

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Spring 2014

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By Craig Weckesser '64

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EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Ann Wiens
awiens@uoregon.edu

SENIOR MANAGING EDITOR

Ross West
rwest@uoregon.edu

ART DIRECTOR

Tim Jordan

SENIOR GRAPHIC DESIGNER

JoDee Stringham

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Susan Thelen
sthelen@uoregon.edu | 541-346-5046

PUBLISHING ADMINISTRATOR

Shelly Cooper

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Rosemary Howe Camozzi, Mindy Moreland

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Jack Liu, John Bauguess

PROOFREADER

Scott Skelton

INTERNS

Ben DeJarnette

EDITORIAL ADVISORY BOARD

Mark Blaine, Betsy Boyd, Kathi O'Neil Dordevic,
Kathleen Holt, Alexandra Lyons, Holly Simons,
Mike Thoele, Barbara West

WEBSITE

OregonQuarterly.com

OFFICE ADDRESS

360 East 10th Avenue, Suite 202
Eugene OR 97403-5228
Phone 541-346-5045

EDITORIAL

541-346-5048

ADVERTISING SALES

Susan Crow, SagaCity Media
scrow@sagacitymedia.com | 971-200-7024

E-MAIL

quarterly@uoregon.edu

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

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UO INFORMATION

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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

Plus ça change . . .

From my office window in the center of campus, I can see the *Pioneer Mother*. She appears relaxed, contemplative, exchanging glances (so they say) with the *Pioneer*, who gazes across 13th Avenue, through Johnson Hall's lobby, and over the lawn to where she sits. So she has sat since 1932, a symbol of constancy in the midst of change as seasons and graduation classes pass her by. Yet she is also a symbol of change—she's a pioneer, after all; an explorer, a discoverer, a seeker of the new.

From my window, I can also see a construction crane rising high above University Street, hovering over the Student Recreation Center. The new Rec Center—a \$50.24 million project that will double the facility's size and feature two swimming pools and a three-court gym—is one of several major construction projects currently underway, the latest in a wave of construction that has changed the UO campus dramatically (we've collected some highlights in "Building Oregon," page 44).

My office view reminds me how wonderfully incongruous universities are in their dual embrace of tradition and innovation, a dichotomy the University of Oregon holds in bet-



ter balance than many. This characteristic is one of the things that struck me the most on my first visit to the UO campus, not so very long ago. The day before my interview at *Oregon Quarterly*, I spent a sunny, crisp October afternoon exploring the campus. I began at Dads' Gates, approaching Deady Hall—which I later learned was the UO's first (and for a decade, only) building—through its promenade of generations-old fir trees. I traversed the park-like quad nestled between the warm, red-brick facades of Knight Library and the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, a section of campus so classic in its evocation of academe that, as the daughter and granddaughter of university professors,

I felt immediately at home, as if I'd been there before.

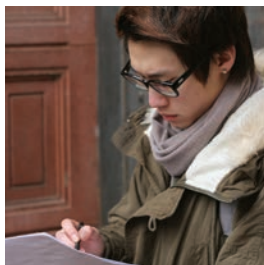
I continued down 13th Avenue, past the construction site that was becoming the Lewis Integrative Science Building, and ended up sipping a latte at a café table in front of the Jaqua Center—more than a century away from where I'd begun my walk a half hour earlier. With its clean lines, sleek materials, and seamless flow from glass to water, the building reflects and connects the landscape around it. Its architecture symbolizes, for me, a university excited about its future, just as the earlier part of my campus stroll showed me a university thoughtfully embracing its past.

This duality of past and future, of tradition and innovation, defines the university, informs scholarship and research, and inspires our approach to telling the UO's story within the pages of this magazine. We're currently working on a redesign of *Oregon Quarterly*, to debut with our Autumn 2014 issue. As we examine and assess every aspect of the magazine with an eye toward telling that story even better, in ways that will resonate with a readership that spans seven decades (or more) of UO alumni, we are keeping that duality clearly in mind. Looking back, looking forward. Constancy and change. Tradition and innovation. As I sketch out wireframes for OQ's new website and outline a social media plan to extend the reach of our print edition, I glance up from time to time at the *Pioneer Mother*. She holds a book (a Bible, to be precise) in her lap. I imagine, for a moment, that she's holding an iPad instead. And I think she would enjoy that. She is, after all, a pioneer.

awiens@uoregon.edu

Do you have thoughts you'd like to share with us as we work on *Oregon Quarterly's* redesign? Things you love, things you don't, ideas we should consider? E-mail us at quarterly@uoregon.edu and let us know.

We Are Oregon



Select and Connect

The registrar's office consistently uses technology to improve student services. For example, this year, we've created a third-party login that allows students to set permissions for parents to see designated information including class schedules and grades.

Read more at registrar.uoregon.edu

The Office of the Registrar is part of the University of Oregon's Office of Enrollment Management division. The office manages academic and classroom scheduling, registration, enrollment and degree verification, grading, degree audits, course evaluations, transfer work, degree awarding, administration of veterans' benefits, and compliance with student records policies.

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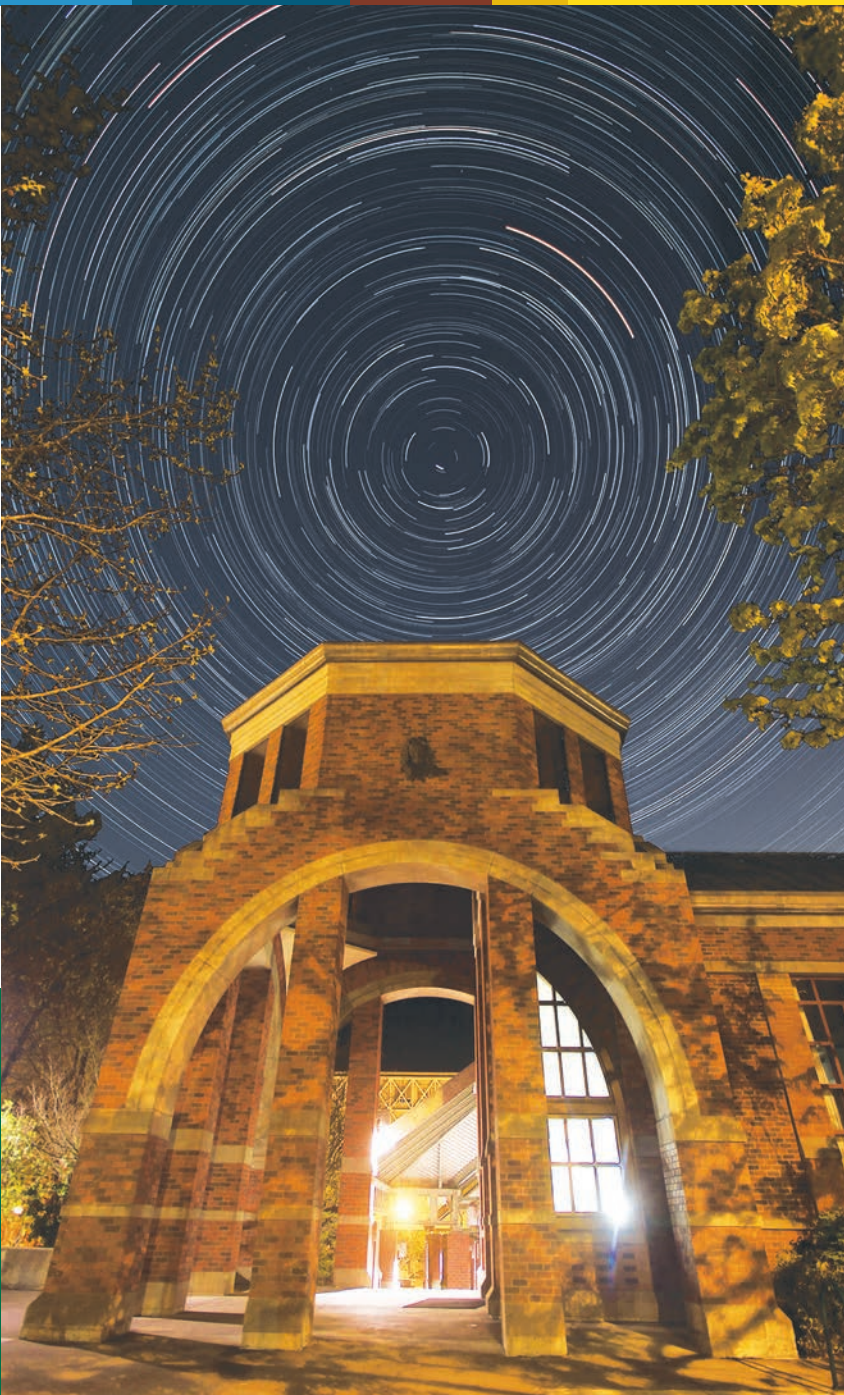
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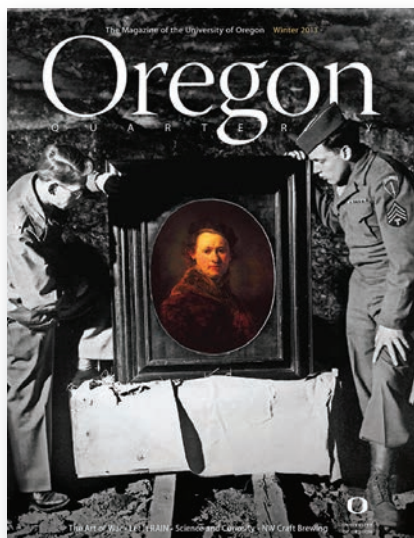
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A Monumental Man

Thank you, Kimber Williams, for “The Art of War” in the Winter *Oregon Quarterly*. While a frosh at Oregon State College in the fall and winter of 1947–48, I was enrolled in a class called Survey of Great Arts taught by Gordon Gilkey. He often spoke of his experiences with the Office of Strategic Services (OSS), in recovering art treasures in Europe. At the end of the term, he gave each of his students a print of one of his works. I shall treasure the print and the memories of his class.

*Frank L. Johnson '55
Portland*

I was just home from the IMAX theater when I read “The Art of War” in the latest *Oregon Quarterly* [Winter 2013]. I was surprised, as I had just seen the preview for the film *The Monuments Men*, which is referred to at the end of the article.

Gordon Gilkey was an amazing artist and ambassador for the arts throughout his career. He was a student when Jack Wilkinson, later UO art department head, was a student at Oregon. Jack stayed with Gordon in New York as Jack was awaiting passage to Europe on a grant to study art. Gordon was one of the first University of Oregon graduates to receive the Ellis F. Lawrence Medal in 2000, given by the School of Architecture and Allied Arts to leaders who have made outstanding contributions to the arts.

*Kenneth O'Connell
Professor Emeritus of Art
Eugene*

Your feature on Gordon Gilkey helped fill in some important gaps in my knowledge of this extraordinary gentleman and scholar. To add to Gilkey’s remarkable legacy, we should also acknowledge his contributions to international education. As dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Oregon State University, Gilkey worked with faculty members at OSU, the University of Oregon, and Portland State University to initiate three exchange programs (Stuttgart, Germany; Poitiers, France; and Tokyo, Japan) that continue to this day. His vision of student exchanges has enabled literally thousands of students and scores of faculty members from Oregon’s public universities to experience and learn from other cultures.

*Paul Primak '90
Eugene*

“Pot Party”

I was a journalism student in 1966 and recall supporting Annette Buchanan and the cause [“The Stand She Took,” Autumn 2013]. Less than two years later, as editor of the *Oregana* magazine, we published a five-page photo essay entitled “Pot Party” along with a first-person student account of marijuana use around campus and interviews with the local district attorney and a physician at the student health center. We had no legal problems as a result, and there was no attempt at prior restraint. The *Oregonian* covered the story of the first-ever *Oregana* magazine and concluded that the contents, including a photo essay comparing the war in Vietnam with Oregon football, would be controversial but were a good reflection of the turmoil of the times.

*Robert W. Denniston '68
Arlington, Virginia*

Editor: Find the Oregana “Pot Party” essay at OregonQuarterly.com/letters.

Special Connections

Two articles in your Winter 2013 issue have a closer tie than may have been realized: “Curious Science,” highlighting treasures that can be found in Knight Library’s Special Collections, and “The War at Home,” about World War II conscientious objectors confined in a work camp on the Oregon Coast. As it happens, housed among the library’s

Special Collections are some wonderful small publications written and printed by COs at that camp, with literary contents and colorful, handmade covers.

*Bean Comrada, MS '83
Eugene*

Editor: Our friends in Special Collections and University Archives kindly scanned some of these publications for us, which you’ll find at OregonQuarterly.com/letters.

Generosity by the Numbers

I read with interest the criticism by two alumni of Phil and Penny Knight’s latest gift to the UO for the football performance center, the Hatfield-Dowlin Complex [“Building Inequality?” Letters, Winter 2013]. The mistaken implication of these letters is that the Knights have not given any gifts that benefited UO academics or the student body in general.

An overview of some of the other generous gifts made by the Knights to the UO is instructive. The Knights’ significant donations to the UO began almost 20 years ago, when a multimillion-dollar gift was made in 1994 for the renovation of the library. In 1999, the William W. Knight Law Center was built based on a gift of \$10 million in honor of Phil Knight’s father. The Knights’ contributions to endow 27 chairs and professorships at the UO have totaled \$15 million. Certainly, like the over \$100 million donation by the Knights to Stanford University, one cannot reasonably argue that these significant gifts to the UO were not academically oriented.

Other major gifts oriented toward athletics include a \$30 million gift to expand Autzen Stadium in 2002 and the \$100 million Legacy Fund donation to cover the bond costs for the Matthew Knight Arena, as well as the recent gift of \$41.7 million for an athletes’ academic center, the John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes.

The Knights also have directed significant gifts of late toward Oregon Health and Science University, including, most recently, a \$500 million matching challenge grant to raise \$1 billion for cancer research.

This is one alumnus who stands deeply appreciative of the Knights’ enormous contributions to the UO.

*Michael G. Hanlon '75
Portland*

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come to live.**



A Six-Word Story

"Exploring Race; Exploring Identity" [Winter 2013] touched my heart, as I am the proud father of mixed-race sons. I would like to submit this six-word story on their behalf: *My sons are whole, not "half."*

Thanks again for a terrific magazine!
Joe Hlebica '77
Red Bluff, California

Out of Conflict, Change

I read with interest the "Decades" notes in the Winter issue. The allegations recited in the quote [". . . a campus group is demanding the recall of ASUO president Greg Leo, saying that 'Leo has made it perfectly clear that he intends to govern as a corrupt monarch oblivious to the wishes of the students'"] were from my opponents in my recall campaign, which I won and subsequently served out my full term as ASUO president. The ASUO Senate was dissolved in the spring elections of 1973 when I was elected, and I had the responsibility of incidental fee

allocation as the ASUO executive. During our year, our ASUO team designed the incidental fee process, which is largely in place today. Out of conflict, change. Out of the chaotic campus politics of the early 1970s, a better, student-centered incidental fee process. Then and now, ASUO provides students with an excellent "learning by experience" and prepares leaders for public service beyond the UO.

Thanks for your fine efforts in reconnecting alumni with "Old Oregon."

Greg Leo '74
Aurora

Blivet or Not

As a fellow member of the Class of 1963, I have enjoyed following the life and exploits of Alaby Blivet '63 and his wife, Sara Lee Cake '45, all these years. I appreciate Alaby sharing his life with us for so long, although I vaguely remember a period of time where he went dark for several years. I think he was in rehab or something. Hopefully he will continue to let *Oregon Quarterly* know the high-

and lowlights of his life. I suspect he might end up being the longest living member of our class, although Sara Lee most likely will not be with him, since she is already in her mid-80s.

Lael Prock '63, MBA '65
Mercer Island, Washington

Your Class Notes item "submitted" by the fictitious Alaby Blivet [Winter 2013] was shameful and in extremely poor taste. To make light of a presidential assassination is disgraceful. I was appalled at your poor judgment.

Mick Scott '64
Wilsonville

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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



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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Before the Madness

The NCAA Men's Division I Basketball Tournament has taken a top place on the annual sports calendar, with billions of dollars worth of "March Madness" television and endorsement deals, merchandizing, and, we hear, an office pool or two. Things were quite different when the tournament began . . . and Oregon took home the trophy. The story is recounted in March 1939: Before the Madness (Taylor Trade, 2014) by Terry Frei. A section of the book is excerpted below.

THE FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP team—the University of Oregon Webfoots, coached by Howard Hobson and ultimately called the “Tall Firs” because of their towering height along the front line—was part of my early sports fascination. I was raised in Eugene, and my father, Jerry Frei, was on the Oregon football coaching staff from 1955 through 1971, serving as an assistant under the legendary Len Casanova for 12 seasons and then as head coach for five before moving on to a long coaching, scouting, and administrative career in the National Football League. Early in his stay at Oregon, he helped coach the freshman basketball team, too . . . because that’s what young coaches did then. The football coaching offices were in a wing attached to McArthur Court, the Ducks’ home arena. I visited my father on the job often enough to be able to now conjure memories of smoke wafting through the darkened back room and the 16-millimeter projector loudly whirring as “Cas,” my father, and the other assistants, including John McKay; and then my father and his staff, including John Robinson, George Seifert, and Bruce Snyder, watched the black-and-white game films. After the switch from the on-campus Hayward Field to the new off-campus Autzen Stadium for football games in 1967, the Ducks still practiced on fields near what we all called “Mac Court.” The

dank football practice locker rooms, with rickety plumbing that made the players wonder if the pipes were going to explode any minute as they showered, were in the arena basement.

My older brother, David (now familiar to many as the longtime television analyst on the Westminster Kennel Club and National Dog Shows), and I spent many hours in the ivy-draped arena. The display cases on Mac Court’s floor level were history courses, touching on all Oregon sports programs, including football and legendary coach Bill Bowerman’s track-and-field teams. Hobson and the Tall Firs had honored spots, and we were indoctrinated in the lore. To some, the men on that 1938–39 Webfoots team were an answer to a trivia question; to many of us, they were heroic, bordering on the mythic. I could name Hobson’s five starters: guards Bobby Anet and Wally Johansen, forwards Laddie Gale and John Dick, and center Slim Wintermute. I also knew that one of the Webfoots (John Dick), a former flier in World War II, was a high-profile career Navy officer who periodically visited his alma mater, was a booster in the good sense of the word, met my father, and probably was one of the few who knew the part of the Oregon football coach’s life that never was mentioned in his press guide biography, that Jerry Frei had been a decorated P-38 fighter pilot in the Pacific theater.

When I attended the 1965 NCAA championship game in Portland with my father, many of the 1939 Webfoots, then in their late forties, were introduced and drew applause, and a two-page feature on the first champions in the official program included a Tall Firs team picture.

I left Oregon when I was a junior at South Eugene High School. But in the mid-1980s, after living in Colorado for 13 years and beginning my professional career with an eight-year stint at the *Denver Post*, I became a sports columnist for the *Oregonian* in Portland. I was reintroduced to Tall Firs coach Howard Hobson, beloved and almost always called “Hobby,” and was fortunate to get to know him better in his final years.

I covered several NCAA Final Fours, including at Kansas City in 1988. The NCAA considers the number of tournaments and not year anniversaries, so in 1988, the Tall Firs were among those honored at events commemorating the 50th tournament, which culminated in the Larry Brown-coached Kansas Jayhawks knocking off league rival Oklahoma for the championship. At the gala, master of ceremonies Curt Gowdy said, “The first college championship was won by Oregon. There was no network radio, no TV, not much press. But these were the men and coaches who laid the foundation for what has become the Final Four.”



"Heroic" Hoopsters Four members of the 1938–39 University of Oregon basketball team, known as the Tall Firs, waving from the rear platform of a train as they depart Eugene for the 1939 NCAA basketball tournament's West regional held in San Francisco. The team went on to the finals played in Evanston, Illinois, where they won the national title. From left to right are Bobby Anet, John Dick, Slim Wintermute, and Wally Johansen.


When the Webfoots won the first championship, the sport wasn't yet a half-century old and still was evolving from James Naismith's original peach-basket game of nine players per side, unveiled at the International YMCA Training School in Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1891. In 1939, Dr. Naismith attended both the national invitation tournament and the NCAA tournament, being a good sport and proud parent, but also expressing skepticism about what his "basket ball" had become after a half-century of "progress." In Naismith's day, the ball still had laces, adding to the awkward feel and making it more difficult to dribble than in future years. The first ball without laces was manufactured in 1948.

Officiating wasn't "good" or "bad" as much as it was a mystery, with different interpretations from game to game and, especially, region to region. Consider that this was the definition of a foul in Naismith's original rules, published in 1892: "No shouldering, holding, pushing, tripping, or striking in any way the person of an opponent shall be allowed."

Even on outside shots, usually launched

with two hands, players often aimed for the backboard. Part of it was conventional wisdom and geometry, but on rare occasions, shooters were trying to keep the ball out of reach of a "goaltender." The few men tall enough and athletic enough to jump and get a hand above the rim could swat away shots on their way down. Yes, goaltending was legal. Shooting percentages were barely mentioned and not considered much of an issue, but 30 percent could be a good night. Tossing up a shot and, if it didn't go in, hoping to get it back off the carom for a closer-in shot was a legitimate strategy. The center jump after every basket had been eliminated before the 1937–38 season, changing the game's tempo and giving an advantage to coaches, including Howard Hobson, who emphasized pushing the pace in a patterned fast break, trying to get down the floor quicker than the defenders, even after opposition baskets. And if the Webfoots didn't get a fast-break bucket, their set plays also were run at a breakneck pace. Players who could do such things as palm the ball, maneuver, run rather than lope, and accurately shoot one-handed on

the move were revolutionizing basketball. The Webfoots, with All-American and virtually ambidextrous one-handed-shot wizard Laddie Gale, were at the forefront.

The tournament the Webfoots won in 1939 was new and considered a risky financial undertaking by the sponsoring National Association of Basketball Coaches. The NCAA, while lending its name to the proceedings, regarded it with wariness. The nation's major press outlets—newspapers, magazines, wire services, and radio networks—weren't sure how seriously to take it. About all they knew was that the event began as a response to, and a rival for, the six-team national invitation tournament in New York's Madison Square Garden. Later, retroactive comparisons of the two tournaments often created the mistaken impression that the NIT was deeply entrenched when the "upstart" NCAA tournament was founded. Actually, the New York tournament, sponsored for its first two years by the Metropolitan Basketball Writers Association (by sportswriters!), began in 1938 . . . only one year earlier than the NCAA tournament. 

Previewing the Big One

Geophysicists predict a potentially cataclysmic earthquake and tsunami could strike the Northwest at any time. In her book *The Next Tsunami: Living on a Restless Coast* (Oregon State University Press, 2014), Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85, helps readers imagine the unimaginable by recalling a monster 1964 Alaskan earthquake and tsunami, including this very personal account of what resulted after the tsunami slammed into Seaside, Oregon.

“TOM, TOM, WAKE UP, TOM.” It was a man’s voice. He felt a hand on his shoulder, shaking him awake in the dark, reeling him up from the soft, muffled depths. It was Lyle, Lynne’s boyfriend, his big hand rough, and urgent.

“Hey Tom, wake up. There’s been a tidal wave,” he was saying. “Come on, let’s go. There’s been a tidal wave. Let’s go to the house.”

Tom bolted upright. “I knew it! I knew it!” he cried, instantly awake. Across the room, Chris was sitting up and rubbing his eyes. “Let’s go, boys,” Lyle reiterated, moving toward the stairs in the dark.

The three of them started down at a trot, Tom and Chris still in their T-shirts and underpants. The wooden stairs were cool on Tom’s bare feet. Two steps above the landing where the staircase made a turn, Tom first felt dampness underfoot. From there to the landing and down the final three steps everything was wet. When he reached the bottom, his feet felt not the slick of the cottage’s linoleum floor but the grainy burr of wet sand, a thick layer of it. Lyle led the way out over the sand-covered floor, through the open inner door, and stepped over a white board that was now inexplicably plastered across the bottom of the outside entrance at a slight angle, clinging with nails driven into the siding at either side. It looked like one of the planks from the fence at the edge of the yard, above the river. Tom followed Lyle over the rail and onto the lawn.

But there was no lawn. What he saw instead was like something from a dream: familiar and eerily unfamiliar all at the same time. Every inch of what had been green grass was now covered with dark, wet sand. The sand was strewn with debris. Some of it was the same stuff Tom was accustomed to seeing in the wrack line on the beach after a storm: clumps of seaweed and grasses and driftwood of all sizes. But there was more. Thick, lustrous yellow



Alaskan Aftermath The March 27, 1964, Anchorage earthquake—which dropped this street some 20 feet below its normal level—was stronger than the 2004 Indian Ocean quake that caused a tsunami responsible for more than 200,000 deaths.

low foam clumped in piles a foot or more thick all over the sand, and more of it piled deeper against the house and cottage. And fish: flounders and perch and bullheads, lying still and scattered all over the yard. And little waxy, translucent pink shrimp the length of Tom’s pinky finger, thousands of them, everywhere.

Tom took a few steps, then stopped and stared, surveying the known world. The house was there, and the old, two-story detached garage, but the concrete block patio wall on the north side of the


house had collapsed. The fence was gone, its posts still standing but the flat white planks all missing—all but the one that had apparently plastered itself across the cottage entrance. The dock, too, had vanished. So had the rowboat that Lynne and Lyle had left upside down on the lawn after their moonlight float a few hours earlier. An outdoor rabbit hutch that had stood along the west wall of the cottage now staked a claim in the middle of the yard. The chicken coop, too, had drifted west but was still upright, the chickens apparently still alive,

BETTMANN—CORBIS—AP IMAGES

judging from the low rustling sounds that came from within. East of the cottage, drift logs lay scattered on the yard, huge logs, one as wide as Tom was tall. Beyond the north edge of the yard, past the shore pines, the river was running out fast and full like a winter flood tide, laden with dark, angular, moon-washed objects—more logs and other floating debris Tom couldn't quite make out. Across the short expanse

Every inch of what had been green grass was now covered with dark, wet sand. The sand was strewn with debris.

of sand-covered yard between the cottage and the house, he could see his mother standing outside the back door, watching them, her arms crossed over her chest in the cool of midnight, hugging herself. His brothers and sisters were all out wandering on their new backyard beach too, smiling and laughing as if a little drunk on it all. And there was Mr. Jensen, their bachelor neighbor, in his long white nightshirt and white nightcap, his bare legs thrust into leather work boots, a quizzical expression on his face as he went about poking the toe of his boot into piles of debris. There was a tang in the air, a briny smell like low tide, fresh and pungent, mixed with the faint odor of rotten eggs.

Tom's mouth, which had been hanging open, now spread into a wide smile. He drew in a breath and felt his shoulders fall back, his arms reaching wide. "I knew it!" he said, over and over. "I knew it! I knew it!" He began to turn in place, and soon he was running in big circles, the balls of his feet slapping the wet sand, finding their own way among the pink shrimp, the slick, green seaweed, the buttery foam. Around and around he ran, laughing, his arms open and stretching to the very tips of his fingers, as if to embrace it all: the glistening sand, the shrimp, the logs, the late hour, the moonlight, whoever or whatever had granted him this night, this best night of his whole life. 



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The Sporting Life

Behind the sports-page buzz and bowl-victory hoopla, UO student-athletes are, after all, students—working toward degrees and preparing for lives and careers that extend beyond the court, field, or stadium. Last October, GoDucks.com editor Rob Moseley followed University of Oregon product design major and Ducks wide receiver Daryle Hawkins through a typical day. Sixteen nonstop hours later, he had a sense of what a day in the life of a student-athlete is like. Moseley's report is adapted from a piece that originally appeared on his blog.

5:50 A.M., NORTH EUGENE

Daryle Hawkins awakens and readies for the long day ahead, pausing to wake up the woman he married just before the start of fall camp this season, Jasmine. “I kiss her goodbye and tell her, ‘Have a wonderful day,’” Daryle says. “I’ll see her when it gets dark again.”

6:49 A.M., UO ATHLETIC TREATMENT CENTER

Hawkins is here first thing each morning, either receiving treatment from an athletic trainer or warming up for the day on his own. “Gotta get your body right before you get going,” he says.

7:45 A.M., HATFIELD-DOWLIN COMPLEX SITUATION ROOM

One or two of the kicking units have drills each day, and those groups meet for a few minutes in the morning to review their responsibilities. Today, the focus is on kickoff return and punt skills. Hawkins is the third receiver on the front line of the Ducks’ kickoff return team, so the odds are slim he’ll need to retain much from this meeting. But coaches know if Hawkins reviews their schemes pregame, he can be used in a pinch despite not getting the practice reps the ones and twos will. Seated in the front row, his attention never wavers.

8:20 A.M., HATFIELD-DOWLIN COMPLEX RECEIVERS MEETING ROOM

Once again, Hawkins is seated in the front row. “He cares, and not just about football,” position coach Matt Lubick says. “A lot of people talk about being the best at everything they do. He really tries to.” Later on, Hawkins will miss an important team meeting while in Portland for his product design studio. Lubick will meet with him individually the next morning, a concession to the academic-athletic balancing act Hawkins is attempting.

9:04 A.M., ED MOSHOFSKY SPORTS CENTER

The first 11-on-11 period for the offense against the scout team involves primar-

“He’s extraordinary in that he’s got this whole other life going on outside of football.”



Daryle Hawkins at the 2013 Civil War game

ily run plays. For a receiver, that means blocking, blocking, and more blocking. “If you’re using bad technique, it’s not going to be very fun,” Hawkins says. “But if you go in hands-first, driving people, trying to push people off the ball the way it’s meant to be done, it’s a lot easier on your body.” The attention to detail will pay off. Come Saturday against the Cougars, Hawkins will

throw key blocks on Thomas Tyner’s long touchdown run in the second quarter and Keanon Lowe’s touchdown reception just after halftime.

10:41 A.M., ED MOSHOFSKY SPORTS CENTER

Now the Ducks are throwing the ball. Hawkins is targeted for a pass down the field by Marcus Mariota, only to drop a sure touchdown. There’s no time to pout, because of the Ducks’ practice tempo. Hawkins sprints back to the line to run another play, and then a third, before heading to the sideline and fuming for a second about the drop. “That’s one of the beauties of our offense,” Hawkins says. “You don’t have time to sulk or anything like that.” Some teams might let one bad play linger and affect them on another; the Ducks are conditioned to move on quickly, mentally as well as physically.

11:58 A.M., LAWRENCE HALL

He doesn’t make it to Art History 387, Chinese Buddhist Art, in time to sit in the front row. Still, Hawkins manages to find a prominent spot four rows back by the time the lights are dimmed to accommodate a slide projector. Earlier in his career, he was an art major—not so much because he was interested in the field, but to satisfy NCAA requirements. To remain eligible, an athlete needs to declare a major by his third year. But declaring a product design major requires months of assembling a portfolio; while doing that, Hawkins spent nearly a year working on an art major. “The NCAA rules are meant to catch people at the bottom,” says Jennie Leander, senior associate director of services for student-athletes, “but they sometimes trip up people at the top.”

2:45 P.M., INTERSTATE 5

He’s on the road. If he were any other product design major, he’d have moved the 110 miles north for his fifth year at Oregon; it’s where the instructors are, and the internships he’ll need to pursue, and later the jobs.

But Hawkins didn't want to pass up one more fall with the Ducks—the excitement of the first year under Mark Helfrich, the luxury of the new Hatfield-Dowlin Complex. And so, three times a week throughout the term, he'll climb into his car for the nearly two-hour trek to Portland, attend a three-hour seminar, and drive home. "I'm really amazed he's been able to do it all," says Kiersten Muenchinger, director of the product design program in the university's School of Architecture and Allied Arts. "And he does it with a smile. He's the nicest fellow."

4:15 P.M., WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

Hawkins has 45 minutes until his studio begins. He spends the first few minutes socializing with classmates, the six-foot-four, 198-pound football player mingling with colleagues whose knit caps, flannel shirts, and skinny jeans look much more like what you'd expect from students in the creative arts. "You get a lot of kids who kind of live in their bubble," Leander says. "He's extraordinary in that he's got

this whole other life going on outside of football."

Coincidentally, Hawkins has spent the first couple weeks of his studio class designing a whole other life. To start out the term, Hawkins and a partner were told three things about an imaginary consumer named "Jessica." She's 29 years old, she's a freelance journalist, and she lives in New York City. From there, Hawkins and his partner constructed a backstory and daily lifestyle, mapping out each on huge pieces of art paper. Then, Hawkins went about imagining a new product that might appeal to Jessica, and in turn the masses. "We've got a bunch of quirky ideas," he says. "But that's what it's all about. Get a bunch of ideas out as fast as possible." The scribbled drawings and pieces of scratch paper strewn around his work space, ideas that coalesce around a new type of iPhone charger, certainly attest to that.

5:18 P.M., WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND


Class has begun. For this evening's session, the group of about 10 has retired to

a computer lab upstairs to work on 3-D routing software. Later, they plan to study a 3-D printing program. "He's really good," Muenchinger says. "You have to be able to do both qualitative and quantitative works. And you also have to have a high level of attention to creative details. When you do a studio-based course, there's just a heck of an amount of time making sure something is crafted really well."

6:43 P.M., WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

Relief—due to a software issue, the students in Hawkins' product design studio are cut loose an hour early from class. He heads back to his workspace to sketch out a few more ideas. One by one, the rest of the class leaves for the evening, presumably for a short walk or bike ride home. The guy with more than 100 miles to drive stays behind.

"Everybody just peaced out?" the other remaining student asks.

Hawkins doesn't look up from the sketch he's working on. "Everybody's slacking," he says, his focus as intense as ever. 



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Lower Kentucky Falls in the Coast Range near Florence by Ken Barber

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.

Ambitious Rebels: Remaking Honor, Law, and Liberalism in Venezuela, 1780–1850 (University of Arizona Press, 2013) by Reuben Zahler, UO assistant professor of history. Charting the dramatic history of Venezuela's transformation from a Spanish colony to a modern republic, Zahler "examines gender and class against the backdrop of Venezuelan institutions and culture."

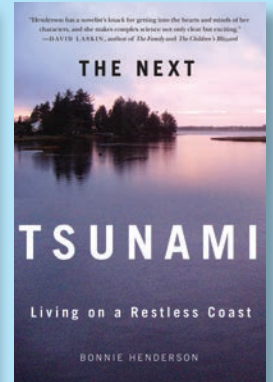
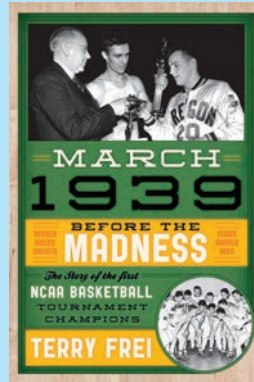
The Brass Bell (Sahalie Publishing, 2013) by Nancy "Camille" Cole '78. Drawing from journal entries and letters, Cole weaves a creative nonfiction story about her great aunt, Marion Parsons, a pioneer school teacher in central New York who "helped build a school in a hen house on her father's cherry orchard."

The Company of Sharks (Fae Press, 2013) by Jenny Root '92. This collection of poems explores place, character, memory, family, love, and violence with "stark clarity of vision and a genuine gratitude for beauty."

Excerpted in this issue

MARCH 1939: BEFORE THE MADNESS by Terry Frei (Taylor Trade, 2014)

THE NEXT TSUNAMI: LIVING ON A RESTLESS COAST by Bonnie Henderson (Oregon State University Press, 2014)




The Soulkind Awakening (Steve Davala, 2013) by Steve Davala, MEd '00. In the first installment of his young adult fantasy series, Davala crafts a magical world where Jace and friends confront the awakening of the long dormant Soulkind.

What the Dog Knows: The Science and Wonder of Working Dogs (Touchstone, 2013) by Cat Warren '78, MA '81. This story of Warren and her forensic dog, Solo, is a "fascinating, heartwarming, and oft-hilarious homage to working dogs."

When Women Sexually Abuse Men: The Hidden Side of Rape, Stalking, Harassment, and Sexual Assault (Praeger, 2013) by Philip

W. Cook '79 and Tammy L. Hodo. In this "ground-breaking contribution to the literature on interpersonal abuse," Cook and Hodo illuminate the "long-overlooked subject of adult female against adult male sex crimes."

Your Marriage and Your Brain: A Couple's Guide to Stress, Conflict Resolution, and Neuroscience (Tate Publishing, 2012) by Larry Halter, MEd '65. Drawing from the fields of neuroscience, attachment theory, love lab psychology, and interpersonal neurobiology, Halter's book "highlights 13 positive skills that move couples from conflict to resolution." 

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Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

MUSIC AND DANCE

Cultivating Calm

Professor applies his research with meditation to help students succeed in classrooms and careers.

THE GANG-RIDDEN URBAN ENVIRONMENT of Hialeah, Florida, was already a tough place for a bright 12-year-old Cuban American boy named Frank Diaz to grow up, but when his parents split up, the bad situation got worse. Diaz began having behavior issues in school—started running with the wrong kids.

It would be easy to imagine Diaz growing into an even rockier adulthood, trapped by circumstances and bad decisions. But that's not what happened. Today, as an assistant professor of music education at the UO, Diaz is researching the very thing that turned his life around, and exploring how to use it to help others.

By eighth grade, Diaz remembers, he was “emotionally devastated by my parents’ breakup,” and as a result was taking prescription antianxiety medication. “It completely numbed me,” he says.

One of his teachers, Miss P., noticed how his wandering mind was hindering him in school. “She really cared,” Diaz recalls. And her care turned into a surpris-

ing action. “She sat me down,” he says, “and for just five minutes had me thinking about my breath and my thoughts.”

The results were immediate and dramatic. “It calmed me right down. I quickly learned I didn’t have to *be* the anger that was getting me down—I didn’t have to let it derail my life. My ability to focus got better and better.” He avidly embraced the technique—a form of what he would later come to know as mindfulness meditation—and, with his symptoms mostly gone, was soon telling his counselor he no longer needed medication. “I would never have gotten out of high school without the skills Miss P. gave me,” he says.

After graduating, he enrolled at Florida State University (FSU), where he further explored the workings of his own mind, learning even more about how to deal with his thoughts and impulses. “I grew up in a Cuban macho culture where reacting is the first move,” he says, “but I learned I didn’t have to do that . . . and my grades skyrocketed.”

As a music education major, Diaz

played the trombone in many bands and orchestras—but suffered from terrible bouts of performance anxiety. In his junior year, he had an idea: “Why don’t I meditate before I play?” It worked. The anxious thoughts still arose, but he saw them in a larger context, one that offered him more choices. He likens this inner shift to the difference between the panic associated with standing in a confined space—say a coat closet—right next to a blazing five-log fire and, in contrast, the same fire burning in the vast space of a cavernous aircraft hanger—a situation offering many options for thoughtful response.

After graduation, he began teaching music to high school students. He introduced his often-unruly marching band kids to breathing and stretching exercises, with an emphasis on mindfulness.

The result? “They were quiet, had better behavior, were more focused and less mean to each other,” he says.

Diaz tells the story of a sophomore trumpeter who had more than his share of problems at school. The student requested

Those having preceded the session with the exercise described their experience with words such as “overwhelming!” and reported increased “novelty”; that is, they heard things in the music they had not heard before and had a richer listening experience.

that the band “do the breathing thing” at the next day’s practice. Diaz prodded a bit and learned that the teenager felt the exercises provided a rare bit of calm and peace, “so that all the bad things in my life can’t strangle me.”

The boy’s comment moved Diaz. “I got the message loud and clear that this was important stuff.”

Important enough that when Diaz came to the UO to help run a summer marching band camp, he used his innovative methods with the young players. “The kids loved it,” he says, and quickly dubbed the practice *boga*, short for band yoga. The *Register-Guard* did a light-hearted story about the camp and boga; Diaz noted how easily accepted the innovation was in Oregon—a far cry from the reception he imagined a similar story might provoke in the South.

After a few years of teaching, he returned to FSU to earn his doctorate, with a goal of eventually becoming an orchestra conductor. He focused his research on the connections between music and mindfulness and produced a scientific study that would change his career direction.

Simply described, the study compared responses of two groups of listeners, mostly music majors, to a piece of music (a section of Puccini’s opera *La Bohème*).



Frank Diaz, assistant professor of music education at the UO School of Music and Dance.

One group had done a short mindfulness exercise before listening; the other had not. Those who preceded the session with the exercise described their experience with words such as “overwhelming!” and reported increased “novelty”; that is, they heard things in the music they had not heard before and had a richer listening experience.

“It literally made a difference in *how* they heard,” Diaz explains.

He published the results in a paper, “Mindfulness, Attention, and Flow during Music Listening: An Empirical Investigation,” that appeared in 2011 in the journal *Psychology of Music*. The paper helped redirect his career path toward teaching—and more research.

Now, as a UO professor, Diaz helps prepare future music teachers to succeed in their own classrooms. How might these students be taught tools for mindfulness that they can pass on to their own students? And how might the tools benefit the future teachers themselves, who are headed into a profession notorious for its high level of burnout? Could mindfulness practice lead to more focused and relaxed teachers whose reduced stress levels help them have the energy to better lead and inspire the students in their classrooms?

In each of those classrooms, there may be a kid like the young Frank Diaz, tal-

Mindfulness: A Hot Topic

At the UO, meditation is attracting a great deal of interest—both as a subject for research and as a tool to help students focus.

In light of some five million deaths per year attributable to tobacco smoking, it is difficult to imagine a more promising avenue of research than that described in the recent paper titled “Brief Meditation Training Induces Smoking Reduction,” coauthored by UO professor emeritus of psychology Michael I. Posner and Yi-Yuan Tang, formerly a research professor at the UO.

Posner discussed his findings on campus last fall at a symposium titled “The Science of Mindfulness and Meditation.”

“We booked a room that held 80 and were nervous it would be empty,” says Cris Niell, an assistant professor of biology and one of the event organizers. “But we got an overflow crowd of about 130 people from across campus—in psychology, neuroscience, human physiology, and numerous other areas.”

The symposium led to a retreat (and plans for another), at which psychology researchers, grad students, postdocs, and faculty members explored the topic further. One “journal club” meets regularly to discuss articles on mindfulness published in academic journals; another group (humorously dubbed the “contemplative neuroscience silent discussion group”) meets on campus for weekly group meditation and discussion.

Mindfulness is also becoming a part of the student experience at the UO.

“Mindfulness is woven into the question of what higher education needs to do and be in the 21st century,” says Lisa Freinkel, vice provost for undergraduate studies. “Students need to be focused and expansive in their thinking, and these habits of mind, which mindfulness fosters, are increasingly difficult for students immersed in pervasive digital technology.”

—RW

ented but troubled, in jeopardy of falling through the cracks, maybe lucky enough to meet some version of Miss P.

“It is work I believe can make a huge difference,” Diaz says.

— Ross West, MFA '84

CLARK HONORS COLLEGE

Building Inside-Out

For the university's first Mitchell Scholar, her journey across the globe began in a classroom at a maximum-security prison.

KATIE DWYER '10, MA '12, WAS just a freshman when she walked into Oregon State Penitentiary for the first time, her stomach clenched with nerves and anxiety. As one of the youngest in a mixed class of UO students and prison inmates, Dwyer desperately wanted to be liked by her "inside" classmates and feared saying anything that might offend them. Moving through the stark halls toward the prison's education wing, she didn't know whether to make or avoid eye contact with the passing inmates. She felt intimidated by the physical space, confined by the barred gates slamming shut behind her.

While the prison environment seemed foreign, Dwyer's experience in the classroom proved surprisingly familiar. When she and an inside classmate paired up to discuss passages from Dostoevsky's *The House of the Dead*, her anxiety and self-consciousness evaporated in the conversation.

"We were just trying to read this book and talk about it," she says. "In a way, it's the most normal thing. It's something I've been doing my whole life as a student."

Founded at Temple University in 1997, the Inside-Out Prison Exchange Program brings university students together with prison inmates for discussion-based courses in subjects ranging from criminology to literature (see sidebar for details). While some 15,000 "inside" and "outside" students nationally have completed an Inside-Out course, few have made more of the experience than Dwyer. In 2011, while a graduate student at the UO, she earned a George J. Mitchell Scholarship to study international human rights law in Northern Ireland, making her the first Duck to win the prestigious national award (think Rhodes Scholarship, but for the Emerald Isle).

Her collegiate dedication to championing education in prisons was, she says, an unexpected step following a middle-class upbringing in suburban Colorado.

During a childhood she describes as quintessentially American, Dwyer's views on criminal justice were as traditional as the community around her. "If you'd asked me at 16 who was in prison, I would have said the 'bad people,'" she says. "I had a very simplistic understanding of what prisons were for, what they meant, and who went there."

Her experience seeing the world from inside a prison not only transformed Dwyer's understanding of the criminal justice system, but also of herself—and of her need to take action.

During an icebreaker activity with one of her inside classmates, Dwyer remembers struggling to answer what should have been a softball question: What are you most proud of? "I realized I had no answer for that as a 19-year-old," she says. "I had excelled at everything that was expected of me, but I had never done anything particularly out of the ordinary."

Ask a 25-year-old Dwyer the same question today and her biggest challenge might be choosing just one answer. En route to winning the Mitchell Scholarship, she became the first undergraduate student in the country to complete Inside-Out's instructor training program and the first student member of its national steering committee.

On campus, Dwyer's senior honors thesis about the pedagogy of Inside-Out earned the Robert D. Clark Honors College's President's Award—its highest distinction. She also spearheaded an effort that resulted in the publication *Turned Inside-Out*, a creative arts journal that highlights poetry, essays, illustrations, and photos from the first three years of classes at the penitentiary.

During three years as a national-level intern with Inside-Out, she worked to perpetuate and extend the program by involving others. In 2010, she helped found the country's first "outside" alumni group, creating an opportunity for UO students to continue the Inside-Out experience in a


I-O at the UO

Founded on the premise that college students and incarcerated men and women could mutually benefit from studying social issues together, the Inside-Out Prison Exchange Program brings groups of 10 to 18 "outside" students into prisons to learn alongside an equal number of their "inside" peers.

When the UO launched its program through the Robert D. Clark Honors College in 2007, English professor Steven Shankman became the first Inside-Out instructor in the country to teach a subject outside of the social sciences. His course on literature and ethics marked the beginning of Inside-Out's tremendous growth at the UO, where eight professors across six academic departments have now been trained as instructors.

In 2009, two students from the School of Journalism and Communication filmed an award-winning documentary titled *Inside Looking Out*, highlighting the transformative power of the experience for Dwyer and her classmates in Shankman's course at the Oregon State Penitentiary.

Responding to high demand, the university has increased its Inside-Out course offerings and added classes for nonhonors students, subsidized by student government funding. UO professors have also pioneered additional offerings including informal discussion groups and debate competitions with the prison's Toastmasters Club. Last year, associate professor of geography Shaul Cohen took outside students to Salem for three-hour conversations with inmates about race and ethnicity, as well as masculinity and social pathology. Following the same model as Inside-Out, these discussions brought together diverse perspectives, sparking lively interactions and many candid reflections.

"There is a mutual obligation for honesty, for depth, and for taking risks," Cohen says. "That means the students learn about themselves and others in a way that's very rare." 

—BD



Beyond Bars Katie Dwyer '10, MA '12, completed her first Inside-Out course at Oregon State Penitentiary in 2007. The Mitchell Scholar is now working to launch the program in Northern Ireland.

new setting. The group kicked off by starting a book club with juvenile offenders enrolled in the drug and alcohol treatment program at Eugene's John Serbu Youth Campus. For 90 minutes every Friday, an unlikely assemblage of university students and troubled teens sat together in a circle of 15 chairs, eagerly discussing the latest chapter of their Spider-Man graphic novel.

The world of literature found a welcome home at Serbu, and successive book clubs invited the likes of Boo Radley and comic-strip duo Calvin and Hobbes to

enter the discussion. The club's focus has since shifted toward discussion topics and collaborative projects, including a recent effort to develop policy recommendations for some of society's toughest and most pressing issues, from gang violence to drug use. The project gave the youth a voice, but also an audience: Eugene mayor Kitty Piercy attended an end-of-term presentation to hear the group's proposals.


Since the book club's first meeting in 2010, close to 50 UO students have followed in Dwyer's footsteps, including

seven who have been trained as Inside-Out instructors. Among them are senior Mika Weinstein, a 2013 finalist for the Rhodes Scholarship, and Jordan Wilkie '13, alumni programming director for Inside-Out's national organization, as well as graduates who now work at Teach for America and the Prison Law Office, a prisoners' rights law firm in Berkeley, California.

UO associate professor of geography Shaul Cohen, who mentored Dwyer during the Mitchell Scholarship process, says opening doors for others is at the heart of Dwyer's leadership style.

"Katie commits herself, but she also creates opportunities for others," he says. "She encourages them to act on their values."

As the alumni group flourishes state-side, Dwyer is setting her sights on a new target in Northern Ireland: kickstarting the country's first Inside-Out program. Her early efforts have led to conversations with university and prison officials in Belfast, as well as a chance to present her ideas to members of Northern Ireland's Parliament. Encouraged by the positive response, Dwyer is confident Inside-Out will have a place in the country's future—and hers, too.

"University life has been the most important thing that's happened to me," she says. "I plan to always be a part of something like Inside-Out." 

—Ben DeJarnette '13

WEB EXTRA: To view *Inside Looking Out*, go to OregonQuarterly.com

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ATHLETICS

Thank You for Serving

The men's basketball team flies to Korea to entertain troops.

GIVING NEW MEANING TO THE term “away game,” the UO men’s basketball team flew more than 5,000 miles across the Pacific Ocean to play the Georgetown Hoyas at an American army base in South Korea.

The sprawling garrison at Camp Humphries is about 55 miles south of Seoul; its personnel are stationed far from home and were eager for the entertainment and distraction a game can provide.

The purpose behind the game, played November 7 as part of ESPN’s Veteran’s Week, was to show thanks to the troops for their service. But UO men’s basketball head coach Dana Altman discovered that he and his team could not outdo the outpouring of gratitude received from the troops.

“We couldn’t get a ‘thank-you’ in edgewise,” he said, “the troops were always thanking us first.”

The players’ time on the base wasn’t exclusively focused on fast breaks, rebounding, and three-point shots. The Ducks participated in a number of events, including serving lunch to a line of hungry soldiers. Oregonian Kyle Dunn of Elkton was among them, brimming with excitement. “I can’t believe I get to see my star team right here in Korea. My entire family is made up of Duck fans.”

Senior point guard Johnathan Loyd helped lead a basketball clinic for children. “I love little kids and making them happy,” he said. “So being able to put a smile on their faces was a lot of fun.”

Just before tip-off on game day, a crowd of 2,000 packed the gym, a wall of camo uniforms rising up the bleachers. Cassie and Brian Gaudette waved a sign reading “Home is where the Army sends us, but we’re just migrating Ducks!”

Brian, a graduate of Willamette High School and an Apache helicopter pilot, was about to see his first live Ducks game. “Having the Ducks here is like getting a little piece of home,” he said.

A North Eugene High School graduate, Cassie elaborated on the game’s meaning in terms familiar to many military mem-



The Shirt Off His Back 6’ 11” senior center Waverly Austin gives his jersey to a soldier. “Migrating” Oregon fans Brian and Cassie Gaudette (BOTTOM LEFT) enjoy their taste of home, while local Ducks cheer vigorously for their alma mater: (LEFT TO RIGHT) Ki-Chan Yoon, MBA ’85; Hui-Jong Park, MS ’85, PhD ’85; John Sung Wook Kim ’86; Chulsoo Park, MS ’88, PhD ’88; Bosun Choi ’91.

bers and their families stationed at bases around the world. “Homesickness is a funny thing,” she said. “For me, sometimes it comes on quick and out of nowhere and it also comes on like clockwork after about a year away with no visits. We’ve found it can help to do the small things to make you feel closer to home. A Skype session with Mom, watching a funny video clip of

the nieces and nephews on Facebook, or even pulling on our Ducks sweatshirts and watching a game. What a blessing to have the Ducks care enough to come to us!”

On the hardwood, Oregon controlled the action throughout, but the Hoyas certainly kept the game exciting. Georgetown’s 350-pound center Joshua Smith bulled his way to the rim and jammed home a dunk

DEIRDRE SHEAN KANZIG '83

so powerful it shifted the backboard support structure, prompting a half-dozen servicemen to spring from the stands and reposition the hoop. Cheers followed.

One Oregon fan had a duck call and blew it enthusiastically . . . until he caught the lead official's attention and was instructed to put the noisemaker away (apparently a "flagrant fowl").

Other than that, it was all Oregon, with a final score of 82–75.

Following the game and trophy presentation, fans surrounded the players at midcourt and, within seconds, the Ducks players spontaneously began stripping off their custom camouflage jerseys and giving them to appreciative soldiers.

“Having the Ducks here is like getting a little piece of home.”

“There was such a reciprocity of energy; we were thanking them and they kept thanking us. That was special,” said Quentin Hagewood, a Cottage Grove native and Black Hawk helicopter pilot. “It’s funny that I had to come halfway around the world to watch my hometown team play live for the first time. It’s a game I will always remember.”

The players, too, came away with memories—of another game, another victory, but also, perhaps, something deeper.

“I think our team got an eye-opening perspective when they saw that most of the troops were about their same age,” said Josh Jamieson, director of basketball operations. “Our guys are focused on going to school and winning ball games and these men and women are preparing to win battles and wars.”

That new perspective on the part of the players might explain an observation Quentin Hagewood made about the Ducks. “It felt like they were exuding an energy on the court not typical of an average college basketball game,” he said. “Perhaps from their excitement at the unique opportunity. Perhaps out of thanks to us for what we do.”

—Charles Kanzig '83

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PHILOSOPHY

An Overlooked Virtue

A UO philosopher explores how acts of kindness can transform lives and increase human bonds.

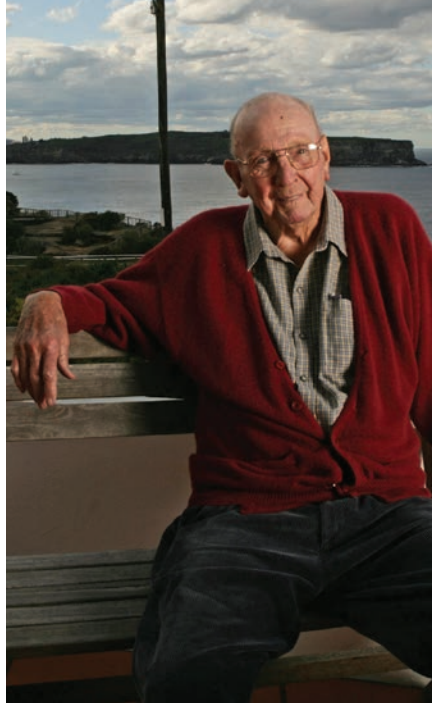
WE MAY NOT TALK MUCH about it, but most of us know how it feels to be graced by an unexpected kindness. A schoolmate we barely knew shielded us from a bully. A stranger helped us out of a predicament. A partner who could have been angry at our bungling chose to be loving instead.

Kindness has a quiet, private power. It doesn't call attention to itself, and it often appears when people feel least in control of their circumstances. Maybe because of this, kindness as a moral virtue has received short shrift in elevated circles of Western thought. The philosophical greats barely gave it a nod, and literature often framed it as trifling, sentimental, and saccharine—a woman's virtue, some termed it.

Philosopher Caroline Lundquist, MA '06, PhD '13, sees kindness differently. In her view, being kind is a powerful and potentially transformative act. Determined to give the long-overlooked virtue its due, she made it the subject of her doctoral thesis, which traces perceptions of kindness through Aristotelian ethics and Kantian morality all the way to modern culture. "My work is about elevating kindness to show it for what it has always been—of tremendous value and worth," Lundquist says. "The main reason kindness has been dismissed is the same reason we should pay attention to it. It's showing us how vulnerable we are."

Lundquist is an ethicist. Part of her motivation for delving into the concept of kindness was the perennial ethical challenge of addressing the inequities that exist in life, from the rough circumstances that affect some lives from birth to the unforeseen events that throw the most well-planned lives into turmoil. This uncontrollable fact of human existence is often called "luck."

American culture elevates the self-made individual, Lundquist says, but the truth is "sometimes the deck is stacked against you." Misfortune happens. People are born with disabilities, or into lives of



Far From Random Acts Australian "Angel" Don Ritchie kindly listened to people on the brink of suicide, helping 160 choose to live.

dysfunction or extreme poverty. Accidents and illness take away loved ones.

Kindness can blunt the edges of misfortune or luck gone bad, she contends. But the act of kindness goes even deeper. By acknowledging that we all have the potential to be victims of turns in luck, and that we all have the power to ease others' misfortune, kindness links us together. "Kindness is the enactment of a fundamental truth of human existence, which is simply that we are each other's best and worst luck," Lundquist writes in her thesis, "Impossible and Necessary: The Problem of Luck and the Promise of Kindness."

Lundquist, 34 and the mother of two, says her interest in kindness began at a young age. "The only time I got in trouble at school was when I was trying to stop a bully from picking on someone," she says. But her motivation to explore the topic as an academic came from an experience

"Kindness is the enactment of a fundamental truth of human existence, which is simply that we are each other's best and worst luck."

where she feels she failed to extend kindness. A cousin had been tormented at school and was treated harshly at home. Although she and her cousin were close when they were kids, they later grew apart. Seeing him in his early 20s, she noticed he seemed sad, "a shell of the person I knew growing up." She had a nagging feeling she should do something, but she had a new baby at home and was immersed in the demands of her master's program. The day she received her degree, she learned her cousin had taken his life. "I was filled with remorse," she says. "For a year I didn't sleep through the night. Thoughts tormented me—what I could have said or done. And whether it would have made a difference."

Lundquist began to change, becoming more alert to situations where she could express kindness. "I decided it was more important to do too much than too little," she says, "that it is OK to look foolish for helping someone who may be in need."

In her dissertation, Lundquist examines the subject of kindness not only through the eyes of ancient philosophers and ethicists, but also as it is seen in literature and popular culture, citing examples of authors and individuals who have explored or demonstrated its power. These include the loving and gentle Monseigneur Bienvenu in Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*; Scout Finch's awakening to kindness toward Boo Radley in *To Kill a Mockingbird*; South African political martyr Steve Biko's work in the Black Consciousness Movement;

and comedian Phyllis Diller's reputation for unflinching kindness. "Caroline makes the strongest case for [kindness] that I've ever seen," says Mark Johnson, UO Philip H. Knight Professor of Liberal Arts and Sciences, who directed Lundquist's thesis. "She blends these real-life examples with examples from novels to give a concrete sense of what this virtue is," he says. "It is not a theoretical treatise."

Sometimes when people think of kindness, Johnson says, they think it involves being a sucker. Or that people will never learn discipline if others are kind to them. But Lundquist's work "shows how kindness means that what you're doing for the other person is directed toward their moral growth and flourishing," he says.

Lundquist has become fascinated with people who live in the vicinity of notorious suicide spots and who choose to interact with individuals who have decided to end their lives. The late Don Ritchie, known in Australia as the "Angel of The Gap," lived near a sheer cliff overlooking the harbor in Sydney. Over the course of five decades, he stopped, by official count, at least 160 people from jumping. At first he actively tried to change people's minds, Lundquist says, occasionally even pulling them from the edge of the cliff. But over time, he changed his approach, inviting potential jumpers to have tea with him on his porch. He listened to what they had to say. When they were done with tea, he let them go. Many went back home. Some continued toward the cliff.

For Lundquist, Ritchie's approach personified true kindness, which means accepting people for who they are at that moment, even if it means knowing they will jump to their death. Some people thanked him after sharing a cup of tea (and before heading to the cliff), she says, saying he had made their last moments meaningful. "He made the difference between them leaving the world in despair and alone, and leaving it feeling someone was there, and cared," she says.

Lundquist is writing a book stemming from her dissertation, and is also considering writing one specifically about suicide interveners. Stories about people not caring are all too frequent, she says, adding, "I'm tired of hearing about that. They don't paint humanity in a positive light. They only tell part of the story." 📧

—Alice Tallmadge, MA '87



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Looking as if a child grew a Christmas tree using Jack's magic beans, the Port Orford cedar scrapes the bottoms of wayward clouds at its highest point and branches brush against grass at its lowest. Stationed in a lush sprawl of greenery between Deady, Fenton, Allen, and Friendly Halls, the tree lives on year after year as students come and go, professors are hired and retire, and buildings are erected and remodeled around it.

Thirty years ago, my mom, Kerri Havnen Gordon '83, passed this tree as well, breathing in fresh air and exhaling out anxiety—letting the tree's positive aura permeate her skin, lifting her spirits in preparation for Math 95. She hated the class—but loved her walk to Deady Hall. In the sheltered hollow where the tree's trunk erupts skyward, its branches greeted her warmly and gave my mom reason to smile.

Kerri made her first visit back to campus as a Duck mom in 2010. I happily accompanied her on her pilgrimage to stand in the shade of her old friend. Savoring the stories my mom told of her memories from college and wary of the empty nest




she would be returning to with my brother and me now gone off to college, I wanted to give her a new memory to take back home.

My dad snapped a picture that day—a son towering over his mom with an arm draped around her, and the tree towering over us both. This would become my mother's favorite memory of her tree. Bliss, she describes it.

One year later, a rare snowfall blanketed Eugene. Classes were cancelled, but braving frostbite in canvas topsiders and old jeans, I trekked through six inches of powder to snap a photo of my mom's tree dusted in white—

an unfamiliar sight for us Californians. I texted her the photo. I knew that she would love to see her old friend dressed in a new winter coat.

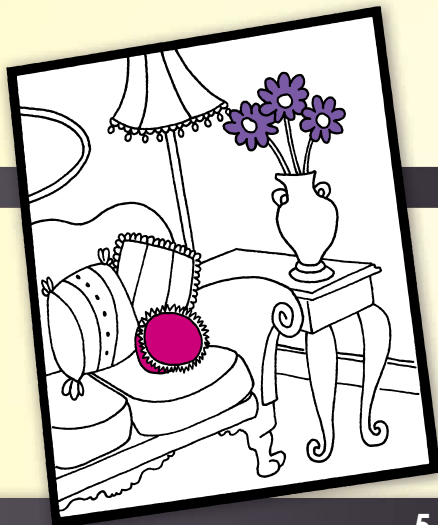
This tree, which has been loved for 30 years by a Duck through and through, now will forever hold a place in this duckling's heart, a place right next to his mother's. 

—Conner Gordon

"The Best..." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Conner Gordon is a senior journalism major and currently serves as editor in chief at Ethos magazine.



JOHN BAUGUES—INSET PHOTO COURTESY CONNER GORDON



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Slow Medicine

A doctor advocates a more compassionate approach to health care.




Dr. Victoria Sweet has an unlikely prescription for the modern American health care system: we need to increase *inefficiency*. Dr. Sweet is a medical history scholar and practicing physician who has spent much of her career investigating premodern philosophies of healing. She believes that these largely forgotten traditions may hold significant insights for modern medical practitioners.

Premodern medicine was based largely on returning body and spirit to balance through healthful food, quiet rest, exercise, herbal remedies, and the tender attention of a caregiver. This philosophy of medicine viewed the body as a garden to be tended, allowing the forces of nature and healing to do their slow, steady work. But in the late 19th century, these traditions were abruptly replaced by “modern medicine,” thanks in large part to a new understanding of bacteria and the development of antibiotics. Modern medicine saw life as a series of mechanized processes and reactions that could be understood by science, and illness as a failure in the body’s machine.

Our modern “fast medicine,” as Sweet calls it, has made exceptional advances in surgery, cancer treatment, and emergency intervention, but perhaps at the expense of “slow medicine,” the need to create simple, nurturing conditions in which to let the body heal. As premodern medicine gave way to the modern medicine of Florence Nightingale, and then to the present

complex and divisive era of healthcare reform, many of the essential components of healing have been gradually trimmed away by experts intent on making hospitals more efficient and cost-effective. As a result, Sweet says, expensive tests and unneeded medications often take the place of quality time spent with doctors and nurses, often with less than ideal results.

Dr. Sweet will offer the story of her journey toward embracing slow medicine as a calling on March 6, as the lecturer for the Oregon Humanities Center’s 2014 Tzedek Professorship in the Humanities. Her compassionate prescription for the future of health care takes to heart the old medical adage—“the secret in the care of the patient is in caring for the patient”—even when this is inefficient. 

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

Calendar

“God’s Hotel: A Doctor, a Hospital, and a Pilgrimage to the Heart of Medicine” Dr. Victoria Sweet

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 7:30 P.M.
WHITE STAG BLOCK

Women in Sport Business Symposium

MARCH 7, 1:00–7:00 P.M.
WHITE STAG BLOCK

Women’s consumption of sport has grown so much that sports-related industries have been forced to take notice. This afternoon of speakers, panels, and networking sessions with industry experts will investigate current trends and what the future may bring.

business.uoregon.edu/centers/warsaw/wisbs

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icahdq.org/conf/other/documentary.asp

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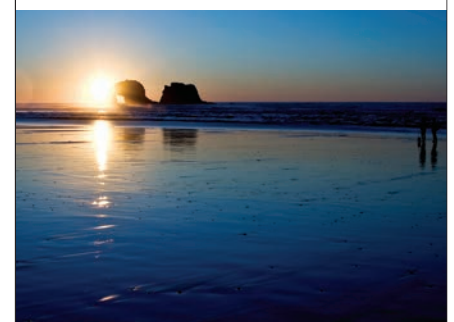
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I N B R I E F



13th Avenue Freeze Out A storm dumped 7 inches of snow on the university in early December, followed by almost a week of mostly blue skies and cold temperatures, making for a stunningly beautiful but very slippery campus. At one point, thermometer readings dropped to -10 degrees, the second-coldest mark on local weather records dating back to the 1890s.

EMU Renovation

The UO has begun a \$95 million makeover of the Erb Memorial Union, creating approximately 80,000 square feet of new space and 134,000 square feet of renovated space. The project is scheduled for completion in June 2016. In the past decade, there have been 38 UO construction projects valued at a total of nearly \$800 million, resulting in close to 2 million square feet of new and renovated space on campus.

UO Ranked for Value

Kiplinger's Personal Finance magazine has ranked the UO in the top 100 best higher-education values. The 2014 list compared 621 public, four-year colleges and universities in the United States in terms of each institution's combination of outstanding education and economic value. Cost criteria include low sticker prices, abundant financial aid, and low average debt at graduation.

Kudos for Faculty

Geraldine Richmond, Presidential Chair and professor of chemistry, has been named president-elect of the American Association for the Advancement of Science (AAS). Biological anthropologist **J. Josh Snodgrass** and biochemist **Tom H. Stevens** are the latest UO professors to be named AAS fellows. The architectural publication *DesignIntelligence* has named **Frances Bronet**, dean of the UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts, and **Anne Godfrey**, career instructor in landscape architecture, as members of its 30 Most Admired Educators for 2013. **Alexander Murphy**, the James F. and Shirley K. Rippey Chair in Liberal Arts and Sciences, will receive the 2014 Lifetime Achievement Award from the Association of American Geographers.

Bowl Victory

Capping head football coach Mark Helfrich's first season, the Ducks rolled to a 30-7 victory over Texas in the Alamo Bowl. The team earned a post-

season ranking of ninth in both the Associated Press and *USA Today* polls with an 11-2 record.

OQ Stories Win Awards

Two *Oregon Quarterly* stories won awards for feature writing in the Council for Advancement and Support of Education's annual district competition. "All That You Can Be" by Thomas Frank, MA'11 (Spring 2013), and "Long Journey Home" by Kimber Williams, MS '95 (Winter 2012), each won a silver award.

Hotter Than a Pepper Sprout

College Magazine.com put the Oregon Duck first on its top-10 list of college mascots. The Duck beat out such tough competition as Albert and Alberta, the University of Florida gators; Uga the University of Georgia bulldog; and the University of Louisiana at Lafayette's hot pepper, Cayenne. @

ABBY BOCHSLER

PROFile

Colin Koopman

Assistant Professor of Philosophy



Go ahead. Ask Colin Koopman about the job prospects for philosophy majors. As his undergraduate students quickly find out, it's a question he loves to answer.

In addition to boasting the highest average scores on the Graduate Record Examinations (GREs), college philosophy majors consistently rank near the top of the pack in midcareer salary, ahead of disciplines such as accounting, chemistry, and marketing. While the classified ads may not be overflowing with job listings for philosophers, Koopman says philosophy students learn how to analyze, synthesize, and make sense of complex issues—giving them a leg up in the job market.

"Philosophy majors tend to be the people who rise quickly through the ranks, and that's not because organizations need to know the truth as Plato laid it down," he says. "It's because these students have valuable skills that they develop by dealing with philosophical debates and disagreement."

Philosophy with Koopman features a blend of big ideas (see his recent op-ed in the *New York Times* for a taste) and big experiences. In his 2012 freshman seminar, Justice Matters, Koopman organized a trip to Salem for students to attend a hearing at the Oregon Supreme Court. During the recess, two members of the high bench—Chief Justice Thomas Balmer and Justice Rives Kistler—spent more than 30 minutes fielding questions from students about politics, morality, and the law.

"The highest judges in the state of Oregon basically skipped their lunch to hang out with 20

first-term freshmen," Koopman says. "The students really got a lot from being able to have a serious conversation with these people and be taken seriously by them."

For eventual philosophy majors, the freshman seminar can serve as a springboard into Koopman's introductory Internet, Society, and Philosophy course, where the fourth-year professor draws students into timely debate around the issues of privacy, identity, and intellectual property on the Internet. These themes frequently overlap with salient experiences in the lives of freshmen and sophomores who have grown up wired to the Web. They arrive in class having already developed online personas through their Facebook profiles and Pinterest pages, often without giving much critical thought to the version of themselves they're presenting online.

In this networked environment, students grappling with the age-old struggles of self-discovery are confronted with a new digital wrinkle: the world (wide web) is watching. Koopman knows this experience can be daunting—but it can also serve as fertile ground for developing personal insight and an understanding of philosophy in action.

"The goal for me is not to give anybody the 'right answer,'" he says. "I want to give students tools for thinking about the things they're already thinking about."


Name: Colin Koopman

Education: BA '97, Evergreen State College; MA '99, Leeds University; PhD '06, McMaster University

Teaching Experience: Joined the UO faculty as a visiting assistant professor in 2009, before accepting a permanent position in 2010

Awards: 2014–15 Oregon Humanities Center Research Fellowship; 2013 Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching; 2013–14 Resident Scholar at the Wayne Morse Center for Law and Politics

Off-Campus: Koopman enjoys camping, hiking, and canoeing with his wife, and has a taste for 19th-century American literature. His current reading list features works by Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Dean Howells, and Edith Wharton.

Last Word: "We're not educating students. We're helping students educate themselves." 

—Ben DeJarnette '13

WEB EXTRA: To read Koopman's *New York Times* op-ed, "The Age of 'Infopolitics,'" go to

OregonQuarterly.com.



My name is Bill Dion-Watson and I'm an account representative for Peterson Cat.

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On Top of the World

BY MATT TIFFANY, MS '07

In 1963, 18 American mountaineers embarked on the ultimate climbing challenge, summiting Mount Everest. Five Americans and one Sherpa made their way to the top, including Luther Jerstad, PhD '66.

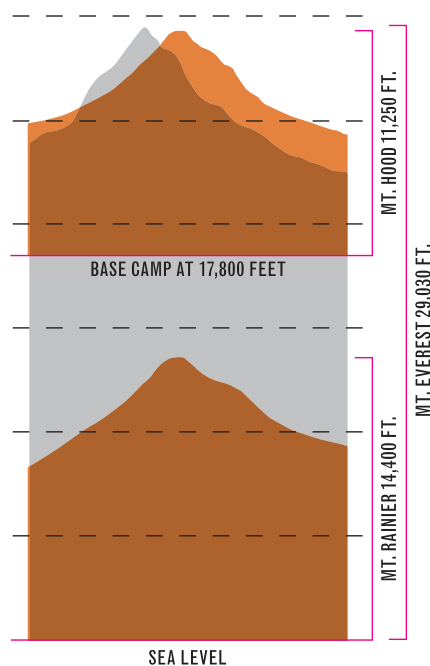


A MINNESOTA NATIVE,

Jerstad, who went by Lute, moved to the Pacific Northwest with his family when he was 13 years old. An excellent athlete who played basketball at Pacific Lutheran University, he honed his mountaineering skills on Mount Rainier in Washington, summiting the 14,400-foot peak more than 40 times in his life. It was there that he and the main contingent of the American expedition trained, testing their skills, endurance, teamwork, and equipment. The group left for Nepal confident and well prepared.

The trip from Katmandu to the mountain's flank—a gain of roughly two-and-a-half miles in altitude—is not an easy one. On February 20, 1963, the climbers, accompanied by 37 expert Sherpa guides and 908 porters carrying 53,000 pounds of food, oxygen, fuel, and equipment, began a journey of more than 100 miles. After four weeks of trekking, the expedition reached Base Camp, which, at 17,800 feet, was some 3,400 feet higher than Rainier's summit. (For perspective, if you add the elevation of Mount Hood to that of Base Camp, you get 29,050 feet—almost exactly the height of Everest.)

The expedition members would spend the next six weeks getting acclimated to the high altitude. Most people begin to feel the effects of oxygen deprivation at 8,000 feet, and



few are able to function without supplemental oxygen above 18,000 feet. The Americans trained, made various climbs, and scouted the area. A sobering reminder of the stakes of their undertaking occurred on March 23, when one of the party, Jake Breitenbach, was crushed in an icefall, his body lost forever, entombed amid Everest's vast crags and crevices.

On April 30, Jerstad and a group of three climbers reached Camp 5 and the South Col, the penultimate stop before the summit. Meanwhile, American Jim Whittaker was higher up the mountain at Camp 6, poised

to attempt a final ascent. The next day he succeeded, becoming the first American to top Everest. He and Sherpa Nawang Gombu stood in powerful wind amid temperatures dropping to -30 , surveying Earth from its highest point. They took photos and planted an American flag before running out of oxygen and being forced to cut their hard-won celebration short.

When the 34-year-old Whittaker and Gombu descended to Camp 5, their appearance startled Jerstad, who wrote, "The physical nightmare they had been through was written on their faces. Jim resembled an old man, 30 years older. His face was heavily lined, his eyes were bloodshot, and his skin was blue. I've never seen a man age so much in so few hours in my life."

With the good news that Whittaker had summited Everest came the bad: There was no oxygen for Jerstad and his group to finish the final legs of the ascent.

They returned to Base Camp, restocked their supplies, and weighed various plans for what to do next. Some of the men wanted to attempt a passage up the virgin western ridge, and others, including Jerstad, wanted simply to stand at the top. In the end, they agreed that four climbers would take one last shot. Jerstad and *National Geographic* photographer Barry Bishop would head up the South Col, while Tom Hornbein and Willi Unsoeld



TOP: Panorama featuring the eastern face of Mount Everest. ВОТТОМ: Lute Jerstad in the thin atmosphere of Camp 6 during the 1963 American Mount Everest Expedition.

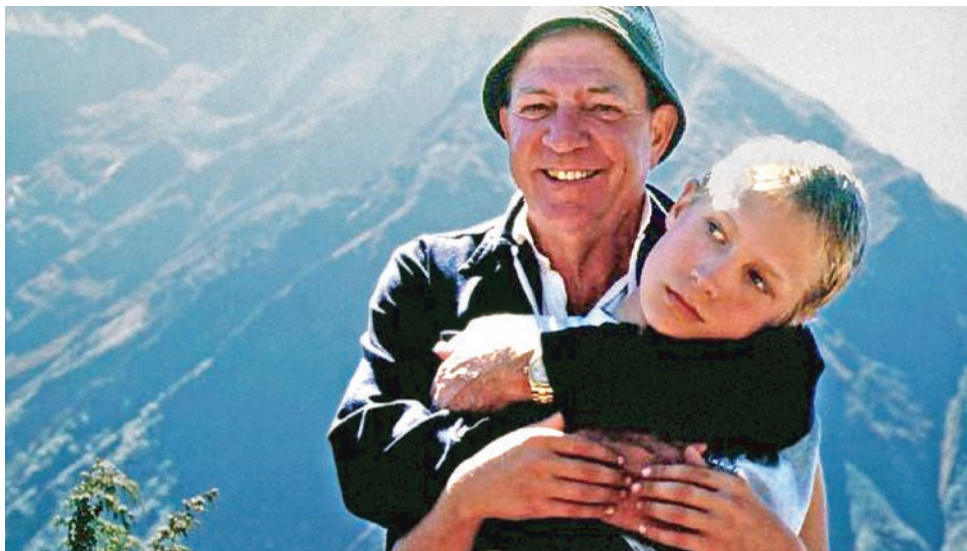


would try to become the first men to summit Everest from the west. After three weeks of slowly progressing toward Camp 6, Jerstad and Bishop awoke on the morning of May 22, exhausted and broken down physically,

but ready to make the attempt.

Their pace was nearly a crawl, one laborious step, then two or three or four swallows of oxygen, followed by another step and more oxygen. It took two hours to move 200 feet. Finally,

at 3:15 P.M., Jerstad and Bishop together became the second and third Americans to reach the summit of Mount Everest. Whittaker's American flag flapped in the wind, tattered after just a few weeks of exposure to the extreme environment.



“THE PHYSICAL NIGHTMARE THEY HAD BEEN THROUGH WAS WRITTEN ON THEIR FACES. JIM RESEMBLED AN OLD MAN, 30 YEARS OLDER. HIS FACE WAS HEAVILY LINED, HIS EYES WERE BLOODSHOT, AND HIS SKIN WAS BLUE. I’VE NEVER SEEN A MAN AGE SO MUCH IN SO FEW HOURS IN MY LIFE.”

Jerstad scanned the western ridge but found no sign of Unsoeld and Hornbein. Something was wrong. Running out of oxygen and pushed to their physical limits, Jerstad and Bishop did what they had to do and started their descent.

Unsoeld and Hornbein reached the summit from the west—but nearly three hours after they were scheduled to arrive. With night approaching, the two dared not savor their hard-won accomplishment for long. They pushed down the steep slope in the tracks left by Jerstad and Bishop, eventually catching up to them.

At 12:30 A.M., the exhausted foursome made a bivouac—an unsheltered camp—on an outcropping at 28,200 feet. It was the highest anyone had ever camped. With little protection in the relentless winds, the men should have died. None had oxygen. All suffered from frostbite. But for the first time during the trek, the wind stopped. The temperature rose, and survival became something more than an oxygen-deprived hallucination. The four men huddled under the stars more than five miles above sea level and waited out the night. Jerstad later described their survival as a miracle.

Peak Experience, and After

Marshall Cook was 11 years old in the fall of 1998 when his grandfather took him to Asia; first to Thailand and then to Kathmandu, Nepal. For a kid from Portland, it was serious culture shock.

“There were cows walking around in the city streets and people with elephantiasis,” says Cook, now 27. “But my grandfather did a really great job of explaining it all to me. Being there was second nature to him.”

Lute Jerstad was no ordinary grandpa.

From Kathmandu, they flew to Lukla (9,300 feet) and began a fateful trek near towering Mount Everest, where 35 years earlier Jerstad had stood atop the world's highest peak. On their way, they visited famous sites such as the Namche Bazaar and Tengboche Monastery. “The whole time, he’s teaching me about the culture,” Cook says.

Two days later, Jerstad and a group of family members and friends hiked toward Kala Patthar, a prime spot for

viewing Everest. Just short of their destination, Jerstad suffered a fatal heart attack.

Local guides accompanying the hikers placed the body in a tent atop a hill. Brightly colored prayer flags surrounded the tent and fluttered in the gusting Himalayan wind.

The events of that day changed Cook “in every way possible,” he says. Facing death at such a young age and so close at hand, he felt shock, sadness, and grief. But as the years passed and the boy moved into adulthood (becoming a middle school science teacher in Forest Grove and a wrestling coach at Pacific University), he’s grown more thoughtful about and inspired by his grandfather.

“He died doing exactly what he wanted to do,” Cook says. “He accomplished just about every dream. He checked off everything on his bucket list.” 

—MT

JERSTAD FAMILY PHOTO COURTESY KARI OLSON

THE REST OF THE EVEREST


tale is like the gradual recovery after a fever breaks. Slowly, they made their way back home.

Bishop and Hornbein both lost all of their toes to frostbite. Jerstad's feet suffered as well, and he was carried down the mountain on a stretcher. Eventually, he recovered.

Afterwards, Jerstad refocused his estimable energies on other pursuits; conquering Earth's mightiest peak was a steppingstone to other accomplishments in his life.

"Everest doesn't interest me any more," he told John D. McCallum, author of *Everest Diary*, a 1966 account of Jerstad's adventure. "I've already been there. It's done. But there are other mountains and other challenges—I'll be there."

One of those challenges was academic; Jerstad earned his doctorate at the University of Oregon just a few years after returning from Everest. (While on campus he taught drama and acted the role of R. P. McMurphy in a production of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.) After working as a professor at Lewis and Clark College for three years, he launched a guide service in Portland, Lute Jerstad Adventures, offering treks and rafting expeditions. He also ran a mountaineering school, instructing students on Mount Hood and Mount Rainier.

Jerstad's final adventure took place while introducing his 11-year-old grandson, Marshall, to trekking in the Himalayas (see sidebar, page 30). Their goal was Kala Patthar, a popular and relatively easy to reach prominence that offers a stunning panorama, including Everest and the path Jerstad had followed decades earlier to its top. Just 500 feet from this vantage point, Jerstad suffered a heart attack and died at age 61. His ashes were buried at a monastery not far from Everest. 

Matt Tiffany, MS '07, is a freelance writer and editor based in Portland. He's a frequent contributor to Oregon Quarterley and an infrequent climber of mountains, although he hopes to rectify the latter.

One Step at a Time— Another UO Grad Makes the Everest Grade

Near the top of Mount Everest, mountaineers enter the "death zone," where only the hardest of humans can survive without supplemental oxygen. John Dahlem '65 and his son Ryan entered the zone together. Even though they had oxygen, John was nearly exhausted. He'd climbed the steep Lochtse Face the day before, plodding up steps hacked into the thick ice, the pinnacle of Everest looming a few thousand feet away. He didn't think he could make it past the notoriously challenging Hillary Step and then on up to the summit.


He told Ryan to go on without him and represent the family.

But then came a role reversal, with son taking care of dad. "It really was classic," the elder Dahlem recalls with a laugh. "Ryan says, 'Why don't we just go another five minutes?' I used to say the same thing when he was a kid. So we continued for many 'another five minutes.'"

Dahlem was nearly 67 at the time (the spring of 2010); Ryan, 40. Step by

step, in five-minute increments, they became the oldest father-son duo to have summited Everest.

With that climb, the two nearly completed the so-called "grand slam" of mountaineering, summiting the highest peak on each continent (leaving only a relatively minor Australian peak yet to climb). But, Dahlem says, the biggest reward from the experience was spending time with his son.

A former high school teacher, principal, and wrestling coach in Southern California, Dahlem got an unexpected benefit from his trekking accomplishments. After he gave then Ducks football coach Chip Kelly the UO pennant he'd taken to the top of Everest, Kelly invited Dahlem to speak to the team about the adventure. Dahlem's inspiring words touched on discipline and taking it one step at a time. In other words, give five minutes, and then five more, till you reach your goal. 

—MT



High Flying Duck John Dahlem atop Mount Everest in 2010.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

**NEGLECTED IN LIFE, IN DEATH “THE MIGHTY TUSKO”
TEACHES LESSONS BOTH SOCIAL AND EVOLUTIONARY.**

BY MATT COOPER • BONE PHOTOS BY STEVE SMITH

On Christmas Day in 1931, a seven-ton circus elephant smashed his way out of the Portland, Oregon, barn where he was being kept. The enraged animal, still partially shackled but now free of the building, turned and attacked it, broken chains swinging from his tusks. The National Guard and police were called, and responded with rifles raised, prepared to kill the elephant if he broke free of his remaining bindings and charged the crowd of on-lookers that soon numbered in the thousands. But the animal’s handlers eventually were able to ensnare one of the elephant’s legs with a steel cable, toppling him and bringing the crisis to an end.

It was but one tumultuous chapter in the sad life of Tusko, Oregon’s most famous elephant.

Edward Davis keeps a file of faded newspaper clippings from the 1920s and ’30s, heartbreaking accounts detailing Tusko’s misfortunes at the hand of man. An assistant professor in geological sciences in the College of Arts and Sciences, Davis is also paleontological collection manager for the University of Oregon Museum of Natural and Cultural History.

Tusko’s bones were donated to the university in 1954, and Davis oversees their use today for education, research, and outreach. On this autumn afternoon, he leads a visitor to a nondescript campus building and with a turn of a key, unlocks a remote, underground room. The elephant’s 200 bones, for



**THE RIBS ARE LIKE BASEBALL
BATS; A SINGLE SPINAL
VERTEBRA HAS THE SHAPE AND
SPAN OF A DINNER PLATE.**

years scattered throughout various storage rooms across campus, have recently been brought together here, where they sit neatly on shelves covering two walls. In their disassembled state, the bones only hint at the massive size of the whole animal. The ribs are like baseball bats; a single spinal vertebra has the shape and span of a dinner plate. The skull alone weighs roughly 200 pounds.

Davis studies fossils for a living, so he knows well the ability of animal bones to tell a story. As he runs a hand over a four-foot-long femur, feeling the fibrous imperfections in the rock-hard matter, the story of Tusko the elephant begins to emerge once again: his troubling life, his service to the university in death. Even a possible future . . .

In his day, Tusko was likely the largest elephant, by weight, in captivity. The famous Jumbo was taller, but for sheer mass, Tusko was unrivalled, weighing in at more than seven tons. Plucked from Thailand at six years old—still a child in elephant terms—his destiny was the circus. By adulthood he sported seven-foot tusks and was billed as the “Mighty Tusko, Biggest Beast That Walks the Earth,” appearing at events across North America in the 1920s.

As with most circus elephants of the time, Tusko’s treatment was questionable, at best. Trainers used brute force to try to tame these gigantic wild animals, beating them with bull-

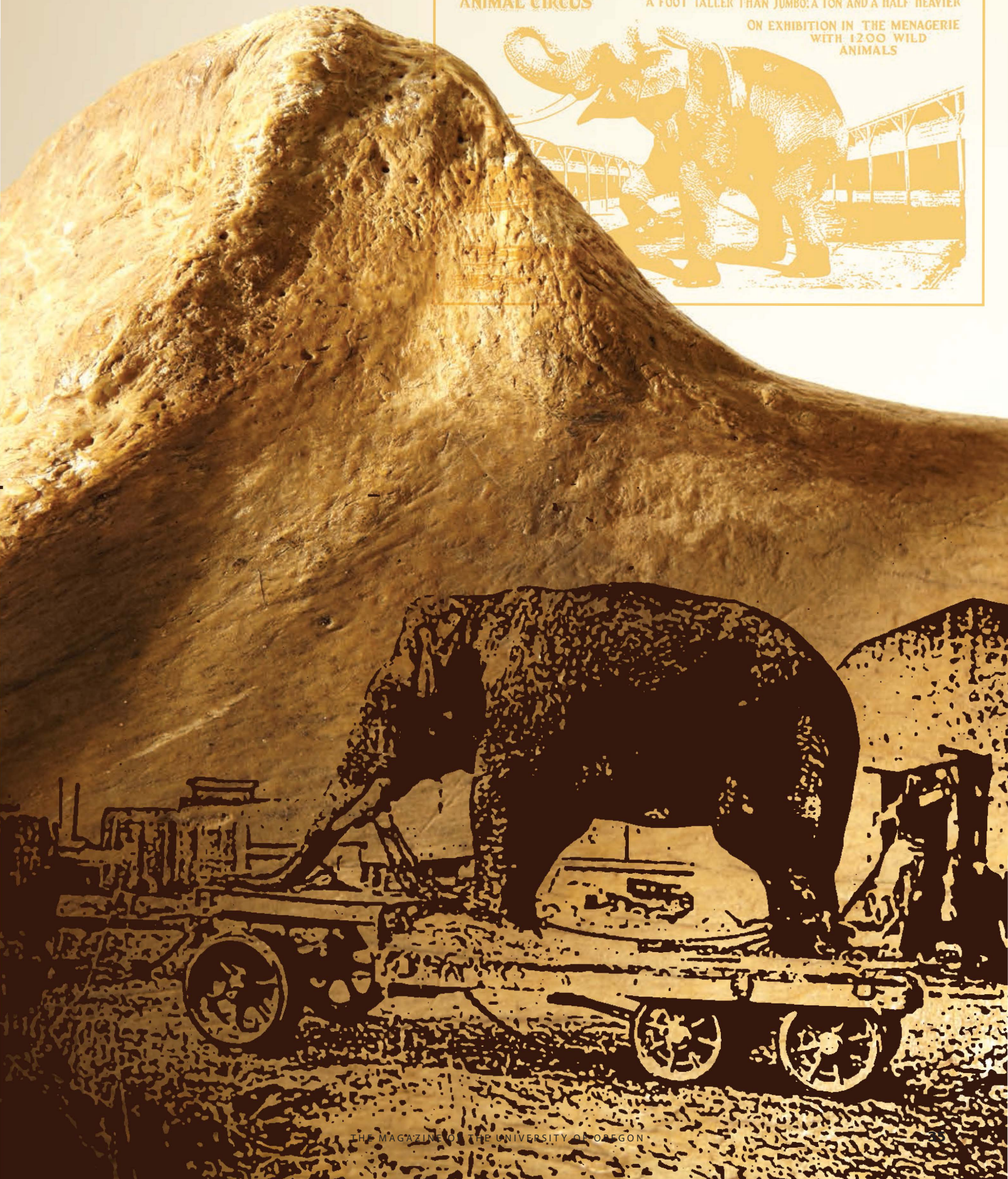
AL. G. BARNES "BIG 4 RING WILD ANIMAL CIRCUS"

"TUSKO"

THE LARGEST ELEPHANT IN THE WORLD

A FOOT TALLER THAN JUMBO; A TON AND A HALF HEAVIER

ON EXHIBITION IN THE MENAGERIE WITH 1200 WILD ANIMALS



hooks, long-handled devices with a sharp steel hook and poker on one end. The method met with only limited success. Circus elephants sometimes killed their handlers and even bystanders who came too close; the unfortunate animals were typically destroyed as a result.

Tusko, as a male or bull, presented a special concern because he periodically experienced “musth,” a condition accompanied by a surge in reproductive hormones and highly violent behavior. For years, he was kept in a “crush” cage for three or four months at a time during musth, unable to move, let alone lie down.

Described once as “the world’s most chain-bound elephant,” Tusko tried a number of times to escape. In 1922, he broke free of his tent in Sedro-Woolley, Washington, overturned several wagons, and reportedly came across a supply of “bootlegger’s mash,” which he consumed.

The barn-smashing incident in Portland is well documented by Tusko’s longtime handler, George “Slim” Lewis, in *I Loved Rogues*, a book he authored in 1955 with a Seattle journalist. Lewis embodied his era’s dichotomous treatment of circus elephants: He kept Tusko in chains so tight they became embedded in the animal’s flesh and yet he clearly loved the elephant, devoting his life to Tusko, feeding and bathing him and repeatedly fending off attempts by others to have the animal destroyed.

Lewis became Tusko’s caretaker after a promoter abandoned the elephant in Salem. As the penniless pair made their way north, scraping by on viewings of Tusko offered for 10 cents apiece, their misadventures were regularly covered by the papers. The *Denver Post* in 1932 ran a full-page feature on Tusko, recounting with great delight the earlier reports involving moonshine and portraying the elephant’s decline as the result of addiction: “What the Rum Demon Did to This Ten-Ton Circus Star,” the headline blared. “Once the Pride of a Big-Top Circus and Now Just a Ten Cent Exhibit in an Old Boiler Factory.”

For Lewis and Tusko, the story ended in Seattle. With winter approaching and the pair camped in an unheated tent, city officials granted the elephant asylum, of sorts, in the Woodland Park Zoo in the fall of 1932. Sixty-five thousand people turned out to see Tusko on a following Sunday; Mayor John Dore was among the elephant’s admirers. Lewis described those days as some of the happiest of Tusko’s life.

The elephant died less than a year later, of a blood clot in his heart. With Tusko on his deathbed, trembling violently, Lewis removed the animal’s chains and allowed the elephant to pull him close with his trunk. “I made up my mind that . . . he would die free, with no manmade chains on him, free as he should always have been,” Lewis wrote. “At 9:30 that morning Tusko left me. May we meet again someday, where the grass is tall and green, and there are no chains.”

Eighty years later, Tusko is helping students on the University of Oregon campus to distinguish mammoths from mastodons.

The university’s acquisition of Tusko is the stuff of legend. As the story goes, ownership of the elephant’s remains eventually transferred to a UO alum who was less than enthusiastic about his prized possession remaining in Seattle. “No way my elephant is staying up there with all those Huskies,” the Duck reportedly said. While that part of the story remains unconfirmed, we do know that a Mr. D. M. Bull of Eugene donated the skeleton to the university on December 21, 1954.

Samantha Hopkins, assistant professor of geology in the Robert D. Clark Honors College, has for years used Tusko’s bones in the courses she teaches on vertebrate paleontology, evolution, and animal pathology. It’s a rarity for a natural history museum the size of the UO’s to have a nearly complete elephant skeleton at its disposal, she says.

The 50-million-year-old vertebrate fossil record in

Oregon is strewn with the fossilized remains of the elephant’s relatives, including the mammoth and mastodon. By comparing fossil finds with Tusko’s skeleton, students learn to discern which are which (a mam-

moth’s bones are more like the elephant’s). “Anytime you can *show* students what you’re talking about in addition to saying it, it’s going to stick with them a lot more,” says Hopkins. “You can take a dinosaur leg bone and say, ‘Let’s think about how big it is, relative to the bone of Tusko.’ Paleontology is a tactile science; a picture on your iPhone is not going to give you a sense of how big an elephant is.”

Hopkins illustrates the influence of evolution by comparing Tusko’s skeleton with those of dogs and cats. All three have the same types of leg bones, for example, but there is a bend in the elbows and knees of dogs and cats, while the legs of elephants evolved with a straight, columnar orientation—the better to support the massive weight riding on them.

As mammals, elephants are “outliers,” Hopkins says, with prodigious size and unusual features that force students to rethink their assumptions about vertebrate animals. “Their reaction is, ‘Man, that’s just weird—those things are freaks,’” Hopkins says. “I don’t think I’ve ever had a student who hasn’t found the experience of being with an actual elephant skeleton something that readjusted their opinion on things. I always take students to see Tusko because I know it’s going to readjust their point of view.”

Tusko’s skeleton, Hopkins says, tells a story. That’s something that can’t be duplicated by the pristine-but-generic artificial animal skeletons that are produced as teaching tools. Porous and pitted overgrowths around the elephant’s joints are a telltale sign of arthritis, and the fibrous texture of some bones indicates the strain placed on them

“TUSKO IS NOT A PERFECT, CLEAN SKELETON—YOU CAN SEE HIS HISTORY WRITTEN ON THE BONES.”

TUSKO

916 LBS.
OF
STEEL
USED TO
CONTROL
HIM



to support Tusko's mass as he grew. The animal's skull is of particular interest to Hopkins's students. They're fascinated by the 18-inch-square section of bone cut out during a necropsy (an animal autopsy)—*what's going on there?*—and their examination inevitably leads to difficult discussions about the animal's life. Small cavities in the elephant's skull, for example, evidence a calcium deficiency, as Tusko's system compensated for years of malnutrition by taking the element from other parts of his body.

Vertebrate paleontology tends to draw students with strong stomachs—they're excited by the thought of dissecting an animal corpse to learn its pathology. But Hopkins has found that providing too much information about Tusko's mistreatment makes some students uncomfortable. She feels out her classes out each year to determine where the line is. It's important to Hopkins that students consider Tusko just as she wants them to view million-year-old fossils—as living, breathing creatures that once walked the Earth.

"Tusko is not a perfect, clean skeleton—you can see his history written on the bones," she says. "That was an individual animal. Some people are probably uncomfortable with who these animals were, but I like the students to think about the dead animals as dead *animals*. They represent individuals."

The elephant's bones are all together at last, accounted for and housed "in a secure, undisclosed location," Davis says. He doesn't want to reveal the spot, fearing thieves or others who might disturb the skeleton. But Davis will not call this Tusko's final resting place.

He hopes to see the elephant restored one day. The bones could be reconnected, he says, and displayed in a prominent spot on campus, where they could be of better service to the university community and the public. The money for such a project is one concern; Davis is also hard-pressed to identify a space on campus large enough to accommodate the frame of a seven-ton animal that stood 10 feet tall.

Still, he's optimistic. Tusko, in death, has contributed much to the university in the teaching of paleontology, evolution, and animal pathology; there could be an even more stirring lesson—and fitting tribute—in a deeper exploration of his life. "He's a great example as far as the history of how we treated animals," Davis says. "If he can serve as a reminder to us today that we need to be more humane, that alone is reason enough to have him put back together. 🗨️"

Matt Cooper is assistant director of communications in the College of Arts and Sciences.

PROTECTING THE GIANTS



CC-JAN HAMLET-BY-ND-SA

Tusko's bones are helping University of Oregon students and researchers look back in time to better understand vertebrate paleontology, evolution, and animal pathology. Another UO project is focused on improving the outlook for

elephants in the future. The nation of Gabon, on the west coast of central Africa, is estimated to host more than half of the continent's 40,000 forest elephants. But they're being killed at the rate of 2,000 per year, often by foreign mercenaries out to make a buck in the lucrative black-market ivory trade.

A new partnership between Gabon and the University of Oregon hopes to address that crisis. As Gabon shifts from an oil-based economy to ecotourism, the first goal of the year-old agreement is collaboration between scholars and students to better understand the nation's forest environment. Next will come efforts to protect elephants, says Eric Benjaminson '81, executive director of the Gabon–Oregon Center and a former United States ambassador to Gabon.

Among the most prosperous nations in the region, Gabon hasn't suffered an invasion or

civil war, which has helped its elephant population remain largely intact. But soldiers-for-hire fleeing the country's warring neighbors are killing them for their ivory tusks, sometimes using 50-caliber machine guns or rocket-propelled grenades.

While the Gabonese government is overseeing law enforcement and military efforts to help protect elephants, the university will work with its Gabonese partners to pursue conservation strategies that have been successful elsewhere. These could include habitat-protection projects or introducing methods that encourage elephants to avoid poaching hotspots, Benjaminson says.

The Gabon–Oregon Center will also continue to support an internship that enables UO students to work with elephants in Gabon through the Smithsonian Institution. Under the internship, Emily Pelissier '13, an environmental studies major, in 2012 tracked elephant move-

ments near a Gabonese village with the help of motion-sensor cameras that snapped pictures when triggered by herds moving in the area.

Pelissier found that dozens of elephants passed through weekly throughout the year—much more frequently than previously thought. She made formal presentations to village residents based on that information, raising awareness and teaching them about safe human-elephant interactions (read: *stay away*).

Pelissier and her colleagues developed a fondness for the elephant community just beyond their door. Reviewing photographs taken over the preceding year, she watched the pregnant matriarch of the herd—named Whitney—as the elephant grew big with, and was eventually accompanied by, a calf.

Says Pelissier: "Getting a window into their lives without having to disturb them—that was just amazing." 🗨️

—MC

MOUNT PISGAH'S MOMENT

LANE COUNTY'S BELOVED MOUNTAIN, WITH ITS NETWORK OF HIKING TRAILS, IS NOW THE CENTERPIECE OF A MAJOR CONSERVATION AREA.

BY BONNIE HENDERSON

View to the east from the top of Mount Pisgah



T WAS THE EARLY 1970S, and Lane County parks officials and local citizens were trying to get Governor Tom McCall '36 to throw his support toward a proposal to add 3,500 acres of farmland and gravel mines to the Willamette River Greenway. McCall was less than enthusiastic, but he agreed to take a look.

A group led by county planning director Howard Buford volunteered to spend an afternoon driving McCall all over the site: up Mount Pisgah's forested flanks, along its blackberry-infested lowlands, through former floodplains armored with rock revetment and pocked with borrow pits. It was August: the creeks were dry and degraded from the hooves of cattle, the grass was parched, and cowpies littered the ground. Finally, as Buford later told it, the governor caved: "Okay," McCall conceded, "I'll buy your damned brown mountain!"

Four decades later, McCall might not recognize Howard Buford Recreation Area, better known as Buford Park, especially on a fine spring day: the creeks full and their banks lush with native vegetation, the hillsides festooned with wildflowers, the park's 20-plus miles of trails crawling with hikers. If you attended the UO, you may well have hiked to the top of 1,531-foot Mount Pisgah at least once, maybe a hundred times; dozens of locals hike it weekly, even daily. The park now hosts more than a half-million visitors a year.

DEDICATED VOLUNTEERS

Buford Park has undergone a major metamorphosis in the past 20 years. Many of the improvements are due to the work of volunteers with Mount Pisgah Arboretum, the 209-acre park-within-a-park at the base of the mountain.

Stewardship of the area's remaining 2,154 acres has fallen to the Friends of Buford Park and Mount Pisgah, a citizens' group formed 25 years ago to do the work the underfunded county parks department isn't able to do—which is just about everything.

This is, in a sense, Mount Pisgah's moment, with an ambitious interpretive program in the planning at the arboretum, a major habitat restoration effort wrapping up within the bounds of Buford Park, and even more ambitious restoration projects getting underway on adjoining parcels.

Buford Park is the largest piece in a mosaic of state and county parks and other conserved lands now clustered at the confluence of the Willamette's Middle and Coast Forks—the start of the Willamette River main stem. Altogether the Greater Mount Pisgah Area, as it's being called, totals some 4,700 acres, slightly smaller than Portland's celebrated Forest

Park and nearly as big as Finley National Wildlife Refuge, the largest wildlife preserve in the entire Willamette Valley.

Much of the credit for this uninterrupted assemblage of conserved and connected lands goes to the Friends of Buford Park and its executive director, Chris Orsinger '84, a tall man with a boy's enthusiasm for wild land and rivers and a wonkish bent for the policymaking and politicking required to save them. "It's really satisfying having an executive director who really knows what he's doing," says Friends' board president Chaz Dutoit '89. "We've just transformed the place."



Chris Orsinger, executive director of the Friends of Buford Park and Mount Pisgah

A COMPLEX HISTORY

In 1973, the State of Oregon acquired Mount Pisgah along with four miles of Coast Fork river frontage, although the \$1.5 million set aside to establish the park didn't stretch far enough to include purchase of a large piece of Middle Fork frontage owned by the Wildish family.

In 1975, the International Arboretum Association—later renamed Friends of Mount Pisgah Arboretum—signed a lease for a chunk of land at the base of Pisgah and set to work cleaning up the abandoned farm there. Lane County took over Buford Park in 1982, renaming it in honor of the county planning director who led the drive to preserve it for the public.

By 1989, the park had been in public ownership for 16 years, yet cattle still grazed freely, littering picnic areas with cowpies and intimidating hikers. Much of the landscape was choked with blackberry thickets. There wasn't much of a trail system—mostly old roads and muddy, rutted paths the cows had cut. And there was no master plan—no road map for how the park might be developed and improved. That year, a group of frequent visitors, frustrated with the condition of the park, decided to take matters into their own hands, forming the Friends of Buford Park. At their urging, the county finally terminated grazing on all but 170 acres of the park. A master plan was drawn up and adopted in 1994, calling

PHOTOS COURTESY FRIENDS OF BUFORD PARK AND MOUNT PISGAH

for low-intensity recreation, protection of sensitive habitat, and restoration of degraded areas. In 1992, the Friends was formalized as a nonprofit corporation, and in 1995, Orsinger, who had been serving as board president, became the group's executive director.

Quickly the Friends' membership and budget began to grow and its accomplishments to stack up. Volunteers inventoried the mountain trails, helped develop a master trails plan, and worked with the county to rehab, regrade, and reroute some of those paths. They inventoried the plant life in the park and took steps to protect and restore the oak savannas—the area's signature ecosystem, now globally rare—as well as wetland prairies, riparian areas, and other habitat types. They arranged for a federally funded habitat study of a 25-square-mile area centered on the park, and they began implementing some of the recommendations, including reopening old river chan-



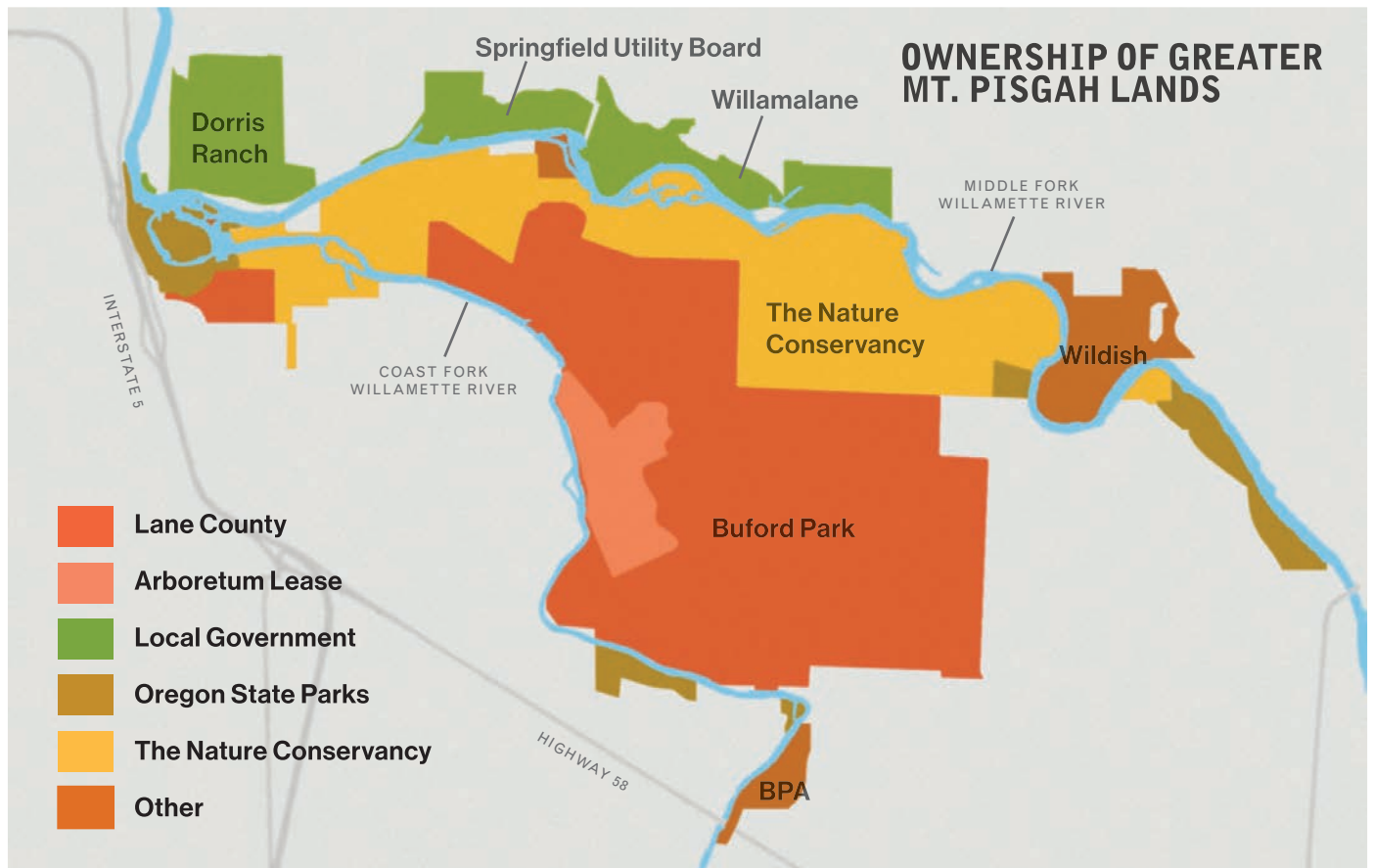
The ridgeline to summit trail on Mount Pisgah

nels and reestablishing native plant species in a bend of the Coast Fork known as the South Meadow—a 20-year project that is nearly complete.

In 2000, the Friends created a native plant nursery at the north end of the park; it provides wildflowers, grasses, shrubs, and trees, not only for the Friends' own restoration projects but for other groups, such as the McKenzie River Trust. Today the Friends has 12 paid staff members and an annual budget exceeding \$600,000, most of it used for habitat restoration.

THE MISSING PIECE

Meanwhile, acquisition of the Wildish family's six miles of river frontage was never far off Orsinger's radar. It was the one that got away, "the wild heartland of the Mount Pisgah area," as he characterizes it. The habitat study the Friends arranged in the mid-'90s had highlighted benefits that would accrue for salmon



CC: JOHN BEAR BY-ND-SA; MAP: TIM JORDAN, BASED ON MAP PROVIDED BY FRIENDS OF BUFORD PARK AND MOUNT PISGAH

and other wildlife by restoring the riparian landscape and reconnecting the gravel ponds to the river. Another study was done by the Army Corps of Engineers following the Willamette River's disastrous 1996 flood. It suggested that opening old river channels on the Wildish lands, thus allowing high water to flow over the floodplains at the confluence of the Willamette, could do even more to limit downstream damage during winter floods than could holding the water behind dams upstream.

As early as 1991, Orsinger had begun talks with the Wildish family, gauging their willingness to put those lands into conservation, if a price could be agreed upon and funding could be secured.

It only took 20 years.

Wildish had been a willing seller back in 1973 and remained one into this century, but the company had no interest in giving the land away; it was seeking fair market value. Not until 2010, after a series of statewide land-use issues were settled, did Wildish settle on a price: \$23.4 million. The county didn't have that kind of money to spend. By then,

however, Orsinger had contacted The Nature Conservancy (TNC), an international conservation organization experienced in handling large, complex transactions of this kind. That year, TNC became the owner of what it now calls its Willamette Confluence Preserve.

TNC has since begun planning what it expects will be a 10-year project to breach the site's artificially hardened riverbanks and reconnect its gravel ponds to the Middle Fork in an effort to restore complexity to the river and allow it to flood seasonally. Work is scheduled to start this summer. Once the land and river are back on a healthy trajectory, TNC plans to turn the land over either to the state or county parks department or another public agency willing and able to manage it for the benefit of the fish and wildlife the organization expects to have welcomed back to the site. The TNC preserve is not currently open to the public, but the Friends of Buford Park offers frequent tours.

Orsinger acknowledges that \$23.4 million is a lot of money, and the habitat restoration TNC is planning might cost nearly that much again. "Why is it worth spending so much?" Orsinger poses rhetorically. "In part because it was the largest continuous ownership that was available in the floodplain on the entire Willamette River. There's no other opportunity like it, not to mention at the confluence, in a conservation

opportunity area, next to a 2,300-acre natural park. Basically, it's the meat in the sandwich of a 4,700-acre natural area."

THE LAST LITTLE BIT

Which makes Turtle Flats—63 weedy acres of abandoned gravel ponds behind the former BRING Recycling site west of the park, abutting the Nature Conservancy preserve—the cherry on the sundae. Lane County Waste Management

bought the parcel in the 1970s for a landfill that was never built. Meanwhile, people began using it to access undeveloped, state-owned Glassbar Island, a traditional nude beach. Over time the remote, shrubby site also became infamous as a seedy hook-up venue. It's ripe for floodplain restoration and ideally situated for family-friendly recreation, but its social history makes it tricky to manage. The county's waste division has been trying to unload it since the 1990s. Lane County Parks doesn't want it. The Nature Conservancy already has its hands full. McKenzie River



Native larkspur, bleeding heart, and cow parsnip thrive in a restored floodplain forest.

Trust isn't prepared to take it on.

That leaves the Friends of Buford Park and Mount Pisgah, which—for the first time in its 25-year history—is poised to become not just a guest steward but an actual landowner. By the end of this year, the group hopes to take ownership of Turtle Flats. The Friends has already begun collaborating with TNC to design the extensive habitat restoration and, ultimately, low-impact recreational development it envisions for the site.

"It's a very big deal," says Friends board president Dutoit. "There wasn't another entity that was willing to take over ownership; we're what's left. It's a crucial, small, final piece, the last piece of the puzzle to make the whole system work. With our partners and their technical expertise, and grants we can secure to do the work, we felt we could take it on."

The benefits of the conservation work going on at the Greater Mount Pisgah Area are hard to overstate, says Brian Millington, JD '06, past president of the Friends' board.

"The Eugene-Springfield population is going to have access to cleaner water, a bigger park, and a conservation area that is going to be protected in perpetuity. It will be there as the city grows, this really special and important spot. It's all going to be there for the next generation." 🌱

—Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85

CHANGE OF MISSION, CHANGE OF HEART

A founder and major supporter of the arboretum regrets its change of focus.

When Theodore Palmer moved to Eugene in 1970 to join the UO mathematics faculty, he vowed he would ensure that an arboretum was built in his adopted city. And not just any arboretum, but a world-class collection of trees from around the globe, artfully arranged in a natural setting—an arboretum second to none. He spent the next 40 years working toward that goal as a board member, fundraiser in chief, donor, trail builder, and puller of blackberries and Scotch broom. But while his vision never changed, the interests of the community did. Today Mount Pisgah Arboretum is thriving as a nature education center and showcase of the southern Willamette Valley ecosystem—minus its ardent, long-time cheerleader.

Palmer practically grew up in an arboretum: his father was a botanical taxonomist at Harvard University's Arnold Arboretum, North America's first public arboretum and still among the world's finest. Every Palmer family vacation—and later, Palmer's own travels—included visits to arboretums. So when Palmer, newly arrived in Eugene, learned that plans were already afoot to create, as the group's original mission statement put it, “a garden featuring plants from around the world growing together to symbolize international friendship,” he threw himself into that effort. When it became apparent that a large county park was to be established on Mount Pisgah, a few minutes from town, the group jumped on it.

More experienced arboretum professionals urged Mount Pisgah Arboretum to defer planting until they had a master plan in place. As a result, by early this century few nonnative trees had been planted, aside from a grove of coast redwoods and a species rhododendron garden. But by then a new generation of board members had begun to question the arboretum's core mission. In 2012, they voted to rewrite the mission statement, taking out references to exotic tree species and focusing on education and stewardship of the site's native landscape.

Worry about the invasive potential of exotic trees was one reason given for the change in mission, though Palmer dismisses it. “The board established strict rules to deal with this concern,” he says. Board member Tim King agrees with that assessment. His support for the new mission had more to do with the difficulty and expense of properly caring for a wide variety of exotic trees with varied needs, given the site's animal inhabitants, shallow soils, and long, hot summers. King should know: the UO campus, where he was grounds supervisor

for 25 years, is home to some 3,000 trees representing more than 500 species. “When I joined the board in 2001, I always had the idea that an arboretum was a collection of trees from around the world,” King says, “but you can find quite a few around the U.S. and the world that are dedicated to native species only; it's kind of a trend.”



Theodore Palmer stands next to the new Douglas fir tree round exhibit in this 1986 photo.

Arboretum board president Anne Forrestel is not so quick to dismiss the potential harm from nonnative tree species on the riverside site, particularly given the habitat restoration efforts under way in the rest of Buford Park and the adjacent Nature Conservancy property. “Scientific evidence has become so much clearer about what happens when you tamper with native ecosystems,” says Forrestel, a senior instructor at UO's Lundquist College of Business. As part of its decision-making process, the arboretum posted a poll on its website, drawing some 350 comments. “More than 70 percent of them advocated changing mission to showcase our native ecosystem,” Forrestel says. That majority included virtually the entire UO scientific community, she says, as well as the Friends of Buford Park “and many,

many individuals in the community.” Especially given the impending restoration of the former Wildish lands, “to have, in the middle of that, 200 acres where we're going to bring in trees from all over the world makes no sense.”

“Without Theodore, we wouldn't be where we are,” Forrestel adds. “I joined the board because of Theodore. I was so inspired by him.” But the original vision for the arboretum is now 40 years old. The world has changed, she says, and it is important that the arboretum keep up with those changes.

Palmer has left the board and is no longer volunteering for the arboretum in any capacity. When asked, he still encourages others to support it. “I think the arboretum is doing a good thing in town, bringing children out to spend time in nature,” he says. It is that education mission that the board is now focused on. Fundraising has begun for an ambitious interpretive program that will highlight each of the eight habitat types found within the arboretum, including the installation of a bird blind made of woven branches at the Water Garden.

Palmer hasn't entirely lost hope that his vision for the arboretum might someday be revived, but he doesn't expect it will be in his lifetime. The change in mission, the professor emeritus says, has broken his heart. 🍷

—BH

Building Oregon

Highlights of a decade-long wave of construction that has changed the UO campus landscape

BY JOE MOSLEY AND ANN WIENS

Do you remember standing in line at Mac Court to register for classes? Can you conjure up the smell of fresh-baked bread wafting across campus from Williams Bakery? Is there a book or two on your shelf purchased from the UO bookstore in Chapman Hall? Did you ever meet a friend at the corner of 15th and Agate, when Hayward Field was marked by a weedy lot and dilapidated chain-link fence? Or play tennis across from the Greek houses off Alder? Or drive through the middle of campus on 13th Avenue?

If so, you might say the same thing Tim Rawlings '87 did when he accompanied his son Austin (now a freshman) on a campus tour last spring, his first visit since his own student days in the 1980s.

"Wow, have things changed."

Over the past decade, an \$800-million surge of construction has resulted in the completion of nearly 40 building projects totaling about 2 million square feet of new and renovated space on the UO campus. And more is on the way.

"Universities, like great cities, are never really done," says Chris Ramey '81, the UO's associate vice president for campus planning and real estate. "They are in a constant state of remaking themselves." Ramey notes that more than a third of the university's building space has been constructed in the past 25 years, "a staggering amount" for an institution founded in 1876.

With enrollment at about 24,500 (nearly 40 percent higher than in Rawlings's day) and evolving technologies and teaching approaches demanding changes in the spaces that house classrooms, laboratories, libraries—and students themselves—we can expect the hard hats, cranes, and construction fencing to stick around for a while.

Following are some highlights from the UO's 21st-century building boom—and a preview of what's yet to come.

WEB EXTRA: See additional recent building projects at OregonQuarterly.com

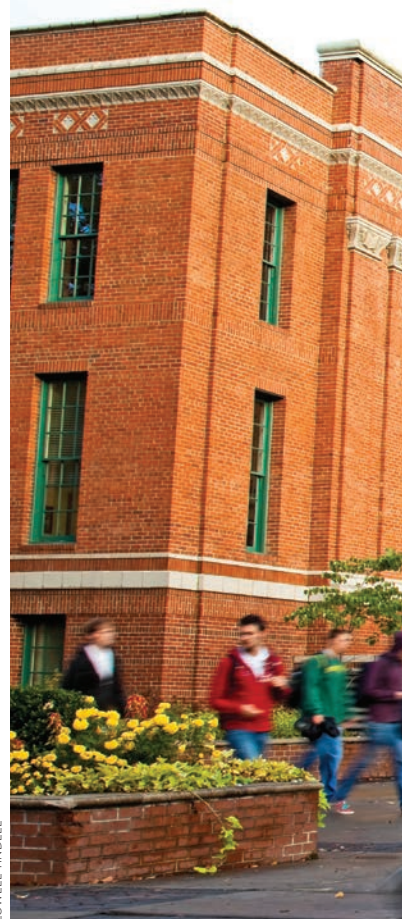
1 LILLIS BUSINESS COMPLEX (2003–2010) Lillis Hall, dedicated in October 2003, connects the recently renovated Peterson, Anstett, and Chiles Halls to create a modern home for the UO's Lundquist College of Business. The airy, 136,000-square-foot building was the first in the Eugene-Springfield area to achieve LEED silver certification for its sustainability features.

2 CHERYL RAMBERG FORD AND ALLYN FORD ALUMNI CENTER (2011) Adjacent to Matthew Knight Arena, which opened the same year, the 60,000-square-foot Ford Alumni Center houses the UO Alumni Association, the UO Foundation, Student Orientation, and University Advancement's Development offices in a welcoming space that also features a fireside lounge, a ballroom, and a variety of conference and meeting spaces. An interactive display in the lobby introduces visitors to the history and mission of the university, and serves as the starting point for campus tours.

3 LORRY I. LOKEY LABORATORIES (2007) This facility is perfectly suited for research at nanoscales. Built underground and set upon bedrock that minimizes vibration and electromagnetic interference, the 26,500-square-foot facility is designed to encourage interdisciplinary collaboration among researchers in different scientific fields, and between the university and private sector.

4 GLOBAL SCHOLARS HALL (2012) This 185,000-square-foot residence hall houses 450 students in a community that offers residents many opportunities for intellectual and cultural engagement, including several immersive language programs. There's a resident faculty scholar, a first-floor library commons, an international dining hall, and onsite classes, film screenings, lectures, and other activities.

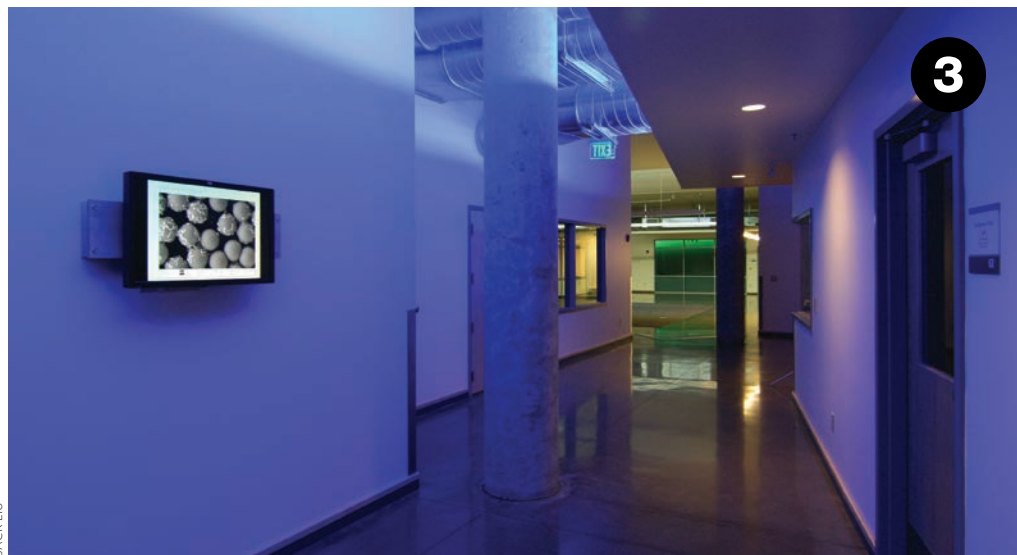
INTERESTED IN GETTING A FIRSTHAND LOOK AT WHAT'S NEW ON CAMPUS? THE UO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION LEADS CAMPUS TOURS MOST FRIDAY AFTERNOONS. CALL 800-245-ALUM TO FIND OUT MORE.



LOWELL TINDELL



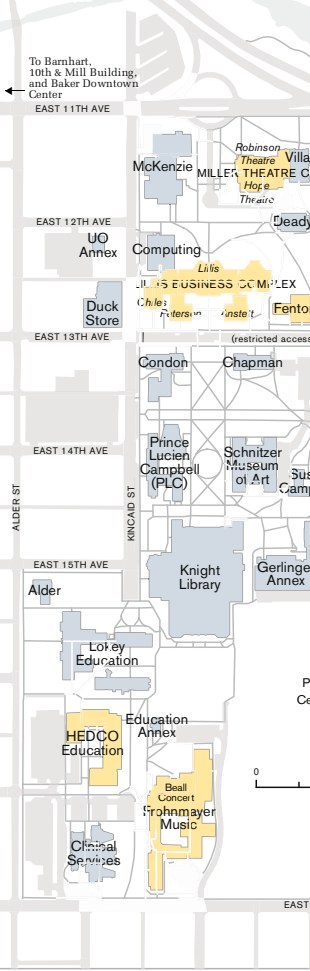
MICHAEL MCDERMOTT





MICHAEL McDERMOTT

Campuswide Construction
UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
 EUGENE



JACK LIU



JEREMY BITTERMAN

5 ALLEN HALL (2013) The \$15-million renovation of the School of Journalism and Communication's home united Allen Hall's 1922 and 1954 wings and created a bright, open space that increased square footage for the school's 2,000-plus majors by 40 percent—without increasing energy consumption. Taking a cue from multimedia newsrooms and PR and advertising agencies, the space features glass-walled classrooms, multiple collaborative workspaces, and easily accessible technology in a round-the-clock learning environment.

6 ROBERT AND BEVERLY LEWIS INTEGRATIVE SCIENCE BUILDING (2012) Reflecting the UO's interdisciplinary approach to the sciences, this building is designed to encourage research that is not defined by departmental boundaries.

The \$65-million, 103,000-square-foot facility is part of the UO's Lorry I. Lokey Science Complex, which brings together biologists, chemists, psychologists, and other researchers and connects the adjacent Lokey Laboratories, Huestis Hall, Streisinger Hall, and Klamath Hall science buildings.

7 HATFIELD-DOWLIN COMPLEX (2013) The UO's new football training and operations center is the third in a trio of athletics projects that also includes the 2007 Athletic Medical Center and the 2010 John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student-Athletes. The architecturally bold building features classroom and training facilities specifically designed to enhance the flow, speed, and innovation for which the Ducks have become known. (U)

Under Construction

The UO building boom continues, with multiple projects currently underway or scheduled to break ground this spring. Among them are:

ERB MEMORIAL UNION RENOVATION The original, 1950 EMU building will be renovated and the 1970s-era addition will be replaced, creating more usable space for student programming, academic functions, and entertainment. Student fees will cover \$90 million of the project, with another \$5 million to be raised in private gifts.

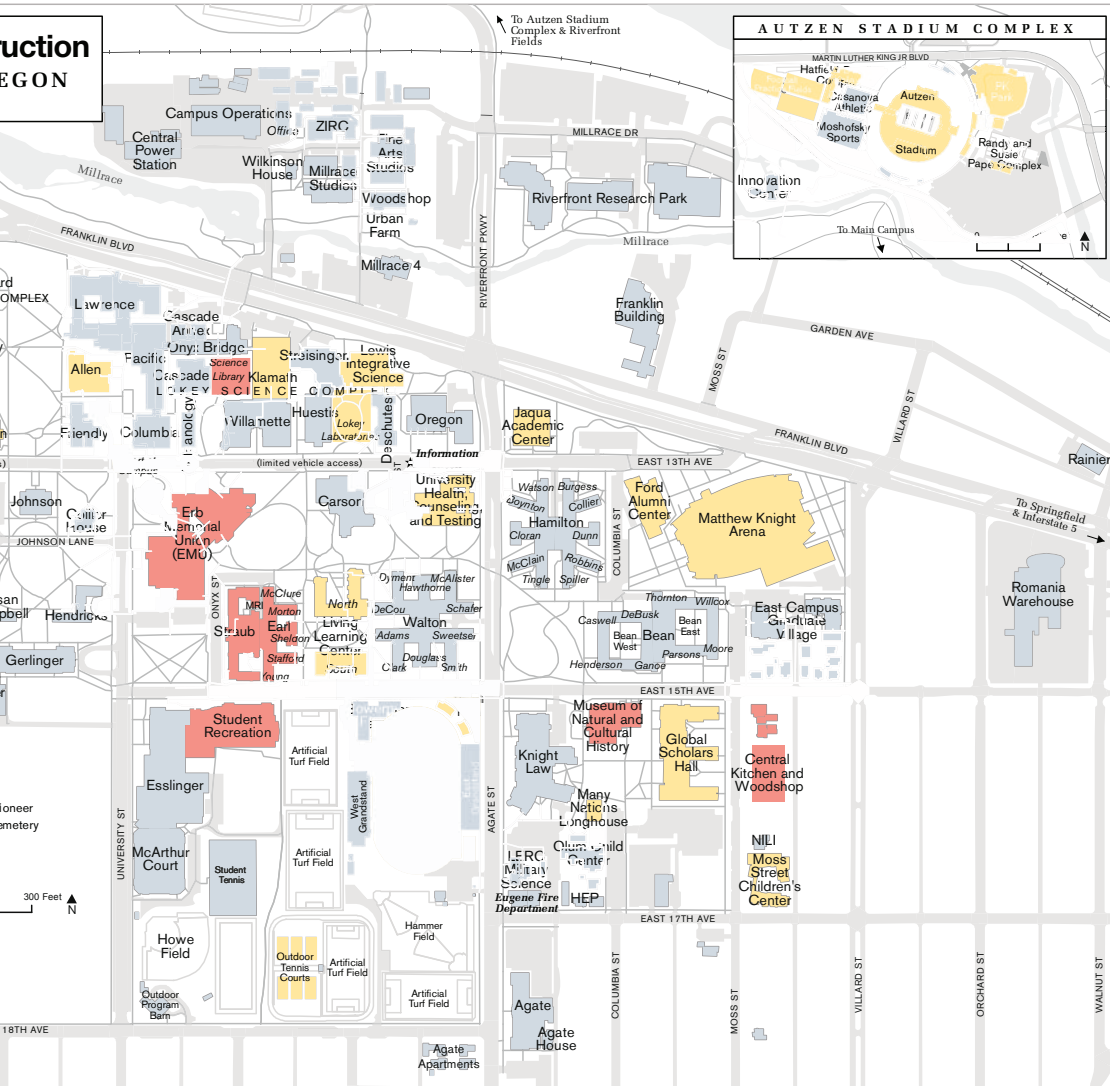
STUDENT RECREATION CENTER Construction is in progress to double the size of the Rec Center, adding two swimming pools, a three-court gym, and expanded cardio and weight-training facilities.

ALLAN PRICE SCIENCE COMMONS AND RESEARCH LIBRARY Adding 3,500 square feet of above-ground space and renovating the existing, 30,000-square-foot library, this project includes a digital technology lab and discipline-specific science rooms. It is currently in the predesign phase.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL AND CULTURAL HISTORY EXPANSION A \$990,000 capital construction budget appropriation from the state legislature will provide funding for additional storage, equipment, and exhibition space, in part to accommodate the transfer of the Jensen Arctic collection of more than 5,000 artifacts from Western Oregon University.

CENTRAL KITCHEN AND WOODSHOP Still in the predesign phase, this design-build project will create an efficient, centralized facility for the university's kitchen, catering, and woodshop operations that are currently scattered across campus.

CLASSROOM EXPANSION: STRAUB AND EARL HALLS Scheduled for completion in December 2014, this renovation and expansion will result in the addition of 700 new classroom seats, including a 500-plus-seat lecture hall. (U)



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Red = CURRENTLY UNDER CONSTRUCTION
Yellow = PROJECTS COMPLETED IN THE PAST DECADE



Old Oregon

News of UO Alumni

Witnessing History

The films of James Blue '53 were lauded at Cannes and nominated for an Oscar, but unknown in the United States until a few admirers at the UO helped raise them from obscurity.

BEFORE THE 1963 CIVIL RIGHTS march on Washington, volunteers at a New York church made 80,000 cheese sandwiches to bring to the protesters.

That room full of people industriously preparing lunch is one of the details that makes *The March*, a documentary by James Blue '53, so compelling. Blue made the 33-minute film in 1964 as part of a United States Information Agency (USIA) propaganda project to promote American ideals in other countries. The narrative of peaceful protest, the gospel songs, and the famous speech by Martin Luther King do not fail to inspire.

But it's those cheese sandwiches that stick in your mind: all the *work*, by ordinary people, that goes into changing history.

Blue changed history himself. He was a visionary filmmaker, creating works that

pushed genre boundaries. Few people have ever heard of *The March*; or *The Olive Trees of Justice*, a French-language film that won the Critic's Prize at the 1962 Cannes Film Festival; or *A Few Notes on Our Food Problem*, another USIA documentary, which was nominated for an Oscar in 1968.

None of these films were distributed in the United States. *The March*, *A Few Notes On Our Food Problem*, and Blue's other films for the USIA were subtitled in many languages and screened around the world. But federal law forbade showing them in the U.S.; the 1948 Smith-Mundt Act banned American propaganda from being shown within the country. This didn't change until 1999, when the USIA was shut down.

An Oscar nomination for a film that had never been seen in this country? Blue's work was that brilliant—and that obscure.

Maybe that would have changed eventually. But Blue died young (in 1980, at age 49), of cancer. His work's obscurity seemed guaranteed—until about 30 years later, when some film buffs in Oregon found out about him, and everything started to change.

James Blue was a born showman. An acne-plagued teen who found his niche throwing bacchanalias with the Latin Club. A college radio personality who developed a deep, sonorous voice perfect for both late-night jazz shows and voiceover narration. A confident director with a feathered '70s hairdo and a killer smile. An apolitical creative type whose work had profound implications for social justice.

Blue messed around with making movies as a kid, filming his family's departure from Tulsa to move to Portland in 1942. (In the interest of narrative, he forced

FACING PAGE: A still from James Blue's documentary *The March*, 1964. THIS PAGE: James Blue in London, ca. 1980.

his younger brother, Richard, to kiss the neighbor girl on camera.) As a speech and theater major at the University of Oregon, he directed a 40-minute parody of *Hamlet* that was quite popular at the Student Union. But his career in film really started when he was a graduate student at the prestigious Institute of Advanced Cinematographic Studies in Paris.

His best friends in Paris were Marxist intellectuals, and their critiques of capitalism and America's foreign affairs came as a surprise to Blue. "My brother didn't have a political bone in his body," says Richard Blue. "He was not an ideologue. In fact, he was an anti-ideologue." Richard Blue was a political scientist who focused on international aid, and over the years he and James frequently discussed the social issues behind James's films.

Made by "an anti-ideologue" to promote American ideals abroad, Blue's USIA films were not simply propaganda. Some, like *Letter from Colombia*, poke fun at the clichés of the American propaganda film, says Richard Herskowitz, director of the UO's Cinema Pacific Film Festival and an instructor in arts and administration. *A Few Notes on Our Food Problem* is more essay than screed, a lyrical documentary that speaks to our common humanity. And *The March* almost got canned for alluding to Jim Crow and racial tensions in America. "It was probably one of the first truthful statements about race relations in America that the U.S. government would own up to," Richard Blue says.

James Blue may have had the potential to become one of the great American filmmakers, but he didn't have the inclination. Stints working for a New York ad agency and on a Hollywood film "drove him absolutely bananas," says Richard Blue. "He liked to have total control over whatever he was doing."

He left Hollywood for Houston in 1967. There he cofounded the Media Center at Rice University, which focused on teaching people from underprivileged communities how to tell their stories through film. This was a big deal. In the age of YouTube, GoPros, and iPhones, it can be hard to remember that moving images used to be the province of those with access to specialized equipment, money, and expertise.



Blue believed filmmakers had a responsibility to share their knowledge and access with people who were often ignored, Herskowitz says. The filmmaker also thought it was important for a film's subjects to have a say in its creation. His last project, *The Invisible City* (1979), took a surprising approach to investigating the poor neighborhoods of Houston. *The Invisible City* was a four-part program shown on public television. At the end of each segment, viewers were invited to call in with comments and leads, which were then incorporated into the next segment. "The films were evolving, with audience participation," Herskowitz says. "It was unprecedented."

Though participatory media is much easier to accomplish these days, Herskowitz thinks young filmmakers could learn a lot from Blue's approach. "He did not come to his projects as a kind of arrogant figure who knew ahead of time what he was going to say." He discovered the film's meaning as he went, "and really listened to his subjects and evolved the production with them."


Herskowitz became familiar with Blue's work in October 2012, when the website "Oregon Movies, A to Z," written by film

An Oscar nomination for a film that had never been seen in this country? Blue's work was that brilliant—and that obscure.

historian Anne Richardson, published a brief article about Blue's accomplishments. (Filmmaker James Ivory '51, who had known Blue at the UO, alerted Richardson to Blue's work.) When Herskowitz read the article, he was "blown away." He had heard of Blue, but never knew he was so distinguished, nor that he had attended the UO. As he began researching the filmmaker, Herskowitz connected with Richard Blue, who was looking for a way to preserve and promote his brother's legacy. Together they tracked down copies of the films. They found a pristine print of *A Few Notes on Our Food Problem*, and even the parody of *Hamlet* James had made as an undergraduate at the UO. (It was in Richard's son's basement.)

Audiences are finally getting the opportunity to see these films as part of a six-month retrospective organized by Herskowitz, which started in November 2013 and continues through April. Panels on Blue's work will be part of the School of Journalism and Communication's "What is Documentary?" conference in April.

And scholars will finally have the opportunity to study Blue's artistic approach firsthand. Knight Library is acquiring James Blue's papers—90 boxes of material that James Fox, head of special collections and archives, calls "a national treasure." Once the papers are processed and available for research, Blue will be able to speak for himself about his artistic and professional decisions, Fox says.

More than 30 years after his death, James Blue's work is finally becoming known in a way it never has before—including here in the United States. 

—Suzanne E. W. Gray

For more information on the six-month tribute to James Blue and accompanying events, please visit cinema.uoregon.edu/events/other-events



Donna and George McGuinness at the Metropol Bakery, with a portion of their collection on display behind them.

Still Life with Baguette

Baked goods and fine art come together at one of Eugene's most popular and longstanding bakeries.

IF YOU'RE IN EUGENE AND HAVE A whole afternoon to be immersed in art, consider a visit to the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art (JSMA) on campus. If you have only the time it takes to down a cappuccino and a croissant, stop by the Metropol Bakery (in a minimall at 25th and Willamette), where the art exhibits are as fresh as the bread.

Proprietor Donna McGuinness '69 and her husband, George McGuinness '71, have been collectors—gathering mostly the work of Northwest artists—for much of their lives. Many of the artists are friends they've met in their 40-plus years of married life in Eugene, including painter Linda Lanker and her late husband, photographer Brian Lanker, whose large-format group portrait of Metropol staffers is a permanent fixture behind the bakery counter.

The McGuinnesses' collection also features works by their former neighbors, Eugene art world power couple Mark Clarke '59, MFA '65, and Margaret Coe '63, MFA '78. Each taught for many years in the university's art department and Clark served a long tenure as the chief museum exhibitions preparator and museum technician for the JSMA. Late last year, McGuinness dedicated one wall of the bakery's dining area to works for sale from Coe's Village series, but most of what you see on the walls—the portraits and still lifes, the landscapes and abstracts—comes from the McGuinnesses' own collection.

Donna characterizes herself as a “talented amateur” with many interests—an English major who parlayed her love of cooking into a successful career as a baker and restaurateur; a textile hobbyist who became a respected weaver.

In 1975, a significant commission for a large woven tapestry allowed her and George to take their first extended trip to Europe. Once back, she opened a charcuterie, and soon after, the Metropol Bakery in the Fifth Street Public Market, where she introduced generations of UO students to the baguette.

After showing photos of the European outdoor café culture to skeptical city authorities, she added sidewalk dining to Eugene's eating options when she opened a third business, Café Metropol, in 1981 at the corner of Broadway and Pearl. In 1998, tired of running three businesses scattered across town, she decided to consolidate to just one location in south Eugene, and she and George opened a large production bakery with a smattering of tables in the entry, in case any customers cared to

linger. Many did, enough that the counter has been moved back twice to make more room for tables and chairs.

“Once we had just this one space,” Donna recalls, “we started thinking, why don’t we bring in some art from home?” Their house was by this time overflowing, with pottery, weavings, basketry, and sculptures scattered throughout, and framed paintings not only hanging on walls but leaning against the wall in stacks along a long corridor. At the bakery, Donna has room to display perhaps a dozen works, which she and George now select together, often starting with one painting and building the exhibit out from there. She changes the display on no fixed schedule, but rather, “when it just feels right: whenever people start to walk through and don’t look at anything.”

Regulars can get alarmed when a favorite piece comes down, as occurred last summer when McGuinness loaned *Big Hawk Stare*, a large and riveting work by Newport artist Rick Bartow, to the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. It was one of eight pieces the McGuinnesses lent the museum for its

She changes the display on no fixed schedule, but rather, “when it just feels right: whenever people start to walk through and don’t look at anything.”

80th anniversary show *Living Legacies*, featuring work owned by local collectors. “It was especially enjoyable to meet with the McGuinnesses,” says Danielle Knapp, McCosh Associate Curator at the JSMA, “because of the stories they shared about their motivations for collecting and sharing art with the community through Metropol, and the patient, thoughtful approach they

have taken to acquiring the works they most want.”

Donna credits a photography class she took from the late Bernie Freemesser (associate professor of photography in the journalism school in the 1960s and ’70s), for, as she puts it, “teaching my eye to really look.” Her husband gets credit too, she says, because he has a “fantastic eye.” From the day they married, their home has been filled with art: not just framed paintings but snapshots, pictures torn from magazines, found objects. “Everywhere, art is just around,” she says.

With such a large and varied collection, the McGuinnesses have begun putting the brakes on further acquisitions. Or so they tell themselves—at this writing, a small coastal landscape rendered in rich reds and blues by oil painter Erik Sandgren is on display, purchased by Donna just one month prior.

“Without art, life is pretty thin,” George says. “It’s so enriching. It’s ennobling, too, don’t you think?”

—Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85



The Duck Career Network serves members of the UO Alumni Association who are actively seeking new career challenges, and engages alumni who want to support Ducks seeking greater career advancement and success.

- Alumni Insight and Advice
- Career Resources
- Online Tools
- Making Connections
- Job Leads
- Career Profiles



Upcoming Career Webinars

April 2, 5–6 p.m.
Al Duncan—Leadership

May 7, 5–6 p.m.
Susan Whitcomb—Twitter

June 4, 5–6 p.m.
John Boyd—Job Search



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The Way It Was

Photographer John Bauguess has been documenting life in Lane County for more than five decades. His photographs, now part of the UO Libraries' Fine Art Photography Collection, provide a glimpse at a downtown Eugene community that vanished amid the "urban renewal" of the 1970s.

These photographs of downtown Eugene, made between 1971 and 1974, reveal that despite the decline of retail business, the area was still a lively civic place, a community of people who lived, worked, and mingled. Although the Eugene Urban Renewal Agency had begun to demolish their old neighborhood on Willamette Street in the early 1970s, many people stayed to the end, conducting their daily lives in their favorite haunts: the little cafés, \$3 daily hotel rooms, apartments, and smoke-filled bars and movie theaters.

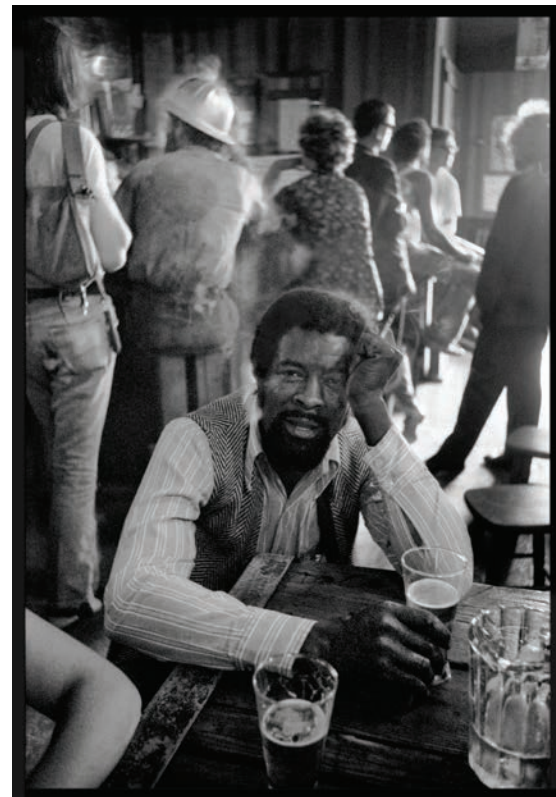
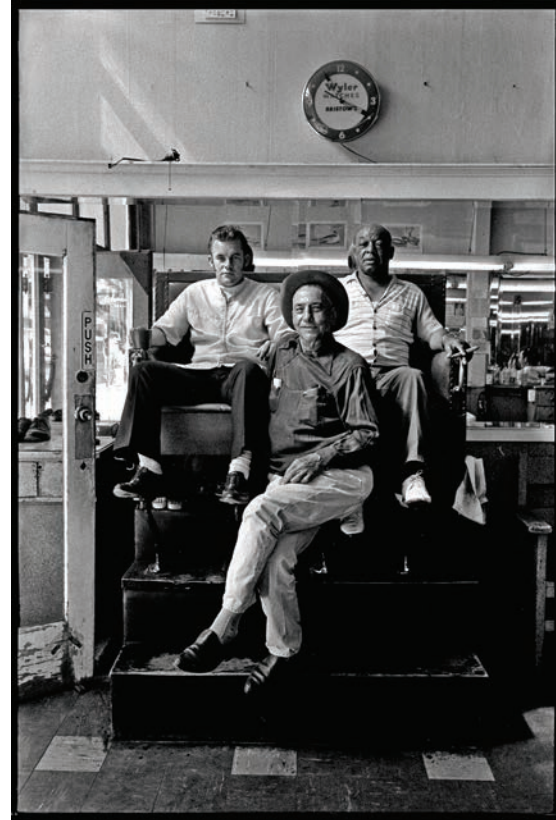
For a brief time, the abandoned buildings scheduled for the wrecking ball served as studios for artists and entrepreneurs who paid cheap rents to the renewal agency. A number of business owners, who had received eviction notices with financial compensation from Urban Renewal, moved to new buildings, but many failed. Critics blamed the lack of customers on the closing of main streets for the creation of a pedestrian mall that lacked shelter from the rain and prohibited motorized vehicles.

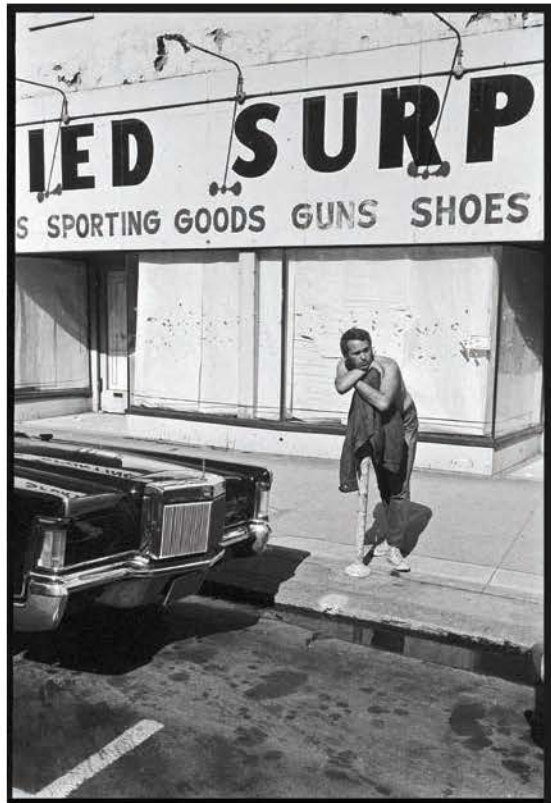
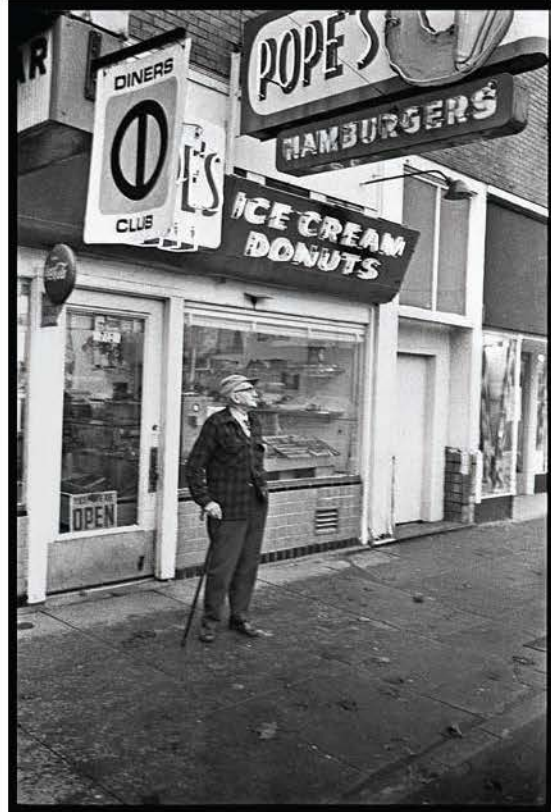
Four decades later, thanks to public and private investment, downtown Eugene appears to be regaining vitality, with streets now open for motorized and human-powered transportation, new apartments, a transit station, food carts, cafés, entertainment venues, a new city library, and a community college center. But a connection to the area's historical past disappeared with its lost architecture and vanished people, preserved only in photographs. 📷

—John Bauguess

THIS PAGE, clockwise from top left: Mary Louise Pope stands at the counter of her popular ice cream and donut shop shortly before relocating her business to the suburbs. At Loren's Barbershop (left to right), Larry Owens, "Garlic" George Stevens, and shoeshine worker Leo Washington pose for the camera; Owens now runs a tiny barbershop near 13th and Willamette Street, dwarfed by a large student apartment building. The Brass Rail was a popular tavern in a restored brick building, the oldest continuing location for a tavern in Oregon (since the 1870s). FACING PAGE, clockwise from top left: Many senior citizens lived in downtown apartments, where they could walk to Pope's for a donut and coffee and read the newspaper. Exterior neon signage for Pope's, before stricter sign codes came into existence. A man leaning on a parking meter in front of the boarded up Allied Surplus building. A lawsuit to prevent demolition could not stop the demise of the building that contained the Brass Rail and Loren's Barbershop, but the adjacent Smeed Hotel, restored in 1973, today remains intact. This warped cowboy used to stand on the roof of the old Outdoor Store.

WEB EXTRA: To see additional photos from this series, visit OregonQuarterly.com





Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1960s

Eldon Albertson '61 published a two-part article in the *Brownsville Times* about his trip to Washington, D.C., for President Obama's 2008 inauguration.

■ **Joe M. Fischer** '60, MFA '63, delivered a portrait of three-year-old Ezra Sims to the Sims family of Dallas, Texas. Closer to home, UO President Michael Gottfredson accepted Fischer's painting of the Cape Disappointment Lighthouse, located in Ilwaco, Washington.

Alaby Blivet '63 and **Sara Lee Cake** '45 were so inspired by Arnold Schwarzenegger's ping pong-themed Super Bowl beer ad that they've avidly taken up what he calls "the sport of champions," playing daily at the Blivet Junction, Utah, YMCA.

■ **Richard Rapp** '64 is chairing a steering committee that's helping plan the 50th reunion of the class of 1964. The events will take place in the fall during Homecoming. Watch for further details about the reunion and feel free to contact him at rapp@boisestate.edu.

Short stories by **David Williams** '65, MA '66, appeared in the spring 2013 issue of *Cimarron Review* and the December 2012 issue of *Confrontation*. In May 2013, his 1977 novel *Second Sight* (Simon and Schuster) was reissued in both paperback and digital formats. After 37 years in New York City, Williams now lives in Central Oregon.

Paintings by **Jon Jay Cruson** '60, MFA '67, were featured in an exhibit at Eugene's White Lotus Gallery. The *Expanded Vistas* exhibition opened with a reception on November 30.

James Stafford, MFA '68, has worked as a professional sculptor since 1974. Specializing in cast-bronze products, Stafford's foundry and studio near Chehalis, Washington, have made sales across North America and around the world.

■ **David Jensen**, JD '69, appreciates that his law degree has allowed him to participate in many public service positions, including serving as a National Endowment for the Humanities Fellow at Harvard Law, president of the Oregon Trial Lawyers Association, president of the UO Law School Alumni Association, and board member

of the UO Alumni Association. He enjoys advocating for the UO, clean rivers, wild fish, and fly fishing.

1970s

A. Lynn Ash '71 published her memoir, *The Route from Cultus Lake: A Woman's Path to a Solo Camping Lifestyle* (CreateSpace, 2013), in October. She is now working on her second book, *The Peripatetic Daughter*.

Kenneth Niemczyk, MUP '72, has published a book titled *Nature's City* (MK Publishing, 2013), a commentary on human land use and the need to protect natural systems from development.

David J. Drummond, MA '70, PhD '74, was honored with the American Psychological Association's 2013 Award for Distinguished Professional Contributions to Institutional Practice. A faculty member at Oregon Health and Science University, Drummond received the award for his research, teaching, and practice relating to violence risk assessment and violence prevention.

Lester Friedman '74 has been reelected for a third term on the board of directors for the Oregon Association of Realtors. Named the 2012 Realtor of the Year by the Central Oregon Association of Realtors, Friedman serves on several committees in Central Oregon and Bend.

■ **Larry Newby** '74 is active in the Lane County chapter of the UO Alumni Association and in his community, where he serves on several nonprofit boards including Direction Service, Eugene Parks Foundation, and the Eugene Active 20-30 Club.

■ **Ray Wallin** '74 has been named senior vice president and chief financial officer of NeoPhotonics Corp., a San Jose-based designer and manufacturer of high-tech products.

Allan Gross, MS '77, produces theater in his adopted home of San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, where he also rides horses and performs service work.

John VanLandingham, JD '77, received the 2013 Frohnmayer Award for Public Service, honoring him for his outstanding record of service in Eugene and Lane County. In

addition to his work on several land conservation, urban planning, and housing policy committees, VanLandingham is one of the longest-serving lawyers for the Lane County Legal Aid and Advocacy Center.

Martha Walters, JD '77, associate justice on the Oregon Supreme Court, received the 2013 Frohnmayer Award for Public Service from the UO School of Law. Before joining the bench in 2006, Walters practiced employment, civil rights, and municipal law at Walters, Romm & Chanti, PC, the Eugene law firm she cofounded in 1992.

■ **Nicholas Korns** '74 is the medical director for program integrity and investigations at Wellpoint, Inc. He and his wife celebrated the birth of their first grandchild in October.

■ **Gary Kessler** '79 has been certified as a legal specialist in admiralty and maritime law by the California Board of Legal Specialization.

1980s

■ **Jan Erik Frydman** '80 has been appointed adjunct judge for the Svea Court of Appeal in Stockholm, Sweden. Frydman graduated with honors from the UO and was vice president of the Alpha Kappa Psi fraternity.

Dr. Tim Rice '81 and his wife, Kathy, have been endorsed by American Baptist International Ministries to serve as missionaries in the Democratic Republic of Congo, where they will train nursing and medical students at Vanga Evangelical Hospital. Rice is currently on the faculty of the School of Medicine at Saint Louis University.

■ **Randal Jefferis** '82 is looking forward to seeing his daughter earn her degree in journalism: public relations this spring, joining her brother, who graduated in 2011 with a degree in economics and business administration. "All happy Ducks (well, our daughter will be happier after the next two terms)," he reports.

Dr. Robbie Law '83 has returned to his hometown of Astoria to join the Lower Columbia Clinic as a family practitioner.

■ **Joelle R. Goodwin** '86 is delighted to be capping her 24-year Army career by coming back to the UO and teach-

UO ALUMNI CALENDAR

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

March 5

Denver Duck Biz Lunch

CHINOOK TAVERN, GREENWOOD VILLAGE, COLORADO

March 16

UOAA Day at the Portland Timbers

JELD-WEN FIELD, PORTLAND

March 19

Bellevue Duck Biz Lunch

BELLEVUE GRILL, BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

Duck Night at the San Francisco Food Bank

SAN FRANCISCO FOOD BANK WAREHOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO

March 27

Regional Virtual Networking

UOALUMNI.COM/
DUCKCAREERNETWORK

April 12

Denver Ducks Annual Wine Tasting

FOOTERS CATERING, DENVER, COLORADO

April 15

Seattle Duck Biz Lunch

BEST WESTERN PLUS EXECUTIVE INN, SEATTLE

April 26

Taste of Oregon

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

May 29

PDX Science Night

WIDMER BREWERY, PORTLAND

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DUCKS AFIELD

Monumental Fun “While wearing our UO gear at Mount Rushmore we got a lot of ‘Go, Ducks!’ comments, says **Kim Olson-Charles** ‘91. She was headed to a family reunion along with her husband, **Tom Charles** ‘98, and children Elsie, 15; Elias, 13; and Melanie, 10 (“all huge Ducks fans”). The family lives in Portland, where Kim works as the research coordinator for the UO psychology department’s Toddler Development Project based in the White Stag Building. @

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

ing Army ROTC in the military science department. She now works as assistant director for alumni recruitment with the Office of Admissions at the UO.

Charley Korn '88 and **Serena Ross** '90 were married on August 17, 2013, in Portland, where they now reside.

1990s

■ **Brent MacCluer** '91 has served as president of the Lane County Ducks UO Alumni Association chapter for the past

two years and recently joined the board of directors for Emerald Media Group, formerly the *Oregon Daily Emerald*. His company, AHM Brands, is involved in marketing projects for various departments on campus and coordinated most of the communications efforts for the Olympic Team Trials during Track Town '12.

Roxann Spevak '96 is executive director of the Manley Foundation, a nonprofit organization in Eugene. Since accepting the position in 2012, Spevak has helped lead the foundation to two Great Nonprofits top-rated charity awards as well as GuideStar's Gold-Level Exchange Participant Seal.

2000s

Louis M. Bubala III, JD '04, served as cochair of the American Bankruptcy Institute's Second Annual Western Consumer Bankruptcy Conference, held January 20 in Las Vegas. Bubala is a partner in the Armstrong Teasdale law firm's financial and real estate services group.

2010s

Kevin Barth '13 cofounded the business Articulate Wallets, which now sells Oregon-themed leather wallets at the Duck Store.

In Memoriam

Margaret S. (Jamie) Hubbs '35 died in June at age 99. A longtime resident of St. Paul, Minnesota, Hubbs was active in both her church and community. With her husband, **Ronald Hubbs** '42, she established the Ronald M. Hubbs and Margaret S. Hubbs Children's Literature Collection for teachers in training at the University of St. Thomas. She was also involved with the Ronald M. Hubbs Center for Lifelong Learning in St. Paul.

Joan E. Van Zandt '50 died in November at age 85. A member of Phi Beta Kappa, Van Zandt also served as president of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority at Oregon. After marrying her husband, **David Van Zandt** '49, and settling in Seattle, she devoted her life to family, church, and causes involving peace, justice, and the environment.

Gerald D. Berreman '52, MA '53, died in December at age 83. A native of Portland, Berreman earned a PhD from Cornell University before joining the University of California, Berkeley Department of Anthropology as an assistant professor in 1959. During a career that spanned more than 40 years, he studied social inequality in India and became widely recognized for championing socially responsible anthropology.

David E. Jeremiah '55 died in October at age 78. A member of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, Jeremiah amassed a sterling military record across nearly four decades of naval service, highlighted by four years as vice chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. His dedication to the UO included support for the Admiral David E. Jeremiah and Mrs. Connie Jeremiah Lecture Series, administered annually by the Center for Asian and Pacific Studies.

David S. Strauss '52 died in January at age 83. A graduate of Portland's Lincoln High School, Strauss worked with a team that helped establish KVAL-TV in Eugene before starting his own advertising firm, Strauss and Gross Advertising, in Portland. His active role in the community included elected positions on the Milwaukie City Council and the Tigard Water Board.

Roberta "Robbie" Mulkey '56 died in July at age 86. After graduating with a degree in human development and performance, Mulkey starred on the softball diamond for the Orange, California, Lionettes, helping lead the team to a national title in 1956. In 2008, she was inducted into the National Softball Hall of Fame at a ceremony in Oklahoma City.

Continued on page 60



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CLASS NOTABLE

Nicholas Swope '08 and his wife, **Heather (Corley)** '08, have returned from their Peace Corps duty in Mongolia and celebrated the birth of their first child in December. Nick previously earned a Peace Corps Fellowship from Western Illinois University, where he is now pursuing a master's degree in public health. Photos (clockwise from upper left): the couple in traditional royal attire (posed "Mongolian style," with no smiles); at a boundary marker of the ancient capital city Kharkhorum; frolicking on a Gobi Desert sand dune; with a Kazak eagle hunter; and celebrating a feast in friends' ger (yurt). 

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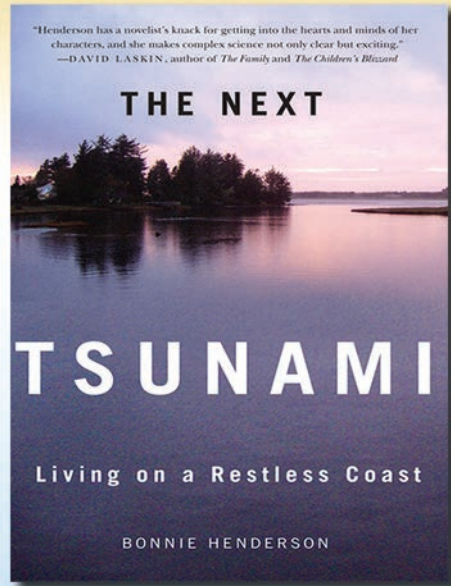
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CLASS NOTES Continued from page 56

Jozsef Takacs '61, MA '62, died in November at age 84. A native of Vagfarkasd, Hungary, Takacs spent nearly 20 years as chief of Voice of America's Hungarian service. Before becoming an American citizen in the late 1950s, Takacs worked as a freelance journalist in his native country and participated in the Hungarian revolution of 1956.

Dr. James P. Fratzke '59, DMD '63, died in November at age 76. A member of the Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternity, Fratzke served in the U.S. Navy at the beginning of the Vietnam War before opening his own dental practice in Salem. During an accomplished 37-year career, he worked as editor of the *Journal of the Oregon Dental Association* and was elected into both the International College of Dentists and the American College of Dentists.

Gordon S. Howard '53, MS '63, died in June 2012 at age 86. After acting for several years on Broadway, Howard earned his PhD at the University of Minnesota and became a professor of theater arts at San Diego State University, retiring in 1983 as a professor emeritus. He spent his retirement years on the Oregon Coast, where he worked as a writer and sculptor, supported the Oregon Ducks, and enjoyed hunting and fishing.

William T. Greenough '64 died in December at age 69. As a professor of psychology at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, Greenough conducted neuroscience research that changed scientific understanding of the brain

and its capacity for development. A passionate skier, sailor, and Ducks fan, he retired in 2009 with appointments in psychology, psychiatry, and cell and developmental biology.


Mary Aleda (Bourquin) Korns '75 died in October 2010 at age 86. Born in New York City, Korns was an artist, editor, writer, and antique collector. She earned her degree in communications from the UO at the age of 50.

Dina Jamal Trunick '90 died in September at age 45. A native of Gresham, Trunick met her husband, **Ron Trunick** '90, during their final term at the UO. Despite her battles with cancer, she remained an active endurance athlete, completing marathons in San Diego and Venice and finishing her first triathlon just three months after a chemotherapy treatment. A devoted Oregon football fan, Trunick worked at Nike for nearly 15 years.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Robert Herman "Bob" Felsing, Knight Library's East Asian bibliographer for 12 years, died in December at age 69. A native of Sioux City, Iowa, Herman joined Knight Library in 1989, becoming an early leader in the movement to make library resources available online. In addition to developing the well-known e-Asia collection, Herman took special interest in preserving works that embodied early 20th-century American attitudes toward, and fears about, East Asia.

Eugene Francis Scoles, former dean of the UO School of Law and distinguished professor emeritus, died in October at age 92. A native of Shelby, Iowa, Scoles taught at the University of Florida and completed graduate work at Harvard Law School and Columbia University before joining the UO faculty as dean and professor of law in 1968. While at Oregon, Scoles became president of the Association of American Law Schools and received UO awards for outstanding achievement and contribution to legal education and law improvement. He retired in 1982 as a distinguished professor of law.

Barry Norman Siegel, professor emeritus of economics, died in December at age 84. Siegel taught at the university for 38 years, including a stint as associate dean of liberal arts from 1969 to 1972. During a teaching career that took him around the world, he won both a Smith-Mundt grant to teach economics in Monterrey, Mexico, and a Fulbright grant to teach in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. Closer to home, he served as president of the American Civil Liberties Union of Eugene. 

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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D E C A D E S

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



The Checkered Flag UO student Scott Taylor is only a few yards from victory in a lawnmower race held before a cheering crowd at Hayward Field in 1964.

1924 A campuswide “posture drive” directed toward coeds includes a placard bearing the message “Copy nature—stand up straight” placed near a fir tree, and posters with slogans such as “Do you look like the hump family?”

1934 The acoustic problem of “bouncing notes” at McArthur Court has been solved with the application of sound-absorbing material to the walls and ceiling. Concertgoers had been hearing up to three sounds at once as notes or voices bounced around the auditorium.

1944 “Go Native” dinners are held in the co-ed houses to collect costume jewelry to be used by servicemen for trading with natives in the South Pacific. Two apple boxes of discarded “ornaments” are turned over to the USO to be distributed to the men.

1954 A record number of high school students—more than 500—have applied for scholarships. Many recipients are consistently on the honor roll, and *Old Oregon* reports that graduates who have received aid are “making good” in graduate school as well as in business and professional practice.

1964 Luther Jerstad, writing in *Old Oregon* shortly after summiting Mount Everest, explains his love of mountain climbing by saying that this is where he finds the essence of life. “Society’s superficialities are stripped away, and a man has a chance to see himself as he really was created.”

1974 Attitudes on campus seem to be changing, as indicated by shorter haircuts and a generally more studious atmosphere. Journalism students conduct 30 on-the-street interviews asking fellow students why they are in college. The majority say they want to get a job; one wants to get rich; one hopes to learn how to think; and five are in school because it is better than working. Not a single one is avoiding the draft, and none of the women are looking for husbands.

1984 The UO School of Law celebrates its centennial. Seven students began law courses in Portland in 1884, when the university was a mere eight years old. The law school moved to Eugene in 1915 and now has a student body of 487 and a full-time faculty of 23.

1994 Luis Verrano, a senior instructor in Romance languages, is worried about the welfare of campus squirrels. He has observed crews of people filling bags with acorns in the fall, with “obvious commercial interests,” and suggests in a letter to the *Emerald* that campus security officers “take care of the problem.”

2004 Plans for a new 15,000-seat arena to replace McArthur Court have been put on hold after cost estimates rose to about \$180 million. Mac Court, which seats 9,000, is the second oldest basketball arena among NCAA Division 1 programs.

Tell us what's happening!

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

CLASS NOTES—OREGON QUARTERLY

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The Truck That Keeps on Quacking

By Craig Weckesser '64

Like virtually all University of Oregon alumni, my oldest nephew, Adam Oblack, is a pretty determined Duck. That determination probably explains why, come game day, you just might see Adam behind the wheel of a lemon-and-emerald '67 Chevy pickup we fondly call the Duck Truck.

If you see him, throw him an "O." And remember this story of how Adam and his wife, Caroline (Reidlinger) Oblack '00 (*pictured*), came to be the proud owners of this special truck. It's an adventure that stretches back 47 years, through three generations and across the country.

The year was 1967. Adam's grandfather, Albin Oblack, needed a truck for the family farm in Molalla, Oregon. A dealership in nearby Woodburn had a new, light-blue-and-ivory Chevrolet long-bed pickup. The truck was perfect for the farm, easily hauling produce plus kids and friends. Over time, though, the kids grew up, the demand for hauling slowed down, and Grandpa no longer needed the truck.

Albin's son, Bob, thought he could make good use of the trusty Chevy. Bob, his wife Alice, and their young son Adam—my nephew—lived in Everett, Washington. So north the truck went. The truck wasn't far away on August 1, 1998, when Adam married his Molalla High School sweetheart, Caroline Reidlinger.

Adam and Caroline enrolled at the University of Oregon in 1995. Adam left the UO after two years, but stayed in Eugene until 1999, when he joined the Marines to continue his education. Caroline, meanwhile, earned her degree in educational studies in 2000 as a graduate of the Robert D. Clark Honors College. "We really became Ducks fans when we were both on campus," says Adam. "And it wasn't just football and other sports. When the money allowed, we attended other campus events."

Careers took Adam and Caroline to Fredericksburg, Virginia, but the couple, now with two young boys of their own, returned to Oregon for family visits whenever they could. "We came back to Molalla for a long Memorial Day weekend," says Adam. "Dad said he was going to sell the truck. But I wanted to keep it in the family. I threw out a figure of \$1,000 and Dad accepted."

On February 13, 2009, the truck was loaded onto a hauler for the long trip to Virginia. It was still in its original color scheme, but "very rusted, inside and out. It was clear some work was needed," says Adam. "We had become good friends with a lot of UO alums back in the Virginia area," he adds. "I thought it would be neat to have a truck in Oregon colors."

Caroline wasn't so sure about the project. "I was just worried about the



cost. But we were doing a lot of things with the National Capital Region (NCR) alumni group and, well . . ."

The determined Ducks won the day. On April 26, 2009, the truck was delivered to a body shop in Fredericksburg, highly recommended for its restoration work. Throughout May and June, the rebuild slowly progressed. Bob even came to Virginia to help his son, working to rebuild the old bench seat. It was during that project that the original purchase papers were discovered under the rusty

seat springs—where they were put back in 1967 (that sales receipt is now framed and hangs in the rec room of Adam and Caroline's home).

By June, the truck was ready for the first applications of lemon and emerald paint—piece by piece. "Once the guys at the body shop knew what we were trying to accomplish," says Adam, "they really got into it. The thunder-green rally stripes on the hood were the idea of the body shop guys."

By the end of September, the truck was ready to drive to the Fredericksburg family home. Later, Adam and Caroline celebrated New Year's Day 2011 by joining friends of the NCR alumni chapter playing a game of flag football against counterparts from the Auburn Alumni Association—at the foot of the Washington Monument in D.C. (Yes, that was the year of the Bowl Championship Series game between Oregon and Auburn.)

Although they loved their time in Virginia, Caroline says, "We were absolutely certain we were coming home."

Later that year, a promotion took Adam, then a field representative for an aerospace services company, to Afghanistan. Caroline and the boys returned to Oregon, where she had accepted a management position with the Oregon Health and Science University Foundation in Portland. The Duck Truck came back too, in the giant moving van that brought the Oblack household goods to Oregon.

In 2012, the Oblack family was reunited in a new home in Damascus, Oregon. The ever-loving Duck Truck has since been decorated with Oregon decals. It's made a few trips around the greater Portland area, and is ready, finally, to make its first appearance on the UO campus—47 years after Albin Oblack picked it up to haul produce on the family farm. 

Craig Weckesser '64 earned his degree in journalism at the UO and spent 27 years as a Northwest newspaper reporter and editor, then 13 more as a government public information officer. He has continued as a contract communications specialist and lives with his wife, Susan, in Rochester, Washington.

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