed videos for local musicians, including one for a song called "Sierra Da' Paradise," which earned best music video honors at the Sierra Leone International Film Festival.

Bishop and Slade came home to Oregon after the BCS game. But they didn't hang stateside for long, either. "I left for Brazil, Jamie left for Peru," Bishop says. "We kind of all took off for the winter."

Bishop's South American sojourn included an overdue visit with a former foreign-exchange student who had played on his high school soccer team.

"I always told him I would visit but I

“I wouldn’t have a job here right now if it wasn’t for ‘I Love My Ducks.’”

never had the money to do it,” Bishop says. “It was something I always told myself I’d do if I got the chance.”

His five-month trek also included forays into Uruguay, Argentina, and Chile, just as Slade and McAndrew enjoyed their own adventures facilitated by their fortuitous infusion of Ducks bucks.

Although they’re not rolling in Cristal-and-Bentley riches, Supwitchugirl’s members have earned enough to pay off some student loans, invest, and taste a bit of earlier-than-expected financial freedom.

The group has grossed \$2 for each of more than 80,000 “I Love My Ducks” T-shirts sold in partnership with the UO Duck Store, and raked in a percentage of sales of shot glasses, window decals, water bottles, and other branded gear.

Slade today works in advertising video production for Crispin Porter and Bogusky in Boulder, Colorado—where, ironically, “I Love My Buffs” licensed apparel is being sold and even seen on TV commercials for the University of Colorado.

Supwitchugirl’s impact can be seen in other spinoff gear, officially licensed and otherwise, at universities nationwide. And closer to home, Bishop claims, “just about every high school in Oregon has ‘I Love My [fill in the blank]’ shirts.”

Nike even introduced a series of NFL team T-shirts à la “I Love My Ducks,” with the word “love” replaced by a helmet graphic and followed by “My Ravens,” “My Saints,” and so forth.

Bishop says “it’s pretty crazy to see” the idea’s influence ripple so far beyond Oregon sports. “I don’t think we realized how far reaching the whole thing really was, but it’s awesome to look back on.”

And looking ahead, even though they don’t earn any type of royalties from adaptations of their idea, Supwitchugirl currently has no plans to tighten their grip on use of the phrase by others.

“We would never pursue trying to control the phrase for high schools,” Bishops stresses, although “I’ve always thought it would be fun to expand the business by

making ‘I Love My [blank]’ shirts for professional and college programs. But that would be a full-time job, and I don’t think any of us are at the place right now where we would be able to balance that and our current jobs.”

Plus, Bishop says, there’s just something special about the phrase—the time and place and memories it represents—that they don’t want to dilute.

“It will always be special for Oregon. For us we just loved the Ducks, we loved

Eugene, we loved our school, and we articulated that—even though a three-year-old could have come up with the phrase,” Bishop laughs. “We were in the right place at the right time, with Oregon football on a crazy ride that’s still going on . . . but hopefully it turns out to be a timeless phrase.”

That seems likely, as long as there are fans to profess their big, block-lettered devotion to their Ducks. @

—Joel Gorthy ’98

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Home Sweet Residence Hall

This year's move-in day has a few new twists.

LIKE THE FIRST FROST OR THE changing colors of the leaves, a sure sign that autumn has come to the University of Oregon is the annual organized chaos that is move-in day.

This September, lines of stuff-stuffed SUVs, pick-up trucks, sedans, and compacts prowled for parking places near the residence halls as a record 4,200 new students descended. More than 300 volunteers—students along with faculty and staff members—bustled around in their bright green “Unpack the Quack” T-shirts and helped arriving students and their families ferry belongings from vehicle to room.

While many things about the annual ritual proceeded as in move-ins past, this year saw a few new twists. For recent Wilsonville High graduate Haley Burns and her mother Sharon (Bell) Burns '83, the move was into the just-opened 450-bed Global Scholars Hall. The first new residence hall on campus since 2006, the complex provides an academically focused learning environment for students, such as those enrolled in the Robert Donald Clark Honors College, the College Scholars program in the College of Arts and Sciences, or language immersion programs in Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, German, and French.

Haley, an honors college student majoring in biology, says she “couldn’t pass up being in a brand new dorm that has such great amenities.” These include classrooms, music and presentation practice rooms, a demonstration kitchen, and a library commons area staffed with an undergraduate services librarian. Far from the dining commons of old, the hall’s Fresh Market Café (open 7:00 till 2:00 A.M.) offers a sushi bar, pasta station, rice bowl station, coffee bar, grab-and-go section, and deli counter. “I try to eat healthy and they are stocked with really healthy food,” Haley says.

Her mother is equally enthused about the new hall. “We’re very committed to recycling and composting at home, and so we’re delighted that the residence hall is, too,” says Sharon, who is also happy to see her daughter in an environment emphasizing academic success. “As a parent, I’m



Day One on Campus Mother and daughter Sharon (Bell) Burns '83 and Haley Burns pose amid the belongings they've brought to make Haley's new room functional and cozy.

“As a parent, I’m impressed—it seems so supportive of students. The library and the resident scholar really set the tone.”

impressed—it seems so supportive of students. The library and the resident scholar really set the tone.”

Resident scholar? Yes—and another first for UO housing.

Professor of Spanish Robert Davis is another new resident of the Global Scholars Hall—though his full-size apartment is far roomier than the students’ quarters. His academic specialty in the area of language-

learning will be especially useful in his work directing the hall’s language immersion programs.

“The setting creates a close link between students and faculty members, like a small liberal arts college,” he says. “I’ll eat in the dining hall with students, see them in the hallways. This proximity in a relaxed atmosphere will, hopefully, create conversations that would never otherwise take place.”

He looks forward to these interactions and says, “Students can be rejuvenating—the exuberance of youth.” On the other hand, he acknowledges the possibility that living among 450 college students and their “exuberance” could wear him out. “I saw one student enter a room and spontaneously perform a cartwheel out of sheer delight,” says the 50-year-old. “Really.”

—Ross West, MFA '84

WEB EXTRA: See video of move-in day at OregonQuarterly.com

UO ALUMNI CALENDAR

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

November 21
Duck Biz Lunch
Alumni networking opportunity
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

November 24
UO-OSU Watch Party
Hosted by the Lane County Ducks
EUGENE

December 12
The Duck Academy
After-School Program
FAIRFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
EUGENE

January 9
The Duck Academy
After-School Program
FAIRFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
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February 13
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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

■ **Don Reish** '46 and **Janice Kent Reish** '50 celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary on June 21. Don is an emeritus professor at California State University, Long Beach; Janice retired from the Los Angeles City School District and remains active in her Tri Delta sorority.

1950s

Verne Wheelwright '56 received the 2012 Most Important Futures Work award given by the Association of Professional Futurists at the World Futures Society conference in Toronto, Canada, for his book *It's Your Future . . . Make It a Good One!*

■ **Beverly Lloyd** '59 retired in 1991 from a career in teaching and counseling at Putnam High School in Milwaukie, Oregon, after more than 30 years of service. She recently moved to Sun Lakes, Arizona.

1960s

An acrylic painting by **Joe M. Fischer** '60, MFA '63, *Flowers for Aunt Rozanne*, was accepted to the Columbian Artists Association thirty-sixth annual juried exhibition.

Richard Nystrom '60 is working on his autobiography as well as a new novel set in first-century Judea. Nystrom has published seven books, five e-books, and more than 30 e-stories.

Jacob H. Dorn, MA '62, PhD '65, an expert on the subject of social Christianity in the United States in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, retired from Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio, where he taught history for 47 years.

Alaby Blivet '63 reports that his Blivet Biscuit Works is enjoying record sales and windfall profits from its line of survival food kits being marketed to believers in the impending Mayan calendar doomsday. "Demand is staggering for our Apocalypse Chow," Blivet says. "We're churning out 6-, 12-, and 24-month kits like there's no tomorrow."

Governor Rick Snyder of Michigan appointed **Bernard D. "B. D." Copping** '69 to the Michigan Tax Tribunal, a seven-member administrative court that hears appeals on several categories of Michigan taxes. Copping is also the owner of Copping State and Local Tax Consulting in Grand Ledge, Michigan.



CLASS NOTABLE

Duck Fever in Queens For the past seven seasons, Herb Ratner, MS '80, (*center*) has shared his passion for Ducks football with the 300 students at Lander College for Men, an urban, East Coast college for observant Jews, where he serves as assistant dean. Aside from the occasional flag football game, Lander doesn't have an athletics program, so Ratner has adopted the UO's team to help fire up his students, who have enthusiastically embraced the Ducks as "their" team. "I am hoping to teach our students something about good old-fashioned school spirit," he says. "And, it's also funny—one does not associate a bunch of religious Jewish guys in Queens with a football program in Oregon."

COURTESY HERB RATNER

DUCKS AFIELD

Lei Ama I Suoi Anatre (She Loves Her Ducks)

Deanna M. Johnson '05 toured through Italy for two weeks last fall. On a day trip to Pisa, she visited the famed tower and made no secret of her own leanings. Following graduation, Johnson put her English degree to use teaching in South Korea. She now lives in Omaha, Nebraska, where, on fall Saturdays, she and her family "can be found all 'ducked out' and tailgating in front of the TV watching the Ducks!" 📸

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



1970s

Robert G. Boehmer '74, JD '77, was appointed to serve as the interim president at East Georgia College. He is the current associate provost for academic planning at the University of Georgia.

Patty Dann '75 has a new novel, *Starfish*, to be published in May by Greenpoint Press.

Sharon Lightner, PhD '77, was named dean of business administration at California State University, San Marcos. Previously, Lightner served as director of the Charles

W. Lamsden School of Accountancy at San Diego State University.

Bill Edelman, MS '78, athletic director at Vernon Township High School in Vernon, New Jersey, is beginning his final year as president of the Directors of Athletics Association of New Jersey, a position he has held for the last three years.

Les Jin, JD '78, is in his third year as director of the Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs, a U.S. Department of Labor civil rights enforcement agency. Jin oversees the work of the 750-employee agency that has 50 offices nationwide.

1980s

Jadi Campbell '80, CWS '80, published *Broken In: A Novel in Stories* (CreateSpace, 2012), which is available for purchase in paperback or e-book.

■ **Kevin McCarey**, MA '80, an Emmy award-winning documentarian, published *Islands under Fire: the Improbable Quest to Save the Corals of Puerto Rico* (Ocean Publishing, 2012). McCarey's films have appeared on NBC, PBS, TBS, and the National Geographic Channel.

■ **Kevin Moffitt** '80 was appointed to the board of directors for the United Fresh Produce Association. Moffitt is the president and CEO of Pear Bureau Northwest, a non-profit trade association representing 1,500 growers.

Heather Tolford '81 has reunited with fellow Duck and 800-meter runner **Martin Bayless**. The two, along with Tolford's daughter, live in New York City, where Tolford works as a gymnastics instructor at 74th Street Magic, a children's school and activity center on the city's Upper East Side.

Peter Deshpande '83, MBA '86, was named the UO Police Department's police captain. Deshpande previously served with the Eugene Police Department for 22 years.

Allan Morotti '84, PhD '92, was appointed dean of the School of Education at the University of Alaska, Fairbanks. Morotti helped pass legislation concerning the licensing of professional counselors in Alaska and was appointed for two terms to the Board of Licensed Professional Counselors.

Tammy Smith '86, an Army Reserve officer who has served in both the active and reserve components of the military for 26 years, was promoted to the position of brigadier general on August 10, becoming the first openly gay general to serve in the U.S. military.

■ **Kjell Karlsen** '87 was named one of Space News's "Ten Who Made a Difference in Space" in 2011. He is currently the president of Sea Launch, a provider of Russian-, Ukrainian-, and U.S.-built Zenit-3SL heavy lift launch services to satellite operators. He started out as the company's CFO in 1999.

1990s

Brad Gebhard '90 has been named CEO of Hi-Tec Sports USA, a footwear and apparel brand. Gebhard started his career with Nike and was previously the vice president of Columbia Sportswear, Speedo USA, and Calvin Klein Swim. In his new position, he will also lead a Hi-Tec subsidiary in Modesto, California, named Magnum, aimed at military and public safety customers.

Rosemarie Rohatgi '93 is the founder and president of San Diego Sleep Therapy, an award-winning company dedicated to the treatment of sleep-related breathing disorders.

Jason Andrew Bond '95 published his second novel, *Mortal Remains* (Kimura Publishing, 2012), a modern-day horror-thriller. Bond's previous book, *Hammerhead* (CreateSpace, 2011), reached bestseller status on Amazon in 2011.

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Julia Manela '95, JD '02, a lawyer for the Scott Law Group in Eugene, was selected to serve on the Oregon Professional Liability Fund executive board.

Chris Carlson '97 recently won his second Emmy as the executive producer of *Undercover Boss*, a television series on CBS.

Erin K. O'Connell, MBA '98, came out with a children's book, *Loowit's Legend*, which explains the creation of Mount Hood, Mount Adams, and Mount Saint Helens while also providing a unique and fun explanation of the Columbia River Gorge, the Bridge of the Gods, and why it rains heavily in the Pacific Northwest. O'Connell is currently the senior online marketing manager at pen and tablet display maker Wacom-Americas.

2000s

Robert K. Elder '00 has been named managing editor of DNAinfo.com Chicago, a hyperlocal digital news site. Elder was formerly a reporter at the *Chicago Tribune* and a Chicago regional editor of AOL Huffington Post Media Group's Patch.com. He is the author of *Last Words of the Executed* and *The Film That Changed My Life*, among other books.

Ryan R. Nisle, JD '01, a tax attorney for Miller Nash in Portland, was named one of the 2013 Best Lawyers in America. Best Lawyers recognizes attorneys based solely on peer reviews.

Composer **Rebecca Oswald**, MMus '01, has submitted her 2011 solo piano album *Whereas* to the Grammys. In June, Oswald's album ranked number three on Zone Music's new-age chart and it had received airtime on nearly 130 stations around the world.

Loren Scott, JD '02, and **Natalie Scott**, JD '02, were selected as 2012 Oregon Rising Stars in the field of bankruptcy and creditor and debtor rights by *Super Lawyers*, a magazine that recognizes top young attorneys in their fields. This is Loren's fourth consecutive year receiving the honor.

Martina Benova '12 has been hired by Funk/Levis & Associates in Eugene to work the front desk and assist in the firm's public relations department.

Samantha "Sammy" Brenner '12 is the newest Oregon Public Broadcasting (OPB) Maynard E. Orme intern. Through the internship, Brenner, who studied electronic media, will work closely with OPB's senior editor to help bring the station's programming to life.

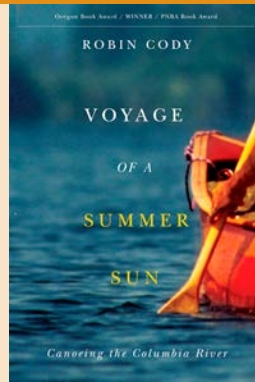
■ **Elizabeth Kramer** '12 will be using journalistic skills sharpened as a former OQ intern in her new position as special publications editor at the *Kitsap Sun* in Washington.

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.

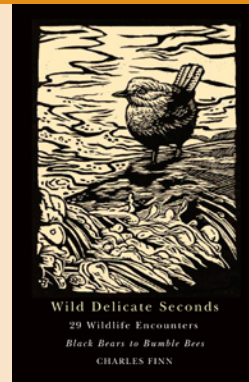
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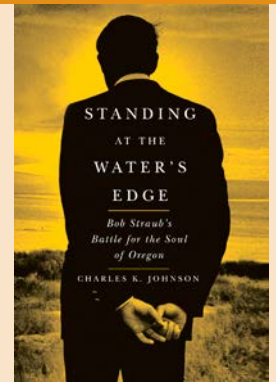
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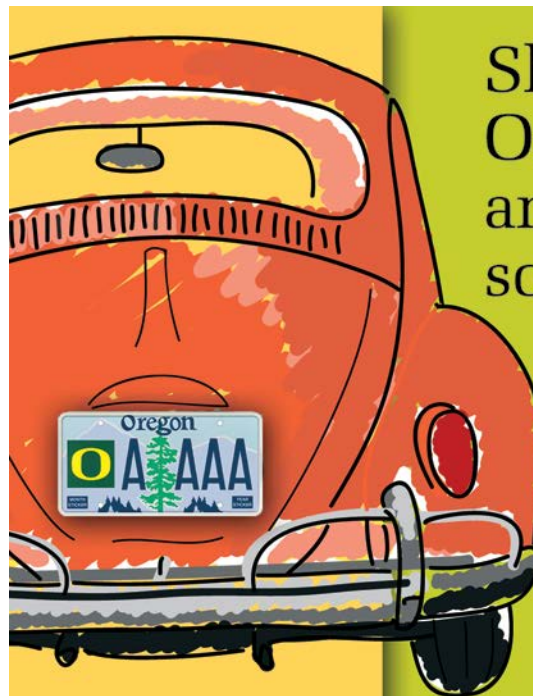
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In Memoriam

Flavia Sherwood '27 died July 17 at age 107. An avid Ducks fan, Sherwood also became a fan of NASCAR racing in her 80s.

Betty Brown Park '38, JD '40, died July 14 at age 95. Capping off a 68-year career in government service, Park retired from her position as senior attorney for the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development at 92.

James Menardi Renton '47, a world traveler who visited 108 countries, died June 25 at 90 years of age. Renton, a

World War II veteran, worked as a student loan director for the Oregon State Scholarship Commission and was an avid patron of the Oregon Bach Festival.

William "Bill" Dugan '48, MEd '52, died on September 9, 2011, at age 89. Dugan was a World War II veteran in the Army Air Force Meteorology Corps and later a teacher and principal of Bailey Hill, Gilham, and Edgewood elementary schools in Eugene School District 4J.

One of Oregon's 50 greatest athletes of the twentieth century, according to *Sports Illustrated*, **Margaret J. "Mugsy" Dobson** '54, MS '59, PhD '65, died July 13 at age 81. A trail-

blazer in the field of women's athletics, Dobson was featured in *Time* magazine after she received a varsity letter playing on the men's baseball team at Vanport College in Portland in 1951. Dobson had a dedicated career in education, retiring as executive vice president emerita of Portland State University in 1990.

John M. Adams Jr. '53 died on October 25, 2011. He was 81. Adams received a football scholarship to play for the UO and twice lettered in the sport. After graduation, he spent 10 years in the U.S. Marines, retiring as a full colonel. He also served as the assistant to the secretary of the board of directors for the U.S. Federal Reserve System for 27 years.

Richard "Rick" Friberg '61 died September 16 at age 74. At the UO, Friberg competed on the swim team for three seasons and was a member of the Order of the O. Following graduation, he became a pilot for the Oregon Air National Guard and worked for Trans World Airlines for 34 years.

James "Jim" Ronald Ekstrom '65 died December 11, 2011, at age 82. Ekstrom pitched for Ducks baseball and bowled in the UO bowling league. A member of the National Guard, Ekstrom went on to work in the oil industry and in the field of computerized data processing with Oregon Total Information Systems.

Thomas "Tom" Edward Linklater, MA '75, died March 31 at age 64. A lifelong Ducks fan, Linklater was a longtime member of the Perseverance Theatre in Juneau, Alaska, as well as a published writer of poetry and fiction.


Deborah (Watkins) Nance, JD '99, died June 28 at age 46. She was born in San Antonio, Texas, in 1966 and received her PhD in psychology from Pacifica Graduate Institute.

Karlie Jean (Geiser) Hobson, MS '06, died August 18 in a car accident at age 32. Hobson was the director of speech at the Eugene Hearing and Speech Center, and in her free time enjoyed cooking, gardening, and the outdoors.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Anne Dhu McLucas, an emerita professor of music and former dean of the UO School of Music and Dance, was killed September 7 in a double-homicide with her partner, James Gillette, at their home in Eugene. Known for her support of Eugene's music community, the 71-year-old McLucas continued to advocate for the music school and often returned to teach special seminars following her retirement. The university celebrated McLucas's memory with a symposium inspired by her 2010 monograph "The Musical Ear: Oral Tradition in the USA."

G. Ralph Falconeri, professor emeritus in the history department, died September 20 at age 83. Falconeri was a lieutenant in the Korean War and a Bronze Star recipient who began teaching Far East history at the university in 1962. Falconeri helped promote strong Japanese-American relations at the UO as director of the Oregon System of Higher Education's Student Exchange Program, and after retirement went on to teach at Waseda University in Tokyo, Japan. 🍷


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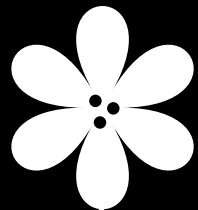
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D E C A D E S

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



Students run for cover during the Columbus Day storm that hit the afternoon of October 12, 1962. This photo, shot by UO student Jim Lowell '64, ran in newspapers across the country.



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1922 A decade after Oregon women achieve the right to vote, *Old Oregon's* editors offer this analogy about women voters and alumni filling out address-change forms: "The average woman knows nothing about an election except that you put in a vote and get out a dark horse. And the average alumnus knows about as much about addressographs."

1932 Reporting on the Oregon legislature's reduction in state funding to the UO in the midst of the Depression, the university's alumni association president writes, "This depression is not one merely of economic values . . . it is making great inroads into the character . . . and moral stamina of our citizenry," opining that educating the unemployed must be among the country's highest priorities.

1942 Part of a special issue dedicated "to Oregon men in uniform everywhere," Lt. Robert S. Clever '41 is remembered as a hero after being killed in Ohio shortly after "being the first American to drop a bomb over Tokio" [sic] in the famed Doolittle Raid.

1952 Despite the *Oregon Daily Emerald's* endorsement of Democrat Adlai Stevenson (the first time the *Emerald* had endorsed a presidential candidate), the paper's polls show students favoring Republican Dwight Eisenhower by 12.5 percentage points, about the same as reflected in the nationwide popular vote on election day.


1962 A brief but fierce Columbus Day storm sends terrified students running as 75 trees crash

down on campus, victims of winds up to 86 miles per hour. One student and four other Eugene residents are killed, six Eugene lumber mills catch fire, and most of the city—although not the campus—loses power.

1972 The UO's interim affirmative action director quits abruptly, harshly criticizing the university for a lack of commitment to the program. Meanwhile, the university struggles to comply with antidiscriminatory hiring directives from the U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare in the midst of budget cuts.

1982 ROTC commander Steve Wolfgram reflects on the relative invisibility of ROTC on the UO campus—along with increasing enrollment and positive interest—13 years after demonstrators "trashing and eventually trying to burn ROTC offices" on campus earned the university a reputation as hostile to ROTC.

1992 UO economist Ed Whitelaw takes issue with the "myth" that timber and agriculture are the state's most important economic sectors, arguing that "Oregon's Real Economy" relies on the higher employment—and growth potential—of other industries, such as health, business, and professional services.

2002 UO researchers Scott Byram, MS '91, PhD '02, and David Lewis '97, MA '00, PhD '09, propose that Oregon derives its name not from words used to describe the region by early Jesuit, Spanish, or French explorers, but from the native word *Ooligan*, the name of a tiny fish prized for the oil it contains. 

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From Weed to Home

Scrappy, scraggly juniper becomes a cozy Cascades cabin

By Ana Maria Spagna '89

Juniper is synonymous with Central Oregon. The smell alone, pungent and dry, conjures the long-view horizon, a campfire under a dome of stars, a lone coyote slipping past sage. Juniper is also a weed, a native opportunist that has colonized huge swaths of land, drying up wetlands and displacing waterfowl. Both of these factors—the smell and the fact that it's a weed—played into our decision to use juniper logs when my partner, Laurie, and I built a home in a small mountain valley in the North Cascades.

We wanted a modest cabin. We did not, at first, want logs because we didn't care for the hunting-lodge image and because we preferred what we considered less resource-greedy methods. We had more or less decided on stick-frame construction when a friend returned from a log-home show in Seattle giddy with excitement.

"You've got to see these. They're the most beautiful logs I've ever seen." This from a man who worked with wood his whole life.

We said we'd have a look. We hopped in the car and drove to Prineville, Oregon, where Lance Romine met us with the tip of a derby hat and a smile. He ushered us into his small juniper office, and we were stunned. Orange grain flowed and bled into yellow—colors and patterns as dramatic as those of sandstone formations that bear the dual stains of rivers and oceans over millennia—and swirled around plentiful knots, some inset like irises in bark-rimmed sockets, like dozens of melting surrealist eyes. We were half-sold before we even heard the story.

Romine was born and raised in Prineville. He'd seen photographs of his great grandparents' property, all big timber and grassland, and he'd watched it go to juniper. He remembers high ridges with clear views, now obscured.

Anybody who knows that country can tell you the same. According to the U. S. Forest Service, land in Oregon classified as juniper forest increased from 420,000 acres in the 1930s to 6.5 million acres in 2005. The rapid transition, experts say, can be attributed to overgrazing in the late 1800s and early 1900s, years when cooler and wetter temperatures also proved just right for seedling germination. After that, the evergreen junipers simply out-competed native grasses and shrubs that go dormant in winter. Add fire suppression and, well, the junipers just kept on spreading.

"They're invasive," Romine says plainly. "We have to find a use for them."

He did: log homes. But it's not as simple as it sounds. Limbing the scraggly trees takes time, and milling the often radically tapered trunks—fat at the bottom, skinny up top—on a portable mill, you might lose as much as 45 percent by volume. Romine turned to post-and-beam construction. Since junipers don't often grow tall, the shorter logs could work as infill between taller posts. The posts could be routed vertically to allow for a spline on which infill logs, routed on their ends, could be



stacked like building blocks.

"Nothing to it," he insisted when we visited. "You can put up your walls in a day."

We did not, for a moment, believe him.

Romine never brags about what he knows, but he'll tell you what he's learned. There are, he explains, some things you *don't* do. When he first started, for example, he squared off three sides but left one side round to maintain the traditional log-cabin look, but he found over time that the juniper logs bowed out toward the live edge. After that, he canted them, always, and the result is a log home with remarkably little movement, a dramatic look, and that heady gin-spice smell.

Which is not always a selling point. Once at an open house, two women approached.


"This is the most beautiful house I've ever seen," one said. "But I couldn't live in it. The smell. It's like . . ." Romine's wife began to laugh. She knew what was coming. She'd said it to Lance herself a thousand times. . . . body odor."

The Romines' home is built in the same post-and-beam style, but with larch.

Juniper holds fasteners like a vice, and its natural oils prevent rot. Its compression strength nearly matches that of red oak. It shrinks 50 percent less than Douglas fir and 82 percent less than ponderosa pine.

The supply is growing as research accrues and more grassland-restoration projects begin. Studies have shown that where junipers are removed, spring flows will increase. In control plots, where junipers remain, spring flows continue to dwindle or even go dry. The Western Juniper Forum, a gathering of landowners, wood-product manufacturers, and conservationists, meets regularly to discuss uses for the trees as they're removed. The biggest hope lies in biofuel, but there are others: dimensional lumber, artistic furniture, oils, fence posts, firewood, animal bedding. So far, none boasts the utility or the singular beauty of a juniper home.

When the day came to stack our logs, Lance Romine traveled to join the work party we'd organized with neighbors. Sure enough, the logs went up in a day. Only a few details remained, including one tricky notch atop an angled post. The next morning, as Lance prepared to leave, we sat on lumber piles—joists and rafters to-be—and shared bakery treats. Suddenly he stood, cinnamon-roll crumbs in his beard, and grabbed a chainsaw. He climbed a ladder to sit atop one post and carve one perfect notch in another. He shut off the saw, finished the roll, doffed his derby, and he was off to the next job.

Laurie and I settled in among the knots and swirls, the warmth of the yellow-orange heartwood, the smell that's not, to us, one bit like body odor, and the knowledge that if juniper is invasive, so are we, in a way, as transplants from suburbia to the mountains. It's comforting to know even weeds can find a home. 

Ana Maria Spagna '89 is the author most recently of Potluck: Community on the Edge of Wilderness. She lives and writes in Stehekin, Washington.