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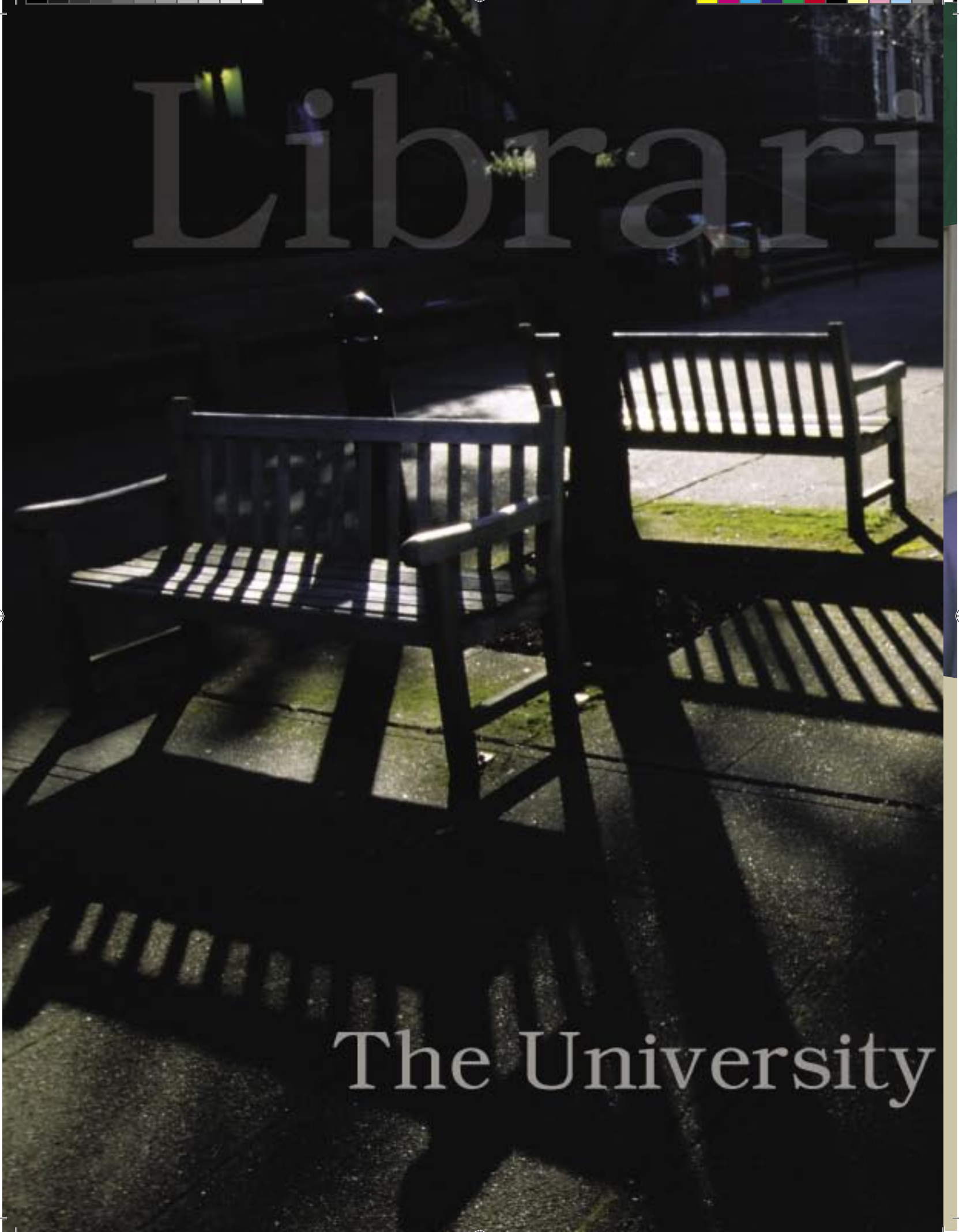


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Oregon Quarterly staff

Costs of Doing Business p. 17

Literary Giants p. 28

FEATURES

- 14 TRAIL GRACE** *by Kirsten Rudestam*
The winner of the 2005 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest student category finds unexpected gifts along the Pacific Crest Trail.
- 17 WASTE NOT** *by Rosemary Camozzi*
Businesses need to start thinking about what happens to products when consumers are done with them — and the UO wants to help.
- 22 SATURDAY SPECTACLE** *Photography by John Bauguess*
On six Saturdays every fall, Autzen Stadium's parking lot is home to a green and gold festival.
- 28 GIANTS** *by Kingsley Weatherhead*
Faulkner, Lowell, Huxley, and Auden all made stops at the UO in the mid-twentieth century.

DEPARTMENTS

- 4 Letters**
- 6 Currents**
The Wages of Peace *by Meg Krugel*
Angels in the Architecture *by Patricia Wheeler*
Seeking Transcendence in the New Old World *by George J. Sheridan, Jr.*
Crime Scene *by Laurie Lynn Drummond*
- 33 University**
Rome Digitized / MarAbel Frohnmayer Honored / PROFile: Linda Kintz / Portland Journalism Program / Outdoor Pursuits
- 39 Old Oregon**
Spokane Journalism Innovators / Pioneer Cemetery / Robert Clark 1910–2005 / UOAA Events / Class Notes / Profiles: Tom Levak '61, Collins Hemingway '79
- 52 Oregon Trails**
Worming for Walleye *by Nancy Wilbur Woods '72 MA '86*

Cover: Jason and Uyen Murphy (center) of Eugene and friend at the Quack Shack in the Autzen Stadium parking lot. Photograph by John Bauguess

Autzen Tailgaters p. 22

John Bauguess



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Brain-Bowling For Dollars.

Brian Truong of Beaverton is a math and science whiz. He knew his multiplication tables at five. Finished all his calculus courses as a sophomore in high school. Was even a member of the state champion Brain Bowl Team in 2003. Then he applied to fourteen universities—got accepted to twelve, including UC-Berkeley, UCLA, and the University of Michigan—and picked Oregon, thanks to the power of a Presidential Scholarship. The obvious lesson: Do the math. Financial aid keeps Oregon's best students at home. That's why we're committed to transforming lives by raising millions in private support for student scholarships to keep Oregon strong.

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PRE POETRY

Editor's note: We received two poems in response to "Where Glory Stays" (Summer 2005). We don't have space to print both — our apologies to Bill Enyart of Bend — but we have a portion of one below.

Haven't read the article yet. The picture was enough to inspire this poem. Pre had greatness written all over him and we miss him still. Saw him that night and then heard the news the next morning on TV.

The Last 10,000 Meter Run

. . . The chance to perform
For all of us
In full deer-like grace
And be the best
That God and man
Could be

When the two
Were blended
Into one
On a circular
Track that eventually
Has an end,

A finish
Where victory seems clear
And Pre now so far
Is near
God loves him, like we do,
That is clear

Jim C. Lewis '76
Menlo Park, California

UNCERTAIN WEST

You publish a first-rate magazine. It is just top-notch. I look forward to it, read it carefully, and save and reread many articles. OK, OK, I will send more money. Your Summer 2005 issue was a real bell-ringer. Several articles sur-

passed even your usual standards. One of them was "The Undiminishing Uncertainty of the West" [Currents]. This piece includes an extraordinary passage about the imperfections of human knowledge. Your citation, in the material at the top of the article, does not make clear whether "Uncertainty and Other Sure Bets" is a chapter in the book *Notes on a Shared Landscape* or if it is a free-standing publication that is merely hard to find. I'd like to know, because I'd like to buy whatever the source of that passage is.

Don Killian Ph.D. '71
Williamsburg, Virginia

Editor's note: The book is Notes on a Shared Landscape by David Bayles. The excerpt in Currents is one of its chapters, "Uncertainty and Other Sure Bets."

I applaud David Bayles for the intriguing essay in the Summer 2005 *Oregon Quarterly* ["The Undiminishing Uncertainty of the West," Currents]. I share his obsession with the West and our place in it. Having been born and raised in Bend, I have been disappointed with the change in the place I knew in the 1930s to what it is now. This change was probably inevitable but, nonetheless, it's depressing. I am in the twenty-sixth year of my retirement from the position of personnel manager for the Oregon region of the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. During the period of my retirement, I have put in little time sur-

veying the route ahead, but rather more on looking down the long road back as far as memory will reach. Too many stone-like heaps of near misses, strike outs, and outright errors I have made obscure the view and any likelihood of making sense of it. Thus it appears to me that life is an absurdity. Bayles' effort to make sense of the West and our place in it strikes me in this vein. I enjoyed the sample of his writing and wish him well.

Calvin Boyd '48
Portland

GONZO

I enjoyed Arik Hesseldahl's piece on Hunter S. Thompson ["Going, Going, Gonzo," Summer 2005]. Like the author, I attended Dr. Gonzo's 1991 lecture at the Eugene Hilton. I had also seen him at McArthur Court in 1984 and the EMU Ballroom in 1977. In 1984, I took several rolls of photographs, and I had a number of them framed. In 1991, knowing Gonzo's penchant for tardiness, a friend and I attended a Duck basketball game prior to heading to the Hilton. With one of my framed photos in tow, I was hoping for an autograph. After the session ended, we queued up for his signature. When I finally reached Thompson, I handed him the picture. He called his bodyguard over and snorted: "Great shot, eh? Reminds me of my glory days." He handed it to his bodyguard and ordered him to "put it with the other stuff." Naturally, I was upset. As a consolation prize, he signed my Oregon basketball ticket with a quickly scribbled "HST." Later, in hindsight, my anger at having the photo shanghai'd by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson was replaced by a sense of honor that he thought enough of his portrait to swipe it.

John C. Mitchell '77
Eugene

OREGON QUARTERLY
LETTERS POLICY

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



Vol. 85 No. 1

The University of Oregon is an equal-opportunity, affirmative-action institution committed to cultural diversity and compliance with the Americans with Disabilities Act. This publication will be made available in accessible formats upon request: (541) 346-5048.

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WEB SITE
oregonquarterly.com
OFFICE
130 Chapman Hall
5228 University of Oregon
Eugene, OR 97403-5228
Phone (541) 346-5045
Fax (541) 346-5571
EDITORIAL
(541) 346-5048
ADVERTISING
(541) 346-5046
SUBSCRIPTIONS
\$30 per year domestic
\$40 per year international

E-MAIL
quarterly@uoregon.edu
OREGON QUARTERLY
is published by the UO in March, June, August, and November and distributed free to alumni. Printed in the USA on recycled paper. Copyright 2005, University of Oregon. All rights reserved. Views expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the UO administration.
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The Tigers, Pendleton's African American baseball team, circa 1915-1917. This photo is part of an exhibit, "The Many Faces of Oregon's Workers, circa 1900-1940," on display in the UO's Knight Library through October 10. A permanent online version of the exhibit can be viewed at <http://libweb.uoregon.edu/speccoll/exhibits/manyfaces/intro.html>.

THE WAGES OF PEACE

For the Christian Peacemaker Teams (CPT), nonviolence is the strategy for winning hearts and minds in Iraq. UO journalism major Meg Krugel profiles CPT member Matt Chandler and his work to investigate the experiences of the Iraqi people in an article, excerpted here, titled "Waging Peace." The story appears in the 2005 issue of Flux, the UO School of Journalism and Communication's award-winning student-produced magazine.

A BLACKENING SKY BEGAN TO FALL on the war-torn country of Iraq, signaling the end of another day of conflict. For thousands of Iraqi and American families, the closing of the day brought another sleepless night without a loved one and another morning of uncertainty, danger, and heartache. Beneath the night sky, a man in a red baseball cap walked along the wounded street. He approached the video store

with caution until he saw a friend inside. The Iraqi video shop owner embraced his American friend with one arm. His right arm, which was injured by gunfire near his home in Sadr City, was bound in a makeshift sling. It had been an important day for the twenty-three-year-old American, Matt Chandler, and the two men had much to discuss.

That was Thursday, September 30, 2004. After hundreds of interviews with

Iraqi victims and their families, Chandler had spent the day finalizing reports detailing the abuse of Iraqi detainees. According to these documents, military actions designed to ensure the short-term security of the American guard, such as strict control of detention camps like the Abu Ghraib prison, actually compromised the long-term security interests of Iraqis. The reports of extended abuse and the work of Chandler's human rights

advocacy would soon spread to media outlets around the world. It would ignite the emotions of both pro- and anti-war proponents. *The September Report on Detainees*, published in 2004, would become one of the milestone achievements for Chandler and his ongoing work with Christian Peacemaker Teams.

Four months after his college graduation, Chandler made his first trip to Iraq as a full-time member of CPT's Iraq Project team. Inspired by the idea that peacemakers must be willing, just as soldiers, to die for their cause, Chandler has completed four round trips to Iraq since September 2003 as a volunteer with the nonprofit human rights organization. The group strives to serve as a watchdog of military actions in conflict zones throughout the world. CPT workers hold peace activist training groups for Iraqis and conduct face-to-face interviews with detainees to understand their perspective. On May 11, 2005, Chandler returned to his Springfield, Oregon, home following his fourth, but not final, peacekeeping mission.

The walls and ceiling of Chandler's street-side apartment were cracking. The effects of the war had shaken this building too many times to count. But Chandler called this rundown apartment home. On September 23, 2004, he stood in front of the apartment's window overlooking a row of businesses. At 10:30 P.M., there was little to observe on this darkened street.

But, suddenly, gunfire ripped through the still air. The loud and rapid shooting lasted for three long minutes. Pressing his hands to the glass, Chandler watched civilians flee as several armed men barged out of a building directly across the street from where he stood. Impulsively, Chandler thought to race out and help a wounded man lying face down on the ground. Before he turned, the armed men carried the wounded man to a nearby van and drove away. Then, as it was before, the air became still, marred only by the memory of this short, violent episode.

The next day, Chandler's landlord arrived and explained that the previous night's shooting was unrelated to insurgent activity; it was only street crime. He urged Chandler and his five CPT coworkers not to worry — the apartment's security guard had plenty of "machine guns to keep us safe." Somehow, Chandler and the team found little solace in the idea of more firearms at the ready.

ANGELS IN THE ARCHITECTURE

The world is the classroom for UO English professor John T. Gage and the students who took his travel writing course in Siena, Italy. Gage edited the results of his students' reflections on their studies abroad into Free Time and Independent Lunch: Travel Writing from Siena (Wine No War Press, 2005). Patricia Wheeler, a UO business major from Roseburg, experiences the transcendent beauty of the Pantheon in "A Sublime Discovery," reprinted here.

BEFORE TRAVELING TO ITALY, I considered myself well-versed in the sublime and the beautiful in nature. Growing up in the Pacific Northwest, I had camped on the majestic, rocky Oregon coast and swam in tranquil California surf. I had backpacked into the deserts of Colorado and Utah, and rafted down river canyons and ravines that cut through them. I had not, however, experienced (or even heard of) the possibility of the sublime casually set in the middle of one of the world's most urban cities.

I happened upon the Pantheon accidentally, while taking a stroll with a friend during my first evening in Rome. We were heading to a *gelateria* when we rounded a corner and there it was, like it had been waiting for me. I was immediately and unexpectedly overtaken by the force of the monument. I was suspended in time as its powerful gaze rooted me to the cobblestones on which I was standing. It had a presence, as old as the city itself. As I stared at the columns and shadowed dome, I couldn't blink, sure that if I did I might miss them take a breath. The Pantheon, bathed in the evening light of lampposts, stood quietly but nobly, maintaining a life-like vigil amidst unremarkable streets and tourists hurrying against the cold, some too busy to look up.

In the piazza that houses *Il Panteon*, I discovered a different type of sublimity. The thing itself, created by man, does

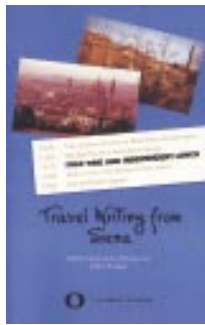
not often provoke religious awe in me, like places in nature created by God, and yet this was nothing short of miraculous. I found the Pantheon sublime because, despite its urban setting and man's desire to change and modernize, it remains, watching patiently, omnipotently, and the city evolves around it.

If a mountain range or desert is considered sublime because it is unchangeable by man and will last as long as time itself, places like the Pantheon, which are vulnerable but have lasted anyway, must also possess something sublime. It seems ironic that something created by man, constructed to honor the gods, can become sublime in its own right. Perhaps this is possible because there is something sublime in the nature of mankind itself.

SEEKING TRANSCENDENCE IN THE NEW OLD WORLD

Fifty years of dramatic changes have transformed Europe — postwar rubble, Cold War brinkmanship, the Euro, the European Union. What's next? UO Associate Professor of History George J. Sheridan Jr. casts light on the future by examining the past in this excerpt from his article "A Story of Europe" from the book Engaging Europe: Rethinking a Changing Continent (Rowman & Littlefield Publishers, Inc., 2005), which he co-edited with UO French professor Evlyn Gould.

ANOTHER ASPECT OF THE ALTERED place of ethics in Europe since Christendom, to which it is less fashionable to refer in today's scholarly discourse, is the newly hegemonic understanding of ethical purpose itself that emerged as a defining feature of modernity. Humanism, (modern) science, pragmatism, and democracy all contributed to a radical reorientation of ethical vision. This might be described as a rejection of an ethics situated integrally in heaven and earth, in favor of an ethics embedded in earthly existence and reference alone. The high point of these developments was the European Enlightenment, a time, perhaps the last time, when all three elements of Europe's self-understanding — order, expansion, and ethics — came together





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harmoniously to the extent that contemporaries, at least those of the educated elite, recognized themselves happily as "Europeans." The order was that of science applied to society, politics, and the understanding of human nature in a relatively unproblematic way. The ethics were those of "humanity": individual rights; autonomous reason; liberal economy; and constitutional, representative, and (increasingly) democratic government. These were the ethics that made possible, in the body of everyday life, a liberty, a prosperity, an autonomy of the individual, and an empowerment that



were hardly even the object of imagining in the Europe of Christendom and earlier. By the nineteenth century, the Enlightenment heritage had been forged into that of liberal values and liberal polity, carried forward with utter self-confidence

beyond the shores of Europe as "civilization." Always global by virtue of its cosmopolitanism and universalist assumptions about nature — physical and human — the Enlightenment ethos became actively expansionist in the various explorations, adventures, enterprises, and — in curious liaison with what remained of the ethic of Christendom — missions of nineteenth-century imperialism.

But forgetting heaven, or abandoning transcendence, did not remove from the ethical urgings of Europeans the quest for other-worldly purpose. Rather this quest was diverted into alternative channels: revolutionary movements, messianic socialisms (utopian and scientific), expansionist imperialisms (combining humanist-scientific with Christian purpose), and of course the several varieties of nationalism. All of these other channels of ethical direction and passion have been, in the course of the history of modernity, nearly completely discredited or exhausted as capable of bearing ethical purpose for Europeans today. Thus, Europeans hunger for "something more." They seek something more significant than ersatz replications of nationalist or nation-state symbols — European flags, European anthems, and the like. They seek something more concrete, more practically embodied, than the



Murray Warner Collection of Oriental Art, MWB51:1B13.

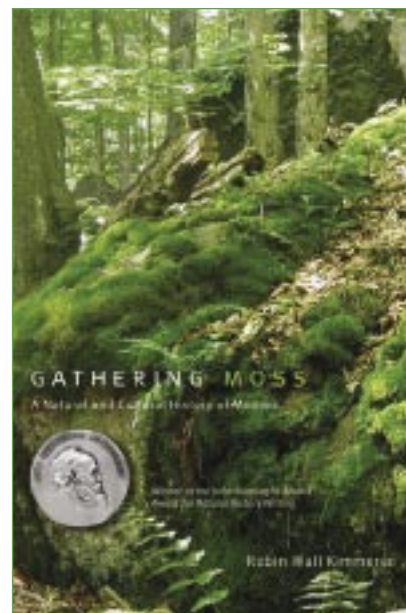
The UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art is presenting a traveling exhibit, "Inside the Floating World: Japanese Prints from the Lenoir C. Wright Collection," which features 100 eighteenth and nineteenth century woodblock prints. Works from the museum's permanent collection will also be on display in "Ukiyo-e Outside In: Western Impressions of the Floating World," a show featuring works created by Western artists influenced by Japanese art and culture. Both shows will be on display from October 8 to January 8, 2006. Above, a 1916 woodblock print, Miono-Matsubara, (10 x 14-3/4 inches) by British artist Charles Bartlett (1861-1940).

WINNER OF THE 2005 BURROUGHS MEDAL AWARD FOR NATURAL HISTORY WRITING

Gathering Moss A Natural and Cultural History of Mosses ROBIN WALL KIMMERER

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otherwise noble efforts to recall the long-standing ideal of peace; to reactivate the traditional Enlightenment and humanist commitments to “democracy, human rights, self-determination”; or to celebrate Europe’s “diversities” and pluralities. Something more is needed, even more than the recent affirmations of responsibility and global awareness in protecting the physical human “commons,” the environment.

Thus Europe’s story ends, today, with a hunger. That hunger, textually at least, is biblical in origin, even though Europe, because of modernity, no longer perceives itself as a biblical body. Will that hunger be satisfied? This is perhaps the greatest question for the future of Europe.

September 11, 2001, and Aftermath

The hunger is now there for all the world. We are community in our agony, our

fear, our inner confusion and outer chaos, our groping for answers, for understanding, for targets of action. And as for peace — the ethical leitmotif of the idea of Europe since its inception — we seek, we have not yet found, we hope.

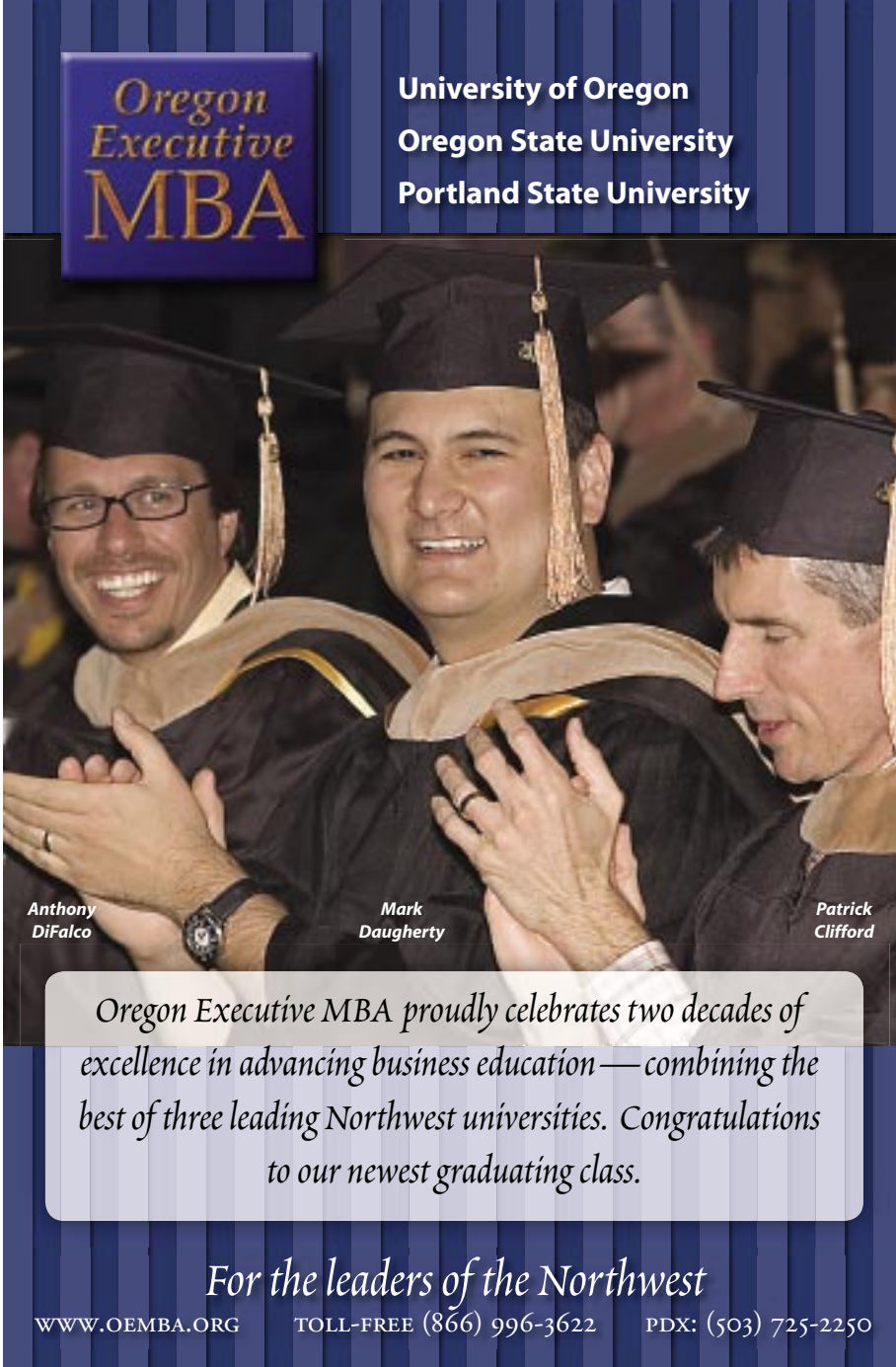
CRIME SCENE

From the story “Something About a Scar,” which won a 2005 EDGAR award for best short story from the Mystery Writers of America. The author, Laurie Lynn Drummond, is the fiction director of the UO’s Creative Writing Program, where she teaches undergraduate and graduate workshops. The story appears in her book Anything You Say Can and Will Be Used Against You (HarperCollins, 2005).

THE FIRST TIME I SAW MARJORIE LA Salle she was kneeling on her bed naked, hands gripping the sheets to help support her weight, a nine-inch steak knife embedded deep just above the spot where the flesh parts to rise and become breast; the place where a child or lover would rest his head in grief, in need, in utter devotion; that place the tips of fingers caress and feel both implacable bone and sweet, full softness — a place of promise, of absolution, the center of ourselves.

Her house was impossibly full of men, overly loud voices, and too much artificial light for 2:52 in the morning. All those police officers — five out in the yard, three in the living room, two talking in the hallway, one taking pictures of the nightstand, another speaking into a portable radio by the walk-in closet — and not one touched her or sat by her or held a sheet to cover her. Only two paramedics hovered nearby, talking briskly and efficiently as they set up an IV and discussed how best to move her to the gurney. They eased her onto her back as I finally stepped into her bedroom, handling her body, it seemed to me, as though it were separate from her soul.

There wasn’t much blood, and this small detail bothers me even today: a smear on the portable phone, the sheets wet with red in places, but not drenched. When the phone rang, wrenching me out of sleep, and the flat male voice said, “We got a VS request on a stabbing and sexual assault in Southdowns,”



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I'd expected to walk into a small pond of blood. Half awake, I'd stumbled over my still slumbering dog and put on old stone-washed jeans and a black polo shirt with my name, CATHY, and VICTIM SERVICES

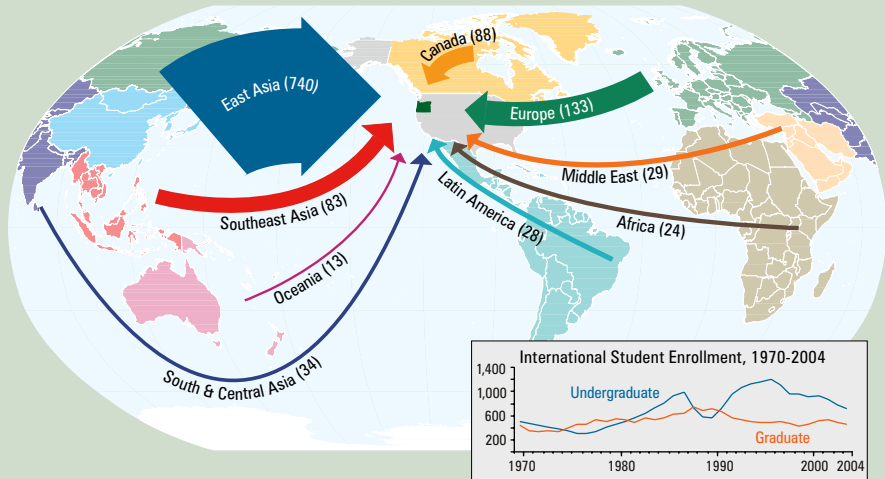
embroidered on the front, clothing that could handle cold-water soaking and heavy detergent.

On the short drive into Southdowns, I rehearsed the Victim Services' list of rules in my head: do not touch anything, do not interfere with the police officers, do not make judgments or offer opinions, use a soothing voice, do not volunteer information about yourself, do not touch the victim without asking the victim first, do not ask what happened; focus on active listening, compassionate support, and contacting the friends and relatives the victim wants notified. This was my first solo call out, and I still believed in the rules.

WORLD WIDE WEBFEET

Approximately 1,200 international students and more than 200 international scholars are currently studying, researching, teaching, and participating in cultural cross-pollination at the University of Oregon. The University's international alumni number over 12,000 worldwide. The Office of International Programs also helps UO students go abroad by managing 110 overseas study and internship programs in more than seventy countries.

UO International Student Enrollment By Region, 2004



Eric Sandberg and InfoGraphics Lab, UO Department of Geography

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OREGON QUARTERLY

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Japanese Prints from the Lenoir C. Wright Collection

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Above: Katsushika Hokusai, *Rare Views of Famous Bridges in Various Provinces: Kintai Bridge in Suō Province*, Edo period, c. 1834, on loan from the Weatherspoon Art Museum, the University of North Carolina at Greensboro, gift of Dr. Lenoir C. Wright, 1967.

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Trail Grace

BY KIRSTEN RUDESTAM

A lost boot, a pot roast,
and some lessons
in kindness

I ate meat for the first time in eight years at the forest ranger's house outside of Detroit, Oregon. My sister Monica and I sat at the broad wooden table, which was laden with her family's traditional Sunday meal: pot roast, cooked carrots, Jello salad, biscuits, and Crystal Lite. I don't know what was reflected on our faces — gratitude, dismay, or perhaps a mixture of both. We were lucky to be there. And the family's easy generosity was something we would never have anticipated.

THAT MORNING MONICA AND I HAD WOKEN up to the chatter of mountain chickadees in Oregon's Mount Jefferson Wilderness. We had been backpacking for a month along the Pacific Crest Trail, after strapping on our packs and waving our parents goodbye a little south of Mount Whitney in California. The dust that swirled beneath our boots at the start became mud a day later, and for the next two weeks we hiked through heavy downpours, fierce lightning, and hail. But by the time we reached Oregon, the storms had passed and the sun, so often taken for granted, was

something we turned our faces toward eagerly and with gratitude.

The Pacific Crest Trail had been beckoning us for years. From Campo, Mexico, to Manning Park in Canada, the trail snakes its way through deserts and mountain ranges, past alpine lakes and snowcapped volcanoes. The idea was first proposed by Catherine Montgomery in 1926 during an interview for a teaching position at Washington State Normal School at Bellingham (now Western Washington University). Her interviewer, Joseph Hazard, took her suggestion seriously and that very night he conveyed it to the Mount Baker Club, which became the first of a slew of mountain clubs and outdoor organizations that set about promoting the idea of a long trail.

When Fred Cleator became the U.S. Forest Service supervisor of recreation for Oregon and Washington in 1928, he developed the Cascade Crest Trail, which carved a route through Washington state. He later extended the Oregon Skyline Trail so that it stretched the length of Oregon and linked with the Cascade Crest Trail at the Columbia Gorge. California didn't establish a formal, designated trail until the 1960s, but when Monica and I strode into the Oregon sunshine, we were walking a path that had been imagined by another young woman almost eighty years earlier.

It wasn't just the weather that changed when we reached Oregon. Suddenly, the mountains were strikingly different. Instead of the long, rippled spine of the Sierra Nevada mountain range, lone, snow-capped volcanoes seemed to sprout out of the ground like magic beanstalks. They were enormous! The Three Sisters, Mount Jefferson, Mount Adams, Mount Hood — we spent days moving past each mountain, and then it was replaced by a giant newcomer.

The morning of the day we feasted with the forest ranger we had woken beneath the shadow of Mount Jefferson and eaten our oatmeal as the sun dried our sleeping bags. We didn't reach Russell Creek until the afternoon, after hiking through thick Douglas fir forest, peppered with chokecherry and huckleberry bushes. The creek was wide and swollen, and tumbled into a steep gorge. Still, the crossing looked manageable, and we took off our boots to wade across.

I laced my boots around my neck, grabbed a couple of stiff pieces of downed wood and carefully picked my way across the creek. The current was strong, but not too high. It reached my knees at its deepest, and by the time I was midway across my feet were so numb that I was forced to go even more slowly. I clambered over the opposite bank with relief and smiled over to Monica on the other side.

Monica did not sling her shoes around her neck or stick them in her pack. Instead, in a moment of temporary insanity, she decided to chuck them at me from across the creek. The first one made it over just fine, but the second bounced off a rock and ricocheted back

into the fast water. Both of us paused for a moment, horrified. She flew across the creek and we clawed frantically through the rapids, trying to find the boot, but we soon realized that it had taken a one-way trip down the gorge.

We stared at each other miserably. I didn't need to berate her; she was apologetic enough. "That was so stupid," she moaned. Neither of us had

another pair of shoes. We were miles away from any road, and that road was probably miles away from any town or community.

Luckily, we didn't have to sit in paralyzed regret for long. Ambling down the trail was James, another through-hiker we'd seen intermittently after we had crossed the Oregon border. James was the most organized hiker I ever met. He studied all the maps and bought the lightest pack and the most insulating, waterproof, and breathable clothing. His watch could not only tell the time, but reported the elevation, temperature, and his heart rate. Packed with his food was a neatly typed chart that displayed the number of calories he anticipated burning for every section of the trail. It was with both relief and shame that we saw him approach the other side of the creek.

"How was the crossing?" he shouted.

"Fine!" I yelled back. Monica and I looked at each other. I snorted. She chuckled. In the meantime, James took off his boots and changed into Aqua Socks, thin rubber booties. After he crossed and heard our sad story, he offered Monica his Aqua Socks. His feet are a men's size ten. Her feet are a women's size six. She was in no position to be picky.

"Thank you, James. You have no idea how much this



Sisters Kirsten and Monica Rudestam.

Jan Rudestam

helps! What would we do without you?" His bemused expression said it all. It would have been a painful hike.

We didn't expect to see James again until that night, but as we neared Jefferson Park we began to smell smoke, and shortly thereafter we ran into him and a young woman ranger on the trail. Monica glanced self-consciously at her feet. After giving Monica a quizzical look, the ranger informed us that the trail was closed due to a fire, and hikers were being asked to take a side trail out of the forest.

"What a day!" I exclaimed, and we told her about our recent escapade. She laughed, and then radioed the ranger station in Detroit, reporting that three hikers would be arriving at the trailhead in a few hours, one wearing oversized rubber booties.

"Great," Monica groaned, "I'm famous."

It was an eight-mile hike out, and we were in surprisingly giddy spirits. As we left the smoke, the sky bloomed deeply blue, and the breeze smelled like spring, sweet and clean. Monica and I shared stories and laughed most of the way. We are twins and had planned the trip to celebrate our college graduations from schools 3,000 miles apart. As we followed Russell Creek alongside the trail out of Jefferson Park (every so often checking the water for a floating shoe), our present circumstances felt comical rather than unfortunate. We were lucky to be together, marching along one more timeless, roofless day, away from Mount Jefferson, whose flank was being scorched by fire.

Another ranger picked the three of us up at the trailhead in a Forest Service truck. As we drove through the outskirts of town, I realized with dread that finding a pair of replacement shoes might be impossible. Detroit looked to consist of not much more than a gas station, liquor store, church, and post office. The tiny ranger station was one of the most prominent public buildings around.

James had called his wife from the trail on his satellite phone, and when we stumbled stiffly out of the truck at the station she was waiting for him with a Diet Pepsi and a package of Fig Newtons. We returned his Aqua Socks and waved wistfully as the two of them sped off to dinner. Now that Monica was again barefoot, we were sobered by a sudden sense of helplessness.

Ruth was the ranger at Detroit Station. A middle-aged woman of considerable size, she had warm young eyes and a beautiful thick braid of long brown hair. She identified us right away.

"You're the one who threw your shoe down Russell Creek!" she chuckled. "But let's see here . . . what size do you wear? Stacy, who works here, has a pair of workout shoes she keeps for jogging." She fished them out from behind the counter. Amazingly, they were a perfect fit.

"One problem solved. So, what are your plans now that the trail is closed?" She folded her hands, expectant. I could tell that problems were a specialty for this woman.

"Well, we were hoping to find somewhere to pitch our tent, and find a ride back to the trail farther north tomorrow morning."

THAT WAS HOW WE ENDED UP AT RUTH'S HOUSE FOR Sunday dinner. It was not an elaborate production. There were six of us including Ruth's parents and her diabetic son, who was not allowed to have the Jello salad.

After hearing that we had been hiking for more than a month, Ruth, with a firm kindness, had insisted that we share her family's ritual. Monica and I were stunned, and interrupted each other with clumsy thank-yous. But Ruth briskly brushed off our exclamations of gratitude. When we met her parents, they too insisted that this gift was nothing special. They gave because they were in a place to do so, just as we were expected to receive because we were in a place to do so.

Growing up with carrot cashew curry and lentil soup, Monica and I had never eaten food like that before, nor had we bowed our heads in a solemn Catholic prayer. And yet, that meal was one of the most nourishing I had ever had. Ruth's parents talked amiably about the weather and their neighbors. Monica and I told stories of other mishaps and surprises along the trail. After I allowed myself to relax and receive their generosity, I realized that this exchange was part of being human. There is nothing to do but give and receive, whatever is natural in the moment, whether it is Aqua Socks or pot roast or simple kindness.

We had been surprised by gestures of generosity before the day we crossed Russell Creek. A fellow hiker replenished our empty fuel bottle, and a group of school kids gave us a bag of grapes and some brownies. But it wasn't until meeting Ruth that I learned how to receive with grace. Ruth and her family made it clear that they expected nothing from us, that treating us to dinner that evening was as natural as breathing or as talking about the early frost and its impact on their vegetable garden.

Two weeks later we arrived at the Columbia Gorge outside of Portland. A friend, anticipating our arrival at the Lost Creek trailhead, drove to meet us with ice cream sandwiches. Somehow we missed each other, and when we reunited later he told us, "The ice cream was melting, and then I ran into another couple of through-hikers, so I gave them the sandwiches instead. They were so excited! They hadn't seen ice cream in weeks."

Monica and I laughed with delight. In his story I glimpsed again our part in the elaborate and immense play of giving and receiving that surges between us all. Though many of my memories from hiking that summer have become blurred — the miles of humble and spectacular trail blending into one another — I remember with clarity those bright, sunny days in Oregon. They warmed me completely.

A 2001 graduate of Brown University, Kirsten Rudestam just completed her first year in the University of Oregon's environmental studies master's program, where her research focuses on the relationships between humans and the environment, perceptions of place, and environmental risk. This essay won first place in the student category of the 2005 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.



Inset photo © Basel Action Network

WasteNot

The UO looks to take the lead in scrapping the throw-away society.

BY ROSEMARY CAMOZZI

SUPPOSE, JUST FOR A MINUTE, THAT YOU own a company that produces millions of computers — or cell phones or TVs. They're full of hazardous and ever-more-scarce materials, but they work great and you have the technology to make and sell them for a reasonable price.

Every so often you introduce a model with new, even cooler technology, and a portion of your customers opts to upgrade. It's up to them to figure out what to do with the old one, and if they want to worry about the arsenic, lead, mercury, cadmium, hexavalent chromium, brominated flame retardants, and other toxic materials it may contain, that's their problem.

But what if, one day, your government comes to you and says, "Guess what! We're changing things. When your customers are done with your product, they're going to send it back to you! Now *you* have to figure out what to do with it, and we expect you to follow every one of our new regulations for disposing of hazardous substances."

THIS SCENARIO MAY SOUND EXTREME, but it's already happening in other parts of the world, where new laws have shifted the responsibility for electronic waste away from taxpayers and

governments and squarely onto the shoulders of manufacturers.

In the European Union, laws passed in 2003 and currently taking effect require electronics manufacturers to take back their products at end-of-life and to finance the collection, treatment, recovery, and disposal of all waste. The new laws also mandate the phaseout of many toxic substances used in the products.

In Japan, manufacturers of computers, refrigerators, washing machines, air conditioners, and TVs must take back their products when consumers are done with them and take responsibility for their contents.

The Environmental Protection Agency estimates that this year alone 130 million cell phones will be discarded by U.S. consumers, who tend to upgrade about every eighteen months. And by the end of this year, at least 250 million personal computers — which now have an average lifespan of only two years — will have become obsolete.

Electronic waste is the fastest growing component of the waste stream, with twenty to fifty million tons generated every year, enough to fill a train stretching all the way around the world.

So what happens to it all? A small percentage is properly recycled. But much of the waste ends up in municipal



TAKING APART A DISCARDED VIDEO MONITOR IN GUIYU, CHINA

© Basel Action Network

incinerators or landfills, where it leaches lead, mercury, and other toxics into drinking water supplies. (According to the EPA, computer monitors and older TV picture tubes each contain an average of four pounds of lead.) A huge portion — as much as 50–80 percent of American e-waste — is sent to developing countries such as China and India, where it either ends up in junk heaps or is haphazardly (and illegally) recycled, often by women and young children who use coal fires and dangerous acids to melt down the computers' innards. This method separates out valuable metals but it also releases a smoky, toxic stream of pollutants.

As manufacturers and regulatory bodies in the United States struggle for solutions, a novel way of thinking about the whole process is emerging.

THIS CONCEPT OF “REVERSE LOGISTICS” — manufacturers taking back a product at the end of its life — is part of a new business model called sustainable supply chain management, in which companies take a holistic view of every part of their operations: from design, to production, to marketing, to distribution, to end-of-life disposal. The closed-loop concept includes every part of the supply chain and means that companies must also require their suppliers and subcontractors — including those in other countries — to adhere to the same practices.

“You must think ahead in the design stage,” says Nagesh Murthy, assistant professor in the Department of Decision Sciences at the University of Oregon’s Charles H. Lundquist College of Business. “Products must be disassemblable, recyclable. Companies will think twice about using toxics now because they will have to think about that at the end.”

Reverse logistics is a fledgling idea in U.S. industry, but a few forward-looking companies are changing their practices to create a sustainable model for business.

After consumers and environmental groups used protests and a letter-writing campaign to pressure Dell Computer to take responsibility for its electronic waste, the company took notice. Now Dell is considered a model for others with a program that allows its customers to send the company their old computer equipment (and they accept any brand). Dell has also committed to improving the energy efficiency of its products and to decreasing the amount of toxic materials they contain.

Companies that are self-motivated to develop new technology will thrive in a world where new ideas such as reverse logistics change the way business is done, according to Harvard Business School professor Michael Porter, author of *The Competitive Advantage of Nations*. Porter argues that it is not labor costs and economies of scale that determine competitiveness but rather the capacity to innovate: to be the most forward-looking, the first to find new ways of doing things.

Companies that change their practices before regulations kick in will have a jump on everyone else, agrees Bob Doppelt MS '75 and '76, director of Resource Innovations, which is a research collaboration between the Resource Innovation Group (a nonprofit consulting group that helps government, businesses, and communities develop sustainable practices) and the UO’s Institute for a Sustainable Environment. “We are in a carbon-constrained economy,” Doppelt says, “and we’re going to have to run our economy by using and producing less materials that release CO₂ into the atmosphere. These constraints are opening up opportunities that smart entrepreneurs are jumping on.”

There are many reasons for making a decision to run a business more sustainably, he argues. Profitability is one.

Murthy backs that up. The idea of sustainability “for the goodness of the heart” is nice, he says, but not sufficient to create substantial change. Companies must be able to see that they will benefit financially as well. This economic benefit will come both from having systems in place to reuse materials in products that come back and also from being the brand of choice for the increasing number of consumers who demand that companies be socially responsible.

Doppelt cites other benefits: reducing risk, lowering feedstock costs, and even continuing to conduct business as regulations increase pressure to use environ-



David Lovett

NAGESH MURTHY

into the future, we can see [environmental] restraints that are coming. We can see the opportunities they present, and we can respond.”

mentally and socially sound practices. Also, he says, companies that are working to incorporate sustainable practices tend to attract the best and brightest of the younger generation as employees.

“The era of old-style U.S. industrial dominance is over,” Doppelt says. “Other countries can make things cheaper, but they can’t capture our innovation or our ability to respond. If we look

AND THAT’S WHERE THE LUNDQUIST College of Business comes in.

Always looking to maintain a competitive edge and differentiate itself from other schools around the country, the UO’s business school is in the early stages of planning for a Center for Sustainable Supply Chain Management.

The school is no stranger to innovation and forward thinking, as evidenced by the James H. Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, the first program of its kind to be endowed at a university. The Warsaw Center, which in 1994 brought a whole new field of study into existence, was rated by *Sports Illustrated* in 2002 as the best in the country for sports business.

James Bean, Lundquist’s dean, sees a similarly dynamic future for the proposed Center for Sustainable Supply Chain Management. Oregon already has a growing reputation as an economic cluster for sustainable business, he says. Organic agriculture is thriving,

GREEN, FROM THE BOTTOM UP



Courtesy of gDiapers

Disposable diapers — with eighteen to twenty billion thrown away each year — are the third biggest contributor to landfills. A couple who moved to Portland last year has given that fact a lot of thought.

Jason and Kimberly Graham-Nye moved to Oregon from Australia, where after first meeting, they went on 200 dates and wrote a book: *Great Dates: A Romantic’s Guide to Sydney*. And then, as often happens to happy couples, dates led to diapers. After marrying in 1998, the couple became parents to a son, and their research turned to more domestic issues, like baby waste.

Children go through an average of about 5,000 diapers before being toilet trained. Not only does the plastic in the diapers take up to 500 years to decompose, but the diapers contain untreated human waste

that can leach into the water table. “Man, there has to be something better than that,” Jason Graham-Nye remembers thinking.

After learning about a company that makes flushable diapers for distribution in Australia and Tasmania, the couple was so intrigued that they got a license to manufacture the diapers for distribution in other parts of the world. Then came the next decision: Where should they locate their new company? Again, the couple did their research, and they chose Portland.

“It was a clear winner,” Jason Graham-Nye says. “Portland is the epicenter of eco-living in the world.”

Their product, the gDiaper, consists of a fashionable cloth cover, a snap-in liner, and an inner pad made of elemental-chlorine-free, farmed tree-pulp fluff, rayon, and a super-absorber that holds 100 times its weight in water. The pad can be composted and will decompose in about 100 days. Or, it can be flushed. After processing at the local water treatment facility, the biosolids that remain contribute to making soil conditioners that in Oregon are used primarily in tree farms to help retain water and reduce the leaching of nutrients. “It’s a cradle-to-cradle product,” Graham-Nye says. “It starts and finishes in tree farms.”

The company plans to begin selling its diapers October 1, through the Portland-based New Seasons Markets natural foods chain and online. “We’re like the Toyota Prius of diapers,” Graham-Nye says. “Not everyone is going to get into it, but those who do will be passionate about it.”

— RC



E-WASTE "RECYCLING"

SORTING THROUGH ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS

SMELTING CIRCUIT BOARDS OVER CHARCOAL FIRE

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© Greenpeace

biodiesel production is getting underway, and the timber industry is increasingly dedicated to sustainable practices.

Many larger corporations that are either headquartered or have a major presence in Oregon — Nike, Intel, Hewlett-Packard, and Norm Thompson, for example — as well as government entities such as the city of Portland, Oregon DEQ, and Multnomah County, have also dedicated themselves to embracing a more sustainable model. Numerous small companies are springing up as well [see *sidebars*]. "It's beginning to happen as an ecosystem," Bean says. "This is an opportunity for the University to step in and be a convener to a more coordinated approach to sustainability as a real business issue. If we can get in on this soon, we can take the national lead."

IN MAY, THE BUSINESS SCHOOL HELD ITS first academic conference to discuss the idea, with professors converging from universities around Oregon to share their interests and areas of expertise. A meeting between industry leaders and faculty is planned for September to discuss what kind of support businesses might hope to gain from the University's research.

Collaboration with industry will be essential to understanding what is needed, Murthy says. Research will begin with studies of what companies are already doing to become more sustainable. "We must understand the current situation and what drives it," he says. The next step is to help companies create closed-loop supply chains. "We will work on . . . solutions for how the companies might evolve if they are thinking about the end of product life.

"The regulations are coming, and companies that are proactive, rather than reactive, will have a serious competitive advantage," he says.

The intention is to provide research opportunities for faculty from all the Oregon universities and to offer experiential learning — such as class projects, internships, and potential jobs — for UO students.

Concepts on sustainable supply chain management will be integrated into the curriculum in areas of management, marketing, and decision sciences. Students in the program would also have the opportunity to conduct research for companies on topics such as whether their customers will pay more for an eco-friendly product.

Murthy hopes that the new program will help develop future executives who know how to encourage the idea of sustainability in all the processes of a corporation.

"Building proactive leaders who see how to make sustainability a win-win proposition comes from molding those students as they enter the business world," he says.

Already, students who gain experience through their involvement in projects in sustainable business classes and supply chain management classes at the business school are in demand because of the expertise they have gained, Murthy says.

THE SCHOOL IS JUST BEGINNING A CAPITAL campaign to raise money for several new initiatives, including the center. Murthy uses a football analogy to compare the strategy at the UO to the approach at some of the prestigious private schools or public schools with greater resources. "When we want to get something started at the UO," Murthy says, "it's not like at the big schools where they have the ability to throw one long lob and make a touchdown. Here, we spend in a measured way, much like moving the ball yard by yard in the trenches. But can we score a touchdown? I think we will.

"We'll start off with what we do best — great research and solid experiential learning for students — and we'll create a viable niche."

The center's cooperative research will unleash the creativity of business people in thinking of new ways to design and make their products and services, says Doppelt. "There is a growing interest in sustainability in all sectors of the business community," he says. "But this is a huge paradigm shift. Businesses need help with research and technical assistance.

"The center is the kind of thing we need to take this to the next level, and it will clearly put the UO and the state of Oregon in a leadership role."



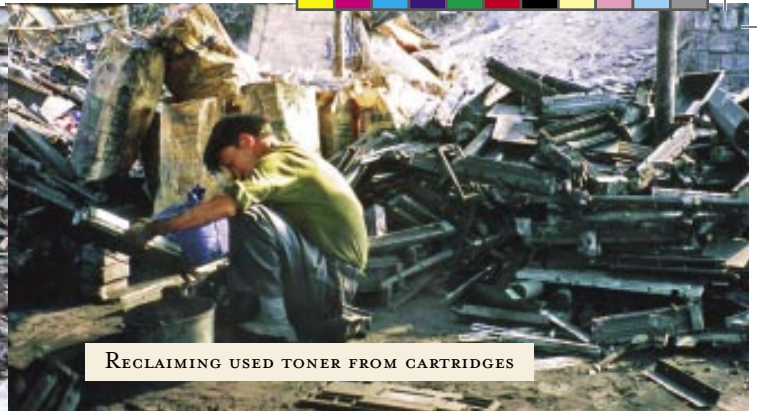
BOB DOPPELT, DIRECTOR OF RESOURCE INNOVATIONS

OREGON IS already a leader when it comes to "green" consumers, as evidenced by things like the percentage of people who choose to pay extra for alternative



WIRE SORTED THEN BURNED TO EXTRACT METALS

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RECLAIMING USED TONER FROM CARTRIDGES

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energy through their utilities, the number of hybrid cars on the road, and consumers' demands to know how products are made and what they contain.

Harvard's Porter argues that demand conditions in companies' home markets push them to innovate faster and achieve more than their rivals elsewhere. "The size of home demand proves far less significant than the character of home demand," he writes. "Demand conditions provide advantages by forcing companies to respond to tough challenges."

Companies should not avoid, but rather seek out pressure and challenge, he says, including selling to the

most discriminating and demanding buyers and establishing norms that exceed the toughest regulatory hurdles or product standards.

And then, of course, there's the legacy that we leave for future generations. "Industrial progress happens at a lightning pace," Murthy says. "The damage is done at a large scale. With the environment, if you wait until you are forced to make a change, you've already caused irreversible damage."

Rosemary Camozzi '96 of Eugene is a freelance writer and an editor with Professional Trade Publications.

SHADES OF GREEN

As president of Hartmann & Forbes, a Portland company that makes high-end, hand-woven window coverings, Mike Jones MBA '01 has run an environmentally responsible business from the start.

Hartmann & Forbes grows rapidly renewable crops such as bamboo, grasses, jutes, and reeds in sustainable ecosystems in Asia, and then workers weave the plants into rolls on hand looms. The rolls are shipped to Oregon, where they are cut to size. The company, with about seventy employees in Oregon and overseas, has exclusive distributors in seventeen major cities across the United States and Canada and sells tens of thousands of shades per year.

This fall, when *Sunset* magazine collaborates with California's Sustainable Building Task Force to construct the Idea House, a demonstration of the latest advances in sustainable design and construction, Hartmann & Forbes shades will hang in the windows.

"We are being recognized as a resource," Jones says proudly.

But Jones is committed to making his company ever

more sustainable. "We are providing something that enhances the quality of life," he says, "but do we want to do it in a manner that is doing damage at the same time? When you're transporting something, you are adding a negative to your whole process. You're burning fuel and wasting human energy even if you're only going five miles."

He has made a number of changes, including putting Hartmann & Forbes' weaving facilities as close as possible to where materials are harvested, shipping to the United States from the nearest port even if it costs more to do so, and using as many hand tools and traditional methods of manufacturing as possible.

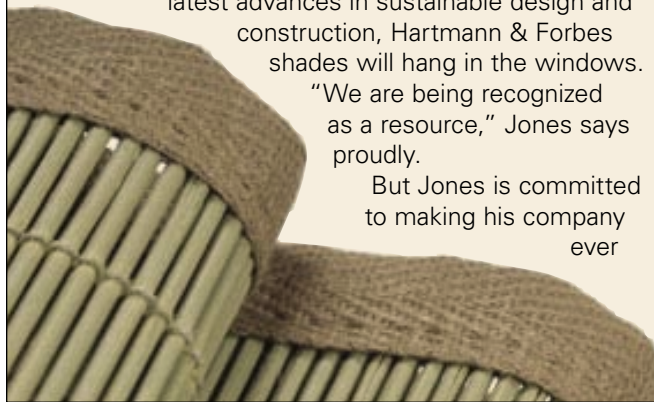
With the support of the UO's Lundquist College of Business, he is now working to create a cradle-to-cradle system that will allow customers to return used shades for composting or restoration.

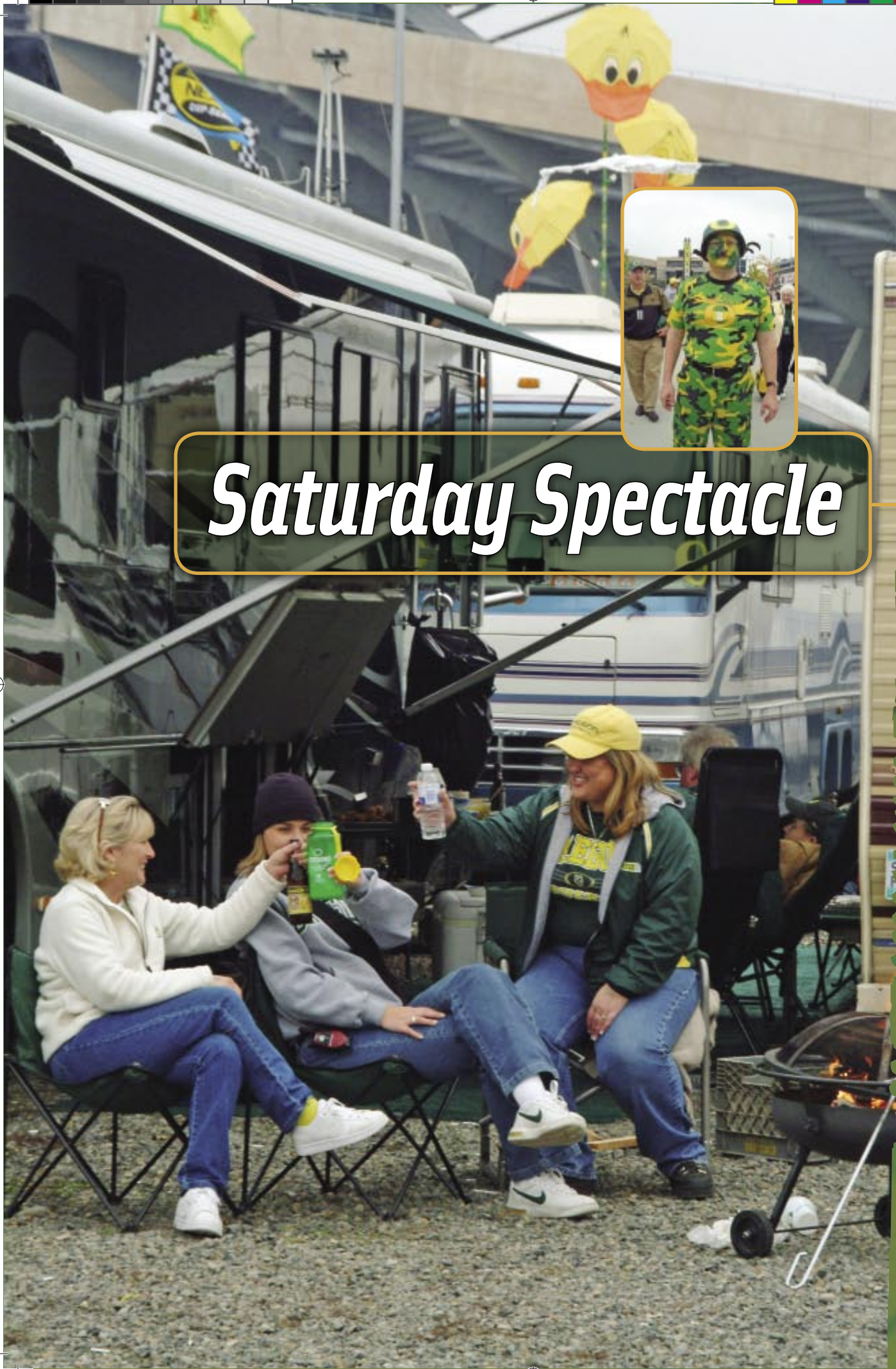
It is not as simple as it sounds. Although he has found an Oregon recycling company to compost the shades, getting them back from distant cities creates new problems. "If people send the shades back," Jones says, "transporting them burns fossil fuels. Maybe we can arrange with local recycling centers to take them. Or we could have the showrooms take them back. We are putting a lot of thought into it.

"We don't have all the answers," he adds. "That's why we've asked the University of Oregon to help us."

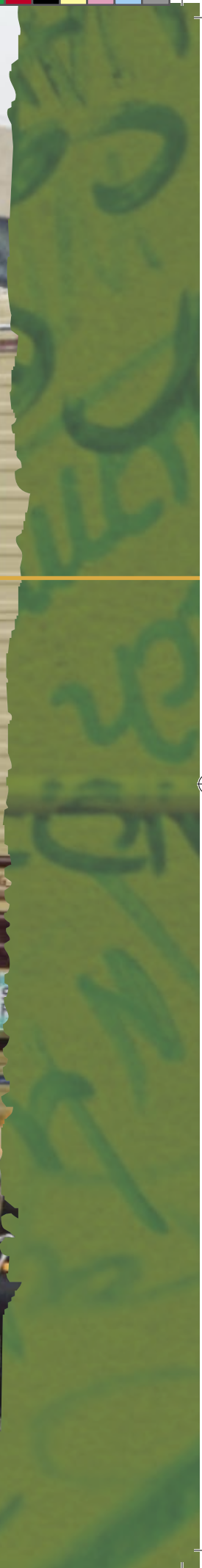
— RC

Hartmann & Forbes





Saturday Spectacle





Photography by John Bauguess

In 1967, when Autzen Stadium opened, its 8,500 parking spaces were touted as giving it one of the "largest collegiate parking lots in the world." At that time, parking cars in orderly straight lines (think of airports and shopping malls) was probably what people had in mind. Tailgating still only meant following too closely a car in front of you. But even as the UO's football teams struggled through the Seventies, intriguing aromas and bright colors began to emerge from those neat rows of parked cars. Pre-game picnics turned to parties. And as the football team started winning through the Eighties and Nineties and the stadium filled, many of those parties became elaborate green and gold extravaganzas of food and drink. Athletic success has brought expansion of the UO sports facilities north of the Willamette (the Casanova Center, the Moshofsky Center, Papé Field, and the new improved Autzen) and reduced the space allotted for parking. But in the area that remains, a festival blooms every football Saturday – rich not only in smells and colors, but also in the variety of ways people celebrate the UO, bonds to family and friends, and autumn in Oregon. Photographer John Bauguess captured a sampling of those celebrations on a couple of Saturdays last fall.

– Guy Maynard '84, Editor

*Left, Janis Ballard, Springfield; Dani Cagle, Eugene; and Cristal Spangler, Junction City, share a toast next to Autzen Stadium.
Inset, Tom Finneran of Portland is ready for duty as a Duck fan.
Above, the door to the Quack Shack, as seen on this magazine's cover.*



Top, Madison and Taylor Larson of Grants Pass are all smiles for the Ducks. Below, who knew the UO could inspire such head toppings as displayed by, clockwise from left, Dale Brown '88 of Tigard, Steve Swartout of Springfield, and Gary Smith '82 of Eugene?

Saturday Spectacle: Autzen Tailgating



Top, UO President Dave Frohnmayer hosts a tailgating party in Mallard Park just east of the stadium. Below, clockwise from left, pregame show; Jayne Carroll '69 and Lee Kell '62 of Portland and their spread; Rick Ford and Sue Peterson of Springfield and their toys.



Top, Shawn Barton (number 53) of Springfield warms up for football with a ring-toss game. Below, clockwise from lower left, Donny Adams, Rosie Gravett, Sheri Larson, Terry Larson, and Sheila Barker of Grants Pass mug for the camera; Brock Smith and fellow Southern Oregonians fire up the coals; Ron and Dianna Maier of Hillsboro come to Autzen in their 1951 GMC school bus.

Saturday Spectacle: Autzen Tailgating



Yum! Lower right, Dee Ford of Springfield keeps her table stocked.

Giants

LITERARY LUMINARIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



by Kingsley Weatherhead

I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things.

— WILLIAM FAULKNER
Nobel Prize acceptance speech

From Old Oregon,
April-May 1955



"We didn't abolish truth; it simply quit us, turned its back..."



"America has not found a place for the artist except to sell soap or cigarettes or fountain pens..."

The camera catches the Nobel Prize winner as he meets the press during his April trip to the campus.

A Visit with William Faulkner

Last month, William Faulkner, Nobel prize winning author, paid a visit to the University of Oregon campus. Slight in stature and soft-spoken in speech, the writer whose many novels and magazine articles have made him one of America's leading literary figures gave a public lecture, met with creative writing classes, and engaged in an informal off-the-cuff coffee hour session with students and faculty members.

When asked to submit to questions at an interview by the press, he courteously obliged. As the interview proceeded, Photographer Ed Frohler captured some of Faulkner's expressions resulting in the rare series of photographs appearing above.

I WAS NOT HERE IN OREGON IN THE FIFTIES when William Faulkner came to a packed auditorium to read passages of his fiction to the first two rows, beyond which he was inaudible. On one of the days of his visit, so the tale goes, there was a lunch at a beach place owned by a Lover of the Arts. And after the lunch a Creative Writing professor led Faulkner out to the edge of the water, the distinguished visitor taking the precaution of carrying two highballs with him to keep up his strength. The professor expected, not unreasonably, that when the great voice of American literature encountered the great voice of the Pacific some oracular utterance might be forthcoming: Byron's "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean — roll," perhaps; or something like Isaac Newton's great ocean of truth lying all undiscovered before him, maybe; even just Xenophon's "Thalatta! Thalatta!" ("The sea! The sea!") would have suited nicely. But what that great voice of American literature, the famed author of the longest sentence in American fiction, actually said was simply, "Helluva lot of water out there," and commenced work on his second highball.

I wasn't in Oregon when that legend was born. But later it was in fact in my living room that the poet James Dickey, asked why he had not brought his wife with him, replied, "My wife is uhgly." This was long before the high tide of feminism had rolled on to the Oregon shore, but we disliked him for saying that. First and last an advertising man (though not about his family obviously), Dickey read poems that revealed his great vocabulary. Some of them were derived from the genuine spiritual intuitions in the poems of the University of Washington poet Theodore Roethke.

There was one enchanting informal evening when two poets were together. The poems Canadian Earle Birney read included that marvelous piece, "The Bear on the Delhi Road"; and Bill Stafford, our own guy, read, among other poems, "Traveling Through the Dark" in that unassuming voice, flat as a Kansas skyline. "Thanks for letting me read so much," he said at the end of the evening. For heaven's sake! For me he could have gone on all night.



I DO RALPH SALISBURY, POET AND UO professor, and to me, Robert Lowell was "Mr. Lowell" when he visited here; to the other guy with us he was "Cal." We had been told that the poet was in a nervous condition and must not be extensively exposed to students — a fine caveat to observe in a campus visit! We thus took him fishing up the McKenzie, an activity that proved to be without even a ripple of excitement. He used my fly rod, and after he had lodged some six or seven trout flies in the willows by the river, we went into the little store by the gas station at Vida that used to be run by an old fellow with some fingers missing. In those days a Royal Coachman cost much less than

now, but I was amused and a little surprised when the poet turned to me, saying shyly, "Here, I've lost some of your trout flies" and handed me a quarter.

What engaged him more than the trout that regularly ignored him was the sight of an aged salmon cruising by the rock on which we stood, its body desiccated in its striving up the river. Lowell listened as the guy who called him Cal outlined its life history. It appeared and disappeared and appeared again in the shallows. Then finally it appeared in a poem published a few weeks later, "Waking Early Sunday Morning":

*O to break loose, like the Chinook
salmon jumping and falling back,
nosing up to the impossible
stone and bone-crushing waterfall
raw-jawed, weak-fleshed there, stopped by ten
steps of the roaring ladder, and then
to clear the top on the last try,
alive enough to spawn and die.*

Some critics saw in these lines the death wish; others found, of course, Freud in the image of the fish ladder. So be it; peace to all such. For us it was enough that that poor battered fish, fighting its way up the river to its ordained death, had had fame and immortality thrust upon it. Our own efforts that day called for no further reward; the poet need not have bothered with the twenty-five cents.

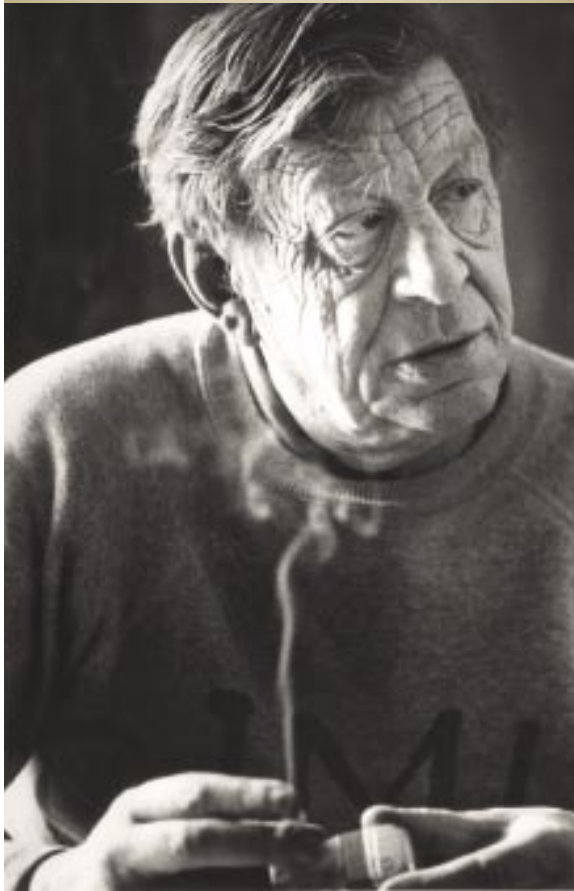


W . H. AUDEN CAME HERE LATE IN HIS career. He had made his name as a young poet speaking for leftist sentiments during the Depression — what the British called "the slump" — in poems that embodied Freud and, quite incompatibly, Marx. In the late Thirties he became a confirmed Christian and used to bellow out the hymns in church. He had settled in the United States in 1939.

A little before he visited Oregon, he had published a poem about traveling from campus to campus to do his thing. It was an activity subject to anxieties; one, which accosts him as the plane begins to sink toward its destination, is whether there'll be anything to drink. Or

*Is this a milieu where I must
How grahamegreeneish! How infra dig!
Snatch from the bottle in my bag
An analeptic swig?*

The Eugene airport was smaller then than now, and it was not difficult to identify the greatest living English poet shuffling along in his bedroom slippers in a near palpable vinous aura.



Register-Guard

To pray is to pay attention to something or someone other than oneself. Whenever a man so concentrates his attention — on a landscape, a poem, a geometrical problem, an idol, or the True God — that he completely forgets his own ego and desires, he is praying The primary task of the schoolteacher is to teach children, in a secular context, the technique of prayer.

— **W. H. AUDEN**
from *A Certain World*

“I’ve been at it all day,” he said. I said, “Oh,” and then, short, I suppose, on appropriate decorum, could not forbear to blurt out, “How graham-greenish! How infra dig!”

His laugh was like the bark of a German shepherd, and his face, already creased (a feature, he told us, derived from his Icelandic ancestors, who were called Audun), creased further into a broad smile. “No, no, no. I mean flying,” he said. Well, I guess he meant what he said he meant. But all the same the fruity fumes of Château US Air still tended to confirm my interpretation.

During dinner at the Eugene Hotel, which in those days was where we fed visitors, Auden announced that he had known three good poets who in their personal lives were disagreeable: they were W. B. Yeats, Robert Frost, and Bert Brecht. “What’s wrong with Brecht?” Professor Christof Wegelin wanted to be told. Auden answered promptly. “He was a shit.” The word was not then in as common usage as it is now, and Wegelin looked unhappy — he had on his face a look which said, “Please, Mr. Auden, this is the Eugene Hotel.” However, he was not about to let it go at that. Ex-students and colleagues will remember him as a scrupulous scholar who never left any detail undocumented, who double-checked all quotations, and never invented page numbers in a footnote. He swallowed twice before asking, “What sort of a-er-shit?” “Oh,” said Auden, “a complete shit.” At which point Wegelin gave up and the conversation gratefully drifted away on to other matters.

There was something pleasantly boyish about Auden, a feature that was more than a corollary of his superb wit. He said he once preached in a London cathedral and wondered whether he dared tell the congregation they were a lot of tight-assed puritans; he decided that he did. He said in any group he always felt he was the youngest.

Among us he was the oldest. It was his sixtieth birthday that day, and during dinner a handsome woman unexpectedly appeared and commenced

to wish him a happy birthday, with greetings from friends in Los Angeles. She was Sonia Orwell, the woman on whom George Orwell had modeled the character of Julia in his novel *1984*, and whom he had later married, literally on his deathbed. She carried a gift.



I THINK ALDOUS HUXLEY was the most interesting of our visitors in the early Sixties. He was, after all, known throughout the world as a social critic, a poet, and a novelist. He must be, surely, one of the most distinguished people who have ever come to this campus. He was born in 1894 to the son of T. H. Huxley, who had championed Charles Darwin in the evolution debate. He was tall; Cockney kids used to yell at him, “Is it cold up there, guv’nor?” After 1937 he lived in California, where the strong light helped to compensate for the nearly complete blindness that he had contracted early in his life.

Speakers at the University were selected in those days by a committee. Rumor had it that the chairperson, a pipe smoker with a gravelly voice, had been a high-ranking officer in the navy, a rear admiral perhaps. She came from the South and had little use for initial aitches or ultimate g’s. She was thinkin’ Mr. ’Uxley might come, but we ’ad only \$400 left in the budget. I was told to write to see if he would come for what, even then, 1963, was a meager fee.

He was an accomplished novelist and poet; he had written the popular dystopia, *Brave New World*. He had developed an interest in oriental religions and mysticism from which came his book *The Perennial Philosophy*. He had experimented with mescaline and wrote a book about its effects, *The Doors of Perception*.

He had been part of the literary circles of the Twenties and Thirties and had been a close friend of D. H. Lawrence. In his various writings he had brought new thought to an extra-

ordinary range of interests, as various as architecture, religion, philosophy, history, the matter of blindness, hallucinogenic drugs, world hunger. In every respect I have always thought of him as a superb human being.

I picked him up in Portland and drove him down in a state car — what a windfall for an assistant professor, a neophyte hardly yet of the household of academe: two hours to chat, one-on-one, with Aldous Huxley! As we drove, there were a couple of amusing matters that came up. This was the season in which C. P. Snow had made his name by declaring, in a lecture, that there were two cultures, science and the humanities, and that the failure of communication between them was a significant factor in world affairs. “But didn’t my granddaddy settle all that?” said Huxley. And indeed, late in the twentieth century it wasn’t a very original idea, as C. P. Snow himself subsequently recognized.

Then there was the controversy, recently arisen, over D. H. Lawrence: a pitilessly cruel letter to a sick Katherine Mansfield, reputed to be from him, had been included in a collection. F. R. Leavis, the Cambridge critic whose obsession with Lawrence was virtually neurotic and who reserved a special degree of ferocity for anyone who breathed a sigh or a syllable against this idol, came out swinging, viciously attacking the editor of the collection, insisting that what Lawrence wrote, with his “diagnostic intelligence,” could only have been therapeutic: “no more cruel than medicine would be.” Lawrence was a genius; “cruelty was not in him.” Hatred as therapy apparently was.

“I wonder,” said Huxley, “how well Mr. Leavis knew Lawrence? I knew him quite well. And he could be very cruel.” “Quite well” was a substantial understatement: Huxley had known Lawrence probably better than anyone else among Lawrence’s acquaintances.

Might he come, asked this famous visitor, to the seminar on T. S. Eliot I was holding the following afternoon.

I said “No,” instinctively I suppose. Then, fear abating, I hurriedly added, “Unless of course you’ll talk.” And that was how it was. He told us all sorts of things about Eliot, the sort of things that didn’t or hadn’t then got into books, some trivial, some not. Eliot worked, he said, deep deep down underground in Lloyd’s Bank. He wore sponge-bag trousers (he wears them still in Virginia Woolf’s novel, *The Years*). At a showing of Eliot’s play *Murder in the Cathedral*, Vivian, his estranged wife, stood up in the auditorium and shouted that Eliot wasn’t paying for her support. These and other gossipy details students greedily recorded in their notes. The next seven weekly sessions of the seminar were a sad anticlimax.

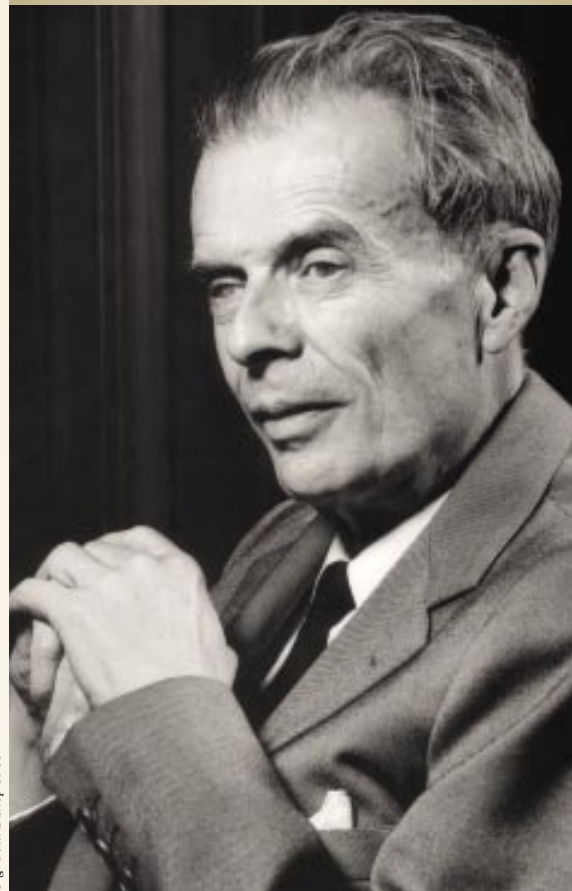
I brought him home to meet colleagues over a drink. My old Pontiac had the habit of boiling after a mile or so, and when it did a dense cloud of steam would billow out over the front seats. It tended to inhibit conversation between the passengers, and perhaps Huxley felt like Newton, “voyaging through strange seas of thought alone.” At any rate he was still there when we got to my place. He sat down in what must have been rather a low chair. And then it seemed that almost all the faculty wives present had had mystic experiences of which they very much wished to apprise our visitor. Huxley lowered his head to listen, unaware, I suppose, that in order for the ladies to speak in his ear they had to kneel. And thus, as they took their turns, there developed a line of ladies coming up and kneeling, like at an altar.

And I thought then and think now that approaching him like this was not at all inappropriate.

Huxley died not many months after this visit. His death drew little attention; it occurred the day John Kennedy was shot.



Kingsley Weatherhead, an emeritus professor, taught English at the UO from 1960 to 1989.



© G. Paul Bishop 1960

The finest works of art are precious, among other reasons, because they make it possible for us to know, if only imperfectly and for a little while, what it actually feels like to think subtly and feel nobly.

— **ALDOUS HUXLEY**
from *Ends and Means: An Inquiry into the Nature of Ideals and into the Methods Employed for Their Realization*



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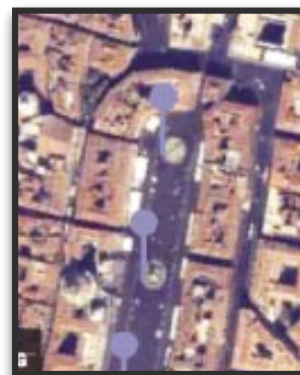
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LEFT: The graphical interface of the Nollli Map Engine, as it appears online. RIGHT: The detail in the satellite map at top shows the remarkable accuracy of the Nollli map, shown below.

MAPPING A CITY NOT BUILT IN A DAY

WHILE THE GLORY THAT WAS ROME may be of another day, a digitized version of a milestone 1748 map of the Eternal City brings a detailed and interactive look at that glory to your computer screen, thanks to a team headed by University of Oregon researchers Jim Tice and Erik Steiner.

The map itself, approximately seven feet wide by six feet high, is the creation of eighteenth-century mapmaker Giambattista Nolli. He and his team of a dozen assistants produced in eight years a map that includes nearly eight square miles of the city and identifies 1,320 sites of historical significance — streets, theaters, arches, palaces, prisons, fountains; the face of Rome built up over the centuries, the streets one would have walked in 1748 — and the streets one can, for the most part, still walk today. And it all was done with eighteenth-century technology — surveyor chains, compass — and exacting observation.

The map has been called “architecture’s Holy Grail.”

Tice, now an associate professor of architecture, has been intrigued by it for three decades. Steiner, who holds the title of dynamic cartography researcher at the InfoGraphics Lab in the UO’s Department of Geography, specializes in interactive cartography.

“The primary reason we were interested,” Tice says, “is the brilliance of the map as a cartographic milestone and as a resource that helps us better understand one of the world’s great cities.”

“Most map designers after Nolli either lifted directly or copied from him,” Steiner says.

Nolli was the first person since antiquity to represent the city accurately as a plan map, which has served as an indispensable tool for architects and urban planners ever since. For example, he used a dotted line to show the administrative boundaries of Rome. In so doing, he

facilitated their codification within the city’s administrative structure — a structure still existing today.

One of the first maps to move away from the earlier standard of easterly orientation to one aligned with north on top, the map also is incredibly accurate — an accuracy made obvious when satellite photos, overlaid on the Nollli map, show variations so minor as to be negligible.

The work of digitizing this masterpiece and creating the interactive Nollli Map Website (<http://nolli.uoregon.edu/>) now allows students, teachers, and professionals, as well as “Romaphiles,” to explore the ancient city online. The map will be especially useful to the twenty to twenty-five students from the Department of Architecture in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts who visit Rome each year and study in the heart of the city’s historic center.

“The Nollli map,” Tice explains, “is

NEWS IN BRIEF

ARCHITECTURE AND ALLIED ARTS NAMES NEW DEAN

Frances Bronet, professor and former associate dean of architecture at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, has been named dean of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts at the University of Oregon. Bronet replaces Robert Z. Melnick, who has been dean since 1995. Melnick will be on academic leave next year, serving as the visiting senior program officer for the Getty Grants Program in Los Angeles.

TRIBAL SUBSTANCE ABUSE FOCUS OF GRANT

The University's Child and Family Center has won a five-year, \$3.7-million grant from the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism to work with as many as 300 families from the Colville Indian Reservation, the Warm Springs Indian Reservation, and the Klamath Tribe to slow the rate of adolescent substance abuse by rebuilding and strengthening traditional family structures.

CLASS OF 2005 BREAKS RECORDS

A record 4,288 candidates received degrees at the Saturday, June 11 commencement exercises. Nearly 100 more students graduated this year than in 2003–04. Also, 201 of the graduating students earned multiple degrees.

JOURNALISM ACHIEVERS HONORED

The School of Journalism and Communication has named its Hall of Achievement honorees for 2005. Recognized for exemplifying the highest levels of career achievement are Scott Bedbury '80, author of *A New Brand World*, who helped develop branding strategies for Nike, Starbucks, and Coca-Cola; Rich Jernstedt '69, executive vice president and senior partner of Fleishman-Hillard International (Chicago); Robert Reed '49, former president of Reed Brennan Media Associates (Florida); Jack Williams '68, senior news anchor for WBZ-TV 4 News (Boston), two-time Emmy recipient and founder of the adoption network *Wednesday's Child*; and Milly Wohler '43 (1922–2001), travel writer and "Day" editor for *The Oregonian*.

used as a way to supplement materials in the studio and help students explore and study the city in both its historic and contemporary dimensions."

By clicking the "Launch Map Engine" button, one sees an overview image of the entire Nolli map. The viewer may then enlarge any section of the map, bringing, for example, the small, oval-shaped Colosseum close enough to count the rows and seats. Other options enable the user to click on such selections as Gardens, the Tiber River, Rioni (the regions of the city), Fountains, City Gates, Walls of Rome, Pathways, Map Icons, and the Satellite Image. By clicking, for example, on the "Walls of Rome," one can see the shift in the city boundaries from the days of Empire to the barbarian-ravaged walls of medieval times.

Future plans for the website include adding current photos, historic engravings, contributed writings, and other interactive features to the website.

"We're looking to have a living, breathing site," Steiner says.

A crowning element to the digitalized map is the photo of Rome taken by satellite in 2004, and acquired by the Nolli team with assistance from Space Imaging and through the help of UO geography graduate Maylian Pak MS '05, then an employee of the commercial provider of satellite images.

"It was quite a coup to acquire that image," Tice says.

This photo can be superimposed on the Nolli map, then faded or brightened with the use of a slider bar, enabling the viewer to see ancient sites beneath a contemporary layer — ancient pathways, for example, under current roads (and cars).

Tice and Steiner believe the Nolli map has much to say to the practitioners of twenty-first century architecture and city planning. This map, they say, is as much about space as it is buildings.

"This is what Nolli is about," Tice says. "Nolli was interested in representing the city, as not only a series of buildings, but as a series of outdoor rooms.

"Our contention," he explains, "is that if you don't think in terms of space, chances are your city is not going to be that humane."

Among other goals, Tice and Steiner hope the Nolli website becomes a springboard for study and interaction promoting that humanity.

"We are delivering a product," Tice

says, "that we believe is true to Nolli's original intentions and presents the map in a form that he would have approved had he the technology at his disposal to achieve it."

Allan Ceen from Pennsylvania State University consulted on the project. Initial funding for the endeavor came from the NorthWest Academic Computing Consortium. The University of Oregon provided additional financial support.

— JIM MCCHESENEY '90

CAMPAIGN OREGON UPDATE**MUSIC BUILDING NAMED FOR MARABEL FROHNMAYER**

THE BUILDING HOUSING THE UNIVERSITY of Oregon School of Music and Dance will be named for the late MarAbel Frohnmayer '31, a music school graduate, longtime arts supporter, and mother of UO President Dave Frohnmayer.

Donor Lorry Lokey, who has given \$4 million for a \$15.2-million expansion and renovation of the music building, suggested the new name. Lokey is CEO of San Francisco-based Business Wire news service. He said he proposed the naming because Frohnmayer is well known in Oregon for her extensive public service and because "she loved and supported music and the music school."

According to her family, MarAbel



MarAbel Frohnmayer '31

PROFILE LINDA KINTZ

MANY STUDENTS WHO SIGN UP FOR LINDA KINTZ'S INTRO to Drama class have never attended a play. "They come in thinking, 'Oh, *drama*,'" says Kintz. But after watching a live performance, she says, they are drawn into the magic of the medium. "It's so much fun to watch them just get turned on by theater."

During her seventeen years in the UO English department, Kintz has focused on theory, drama, and performance. She intentionally sets a high bar for all of her students, especially the undergraduates. "I like to give them theory and really hard plays to work with," she says. With her support, students learn to apply theoretical knowledge to drama, literature — and to the world.

"What one learns in the humanities — being trained to read and think deeply and critically about literary and dramatic texts — is the very basis of citizenship," says Kintz. "It requires a student to depend on careful evidence to back up an interpretation, while accepting the responsibility to reflect on it critically. . . . One must speak one's mind, but one must also accept the responsibility of rigor and the principled refusal of easy, sloppy, uninformed thinking."

In the past three years, Kintz has either directed or served on twenty dissertation committees, many of them involving students from her graduate seminars. "Working with graduate students keeps me alive intellectually — it's just so stimulating," she says. "Directing a dissertation is like



Mark Bailey

thinking together. You get to watch *them* think."

Name: Linda Kintz

Age: 60

Education: BA with honors, Texas Tech University, 1967; MA, Southern Methodist University 1969; MA, UO 1982; Ph.D., UO 1986.

Teaching Experience: She teaches introductory literature and modern drama.

Accolades: In June, Kintz won the UO's Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award

for Distinguished Teaching. Two books published: *Between Jesus and the Market: The Emotions That Matter in Right-Wing America* (Duke University Press, 1997); *The Subject's Tragedy* (University of Michigan Press, 1992).

Off campus: Married, with two grown sons. She loves to hike, ski, and garden with her husband.

Last Word: "What's a university education for if you don't take it out and apply it to your everyday life and thinking? You don't just leave it in the library."

— KATHERINE GRIES '05

University of Oregon Homecoming 2005 Nov. 3-6

CAMPUS EVENTS

A Piece of My Heart Thurs., Fri. and Sat. 3, 4 and 5 • 8 P.M. Arena Theatre, 104 Villard Hall.

Campus Sign Contest Thur. 3 to Sat. 5 All Day. Greek houses and Residents Halls compete for awards.

College of Education Tour Fri. Nov. 4 • 3 p.m.

Archaeological Lecture — An Indigenous Woman's View of Lewis and Clark: Who are Those Smelly Men in that Silly Dugout? Fri. 4 • Room 110, Knight Law Center. Museum of Natural History reception immediately following. Free.

Duck Spirit Day Fri. 4 • All Day
Wear Duck colors and you may get a free gift from the Student Homecoming Patrol!

The Jazz Café featuring UO jazz combos
Fri. 4 • 8 P.M., School of Music Room 178.
\$5 general, \$3 students and seniors.

Law School Duck Dash Sat. 5 • 8 A.M.
5K Run and walk from Hayward Field through campus.

Family Recipe Brunch Sun. 6 • 10 A.M. to 1:30 P.M. • Carson and Barnhart Dining Centers. \$7 buffet.



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ATHLETIC EVENTS

Volleyball MacArthur Court
UO vs. USC Thurs. 3 • 7 P.M.
UO vs. UCLA Fri. 4 • 7 P.M.

Soccer Papé Field
UO vs. California Fri. 4 • 5 P.M.
UO vs. Stanford Sun. 6 • 1 P.M.

Football
UO vs. California Sat. 6 • 12:30 P.M.

Football Tailgate Parties 10:30 A.M.
Alumni Pregame Party Moshofsky Sports Center • Mallard Park Tailgate Parties
Law School (541) 346-3970 • College of Arts and Sciences (541) 346-3950 • Friars (541) 346-3216 • UO Parents Association (541) 346-3216 • School of Journalism and Communication (541) 346-3602 • Oregon Daily Emerald Alumni (541) 346-5511.

For reservations and information about the above listed activities go to uoalumni.com or call (541) 346-5656

Frohmayer infused the lives of those around her with music. She played the piano almost every day of her life, accompanied sing-alongs for family and friends, encouraged all four of her children to sing and play instruments, and founded or supported nearly every music and arts organization in the Rogue Valley for seventy years.

She was married to the late Otto Frohmayer '29 JD '33, a longtime Medford attorney. Two of their four children

obtained degrees from the UO music school and are professional musicians. Mira Frohmayer '60 went on to get a master's degree from the New England Conservatory of Music. She recently retired as a professor of music and vocal department chair at Pacific Lutheran University in Tacoma, Washington, a position she held for twenty-five years. Philip Frohmayer MA '72 is a professor of music and vocal department chair at Loyola University in New Orleans.

Although the other Frohmayer siblings, Dave and John JD '72, are lawyers, they are also amateur musicians and great appreciators of music and the arts. John now lives in Corvallis where he is an affiliate professor of liberal arts at Oregon State University. He also served as chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1989 to 1992.

"My siblings and I are all extremely moved by Lorry's generous and thoughtful gesture," said Dave Frohmayer. "Our mother was a proud graduate of the UO School of Music and would be gratified beyond measure to know that it carries on her legacy not only in spirit but in name."

The renovation of the music building is slated to begin in August 2006 and be completed by the fall of 2008.

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PORTLAND JOURNALISM PROGRAM ALSO RECEIVES SUPPORT

AN ADDITIONAL \$4.5-MILLION gift from Lorry Lokey will help create the University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication George S. Turnbull Portland Center. Lokey's gift and an earlier anonymous gift of the same amount from another donor will enable the journalism school to open the Turnbull Portland Center this fall. The school plans to offer degree programs by fall 2006. A faculty committee is reviewing program options, including a master's program in management communications for working professionals and a "senior experience" that would combine senior-level coursework with internships in public relations for the school's undergraduate and professional master's programs.

OUTDOORS

THE NATURE OF EDUCATION

The great outdoors serves as classroom for the Outdoor Pursuits Program.

FEELING A LITTLE SLUGGISH? IS YOUR DAILY routine turning into a yawn-fest? Drop that remote control and kayak down a white-water rapid. If rapids don't float your boat, maybe a rock-climbing course would add some spring to your step. Then again, maybe a few days of snow camping would help you chill out.

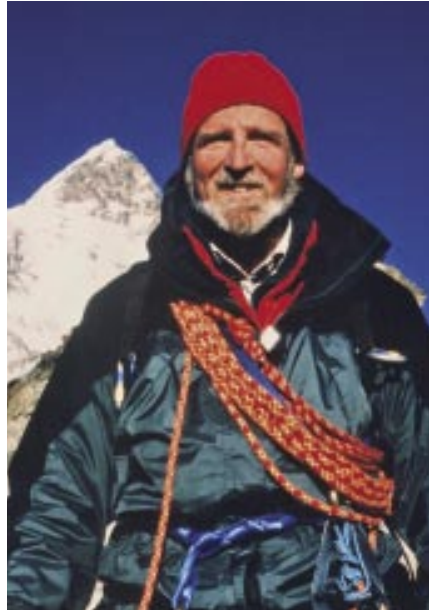
The UO's Outdoor Pursuits Program (OPP) offers students and community members the chance to explore the adventurous side of life in Oregon. "Students come out with a different perspective on the world around them," says Jim Blanchard '67 MS '79. "There are social and personal psychological benefits from participating in outdoor activities. Our students have a different feeling about the natural world around them."

Under the guidance of Blanchard since 1979, the OPP has become a nationally acclaimed outdoor adventure and leadership program that draws several hundred participants — registration preference is given to UO students — each term. The OPP was named best overall outdoor program of the nation's colleges and universities by *Sports Afield* magazine in 1998.

The first outdoor pursuits courses at the UO were just a few classroom and outing experiences taught by outdoor-oriented grad students through the P.E. Service Program. In 1977, Blanchard helped to create an expanded series of wilderness skills courses while working on his master's in the Leisure Studies and Services Department. He longed for an even better group of courses, and pestered the University to upgrade the outdoor class offerings.

"They shut me up by saying, 'OK, you run it then,' which was just great," says Blanchard. Accepting the directorship, he integrated the Wilderness Skills courses with a Principles of Outdoor Leadership course he had designed as a final master's project, and a new outdoor curriculum was born.

Today's Outdoor Pursuits Program has evolved from that basic group of outdoor recreation classes to become a chal-



Jim Blanchard '67 MS '79

Jim Blanchard

lenging, comprehensive training course for outdoor leaders. Students who earn a certificate from the Outdoor Pursuits Leadership Training Program are snapped up for jobs by employers such as Outward Bound and the National Outdoor Leadership School.

Blanchard's zeal for nature was fostered long ago by his uncle, outdoorsman Smoke Blanchard. In his memoir, *Walking Up and Down in the World*, Smoke remembers taking Jim along on an ascent of Mt. McKinley, North America's tallest peak. After that adventure, Smoke writes, "Jim came back, dropped out, and turned into the mountains." And he hasn't looked back since.

Blanchard, sixty-one, has been semi-retired since 2002, but still works about forty hours per week; he says that his "retirement" has given him the time to upgrade some of the existing OPP courses. The program's new director, Michael Strong, says, "That's just the way that Jim lives his life . . . if he has an hour available in the day, he will cram three hours' worth of work into it."

A self-proclaimed mother hen, Blanchard is vigilant about safety and adequate preparation. He tells students, "I go up Spencer Butte with a bigger pack than some people take on an extended day hike." Any outdoor excursion requires some safety planning, but courses like Backcountry Survival give students the skills that could mean the difference between life and death: mak-

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ing fires, using what nature provides for shelter, staying warm without a tent or sleeping bag.

Strong, who has logged a total of eighteen years with the OPP, shares Blanchard's feeling for the subtler attri-

butes of the program. Students may seek out the program to boost the safety and quality of their outdoor experiences, ". . . but everyone goes away with something more," he says. "By and large, students want to improve their leadership skills.

We just use the outdoors as a medium to develop those skills, but leadership is leadership whether you are leading a group of kids in the backcountry, or putting together a team to work on a project in town. It all applies, across the board."

Through the OPP, students acquire the expertise necessary to explore the wilderness on their own, but Blanchard knows that the lessons learned are invaluable life-skills tools as well. "Learning to be comfortable solo is a good thing, in general, for everybody," says Blanchard.

The courses are also great training in case someone becomes lost or involved in a natural disaster. "Students gain a level of psychological confidence that they'll get through it just fine," says Strong. "They know what to do."

Heather Brule, a sophomore at the UO, has been involved in the OPP since 2004. "The program Jim put together is a pretty incredible resource. To be able to learn such a wide variety of skills so thoroughly has helped me along both as a teacher and just to play," Brule says.

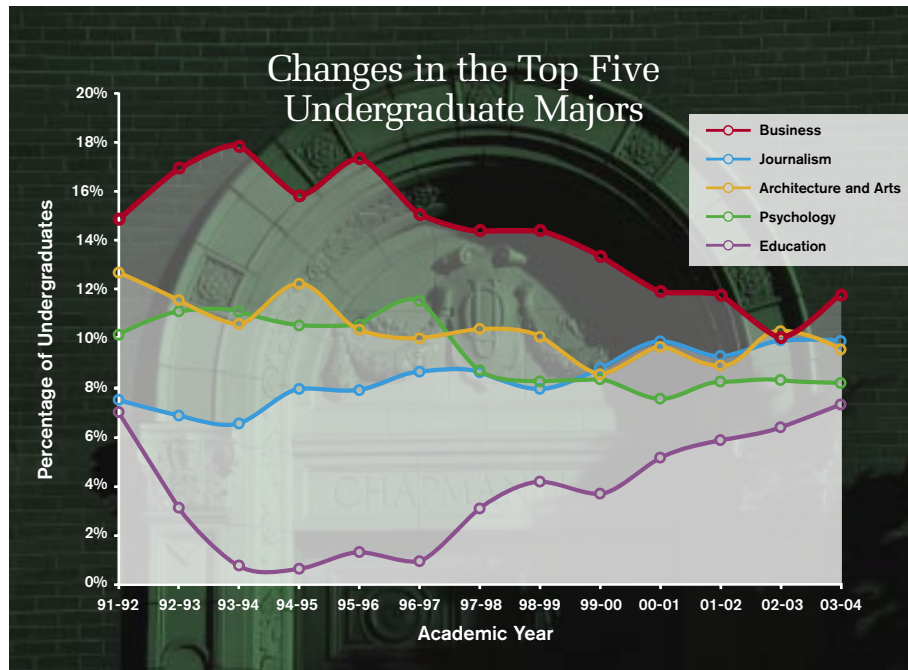
Blanchard still corresponds with some of the thousands of students who have passed through the OPP during his decades with the program. Former students have climbed most of the world's major peaks. "Many of them do keep in touch," he says. "Those four years spent in college seem to be more significant than entire decades in people's lives. The influence that we have here [at OPP] seems to stay with people disproportionately to some other influences."

Besides many dozens of outings and trips with OPP students over the years, Blanchard has traveled extensively in Europe and Japan. In the mid-1970s, he began leading trips for various high-adventure travel groups. Soon after that he formed his own company, Best of the Alps Trekking, "when I decided that I could do it better myself," he says.

This summer, Blanchard started writing a series of guidebooks for hikers interested in trekking the Alps; it's the first summer in thirty-one years that he didn't go there himself. "The dollar is low right now, making it more difficult to acquire clients," he says. "So it's a good time to do some writing." His upcoming *Best of the Alps* series will be geared toward the avid, fit hiker who wants to get the most out of a one- or two-week vacation.

". . . and I'll be back in the Alps next summer," says Blanchard.

— KATHERINE GRIES '05
AND AIMEE FURBER



profile

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INNOVATION

A NEW APPROACH TO NEWS

How a midmarket newspaper is changing journalism.

IN EARLY MAY, A SENSATIONAL SCANDAL out of Spokane, Washington, captured national attention. The local newspaper, the *Spokesman-Review*, reported that fifty-four-year-old Jim West, the city's mayor — a conservative, anti-gay activist — was himself gay and that he had used the power of his office to curry favors from teenagers. He was also accused of abusing two young men years ago. Adding to the intrigue of the story, the newspaper had hired a computer expert to pose as a young man on Gay.com, an Internet chat room, to confirm West's behavior. The story and the controversial and unusual tactics used to report it shined a spotlight on the *Spokesman-Review* and its editor, Steve Smith '73, who subsequently made many appearances on national media, including ABC, NPR, and CNN.

Fellow Duck Ken Sands '81, the newspaper's online publisher, has helped the *Spokesman-Review* develop a reputation for breaking new ground using the Web and citizen journalism: engaging readers in new and different ways, in essence, lessening the barriers separating the community and the newsroom.

In their own way, Smith and Sands are a kind of Woodward and Bernstein, capturing people's attention and bringing in a whole new generation of readers, much as the famed investigative reporters did in the Watergate era.

"Spokane is definitely one of the innovators, which is unusual for a midsize market like that," says Steve Outing, a senior editor at the Poynter Institute, a well-respected journalism research and education center.

The Jim West story is a good example of this new approach to news. Under Sands's direction, a team of Web reporters and designers did a lot more than simply republish print content online, as many newspaper websites do. They took reporters' notes, transcripts from West's Web exchanges with the undercover chat room participant, as well as other information, and posted it on the Web,



Interactive journalism pioneers Ken Sands '81 and Steve Smith '73

Amanda Smith, Spokesman-Review

inviting readers to draw their own conclusions about the material.

"Any documentation that we could get our hands on in a form that was publishable on the Web" was posted on the Internet, says forty-six-year-old Sands.

They also held several online chats where readers had a chance to ask questions — sometimes not so politely — of Smith. The first chat lasted two hours. Smith, fifty-five, answered more than 40 questions and left about 100 for another time, a remarkable level of participation for a regional online event.

"I think it was a very good use" of online resources, says John Russial, an associate professor in the UO School of Journalism and Communication. "But I still think this . . . is not typical. The Spokane paper is out in front of most other papers in how it uses the Web."

Unlike other news organizations, the *Spokesman-Review* applied journalism to the technology, rather than the other way around.

"That's where my niche is. It's figuring out the best uses for journalism of the technology available," says Sands, who lectures about online journalism to newsrooms and conferences around the country. In the midst of the West sex scandal, the two men came to the UO to participate in "Xtreme News Ed," a weekend workshop that provided students a behind-the-scenes understanding of a breaking national news story.

"I naturally gravitated towards the Web because of civic journalism," Sands says. "The greatest opportunities to interact with people existed on the Web, the greatest opportunity for engagement."

One of the best ways to solicit feed-

back from readers, Sands says, is using the newspaper's e-mail database of some 7,000 people. This way, reporters can involve readers in a story about everything from regional or national elections to "micro-local" happenings. For example, when a sex-offender moved in across the street from a junior high school, an e-mail was sent to about 200 people in that neighborhood, eliciting local response for the story.

"There's been a real, identifiable progress in their effort to bring everyday citizens into the process of not only consuming the news, but reacting to the news and enriching the news with their own expertise," says Jan Schaeffer, executive director of J-Lab, the institute for interactive journalism at the University of Maryland. While the Watergate scandal upped readers' interest in newspapers in the 1970s, in today's round-the-clock news environment, engaging residents in the news process at the local level, so their names and ideas are reflected in the reporting, might be the key to attracting readers. For Smith, the process of innovation has helped restore credibility, reaffirm a commitment to hard news, and integrate the Web and its potential throughout the fabric of the newsroom.

He says the overlay to all of this is an unflinching commitment to values — which he says were instilled during his UO journalism school days.

"We are a value-driven newsroom with a set of clearly defined values that form the basis for the many news decisions we must make daily," Smith wrote in a recent op-ed piece. "Our values are deeply rooted in our profession and some go back to the founders who foresaw the

NEWS IN BRIEF

JUMP INTO "THE DUCK POND"

This fall an enhanced UO Alumni Association website, dubbed "The Duck Pond" will be launched at uoalumni.com. The enhancements are responses to the summer 2004 survey results that indicated alumni want more connection opportunities. Through the website's dynamic components, users will instantly connect with thousands of fellow Ducks, have an immediate network with professionals and former classmates, and stay connected to the University via online opportunities. The Duck Pond features an enhanced online directory, inCircle, offering social networking exclusively to UO alumni; a Career Advisory Network; and a searchable database to find mentors in specific geographic and career areas.

IT PAYS TO GET A COLLEGE DEGREE

In Oregon, the median annual income of a high school graduate is \$29,000, compared to \$46,000 for someone with a bachelor's degree or \$51,000 for an individual with an advanced degree. In lifetime income, a typical high school graduate could expect to earn \$1.3 million. By comparison, a typical college graduate would expect to earn \$2.1 million, and someone with an advanced degree, \$2.3 million.

— *Compiled from 2000 U.S. Census Bureau data by the UO Office of Resource Management*

UOAA WELCOMES NEW BOARD MEMBERS

The Alumni Association Board of Directors welcomes eleven new members this fall: Mary Campbell '89, Jenny Cherrytree '98, James Crowell '60 MS '66, Lynn Heislein '82, Susan Jernstedt Fulton '78, Claudia Johnson '80, Donald Klotter '86, Anne Marie Levis MBA '96, Julia Mansfield '85, Nicole Sagan Jensen '91, and David Sullivan '79. Jeff Nudelman '83, attorney and partner at Garvey Schubert Barer in Portland, was elected president at the spring board meeting. Cheryl Ramberg Ford '66 is president-elect. Tim Clevenger '86 is past president, and Thomas Herrmann '85 JD '88 returns for another term as treasurer.

OLD OREGON

importance of an unfettered press in a free society."

Those values, the paper's relatively small size, and a commitment to innovation from the publisher allow the *Spokesman-Review* to pave the way for other, much larger papers to follow in their wake.

"We've lost the spirit of innovation and experiment in this business; we're way too safe," Smith says. "We're not going to be that way in Spokane. We're going to fight back to maintain our position as the primary and most trusted source of information in the community."

— JACKSON HOLTZ



Pioneer Cemetery caretaker George Dull

QUIET NEIGHBORS

The UO's Pioneer Cemetery is more than a final resting place.

FOR MORE THAN 130 YEARS, PIONEER Cemetery has rested in peace at the south end of the University campus, existing as a park-like paradox. Sunlight filters through the draping branches of tall Douglas firs and incense cedar trees and settles down upon grids and plots of gravestones. But while the 15.5-acre cemetery entombs more than 3,800 bodies, its natural setting also serves the living. Despite a large sign at the front entrance to the graveyard that requests "No Trespassing, Parking, or Loitering in Cemetery," students, faculty, and visitors often read, study, exercise, and play music in the shady haven.

In the center of the cemetery sits an aged Holidaire trailer sheltered by a canopy that shields it from the heavy rain of Oregon's wet winters and the heat of the summer's sun. Though the license plate

reads "Travel Trailer," the vehicle hasn't done much traveling recently. Parked in the cemetery since 1988, it has witnessed many life cycles of lilacs and daffodils, intrusions of English ivy and poison oak, and the decay and weathering of headstones and monuments.

For the past fourteen years, Pioneer Cemetery's caretaker George Dull has maintained the cemetery while residing in this trailer, where tight quarters leave no room for a full kitchen. "I eat out a lot," Dull jokes.

The top of a broken gravestone — "Merril Gilbertson, 1893–1927" — rests along the front side of the trailer, while larger pieces of headstones and monuments, too heavy for one person to lift, sit adjacent to the Holidaire, awaiting repair.

A native Oregonian and graduate of Springfield High, Dull spends his mornings working as a custodian at the local Bethel School District before returning to his home and second job at the graveyard. He mows, weeds, trims, and disposes of tree limbs in exchange for a place to stay and a monthly stipend provided by the Eugene Pioneer Cemetery Association (EPCA). The job calls for him to work with the living as well as the dead: When visitors come to the cemetery in search of a particular grave, Dull is their man. "If people want to find out where Grandma Jones is buried, I take care of that," he explains.

In 1997, Dull's sixth year on the job, Eugene Pioneer Cemetery was listed in the National Register of Historic Places, recognized for its architectural significance and landscape, which is demonstrative of a late nineteenth-century community cemetery. Ruth Lake Holmes '39, a longtime member of the EPCA, says that the cemetery's Civil War Veteran's Plot [see sidebar, p. 41] is one main reason that the graveyard has been designated on the Register. "It's our centerpiece — our claim to fame," Holmes says. "Well over 100 Civil War veterans are buried in the cemetery — many on the Veteran's plot, some on family plots."

When the moon sits high over Eugene, and the wind whistles through the trees, George Dull rests in the Holidaire trailer alongside Civil War veterans and many of the early settlers who helped build and create the surrounding city and community.

— JESSE DUNGAN '05



John Bauguess

HISTORIC MONUMENT HONORS CIVIL WAR VETERANS

WHEN CIVIL WAR VETERAN John S. Covell died in 1903 he bequeathed \$2,500 for the construction of a statue to commemorate the Civil War veterans buried in Pioneer Cemetery.

Family members contested his estate, but a judge decided against them. The money would be invested in the statue.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, the founding society of the cemetery, had a twenty-five-foot statue shipped from Italy. Before the end of 1903, the monument was in place.

Today, the statue still stands tall, bearing Covell's words: "I bequeath this monument in the memory of all my comrades of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. John S. Covell, Co. C. 8th Reg. Mich. Vol. Inf."

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OLD OREGON



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ROBERT DONALD CLARK

MARCH 30, 1910 — JUNE 28, 2005

ROBERT D. CLARK, PRESIDENT OF THE University of Oregon during the tumultuous years from 1969 to 1975, died at age ninety-five on June 28 following a short hospitalization.

"The entire University of Oregon community is saddened by the passing of Robert Clark," said University President Dave Frohnmayer. "His steady and thoughtful leadership during some of the most difficult years in American higher education helped set the stage for this University's current excellence. During his presidency, he understood that he had the responsibility to make the hard decisions and he understood the absolute necessity of freedom and neutrality. Robert Clark was a shining example of what one person can do — as teacher and student, speaker and leader — and as a beloved friend."

Clark, a Nebraska native, came to the University in 1943 as an assistant professor of speech. He became chairman of the speech department in 1954 and the dean of the College of Liberal Arts (now the College of Arts and Sciences) in 1956. He founded the country's first honors college at Oregon in 1959; it was named for him in 1975 upon his retirement as president. Clark received a bachelor's degree from Pasadena College in 1931, a master's degree in speech from the University of Southern California in 1935, and a doctorate in speech in 1943, also from USC.

From 1964 until 1969, Clark served as president of San Jose State College,

A MAN OF PATIENCE, GRACE, APLOMB

Jerry Diethelm, UO professor emeritus of landscape architecture, offers this memory of Robert Clark (first published in the Eugene Register-Guard).

ROBERT D. CLARK WAS OFTEN a university president under siege in the early 1970s, but I think the way he handled our little campus uprising provides a small glimpse into a fuller measure of the man.

In a move to save money, the University of Oregon physical plant had hired people off the street to prune the plants on campus, and they had cut and run amok, hacking the trees and shrubs unmercifully around our home in Lawrence Hall. We hoisted the larger limbs, formed an irate mob, and went waving them across the campus and into the president's office.

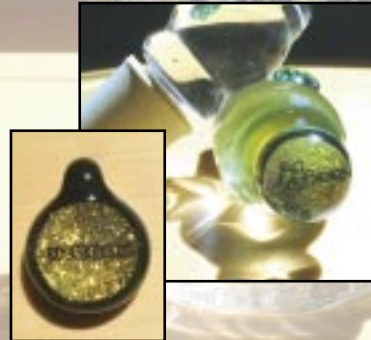
President Clark looked up from his desk in mild amusement and said, "My lord, it's Burnam Wood," and then went on to explain about Macbeth, about needing to watch out for Macduff, and how Macbeth hadn't needed to worry until the Burnam Wood moved toward his castle. Then he picked up the phone and ordered the end of the butchery and thanked everyone for caring enough about the UO campus landscape to come and see him about it.

With patience, grace, and aplomb, he had reduced the adrenaline in the crowd, managed to teach a little Shakespeare, drawn everyone deeper into their common culture, and made us all feel proud to be a part of the University of Oregon.

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OLD OREGON

where he was known for his support of the civil rights struggles of African-American athletes, including Olympians John Carlos and Tommie Smith.

“For our family, Robert Clark has been the center of a beloved community that reached out in widening circles to include not only his daughters, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, but family members who joined by marriage and by invitation — students from other countries, students and friends who also became ‘family,’ members of the Congregational Church and the supper club, and, of course, his friends and students at the University,” said his daughter, UO English Professor Suzanne Clark. “For these people, my father was ‘my professor’ or ‘my president.’ My father was always opening his door to the angry and saying ‘you may be right.’ This was true whether the rebellious one was an eight-year-old or Vietnam protesters carrying torches. Recently, Tommie Smith, whose ‘black power’ salute at the 1968 Olympics garnered worldwide attention, sent my father a picture and a message about the support he gave them while he was president of San Jose

State, saying ‘you are my hero.’ He was the hero of his family too.”

As a Guggenheim award-winning scholar, Clark published widely — articles, essays, and books, including *The Life of Matthew Simpson* (1956) and *The*

Odyssey of Thomas Condon (1989), a biography of the minister and pioneering UO geologist.

Memorial contributions may be made to the Robert D. Clark Endowment at the University of Oregon Foundation.

ALUMNI EVENTS

SEPTEMBER

23–24 Eugene
UOAA Fall Board Meeting

OCTOBER

1 Northern California
Duck Football vs. Stanford
Pregame Party

8 Tempe
Duck Football vs. Arizona State
Pregame Party

19 Eugene
Evening at the Jordan
Schnitzer Museum of Art
Lane County Chapter

22 Tucson

Duck Football vs. Arizona
Pregame Party

NOVEMBER

5 Eugene
Homecoming
Duck Football vs. Cal

19 Eugene
8th Annual Tailgate Auction
Lane County Chapter

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WHOLE LOTTA SHAKEY GOING ON

At work or at play, he puts it all on the mat.

“THE SMALLER THE MEET, THE bigger the trophy.”

As a world-class karate master, Tom Levak '61 knows a lot about trophies. But the sixty-six-year-old's accomplishments extend far beyond martial arts victories. He's also a veteran attorney, one of the nation's premier labor arbitrators, a cancer survivor, and, perhaps, the world's first Elvis impersonator.

His more than 250 karate gold medals and trophies in state, regional, national, and international tournaments — more than three dozen world masters titles among them — have earned Levak a spot in the U.S. Martial Arts Hall of Fame. Often, he's beaten men half his age.

What does one do with all that gold? Levak's given virtually all the hardware to neighbor kids, relatives, fellow athletes, and to his home gym, Portland's Multnomah Athletic Club.

At the MAC he's been a three-time finalist for the club's Athlete of the Year. This year, he was voted the MAC's prestigious President's Award.

Early in 2004, Levak was diagnosed with prostate cancer. Following surgery, he underwent a brutal round of chemotherapy. Such treatment would end the athletic career of many, but just weeks after the chemo sessions ended, he won the over-sixty U.S. Karate Championship at New Orleans.

But the cancer returned, this time necessitating several debilitating months of radiation. Again, just weeks after treatment concluded, he captured the over-fifty-five World Shotokan Karate title at a meet in Las Vegas.

Levak's triumph over both cancer and karate opponents earned him the Multnomah Club's Loprinzi Award as their most inspirational athlete in January 2005.

When not winning karate matches, the silver-haired lawyer



Tom Levak '61

Courtesy Tom Levak

is often seen wearing a crisp white shirt, tie, and pinstriped business suit, appropriate dress for his day job as a labor arbitrator.

Levak's wife Cotty handles the bookings for Levak Arbitration, Inc. and is often amazed at her husband's whirlwind business schedule. “One week, he may hear cases in Southern California and Alaska. The next, maybe Illinois and Georgia,” she says.

And what does she see from her insider's perspective? “Tom's really tough, often brutal, on the mat, and labor disputes are also usually very bitter. I've been told, though, he's an even-handed, fair arbitrator.”

He must be fair; Levak has arbitrated more than 3,200 decisions since 1978 and to be selected for such work both management and labor must agree on the arbitrator.

Levak attributes his success as both attorney and arbitrator to his ability to think creatively and use that thinking to arrive at decisions. He suggests his ability to exercise creative thinking was developed in the UO classroom of the late historian

and political scientist Paul Dull, specifically, in a yearlong course called *The Far East in Modern Times*.

“Dr. Dull was a spellbinding lecturer, but he also taught his students to think for themselves, to be creative in both analysis and expression. No matter whether he agreed with your written arguments on tests or term papers, Paul Dull graded you on how effectively you communicated. I've since had to weigh tough decisions in the courtroom and from an arbitrator's bench, decisions that can change another's life. Thinking creatively has really helped.”

Similarly, Levak maintains that the split-second choices on how to beat an opponent in karate involve outthinking them — creatively.

But this button-down arbitrator and fine-tuned athlete isn't all work and no play. Put Levak anywhere Elvis Presley songs are playing, and watch one arm point skyward, his knees lock, and a sneer curl his lip, as he gestures and gyrates to the beat — *a hunk, a hunk of burning love*.

He perfected his moves in the basement party room of his UO fraternity, Beta Theta Pi. “I must have been the world's first Elvis impersonator,” Levak says. “My Beta brothers watched me dance and called me Shakey. Over the years, the nickname's evolved into Shakeyman.”

“I really like the name, but don't think I'm going to put it on my business cards. Creative thinking doesn't go quite that far.”

At an age when many of his vintage are slowing down if not beginning to dodder, Levak remains quick with the karate chop, involved with a career that keeps his frequent flier miles maxed out, acutely aware of the value and fragility of health, and always ready to shake, rattle, and roll.

— BOB WARR '60

1940

Wilbur Grant '40 lives in Pasadena with his wife, **Evelyn (DiGiorgio) Grant** '39. He retired in 1984 after a career in public relations and advertising as vice president of CNF Transportation.

1960

■ In Paris to view the finale of the Tour de France, **Alaby Blivit** '63 and his wife **Sara Lee Cake** '45 were showered with bubbles from a methuselah of champagne uncorked during the victory stand celebration by seven-time Tour champion Lance Armstrong.

■ **Jon Meyer** '69 was appointed Chairman of the Military Transportation Committee on the Transportation Research Board. He will work with the National Research Council to advise the federal government on national scientific and technological issues. He lives in Annapolis, Maryland, and works in Washington DC.

1970

Randi Martin '71 has been named the first woman editor of *Journal of Experimental Psychology: Learning, Memory and Cognition*. She is chair of the Department of Psychology at Rice University and specializes in neuropsychology. She received her MS and Ph.D. in psychology from Johns Hopkins University and joined the Rice faculty in 1982.

In July, **Lee F. Snyder** '72 MA '74 Ph.D. '85 retired from her position as president of Bluffton University in Ohio; she was the first woman to lead any of the Mennonite colleges and universities. She served previously as vice president and academic dean of Eastern Mennonite University.

Mary Alice Brown MS '74 Ph.D. '90 will soon celebrate her thirtieth year as executive director of the Laurel Hill Center in Eugene; the facility serves Lane County adults with mental illness. In May, the United States Psychiatric Rehabilitation Association announced Brown as winner of the 2005 Irv Rutman Award, which recognizes exemplary management and quality programming in the mental health field.

Gaylord Reagan Ph.D. '78 has been named manager of change management with the Corporate Knowledge Management Program at Northrop Grumman Corporation. He has published an article titled "Organization Learning and Knowledge Management Assessment" and is teaching a graduate-level university course.

Richard Reed Ph.D. '78 gave a talk on "Serotonin Transporter Gene and Depression" at the University of Washington in May 2005. He lives and practices clinical psychology in Seattle.

President Bush has nominated **Terence McCulley** '79 to be Ambassador to the Republic of Mali.

A career member of the Senior Foreign Service, McCulley currently serves as Deputy Coordinator for Iraq Assistance in the Bureau of Near Eastern Affairs at the Department of State. He previously served as Deputy Chief of Mission at the U.S. Embassy in Tunisia, Dakar, and Lomé. He began his diplomatic career with the Department of State in Central African Affairs.

1980

Doug Dollemore '80 MS '85 is a senior science writer at the American Chemical Society in Washington DC.

■ **Jane Welp** '81 opened a new business, Ojala Language Services, which provides instruction in English as a second language. She and husband **Christen Welp** '71 live in The Dalles.

Heidi (Schwartz) Maiers '82 exhibited her bronze and ceramic sculpture in the 2005 Carefree Arizona Fine Art show. She is a sculptor and technical writer in Mesa, Arizona. Published in 2003, her first book, *Portrait Sculpture Simplified*, is a complete instructional course book. Check out her work online at <http://portrait-sculpture.com>.

Molly (Koehnke) Zafiratos '83 and her husband, Kevin, own a pair of Line-X Spray-on Bedliners and Protective Coatings franchises. They live in sunny Tampa, Florida, with their two-year-old son, Connor.

■ Eugene artist **Jerry Ross** '84 has received a painting award in an Italian competition; along with his gold medal comes a one-person show in Milan in May 2006. He has exhibited often in

Italy and Las Vegas. View his work at <http://absolutearts.com/portfolios/r/rossjerry/>.

■ Harvard University selected **Brent Walth** '84 as one of twelve Nieman Fellows to honor his accomplishments as a working journalist. As the 2005-06 Louis Stark Fellow, he will study the ways in which the media covers wealth disparity in the United States. Before receiving the Stark fellowship, he was a senior reporter at *The Oregonian*.

Diane Baxter DMA '85 received the 2004-05 Mario and Alma Pastega Award for Excellence in Teaching from Western Oregon University for her work in the music department. The award honors her efforts to speak both Japanese and English in the classroom for the benefit of Japanese international students. She also helped create the Makindu Children's Program, a nonprofit community organization that directs the Makindu Children's Center in eastern Kenya.

LeRoy Landers '85 was named principal architect with the Portland office of Mahlum Architects. He is known for his work in health care, housing, and education.

■ **Phillip Goodman** '86 is a vice president with Safeco Corporation in Seattle and directs Safeco's corporate real estate nationwide. He recently

CLASS NOTEWORTHY



Thomsen standing in front of Marine One (Air Force One in the background) in Geneva, Switzerland, during the G-8 summit in 2003.

BUSH PILOT

Lt. Col. B. J. Thomsen '87 flew through a rigorous year-long application, security, and screening process to land a prime position: He is one of four pilots assigned to Marine Helicopter Squadron One, President Bush's helicopter unit. Thomsen joined the Marines soon after graduation, finished flight school in 1991, and has also served in Bosnia and the United Kingdom.

Courtesy B. J. Thomsen

received an MBA degree from the University of Washington. Still a Duck at heart, he is looking forward to the next Oregon–Washington football game!

Sheila (Beggs) Hoover '89 married Jahn Robert Hoover on May 23, 2005, in Kihei, Hawaii. The couple lives near Salem, where she is a Field Services Technician and State Coordinator for Deaf and Hard of Hearing Services.

1990

Robert O. Davies MBA '91 earned his Ph.D. in higher education from the University of Buffalo in March. In 2000, he was appointed associate vice president for alumni relations at UB. He previously served as executive director of the Boise State University Alumni Association.

Andrew Clark '92 was promoted from associate professor to professor at Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. Along with his work as professor of physical education, athletics, and recreation, he serves as the school's head swim coach.

Brian Murphy '92 and his wife, Amy, celebrated the birth of Abby Grace on April 5. The Murphy family lives in Puyallup, Washington, where Brian works with freight forwarding for Expeditors International and Amy teaches fourth grade.

Jay Nusbaum '92 JD '96 is a regulatory attorney with Integra Telecom. He previously practiced law with Perkins Coie LLP. He lives in Portland with his wife, **Karla Zirbes** '91, and their three-year-old twins.

■ On May 23 **Matt Palmer** '94 and his wife, Trae, celebrated the birth of their first child. They hope Camillia Brooke Palmer will be a member of the UO class of 2027. She already has a few great-looking Duck outfits from the bookstore.

■ **Candice Dowler** '95 married Mike Smith on April 12 on Magen's Bay Beach in St. Thomas, USVI. They sailed for eight days in the British Virgin Islands. While there, they discovered Duck memorabilia on the island of Anegada and at Foxy's Bar on Just Van Dyke.

Thomas Kealy Ph.D. '95 received the 2005 Nancy Beyer Opler Award from Colby–Sawyer College for excellence in student advising. The award recognizes his support of students' academic and professional development as an assistant professor in the Humanities Department. He lives and teaches in New London, New Hampshire.

Jeff Weitzel '95 of Eugene has received two public art commissions, one for the city of Eugene Fire Station and one for the UO Moss Street Child-care Center. His bronze sculptures for both projects will be installed this year.

Jarrod Davis JD '97 has been named Vice President of Corporate Development at JELD-WEN, a manufacturer of windows and doors. He lives in Klamath Falls, where JELD-WEN is based.

2000

Ann Simmons '00 is a senior account executive at Standing Partnership in St. Louis, Missouri. She is married to Patrick Smith and looks forward to getting closer to friends, family, and Duck games when they relocate to the West Coast in the near future.

■ **James Hein** '02 graduated from Boston College Law School in May 2005. He will begin working as an associate at Tonkon Torp in Portland in the fall.

Ivy Newman '03 lives in Washington DC. She is working for the National Environmental Trust as an assistant to the "Clear the Air" Campaign, a national effort to combat pollution from power utilities.

In Memoriam

Keith Ingalls '29 died December 23 at the age of ninety-eight. Coming west with his North Dakotan homesteader parents, he settled in Eugene in 1919. He made his mark at the UO, photographing the around-the-world flight of 1924, helping build Mac Court, studying business administration, and joining the ROTC. Major (later Lt. Col.) Ingalls was a POW during WWII and worked for Shell Oil Co. from 1930 to 1971. He married Ruth Strauss in 1933 and had five children with her.

Laurence Austin '33 died April 12; he was ninety-five. After graduating with a degree in chemistry, he received a congressional appointment to become a pilot with a specialty in aerial reconnaissance. He became a fireman in New York City and served the city for twenty years. He and his wife, Blanche, started an antiques business, specializing in French cameo glass and Rookwood American pottery.

Ruth Irvin Hartley Kenna '34 died May 5; she was ninety-two. She graduated with honors from the UO, going on to teach in schools around Oregon. She was active in Redmond community organizations and served on the Redmond School Board. Her husband, Jack, shared her passion for their children and nature in Central Oregon.

Gerald Gordon (Jerry) Scott '35 died August 15, 2004, at the age of ninety-one. He was a charter member of Delta Upsilon fraternity at the UO. Following college, he did architectural work on Timberline Lodge with the USDA Forest Service and worked on buildings all over Oregon with his own firm. In 1950, he designed a new building for his parish, Christ Episcopal Church in Lake Oswego. Upon retiring, he loved to travel the world with his wife, Frances. As original sponsors when Autzen Stadium was built, Jerry and Fran adored Duck football and sat in their sponsor section seats for more than twenty years.

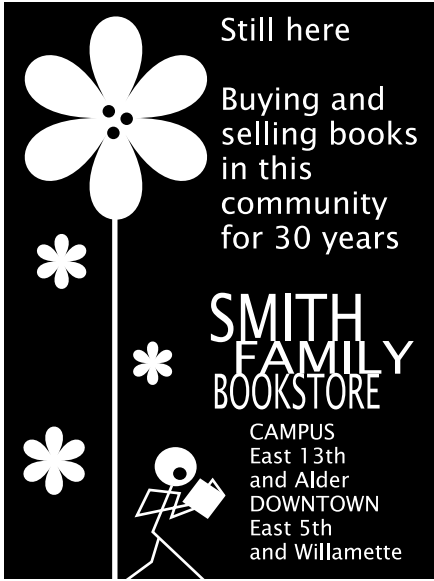
Virginia "VaDare" Kuhn '37 died March 25; she was eighty-nine. A member of the Alpha Chi Omega sorority at the UO, she received her degree in business administration. She and Army Lt. Lee W. Kuhn married in 1943 before he shipped out to Europe. After the war, the couple moved to Corvallis, where Lee joined the faculty of Oregon State University. She enjoyed sports at OSU and was a member of Good Samaritan Church in Corvallis.

Gordon Kendall Clark '38 died March 10 at the age of ninety-three. Clark married Elaine Ellmaker Clark '38 the year before they both received BA

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

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Class Notes.
Letters to the Editor.**

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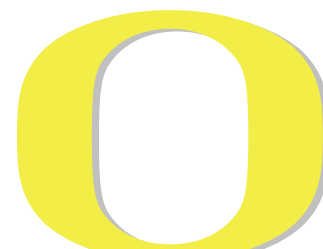
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AUTUMN 2005

degrees from the UO. He worked for the Portland Bureau of Planning for over thirty years as a city planner. He used his UO training in landscape architecture to advocate for parks, paths, and plazas in Portland. Archives and negatives of the Clarks' second career as photographers of landscapes and abstract patterns in nature were donated to the UO Library Division of Special Collections and University Archives. The Clarks' photography has been featured in many past issues of *Old Oregon* and *Oregon Quarterly*.

William F. Ehrman '41 died February 15 at the age of eighty-five. At the UO, he was a member of the Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity and ROTC. During WWII, he served as a captain in the infantry in Africa and Italy and received the Bronze Star. He was a business executive and owner of W.F. Ehrman, Inc. in Honolulu, Hawaii. He and his first wife, Dorothy Hayes '45, had four children together. He married Frances Cox Wimberly '43 in 1981.

Marie (Weatherly) Selder '42 died March 12 of natural causes; she was eighty-three. At the UO, she was a member of the Order of the Emerald. She married James Selder in 1942. She was a homemaker and volunteered for the St. Vincent Hospital Guild for thirty-five years.

Robert Barr Banister '43 died October 15; he was eighty-three. Graduating with a degree in art education from the UO, he exhibited his paintings of Northwest landscapes and flora throughout the country and Europe. He directed arts and crafts programs in the U.S. Army before founding the Lincoln Art Galleries in Lincoln City. He was married to Emma Jane for sixty-three years; they had two children.

Suzanne Deverell '44 died December 4 at the age of eighty-one. She was a member of the Chi Omega sorority and earned her degree in home economics. She and her husband, Robert, lived in Eugene. A homemaker, she enjoyed baseball, gardening, camping, traveling, and spending time with her children and grandchildren.

Roy Lieuallen MS '47 died in April after a long illness. He was eighty-eight. He married Barbara Wales in 1943 and served briefly in the Navy before becoming a high school science teacher and basketball coach in Pilot Rock. He served as registrar and coordinator of instruction at the Oregon College of Education (now Western Oregon University) from 1946 until he became president of OCE in 1955. He then served as chancellor of higher education from 1962 until he retired in 1982, earning a reputation as a gifted conciliator between campuses and competing interests within higher education.

IN MEMORIAM POLICY

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice. Editors reserve the right to edit for space and clarity. Send to *Oregon Quarterly*, In Memoriam, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-5228.

WRITING @ THE SPEED OF THOUGHT

From humble beginnings to working side by side with Bill Gates, Collins Hemingway has written his own ticket.

COLLINS HEMINGWAY MA '79 CAME to the UO by chance and circumstance. His career arc since graduation led from a copy desk at the *Register-Guard* to co-authoring a business bestseller with Microsoft's Bill Gates. He now leads a financially secure writer's life in Bend.

But it didn't start that way. He learned the value of hard work growing up poor in Arkansas, the youngest of three boys raised by a working mom.

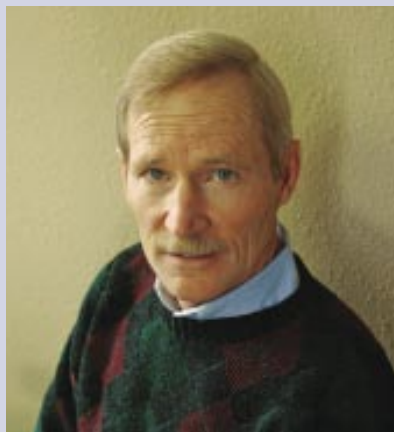
"My upbringing gave me the ability to scramble, which probably caused me to jump into new areas without a lot of preparation," he says. "Meaning computers, back when few people knew what they were about."

While growing up, Hemingway always worked, culminating in a job at the *Arkansas Gazette* as a high school senior. He learned journalism on the fly, covering high school sports on Friday nights and weekends. He took a sports correspondent job with him to college at Fayetteville when the Arkansas Razorbacks football team was a national contender.

Already a working journalist, he majored in English literature. After graduation, he worked regular news beats and copyedited at the *Arkansas Democrat*. Significantly, he helped the newspaper with their early adoption of computers.

In 1976, he landed a copyeditor job at the Eugene *Register-Guard*. Soon he was heavily involved in their conversion to one of the earliest all-electronic newsrooms. Hemingway even wrote some basic programming code for the new system. The *Guard* also helped create one of the first computerized spell checkers, and Hemingway wrote the code that automated it. After months of getting the bugs out, the entire system worked so well that newspaper executives from all over the country studied it.

Word got out about his computing prowess, and an Oregon software company hired him as a technical writer. Then came work at a Portland public relations firm that handled



Bob Woodward

the Microsoft account. In 1992, he started a seven-year career with the software giant.

He worked closely with top executives Bill Gates and Steve Ballmer. Ballmer struck him as charismatic, energetic, and able to spot problems in short order. Hemingway once spent a week preparing for a pricing strategy meeting. As he began his presentation, Ballmer said Hemingway's figures were wrong. Flustered, Hemingway rechecked his numbers and discovered that, indeed, the competition had changed their price list shortly before the meeting.

Hemingway collaborated with the world's wealthiest man to co-write *Business @ the Speed of Thought* (Warner Books, Inc. 1999). Working with Bill Gates required a special strategy. "If you came in with something 70 percent done, that was perfect. He could jump in with ideas. If you were about 90 percent done, it wasn't enough left to get him interested. If you were only 40 percent done, you could almost see him think, 'Ohmigawd, this is going to be like a 10-hour job.'"

His current book on retail business, *Built for Growth* (Wharton School Publishing, 2005), is co-written with Arthur Rubinfeld, a former executive vice president of Starbucks. The book is getting great early reviews. But Hemingway's next book may be the one that defines his legacy as a nonfiction writer.

The book will examine how the brain functions and offer ways to apply that knowledge to improving business practices. He says bad business behaviors are often fear-based, occurring when people revert to their 'survival brain' modes.

"Fight, flight, or freeze' are the three main fear-based behaviors," he says.

Research suggests that people acting on fear aren't thinking their clearest. You might solve a problem in that mode, but not very creatively.

"One study shows that people are more creative in a relaxed setting, and are more creative the day *after* they were relaxed," he says. The most creative thinking apparently happens after ideas have a chance to grow during a good night's sleep.

Another study found that one of the major attributes of a successful company is having a CEO with a sense of mission, beyond just making money. One chapter examines the benefits to companies in doing community service.

For Hemingway, seeing the world as one of abundance is essential to living well, both personally and as a way of running a business.

He credits his UO experience for helping his working and writing career. He found the academic rigor helped his critical thinking ability.

"In graduate school, there was a level of intensity, a sort of peeling off the layers of the onion that I'd never done before," he says.

A modern British poetry class with professor Kingsley Weatherhead [see "*Giants*," p. 28] was especially meaningful.

"I never really 'got it' until that class," he says. The poetic technique of exposition through imagery had, until Weatherhead's instruction, been difficult for Hemingway to grasp.

For all his writing success, he thinks of himself as a failed novelist. He's considered returning to the UO to improve his fiction-writing skills. But first, he has some writing to do.

— SCOTT MACWILLIAMS

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William Pickens '49 MS '50 died of Alzheimer's disease on March 5. He was eighty-three. He married Marian Galt in September 1947. He worked in education for nine years, then as a management consultant for L. A. J. Miller Consultants for twenty-five years. After his retirement in 1994, he enjoyed playing golf and traveling with his wife.

Milton Chase '50 died February 27 at the age of seventy-nine. He served in the Army Air Corps in Europe during World War II, and married Dorothy Thompson in 1950. He moved to the Portland area and worked as a trust officer and vice president for the Bank of California.

Earl Elliott '51 died of cancer January 17 in Sonoma, California. He was seventy-five. He served in the Army at Fort Bliss, Texas, then earned a graduate degree in clinical social work from the University of Chicago School of Social Administration. He worked as a clinical social worker for more than forty years in Chicago and in Carson City, Nevada.

Raleigh Meyer Jr. '55 died February 14 at age seventy-one. At the UO, he was involved with ROTC and was a member of Sigma Nu fraternity. He married Diana Skidmore in 1955, and they had two daughters. As a military family, they traveled around the U.S. and in Germany. He moved to Portland after his Army retirement in 1986, and married his second wife, Versie Waible, in 1991. They shared many interests including racecars, boating, and travel.

Jean Adams Davenport '56 passed away October 31 in Klamath Falls. She was sixty-nine. An accomplished pianist and vocalist, she taught piano and voice lessons throughout most of her adult life.

Jerome M. Pool '57 died on June 18 at age sixty-nine. A business student at the UO, he was also president of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity his senior year and led his fraternity brothers to intramural sports titles. He joined ROTC in college and served as a captain in the infantry reserve. He worked at Jantzen Inc. for his entire career, eventually rising to the rank of president and CEO. The loves of his life were his wife, Carole, his children and grandchildren, and world travel.

Jim Reding '64 died November 25 at age sixty-two. He was high school sports coordinator of *The Seattle Times* and the *Walla Walla Union Bulletin* and a former sports editor of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. After attending the UO, he worked at the *Register-Guard*, *The Springfield News*, and *The Daily Press* in Newport News, Virginia. He helped to found the Blue Mountain Sports Awards to honor sports achievements in the Walla Walla area.

Arnold Wolfe Ph.D. '64 died November 5 at age eighty-seven. He served in the Army from 1943 to 1946 and taught high school in Waverly, Nebraska, and Grand Coulee, Washington. In 1944, he married Allene Gundaker. From 1957 to 1980, he was a professor at Southern Oregon University where he taught business law, accounting, business education, and other subjects.

Gary Curry '66 MBA '68 died January 23 of multiple myeloma. He was sixty-one. He attended the UO on a wrestling scholarship and also played rugby for the University. He was a member of Sigma Chi fraternity, and while attending the UO

he met and married the love of his life, Martha (Hunt) Curry '68. He worked for Ford Motor Company before acquiring Oregon Onions, Inc. (now known as Curry and Company) in Salem. While developing the business, he continued to enjoy his athletic interests of running, skiing, and mountain climbing.

Hartley Thorson Hansen '66 died in November following a battle with cancer. He was sixty years old. After graduating from the UO, he served in Vietnam as a captain in the Marine Corps. He graduated from Vanderbilt Law School in 1968 and practiced law in Sacramento. He served as vice president of the California State Bar and was appointed by the Chief Justice as a member of the Judicial Council Commission.

Kathleen (Sand) Williams '66 died from cancer on January 11. She was sixty-one. She was the first woman president of the UO Alumni Association in more than one hundred years (1989–90). She was involved with numerous civic organizations in Portland and helped to establish a statewide program for identifying and treating children with special health needs. Her volunteer work included helping children and families in impoverished countries.

David Printz '67 JD '70 died October 28 at age sixty. He entered the UO on a basketball scholarship in 1962. While attending the UO, he met Lynda Dasher '66; they were married in 1966.

They lived in Las Vegas where he practiced law for seven years. They moved to Portland in 1977, where he worked for PacifiCorp until he retired in 1998. He never lost his love for basketball, coaching elementary and middle school teams for nine years.

Mary Ann Bisio '77 died of cancer March 30 in Seattle; she was fifty. She received her master's in music from Boston University in 1982 and was pursuing a doctorate in choral conducting at the University of Washington at the time of her death. She was a music teacher for more than thirty years in the Seattle area and had a twenty-year association with the Oregon Bach Festival Youth Choral Academy.

Diana (Netcher) Thurmond '81 died suddenly in April; she was forty-six. She was the secretary at Harper High School in Vale, and will be remembered as an avid UO fan who decorated her home, car, and office with a distinctly Ducky manner. Survivors include her teenage son and daughter, who attended Harper High.

Jacqueline Romm JD '81 died on November 8 of cancer. She was fifty-six. She worked as an English teacher and a lawyer, and was a partner in the law firm of Walters Romm Chanti & Dickens, PC. She was a member of the Lane County Legal Aid board of directors and the Metropolitan Opera Guild, and served as president of the Southern Willamette Private Industry Council.

Chris Jones '92 died January 20 as the result of an airplane accident. He was thirty-four. He attended the UO on a wrestling scholarship and wrestled in Cuba as a member of the U.S. wrestling team. He was an avid Duck fan and enjoyed attending games with his wife and children at Autzen Stadium.

Tevina Benedict MA '93 died May 7; she was fifty-four. She received her degree in public health and education. A passionate advocate for the homeless, the mentally ill, and the uninsured, she touched many lives in the Eugene community. She worked with many government agencies, including the Oregon Governor's Commission on the Uninsured and the Women's Rights Coalition, and directed the Lane County chapter of the Oregon Family Support Network. She married Dave Barta in 1982, and they had one daughter together.

Stephen Sherman '01 died February 3 in Mosul, Iraq, when an improvised explosive device exploded beneath the Army Stryker vehicle he was aboard. He was twenty-seven. After graduating from the UO, he managed a car rental agency in the Cayman Islands and joined the Army in 2003.

Hugh Howard Housen '03 died of Ewing's sarcoma April 9. He was twenty-five. He grew up in Eugene and graduated from the International High School at South Eugene High School. He moved to Portland after earning his bachelor's degree at the UO and worked in the golf division at the Nike Campus in Beaverton.

DECADES

Reports from previous Autumn issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly.

1925 In the week before the beginning of classes, new students participate in an elaborate pre-registration process that includes physical and psychological examinations and an English placement test. Three freshman assemblies provide academic advising, an introduction to University rules and procedures, and a primer on student customs and traditions.

1935 The library staff launches a movement to promote "unrequired recreational reading" by stocking small libraries and reading rooms in fraternity and sorority houses with classic literature. Librarians report being gratified to see students reading fewer virile adventure stories and movie magazines.

1945 The first post-war academic year shows an influx of veterans to the nation's campuses, and Oregon is no exception. Fraternity houses, inactive during the war, are used as dormitories to house the blossoming student population; the crunch is so bad that emergency housing quarters are also set up in the infirmary.

1955 In spite of a freak snowstorm that blankets the campus and sends students searching for hot cocoa, Homecoming Week draws Webfoots from far and near. Playing in driving rain, the Ducks deal the heavily favored Beavers a smashing defeat of 28 to 0!

1965 The computer dance, a national craze, comes

to Oregon. Students pay one dollar to be matched by computer with their perfect dates — after answering thirty-nine questions about such things as height, religion, attractiveness, dancing ability, and political preferences, a list of matches is generated, posted in the Student Union, and the matched-up couples dance the evening away.

1975 In a survey of 4,300 students, male students are found to be more in favor of coeducational physical education than female students. However, men and women generally agree that certain courses — including basketball, weight training, floor hockey, and a course exploring international wrestling — should be taught separately.

1985 In preparation for Villard Hall's 100th birthday celebration, events coordinator Horace Robinson launches a search for a portrait, missing since a spur-of-the-moment prank in 1973, of Henry Villard, the building's namesake. Robinson pledges no retribution to the pranksters, hinting that "the Centennial would be a wonderful occasion" to return the pilloined painting.

1995 The campus launches a "100 Years of Duck Football" celebration with a reception at the Eugene Hilton where alumni meet and mingle with their favorite Duck players from the past. Quacker Backers plan tailgate parties for all season games, both home and away.

WORMING FOR WALLEYE

by Nancy Wilbur Woods '72 MA '86

I'd been up since 5 A.M. and was on my way to take a class called Fishing for the Outdoor-Challenged Woman, sponsored by the Oregon Department of Fish, Wildlife, and People Who Are Afraid of Fish and Wildlife. We were to meet at the far end of Sauvie Island, just north of Portland.

Smiling ODFWPWAAFW employees handed me a water bottle, name tag, and assorted body-care goodies. Nearby, under a huge canopy, breakfast was being served — hot coffee, fresh fruit, and bagels. Hey, maybe fishing wasn't going to be so bad after all. Then I spotted a woman I knew.

"I decided to take fly-fishing," Kristi told me, referring to another of the many classes being offered, "so I wouldn't have to deal with worms."

Worms!? I thought. No one told me about worms. But it was too late to turn back. All the walleye people were meeting over by a white van, which took me and eight other women to the beach. We were met by a group of good-looking male guides who'd brought their fishing boats and fishing gear. Before we piled into the boats, Tim, one of the volunteers, explained the walleye.

"The walleye is a perch," he said while handing each of us a new hat with a brass fishhook embedded in the bill, "a predatory fish with teeth. They don't peck; they inhale their food. The world record is twenty-two pounds, five ounces. Oh, and one more thing," Tim added. "If you're skittish about night crawlers, we'll put it on for you — the first time."

I was assigned to a small boat with one other student, Kathleen, and Tim, the guide. Before we set out, Tim geared up our poles. He attached a spinner, lead sinker, treble-hook, and an earthworm — a very large earthworm.

"The first hook goes through the dark part," Tim said, skewering one wiggly night crawler. "The second goes just above the collar, and the third" — here he had to push hard to get the hook to go through — "goes through the other end. Leave some slack in the worm, so he'll twist in the water." When Tim held the frantically squirming worm up, I could see what he meant.

The walleye boats followed each other in a large oval up and down the Multnomah Channel, trolling downstream until we reached the end of Coon Island, then gunning it back to start all over again. A quiet rhythm set in.

There was one moment of excitement when a woman in another boat hauled in an eleven pounder.

"It felt like a whale!" she called out.

There was much whooping and hollering and taking of pictures before the walleye, a brooder, was let go to produce more



Kate Pryka

walleye. Kathleen hooked a bass and a squawfish. I pulled in a pea mouth, a tiny fish with a delicate mouth no bigger than its vegetable namesake. We let them all go.

But after that things moved pretty slowly. I noticed how green the river was under the trees and how blue it was under the open sky. Invisible fish left circles in the smooth-skinned water. For a moment, it was even possible to feel free from cars, phones, and faxes. Then it came to me. Fishing was an elaborate scheme. All that fishing tackle and all those fishing boats, trailers and motors, rods and hooks, lines and reels, it was all an excuse to get to this point, to sit here floating on the water, enjoying the calm simplicity of nature.

But by eleven the sun began to get warm and at noon it turned hot. I rolled up my pant legs, pulled my hat down over my eyes, and gazed fondly at the shady shore. When I checked my line, even the worm had gone limp.

"Would you like to put your own worm on?" Tim asked.

"No, but I think I'd better," I said, trying to be matter-of-fact. Tim handed me a worm, and things would have been okay if I hadn't done the one thing you should never do if you are hooking a worm on a warm day — I hesitated. Not for long, just for a second, but long enough for the worm to get really active and for me to realize how soft and alive he was compared to the cold, sharp hook. The more the worm wiggled in my hand the more impossible the situation became.

Tim laughed.

"If I drop this, will you throw me out of the boat?" I asked.

Tim had, no doubt, been given firm instructions to not make fun of his charges. He accepted the warm worm from my hand and quickly skewered a fresh one onto my hook.

"The heat of your hand made him move even more," Tim explained, trying to make it better, but the sad truth was I was never going to be a walleye fisherperson, not unless Tim wanted to be my permanent bait boy, and I had a sneaking suspicion he already had a life of his own.

Soon after that, we returned to the beach. On the way back to the cool minivan, I noticed that two women were actually taking home walleye. The fish looked huge. Two were green; the third looked very white. I realized how relieved I was that I hadn't caught any walleye. I would have had to kill it and clean it — and that would be even worse than skewering a worm.

Nancy Wilbur Woods is a freelance writer and editor who lives in Portland. She was assistant editor of Old Oregon, now known as Oregon Quarterly, in 1985–86.

Transforming Lives



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Thank You, Ray

This summer, Ray Hawk has, once again, retired from the University of Oregon. We salute Ray for his volunteer service leading the Friars Senior Honorary Society for the past twenty-two years. In 1983, Ray retired after forty three years of service at the university, first as a student and then in such roles as dean of men, assistant to the president, dean of administration, and vice president for administration and finance.

Ray and his wife Phyllis have left an enduring legacy at the University of Oregon and in the Eugene community. They have added to their lifetime gift of personal service by also naming the University of Oregon Foundation as a beneficiary of their estate plan.

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