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COVER A page from Ken Kesey's jail journal, now a part of the University of Oregon Libraries Special Collections and University Archives. Story, page 36.



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THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON SUMMER 2014 • VOLUME 93 NUMBER 4

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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

Living and Evolving

I have a friend who used to edit a magazine. Six times a year, he and his staff put out a collection of interviews with some of the most fascinating cultural contributors of our day. The magazine would hit newsstands and mailboxes every two months, then wander to people's nightstands and coffee tables for a few weeks, later to be replaced by other, more timely material. A few years ago, my friend stopped publishing the magazine and began publishing books instead. "They're the same amount of work," he said, "but they last a lot longer."

I can see his point. But for me, a book seems so finite—when it's finished, it's done. With a magazine, you get to start fresh with each issue. You get to create a publication that lives and evolves. You get continual do-overs.

This issue of Oregon Quarterly marks the end of some things, and the beginning of others. Our Autumn issue, which will wander into your mailbox in about three months, will

be significantly different—new size, new paper, new layout. We're excited, and we hope you will

The next issue will also mark a transition in who brings these stories to you. With this issue, we say goodbye to Senior Managing Editor Ross West, who has brought his wit, intellect, and keen sense of story to these pages since 2004. In the two years I've been here at the UO, Ross has shown me the university, Eugene, and the state through the eyes of a true Duck and the words of a gifted writer, and I'll always be grateful for the perspective he's shared with me. We also say goodbye to Tim Jordan, whose first issue as OQ art director was Spring 2005. In the time since, he's brought words and images together masterfully across the pages of dozens of issues and through hundreds of stories, with a visual sensitivity and graphic talent that make every issue a pleasure to look at, as well as to read. (Tim will still be a member of the UO's design team, so I'm hoping we can entice him to join in the fun now and then with our new design.)

With our Autumn issue, we will also welcome two new contributors to the OQ staff: Art Director JoDee Stringham (who's been working



An early issue of Old Oregon, Oregon Quarterly's predecessor. The evolution continues.

on our redesign for the past few months), and Managing Editor Jonathan Graham, who is right now packing up boxes in Indiana to make the big move west.

The first University of Oregon alumni headed out into the world, diplomas in hand, in 1878. Forty-one years later, the first issue of this magazine, then called Old Oregon, was published. Your fall issue will represent many changes, but I think you'll also see the continuity of the UO's mission and spirit represented in its pages. Like the UO, Oregon Quarterly is living and evolving, changing over time, yet true to its roots.

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.

Guiding Future Ducks





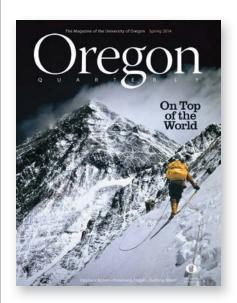




Last year, our student ambassadors led 1,750 tours for campus visitors, setting a UO record and walking nearly 3,000 miles—many of them backwards.

In addition to helping new students make the transition to college life, Student Orientation Programs manages the Ambassador Program, which hosts daily campus visits. Student Orientation Programs is part of the University of Oregon's Office of Enrollment Management which provides services including admissions, registration, matriculation, orientation, financial aid, and scholarships to students, parents, faculty and staff members, alumni, and friends of the university. Learn more about our work at **enroll.uoregon.edu**.





Sad Story Well Told

"The Elephant in the Room" [Spring 2014] really touched me. The abuse of animals is never warranted, even with beasts of burden. When Tusko grabbed his handler for a hug as he died—wow. I have had this happen twice myself: once with a pet parakeet, and once with a pet rat. They definitely have some kind of spark of life. Extremely well written. Thank you.

> Leslie Lyons '95 Springfield

All in the Family

I was delighted to see your nice remarks about the *Pioneer Mother* and what she represents [Editor's Note, Spring 2014], as she's my great-grandmother. The sculpture was a gift to the university from my grandfather, Burt Brown Barker. She has been trying to look away at those glances coming from The Pioneer for decades.

> Iohn Herman '60 Portland

Eco-Trekkers

It's a shame your article on Everest climbers ["On Top of the World," Spring 2014] didn't include reference to the 1971 climb on Everest by members of the University of Oregon's Outdoor Program.

The expedition's objective was to demonstrate that "an expedition can leave a mountain wilderness as they found it, removing all remnants of litter and garbage." They were able to transport 380 pounds of unused food, empty cans, and other garbage, and "cleaned up garbage left by previous parties."

The UO Outdoor Program pioneered "no-trace camping" in the early 1970s, and completed many cleanups of tires and trash from major rivers throughout the Northwest. I was pleased to be part of the efforts on the Salmon River in Idaho.

> Sally Sharrard '68, MA '79 Tacoma, Washington

Editor's note: Read UO Outdoor Program founder Gary Grimm's account of the expedition in the Winter 1971 issue of Old Oregon at OregonQuarterly.com.

Beloved Landmark

Enjoyed all your articles in the last issue, particularly "The Best Tree on Campus" by Conner Gordon. My husband was a math major (classes at Deady) and I was a speech major (classes at Villard). We used to meet outside Deady and then go to coffee. Before I even read the article, I recognized the tree. Fond memories.

> Pat Leonard Davis '55 Milwaukie

P-i-s-g-a-h

When I saw the words "Preserving Pisgah" on the cover of the Spring issue, I got excited! I was a new teacher at Goshen School near Mount Pisgah in 1959. On the first day of school, I asked the sixth graders to write about their summer. Several of them asked how to spell "Pisgah," as many of them had enjoyed exploring that area. Thanks for a wonderful article.

> David Gentry, MEd '65 Stayton

Devastating Shakeup

March 27 at 5:27 P.M. was the 50th anniversary of the Alaska earthquake discussed in "Previewing the Big One" [Spring 2014]. It was a 9.0 on the Richter scale and lasted an agonizing five minutes. I was chief of finance at the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers located on Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage.

I was driving home after work and had just crossed Fourth Street when it happened. The earth twisted and turned and bubbled up and down in four- and five-foot waves, causing my car to slide to and fro, and it landed on the sidewalk.

I got out of the car, but couldn't stand up for long, as the earth was boiling up and down under the pavement. One side of Fourth Street disappeared in a chasm 30 feet deep. The marquis of the theater and the rooftops of the other one-story buildings were even with the sidewalk.

There wasn't electricity and water for days. Buildings were collapsed everywhere. Fortunately, there weren't a lot of high-rise buildings, but the new J.C. Penney store collapsed and the walls fell on the street, crushing a car and the woman inside it.

I was relieved when I got home to find that my wife and two young sons were safe. They ran out of the house and hugged the ground as the earth bounced up and down around them.

I served aboard a destroyer and cruiser in the Pacific during World War II and earned five battle stars for campaigns I fought in during the Pacific War, and the Alaska earthquake was equally devastating in its intensity.

David A. Whelan '50 Forest Knolls, California

A Cut Above

My dad, Bob Hardy '39, was one of the Tall Firs who won the National Championship back in 1939 ["Before the Madness," Spring 2014]. Dad passed away some seven years ago, but his legacy lives on. He carried that competitive spirit all through his life, something my brother Bill and I learned from him early on.

> Bob Hardy Jr. '64 Esparto, California

Art World Heroes

To those of us involved with the art world, it was especially rewarding to read the amazing history of Gordon Gilkey's role in the saga of art theft on a monumental scale and the heroic rescue of these treasures by our own American soldiers in "The Art of War" [Winter 2013].

I would be remiss, however, if I didn't point out another academic, Mark Sponenburgh, who was not only associated with Gilkey in the Office of Strategic Services, but was a professor at both the University of Oregon and Oregon State University.

Sponenburgh, who passed away recently, left the legacy of his driftwood whale sculpture at the entry to Cannon Beach, as well as a wonderful collection in his and his wife's name at the Hallie Ford Museum in Salem. He is listed as one of the prominent

Where ideas come to live.



"Monuments Men" in the book of that name.

As my advisor in the UO graduate sculpture program from 1954 to 1956, Sponenburgh involved me in the exciting formation of the Northwest Institute of Sculpture and the exhibit he organized at the Portland Art Museum for our group. He also provided in-depth instruction in the history of sculpture through his unique course. Although he was considered an Egyptologist, he also became an expert in Pakistani art and spent time in that country between his teaching at the UO and later at OSU under Gilkey.

> Lorraine Balmuth Widman, MFA '56 Portland

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.

As a 1943 UO graduate in economics and an ROTC cadet, I was not prepared for the capture of the German gold reserves and Berlin art treasures in a salt mine at Merkers, Germany, on Easter Day, 1945. My division, the 90th, captured the mine and I, as a young officer, was put in charge of guarding the discovery and helping move both the huge amount of gold and all of the precious artworks from the mine to safety. Later, I wrote a book about my experience, Below the Salt. The "Monuments Men" have received much publicity of late for their fine work in recovering art, but at Merkers, it was our infantry that did the job. Later, we were joined by several Monuments Men, who sorted the art and supervised its move from the mine.

> Iohn Busterud '43 San Rafael, California

Slightly Off Track

It's a trivial matter, but I believe the photo of the finish of a lawnmower race, which you indicate is taking place at Hayward Field, is of the practice field situated just behind Hayward ["Decades," Spring 2014]. I believe



that Hayward Field, even in 1964, had a composition track surface, whereas what you show is a cinder track. I am quite familiar with the practice track, since I ran on it many times a week during my graduate studies at Oregon. Fred Delcomyn, PhD '69 Urbana, Illinois

CORRECTION

Our "In Memoriam" note on the passing of Robert "Bob" Felsing in the Spring 2014 issue incorrectly referred to him as Herman. Felsing, who served as Knight Library's East Asian bibliographer for 12 years, died December 1, 2013.





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A Mystery Laid Bare

"Mention Easter Island to just about anyone and 'mystery' immediately comes to mind," begins The Statues That Walked: Unraveling the Mystery of Easter Island (Free Press, 2011) by Terry Hunt, who joined the University of Oregon as dean of the Clark Honors College this year, and coauthor Carl Lipo. In the excerpt below, the authors' anthropological investigation offers new insight into how a South Pacific island known to have once harbored verdant forests became the bleak landscape we associate with the remote island we now call Rapa Nui.

barren and exposed it is hard to imagine that the island was once covered with a dense palm forest. Reconstructing the nature of the island's forest and explaining the timing and causes of its dramatic loss would be critical to understanding the whole story of the island, and we set out to determine exactly how the deforestation figured in the island's alleged collapse.

A variety of research now shows that when Polynesians first set foot on Rapa Nui it was indeed covered in a forest of literally millions of giant palms. Similar to their cousins that survive on the Chilean mainland, these stately trees towered to heights well over 100 feet, making them among the largest palm trees in the world. They grew slowly, perhaps taking as much as a century to reach maturity and bear fruit, and then living for hundreds more years....

That the lush forest had vanished was of no doubt, but we had many questions about how quickly that had happened and why. On the subject of deforestation, [UCLA professor of geography] Jared Diamond had nicely summed up the conventional story this way:

Eventually Easter's growing population was cutting the forest more rapidly than the forest was regenerating. The people used land for gardens and wood for fuel, canoes, and houses—and of course, for lugging statues. As forest disappeared, the islanders ran out of timber and rope to transport and erect

their statues. Life became more uncomfortable—springs and streams dried up, and wood was no longer available for fires....

For his account [Collapse: How Societies Choose to Fail or Succeed], Diamond had drawn on the work of archaeologist and popular author Paul Bahn and paleoecologist John Flenley, who had addressed the same issue in their book Easter Island, Earth Island by conjecturing that:

The person who felled the last tree could see that it was the last tree. But he (or she) still felled it. This is what is so worrying. Humankind's covetousness is boundless. Its selfishness appears to be genetically inborn. Selfishness leads to survival. Altruism leads to death. The selfish gene wins. But in a limited ecosystem, selfishness leads to increasing population imbalance, population crash, and ultimately extinction.

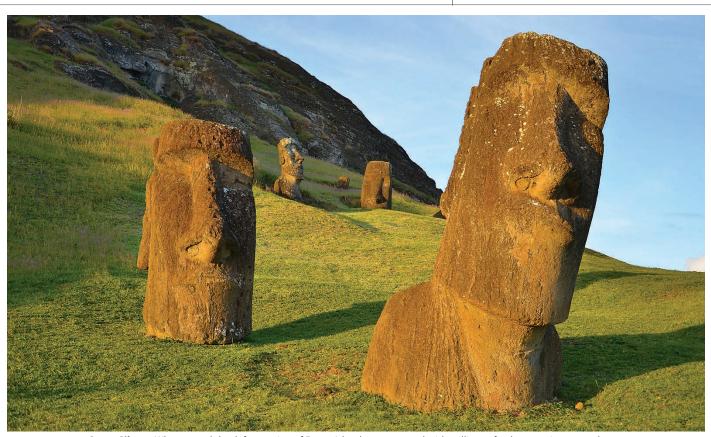
We had grown skeptical of this interpretation. So we decided to take a close look at all of the evidence about what might have happened to the island's magisterial palms.

[Archaeologist Steve] Athens's work, combined with . . . other evidence, suggested a compelling new explanation of what happened to the forests of Rapa Nui. After the Polynesian colonists arrived on the island, in about AD 1200, the rats they had brought with them gorged themselves on the unlimited food supply. Millions of giant palm trees offered a virtually endless buffet of nuts. Laboratory studies of

rat reproductive potential under such ideal conditions document that populations can double every 47 days. Starting with only a single mating pair, the rats could have attained numbers into the millions in just two years or so. Eventually the rat population would have gone into decline, adjusting their numbers to the amount of available food

The ecological case for this scenario is so strong that one has to ask how the rats could *not* have brought dramatic devastation on the *Jubaea* palms, and other native plants, as well as preying of course on nesting seabirds, land birds, and their eggs and chicks, in addition to snails and many insects, dramatically and rapidly transforming Rapa Nui's ecology.

We were to learn, in fact, that the idea that rats played a major role in Rapa Nui's deforestation was not entirely new. Anthropologist Grant McCall told us that in 1968 he recalls the resident Catholic priest and researcher on Rapa Nui, Sebastian Englert, telling him about "little coconut seeds" (Jubaea palm nut shells) he had found in "rat caves." That may have been the first inkling of the role the rats had played. Botanist John Dransfield, who joined John Flenley in early pollen studies on Rapa Nui, also noted the discovery of nuts of the extinct palm in caves, which had been gnawed by rodents, and they argued that this "could have helped to make the species extinct." And John Flenley and his associates



Stony Silence What caused the deforestation of Easter Island, once covered with millions of palm trees, is among the mysteries examined by the UO's Terry Hunt and coauthor Carl Lipo in The Statues That Walked.

had also hypothesized that "the effects of introduced rodents on the biota of oceanic islands are known frequently to have been disastrous . . . and it seems that Easter Island may have been no exception. Whether the extinction of the palm owes more to the prevention of regeneration by rodents, or to the eating of the fruits by man, or to the felling of the mature trees, remains an open question." That question had simply not been followed up on....

Of course many islands have native forest that has persisted despite invasion by the Polynesian rat. But as biologists tell us, each island is unique in its history, biodiversity, and biogeography. To argue a false and simple cause-effect that "rats mean deforestation" would assume that diverse islands share the same history and ecology. Jared Diamond said it well: "Rats have caused catastrophic extinction waves on some islands, a few extinctions on others, and no visible effect on still others."

Having learned about all of these findings, we set out to determine what the evidence would tell us more specifically about rat devastation on Rapa Nui. We weren't going to assume that rats accounted entirely for Rapa Nui's deforestation, even though left alone they probably could have. The remaining question was what were the relative impacts of rats, fires, and the felling of trees by the colonizers on Rapa Nui's deforestation.

We know from early historic visitors that the deforestation was complete or nearly so by about AD 1722. A dense forest of palm trees and more than 20 other woody tree and shrub species had mostly disappeared. At least six land birds, several seabirds, and an unknown number of other native species were lost to extinction. Many of these losses occurred before Europeans reached the island. Other extinctions probably came after livestock were introduced to the island by Europeans, causing environmental abuse. By the late 19th century thousands of introduced sheep, cattle, and horses were grazing freely over the island and would surely have delivered a final blow to native plants or animals that may have survived.

For Rapa Nui we have seen that deforestation began shortly after Polynesian arrival, but loss of the native forest took 400 years, perhaps longer, with remnants of the vegetation lasting long enough to be witnessed by Europeans. Over this same

period, Polynesian numbers increased to a maximum population of 3,000 or so by about AD 1350, even as the forest decreased. While colonists on Rapa Nui would face other problems, deforestation did not, therefore, spell disaster. Nor was the story one of people recklessly cutting down the island's last tree.

The best evidence suggested to us that one of the primary rationales for the ecocide scenario of the fate of the island was badly flawed. A great deal about the nature of the native culture had been inferred from the notion that the islanders had been reckless in their management of the forest. If they had, in fact, had so little to do with its depletion, we believed it was now imperative to fundamentally rethink the story of what sort of environmental stewards they were. We also wondered how much of the rest of the story might turn out to be different. @

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WEB EXTRA: View a slide show of author Terry Hunt's photographs of Rapa Nui at OregonQuarterly.com.

Compared to many sports, golf would seem to be a model of civility, a game of calm contemplation played in pastoral surroundings. In reality, it is the second-most litigated sport (baseball is first), says John H. Minan, JD '72, an avid golfer and professor of law at the University of San Diego. In The Little Book of Golf Law (American Bar Association, 2013), Minan presents 39 golf-related legal cases that address areas of law from torts and contracts to sovereign immunity and antitrust. In the adaptation below, Minan describes a case that represents perhaps the most common legal question a golfer might have: "What is my liability for hitting another player with a golf ball?"

EN HOGAN REMARKED THAT "golf is a game of misses." A lawyer might add that missing another player with a golf shot is a good way to avoid being sued for negligence.

In most cases, successfully suing another player for negligence is difficult. Courts frequently reason that golfers assume the risks inherent in the game, including being hit by an errant shot. But all is not lost for the injured player. Other legal theories, such as recklessness or intentional conduct by the defendant, may be available under the right circumstances.

In the popular movie *Sideways*, Miles Raymond and Jack Cole decide to play a round of golf during a California winetasting road trip. The banter between Jack and Miles slows down the pace of play. This prompts a frustrated golfer playing behind them to "hit into them" to encourage them to pick up the pace. It doesn't. Miles hits the offending ball back at the group. The return volley rattles off the offender's golf cart, and things escalate from there. Ultimately, Jack charges the group, wildly swinging a club and yelling, "This is going to be fun!" On the one hand, the offending salvo, the return volley, and the wild charge are certainly not risks inherent in the game of golf. On the other hand, being "hit into" is common and often causes heated exchanges.

Shin v. Ahn

The setting was the par-four, 13th hole at the Rancho Park Golf Course in Los Angeles. This popular public course, which was built in the late 1940s, is owned and operated by the city of Los Angeles. The fairways are lined with mature trees, and the terrain is generally hilly. By all accounts, it is a pleasant place to play golf.

On the ill-fated day, Johnny Shin, Jeffrey Frost, and Jack Ahn were playing together as a threesome. After putting out



Casey Martin, left, is shown here with former Senator Bob Dole, center, and Senator Tom Harkin. The UO head coach for men's golf since 2006, Martin took golf law all the way to the Supreme Court. As a professional golfer with a physical disability that prevents him from walking the course during competition, Martin invoked the Americans with Disabilities Act to allow him to use a golf cart in PGA Tour, Inc. v. Martin (2001). In a case that reverberated well beyond the golf course, the court ruled 7-2 in Martin's favor. The case is among 39 described in The Little Book of Golf Law.

on the 12th hole, Ahn headed for the 13th tee box. Shin and Frost finished putting and followed. Shin took a shortcut up the hill toward the tee box, which placed him in front of Ahn and to his left.

Shin stopped to check his cell phone for messages and to get a bottle of water from his golf bag. He was then about 25 to 35 feet in front of Ahn, who was getting ready to tee off.

With Shin in front of Ahn, the stage was set for disaster. But some facts were disputed. Shin claimed that Ahn saw him standing in front of him, which Ahn denied. Ahn claimed that he did not see Shin, either when he took a practice swing or when he actually teed off.

His tee ball didn't go as planned. Ahn, who is right-handed, pulled his tee shot to the left, whacking Shin in the head. It is not certain how much distance he lost by Shin getting in the way. In any event, Shin sued Ahn in negligence for his "disabling, serious, and permanent" injuries.

As a general matter, two types of implied assumption of the risk exist: primary and secondary. Primary assumption exists when a golfer is considered to have accepted the risks inherent in the game. In such a case, the courts will reason that the defendant owes the plaintiff *no duty* to protect the plaintiff from conduct that is a foreseeable and customary part of the game. Without the existence of a duty, a plaintiff's claim of negligence fails. Some jurisdictions have adopted statutes that provide that a person who takes part in a sport accepts, as a matter of law, the inherent risks that are obvious and a necessary part of the game. You might think of it in the following terms: If

you are a boxer, you should not complain if you get hit while boxing.

In the secondary form of implied assumption of the risk, the plaintiff knows about a particular risk and acts unreasonably in voluntarily encountering that risk. It may or may not bar recovery. In some jurisdictions, for example, this form of assumption of risk doctrine does not bar recovery, but results in the application of principles of comparative negligence, in which liability is apportioned between the plaintiff and the defendant.

In Shin, the trial court initially granted the defendant's motion for summary judgment. The court then changed its mind and ordered a new trial to determine if Ahn's actions increased the risk beyond those assumed by Shin. The defendant disagreed with the court's change of heart and appealed, arguing that he should prevail as a matter of law.

The court of appeal affirmed. It found that Ahn had breached the duty to ascertain Shin's whereabouts before hitting, and ordered a new trial to apportion the

fault between the parties. It saw the matter as fitting with the category of secondary assumption of the risk. The appellate court reasoned that the no-duty rule of primary assumption applied only when the injured golfer was playing with a different group of golfers. Therefore, because Shin and Ahn were playing in the same threesome, the primary assumption of the risk (no-duty rule) was inapplicable.

The California Supreme Court stepped into the fray, framing the decision as the "next generation" of jurisprudence following the landmark case of Knight v. Jewett, which was based on avoiding legal rules that impose liability in "contact sports" for "ordinary careless conduct."

The court applied the *Knight* primary assumption of the risk doctrine to golf even though it is not considered a contact sport. It also rejected the appellate court's reasoning that assumption of the risk was limited to situations where the plaintiff and defendant are playing together in the same group. The duty of a golfer turns on the nature of the game, and not on whether the defendant is playing with the plaintiff in the same group.

The court cautioned that being hit by a poorly struck golf ball is an inherent risk of the game. In short, a mishit ball that strikes another is simply a risk that any golfer assumes. As a matter of policy, holding a golfer liable for a mishit shot would have the undesirable effect of encouraging lawsuits and preventing golfers from playing the game.

The Shin decision reflects the general reluctance to apply principles of simple negligence to mishit shots that cause injury. It was based on the concern of turning a pleasant day on the golf course into a visit to the courthouse.

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BOOKSHELF

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.

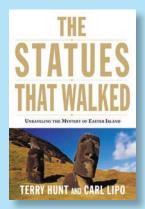
A Death-Struck Year (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, 2014) by Makiia Lucier '97. Lucier's debut novel follows a 17-year-old student in Portland who volunteers for the Red Cross during the influenza epidemic of 1918. The American Booksellers Association named A Death-Struck Year to its spring 2014 Indies Introduce New Voices list, which highlights the best in new talent for the upcoming season.

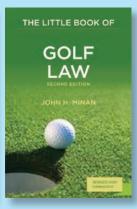
Mask, Fins, and Snorkel: The Adventure Guide to Maui's Best Snorkeling (Honolua Press, 2014) by Rich Schieber '87. "Grab your gear, take along this guide, and I'll point you to some great snorkeling," writes Rich Schieber. In 2012, he and his wife Sharon (Rice) Schieber '88, selfdescribed "snorkel fanatics," spent countless hours exploring Maui's coastline. This volume gathers notes, photos, and maps to "share the wonder of Maui's underwater world with others."

Excerpted in this issue

THE STATUES THAT WALKED: **UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY OF EASTER ISLAND** by Terry Hunt and Carl Lipo (Free Press, 2011)

THE LITTLE BOOK OF GOLF LAW by John H. Minan (American Bar Association, 2013)



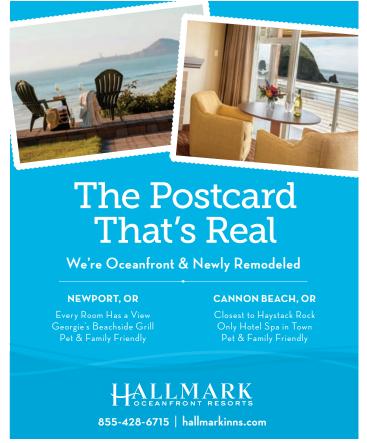


Organic: A Journalist's Quest to Discover the Truth Behind Food Labeling (Lyons Press, 2014) by Peter Laufer, UO James Wallace Chair in Journalism. Laufer's latest project began after "eating some suspect organic walnuts that supposedly were produced in Kazakhstan." His subsequent journey to discover the origins of his food is "an eye-opening and entertaining look into the anything-goes world behind the organic label."

Skookum Summer (University of Washington Press, 2014) by Jack Hart, former faculty member and dean of the UO School of Journalism and Communication. In an "engaging ode to the dark and charming twilight of Northwest log towns," Hart's novel "juggles murder and romance, meth labs and fly fishing, journalistic ethics and smalltown ethos, all with aplomb."

The Mixtecs of Oaxaca: Ancient Times to the **Present** (University of Oklahoma Press, 2013) by Ronald Spores '54 and Andrew K. Balkansky. Using archaeological, historical, and ethnographic data, Spores and Balkansky "trace the emergence and evolution of Mixtec civilization from the time of earliest human occupation to the present."



















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MUSICOLOGY

The Hip-Hop Prof

Loren Kajikawa brings an increasingly popular musical form into the realm of serious study.

"Rats in the front room Roaches in the back Junkies in the alley with a baseball bat"

HAT'S THE GRIM WORLD DEscribed in Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five's 1982 classic "The Message," the first hip-hop song to draw widespread admiration from music critics and fans alike. It's also the first music Loren Kajikawa, born in Los Angeles in 1975, remembers. "My earliest musical memories were hearing hip-hop and rap," he says.

As an assistant professor of musicology and ethnomusicology in the UO's School of Music and Dance, Kajikawa now puts his lifelong love of the genre to scholarly use in his classes in musicology, music in the 20th century, music of the Americas, American ethnic and protest music, and yes, hip-hop music.

He didn't decide to pursue hip-hop academically until his final year as an ethnic studies major at the University of California, Berkeley, when he wrote his senior thesis about Asian American jazz musicians. During the process, he gained a deeper understanding of the role music could play in forming ethnic identity. "I realized retroactively that all that listening had been a kind of training," says Kajikawa,

who is Caucasian and Japanese American. "I'd been doing research all these years!"

Early on, academics struggled with outsider status when it came to studying popular culture and music. Some European observers initially dismissed, for example, Javanese gamelan music and African drumming as "primitive" because of the lack of harmonic development that defined genius in 19th-century Europe. But they were approaching the genres from a limited perspective, entirely missing the melodic intricacy of the former and the rhythmic sophistication of the latter. Composer Claude Debussy was among the few 19th-century Europeans who took non-Western music seriously, noting that "Javanese music obeys laws of counterpoint that make Palestrina seem like child's play. and if one listens to it without being prejudiced by one's European ears, one will find a percussive charm that forces one to admit that our own music is not much more than a barbarous kind of noise more fit for a traveling circus."

Kajikawa was cognizant of his outsider status when he decided to address hip-hop as a scholar. Serious study of the genre had only begun in the 1990s, and when Kajikawa began researching hip-hop in graduate school at UCLA in 2001, he entered an academic world that drew criticism for studying pop culture—from graffiti to comic books—that some deemed unworthy of serious academic attention.

But times have changed. "It's gone from maybe a week in a popular-music survey course to now starting to see people of my generation able to teach entire classes on the topic," Kajikawa says.

His work at the UO examines the creative decision-making at the heart of the most inventive hip-hop, and also aims to help overcome popular misconceptions. "It's important that people understand there's no one kind of hip-hop," he says. "Over 35 years of recorded music history, there's an incredible diversity of artists, styles, politics, aesthetics, geographic diversity, and audiences under that umbrella."

Listeners attuned to musical styles with "long singing melodies and complex harmonic progressions, where you're really being taken on a kind of journey," may miss out on hip-hop's virtues, which are instead "built on repeating grooves and beats," Kajikawa explains. "The challenge for producers is to create beats that, even though repetitious, are pleasurable to listen to. There's less emphasis on harmonic development, but producers pay a lot of attention to timbre," the character of sound apart from its pitch. "It's about the creative juxtaposition of different timbres—samples of an obscure record from the '70s, a James Brown drum pattern, a classical Indian raga—and the interaction between different layers of grooves," he says. "That's the aesthetic pay dirt."

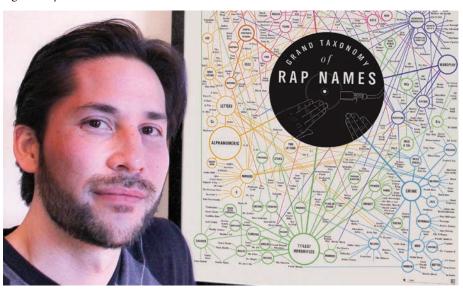
Beyond the music, hip-hop also prizes

"the lyrical and rhythmic virtuosity of the MC or rapper, the way the rhymes are constructed, at the level of both content and form—that's where a lot of the pleasure is for listeners," says Kajikawa, who sometimes asks students to memorize a complex hip-hop arrangement so they will see how difficult it is to create. "There's a real sense of artistry that is not always audible to all

In a presentation about early hip-hop at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in Cleveland last year, he coordinated audio samples with his own measure-by-measure graphic transcription of a live 1978 track to reveal how the legendary DJ Grandmaster Flash ingeniously mixed various elements—vocal

mainstream culture. The story of the great, doomed rapper Tupac Shakur is coming to Broadway; Nas just performed a 20th anniversary concert celebration of his classic album *Illmatic* with a full orchestra at the Kennedy Center; the Roots have replaced Doc Severinsen in *The Tonight Show* band. "I'm old enough to remember the growing pains: the way the music was considered a passing fad, and the moral panic, similar to rock in the '50s, stemming from anxiety about this form of music predominantly by African American artists," says Kajikawa. "It's difficult for students today to relate to that. They grew up in a world where hiphop was in the top 40."

In fact, that comfort level troubles



Loren Kajikawa, assistant professor of musicology and ethnomusicology

lines, instrumental breaks, loops, precisely timed transitions, beats, scratches—just as composers have done with other musical elements throughout history. With a contagious enthusiasm and lucid explanations, Kajikawa successfully juxtaposed "academese" terms such as "narrative structures" and "repeating cycles of symmetrical beats" with verses such as "Let's rock, y'all, non-stop, y'all." His illuminating talk and scholarly publications demonstrate the value of rigorous, informed study of one of today's most pervasive and important cultural phenomena.

His UO students don't need convincing about hip-hop's value. "Students come in with a healthy level of interest and investment in the music already," he says. "I have to turn dozens away every time I teach it."

Hip-hop has thoroughly permeated

Kajikawa. He encourages students not to treat hip-hop as mere background music or a finished product, but instead to closely examine the creative choices made by producers and artists. And he reminds students who haven't grown up in black communities that what they hear in hip-hop is "not necessarily a transparent reflection of what African American communities are really like. If you're getting your info about what things are like in the 'hood through music, remember that it is music and art—but it's also put out there to sell records. There's a critical approach that I try to emphasize."

That's where Kajikawa's outsider status actually helps. "I don't ever pretend in my work or teaching that I speak for people who had a different upbringing, or understand what that's like," he says. "But I can call attention to social issues that are being raised in the music, from police brutality to devastation of economic opportunities in inner-city neighborhoods. We're all outsiders and insiders in various ways. Being an outsider in that way helps me connect with students and help them figure out how to connect to the music." His journey from outsider to expert mirrors that of musicology itself, which now pays serious attention to hip-hop and other nonclassical music.

Kajikawa would like to see the School of Music and Dance, which he says is very supportive of his teaching courses in the history of hip-hop and studying it from an academic and historical point of view, reach students who want to be involved in creating and performing the music.

"There's tremendous potential for the university to tap into the interest of students who want to learn DJ techniques and the basics of beat-making."

Even for students who don't intend to become rappers or electronic musicians, "If you want to be a working musician today, you need that kind of versatility," Kajikawa maintains. "I see the future moving from just academic study to a totally well-rounded program with performance ensembles," as happened with jazz education half a century ago. "There were no jazz conservatories in the 1940s and '50s. Today, you have these amazingly vibrant university jazz programs like the one that Steve Owen leads here. I'm hoping the course that I teach is sort of a step in that direction." It's not the only one. He and his wife have a five-year-old son and nine-year-old daughter, and to help build their vocabularies, he's teaching them to memorize the lyrics of some hip-hop songs.

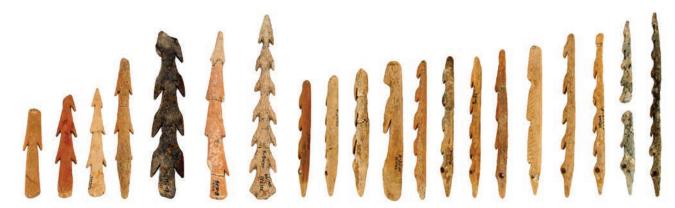
-Brett Campbell, MS '96

WEBEXTRA: Find Loren Kajikawa's top-five hiphop albums from four decades and watch his presentation at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame at OregonQuarterly.com.

MCNAIR SCHOLARS PROGRAM

Gabriel Sanchez, Cultural Explorer

A young archaeologist investigates whaling among the Northwest Coast's indigenous peoples.

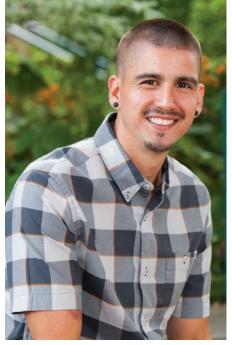


EADING UP INTERSTATE 5 with a box of 2,000-year-old harpoon fragments in the back seat of his truck, Gabriel Sanchez, Class of 2014, was feeling a bit nervous. It's not every day that an undergrad studying at a university clear across the country from the Smithsonian Institution gets to borrow some of their irreplaceable artifacts.

"We had to pull some strings to make it happen," says Sanchez's advisor, Jon Erlandson, who helped arrange the loan. Erlandson, professor of archaeology and executive director of the UO's Museum of Natural and Cultural History (MNCH), recalls plucking the promising young researcher from a potential work-study desk job in the anthropology office. "I said, 'No, give him to me!" he says. "I'm so impressed with him. He's just extraordinary."

Sanchez was transporting the fragments, originally excavated at a coastal archaeological site near Seaside, Oregon, to a lab in Portland for blood-residue analysis. He hoped to find out if any of them had been used for whaling—a novel concept to most coastal archaeologists, who generally believe that while the region's indigenous residents hunted seals, sea lions, salmon, and more, they didn't mess with whales.

An anthropology major and member of the McNair Scholars Program (a federal program that helps students from groups underrepresented in graduate education prepare for doctoral studies), Sanchez focused his undergraduate research project on the Par-Tee archaeological site near



TOP: Samples of single-piece harpoon heads recovered from the Par-Tee archaeological site near Seaside, Oregon; ABOVE: Gabriel Sanchez.

Seaside, excavated in the 1960s and '70s. The site yielded a large trove of artifacts, now housed mainly at the Smithsonian and the MNCH.

Previously, while working with various collections at the UO and interning with the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, Sanchez had come upon numerous oral histories from the Tillamook and Clatsop tribes that related to hunting whales, using whale

parts, and scavenging whale carcasses that had washed up on shore. "There is a large amount of oral history related to whales and other sea mammals on the Oregon Coast," Sanchez says, "but it was long stated that whale hunting was not important here."

Sanchez decided to see if he could validate the oral histories, and with Erlandson's help, he set up a trip to the Smithsonian to study the Par-Tee collection. "It's a very significant collection, numbering in the tens of thousands of pieces, from beavers and smaller mammals, to cormorants and albatross, to sea otters, elk, and whales," says Torben Rick, PhD '04, curator of North American Archaeology at the Smithsonian. "If it swims or sits on a rock, it's probably in the collection."

With support from several UO departments, including the Office for Research, Innovation, and Graduate Education, the College of Arts and Sciences, the Office of the Vice President for Equity and Inclusion, and the McNair Scholars Program, Sanchez flew to Washington, D.C., staying at a hostel just a couple of blocks from the Smithsonian. "This was my first exposure to large-scale research and collections," he says. "It was a little intimidating."

Every day he packed a lunch and took a bus to Suitland, Maryland, where the Smithsonian's collections are housed, and immersed himself in his work. He explored drawer after drawer of bone fragments and other artifacts from the site, recording data from 70 harpoon points, looking at CT scans, and examining whale bones.

One of the bones, a phalange with a piece of bone harpoon embedded in it, had been recently discovered by Rob Losey, PhD '02, and had caused considerable excitement. "It was a smoking gun," Rick says. "What did it mean? Were they actually whaling, or was it just a child's toy?"

Losey had analyzed DNA samples from the phalange and the harpoon, determining that the phalange was from a humpback whale, and the harpoon head was made from the bone of an elk—the same type of elk that people were eating at the site. "This showed us that opportunistic whaling might have happened on the coast," Rick says.

Sanchez was intrigued. Finding an archaeologist in Portland who could do blood-residue analysis on the harpoon fragments, he had them shipped to the UO.

While the testing did not confirm any whale blood on the fragments, it did show trout, salmon, and steelhead blood, Sanchez says. "Studies like this help us understand the human past in Oregon as well as what is happening in the present,"

Rick says. "It allows us to rewind the clock and see what was there a thousand years ago, as well as informing the natural history and conservation of whales today."

While the field of archaeology is full of fragmented data, each little study adds a piece to the puzzle, Rick says. "Gabriel's work is a small but important component of this larger framework," he says. "It's fantastic that he was able to take advantage of those collections. He's a pretty novel kid."

The son of a Mexican rancher who managed a vineyard in Northern California, Sanchez never dreamed his life might follow this path. "I had a humble background," he says. "My dad was an immigrant, my mom worked for the Department of Human Services, and my grandma worked in the pear sheds. Everyone I knew was a rancher, a farmer, or they worked in the mills. I would never have thought I'd be here in Oregon, let alone be a coastal archaeologist."

He credits his upbringing, and especially time spent with his very traditional Mexican grandmother, for much of his interest in cultural anthropology. "I have a different culture from most people," he says. "We have a lot of pride in our heritage." He notes wryly that anthropologists themselves tend to not be a very diverse lot. "I believe I can bring a different perspective due to my cultural background," he says.

Sanchez has been accepted into a PhD program at the University of California, Berkeley, where he plans to become a zooarchaeologist (one who studies faunal remains). He will continue to concentrate on indigenous coastal peoples, and using an ecological approach, he will study the effects of climate change and colonization, and how humans have affected their local environments.

When he first went to college, Sanchez says, people told him that anthropology wasn't a viable field. But, with the help of the McNair Scholars program, he's proved them wrong. "I found a community of likeminded people," he says. "I had really good mentors and internships. If it wasn't for them, I wouldn't be where I am now."

-Rosemary Howe Camozzi '96

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Brain Drain

Social networks can be helpful when it comes to solving problems—perhaps too helpful, according to a new study that finds overreliance may have evolutionary consequences.

EACHING OUT TO YOUR SOCIAL networks is a good approach to solving a problem, but using that approach time after time may stunt your analytical ability.

That's the conclusion reached by University of Oregon assistant professor Azim Shariff and a team of international colleagues who studied how individuals in various social settings find answers to challenges. Social networks encompass many scenarios, from divisions within organizations, to fraternities and sororities, to connections on Facebook and Twitter.

"Social information is useful," says Shariff, who heads the Culture and Morality Lab of the UO Department of Psychology. "It helped participants get to the answer, but it didn't help them understand the thinking process underlying that answer. If you have a good enough system to get information, you don't have to think at all. You don't need to develop a solution yourself."

While learning from others is an important cultural mechanism for adaptation, human capacity for independent analytical reasoning is equally important. The study found that social learning does not further this cognitive strategy.

Conducted at the UO and published in the Journal of the Royal Society Interface, an academic journal that promotes research "at the interface between the physical and life sciences," the study involved 100 subjects whose average age was just under 20. Working individually on computers, the subjects were faced with seven challenges and had five opportunities to provide solutions.

Most of the subjects were placed randomly in four distinct groups connected by a computer network. A control group consisted of individuals working solo, unconnected to others. The experimental groups faced five rounds of questions, which had to be completed within a particular time limit. They first tackled each question alone, but in each subsequent round, they saw the answers provided by others in their group. As the rounds progressed, each subject could stay



Azim Shariff, assistant professor of psychology

"If you have a good enough system to get information, you don't have to think at all."

with an answer or adopt one from others in their network. As the sequence progressed, more correct answers emerged.

Most of the initial answers were indicative of quick, intuitive assumptions. As individuals were exposed to more thoughtful answers, Shariff says, they adopted, or copied, an answer that revealed the need for analytical thinking, but they didn't learn the strategy to find the correct answer for themselves. "When people make false intuitive conclusions and are exposed to the analytic output of their peers, they recognize and adopt this correct output," he says. "But in every subsequent question, they defaulted back to the intuitive strategy and didn't engage in analytical reasoning."

In their conclusion, the researchers wrote, "Our results suggest that while people's common bias in favor of intuition can lead to problematic decisions, social learning fixes this problem, but only superficially. In other words, social learning does not seem to

center starting

fall 2014

help individuals bypass their bias in favor of intuition, but rather helps society as a whole thrive despite this bias."

Shariff and coauthor Jean-François Bonnefon, a behavioral scientist at the Centre National de la Recherche Scientifique in Toulouse, France, designed the study based on an idea put to them by the paper's lead author, Iyad Rahwan, who heads the Social Computing and Artificial Intelligence Laboratory at the Masdar Institute of Science and Technology in Abu Dhabi, United Arab Emirates.

Social networks are extremely useful in the short term, says Bonnefon, who studies judgment and decision-making. "You have a problem, you go on YouTube and you see someone solving your problem and you imitate the solution. But that will not tell you how to think through the problem so that you can generalize the solution to a related problem. You become dependent on your social network."

This dependency is problematic from a cultural evolutionary standpoint, Shariff says. "If nobody is actually out there discovering solutions, if everybody is just imitating things, we create no new knowledge. We need people who are actually figuring out these questions."

-Jim Barlow

Don't Trust Your Intuition

Okay, your turn. Of the seven questions posed to subjects in the study, the following three were most often met with incorrect intuitive answers. To solve each one accurately, intuition needed to be set aside in favor of analytical reasoning. You're on your own. (answers below)

- A) In a lake, there is a patch of lily pads. Every day, the patch doubles in size. If it takes 48 days for the patch to cover the entire lake, how long would it take for the patch to cover half the lake?
- B) If it takes five machines five minutes to make five widgets, how long would it take 100 machines to make 100 widgets? Write the answer in minutes.
- C) A bat and a ball cost \$1.10 in total. The bat costs \$1.00 more than the ball. How much does the ball cost?

Answers: A-47; B-5; C-5 cents



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EVANS SCHOLARSHIP

Dream on the Green

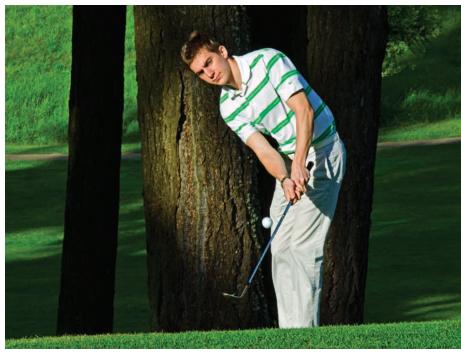
Carrying golfers' clubs may seem an unlikely way to launch a successful college career, but for the UO's Evans Scholars, it's par for the course.

OLF IS NOT VERY POPULAR in Romania," says Tudor Bertea, a fourth-year student in the University of Oregon's five-year bachelor of architecture program. With his closely cut hair, neatly tucked polo shirt, and crisp khaki pants, he looks as though he could have stepped out of a J. Crew catalog—or a golf course clubhouse.

Born in Bucharest, Romania, Bertea was just 11 years old when his parents chose Portland, Oregon, as the place to make a better life for their only child. Leaving behind everything they knew, the small family set out in pursuit of the classic American dream—which included signing their son up for golf lessons. Like many things in their new homeland, golf seemed unfamiliar and a bit mysterious, but the young Bertea desperately wanted a way to connect with his sports-playing American friends. That first swing of a golf club set into motion a series of events that would change his life forever. "That experience was huge," he says.

Bertea took to the game and continued with lessons, and when he was 15, his golfswing coach suggested that he become a caddie. The teenager would wake up at 6:00 A.M. to carry clubs, earning \$40 for 18 holes. Working two shifts a day at the Portland Golf Club, he quickly rose up in the caddie ranks. The money was good, but that's not all that kept him coming back. "I loved the whole aura of golf," he says. "I liked being on the green, just as the sun would come up, the solitude. It was so nice. And the discipline. It definitely instilled a set of principles. It was up to you to make your own path."

Until he became a caddie, Bertea wasn't sure higher education was in his future. "College works differently in Romania," he says. In that country, he explains, college is funded by the state and is essentially a continuation of high school. His father, a civil engineer, encouraged his son to pursue a challenging career, but the idea of saving for college, applying for financial aid, or



True Drive Tudor Bertea takes a swing at the Laurelwood Golf Course near campus. The architecture major is attending the UO with support from the Evans Scholars Foundation, which recently chose the UO as the site of its first Scholarship House in the Northwest.

choosing a program was foreign to his family. "I had to seek out college and explain it to my parents. Everything was brand new to everybody. The idea of paying for college was never discussed." The money Bertea earned caddying, and the exposure to successful adults on the golf course, enabled him to think about college as a real, viable option. "You are surrounded by success," he says. "I loved hearing the members' stories and it drove me even more to be successful, to want to go to college."

That same swing coach who introduced him to caddying also encouraged Bertea to apply for a special college financial aid program, the Evans Scholarship. Established by famed amateur golfer Charles "Chick" Evans Jr. in 1930, the Evans Scholars Foundation provides scholarships to high school students who have caddied for at least two vears—regardless of whether or not they intend to remain involved with golf in college. The scholarship awards are based on a combination of financial need, academic merit, and demonstration of character.

Bertea applied for the scholarship and tried to forget about it, figuring he had a slim chance among the many student caddies across the country competing for aid. Then one day during his senior year, he was called into the clubhouse at the Portland Golf Club, where he still caddied. The room was full of the people he'd carried golf bags for, along with his swing coach all beaming. They told him he'd earned the Evans Scholarship—full tuition, room, and board for four years at the University of Oregon, valued at \$70,000. "I was ecstatic," he says. His American dream of going to college would come true.

Bertea is one of just 12 Evans Scholars currently attending the UO. But in February, the Western Golf Association (WGA), which sponsors the Evans

Scholars Foundation, announced its selection of the University of Oregon as the site for a major expansion of the scholarship program. The WGA is opening a scholarship house on campus, where as many as 50 Evans Scholars will live together as they pursue their degrees. Bertea is excited for the additional opportunities the incoming scholars will have as they support and connect with each other.

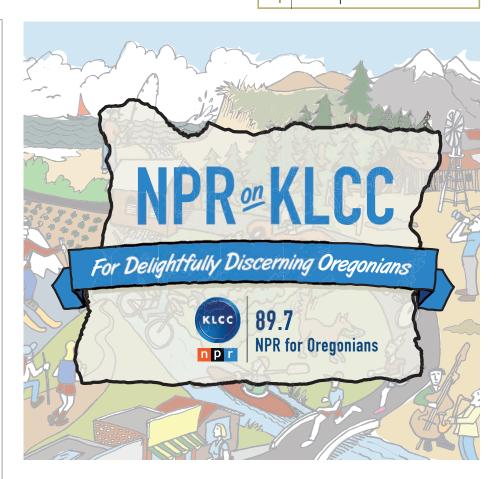
"I liked being on the green, just as the sun would come up, the solitude. It was so nice. And the discipline. It definitely instilled a set of principles."

Freshman Hannah Rice of Portland, an Evans Scholar studying theater arts, is happy that more people like her will get the opportunity to go to college, and is looking forward to meeting other UO Evans Scholars. "With this new house coming in, we'll get to know each other, and that will be great. It will create a stronger network for Evans Scholars after college," she said.

As Bertea's experience as an Evans Scholar comes to a close this spring, it strikes him that his journey to college is not unlike his family's journey to America. "My parents went out on a limb to come here, to take a chance, to set my future," he says. He also took some chances—learning to play golf, working long hours as a caddie, and competing for the Evans Scholarship—on the way to finding his own path to success. "It took a certain discipline. I had to work for everything on my own. The entire experience was fantastic."

Bertea recently became a United States citizen. He will spend the summer interning with the award-winning architect Andre Kikoski in New York and then return to the UO for one more year to finish his architecture degree. He's excited for his future—a future that he hopes includes time to play golf, and perhaps to share his story with some young, eager, polo-shirtwearing caddie with his or her own dreams of success.

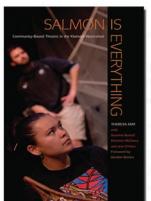
-Jennifer Winters



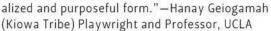
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Peter Laufer (James Wallace Chair Professor in Journalism, UO School of Journalism and Communication) launches a Slow News movement, inviting us to question the value of the perpetual empty-calorie news that accompanies our daily lives.



"Salmon is Everything is ceremonial performance in its most creatively re-



Theresa May's (Associate Prof., Dept. of Theatre Arts) Salmon is Everything presents the script of her play, along with essays by artists and collaborators that illuminate the process of creating and performing theatre on Native and environmental issues.



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PETER LAUFER



Smashbox Students wielding spray paint and sledgehammers said a final farewell to the Erb Memorial Union's 1974 addition before demolition crews came in to tear down the wing in preparation for a two-year expansion and renovation.

UO MBA Heads to Bend

The UO will launch an executive master of business administration program in Bend this fall. The two-year program will be delivered via videoconference streams from classrooms in Portland. U.S. News & World Report ranks the UO's MBA program in the top 10 in terms of its financial worth at graduation.

New Native American Studies Minor

A component of the College of Arts and Sciences' Department of Ethnic Studies, the Native American studies minor will give students the opportunity to learn about historical and contemporary Native American issues, including climate change, politics, and gender relations.

A SAFEr Campus

In April, the UO launched a website and hotline (541-346-SAFE) to help students who have experienced sexual violence or harassment access support resources. The UO has also added a counseling staff and implemented other recom-

mendations following an external review of policies and protocols commissioned last fall by the Division of Student Affairs.

Kudos to Faculty

Following a lengthy national search, former dean of the College of Arts and Sciences Scott **Coltrane** was selected for the position of senior vice president and provost. A 21-page article written by Vera Keller of the Robert Donald Clark Honors College was recognized as one of the 20 best entries in the archives of Ambix, an international journal for the Society for the History of Alchemy and Chemistry. Chemistry assistant professor Shannon Boettcher will be the UO's third recipient of the Cottrell Scholar Award for excellence in both research and teaching in the sciences. Two UO scientists, Christopher Doe and Mary K. Rothbart, are among the newly elected members of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The National Academy of Sciences elected brain scientist Helen J. Neville. who was born in Canada, as one of 21 foreign associates from 15 countries. In association with the White House Task Force to Protect Students from Sexual Assault, UO psychology professor Jennifer Freyd was invited to the White House as an authority on betrayal and sexual abuse.

Sustainable Oregon

In the spirit of the UO's legacy of environmental awareness, the university was included in Princeton's national list of the top 10 green colleges of 2014. In the annual Recyclemania campus recycling competition, the UO dominated rival Oregon State University by a margin of 25 tons of recycled and composted material. The UO has also received national attention for a new climate fiction course taught by Stephanie LeMenager, which is designed to encourage students to think about, prepare for, and respond to climate change.

Massive Class

The UO launched its first massive open online course, or MOOC, Shaping the Way We Teach English, in April. More than 6,000 people have signed up from around the globe, with the greatest number of students based in Brazil, closely followed by Russia.

—Compiled by Chloe Huckins

PROFile

Anne Godfrey

Instructor of Landscape Architecture



Try beating this job training: As a professional gardener fresh out of college in Minnesota, Anne Godfrey '04, MLA '04, packed a tent, hopped into her white Pontiac Bonneville, and crisscrossed the Northeast, setting up camp and studying natural landscapes among the rocky shorelines and majestic forests of coastal New England.

The practical design lessons she learned while immersed in nature helped kickstart her career in landscape architecture—and steered her on a course to the UO. A native of Wisconsin (with the Midwestern accent to prove it), Godfrey says the adventure allowed her to explore other regions of the country for the first time, setting the stage for her eventual move to Eugene.

"What's great about the West Coast is there's a much wider spectrum of acceptability of who you are, what you're interested in, and what your values are," she says. "Coming to Oregon was a way for me to be more of myself."

Godfrey is now in her 10th year as an instructor of landscape architecture at the UO, where she has earned a reputation for innovation and excellence in teaching. When she entered the profession, the conventional method for developing students' design skills was to throw them immediately into the deep end of the creative process, forcing them to learn by trial and many, many errors. But with her students repeatedly walking away discouraged, Godfrey saw a need to turn tradition on its head.

"When students are asked to design right away, it turns out to be more frustrating than helpful," she says. "I don't want them to be frustrated. I want them to feel success." Godfrey's solution: a teaching method that grounds her students in design before ever asking them to put pencil to paper as novice designers. She first sends students into the city to study parks and plazas, letting them learn by observing, measuring, and experiencing how real-world spaces serve the people who use them. "There's a general logic behind the way they acquire the skills that is more meaningful for them," she says. "Faculty members within the department have seen a big difference."

In her work with upper-division students, Godfrey has helped two teams from the UO become finalists at national design competitions. These competitions often attract students with a penchant for perfectionism (and unthinkably long hours), but Godfrey likes to remind them that success can't be sustained on caffeine alone. Sometimes, pitching a tent is the way to go. "You need to have a whole life in order to be a good designer for the longterm," she says. "That means being wise with your time, traveling, and constantly looking at new things for ideas."

Name: Anne Godfrey

Education: BA '97, Carleton College; BLA '04, University of Oregon; MLA '04, University of Oregon

Teaching Experience: Joined the UO faculty in

Awards: The architectural journal DesignIntelligence named Godfrey one of its 30 Most Admired Educators for 2014.

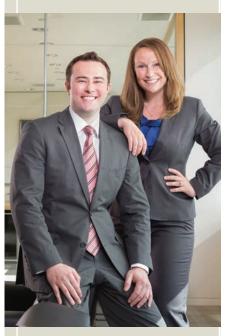
Off-Campus: Godfrey, a skilled photographer and digital artist, enjoys experimenting with an art form called "phenomenal landscape experience," which blends several high-resolution photos to produce a dynamic collage.

Last Word: "I was a late bloomer when it comes to design drawing. It gives me a kind of empathy that I pull from as I teach."

—Ben DeJarnette '13

WEB EXTRA: See examples of Godfrey's landscape images and other photography at OregonQuarterly.com.

BARRAN LIEBMAN IS PROUD TO SUPPORT YOUNG LAWYERS



Andrew Schpak ABA YLD Chair, 2014-15

Traci Ray MBA YLS President, 2013-14







THE BEST **Burger on Campus**



What a burger! Joseph Ryan Stefan, Class of '14, with the Deluxe, the star of Hamilton Hall's Grab 'n' Go Marketplace

My knowledge of hamburgers goes beyond anything you could imagine, because I have been cooking the best burgers on campus for the past two years.

The Deluxe Hamburger can be found across the street from Matt Knight Arena in Hamilton Complex. Just like each of the 800 students who call Hamilton home, this burger is always unique.

Head chef Dan Irvin brought his experience to the university after working in the New Orleans fine-dining scene. To revamp the average burgers the school had been serving, he aimed to create a burger worthy of a five-star restaurant.

No item was overlooked when Irvin designed the burger creation station. The one-third-pound burger patties are made from locally raised meat. There are 127 possible combinations of the seven sauces offered, which include a tangy BBQ and a creamy garlic aioli, both made in house. Onions are prepared not one but three ways: raw, sautéed, and deep-fried, and there are seven other veggie toppings to choose from. You also have the option of adding a thick cut of bacon and a fried egg for no additional charge. And we even make our own pickles.

The Deluxe is sold at the Grab 'n' Go Marketplace, where I work the dinner shift Sunday through Thursday. Our crew of fearless cooks keeps the food cranking out at a swift rate to feed the neverending line of hungry students. Amid the flurry of hand-dipped fish and chips, savory portobello sandwiches, and action-packed Reubens flying out the order window, the Deluxe remains king.

The team has one standard when we send a Deluxe out: "Is this going to put a smile on someone's face?" We know that many of our students are away from home for the first time and a goodlooking meal, one that tastes even better, will make the experience easier.

The students' enjoyment of our burger was

never more prevalent than during the big snowstorm last December. With the campus frozen over and many alternative options closed, our students came in throughout the day, happily surprised to see a team of people working hard to make them whatever their wildest burger dreams desired.

Hamilton dining hall is open to everyone, so the next time you are visiting the UO, come on in and create your own version of the Deluxe Hamburger. It's the best on campus.

—Joseph Ryan Stefan, Class of 2014

"The Best..." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Joseph Ryan Stefan is a graduating senior in journalism who now works at AO Creative Films in Eugene.

WEB EXTRA: Watch Stefan's video about the best burger on campus at OregonQuarterly.com.



• THE UO IN PORTLAND • AROUND THE BLOCK

A Safer Web

A lecture explores how understanding the motivations behind human behavior can help us develop better online security.

You're sitting in your favorite coffee shop when the woman at the next table begins gathering her things and putting on her coat. She doesn't notice when a \$10 bill falls out of her pocket. Will you return the money to her, or will you keep it? If you return the bill, you are cooperating with society, which has likely taught you to value fairness and kindness. But your self-interest is better served by defecting from society and keeping the money for yourself.

Noted security expert and author Bruce Schneier believes these two choices—cooperating or defecting—are present in nearly everything we decide to do or not to do, from voting to obeying the speed limit or holding up a bank. We balance our self-interest against the social, moral, and reputational pressures of our society, and most of the time, most of us cooperate. Of course, defection is not always negative: whistleblowers, civil rights protesters, and many of our cultural heroes were, or are, defectors.

But as human societies have grown in size from villages to cities to nations and beyond, simply relying on community peer pressure to "do the right thing" is no longer enough. Thus we've developed countless institutions and security systems to discourage defection, from deadbolts,



Cybersecurity expert Bruce Schneier

guard dogs, and antivirus software to tax audits, customs inspections, and the entire judicial system.

Today, there's a technological arms race going on. Hackers, cyberterrorists, and their ilk do battle with the institutions, businesses, and leaders charged with developing online security measures that protect us while still allowing commerce, communication, and free expression to thrive. We're at a watershed moment, Schneier believes, when we can utilize our understanding of the motivations behind cooperation and defection to develop more effective security measures that will still allow society to grow and change.

As part of the Oregon Humanities Center's year-long "Vulnerable" series, Schneier will deliver the 2014 Kritikos Lecture, "Internet, Security, and Power," at the White Stag Block on May 29.

-Mindy Moreland, MS '08

Calendar **2014 Kritikos Lecture** "Internet, Security, and Power," **Bruce Schneier**

MAY 29, 7:30 P.M., WHITE STAG BLOCK

ohc.uoregon.edu/vulnerable

Oregon Bach Festival in Portland

JUNE 27-JULY 12

2014 Portland concerts include performances of Monteverdi's Vespers and Bach's Saint Mark Passion, as well as His Majestys Sagbutts and Cornetts, pianist Gabriela Montero, organist Paul Jacobs, the Portland Baroque Orchestra, and programs of dance, jazz, and children's music.

oregonbachfestival.com

Design Camp 2014

JULY 14-18, WHITE STAG BLOCK

This weeklong immersive workshop provides hands-on opportunities to explore career paths in architecture, digital arts, and product design. Led by working professionals representing top Portland firms, Design Camp is open to anyone age 15 or above.

aaa.uoregon.edu/portland /design-camp-2014



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WINNER OF THE 15TH ANNUAL OREGON QUARTERLY NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST A DEMOLITION BY PETER KORCHNAK



7:41 A.M.

I park Sam's old Ford pickup on the near side of the driveway leading to a 1970s single-wide mobile home with smashed windows, and put on my work gloves. On the breeze that's scattering the remnants of dawn into a cloudless October Tuesday, I catch a whiff of wood dust from the Weyerhaeuser plywood mill off Highway 126.

Sam clambers down from the green cab of his International dump truck, marked with years of heavy duty and "Sam Wood Construction, Inc.," in white Gothic script. "Let's go take a gander at her. I sure hope Mike wasn't blowing smoke up my ass and we can pack 'er up by sundown."

He skirts the tilt trailer hauling a faded-orange Hitachi excavator and flashes a thumbs-up at the 40-yard drop box by the curb. The knee-high grass rustles as he wades through it in his white double-XL tee, denim dungarees that could fit two of me, and giant sneakers.

The story's the same as on the previous jobs: the last tenants abandoned the trailer after the park landlord raised the rent. Except I don't like the looks of this one.

The carport is bulging with towers of phone books, banana boxes, and big, black trash bags, one of which is spewing bundled-up diapers. The wind turns, and a stench of decomposing shit hits me. Both of us gag; my heart sinks when I hear Sam say, "Haul these to the box after I get started."

7:56 A.M.

The stairs creak. The door has been ripped off its hinges, and Sam sends it—and the letters "UCKER" sprayed across it—crashing to the ground. He steps into the trailer, says, "Grab anything you want," and comes to such a sudden halt I almost run into him. The den reeks of stale beer, unwashed laundry, and rotting wood beneath the floor. We step over piles of clothes and broken liquor bottles, kick aside pieces of demolished furniture and beer cans. The wall by the entrance says "MOTHERF" in red spray. On the kitchen counter, pizza boxes battle with empty cups of instant noodles, pop cans, and fast-food wrappers. A mountain of trash crowns the stove, the empty bin tossed on the floor atop the cupboard doors.

A large coffee stain on the hallway wall haloes Sam's head. "I've seen quite a few bad ones, but this one's done up pretty bad."

We've demolished seven or eight trailers together, from Santa Clara down to Creswell and from Elmira to here in Springfield, and the last tenants of each made an attempt to make it a home: a flowerbed here, wallpaper there. No such frills in this one. I breathe through my mouth, following Sam down the hall. I enter the first room, where crayon monsters dance on the wall between drip stains ravaging the ceiling and broken toys littering the floor, and wish I were anywhere but here, that I never fell in love and came to the United States. In the bathroom, shards of broken mirror crunch underfoot; I shudder at the thought of seven years of this. Someone took a sledgehammer to the walls of the small bedroom, leaving the holes frayed at the edges like the

craters that pockmark Oregon, whose rolling, forested hills resemble my native Slovakia and whose trailer parks remind me of nothing at all except the depths I'm plumbing.

"Hey Pete, I found you a girlfriend!"

Sam steps away from the master bedroom door to let me in. A half-deflated sex doll is sitting against the opposite wall next to a dildo, as big as my forearm, protruding from a pile of women's underwear. Tape pulled out of videocassettes scattered around the floor forms a maze of strings snaking over discarded jeans, torn sheets, and T-shirts. On a stained queen mattress in the other corner lounges a heap of well-handled porn magazines. Sam points at a stack of vintage *Playboys* on the nightstand. "Find a crate or a box for those and put them on the floor of the pickup."

Walking back out, he eyeballs every room again with an air of gloom. "We're gonna need another box."

8:19 A.M.

Using a crowbar, I peel a section of skirting under the bathroom to find the sewer line cut and capped. Smiling, Sam points above the meter box; the cable snaps between the bolt-cutter blades as if I severed a feeding tube. I rip the rest of the skirting off and enjoy a sweep of relief when I spot no dead opossums or gas tanks below the home.

Sam heads to the rig. "Let's double up on the hustle. We're burning daylight and I don't wanna come back tomorrow."

8:51 A.M.

"Lock 'n' load," Sam proclaims from the excavator's cab, and the machine revs into life. The boom raised, the cab swivels, and the steel tracks clatter toward the far end of the property. Once in position, the bucket joins the thumb like a steel hand to grasp a piece of the roof and siding, which it then rips up and deposits inside the home. When pink insulation that reminds me of cotton candy begins to fly, I put on my dust mask. The equipment grabs one morsel of the trailer after another, reducing the structure into chunks heaped around the wreckage, then crunches the rubble into smaller fragments and carries them out to the drop box. The rhythm—tear, crunch, drop, tear, crunch, drop—mesmerizes me. I watch the walls tumble and disintegrate, the aluminum roof fold into itself, beams break, glass shatter, garments hang from the bucket like seaweed.

Aside from avoiding getting hit by anything, my job now is to toss runaway debris onto piles, snag split-face cement blocks from beneath the frame and stack them on a pallet in the pickup bed, and hose down the site as needed to keep the dust down. I watch my motions, mindless, as if I, too, were a machine following commands. I start to make up a story about the people who lived in this thing that's being crunched up into a big metal box, but find my imagination blank, wiped clean by the revulsion I felt earlier. Then I scold myself: Who am I to judge? Two master's degrees from respectable European universities, and here I am, shoveling dirty sex toys and soiled diapers.

11:53 A.M.

Sam checks his watch, lowers the boom, and makes an eating gesture. I bet on Carl's Jr., but he suggests Wendy's—closer on Mohawk anyhow.

Seated inside the pickup with windows rolled down, we inhale soggy burgers and fries. Teenagers and dudes in flannel shirts, sporty sunglasses, and tribal tattoos walk in and out of a trailer across the road and two doors over. From behind the wheel, Sam tells a story of a drug house he tore down a while back, of a meth lab he once saw go up in flames, of another drug house that got busted while he was excavating a foundation next door. There are times, growing in frequency the longer I've worked for him, when I let his free associations go right through me. Now I am thankful for the distraction. Like support beams, the stories hold up the hollow place inside me and prevent me from caving into the nothingness that is expanding with each vacant lot we create. I hope Sam suspects nothing while dipping into the warehouse of his anecdotes so he can annihilate the silence that threatens to sit between us.

2:34 P.M.

Mike's gleaming Dodge Ram pickup pulls up behind the tilt trailer. He's the guy who gets Sam the demo jobs through his connections among the manufactured-home park owners. I gesture to Sam, who rolls his eyes.

"See if you can fill some of the holes in the box while I talk to the man."

Inside the drop box I rearrange the detritus of other people's existence and calculate that the crushed fragments of my life would barely fill a medicine cabinet. Anger wells up inside me with every piece of debris I break into smaller bits. I want to run away, to keep out of sight as much as possible. I want no one to see me, to know what's happened to me in this country. No one must know this is the first time I've made a sacrifice for someone I love.

4:47 P.M.

With the home finally stuffed inside the drop box, the rusting frame drops onto the gravel. Sam contemplates the view from the silenced excavator.

"WE CAN PROLLY SQUEEZE THIS IN ON TOP OF THE BOX . . .?"
"I THINK SO, YOU'LL JUST NEED TO

PUSH EVERYTHING DOWN WELL."

SATISFIED, HE DESCENDS AND
WATCHES ME FETCH THE ACETYLENE
AND OXYGEN TANKS. ON THE SECOND
TRIP I CARRY THE CUTTING TORCH
AND THE GAUGES. I STUMBLE ON A
PIECE OF TWO-BY-FOUR AND THE
BRASS CASING OF THE GAUGES
CLINKS AGAINST THE DRIVEWAY.

Sam looks up from the tanks with a frown. "You drop those again and you're fired."

My face fills up. As I hand him the gauges with an apology, his demeanor softens. "What's going on, guy? This ain't like you."

"A rough patch . . ."

"I get it, pal, it's a shitty job. Soon you'll find a better one and I'm gonna miss you 'cause you're a good worker. Hell, Mike just said he was jealous I had such a hardworking helper. But your schools don't matter now, and tomorrow or the next month don't matter now, either. This is your job today, and I need you to focus and not drop those gauges again because one, they're expensive, and trust me, you don't wanna hafta buy new ones, and two, I need them to give me accurate readings so I don't blow us up into Neverland. *Capisce*?"

I nod. He lowers the welding mask over his face and lights the cutting torch.

5:52 P.M.

I rake the gravel for her. For her I make piles of insulation, glass shards, wood splinters, and scraps of aluminum. And at the end I shovel it all into the drop box for her like a period after a sonnet.

At last only the electric-meter box, the gravel, the driveway, and the drop box remain. There was nothing here and the people who lived here no longer exist, if they ever did, and no one will live in a trailer on this lot again.

I climb in and out of the drop box to make sure nothing sticks out above the rim. I sweep the driveway, the road, and the bed of the tilt trailer around the excavator Sam's done tying down. I toss the broom and the shovel in the back of the pickup, close the gate, and glance at the site one last time. "We did good."

Sam gives me a thumbs-up and climbs into the dump truck. "Tickles me pink. Now let's get outta here."

The sun sets into the pickup's rearview mirror when I readjust it. We crawl past old trailers and several vacant lots, the most I've seen in a park, and I can almost hear Sam exclaim, "This place is goin' to hell in a hand basket." As we pass an ancient 10-foot-wide whose front window boasts a faded sticker of the flag fluttering above the motto *These Colors Don't Bleed*, I realize that someday soon this entire park will be gone and the subdivision will spill over from next door. And no one will think of the trailers or the people who lived here, of the excavators that crunched them all up into boxes, of me.

I was never here.

Peter Korchnak examines experiences of immigration at American Robotnik and cowrites, with his wife Lindsay, the travel blog Where Is Your Toothbrush? His work has been published in several magazines in the United States and Europe, and he is the author of Guerilla Yardwork: The First-Time Home Owner's Handbook.

Pre's People

Nearly 40 years after Steve Prefontaine's death, the track star's legacy stretches far beyond Hayward Field, inspiring runners of every stripe.

BY BEN DEJARNETTE '13

Prefontaine Sets National 2-Mile Record — 8:41.5



Marshfield High's cross country team goes running for the State A-1 cross country championship Saturday in Bush's Pasture, Salem. The seven members of the Pirates' team, which won the District 5 crown are (from left) Steve Prefontaine, Tom Huggins, Kirk Gamble, Steve Scheel, Larry Denton, Ron Apling and Reed Kinney. — World photo by Kenn Hess.

CORVALLIS — "Man, isn't this something? . . . I can't believe it . . . It's something I've looked forward to for a long time . . ."

Steve Prefontaine, with a smile of satisfaction as wide as the Willamette Valley and in his effervescent style, was ecstatically reflecting upon the national high school two-mile record he set Friday night.

The time was 8:41.5.

The Marshfield super senlor, pointing for the particular race for the past six months, became the country's No. 1 prep two-miler by nearly seven seconds.

He smashed the former record of 8:48.4 set by Rick Riley, then a Spokane high school student, in 1966.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Prefontaine, Coos Bay, "Pre", 17, holds the state best of 1:54.3 and 4:11.1 for the 880 and mile, respectively, this spring. His best previous two-mile was 9:01.3,

also run at Corvallis, a year

The brilliant run, ultimately, absorbed a number of outstanding performances in the Corvallis Invitational which went down to the final event to determine a winner.

Powerful Grant of Portland, scoring 12 points in the pole vault, won the meet with 98 points. The Generals overtook North Eugene, which went scoreless in the vault.

The Highlanders scored 93,

followed by Marshfield's '71, Centennial's 58, Corvallis' 56½, David Douglas' 52, South Salem's 35, Lake Oswego's 32.

While Prefontaine's 8:41.5 earned a standing ovation, marks and competition were equally keen.

For instance, Doug Van Rheen, Centennial, clicked off 14.4 and 20.3 times in the hurdles; Rolf Erickson, Corvallis, with a 1:55.1 won the halfmile in which all six placers

broke 1:58 (including Marshfield's Ron Apling at 1:57.9); and Jeff Hammons, David Douglas, unlimbered a 171foot-2 throw in the discus.

In addition to Prefontaine, Marshifeld had one other winner in senior spearman Roger Bingman. He won the javelin with a season's best of 198-feet-4½.

Most of the Pirates who placed individually logged season's best,

Jim Huggins flashed to a

50.3 for the 440 which went for 50.2;

Hurdler Fred Girt was second and third, respectively, at 14.9 and 20.9 in the hurdles:

Kirk Gamble ran a 4:23.6 mile for third;

Charlie McClure vaulted 12feet-10 for a fifth;

Mike Krantz sailed the discus 146-feet-11 for fifth;

In addition to Apling's 1:57.9, soph Rich McIntosh (Continued on page 14)

n June 6, 1975, several thousand track-and-field fans gathered at Hayward Field for the inaugural Prefontaine Classic. Eight days earlier, distance-running sensation Steve Prefontaine '73 had died in a car accident near Hendricks Park, less than a mile from the University of Oregon track where chants of his name had so often echoed through the stadium. As the painful news sank in, the meet offered "Pre's People" a chance to honor their fallen hero—to once again celebrate that fearless kid from Coos Bay who somehow found the speed to match his swagger.

This month, the 40th Prefontaine Classic is expected to draw yet another sellout crowd, with plenty of "Go Pre" T-shirts and retro Nike sneakers to set the scene. While the action at Hayward Field promises to grab much of the media coverage, Pre's legacy also thrives in less likely places, still shaping runners' lives decades after his death.



Assistant coach Phil Pursian and teammate Ron Apling were among the first to greet Steve Prefontaine after the Marshfield senior set the national high school two-mile record Friday night at Corvallis. The time was 8:41.5. — AP Wirephoto.

n special occasions, Ron Apling opens a '40sera footlocker and carefully removes one of his most prized possessions. Held together by string, Apling's scrapbook tells the story of Pre's career in 61 pages of newspaper clippings, photos, and mimeographed meet results. Pre's times and places are underlined in red pen, but the effort is unnecessary. "It's easy to find him," Apling says. "You just look for the number-one finisher."

Apling's connection to the Prefontaine family dates back to his freshman year at Coos Bay's Marshfield High School, where he met Pre in algebra class. At the time, he knew the sophomore sitting in front of him only as Steve, a long-distance runner who, judging by his frequent overthe-shoulder consultations with Apling's notes, was better at sports than mathematics. But Pre also offered some advice to the 115-pound Apling, who had gone out for football in junior high. When Apling walked into math class with a cast protecting his broken arm—a casualty of a crunching tackle—Pre urged him to come out for cross country the following fall. Apling was puzzled. "What's cross country?" he asked.

As soon as the announcement of his record time crackled through the loudspeakers, he burst to life, taking off around the track for an animated victory lap.

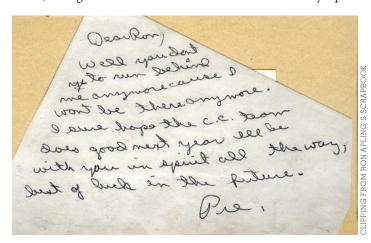
Pre showed him the ropes, calling during the summer with training tips ("Your body will tell you that it's tired and can't go any faster. You take charge and tell your body, 'No, I can go faster") and teaching him the finer points of running technique ("Ron, if you have to spit while you're running, make sure to spit to the side so it doesn't blow back in your face"). With Pre as his mentor, Apling flourished. By season's end, he had broken into Marshfield's varsity lineup and was voted the team's most improved athlete.

Forty-seven years later, Apling is still running, heeding Pre's advice to make the sport a lifelong pursuit. He marks his birthday each December with a 10-mile run and regularly volunteers at Hayward Field, helping groundskeepers Lance Deal and Ron Perkins '88 prepare the stadium for its moments in the spotlight, from high school meets to the U.S. Olympic Team Trials.

At the Prefontaine Classic, Apling enjoys an enviable view of the action from his seat three rows above the finish line, right next to Pre's sister, Linda Prefontaine '75. The two share a love for track and field, as well as a deep affection for Steve. After the 2004 competition, Linda and her parents, Ray and Alfriede, visited Apling's home in Eugene's south hills to exchange tales from their Coos Bay years. Apling retrieved the treasured scrapbook from the footlocker and turned back its paisley cover.

The story begins at Marshfield High, home of the Pirates, where Apling and Pre were teammates for two years. On page

15, beneath the boldface headline "Pre Sets National 2-Mile Record—8:41.5," a faded photo shows Pre staggering away from the finish line, completely spent, his arms draped around Apling and assistant coach Phil Pursian. But Pre's exhaustion was fleeting, Apling recalls. As soon as the announcement of his record time crackled through the loudspeakers, he burst to life, taking off around the track for an animated victory lap.



The showmanship was signature Pre, but he also had a sentimental side. On page 22, a handwritten note to Apling displays a bit of both. "Well you don't get to run behind me anymore cause I won't be there anymore," Pre quipped at the end of his senior year. "I sure hope the c.c. team does good next year. I'll be with you in spirit all the way, best of luck in the future."

For Pre, the future meant the 1972 Munich Olympics. On page 49, a clipping from Coos Bay's *The World* declares him "ready for Europe" after he broke the 10,000-meter American record in an Olympic tuneup race at Hayward Field.

Across the scrapbook's first 52 pages, Pre's story reads like an epic poem, the archetypal hero's journey. On the 53rd page, his tale becomes a tragedy.

The Associated Press delivers the news: "Steve Prefontaine, America's finest distance runner and one of the country's most controversial amateur athletes, was killed early today. Police said Prefontaine, 24, was pinned under his car after it hit a rock wall at about 12:30 A.M., PDT."

Pre's last breath came less than five hours after he ran the second fastest 5,000-meter time in American history. The details of his death remain mired in controversy. Was Pre intoxicated at the time of the accident? Did another vehicle force him to swerve? A deer?

The Prefontaine family has publicly challenged the bloodalcohol level reported by police, but it is a debate that misses the true power of Pre's legacy: He was not loved despite his flaws; he was loved *because* of them. Pre was the consummate underdog, a blue-collar kid who lived in a trailer and worked at a bar. His style was too brash, his attitude too cocky. He wasn't lean enough for the long-distance races, some said, didn't have enough raw speed for the mile.



No, Pre was never perfect, but his life mattered. It is why high-school runners watch the two movies about him as a rite of passage. It is why track fans from around the world descend on Eugene for the Prefontaine Classic. And it is why thousands of runners each year make the pilgrimage to an unremarkable slab of rock on Skyline Boulevard, a mile from Hayward Field, leaving behind race medals, spikes, flowers, and notes at the memorial to track and field's most iconic hero.

hey come from Alaska and New York, Australia and the Philippines. Every summer, the University of Oregon's track-and-field camp attracts an international crowd of young runners to "Track Town"—the birthplace of Nike and the home of Duck legends like Kenny Moore '66, MFA '72, Rudy Chapa '81, and Pre.

After nearly four decades working at the camp, Pat Tyson '73 is its de facto historian and head honcho. He still remembers many of the athletes by their hometowns, like the kid from Cleveland in the 1980s who scraped together his every last penny to buy a bus ticket from Ohio to Oregon. At the end of his 2,400-mile trek, the boy was travel-weary but also speechless, awed by his first glimpse of Eugene's wood-chip trails and towering firs.

Tyson has seen that look of wonderment spread across countless faces over the years. Now a head track coach at Gonzaga University, he returns to Eugene every summer to help share Oregon's distance-running tradition with wide-eyed students of the sport. There is perhaps no one more qualified for the job. After joining the Ducks in 1968 as an unheralded recruit from Tacoma, Washington, Tyson blossomed into one of the team's best harriers, helping pace the squad to a national cross-country title in 1971. But the kids know him best as something else: Pre's roommate.

Among runners, the title carries all the weight of royal knighthood. While living with Pre in a doublewide trailer, Tyson saw his best friend navigate the highs and lows of his famed 1972 season, from winning the NCAA 5,000-meter title at Hayward Field to finishing one spot from a medal at the Olympic final in Munich. He knew the side of Pre that often got lost on television—the guy who felt as comfortable living in a trailer park as he did mingling with members of Eugene's high society. "He could melt in and talk to the mailman or the garbage guy," Tyson says. "Our neighbors worked at Kingsford and would bring us 10-pound bags of charcoal briquettes. They'd come home dirty off their motorcycles, and we'd have barbecues together. Pre loved living in that trailer and touching base with what's real in America."

Shortly after Pre's death, Tyson began speaking at high schools and summer camps across the country, telling stories of Pre's famous dedication, grit, and self-belief. For him, it was a way to ensure the longevity of his friend's inspirational legacy. This mission brings him back every year to the UO,



Runners often leave mementos at the rock where Pre died.

a jogging program at the prison. The inmates made that for him as a tribute."

he asphalt track at Oregon State Penitentiary (OSP) is an imperfect oval, a messy amalgam of tangents

around the yard's two softball fields. On the east straightaway, the track pushes against the prison's concrete outer wall, a 26-foot-tall reminder that turning right

a small black plaque between the road and a wall of jagged rocks. "That marker was donated by the state penitentiary," he explains. "Pre was very enamored by prisoners, so he created

is not an option.

In the early 1970s, less than a decade after UO track coach Bill Bowerman helped popularize jogging in the United States, Pre introduced the running craze to prisoners at OSP. Inspired by his UO sociology professor, he spoke with the inmates about training and encouraged them to replace drugs and alcohol with a healthier addiction. "Pre loved the downand-outs," Tyson says. "He wanted to make a difference."

Left turn after left turn. Eric Nitschke has run around the OSP track almost every day for 17 years, logging thousands of miles in the shadow of razor wire and guard towers. The loops make sense in a way his past doesn't. One stride after another. A defined path with a defined destination.

On December 13, 1996, Nitschke faced chaos. He was high on meth and marijuana, and a woman lay in the street, seriously injured from the car crash. For an instant, Nitschke saw her motionless body amid the shattered glass. But there were ingredients for making meth in his car, and the police were closing in. He grabbed the chemicals and fled.

At his trial for the woman's death, there would be no fleeing from justice. Citing Nitschke's repeated felony drug crimes and apparent lack of remorse, the judge issued the maximum sentence of 35 years. It was hardly an endorsement of his chances to reform.

Left turn after left turn. Nitschke kept to himself at first, trying to avoid the dreaded question from other runners: why are you here? He didn't want people to know—not this time. Several years earlier, when he'd been locked up for manufacturing meth, it had been easy to think that the only life being ruined was his own. This time the victim was a woman driving to the mall to do Christmas shopping. It made him sick.

Slowly, running brought healing. It also offered friendship and camaraderie. When Nitschke lost his parents, brother, and stepfather—all without a chance to say a final goodbye—he leaned on his training partners for support. "You're out there wearing yourselves out, pushing each other," he says. "You become real close."

With the help of the running club and a strong commitment to drug rehabilitation, Nitschke says he's a different man today from the one who entered OSP. He works seven-

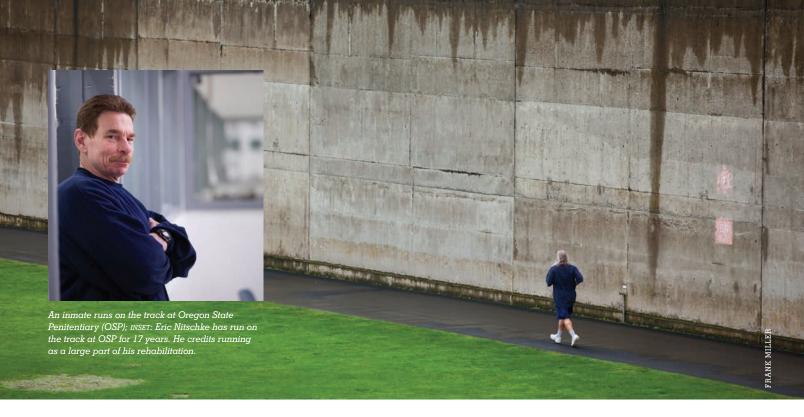
"Pre's coming down from Kenny Moore's house. He's going about 20, 25 miles per hour, listening to a little John Denver on the cassette tape. And as he comes around this corner . . ."

where his guided run to the site of Pre's death is one of the camp's oldest traditions.

On a recent July afternoon, Tyson's shirt dripped with sweat as he led a pack of eager young runners into Hendricks Park. Years ago, he and Pre would have charged up these hills at faster than a six-minute-mile clip, challenging each other in unspoken, mutual struggle. This time, it's Tyson's brains—rather than his brawn—that help him maintain the lead position. When over-anxious campers surge ahead of the pack and look back for direction, he points them left before ducking off to the right—leaving them to sheepishly retrace their steps and merge with the rear. The message: This is not a run for straining, but one for dreaming, for imagining, for running in Pre's footsteps.

But the final stretch of road always rattles his nerves. "We're going to stay two abreast and deep left on this part," he instructs the runners. "Deep, deep left." As he leads the group toward the curve where Pre lost control of his '73 butterscotch MG, Tyson narrates the events of that fateful night. "Pre's coming down from Kenny Moore's house. He's going about 20, 25 miles per hour, listening to a little John Denver on the cassette tape. And as he comes around this corner . . " Tyson stops, his eyes darting to a car whizzing around the bend. "Uh-oh. Let's stay deep over here. Now you can see how it happened. Isn't that weird?"

The runners hug the curb with heightened purpose. After another hundred meters, Tyson gathers the group around



hour days in the prison's furniture factory and has earned three associate's degrees. He is a member of several prison support groups and attends Christian church services.

After a nearly 25-year estrangement, Nitschke's children are visiting him again, and his release date has been moved up to 2019. When that long-awaited day arrives, he plans to seek work as a drug counselor, helping struggling kids avoid the mistakes that landed him behind bars. He also intends to remain a runner. "If I take a problem away and don't fill it with something positive, there's going to be a vacuum," Nitschke says. "Running fills my life with something spiritual."

Left turn after left turn. Each day, about 250 prisoners pour into the yard for 90-minute sessions devoted to running. Hundreds of others occupy the waiting list. In a testament to Pre's enduring legacy, outside runners still enter the prison for 10K races during the summer, giving inmates the chance to test their fitness against new competition.

At 54, Nitschke isn't concerned about winning. He runs his own pace, usually about eight minutes per mile, and lets his mind drift beyond the walls around him and into the future.

In his daydream, Nitschke is no longer running among blue-clad prisoners. It's his son striding beside him, and the prison's twisting oval has been replaced by an open road. No armed guards in sight. No barbed wire. He's free to make any turn he wants.

Ben DeJarnette is a first-year master's student in the UO School of Journalism and Communication and a distance runner on the UO track and field team.

WEB EXTRA: Learn more about the UO's Global Expo at OregonQuarterly.com.

Hayward, Meet World

If the Prefontaine Classic is a showcase of the best track and field athletes in the world, consider this summer's International Association of Athletics Federations World Junior Championships a glimpse into its future.

From July 22 through 27, Hayward Field will host more than 1,700 athletes from 177 countries, marking the first time the under-20 world championships have been contested on American soil. "These junior athletes are the 2020 Olympic medalists," Track Town USA president and former UO track-and-field coach Vin Lananna says. Kind of like "looking at Usain Bolt 10 years ago."

While some UO students hope to be competing at the championships (freshmen Maggie Schmaedick and Mitch Modin are among the eligible Ducks), hundreds of others are getting involved through the Global Ambassadors Program. These student volunteers will use their language skills and crosscultural expertise to help guide foreign delegations around campus and introduce them to the university's proud academic and athletic traditions.

"Not only do ambassadors speak the language of the particular delegation, but they speak the language of the 19-year-old," Lananna says. "They speak the language of sport. In many ways that's universal."

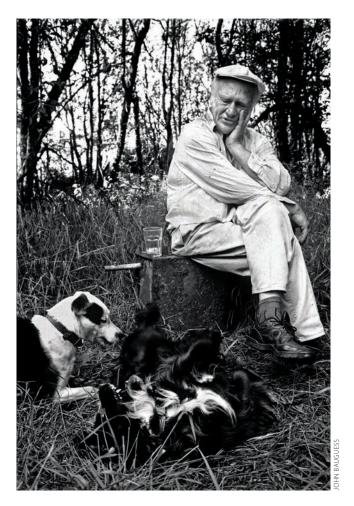
The ambassadors program is part of a broader campuswide initiative to showcase the university on an international stage. Organized by the Office of International Affairs, the UO Global Expo begins on July 18 with a four-day International Sports Science Symposium. Global Studies Institute director Sheila Bong says the Expo will also feature the rollout of the UO Excellence Interactive Map, a digital mapping tool that allows users to explore the university's international research efforts.

"The eyes of the world will be focused on our campus during the championships," Bong says. "We think this is an exceptional opportunity to show the world our university's academic excellence."

—BD

Kesey, Collected

TEXT FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH KESEY BY SCOTT PARKER
IMAGES FROM KEN KESEY'S JAIL JOURNAL



I never said I wanted to be a writer. I'm a magician. Writing is just one of the tricks that I do.

-Ken Kesey

A new book, Conversations with Kesey, offers a fascinating collection of interviews with Ken Kesey '57, arguably Oregon's most colorful literary figure.

In this book, I have attempted to collect interviews that represent the full range of Ken Kesey's time in the public eye: from his first major interview with Gordon Lish, which took place between the publication of his two early novels (and in which we see Kesey at his most writerly), to his last interview reminiscing about the Grateful Dead; from short newspaper pieces to long, in-depth portraits.

Alongside the interviews in this book are two distinctly noninterview pieces. One is a transcription of Kesey's first "trip" at the Menlo Park VA hospital. The other noninterview, excerpted here, is a 1965 lecture, sponsored by the National Defense Education Act, that Kesey gave at the Summer English Institute [a workshop for teachers held at San Francisco State University]. I include this lecture because it's the best articulation of Kesey's decision to turn away from writing during this period. We also get a taste in this talk of the Kesey we read about in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, spurring people on to the present moment, a different way of living and being; a guru, becoming the messiah he called for on his first "trip."

After *Sometimes a Great Notion*, writing stopped seeming like an adequate means of expression for Kesey, and he began to think of the bus Furthur as his primary artistic product. It's with Neal Cassady at the wheel, a refrigerator full of acid-infused orange juice in the back, and the whole country in front him, that Kesey says, "Novels are a dime a dozen, but there's only one bus Furthur."

Despite the toll of fame and drugs on Kesey, these interviews reveal an author, an artist, a person, of utmost intelligence and compassion, deeply engaged with and committed to the world around him. No matter the occasion, he speaks or writes playfully in parables full of the folksy wisdom he cultivated in Oregon, coming of age amidst a storytelling family.

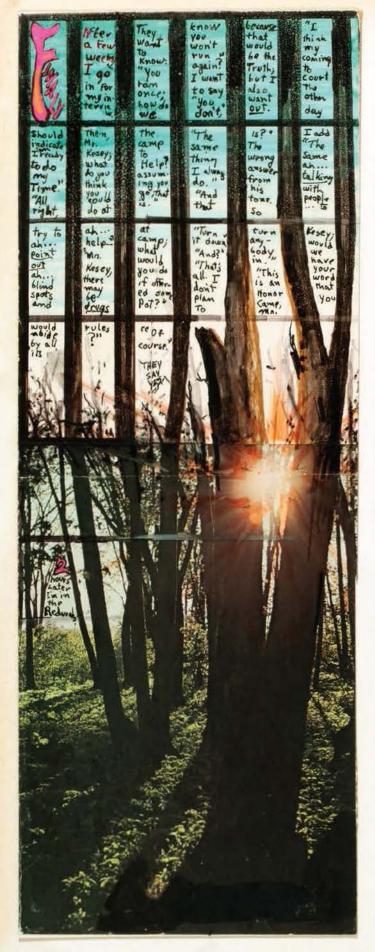
— Scott Parker

Adapted from the introduction to Conversations with Kesey (University Press of Mississippi, 2014)

First let me make it understood I'm not a writer. I haven't written anything since I finished the last drafts of Notion, and I don't honestly look to write anything else. I have a number of reasons for this. Mainly it's because I feel like to continue writing would mean that I would be unable to continue my work. I feel like if I wrote another few novels—I think it's impossible to do this without becoming a kind of Walter Keane. And if you look at the works of a lot of writers, this is what happens. You learn to do a thing, you get so you're able to do it with some ease and some cleverness, and then you begin to do it over and over because you find that there's a market for it, a demand for it. And a lot of times there's more demand than you realize. There's a kind of panic demand, which means as soon as it gets a little tight, hell I can knock out a novel for Esquire, serialize it, do it in six months and then get back to my serious work. I don't think you ever







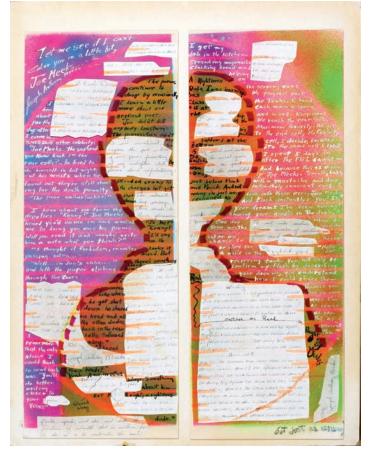


do that. Once you realize that you're writing commercials, that's it. So I've been devoting my time to a lot more serious work like riding around on buses, exploring the inside of various jails, seeing what's going on like that.

I went back and looked over Cuckoo's Nest some time ago and to my surprise, as much as I still feel for the book and the situation, I recognized it as a very elaborate commercial, an advertisement. That if I remove my personal good or bad about what I like or dislike in the world and look at this bones of it, it's this: it's a thing that comes in and says—like the Bayer pain ad that says, "Pain. Pain." It sells you what I think is a particular pain in the world, then goes on to sell you what I think is the particular alleviation of that pain. I've no way of knowing this is true, I didn't see it happen. I created it; I made it up. I designed, almost before I thought about it, little map points in my head, which we call "plots," and then I took the life that I was seeing out in front of me to go along and meticulously make each of those points. This is what almost all of our literature is doing, what almost all of our movies and television plays are doing right now. They go ahead, and each one picks a particular axe that that writer is trying to grind, and then the adroitness with which he conceals the grinding is how you judge his ability as a writer. Look at Esquire or look at Playboy. You can read the ads in *Playboy* and it's very obvious that they're aimed at a certain audience, a certain people, to sell a certain product. You can read the short stories in this magazine the same way. Those things are designed to fit a certain length, to hit a certain audience, and to push a certain philosophy. And although it isn't soap or Mennen Skin Bracer, it's still an ad man writing a very complex commercial to sell you something. And it may not have anything to do with what's going on in front of us.

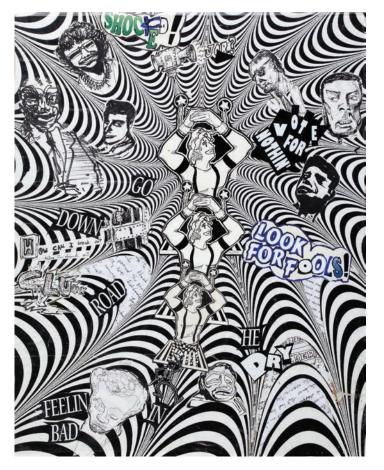
ter development. I tried to let it happen. I found that's practically impossible. We've had a system programed into us since we were this big, since we hit the ground, and we are so tightly bound by this that it's almost invisible to each one of us. It's almost impossible to talk nonsense, to hook words together, just word after word after word without making some kind of inductive sense, without following a grammatical line, because going along in front of my conversation right now, going on in front of my words is extending a kind of little number painting that I've been taught ever since I was this big, that grammar must exist in this form, that words must happen in these ways. And within this framework nothing new happens. I don't think anything really new has happened in **writing for hundreds of years.** with maybe the exception of Burroughs. I found that no matter how hard I would try to find new areas of my mind or of another person's mind in my writing, I would be walking through a territory and see there was Shakespeare's sign, he did it, he did it, and we've just been doing it over and over again. He came along and set a standard. And practically everything after that time is redoing the same thing, just changing the plots and the emotional interplay just a little bit.

I tried more and more to break away from the usual way of plotting a story, which is you try to figure out a theme, charac-









So I found I couldn't sit down and not write. As soon as I pick up a typewriter, as soon as I begin to speak, I begin to form my words into some kind of little birthday cake to sell a particular idea to the people who are listening. When I'm talking to my kids, I aim it toward them. When I'm talking to my folks, I aim it toward them. We do it naturally; it's built into us. And this world, that I was presenting with these words, I began to suspect might not have a whole lot to do with the world of this and of this and of this. So I started going out and taping with tape recorders, and filming. And going back to look over what I had filmed and taped to see if people talked like they do in novels—and they don't. A taped conversation typed up doesn't look like anything you read. A moment-to-moment account of what goes on doesn't look like almost any novel you've ever run across. Hollywood is the main one that I think has been doing this for some time. They have sold us an idea of what an interesting, exciting life looks like. The fabric of it, the way it should feel to us. And anything that doesn't get up to these standards is drab, is boring, so that we continually go through our lives with this number painting up here that we're trying to live up to, that we can't ever make.

I picked up the flute, started trying to play the flute. Now, I'm never going to be a great flute player, and I was playing the flute for two or three reasons. One thing, I liked the sound of it. You blow a flute long enough and you get dizzy. But I found out that no matter how hard I was trying to play this damn flute, pretty soon I was trying to play "Greensleeves." I was dissatisfied with the way my flute was sounding because it didn't sound like it was coming off KPFA. I don't want to play for KPFA. All I want to do is play for myself. Even when I go out completely alone in the desert and just blow this flute for my own reasons, just blow it so that I can hear it coming into my own ear, the note as it leaves me is lost there, other than what I can extract from it for myself. I would be dissatisfied because I couldn't make it sound like this. I had this "Greensleeves" of the mind ahead of me, and I would always be trying to play it, and I could never get there. I could never make it. No matter how much I practice, that will always be out there ahead of me. But I found another thing, that if I stopped trying to play that and just started listening to the note that was coming out of the flute, just put my ear over it like a big umbrella, pretty soon I stopped thinking about what it sounded like to another ear and just listened to the sound. And then I began to play not "Greensleeves," but something that made me feel good and made me feel close to what I think I am and what I think I'm doing. So I tried to achieve kind of the same thing in words. I've been working on this for better than a year now. How can you play the flute of language with such a "Greensleeves" of the mind ahead of us? @

From a 1965 speech Kesey delivered at the National Defense Education Act Summer English Institute at San Francisco State University. It was originally broadcast on local radio station KPFA.





Available for Further Inquiry

Knight Library Acquires Kesey Collection

The original drawings, collages, and handwritten texts that comprise Kesey's Jail Journal—created over the summer of 1967 as he served five months for marijuana possession—are a particular highlight of Ken Kesey's archives. The panels are much larger and more detailed (and greater in number) than the two dozen that appear in the posthumously published book version. They must be seen in person to be appreciated.

And now they can be, thanks to donations large and small that will keep the Ken Kesey Collection permanently in the University of Oregon's Knight Library. Encompassing more than 100 large boxes of manuscripts, artwork, and correspondence, the collection includes early drafts and revisions of Kesey's novels; dozens of unpublished stories, fragments, and marginalia; and correspondence with other writers, including longtime friend Ken Babbs.

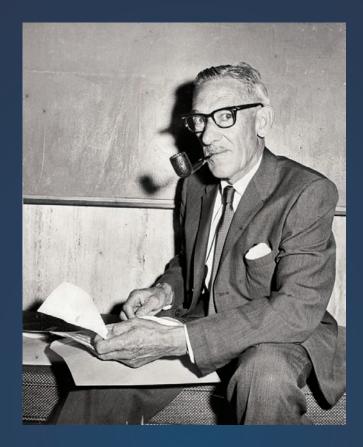
Kesey brought the collection to the U0 himself, storing his papers in the library beginning in the late '60s to keep them safe. After his death in 2001, his widow, Faye, added about 30 more boxes of material to the archive. Since then, the papers have been accessible for study with permission from the Kesey family, but as part of the U0's Special Collections and University Archives, they are now available to all visitors—and people are coming from around the country to spend time with them.

The archives preserve an important cultural heritage for the region, as well as providing a resource for scholars. "Kesey is part of the identity of the state," says James Fox, the library's director of special collections and university archives. "He's defined who we are, and we breathe his legacy. The idea that his papers would be anywhere else is unimaginable."

To prevent the unimaginable, Keri Aronson, the library's development officer, raised \$400,000 in donations from prominent local businesses such as Voodoo Doughnut, Roque Ales, and Townshend's Tea Company, and from private donors around the world. "People who had had their lives touched by Kesey—some as readers, some in person—literally emptied their pockets to help the library keep the collection," says Aronson. Last summer, UO president Michael Gottfredson directed about \$1 million of university funds to finalize the purchase of the collection, committed to keeping the archives on campus. Those funds were quickly replenished with a donation to cover the acquisition from the Giustina family of Pleasant Hill—Kesey's hometown the last years of his life.

As word of the Kesey collection spreads, more material is arriving all the time. The library continues to organize and preserve these papers, and is putting together traveling exhibits and doing educational outreach to share this treasure as widely as possible. We are not near done hearing from this iconic storyteller.

-Scott Parker



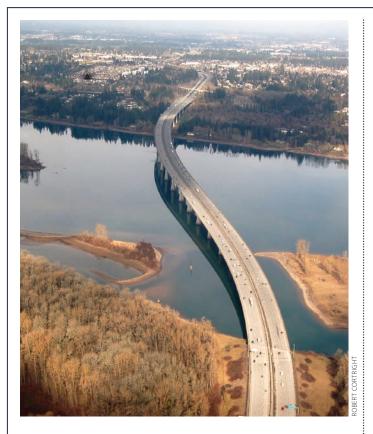
"Mr. Oregon"

OUR STATE'S MOST POWERFUL AND LEAST REMEMBERED LEADER

BY JOHN FROHNMAYER, JD '72

"I've always been a little squirt, and one thing I couldn't stand was for someone to say something couldn't be done. So then I'd go out and do it just to prove the bastards were wrong."

- GLENN JACKSON, MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE, JUNE 22, 1980



EVERY DAY, MORE THAN 144,000 DRIVERS

cross the Glenn L. Jackson Memorial Bridge linking Oregon and Washington on Interstate 205, but if you took a poll, not one in a thousand could identify Glenn Jackson—aka "Mr. Oregon."

Arguably the most powerful nonelected citizen in Oregon history, Jackson was a champion both of interstate highways and the environment. Advisor to five governors, countless senators, generals, and business leaders. Developer of state parks, a golf course, and a ski area. Founder of an airline. Builder of an industrial park. Owner of nine newspapers. Executive of the Northwest's largest power company. All that, and a lot more.

Jackson, son of the copublisher of the *Albany Democrat Herald*, was born in Albany, Oregon, in 1902. According to his 1942 War Department I.D., as an adult he stood 5'8", weighed 135 pounds, and had brown hair and eyes. Add to that an Errol Flynn mustache, slicked-down hair, black-framed glasses, and robust nose, and you have a true Oregon character. With his feet up on his desk and hands behind his head, he was a force—a man whose telephone calls were always returned and whose call for a meeting was always honored.

As a rebellious youth, Jackson once pulled his own tooth rather than wait for the absent dentist's return. An indifferent student, he was admitted provisionally to Oregon Agricultural College, managing to graduate with an engineering degree. Thereafter, he got a job with Mountain States Power Company selling flat irons and electric stoves, and

The Glenn L. Jackson Memorial Bridge spans the Columbia River between Vancouver, Washington, and Portland, Oregon.

proved himself to be a whiz of a salesman. At a promotional meeting in Wyoming, Helen Simpson, who also worked for the power company, saw him and said, "I am going to marry that man." And she did.

Through a series of corporate maneuvers, Jackson ended up as sales manager of the California Oregon Power Company (COPCO) in Medford. The area soon boasted the greatest saturation of electric stoves of any utility region in the United States.

As president of the chamber of commerce for the Rogue Valley, Jackson came to the attention of General Ira Eaker, commandant of the 20th Pursuit Group of the Army Air Corps. It was about six months before the attack on Pearl Harbor. Eaker was looking for a place to train troops and pilots, and Jackson impressed him by procuring the Elks Picnic Grounds along the Rogue River. "He came the first morning to see what Medford could do to make our stay more pleasant," recalled Eaker. "I suggested a boxing ring would be helpful, and perhaps a little entertainment in the evening. Before sunset, we had a boxing ring, well lighted, also an outdoor dance floor, and each evening a choir or barbershop quartette came out to entertain us. Some nights many local belles came out to dance with our young fliers."

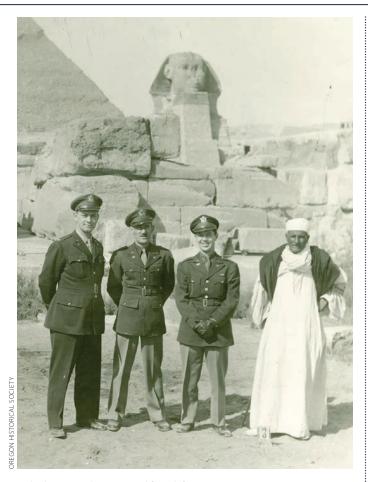
The general knew talent when he saw it, and Eaker requested Jackson's services in England, giving him a job doing what nobody else either wanted to do or could do. The 8th Air Force had units scattered all over England, and Eaker needed a central hub. To house this operation, Jackson "built a large Nissen hut, cut the top out of it with blow torches and superimposed another Nissen on top of it. The Americans called it a 'Jackson highrise."

When Eaker was transferred to Italy, he did not think it "safe" to leave Jackson in England; besides, he thought he just might need some "special projects" in his new theater of war.

Eaker planned to locate his Italian headquarters in an old palace that had been used as a training school by Mussolini's air force, which the Italians said they could vacate in a month or so. But they didn't know Jackson. By the next morning the equipment used by Mussolini's school—engines, charts, diagrams—was lying in the courtyard, having been thrown out the windows. Eaker's desks, maps, typewriters, and communications equipment were set up and ready to go. Eaker quipped that he was glad he had never mentioned the Sistine Chapel to Jackson.

The Medford *Mail Tribune* posted a picture of him, in uniform, in front of the Sphinx in Egypt, noting that, "While the Sphinx had been silent for centuries, it was heard to utter: 'Whew' after Jackson breezed on."

After the war, Jackson returned to the Rogue Valley, resumed his job with COPCO, and borrowed \$1 million from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in Washington,



Col. Glenn L. Jackson, second from left, in Egypt, 1944.

D.C., to buy into a sawmill and develop a woodworking complex. By this time, 1946, Camp White (near the Rogue River training site Jackson had earlier procured for Eaker) was sitting derelict, and Jackson decided it would make a fine site for the country's first industrial park. "My friends told me I had a hole in my head," said Jackson. But there were streets, buildings, and water, and no city taxes.

Jackson paid the Southern Pacific Railroad \$100,000 to run a spur line, the deal being that he would be reimbursed at \$15 for each car loaded out. He got his investment back the first year. The Medco sawmill ran a log train up to Butte Falls every day, and by 1959, 20 industries shipped 1,000 cars a month out of White City. And a city it was, with its own fire department, maintenance crew, telephone exchange, five plywood plants, two molding manufacturers, a paint factory, dress shop, and bottling facility. In all, it provided more than 1,600 full-time jobs.

In 1946, with partners Wally Graff and Marshall Bessonette, Jackson acquired the golf course in Medford (now the Rogue Valley Country Club), of which he had been president since 1935. He wanted it to be a family recreational facility, open to average people. It had a board of directors, but the vision and operation of the club were Jackson's alone. His close friend Warren Bayless recounts that a newly elected

THE MAIL TRIBUNE POSTED A
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president of the board wanted to meet Jackson. The exchange was: "I'm the new president of the board." Jackson: "Delighted to meet you. Just remember, I run the place." Every time the board would try to raise the "ridiculously low" dues, Jackson would veto it. If the club needed money, Jackson would provide it.

In April 1959, Governor Mark Hatfield appointed Jackson to the Oregon State Highway Commission, and his influence over the future of the state was made manifest. Over Jackson's 20 years on the commission (later the Oregon Transportation Commission) he had at his disposal almost \$1 billion to invest in bridges, freeways, connectors, and tourism.

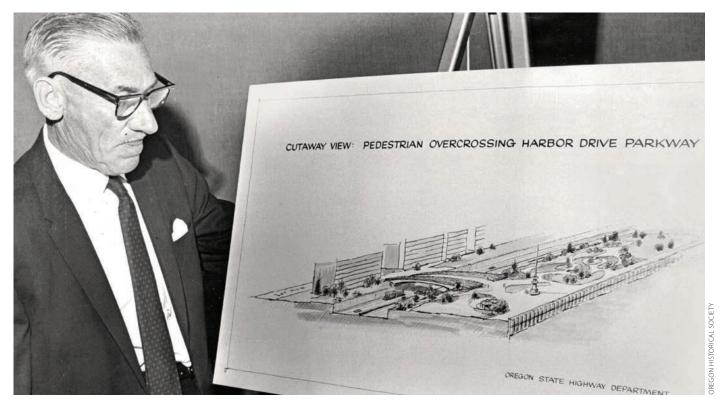
He became chairman of the three-person commission in 1962, and by 1967 Oregon had completed the highest percentage of its planned interstate highways of any state in the nation. Jackson deemed it "the greatest contribution we could make to the development of the state," and said the availability of federal highway funds was a "golden opportunity."

He was passionate about Highway 101 along the coast, saying that you can't promote tourism by scenic beauty alone—you need housing, recreational activities, and food, and you have to control litter and air- and water-pollution. Oregon's people, he said, have to step up and realize that these problems are all of ours and we are the solution.

Jackson was used to getting his way. He brokered the I-5 route up Bear Creek and essentially over the top of Medford, pleasing almost no one, and he supported a proposal to run Highway 101 along the Nestucca Spit, which he lost, fortunately. But he also presided over the construction of I-205, I-405, the Marquam and Fremont bridges in Portland, the I-205 bridge in Oregon City, and almost every other major road Oregonians drive today.

So what manner of man was this who got so much done? He was never without his pipe, and he apparently never threw one away, because one had a Band-Aid on the bottom of the bowl. He drove a black 1949 Buick turtleback that was so completely unadorned it didn't even have white sidewall tires. His lunch, when he was horseback riding with his friend Frank Bash, was always Underwood deviled ham on white bread and coffee (he drank no alcohol at all).

His work clothes, like his golf clothes, were shabby to the point of being disreputable. He was devoted to Helen, his wife of almost 50 years, who was a very capable person in her own right, educated at Stanford with graduate work at



Jackson is best known for his 20 years as a member of the Oregon State Highway Commission and its successor, the Oregon Transportation Commission. First appointed by Governor Mark Hatfield in 1959, he was named chair in 1962 and reappointed by Governors Tom McCall and Robert Straub.

Nebraska in drama and journalism. He loved to read Louis L'Amour books, and drove a D8 cat around his 12,000-acre ranch near Eagle Point, much of the time building reservoirs and canals to retain runoff and reuse it for irrigation.

He said he got into the cattle business because he got interested in land-use problems. All of the water rights were spoken for, but his idea was to find areas that were suitable for storing floodwater so he could reuse the water and convert dry land to pasture. Once he did that, he asked himself what to do with the pasture. "Being of enquiring mind," he said, "I've been experimenting with crossbreeding in hopes of developing a better beef animal. I took some of our senior senator's prize Devon stock [the senator would be Wayne Morse, with whom Jackson was great friends] and have been crossing it with Hereford and Angus to see what we get. ... A three-way cross could develop a beef animal of a superior type. ... It is a lot of fun and a lot of work."

Jackson was shy but also fearless. He answered his own office phone, always on the speaker without regard to who was in the room. No secrets. He would play poker all night with his friends, but otherwise he couldn't sit still. He played golf, usually with the pro as his partner, but would not talk business on the course. Ever.

He wasn't impatient; he was just fast, says his granddaughter. He expected everyone to do what he said and it just didn't enter his mind that you couldn't. He never put on airs and his friends were people of every race, religion, and age. "He would get people who should hate each other to work togeth-

er," said Bash. "It always sort of amazed me." But he certainly did not suffer fools.

We know what he accomplished: He built the finest highway and park system in the country; raised money for the Oregon Symphony and St. Vincent's hospital; championed the Boy Scouts; created opportunities in business for the underprivileged; supported 4-H, the cattlemen, and agriculture; developed the Mount Ashland ski area (later given to Southern Oregon University) and the Rogue Valley Country Club (given to Willamette University); promoted tourism and protected the environment; worked for the Willamette Greenway, the beach bill, and the bottle bill; and the list goes on. Governor Straub said: "As long as Oregon is Oregon, Glenn Jackson's name will shine with luster as a person who has done more than anybody else to improve this state and to benefit the people of this state." The far more difficult question is, how did he do it?

He relished using power but understood its limitations. Look at his early years in Medford as the head of the chamber of commerce, where he recognized that a war was coming and a training base would funnel loads of money into the valley. When he was working for General Eaker, he must have been in hog heaven because, during wartime, there were few of the usual restraints on his use of power. Need a truck? Acquire one. (Paint over the Navy emblem and it belongs to the Army.) Need pews for the base chapel? Take one from every church in Naples. Power was to be used, and he was a master at it.

He was a good judge of talent and he would "mentor" legislators—not just so he could get money for roads, but to make them more successful lawmakers. He was friends with Wayne Morse, Mark Hatfield, Bob Straub, Tom McCall, and Vic Atiyeh—and always he worked with them, rather than for them.

Knowing his limitations and those of his network of allies, Jackson seldom undertook a task he could not complete. He worked well within the power structure of the state because he was flexible, competent, and had an ego that did not require a lot of care and feeding.

Almost everyone who knew him said Jackson never asked anything for himself. He took nothing, not even expenses, for his work on the Highway Commission. He ponied up his own money to keep the golf club going rather than raise the dues. When he invited 10 cronies to the Arlington Club in Portland on behalf of the symphony, he said, "Each of you write a check for five figures and we'll all have a nice lunch." Of course they did, because they knew he had already written his. "He's a man whose motivations are as pure and unselfish as any person I have ever known," said Don Frisbee, who worked for Jackson for well over a decade before succeeding him as chief executive of Pacific Power and Light. "It makes you feel good just to know him, just to think of him."

Jackson saw livability as Oregon's greatest resource. He recognized that the Rogue Valley, with its temperamental airshed, could not absorb any more industry. He wanted Oregon to attract retirees with lots of assets and fewer demands on the environment. Tourists have to have infrastructure, but tourism is a clean industry. Although he was a total disciple of private ownership and economic freedom, he recognized the importance of protecting our rivers, ocean, mountains, and landscapes. He didn't feel the need to be slavishly consistent—few visionaries are. He had the luxury of not being an elected official, a good thing, since pandering to fickle public taste was about the last thing on his agenda.

He could bring people of diverse beliefs and interests together to work for a common cause. In the early 1960s, a group of civic supporters in Portland decided to make a bid for the 1968 summer Olympics. With Jackson at the head of the pack, they solicited and received endorsements from governors of surrounding states, identified Delta Park as the venue, extended an official invitation to the XIX Olympiad Committee, and most impressively, got a pledge from the head of local labor that there would be no work stoppages or strikes during training and the games. The games went elsewhere, but for labor to cuddle up to business and promise peace was quite unusual. For Jackson, it was business as usual.

He almost always sided with the underdog, and inspired a kind of loyalty that made people feel protective of him. Perhaps it was because he didn't talk much and therefore didn't give away a lot, but he had that indefinable charisma that made people feel as if they were in on something really terrific.

A window into the inner man was in his relationship with Reverend D. Kirkland West, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Medford. Kirk West was a gregarious former footballer and missionary in China, who came to Medford about the time Jackson returned from the war. West wanted to know why Jackson didn't come to church more often, and Jackson responded that he didn't like the format of not being able to talk back to the minister if he had a question or disagreed with what was said. What resulted was the Sinner's Breakfast, where a group of men met at the Country Club for breakfast at 7:00 A.M. each Sunday morning with an assigned Bible verse. West would read the verse, make his comments, and then they would "tear me apart," he said, adding that he learned a lot from "those boys."

PERHAPS IT WAS THE TIME IN WHICH HE LIVED, PERHAPS IT WAS HIS UNIQUE GENIUS, BUT IT IS UNLIKELY WE WILL SEE ANOTHER PERSON WITH SUCH A PROFOUND EFFECT ON THIS STATE.

Jackson was "Mr. Oregon" because he had vision and he translated that vision into reality, be it rest stops on I-5 or development that will never happen on the Oregon Coast. He sought no honors or recognition for himself, but was uncharacteristically ebullient—enough so to call his wife, daughter, and granddaughter travelling in Scotland—when he heard that the I-205 bridge was to be named after him. The bridge has a low profile because of its proximity to the airport flight path, and like the man it honors, it is functional, efficient, and unadorned.

While Jackson wasn't much of a speaker, he was not without eloquence, and a draft of a speech, probably about 1970, summarizes his philosophy:

"An educated society is one that acts dispassionately, votes intelligently, respects cultural and literary excellence, rejects yahoos, abhors bigotry, and admires scholarship. It perceives richness in leisure as well as in work, understands the past, transmits a sense of human decency and compassion to new generations ... and knows enough about freedom to protect it."

Sound advice from Mr. Oregon. Someone should flash it on a reader board for the millions who cross his bridge.

John Frohnmayer, JD 72 is a retired lawyer and former chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, the Oregon Arts Commission, and Oregon Humanities. John and his brother Dave, president emeritus of the University of Oregon, worked for Glenn Jackson at White City picking up trash and watering trees in the mid-'50s.

Quotations in this article are from a number of sources, particularly the Oregon Historical Society papers of Glenn Jackson, donated by Helen Jackson; and interviews conducted by Mark Flint. For a list of sources cited, please see the article online at OregonQuarterly.com. The author would like to acknowledge the help of his friend and colleague, Barbara Mahoney.



Hoop Dreams on a Roll

A UO grad turns a life-changing injury into an opportunity to change the lives of others.

N A TWO-LANE HIGHWAY in Afghanistan, a 1970s-era Volkswagen van cruises down the road. Several ancient, clunky wheelchairs are strapped to the roof. Inside are five disabled villagers from the rural town of Maimana, a driver, and Jess Markt '00.

This unlikely group, on its way to Mazar-e Sharif, was likely taking the first-ever road trip for a wheelchair basketball team in Afghanistan. That wheelchair basketball even exists in that country is a testament to Markt's perseverance.

The chain of events that led to this day started 13 years earlier, in the summer of 1996, when Markt was a redshirt freshman on the University of Oregon track team. On the way to a training session, the former high school track star and basketball player was in a car crash and broke his spine, becoming paralyzed from the lower chest down. He dealt with his recovery the same way he had embraced his sport. "I decided to take this as a challenge," Markt says, "something I was going to get better at and overcome."

He returned to the UO to finish his degree, earning a BA in English with a minor in Japanese. He moved to the Portland area after graduating and hooked up with the Wheelblazers, the National Wheelchair Basketball Association (NWBA) franchise sponsored by the NBA's Trail Blazers. At six feet six inches tall, with long arms and an athlete's grace,

Markt quickly picked up the game, but it still took almost two years to reach the skill level equivalent to what he'd achieved playing standup ball.

A job as communications director for Seattle-based Qualis Health beckoned next, but Markt eventually sought a change from the Pacific Northwest scene in which he'd lived his entire life. His job offered him the opportunity to transfer to a number of different cities, and he settled on one of the most un-Northwest places he could find—New York City, where he immediately began playing for the Knicks' affiliate NWBA team.

In the summer of 2009, his coach forwarded him an e-mail from Brooklyn-based documentary filmmaker Heather Metcalfe, who had traveled to Afghanistan to make a film on women's issues. While there, she had visited an orthopedic clinic in Maimana. The Western doctor who ran the clinic told her he thought wheel-chair basketball would be a good outlet for the many young men who used its services—some suffering from polio or other diseases, and others injured by land mines. The thing was, the doctor said, they needed a coach. Metcalfe was looking for a volunteer.

With his contract with Qualis coming to an end, Markt jumped on the opportunity. After a quick fundraiser to cover travel costs, he was off to Afghanistan, spending six days teaching players who spoke little or no English how to play an American game. His players lost the game to the team in Mazar-e Sharif, and Markt was soon on his way back stateside. But once home, with the opportunity to reflect on the sizable difference he'd made in these young men's lives in so little time, he realized that what he had thought would be a one-time trip had stirred a passion.

He contacted Motivation UK, an international charity that builds wheelchairs for use in developing countries. The organization agreed to sell him basketball wheelchairs—which normally cost about \$3,000 apiece—for \$250. Then he contacted the Red Cross to see if the agency could help with shipping the chairs to Afghanistan. Not only did they help with shipping, they also agreed to buy and donate the chairs, 120 in all, for distribution across the country. The Red Cross took over the logistics of setting up the program, now called the Afghanistan Wheelchair Basketball Project, so Markt could focus on coaching.

He returned to Afghanistan in 2011 and spent time working with teams in Kabul, Maimana, and Mazar-e Sharif. Since then, the program has continued to expand and the players have gone through a metamorphosis. "This is a country where disabled people are completely marginalized," Markt says. "If you're born with a physical defect, or if you're injured, the family keeps you at home and will just take care of you; you basically just exist in a corner, unseen."

But these athletes are unseen no longer.











CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: The teams from Mazar and Kabul line up for free throws in Afghanistan's first-ever wheelchair basketball tournament as Jess Markt (in yellow) yells instructions over the din of the crowd (May 2013). Photo courtesy of Lindy Hinman; Markt coaching a player in Afghanistan; Markt reunites with the Battambang players on his second trip to Cambodia; Mazar players (from left) Frishta, Nadia, Liann and Kamela show off their custom-made, Islam-appropriate basketball jerseys; and, members of the team from Kandahar line up in May 2013 in Kabul, where the team traveled so Markt could train them (since Kandahar is off limits to Americans). Photo courtesy of Michael Glowacki.

"Afghanistan is a country where disabled people are completely marginalized. You basically just exist in a corner, unseen."

"These skinny, shy guys are now all big and muscly and competitive," Markt says. "It's been a remarkable transformation."

In 2012, the Red Cross chose Afghanistan as the site for its first national sports program and hired Markt, who'd been coaching as a volunteer, to run it. A two-month training program culminated in an eight-team, three-on-three national tournament played in front of raucous crowds. Last spring, the Red Cross held a women's tournament as well.

"Sport is a fantastic tool of social reintegration," says Alberto Cairo, an Italian physiotherapist who runs the Red Cross's physical rehabilitation program in Afghanistan. "The results of the program are beyond expectations. The players have been transformed both physically and mentally."

Although much has been done, so much more remains. "In Afghanistan, the needs of the disabled people are so huge that whatever one does, it is never enough," Cairo says.

Markt, for his part, continues to do more. In January, he traveled to Cambodia to coach a team there. Plans are in the works for teams in Sudan, Palestine, and Ethiopia. "I want to keep it growing and continue to take it to new places, and to further establish the programs we've started," Markt says. "The level of success we've had, the difference we're making in these people's lives, is mind-boggling. This has really become an amazing thing."

- Matt Tiffany, MS '07

49

Young Grads Don't Miss a Beat

Just a year out of college, James Beke and Tyree Harris '13 create a major buzz with their edgy national ad campaign.





James Beke and Tyree Harris

MOB OF REPORTERS SURrounds a dreadlocked athlete, his face smudged with eye black, fresh from the field. They jostle for position, shoving their microphones in his face and shouting increasingly hostile questions, to which he calmly responds. As his patience wears thin, someone in the back yells, "How do you feel about your reputation as a thug?"

The locker room goes silent, and the athlete gives the reporter a long, frustrated look and shakes his head. "I don't have that reputation," he responds. As the barrage of questions begins anew, he pulls his headphones over his ears and turns away, the sound of Aloe Blacc's "The Man" replacing the din of reporters' questions. The ad's tagline appears on the screen: "Hear What You Want."

The athlete is Richard Sherman of the Seattle Seahawks. The headphones are Beats by Dre. The commercial is the work of James Beke and Tyree Harris, two young men less than a year removed from their student days at the University of Oregon.

The two met as UO freshmen. Harris was a rapper and aspiring journalist; Beke made music videos. "We just said, 'Let's team up and make some cool stuff," Beke

The two are still making "cool stuff." Their first job as a creative team was at advertising agency R/GA in Los Angeles, where they conceived the provocative television ad campaign for Beats by Dre that gained national attention this winter.

Neither foresaw a career in advertising during their early days at the UO. "I was one of those kids who didn't know what he was doing in school," says Beke, who started off studying marketing, switched to sociology, and then tried journalism before figuring out that advertising was the venue that would best allow him to put his creative vision to work. Harris was a journalism major, working at the Oregon Daily Emerald as writer, opinion editor, and eventually, editor-in-chief.

Senior year, the duo traveled to New York and visited advertising agencies as part of the NYC Experience, a program coordinated by Deborah Morrison, Chambers Distinguished Professor of Advertising in the School of Journalism and Communication. In New York, Harris and Beke met with representatives of R/GA, and the agency hired them as a team—Beke as an art director and Harris as a copywriter—to work out of its Los Angeles office.

The two met as UO freshmen, Harris was a rapper and aspiring journalist; Beke made music videos, "We just said, 'Let's team up and make some cool stuff," Beke says.

They started at R/GA shortly after finishing up at UO (Beke still has one credit to go), and their bosses soon asked them to brainstorm ideas for an ad campaign. Having noticed that many professional athletes use music headphones to tune out distractions and focus on their performance, they wrote a script about European soccer players wearing headphones to block out racist chants from hooligans. Beats liked the concept, and asked that it be adapted for American sports.

The tagline "Hear What You Want" seems simple, Harris says, "but there's so much meaning to it. It's an empowering statement."

"All you have to do is worry about yourself and tune out the haters," Beke adds. "Focus on yourself and don't let people get to you."

The first spot, featuring NBA star Kevin Garnett, aired last fall. A spot featuring San Francisco 49ers quarterback Colin Kaepernick followed. But it was the third spot in the campaign, featuring brash, trash-talking All-Pro cornerback Richard Sherman, that caught fire.

The timing was uncanny. The ad broke just as Sherman delivered a memorable rant after the NFC Championship Game that launched him into the vortex of two weeks of Super Bowl hype. The ad aired again during the pregame Super Bowl broadcast.

The experience of seeing their original concept go from a spec script to a national ad campaign was surreal, Beke says. "The moment it all came crashing down on how insane this is, is when we saw a parody of it on Leno," he says. "I literally couldn't

have fathomed it. It doesn't seem real. . . . It touched the culture and people are talking about it."

The experience has been "pretty ridiculous," says Harris. "To work on something that touches millions of eyes ... it's a crazy feeling."

The two have since switched agencies and are now at BBH Los Angeles, where they are working on a spot that will increase consumer awareness of Google Play (Google's app store). "There was an opportunity for us to take on some projects that are outside of traditional advertising," Harris says. "We loved working on the Beats brand, but we were ready for a new challenge. Making the move now made a lot of sense to where we are heading creatively."

—Tim Christie

WEB EXTRA: Watch Beke and Harris's television spots for Beats by Dre at OregonQuarterly.com



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The Sweet Spot of Shared Interests

A journalist-turned-leadership-coach says the key to success lies in collaboration—and the more different your collaborators are in temperament or talent, the better.

ARE ANDERSON '71 HAS a seemingly paradoxical relationship with first-person pronouns.

On the plural side, the columnist, speaker, and leadership coach is an unabashed fan of "we" and "us." Her 2012 e-book, *Moving from Me to We*, extols the creative energy of collaboration. Her current book in progress has the working title *Mutuality*. She encourages her clients and audiences to seek out meaningful connections with others with whom it may at first seem they have no common ground. "Look sooner for the sweet spot of shared interests," Anderson counsels. "That's where sustainable accomplishment happens."

But until people are clear about what they have to offer in their own particular line of work, she says, they aren't ready to connect and create the synergy with others that generates new and fertile ideas. So the other half of Anderson's work is getting her clients to identify and honor the first-person singular, their individual "I" and "me"—the thoughts, talents, and goals they hold that are particular to them. Or, in today's communications lingo, their identifiable "brand."

"Be specific," she says. "That's when things come alive."

Anderson, 65, lives and works in the Bay Area. Her work with the Say It Better Center, which she cofounded, includes consulting, teaching, and working with companies and organizations ranging from Google and Siemens to eBay pioneer Jeff Skoll's social entrepreneurship nonprofit, the Skoll Foundation. She also collaborates with several small tech startups, "which I adore," she says, and writes columns for *Forbes* and the Huffington Post. She has spoken in 18 countries, attended a Toastmasters meeting at San Quentin State Prison, and counseled freshmen at Harvard University on how to network face-to-face, as opposed to using screens. In a March 2014 TedxBerkeley talk, she advised her audience to "shut up sooner. Shut up more. Say things so specifically that they will sink in."



Kare Anderson '71 at TEDxBerkeley, 2014. Watch her talk, "Redefine Your Life around Mutuality," at OregonQuarterly.com.

Anderson's advice and tips don't come only from professional experience or common cultural assumptions. She draws inspiration and insight from behavioral science research as well as current authors and thought leaders, among them organizational psychologist and Wharton School professor of management Adam Grant, author of the 2012 bestseller Give and Take: Why Helping Others Drives Our Success, and Joe Calloway, author of Becoming a Category of One: How Extraordinary Companies Transcend Commodity and Defy Comparison. She also borrows some tenets of Buddhism. "There's a thing in Buddhism that the more clear and specific we are about our top goal, the more we are able to pull synchronicity into our lives," she says. "The more vivid something is, the more able we are to step outside of ourselves and see others with less projection."

A self-described introvert, Anderson didn't aspire to be in the spotlight. After graduating from the UO's School of Journalism and Communication, she spent five years in London working for the Wall Street Journal. She then returned to the States and worked for NBC in San Francisco, where she won an Emmy in 1994 for a story that investigated issues with United Way fundraising techniques. Her turn toward public speaking was a matter of opportunity and timing—a friend who was scheduled to give a speech fell ill and asked her to fill in. Her topic was a precursor to what has become a major theme in her writing and coaching work: how people can accomplish more together than they can on their own. After that first talk, she says, the speaking gigs began to flow in.

Friend and colleague LaRae Quy, a leadership coach and author of Secrets of

a Strong Mind, says she values Anderson for her ability to "reduce complex thoughts into simple, yet pithy, sentences." Today, Quy works mostly with faith-based women entrepreneurs and business leaders who are in transition or stalled in their careers. But years back, when she first met with Anderson, Quy hadn't yet identified the group she wanted to reach. During their meeting, Anderson pushed Quy to define

Conscious thinkers "make mistakes, but they don't make the same mistakes. They go on to make even better ones."

her audience and refused to accept her broad answers.

"It was one of the most useful and constructive conversations I have ever had," Ouv says. "She left me stunned. I didn't expect her to be so abrupt and to the point. I went home and started thinking about what I needed to do to carve a niche for myself."

Anderson's commitment both to clarity and to the creative potential that arises when people of differing backgrounds find a "sweet spot of mutual interest" has led her to be a matchmaker for some unusual pairings. Following her talk at San Quentin, she became friendly with an inmate who was later released. She asked him what being incarcerated had led him to value. He told her that after the barrenness of the prison, he relished looking at objects, such as statues, "that he could be drawn into."

Anderson detected a sweet spot of mutuality in the making. She knew an arts advocate in Los Angeles who was backing a proposed ordinance that would allocate a small percentage of funding for new public buildings toward artwork. Anderson introduced her friend to the former convict, and, despite their different backgrounds, the two quickly found their shared interest. They appeared together at the Disney Performing Arts Center and spoke in favor of the ordinance. She dazzled in Dior; he wore blue jeans given to him by his brother and a dark red shirt. "Contrast is everything," Anderson says. "You want as sharp a

contrast as you can." The ordinance passed, and the former inmate found a job working in a chain of gyms owned by his collaborator's husband.

It's a combination Anderson swears by-unlikely allies who share common ground in a particular area. She is currently working with a group of lawyers who are trying to boost citizen and political support to close private prisons, in the United States and abroad, that indefinitely hold people accused of terrorism.

Anderson says her focus on connection and collaboration has led her to be less judgmental of others, and has allowed her to be more specific about the people she wants to surround herself with, both in work and in her personal life. "I have pulled in people who are pretty conscious about how they think," she says. "They make mistakes, but they don't make the same mistakes. They go on to make even better ones."

Her work has also taught her to be attuned to the magic that arises as a result of collaboration and shared focus. Recently, she says, she attended a concert by the San

Francisco Gay Men's Chorus. "There were 200 men of every shape, color, and size, all dressed in beautiful suits," she says. "They sang with warmth, connectivity, and talent. People were swaying and moving together. I got the shivers and started crying." Afterward, an audience member who had seen her weeping came up to her and grabbed her hands. "It's okay, honey," he told her. "We all get moved by this sometimes."

Anderson continues, "It was one of those numinous moments we remember all our lives. When people are showing their best talents together, it brings out a side we like seeing in each other."

-Alice Tallmadge, MA '87

Bay Area Ducks: Kare Anderson joins Robin Hubbard '11, an industrial designer at One & Co., and Bob Komin '85, chief financial officer of Flurry (flurry.com), for a Duck Career Network panel discussion and networking event at Capital One Labs in San Francisco on June 18. For information, contact James Chang at jtchang@uoregon.edu.



Class Notes University of Oregon Alumni

1940s

World War II veteran **W. Rex Stevens** '49 traveled to Washington, D.C., with the South Willamette Valley Honor Flight earlier this month to visit war memorials. Stevens was joined by his sons Kent and Brad, who volunteered to assist wheelchair-bound veterans on the trip.

1960s

- Joe M. Fischer '60, MFA '63, and his wife, Alona, made their annual contribution to the UO's Joe and Alona Fischer Scholarship in Fine Arts, which they have funded for more than 10 years. Fischer also delivered his portrait of twin girls Naomi and Evelyn to their parents in El Paso,
- Richard Hornaday '61, MEd '68, was inducted to North Salem High School's Hall of Fame last September. His contributions to the school include leading a fundraising effort to support scholarships for graduating seniors and working to promote the construction of the school's turf football field

Alaby Blivet '63 and Sara Lee Cake '45 have embarked on "the multimodal travel adventure of our dreams," circling the globe on tramp steamer, hovercraft, Trans-Manchurian Railroad, sampan, rickshaw, gyrocopter, Vespa, camel, jeepney, tuktuk, and dog sled. "We're traveling light and not sure when we'll return," says Blivet. "Hugs and kisses to all our beloved Duck friends."

1970s

Benjamin Downs, MS '72, will turn 82 years old in December and continues to draw, paint, and ride his bike eight miles per day. Downs is also working on his first book.

Susan Immer '72 was named the 2013 Foster Volunteer of the Year by the Humane Society of Southwest Washington. Susan and her husband, Larry, provided in-home care for more than 30 seriously ill cats and kittens in 2013.

Linda Gale Horist '79 was named a 2014 California State Teacher of the Year. Horist is a second-grade teacher at Nohl Ranch Elementary School in Anaheim.

1980s

James Ellickson-Brown '72, MA '80, completed his 27-year career as a Foreign Service officer with an assignment as diplomat-in-residence at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he was responsible for outreach efforts in Michigan, Ohio, and Kentucky regarding internships, fellowships, and careers with the U.S. Department of State.

Carolynn Abst, MArch '80, plans to celebrate her recent retirement with a victory lap around the United States to see special friends and places. Abst says that her father, **Ray C. Abst** '49, and mother continue to root for the Ducks.

Malcolm Lynn Baker, MMus '81, has released 'Lectrocoustic, his second CD on the OA2 label. He performed a concert of electronic-acoustic improvised music at the University of Denver's Lamont School of Music.

Rich Schieber '87 has published his book, *Mask, Fins, and Snorkel: The Adventure Guide to Maui's Best Snorkeling,* through Honolua Press.

1990s

Makiia Lucier '97 has published her debut novel, *A Death-Struck Year*, with Houghton Mifflin Harcourt. The American Booksellers Association named the book to its spring 2014 Indies Introduce New Voices list, which highlights the best in new talent for the upcoming season.

John MacDonald '98 is an associate producer with *The Tonight Show Starring Jimmy Fallon* and *Saturday Night Live*. He created the popular "Brian Williams Raps" videos, and his compositions have been featured on the sitcom *Guys with Kids, SNL, The Tonight Show,* and *Late Night with Jimmy Fallon,* where he once dressed up as Chewbacca and had a trombone battle with Darth Vader.

David Nava '98 has been named a principal at the insurance brokerage firm Barney & Barney. Nava

■INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

leads the company's apparel practice group, specializing in employee benefits programs for the retail and apparel manufacturing industry.

2000s

Rika Uchida, MA '90, DMA '04, is an associate professor of piano and theory at Drake University in Des Moines, Iowa. She has recently presented recitals or master classes at Universiti Sains Malaysia, Penang; Minzu University of China in Beijing; Simpson College in Iowa; and the Des Moines Music Teachers Association.

Xin Yang, MA '00, PhD '06, has earned tenure status at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota. Yang's research interests include contemporary Chinese literature, culture and film, women's writing, cyberfiction, and urban culture.

Esther L. Megargel '08 received her master's degree in music composition from Brigham Young University. Her master's composition is a 20-minute work for choir and orchestra titled *The Hearts of the Children*.

Lauren McGoodwin '09 is the founder and editor in chief of Career Contessa, a digital platform she created in 2013 to help guide women to career success. The website features stories of "modern, educated, and influential women who are passionate about starting a fresh, new conversation around women and careers."

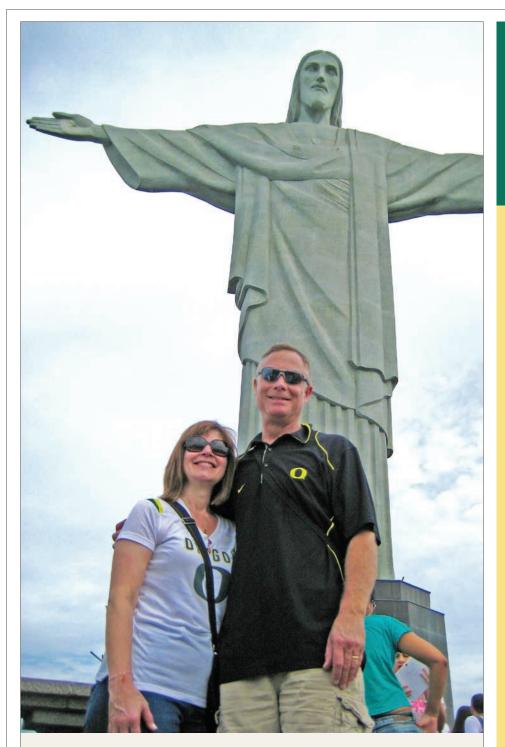
Laurel Narizny '09 earned her master's degree in library and information science from the University of Washington. The Clark Honors College graduate is now a metadata librarian at the California Institute of Technology.

2010s

Ashton Eaton '10 won the gold medal in the heptathlon at the World Indoor Championships in Athletics in March. His score of 6,632 points was just 13 points shy of the world record he set in 2012.

Brianne Theisen Eaton '11 won the silver medal in

Continued on page 56



DUCKS AFIELD

Wide embrace UO alums David Douglas Coghill '82 and Ann Marie (Bronson) Coghill '84 stand under the iconic art deco statue Cristo Redentor (Christ the Redeemer) atop Corcovado Mountain overlooking Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. @

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 quarterly@uoregon.edu.

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

May 29

PDX Ducks Science Night WIDMER BREWING, PORTLAND

June 18

Ducks Helping Ducks CAPITAL ONE LABS. **SAN FRANCISCO**

June 26 **NYC Duck Day on Wall Street NEW YORK**

June 27

Duck Night with the Portland Timbers PROVIDENCE PARK, PORTLAND

July 17 Duck Night at the San Francisco Food Bank SAN FRANCISCO

June 25 **UO Reception** SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

June 26 **UO Reception** SINGAPORE



CLASS NOTES Continued from page 54

the pentathlon for Canada at the World Indoor Championships in Athletics.

Anna Waller '11 authored two articles appearing in the February 2014 issue of *Dance Magazine*.

Michael Ciaglo '12 worked as the photographer on an investigative series by the *Colorado Springs Gazette* that was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for national reporting in April.

Matthew Keown '13 was invited to participate in the prestigious 21st-Century American Contemporary Ensemble workshop program, which culminated in two concert programs in Zankel Hall at Carnegie Hall in April 2013.

In Memoriam

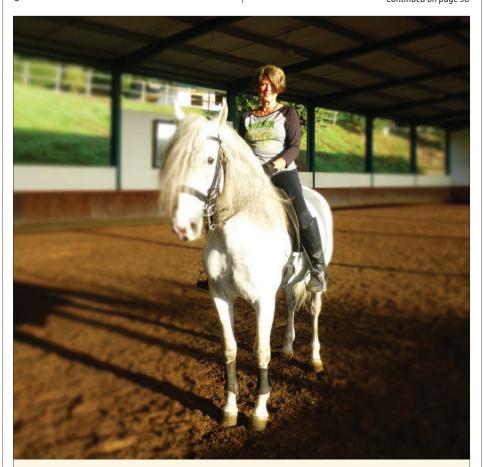
Carol (Hansen) Boynton '65 died in December at age 70. A native of La Grande, Boynton earned a degree in English at the UO and later worked at Central Oregon Community College. She enjoyed music, theater, camping, and computer solitaire games

Richard "Dick" Bray '53, MS '58, died in March at age 82. After earning his bachelor's and master's degrees in geology at the UO, Bray briefly worked for Humble Oil before joining the exploration department at Exxon. By 1985, he was senior vice president of the Standard Oil Company of Ohio, the final stop of a well-traveled career that took him to dozens of countries around the globe. A generous supporter of the UO, Bray established the Richard A. Bray Faculty Fellowship in the Department of Geological Sciences.

Frank Franciscovich '53 died in February at age 82. A graduate of Astoria High School, Franciscovich served two years in the Army before beginning a 40-year career in the building materials business. After retiring in 1995, his love for golf led him to become president of the Hangman Valley Men's Club and a member of the Eastern Washington Course Rating team.

John Henry Gustafson, MEd '55, died in March. Gustafson worked as a teacher, coach, and principal

Continued on page 58



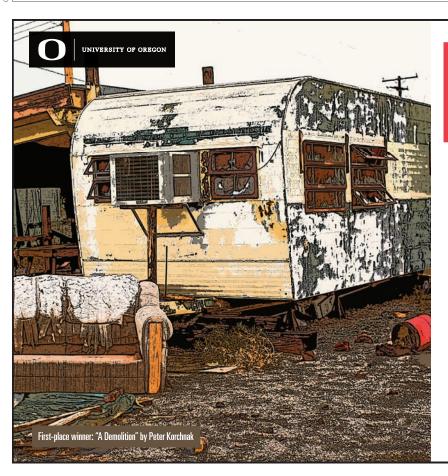
DUCKS AFIELD

Dressed for dressage Duck equestrian **Chris Lee** '91 went all the way to Portugal to study advanced classical dressage, but she didn't forget her Duck gear. Here she poses astride a beautiful Lusitano stallion at the Morgado Lusitano riding academy in Alverca, not far from Lisbon.



CLASS NOTABLE

■ Robert Canaga '90 served as juror of the Coos Art Museum's Western States Painting Competition, which coincided with the opening of his solo art exhibit, Transported. Canaga's mixed-media paintings are on display at the museum through June 28.



15th Annual Oregon Quarterly **Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest Reading**

Thursday, May 29, 2014

5:30 Reception | 6:00 Reading

GERLINGER HALL ALUMNI LOUNGE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON. 1468 UNIVERSITY STREET, EUGENE

Opening remarks by this year's judge, Jonathan Evison, followed by readings of winning essays by: Peter Korchnak, Lynn Larssen, Gabriel Karapondo, Scott Latta, Heather Durham, and Missy Anne Peterson

Questions? Call 541-346-5048

Jonathan Evison will also be reading from his work on Wednesday, May 28 at 6:30 p.m. at The Duck Store, 895 E 13th Ave., Eugene

The Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest is presented by Oregon Quarterly magazine with support from The Duck Store.





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CLASS NOTES Continued from page 56

at high schools in Elmira, Lowell, and Warrenton. He also owned an irrigation system business and an investment company.

Lawrence "Larry" Meyers '63 died in May. A 1959 graduate of Portland's Cleveland High School, Meyers earned a degree in education at the UO and worked for many years in the automobile industry. In 1980, he opened his own Porsche-Audi dealership in Portland, where he was elected president of the Portland Metropolitan Business

Association. Meyers was also an accomplished tennis player, active community volunteer, and enthusiastic Ducks fan, with season tickets at Autzen Stadium's 50-yard line.

William "Bill" Miller '58 died in February at age 81. Described as a "proud, mischievous" member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, Miller was a lifelong supporter of Duck football and never missed a Family Weekend while his son, Peter '87, and daughter, Katie '91, were attending the UO. After

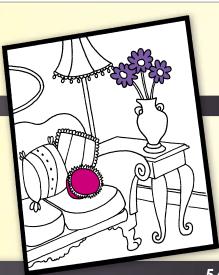
retiring from a career in marketing and sales, Miller spent many hours on Puget Sound sailing *The Lady M* with his wife, Mimi.

Donna J. Propst '64 died in February at age 75. She was born in 1939 in Huntington Park, California, and grew up in Grants Pass. She taught in the Oregon towns of Riddle and Albany, retiring after a 30-year career. She participated in the UO symphony while she was a student, and was a member of the UO Alumni Association.



CLASS NOTABLE

Members of Oregon's 1965/66 All-Sports Intramural Championship Team, Hauna Athletic Club, gathered in Las Vegas in February 2014. Pictured from left are **Marcial Hunter** '67 and **Bob Bull** '67, who joined through the wonders of Photoshop, and **Bruce MacPhail** '66, **Jim Prentice** '68, **Bill Walsh** '66, **Puna Chillingworth** '67, **Tony Crabb** '66 and **Bob Chambers** '66. Honoring their late team leaders, **Ron laukea** '70 and **Barry Klein** '67, Hauna teammates recalled the independent group's dominance over heavily favored Greek teams, winning football, volleyball, and a host of other team sports.



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Ervin Royer '58 died in October at age 77. While studying music at the UO, Royer lived in the Campbell Club cooperative house for several years and married his wife, Audrey Russell Royer '58. His career in music education included stops in Brookings, McMinnville, and Coos Bay, as well as Bethel, Alaska, where he helped prepare band and chorus students to perform at the Alaska State Music Festival. After retiring in his hometown of Myrtle Point, Royer remained active in the First Christian Church, the Little River Christian Camp, and many other local groups.

Anne Graham Schneider '53 died in December at age 81. Schneider was a member of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority at the UO, where she studied business. She later earned a law degree from Northwestern School of Law (now Lewis and Clark Law School) and was admitted to the Oregon State Bar in 1971. While practicing general law in Oregon City for 35 years, Schneider mentored and encouraged younger women who wished to become lawyers.

Dale Bryan Stansfield '68 died in January at age 69. A Portland native, Stansfield studied romance languages at the UO before earning a PhD in comparative literature from the University of Wisconsin. He was residing in Tempe, Arizona, at the time of his passing.



DUCKS AFIELD

Ducks Ahoy! Craig Flitcroft gets some help throwing the "O" from none other than Captain Hook during a recent visit to Disneyland. The photo was sent in by his in-laws, lifetime UOAA members Jerry Cox '68, MEd '72, and Bonnie Jensen Cox '75.





Ellen Turner '40 died in November at age 94. While a UO student, Turner was a member of Alpha Xi Delta and participated in the choral program. During World War II, she served as a member of the Women's Air Raid Defense of the U.S. Air Force, stationed in Hawaii. She later joined the U.S. Foreign Service, serving in Tunisia, and also worked as secretary to former UO School of Music dean Morette Rider.

Misty Dawn White '03 died in April 2013 at age 35. White studied business at the UO with a concentration in sports marketing. She also excelled on the university's club equestrian team and was the 2004 Colorado Hunter Jumper Association Champion.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Kenneth A. Bennett, former UO assistant professor of biological anthropology and a forensic anthropologist with the state crime lab, died in February at age 78. One of Bennett's former students described him as an extraordinary teacher, a voracious reader, and a "fantastic partner in Oregon handball, claiming a two-year unbeaten streak!" In 1970, Bennett left the UO to become an associate professor at the University

of Wisconsin, where he published two books and was recognized for his excellence in teaching.

Paul Buckner, professor emeritus in sculpture, died February 1. Buckner joined the faculty in 1962 and taught at the UO for 36 years. He headed the sculpture area for much of his tenure, where he developed the figure studies, drawing and modeling, and anatomy for artists courses. His figurative sculptures are in the collections of museums and public buildings throughout the Northwest and California. His students may recall a slide lecture he would give on his many public works that had been stolen, in which he would ask the class to let him know if they ever encountered the missing objects. A memorial is planned for Sunday, June 1, at 1:30 рм at Lawrence Hall on the UO campus. Call 541-342-3067 for information.

Sally Maxwell '57, UO instructor of harp, died in July 2013. Maxwell originally studied harp with her mother before continuing her studies in Paris and Los Angeles. Her three decades of teaching made the UO harp performance curriculum one of the leading programs in the country, and her students now occupy teaching and performance positions around the nation. Performing many years for the Eugene Symphony, Maxwell also served as president of the American Harp

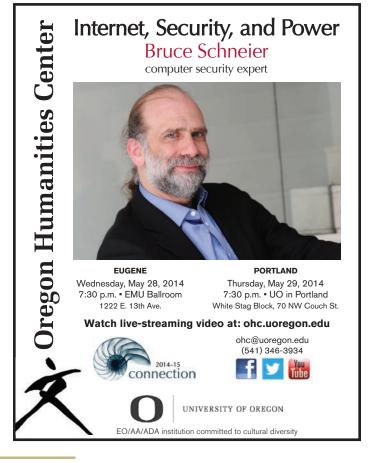
Society and founded the American Harp Society Foundation, a nonprofit organization with the mission of furthering harp education through specific endowment-based scholarships.

Everett "Ev" Smith died in January at age 82. Smith, a professor emeritus, joined the UO faculty in 1965 and served three times as geography department head during his 30-year career. Among his research activities, he studied organization of urban space and the renewal process in American cities, and patterns and control of land use in rural and urban areas. Following retirement, he and his wife, Sally, traveled extensively through Europe, Asia, Africa, the Middle East, and South America. Smith was also an ardent Ducks fan and enjoyed attending football, basketball, and track-and-field competitions in 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.

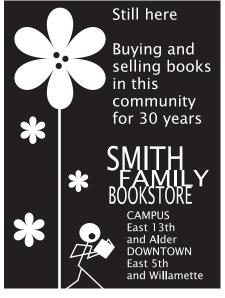






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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Summer issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



Juggling Responsibilities Jugglers perform during the ASUO Street Faire sometime in the mid-1980s.

1924 *Old Oregon* announces that seven university students "accomplished the impossible" by successfully climbing the Middle Sister in the month of March. Mountain sickness, snow blindness, and terrific gales did not deter them.

1934 The Carnegie Corporation has given the School of Music a phonograph that automatically changes records, in addition to numerous recordings, musical scores, and volumes of literature. In light of the gifts, the school plans to prepare special rooms for hearing music and reading literature.

1944 With work on the new Erb Memorial Union building soon to commence, students are polled on what they would most like it to contain. A dance floor receives the largest number of votes. The second largest request (from students tired of trudging three miles to the Eugene post office) is for a student union post office. A soda fountain comes in third.

1954 Workmen are readying McArthur Court for two new balconies that will increase seating capacity to 10,000. The basketball pavilion's popularity vindicates the vision of its original planners, who were called crazy men for "trying to throw away money on a building all out of proportion to the school's needs."

1964 The chairman of the Student Union Board sends a letter to President Flemming saying that the board would like to see beer sold in the student union. "Unthinkable!" says the president union.

dent, just back from a meeting of the National Council of Churches.

1974 Daniel Ellsberg and Angela Davis are featured speakers on campus. Ellsberg addresses about 1,300 people, who greet him with a standing ovation, on Vietnam, Watergate, and more. Davis speaks to an audience of about 1,500 in McArthur Court and focuses her talk on injustice in the United States.

1984 For the first time in more than a decade, students vote to reinstate funds for the UO "Fighting Ducks" Marching Band, enabling band members to travel to at least one out-oftown game each season. However, the band's uniforms are worn and out of style, so an alumni group is sponsoring a drive to raise \$60,000 to replace them.

1994 As Myles Brand leaves the UO to become president of Indiana University, Dave Frohmayer takes over as interim president. Frohmayer first joined the UO law faculty in 1971, taking time off to serve three terms as a state representative and then as Oregon attorney general. He says his focus will be on providing education for college-age Oregonians in the face of Measure 5 budget cuts.

2004 The on-campus convenience store located off the EMU breezeway is considering replacing cigarettes with sushi, as it will no longer be selling tobacco products and will need to make up about \$100,000 in lost sales.

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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IBRARIES—SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

School of Hard Blocks

By Bev Smith '88

I have walked by Mac Court two days a week now for nearly two years. I am back on campus teaching a class, and the old, semi-abandoned building is directly in the path of my campus commute.

In the late '70s and early '80s, Mac Court was a daily destination for me. I remember its outside walls alive with climbing ivy and its insides bustling with practices and preparations for the next event.

Walking by the building these past few years, I've felt torn whether to visit or not. As a student, I shared four great years in the grandeur of her space, yet recently I had passed on by, head down and hurried, for fear of discovering that this old friend was perhaps something other than what I remembered.

But a month ago, while walking on the east side of University Street on a sunny afternoon, I noticed that the doors to Mac Court were open. I didn't hesitate. I walked from the sunlight into the dark corridors of the once proud and productive building. I opened the double doors to the court. Instantly, I was home.

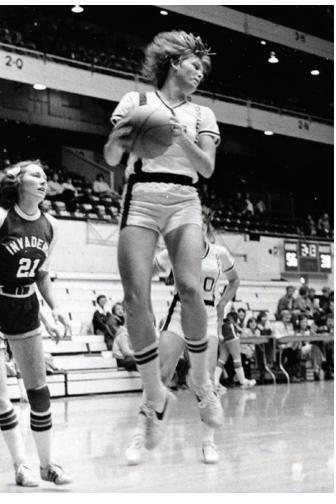
I didn't have to look to see. I didn't have to breathe to smell. I didn't have to listen to hear. I didn't have to feel to sense all that this

building meant to me. It fit like my first uniform I wore as a Duck in the late '70s. Not quite new, not quite fashionable, not quite bold or clean, but it was beautiful.

Mac Court's beauty is not aesthetic, but visceral. My senses recalled the trademark characteristics of the place: the smell of popcorn, the squeak of basketball sneakers stopping and starting, and the long-gone but heavily felt presence of the thousands of fans who wandered these corridors, climbed the narrow wooden staircases, and squeezed themselves into the cramped folding seats.

My own relationship with the building was different. For a brief moment, I was the fortunate recipient of the wildly vocal and proudly passionate enthusiasm of the Mac Court fans. And in my lifetime of sport, there has been nothing finer than practicing and playing in The Pit.

Wooden pullout bleachers once framed the arena floor, and frothing students and well-behaved families mixed together to pound the bleachers and raise the roof with stomps and cheers as we ran up and down the majestically suspended floor.



The crowd's response to the action and anticipation of what could happen next caused the building to inhale and exhale with every play. Fans were close to the action, and with this proximity came a depth and breadth to their intense and heartfelt vociferations—one felt almost gladiator-like, awash in the roar.

Seeing, smelling, listening, and feeling took me back to game times, but what came to me next was the overwhelming peace I felt in the surrounding silence of being alone in Mac Court. And that's when it hit me. That's what I really missed.

The early mornings, the late evenings, the Sunday afternoons when the seats were empty, the popcorn unpopped, and the sound of sneakers starting and stopping found its echo in that of only one pair: mine. I had a basket and a ball, and a classroom for the ages.

It was a laboratory: a place to move and create and work, the crucible always filling and emptying with the endless repetition of dribbling drills to control the ball, shooting hundreds of shots to give me a better chance of scoring on game day. I played one-on-one games against the best defender I

could conjure out of imagination, and occasionally, an abandoned chair stood its ground in front of me.

It was hard work and it was lonely work, the sacrifice of honing one's craft. But I loved it. I now know that my time in Mac Court was not much different than that of a music student repeating scales, seeking to become, perhaps, not *the* best, but *one's* best through the solitary and dogged pursuit of excellence.

I walked back out into the sunlight that day reminded that Mac Court truly was the teacher and friend that I had imagined. The time I spent in her classroom, both alone and with my teammates, was not about what we got from the experience, but what we became through lessons learned on the hardwood.

Bev Smith '88 played forward for the Ducks from 1978 to 1982, was a member of the 1984 Canadian Olympic team, and was the UO's head women's basketball coach from 2001 to 2009. She is now the executive director of Kidsports in Eugene.



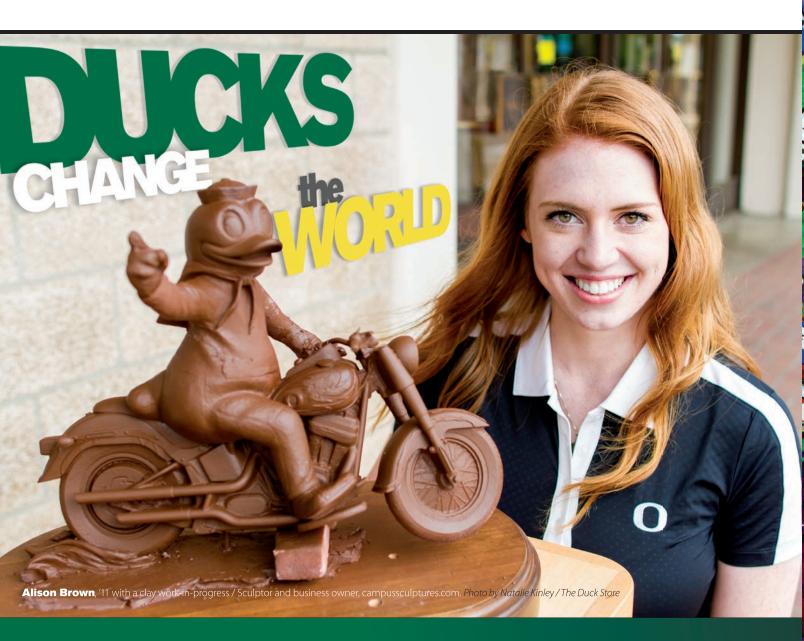
At Willamette View, we might not all be out turning over the pedals before that second cup of coffee, but we all enjoy going miles beyond what people expect from life after retirement. Come on by for a visit. You'll find us a little south of Portland, and a lot outside of your expectations. GET BUSY LIVING.





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As we near the time of graduation accolades and celebration, it's worth taking a minute to look at the lineage of the proud University of Oregon alumni that U of O graduates will be joining. **Alison Brown** has turned her love of sculpture and our Ducks into a burgeoning career that has touched the lives of people all over the world.

Without a doubt, graduates from the U of O are extraordinary and are doing extraordinary things. Simply put: **DUCKS CHANGE the WORLD**.

