

SUMMER 2006

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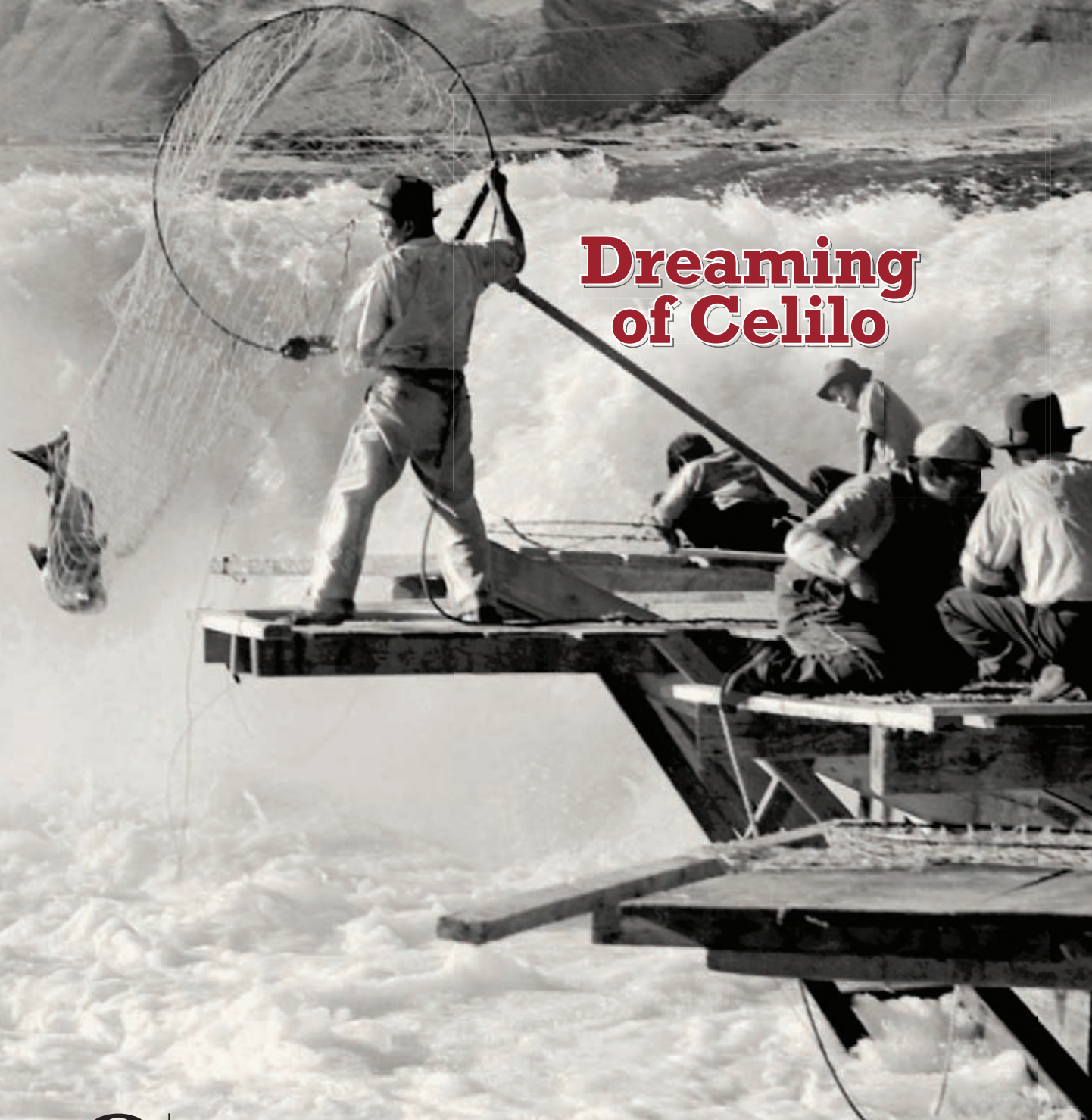
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TERROR
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Dreaming of Celilo



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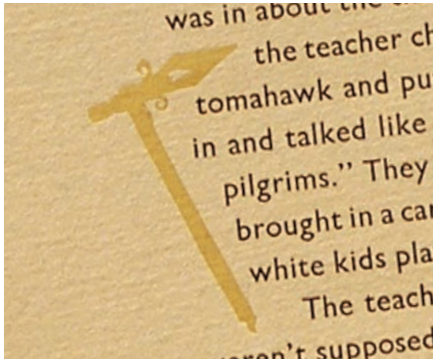
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Cover: Fishing platforms at Celilo Falls on the Columbia River, 1937. Photo © Ray Atkeson Image Archive

MAN OF OREGON

I'm amazed at the barbarisms excused in the name of tradition ["Braving Vicissitudes," Spring 2006]. Gleefully inflicting pain on someone else is pathological, as is gleefully witnessing it, and feeling one must suffer it in silence.

Amy Houchen '74 JD '78
Portland

What a wonderful service Kenny Moore has done with his book about Bill Bowerman. Kenny catches the essence of the man and his ethical and moral standards so accurately.

Our family grew up with the Bowerman family in Medford. Our Dad and Bill were best friends and remained so until Bill's death. Barbara and Mother were also close, and the three Bowerman boys were close in age with the three oldest of us. In fact, I have a photo of Jon and me, along with another same age kid, Susan Barnes, all lying in a triangle on a bear rug somewhere out in the elements. We played together, we camped together, and we learned about a lot of things from Bill. Bill was a "Renaissance man" of the first order. I don't think there was anything he couldn't do — at least, we all thought that. When he left Medford to go to the UO, it was a very sad day for Medford athletics and for the community.

I was the first in line to attend college and went to Oregon as a music major. I had the privilege of seeing Bill and Barbara at every one of my performances. How gifted I was to have had their presence and support during those years!

Mira Frohnmayer '60
Yachats

Just last week, the UO lost its fourth professor of color in the last two years, and now Bill Bowerman, the "white father" of Oregon, is on the cover of the *Quarterly*. Bowerman was a mean-spirited,

racist man, who gave no credit to Otis Davis, Oregon's first (black) Olympian, for actually being the first person to test his Nike shoes. Your publication and the University should be ashamed of yourselves. Ignorance and bigotry remain at this institution, mainly because people like you choose to maintain the status quo instead of searching for the historical truth.

Michael Kellyn Gross
Eugene

Kenny Moore responds: Michael Kellyn Gross would have every right to be appalled if her accusations were true, but as my book details, Bowerman often and amply told the story of his first handmade racing spikes. Phil Knight tried them in 1958. Otis Davis admired them so much he ran off in them and later won the 1959 Pacific Coast Conference 440 in them, causing Knight to say, "That day, a seed was planted." Gross also errs in naming Davis as Oregon's first black Olympian. I'm not sure if there were others, but it is a shame to ignore Jackie Robinson's brother, Mack Robinson, who was second to Jesse Owens in the 1936 Olympic 200-meter dash.

Until just before entering the UO, I had not participated in any athletics, but suddenly I wanted to become a competitive runner. Legendary miler Wes Santee was my distant cousin, so when I reported to Bill Bowerman's office to tell him of my desire to become an Oregon runner,

he listened. After I announced my best time in the half-mile to be 2 minutes 14 seconds, he should have thrown me out, but perhaps impressed by the audacity of a guy wanting to run for mighty Oregon who would not place in a junior high meet, instead he said, "OK, we'll see you on the track."

That year I improved my time to 1 minute 57 seconds and received a frosh letter for my effort. However, by my sophomore year it was evident to both me and Bowerman I would never become an accomplished track man, especially at Oregon, which was putting together the finest stable of distance runners in the world. Still, Bowerman allowed me to hang around and train daily with the team, and he found races for me. I remained an active nonmember "member" of the Oregon track team right through to graduation. In return I performed for Bowerman a number of tasks including crewing during the meets, acting as a rabbit in selected events, and becoming a last-minute replacement when he needed a body in an open race.

To this day I remain eternally thankful for his willingness to indulge my running passion even though it served him little purpose. Because of his graciousness, I count him as one of the most influential people in my life. Bowerman recognized there is legitimate value to those who pursue a calling even when there is no hope of reaching lofty heights.

Clark Santee '63
Hermitage, Tennessee

I appreciated Ken Moore's story about Coach Bowerman greatly. As a short fat guy, I never competed alongside any of the runners, but did take classes with and from a number of them. I was a jogger (and still am), not an elite runner.

My favorite track story involves Bill Dellinger. I was a freshman at Oregon in 1965, the crest of the baby-boom invasion.

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.



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OREGON QUARTERLY EDITOR

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MANAGING EDITOR

Ross West

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

Susan Thelen

DESIGNER

Tim Jordan

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHER

Jack Liu

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WEBSITE

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

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E-MAIL

quarterly@uoregon.edu

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Alumni Records, 1204 University

of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403

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There were so many of us that fall that I had the misfortune of landing a basic PE class at 8 A.M. on Saturdays! The high point was that the instructor was none other than Bill “Mr. Mile” Dellinger.

That first cold, foggy Saturday morning, Coach Dellinger had us march over to the line of trees at the west edge of the practice track and come to attention. “Gentlemen,” he said, “you will note that one of these Douglas fir trees is much larger than all the rest even though they were all planted at the same time. Can anyone tell us why?” No one ventured a guess. Dellinger proceeded: “It is because some of the finest track men in the world have gone up there and peed on that tree, is why . . . now don’t forget it!”

It is still the biggest of the trees in the line, and I still believe Bill Dellinger!

Patrick Sanderlin '69
McMinnville

MOTHER MEMORIES

Lauren Kessler’s story [“Still Life,” Spring 2006] was very poignant. My mother would be eighty-one this year as well. She died at the age of fifty-four, unfortunately

at her own hands. Twenty-seven years later, I still question what would lead a woman, wife, mother of three adult boys, to take her own life. Kessler’s and my mother were very similar — outgoing, well-dressed seamstresses with their own Singers, club members, pianists, and oil painters at midlife. I didn’t really know my mother as an adult. I was twenty-four when she died. I have missed out on the relationship that forms as children become adults and mothers become friends and grandmothers. Had she lived longer, maybe that friendship could have grown and I could have seen a longing in her eyes that was never spoken, a longing focused on many of the same questions Kessler had for her mother after she died. Had I also known more about depression and that she, perhaps, suffered from that her entire life, she may have had that birthday this year.

David Goodman
Eugene

I was touched and moved by Lauren Kessler’s description of her talented, ambitious, and smart mother, who seemed so withdrawn in her later years.

I had a mother like that, too.

Although she died nearly twenty years ago, I still yearn for her, wishing that she had led a more fulfilling life in her later years. I also don’t understand fully why she did what she did. It was troubling for me to see her being much less than she could be.

My mom was the chief surgical nurse to one of the most prominent neurosurgeons in the country at Northwestern University. Then she married and moved to my father’s small hometown.

After we kids were all away in college or married and settled, my mother seemed dissatisfied with her life. I asked her why she didn’t go back into nursing, especially pediatric nursing, as she always seemed especially drawn to infants. She reacted with anger, at least that’s how I felt it. She said that it was important for her to be at home to make lunches for my dad. I didn’t challenge her belief; I just felt so sad that that role seemed to block her from consideration of anything else.

Relationships were rather different in the 1960s in small towns in the Midwest. There were no counselors to help people explore their options, and local society expected wives to have secondary roles.

Thanks. The painful clarity that Kessler put into words was very moving.

Bill Roberts
Portland

WASTED SKIES?

I hesitate to write, but the four pages you devoted to “The Fearful Skies” [Spring 2006] was a waste. Seth Clark Walker, the writer, and the two subjects, Jim Dunn and Zak Schwartz of Plane Reaction, are clearly naïve and out of touch. Turning flight attendants and air marshals into counselors is such an inane premise, it’s laughable. Security and safety in the air is the issue. When a nut case threatens that issue, appropriate actions to eliminate the threat must be immediate, successful and final. Plane Reaction’s phone is not going to ring. The airline industry gets it. Even the liberal media get it. OQ, your readers deserve better.

Mike Rose '62
Portland

Editor’s Note: Since we published that story, the Eugene Register-Guard ran a substantial story about Plane Reaction, and Walker adapted his OQ piece for a cover story scheduled to run in June in Pacific Northwest, the Sunday magazine of the Seattle Times.



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"Roy Lichtenstein: Prints 1956–97," an accessible and spirited survey of seventy-seven lithographs, screen prints, etchings, woodblocks, and mixed-media prints by the famed pop artist will be on display at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art from June 15 to August 27. The exhibit includes this image, *Peace Through Chemistry II*, 1970, from the collection of the Jordan Schnitzer Family Foundation. A series of public programs on Lichtenstein and his art will take place at the museum through the summer.

THE LOGIC OF TERROR

*While journalists dutifully report — often in grisly detail — the carnage wreaked by individual acts of suicide terrorism, the underlying motives of the terrorists receive much less attention. Robert A. Pape, a professor of political science at the University of Chicago who has conducted a detailed review of all recent acts of suicide terror, spoke on campus in March, sponsored by the UO's Oregon Humanities Center and political science department. Excerpted from *Dying to Win: The Strategic Logic of Suicide Terrorism* by Robert A. Pape. Copyright © 2005 by Robert A. Pape. Reprinted by arrangement with The Random House Publishing Group.*

SUICIDE TERRORISM IS RISING AROUND the world, but there is great confusion as to why. Since many such attacks — including, of course, those of September 11, 2001 — have been perpetrated by Muslim terrorists professing religious motives, it might seem obvious that Islamic fundamentalism is the central cause. This presumption has fueled the belief that future 9/11s can be avoided only by a wholesale transformation of Muslim societies, a core reason for broad public support in the United States for the recent conquest of Iraq.

However, the presumed connection between suicide terrorism and Islamic fundamentalism is misleading and may be encouraging domestic and foreign pol-

icies likely to worsen America's situation and to harm many Muslims needlessly.

I have compiled a database of every suicide bombing and attack around the globe from 1980 through 2003 — 315 attacks in all. It includes every attack in which at least one terrorist killed himself or herself while attempting to kill others; it excludes attacks authorized by a national government, for example by North Korea against the South. This database is the first complete universe of suicide terrorist attacks worldwide . . .

The data show that there is little connection between suicide terrorism and Islamic fundamentalism, or any one of the world's religions. In fact, the leading instigators of suicide attacks are the

Tamil Tigers in Sri Lanka, a Marxist-Leninist group whose members are from Hindu families but who are adamantly opposed to religion. This group committed 76 of the 315 incidents, more suicide attacks than Hamas.

Rather, what nearly all suicide terrorist attacks have in common is a specific secular and strategic goal: to compel modern democracies to withdraw military forces from territory that the terrorists consider to be their homeland. Religion is rarely the root cause, although it is often used as a tool by terrorist organizations in recruiting and in other efforts in service of the broader strategic objective.

Three general patterns in the data support my conclusions. First, nearly



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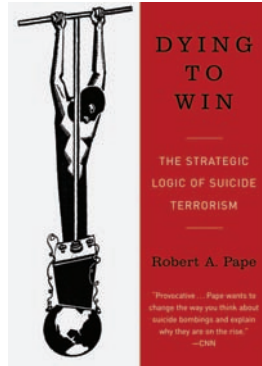
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all suicide terrorist attacks occur as part of organized campaigns, not as isolated or random incidents. Of the 315 separate attacks in the period I studied, 301 could have their roots traced to large, coherent political or military campaigns.

Second, democratic states are uniquely vulnerable to suicide terrorists. The United States, France, India, Israel, Russia, Sri Lanka, and Turkey have been the targets of almost every suicide attack of the past two decades, and each country has been a democracy at the time of the incidents.

Third, suicide terrorist campaigns are directed toward a strategic objective. From Lebanon to Israel to Sri Lanka to Kashmir to Chechnya, the sponsors of every campaign have been terrorist groups trying to establish or maintain political self-determination by compelling democratic power to withdraw from the territories they claim. Even al-Qaeda fits this pattern: although Saudi Arabia is not under American military occupation per se, a principal objective of Osama bin Laden is the expulsion of American troops from the Persian Gulf and the reduction of Washington's power and influence in the region . . .

Since September 11, 2001, the United States has responded to the growing threat of suicide terrorism by embarking on a policy to conquer Muslim countries — not simply rooting out existing havens



for terrorists in Afghanistan but going further to remake Muslim societies in the Persian Gulf. To be sure, the United States must be ready to use force to protect Americans and their

allies and must do so when necessary. However, the close association between foreign military occupations and the growth of suicide terrorist movements in the occupied regions should make us hesitate over any strategy centering on the transformation of Muslim societies by means of heavy military power. Although there may still be good reasons for such a strategy, we should recognize that the sustained presence of heavy American combat forces in Muslim countries is likely to increase the odds of the next 9/11.

DUCK SOUP FOR DRIVERS

Fine roads now make driving the scenic Oregon Coast a pleasure, but in 1929 the daunting adventure fell more in the category of extreme motor sports, as recounted in this excerpt from Lifting Oregon Out of the Mud: Building the Oregon Coast Highway (Bar Creek Press, 2006) by Joe R. Blakely, who has written three books on Oregon history since retiring from the UO Office of Public Safety. For more information write josephb@uoregon.edu.

EVEN THOUGH TWENTY PERCENT OF the highway remained unfinished along the central coast, with bridges still to be built over major rivers and bays, conditions along the route were steadily, if slowly, improving. This was a fact that Lawrence Barber, automobile editor for *The Oregonian*, proved in September of 1929 when he set out to better Arthur D. Sullivan's 1926 time of fifty-seven hours for driving the length of the coast.

Accompanied by three friends and driving two cars, a 1929 Marquette and

BOOKSHELF

Selected new books written by UO faculty and alumni and received at the Oregon Quarterly office.

Quoted remarks are from publishers' notes or reviews.

Cruising the South Pacific — The Adventure (Publish America, 2005) by Douglas Austin '63. ". . . a fascinating true story of the author and his wife's four-year cruise through the South Pacific."

Leaving (The University of Chicago Press, 2004) by Laton Carter '94. "There are consistent dividends for the reader from the 'compulsion of scrutiny' that Laton Carter follows out of himself toward the daily goings-on around him. This acute, finely-tempered book delivers a lyric brilliance that enriches our language." Carter won the Stafford/Hall Award for Poetry in the Oregon Book Awards in 2005.

Northern Sun, Southern Moon: Europe's Reinvention of Jazz (Yale University Press, 2005) by Mike Heffley '77. "Heffley brings to life an evolving musical phenomenon, situating European jazz in its historical, social, political, and cultural contexts and adding valuable material to the still-scant scholarship on improvisation."

How the Mind Explains Behavior: Folk Explanations, Meaning, and Social Interaction (The MIT Press, 2005) by UO Associate Professor of Psychology Bertram F. Malle. "Malle's impressive scholarly work offers a critical perspective on attribution theory, advancing instead a folk theory of mind and behavior with intentionality at its foundation. This is a significant contribution to psychology, and it will have lasting value."

Who Shot Goldilocks? How Alan Greenspan did in our jobs, savings, and retirement plans (Crown Point Press USA, 2004) by William D. Rutherford '61. "This fascinating account of the Federal Reserve and its . . . Chairman should be required reading for everyone concerned about the state of our economy."

Occasions of Sin (W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2004) by Sandra Scofield '77. "Scofield investigates the insistence of desire, the inability to transcend the body and the indissoluble bond between mother and daughter . . . a narrative of survival."



Haystack Rock, Cannon Beach, 1926

a Buick sedan, Barber's goal was to drive the entire highway from Astoria to Crescent City in one day. "With good drivers, with good cars and good weather," Barber said, "[we] could make this difficult run in less than 24 hours — with good luck."

Leaving from the Hotel Astoria in dry weather and driving no more than the posted speed limit of thirty-five miles per hour over the mostly macadam-surfaced road, Barber and his friends made the first 155 miles to Newport in just over four hours. After crossing Yaquina Bay on the ferry, they drove into the unfinished gap between Newport and Reedsport, a stretch, Barber wrote, consisting of corduroy roads and hard-packed beach.

"We finished the 18 mile run to the Alsea River by gingerly driving for a fourth of a mile on a single lane timber trestle to the ferry landing," Barber wrote. "The trestle consisted of two tracks, flanged on the inside, and elevated about 15 feet above the sand by pilings . . . The ferry crossing to Waldport was a 15 minute voyage, costing us \$1.80 per car. We had to detour from the ferry landing to town and had additional detours along the dirt road to Yachats. Next was an exciting single lane dirt road from Yachats to Florence for 33 miles . . . It wound around the ocean face of Cape Perpetua and Heceta Head . . . At times the trail was laid close to the beach: 10 minutes later it might be 500 feet up on a ledge of the bluffs, high above the pounding surf. We met only two cars on this wild road." (Should they have had to pass another auto, the law of the time stated the passing driver had to "give

audible warning with his horn . . . before passing . . . a vehicle proceeding in the same direction.")

The two-car caravan finally reached the Heceta Head lighthouse near Florence. "Heavily timbered mountains rose all around us," Barber wrote. "We dropped down to Cape Creek, crossed a wooden bridge and climbed a 20 percent grade up the south side of Sea Lion Point . . . As we dropped down the south side of the mountain, we had a grand view of the sand dune desert stretching almost to Florence . . . The 41-mile run from Waldport to Florence required four hours and five minutes, an average of about 10 miles an hour."

The party crossed the Siuslaw River at Florence by ferry; it was their third ferry crossing. From Florence they drove inland on dry roads to Gardiner, where they continued south to the ferry at the Umpqua River. "[We] then boarded the . . . ferry for the two and one half mile crossing to Reedsport," Barber wrote. "The ferryman, A.F. Smith, collected 50 cents a car . . . We felt like pioneers. We had driven 244 miles in 13 and one half hours, compared with the 29 hours driven by Sullivan to this point. We had 173 miles yet to go to the California state line and 194 miles to Crescent City."

From Reedsport on, Barber wrote, it was "duck soup" for the travelers. The only inconvenience was their wait for the ferry at Wedderburn and "a winding dirt mountain road between Pistol River and Brookings." The group arrived at the Lauff Hotel in Crescent City just 21 hours and 15 minutes after their start in Astoria.

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SOMETIMES A GRAPE NOTION

The subtitle to *The Grail* (Oregon State University Press, 2006) by Brian Doyle provides just a taste of what's between the covers: A year ambling and shambling through an Oregon vineyard in pursuit of the best pinot noir wine in the whole wild world. Doyle, editor of the award-winning

Portland Magazine and the 2004 judge of OQ's Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, discussed his work at the UO Bookstore in May. He is the author of five books including *The Wet Engine* (Paraclete, 2005, excerpted in the Winter '05 OQ), and his often-anthologized essays have appeared in the American Scholar, Atlantic Monthly, and Harper's. This excerpt is a chapter titled "The Devil Made Pinot Noir."

JUNE. I SAY TO [MASTER VINTNER] JESSE [Lange] one day, c'mon, how hard is it really to grow pinot noir? I mean everyone I talk to is always pissing and moaning about how hard it is to grow it, and how it's like a wheezing genius hothouse orchid that has to be coddled and nursed like a fading movie star, and I expect him to grin like he usually does but he only half grins and the other half is wince, and it turns out that he's had a loong day in the vineyard worrying about his grapes, because off he sails on a monologue that begins by lauding the complexity and subtlety and nuance of the wine that comes from the grape, but then swerves into how the grapes are as thin-skinned as teenagers in a new school, and



how the vines are all prissy about how they need just the right amount of sunlight and water, not too much, and not too little, and how they totally quail and fail under rain that falls too hard, and they swoon at the slightest stress, and you have to darn well nearly feed them with a spoon when they're babies, and you might as well go around the vineyard at night and swaddle each vine in a blanket for heavensake, and rock them gently to sleep, and if a pinot noir vine even suspects there might be a virus on the same freaking continent it's ready to call it cancer or a brain tumor and give up the ghost, and it's pretty much like they spend all their time huddled moaning by the fireplace, asking you plaintively to go get them hot herb tea and a lozenge and a lurid novel, and sometimes you want to stand at the top of the hill and shout get a grip!

Uh — are you okay? I ask.

Yeh, he says, recovering his usual equilibrium. It's just that the vines are at kind of a crucial stage, and pinot noir can be, what's a polite word — fussy.

Later in my reading I come across other growers' dark references to pinot noir, which make me grin: a *minx* of a vine that leads growers on a terrible dance, and moody and enigmatic and capricious, and petulant and tantalizing and quixotic, and the heartbreak grape, and cursed with a personality so sour it would make the grinch look like

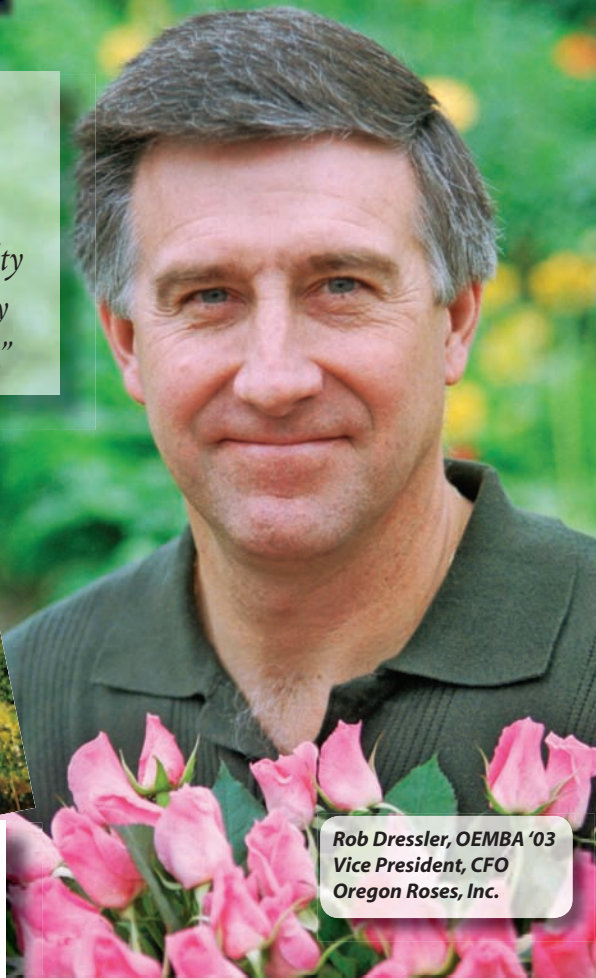
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Santa Claus, and God made cabernet sauvignon, whereas the devil made pinot noir, a remark attributed to the legendary early-California grower Andre Tchelistcheff, which when I report that line happily to Jesse he says yeh, well, but he was growing the vine in California, so there you are. All due respect to California.

IRISH IMMIGRANT, FRONTIER MISSIONARY, OREGON GEOLOGIST

To honor Thomas Condon — one of only three professors on staff when the UO opened in 1876 — the University's Museum of Natural and Cultural History has created a replica of the classroom where Condon taught and conducted research during his long tenure (1876 to 1905), including examples of his world-renowned fossil collection. The exhibit will be on display through August. The excerpt below is from the prologue to former UO President Robert Clark's biography, The Odyssey of Thomas Condon

(Portland: Oregon Historical Society, 1989) © 1989, The Oregon Historical Society. Reprinted with permission.



Thomas Condon, c. 1870s

BEFORE HIS LONG LIFE WAS OVER IN 1907, Thomas Condon had become a legend in Oregon, a little home missionary miraculously transmuted into the professor of geology at the state university, known and honored by big-name scientists in the East. From the first, people listened to his lectures and marveled at his knowledge, sat amazed as he opened the records to tell them the story of Oregon's geological past: seashells in the mountains, an inland sea flooding the vast expanses of the high desert east of the Cascades; exotic tropical plants — fan palm and acacia; a tiny, three-toed precursor of the horse, no larger than a dog; and, equally surprising, the elephant, camel and rhinoceros, all resident in ancient Oregon. They watched, scarcely believing, as he exhibited the fossil remains, or picked up a flat rock, tapped it on the edge, broke it open, and revealed the perfect form of an oak or sycamore leaf. They sent him skulls, teeth, legbones, leaf impressions, seashells they had dug out of their backyards or fields, or dislodged from a bank, newly cut for a roadbed. And they continued to send strange-looking artifacts, thirty years after his death, remembering his name but not his years, presuming that the legend was the man and that beyond doubt he remained at the university, ready and eager to identify their artifacts.

Members of a later generation confirmed the legend by the honors they heaped upon the man. They named public schools for him, in St. Helens, where he had taught, and in Eugene, and a chapel in the Congregational Church; they named a building for him, Condon Hall, on the University of Oregon campus; they named the Condon Lecture series to bring visiting scientists to the several public colleges and universities in the state. They named a park for him in the high desert where he had been the first to dig strange and wondrous fossils out of the bank and to bring eastern paleontologists flocking to the state; they even launched a liberty ship in Portland during World War II and called it the *Condon*. Scientists honored "Oregon's best-known geologist," too, by continuing, to the present day, to acknowledge his discoveries and to praise his field work and his geological insight. Journalists have told and retold his romantic story, a modern-day Nehemiah, with a Bible in one hand and a geologist's pick in the other.

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He was born in Ireland, in the early 1820s, when County Cork, two decades before the great potato famine, was already stricken with poverty. His father, a stone-cutter, emigrated to New York in 1833, taking his family with him. Thomas got the rudiments of a common school education in Ireland, and from the people who employed him, a mere boy, in New York City. For part of one year he attended an academy in upstate New York, until then his only formal schooling.

He taught in the common schools for several years and spent three years in a theological seminary. Commissioned by the American Home Missionary Society, he served in Oregon for two decades. His discovery of fossils on a hillside in the town where he lived led him to an intense and devoted study of geology and an attempt to accommodate the differences between science and religion. Appointed state geologist in 1872, he was named professor of natural history at the newly established state university in 1876, when he was fifty-four years old. He remained for nearly thirty years, until his retirement in 1905, two years before his death.

How did this Irish lad rise out of poverty and ignorance to the status of

geologist, recognized and honored by men in the top rank? How did he acquire his knowledge and skills? And how did he gain the insight to reconcile the teachings of science with his religious faith?

We know the names of the schools he attended, and much about his times. For geology it was an age of discovery in which the very foundations of the traditional view of the Scriptures were shaken. Men of faith were divided, some of them resisting the new science, others struggling to sustain their faith, reinterpreting the Scriptures to reconcile religion and science.

Before Condon's student days were over, he had a working knowledge of geology. It is probable that he had been introduced to the science-religion conflict. We know what courses were offered at the academy he attended, what textbooks were used, and the precise classes in which he enrolled at the seminary, for the students were required to take them all. We know the names of his professors, the books they wrote, and the views or doctrines they held. We know the journals to which he subscribed in the critical years when he made his transition from minister to geologist and when he faced the necessity of bringing science and reli-

gion together in his own life. With what we know, we can select the books that were required by the academy and typical for the seminary, and the journal articles available to him, certain that Condon was exposed to the ideas they contained. We can let him sit by a fire and a candle, put a book or journal in his hand, read it with him, and be assured that, if we are not following his course precisely, we are taking much the same journey. It is the only way to know how the youth and the minister became the geologist and the man of letters whom we acknowledge as Dr. Condon.

We must not, however, let ourselves be consumed by the intellectual journey. Thomas Condon's whole life was an adventure, each part worth the telling and the reading for the adventure itself. He overcame obstacles that in retrospect seem impossible barriers, moved forward when he might have given up. He had help — people who believed in him, events that changed the course of his life. He called them acts of Providence. But he possessed the intellectual skills, the curiosity, the insight, the imagination, and the energy to turn the fortuitous into discovery, into the opening of new worlds.



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- **Duck to Duck Mentoring**—the UO Alumni Association with the help of the Career Center has launched an online resource exclusively for UO alumni to find a mentor or be a mentor. This database is searchable by job title, industry, geographic location, company and more. Being a mentor is a wonderful way to contribute to the ongoing success of the University and this module allows mentors to control their own record and be in active or inactive status depending on life and work pressures. Using this new service you may find that one person who can guide or jump-start your career. Check it out at uoalumni.com.
- **UO Career Center Mentor Program**—through a class that is taught in many academic departments, a database with over 2,000 active mentors has been developed. If you are interested in tapping into this resource, you may want to purchase an alumni package of services and we will provide you with additional contacts. Contact us at 541-346-3235 to explore this option. As always, UOAA member pay a reduced rate.

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As you build your network and identify mentors, always be gracious and send a note of thanks for the help you have been given. We also encourage you to wear both hats as you move through your career . . . that of mentee and mentor. Getting involved insures that these resources continue to grow and be rich with opportunities.

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frighten me. He immediately came back. Now, I was a little boy and he might have been fooling me but I don't know where he would have gone. My grandfather would not have fooled me. I think that was the moment when I first knew he was a witch.

I remember the first time we did a play at school. We invited all our parents in. I finally, after a lot of talking, got all of my kinfolks to come in. It was a big occasion. We walked down to see the play that night. We brought some of my older kinfolks in to see it and they couldn't understand any English. But they came in and really enjoyed it.

We did a little play called *The First Thanksgiving*. I guess I was in about the third grade. They assigned the parts. Sure enough, the teacher chose me to be one of the Indians. I made a paper tomahawk and put a paper beaded thing around my head. I came in and talked like "Me heap big Indian, want to help out starving pilgrims." They made me speak in English not Cherokee. And I brought in a cardboard turkey. We practiced and rehearsed. The white kids played pilgrims.

The teacher told me not to look out at the audience. You weren't supposed to see the audience. I remember my grandfather came in and he would laugh and he would speak in Cherokee. When he saw me come out with my tomahawk, he got so excited. When

A Good Witch

Two pages from *Grandfather Was a Good Witch* by Rennard Strickland and Jack Gregory

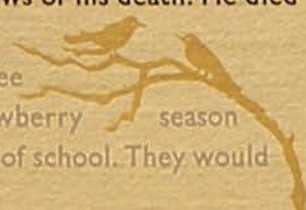
Forty years ago, UO Law School Dean Emeritus Rennard Strickland and his writing collaborator Jack Gregory were assigned to write a "children's book on what it is like to be an Indian." The stories they recorded through interviews with more than two dozen Cherokee men apparently didn't

I was gonna tomahawk the pilgrims, for the first time, Grandfather wanted me to actually do it. He shouted, "Kill them. Kill them." He told me he wished I'd gone ahead and tomahawked them. If we had stopped the first pilgrims, my grandfather believed, we wouldn't have any troubles now.

One of the things taught to me by my grandfather was that you never plant a cedar tree. When the cedar tree grows big enough to cast a shadow over your complete body, you will die. You know, today, when I am driving through the country and I see a tall cedar tree, I think somebody had died. The cedar is a tree of death.

My grandfather knew when he was going to die. I was sitting on his porch and he walked out in the yard by an old tree that was there. It was not a cedar tree but it was old and tall and it was almost dead. A whole flock of blackbirds landed in that tree. And then my grandfather looked at me and said, "I am going to leave you this year." I was only about nine or ten but I believed him. I knew he would not live out the year. He told me that the birds meant he would die. The blackbirds brought him news of his death. He died the very next spring.

Strawberries come to the Cherokee Nation in the spring. The first part of strawberry season was a great occasion. That marked the end of school. They would



match with their New York editor's preconceptions. That project was called off. But Strickland and Gregory have blended the stories they gathered into one narrative for a book, *Grandfather Was a Good Witch*, finally published this spring in celebration of Strickland's forty years of teaching.

It was, it seems not entirely coincidentally, his fortieth book. Published in a limited edition of 101 numbered copies by lone goose press of Eugene, the hand-made book was designed, printed, and bound by Sandy Tilcock, with illustrations by Margot Voorhies Thompson.

Five Splendid IRONIES

THE EDUCATION OF AN UGLY DUCKLING: HOW A BORING BOY FOUND TRUTH AND FAME AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

BY **KEN METZLER**

Then his wings rustled, he lifted his slender neck, and cried rejoicingly from the depths of his heart — “I never dreamed of such happiness when I was an ugly duckling.”

— from **“The Ugly Duckling”** by
Hans Christian Andersen

Fifty years. It’s taken me that long to discover Truth. This year marks the fiftieth anniversary of my joining the University of Oregon as a staff member and ultimately as a professor. Mine has been a learning experience — an ugly-duckling story.

Now, eleven years into retirement from the School of Journalism and Communication, I’ve come to believe in fairy tales — largely for their irony. I’ve even gone back to such classics as Hans Christian Andersen, O. Henry, and Aristotle.

Aristotle first taught me about the importance of “reversal of the situation” or irony in dramatic literature. Often misunderstood, irony comes in several forms. One of them, dramatic irony, means “surprise, a strange, unpredictable turn of events” — real events as well as fictional. It often makes you chuckle as you gain a fresh insight.

GIFT OF THE MAGI

I gave Ann, a student, a tiny piece of metal worth about fifteen cents. She gave me a dramatic new horizon and fifteen seconds of fame.

I taught a class in “graphic communication” in 1977 to about eighty students at the School of Journalism. Ann usually sat three rows back from the front of the classroom, an unassuming young woman, exotically attractive, with long black



hair and a winning smile.

The class covered print technology, such as typefaces, layout, and color separation — a prep class for students planning careers that involve printing. In those days before desktop publishing, arithmetic was required for tasks such as copy fitting and sizing photographs. Those aspects of the class were not inherently fascinating for journalism students, who were often math-impaired.

Students knew me as the Boring professor, a country boy who grew up in Boring, Oregon, and made wry jokes about headlines such as “Boring Boy Wins Scholarship” (in the local weekly’s story about me in 1950).

Faced with potentially tedious subject matter, a Boring teacher tries harder via innovation. I gave door prizes, such as colorful celebrity posters, to boost class attendance. To emphasize important concepts, I often asked the class, “Who can answer this question for me?” And I gave tokens of appreciation for good answers.

Typical question: Who can tell me the difference between a Roman Modern typeface and a Roman Oldstyle typeface?

The young woman in the third row raised her hand and answered one such question perfectly.

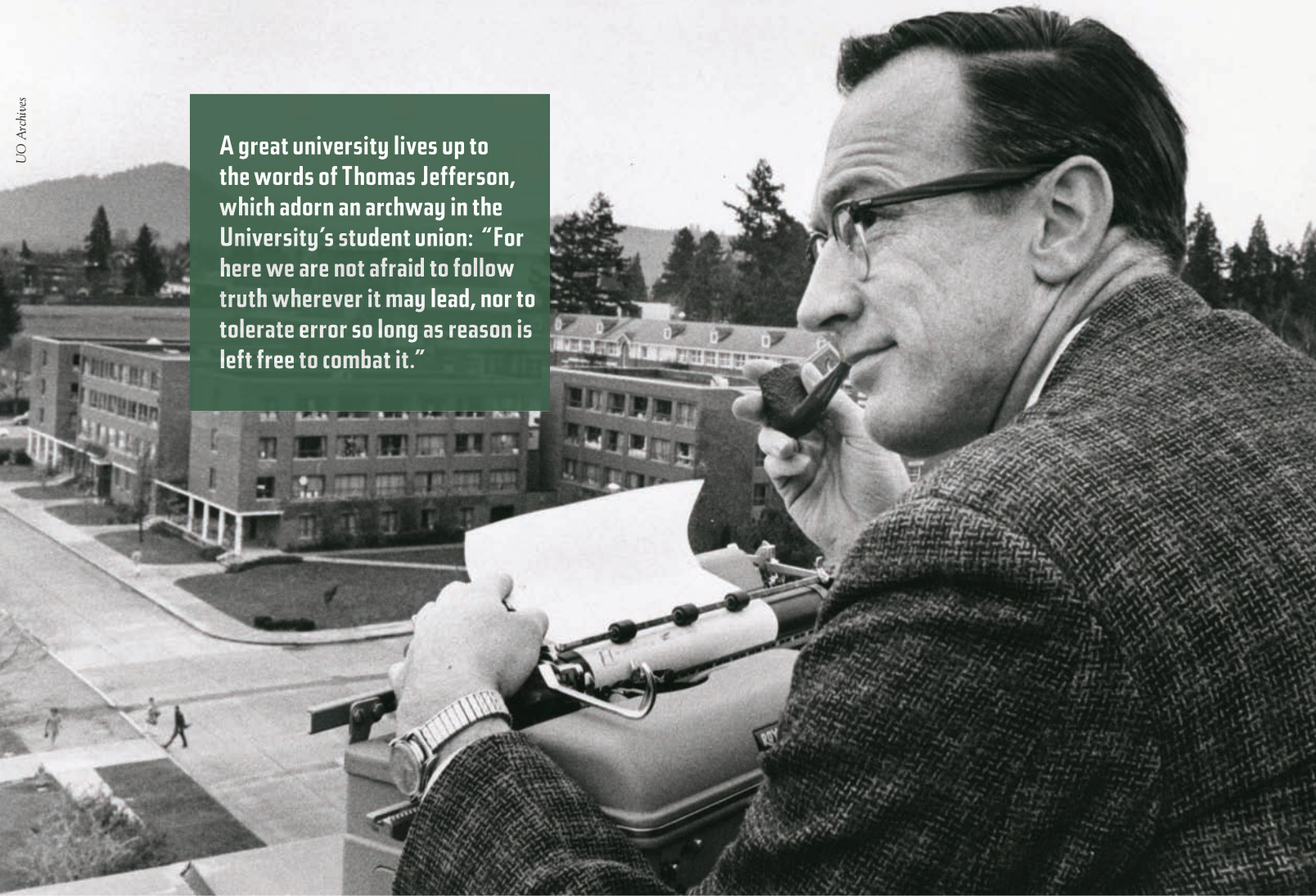
“Terrific!” I said.

At the next class I presented Ann the fifteen-cent piece of metal and called for applause to celebrate her answer. A fine teaching technique, I recall thinking. It telegraphs the question’s importance to the class (it might appear on an exam), it adds levity to the proceedings, and it takes only a few seconds of class time. But I failed to recognize the long-term implications.

Seventeen years elapsed. In 1994 Ann, by now a celebrated news anchor for the NBC *Today* show, recalled that incident in

UO Archives

A great university lives up to the words of Thomas Jefferson, which adorn an archway in the University's student union: "For here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error so long as reason is left free to combat it."



Ken Metzler, 1967

a videotaped interview by the University's fundraisers. They'd asked her to discuss her "favorite professors."

I was one of them.

"The next day he came in with a gift for me," she recounted. "I still have it, a Linotype slug with my name engraved: 'Honoring Ann Curry, genius, 1977.' I don't think I'm a genius, but he made me feel like one, and that helped me get where I am today because it helped me believe in myself."

How surprising. Gift of the magi? The incident reminded me of the O. Henry short story with that title — a tale suggesting that you don't have to bring priceless gifts; it's the thought that counts. Ann's no genius, she says, and I'm certainly no wise man, but she made me feel like one, as I shall explain further.

THE POSTER BOY

I began my University service as editor of the alumni magazine, then called *Old Oregon*. University magazine editors and campus fundraisers are often at odds. What's a good story to one is, to the other, potentially offensive to a donor. We exchange harsh words sometimes.

The last time I spoke with a UO fundraising executive was

1971 when he offered a candid assessment of an article I'd published.

"Ken," he said, "when I looked in the mirror this morning, a very angry face looked back at me thinking about that [blankety-blank] coed diary!"

The offending story had run in the last issue of *Old Oregon* I edited prior to transferring to full-time teaching.

Why the fuss? Journalistic candor, perhaps. A talented first-year student had kept a detailed diary in an era of drug use, rioting, and violence. In one scene she recounted the day she lost her "pot virginity." Many elderly profs and alumni first learned a new meaning of the word *stoned* from her account.

The effect of smoking marijuana for the first time had caused her brain to scatter, she said — "like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle." One piece of her brain tried to put the others back in order, but something kept kicking them apart. Hours later she descended from her drug-induced high.

"It was my birthday and I was born again," she wrote. "I realized the stupidity of running away from my body. My body is not the problem. It's not much but it's all I've got. Born nineteen years ago today, equipped with five good senses,

ready to use them to face the world — why do I want to weaken them? They protect me, entertain me, teach me, help me; why do I want to turn them off? From now on I will never touch drugs again.”

The now-defunct newspaper *National Observer* devoted its entire back page to reprinting excerpts from that diary. The author collected more than \$1,200 in reprint fees from various publications. Several college counseling centers across the country requested reprints. Readers responded positively. One alumnus expressed doubts about the University’s handling of student protesters of that era — “but when it can nurture, tolerate, and publish this diary, this is still a great university.”

Today University Honors College students quote that thirty-five-year-old diary in historical research papers.

The fundraising program, now ever more vital to the University’s welfare, somehow survived my journalistic candor. Twenty-four years after that 1971 issue I became their poster boy. The fundraising personnel had extracted excerpts from Ann Curry’s comments — together with scenes of me in a classroom — and produced a ten-minute video to show to alumni groups. I attended one such meeting and introduced myself to a couple: “Hello, my name is —.”

“The University of Oregon never ceases to astonish me.”

“Oh, we know who you are,” the gentleman interjected. “We’ve seen that video about ten times now!”

FIFTEEN SECONDS OF FAME

Later Ann Curry interviewed me for the *Today* show. Strange. How could a Boring ugly duckling possibly emerge on a national TV show seen by millions?

The *Today* staff members had decided to revisit their alma maters — Katie Couric to the University of Virginia, Ann to the University of Oregon, and so on. While on their campuses, they would interview a favorite professor.

Ann started our interview by confiding her insecurities as an entering college student. She wasn’t sure she

fitted in. She needed someone to believe in her.

Here was a textbook example of how to establish a comfortable conversational rapport in an interview — be modest; show a little human vulnerability. After all, she’d taken another class of mine, one called “The Journalistic Interview.”

Here, too, emerged a classic example of irony. Ann Curry, the celebrated journalist who has traveled the world over for interviews — now confessing insecurities? Ann, the creative spark-plug among the fifteen students in my interviewing class? I could hardly believe it, but I accepted it as true. We’re all a little vulnerable, and we shouldn’t fear to admit it. Irony was teaching me a fine lesson.

“Well, looks like we’re two of a kind,” I replied — both from modest backgrounds and insecure in new surroundings. And somehow we worked our way out of it.

The interview lasted forty minutes. When it appeared on *Today*, Ann took ten seconds to introduce me and then came my five-second capsule of wisdom: “When it comes to college students, sometimes you gotta pat ’em on the back or kick ’em in the pants!”

The remark did not produce huge financial donations from alumni, but I believe it contains a kernel of truth.

Later, when I met Ann’s father, Bob Curry, I learned some further truths. “There always was a spark in Ann,” he told me. “More of a fire in the belly when I knew her in the interview class,” I replied. A remarkable woman, we agreed. She was born in Guam of a career Navy man and a Japanese farmer’s daughter. The family moved frequently and finally settled in Ashland. Ann watched television and remarked that “nobody on TV looks like me.”

She was the first of her family to attend college. With money scarce, she worked at menial tasks: motel maid, waitress. At a Eugene restaurant where she worked, a tough guy said he wasn’t gonna be served by no “Jap.” The restaurant owner threw him out. Ann’s minority status has caused her remarkably few problems, she says. In 1998 *People* magazine ran photos of the world’s “50 Most Beautiful People.” Ann was one of them.

Could the fundraisers and I possibly be on the same page? Maybe I’ve learned some lessons and have changed. That would be the ultimate irony.



THE JOURNALISTIC CANDY STORE

As alumni editor I came to see the University as a bubbling cauldron of intellectual and social ferment. I could hardly believe my good fortune — a splendid journalistic yarn around every corner.

Through articles and photos, we vicariously climbed to the top of Mount

Everest with a UO graduate teaching fellow, Luther Jerstad. We inspected the wretched barrios of Guatemala with a professor of geography, Gene Martin. We bivouacked with the University's ROTC cadets at Fort Lewis during the Vietnam War. We visited with "The Girl in Ward 83," a student conducting field studies within a locked medium-security ward at the state mental hospital. Her companions were rapists, child molesters, and murderers. Ironically, she felt no danger. These guys were not so crazy that they didn't appreciate the presence of an attractive young woman, so they scrupulously protected her.

We even "visited" the moon. Lunar rock specimens retrieved by the astronauts found their way to the University for scientific study, producing another *Old Oregon* story.

We reported a study about the "marginal student," an experiment in which the University accepted 400 freshmen with barely passing grades and low SAT scores. The University sought to learn how counseling might help their achievement. Some of these ducklings reached swan-like GPAs in the 3-point range, even though the dropout rate ran close to the 90 percent a statistician had predicted.

Most universities brag about their best students, not their worst. Journalistic candor works at Oregon because of the strong influence of the journalism school and its alumni. If journalism legends such as John Hulteng and Charles Duncan — professors and deans with campus political influence — found the magazine's articles journalistically sound, then most other administrators accepted the endorsements.

It also helps when support comes from off-campus media, whose power impresses campus leaders. Eugene *Register-Guard* journalist Dan Sellard wrote an article about alumni magazines in 1967.

"In the world of journalism," he wrote, "college alumni magazines occupy a lusterless niche somewhere between the *Pallbearers Quarterly* and the annual reports of failing corporations. Next to them, magazines that are merely dull almost sparkle." But Sellard continued with a lengthy exception for *Old Oregon* — "a magazine that cares about today:

civil liberties, Vietnam, poverty, drugs . . . and reads like *Time* magazine, *Ramparts* and *Saturday Review* all rolled into one."

Such endorsements encouraged me to pursue the most candid of my campus writings, a book called *Confrontation*, about the University of Oregon president, Charles Johnson, who in 1969 suffered a nervous breakdown and violent death in an auto crash during an era of civil unrest and campus violence.

Goodbye candy store. This awful story of mayhem and intolerance resembled a Greek tragedy — depicting a man of noble purpose defending his castle of learning against attacking barbarians, but destroyed by fatal flaws, both his own and society's.

It's sheer stupidity to write a book about such a tragedy at your own university. Even with tenure and "academic freedom," professors learn that universities have ways of punishing journalistic candor. Powerful people can blackball a professor who dares to write such a book — block his promotion to full professor, for example.

**Leave no ugly duckling behind
— that's a mandate for public
universities.**

The book was not banned on our campus nor was I blackballed. It may even have helped my promotion to full professor — so it's rumored. A great university lives up to the words of Thomas Jefferson, which adorn an archway in the University's student union: "For here we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error so long as reason is left free to combat it."

When *Confrontation's* commercial publisher discontinued the book, the University republished it as "an important document in the school's history." The editors asked me to write a preface for the new version.

"The University of Oregon never ceases to astonish me," I wrote in praise of its support of my quixotic thrusts at journalistic truth.

MARCH OF THE DUCKLINGS

Leave no ugly duckling behind — that's a mandate for public universities. In

my case the University of Oregon has fulfilled it almost miraculously — producing in me an intellectual and artistic curiosity that continues to this day. It certainly improved my appreciation for music — from the Spike Jones of my wretched 1940s youth to strains of Mozart and Vivaldi.

The ironic truth of the Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale suggests that intellectually beautiful swans do emerge from modest and even ugly beginnings. As high school seniors, some ducklings discover, almost too late, that a college education offers a ticket out of impoverished circumstances, and so they enroll to pursue a dream.

Fundraisers also talk about dreams nowadays. Maybe they've changed. The old "Development Fund" of my time has become "University Advancement." These new people produce elegant brochures containing such slogans as "Daring to Dream" and "Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives."

And I've depicted Ann Curry's success in pursuing a dream. Could the fundraisers and I possibly be on the same page? Maybe I've learned some lessons and have changed. That would be the ultimate irony. Here's another: Last year I contributed \$1,000 to the School of Music and Dance in recognition of its role in rescuing me from the Spike Jones syndrome.

Universities, the public ones especially, should encourage, even honor, their awkward ducklings. We're not always honor-roll students, but we count. I can even envision Ugly Duckling of the Month awards to deserving students — and maybe even something for the teachers who pick the right moments for the pat on the back or the kick in the pants.

Ken Metzler was editor of Old Oregon from 1956 to 1971 and taught at the UO School of Journalism and Communication from 1971 to 1995. In retirement, he teaches driving classes for the American Association of Retired Persons, volunteers with the Eugene Police Department, and writes for newspapers and magazines. This magazine still strives to live up to the standard of journalistic candor he established during his editorship.



2006 NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST WINNER

Dreaming of Celilo

Construction, destruction, and the continuing
legacy of an Oregon landmark

by Susan Pesznecker

Sometimes when I sleep, I dream of Celilo. Located on the Columbia River just east of The Dalles, the forty-foot falls sent forth a roar that could be heard for miles, and if you stood near the site, you could feel the earth tremble. I remember seeing the falls when I was not quite four years old, just before they were drowned by the newly built Dalles Dam. The experience is one of those nebulous, barely there memories. I was so young, and I've thought about it so much and seen so many pictures and heard so many stories that it's hard to know what I'm remembering and what I only think I recall. I remember best when I'm asleep. Dreams are less complicated than real life, and when I dream I can remember the sound, the frightening power of the water, the air that felt wet and tasted of fish, and the fishermen on platforms that jutted out over the falls.

befriended the rock, and from then on would visit it and sit on it while she wrote in her journal or composed poetry.

Unwilling to lose her stony friend to the future reservoir, she conscripted local firefighters and one night — fueled by her home-cooking and a large quantity of beer — they moved the giant rock to her front yard on Scenic Drive, overlooking The Dalles and the Columbia. It stayed there for years, until Grandpa died and GG moved to Portland. While she had no problem selling the house and its contents, she couldn't bear to leave the rock behind. So she declared it a family heirloom, willed it to my mother, and had it moved to Mom's house in Beaverton. For our family, the watermelon rock became a powerful talisman of the river, the falls, and even the dam, particularly after a geologist examined it and found that the 800-pound rock was actually a huge river pebble, carried from Canada into the Columbia's Oregon channel and polished by the vast glacial floods that had carved the Columbia Gorge thousands of years before.

Courtesy of Susan Pesznecker



(Left) Susan Pesznecker's grandparents at their dining room table. (Right) Standing, her aunt, Georgia (Micka) Kuehnlé; her grandmother, Marie (Zumpfe) Drewelow; her mother, Berniece (Micka) Howard Siewert; and her cousin Jeanette (Kuehnlé) Thomas; kneeling, her cousin Kristine (Kuehnlé) Carey. The baby is Susan (Howard) Pesznecker.

My grandfather helped build The Dalles Dam. I was only a baby then and I grew up proud of what I called "Grandpa's Dam," which to me was unimaginably huge and important. In later years Grandpa would take me to the dam on the weekends. We'd stand above the raging spillways, which terrified me, although I didn't let on. At home, he took me into his workshop and taught me to use tools and helped me make boats to sail on the river's edge, tethered to my hand by a thin string. The power of the river would flow up the string to my fingertips, thrilling me. If Grandpa helped build the dam, it had to be good.

My grandparents are long dead, and the questions I would like to ask them now about Celilo and the dam are unanswered. But I can imagine how difficult the dam's building must have been for my grandmother, GG, who loved the Columbia and Celilo Falls. After work started on the dam and the future reservoir was defined, she began taking daily walks at the river's edge above the dam, collecting rocks and other treasures before they were lost forever. One day she happened upon a particularly gorgeous rock just above the natural water line, a huge thing the size of an enormous watermelon. GG

If everyone has a place where their heart feels anchored to the Earth, a place where they can return and always feel connected, that place for me is the Columbia Gorge, and Celilo is the gorge at its most iconic. I've been in love with the gorge for my whole life, beginning with my earliest years when Mom and I would make the Portland-to-The Dalles drive once or twice a month to spend the weekend with GG and Grandpa Fred. Mom was still in college, and we'd leave Portland on Friday evening, after her last class. She drove an old Volkswagen bug, and I'd curl into the small compartment behind the rear seat, watching the gorge cliffs pass overhead and the stars wink on. I suspect now that my mother was exhausted on those Friday evenings, but I'd drift off in the back of our little car, blissfully secure. It was usually dark when we reached The Dalles. She'd wake me up, and as we drove up the bluff to my grandparents' house I'd watch for the dam, its lights strung out like pearls across the river. There's Grandpa's Dam, I'd tell Mom.

I took my own children into the gorge as soon as they could walk. I have pictures of us standing atop Angels Rest, camping next to Wahtum Lake, and peering through Tunnel Falls. They know the names of the gorge wildflowers, and when they bloom, and where. We've driven the Oregon and Washington



(Left) The Dalles Dam. (Right) Still waters cover what was once Celilo Falls.

One day, Celilo's churning, raging falls, water roiling over jagged rocks. Six hours later, nothing.

art modeled after the Swiss alpen-roads, blasted away and replaced by the Interstate. Houses have squeezed through land-use laws

to litter the landscape. Follow the Columbia from its origin and the impounded river descends its own massive fish ladder via a series of nineteen dams and locks. Only two sections of the river still run wild, one of them flowing past the Hanford Nuclear Reservation, second only to Chernobyl as the most dangerously toxic site on Earth.

sides and have hiked much of the west-to-east "Gorge 400" trail, where there are dozens of waterfalls and no such thing as a bad view of the river. The waterfalls are the best part of the gorge, the rushing water creating a flow of negative ions that yields a delicious sensation of well-being to anyone standing close.

When the United States government built The Dalles Dam, it moved the Celilo Indian village, paid cash settlements, and promised ongoing fishing rights to the local tribes. But what good are fishing rights if the fishing places are destroyed? How does a people survive when their aboriginal homes are flooded and they're moved into tin shacks? How do people find life in money when their traditional ways cycle around the annual return of the salmon, and the dams make it impossible for that return to take place?

Sometimes I try to imagine what the final moment must have been like. One day, Celilo's churning, raging falls, water roiling over jagged rocks. Six hours later, nothing. Just a flat, featureless reservoir, its height controlled by someone sitting in a control room at the dam, altering the river level in accordance with hydroelectric need. A way of life, changed forever. A kind of killing, really, reminiscent of Oppenheimer's sudden realization when the first atomic bomb was tested: *I am become Death, destroyer of worlds.*

I wasn't there the day Celilo disappeared, but these days I feel the loss more acutely in the face of a startling discovery. My biological father, who abandoned me when I was four years old, reappeared in my life forty years later. With him came a family history I'd never known, including the discovery that my great-grandmother was Nez Perce. Suddenly, I found myself part Indian. I faced myself both as benefactress and murderer of Celilo. The Indians called the falls *Wy-am*, "echo of falling water," and called themselves the *Wyam-pum*, the "salmon people." On the day that I found that I, too, was *Wyam-pum*, my heart broke open.

Sometimes a place is defined by its absence, leaving us longing for what can never be replaced. Much of the original Columbia Gorge remains, protected as a National Scenic Area. But so much is already gone. Celilo, of course. The rapids of The Dalles and Cascade Locks, submerged beneath dammed reservoirs. Most of Sam Lancaster's stone highway, a work of

When the waters rose over Celilo, so much changed. So much was lost. Yet the loss of the fishery was only one of the injustices perpetrated on the people of the Columbia Plateau — an irreplaceable body of aboriginal art was also mostly eradicated. The basalt cliffs of the Celilo area were covered with rock art. Petroglyph Canyon, just north of The Dalles Dam, was one of the richest sites of rock art in the world, containing thousands of exquisite drawings and carvings. Some of the finest panels were carefully removed from the cliffs before the area's flooding. Taken to The Dalles Dam for display, the panels were propped up against the fish ladder's exterior walls. The display site — well off the tourist path and hard to find — was consigned to oblivion, the abandoned art buried beneath decades of pigeon droppings. To the Indians who had already lost so much, the desecration of this palpable link with their ancestors must have been too much to bear, and a grassroots movement took shape to save the sacred petroglyphs. Washington's Columbia Hills State Park was tapped as the future home of the glyphs, and also became a protected site for rock art still present on the cliffs above the river. One of the most famous of these was *Tsagaglatal*, "She Who Watches," a huge, bear-like face overlooking the Columbia northeast of Celilo.

A community of archaeologists, geologists, and tribal volunteers worked to clean, restore, and move the stones to their new home. On March 28, 2005, Columbia Hills opened its *Temani Pesh-wa* trail, a trail literally "written on rock." The protected walkway displayed the reclaimed petroglyphs, the panels propped against basalt rim rock, where they could catch the rising eastern sun and breathe hot sage in the afternoon. Elders from Columbia Plateau tribes held a ritual of blessing and purification to welcome the petroglyphs home. To the outside world this may have seemed a small thing. To the Indians who had lived on the Columbia Plateau for the last 12,000 years, a part of their world had been restored.

A few days after the formal opening, I drove out to Columbia Hills to see the petroglyphs for myself. As I walked past them, I murmured their names, calling them into being: Spedis owl,

mountain goat, seal, thunderbird, water devil. Reaching the end of the *Temani Pesh-wa*, I crossed a barricade and followed the train tracks west along the river, the damp air thick and sweet. *Tsagaglatal* watched from the cliff above me, her reddish face serene. I sat beside the river for a long time that day, and felt that I was home.

be drawn down, allowing Celilo to return. Until that day, I mark Grandpa's Dam when I drive through The Dalles. I come home at night to greet the watermelon rock that now rests in my front yard. And I join my ancestors in waiting. Like those before me, I am She Who Watches, listening for *Wy-am*, the echo of the falling water, dreaming of Celilo.

Celilo is hard to find today. If you drive the Washington side of the river, the road winds up the Klickitat foothills and on one of the widest turns, a faded marker describes Celilo Falls and points to its grave far below, a glassy, featureless section of river. I always feel an immense sadness when I stop, yet I always do stop, knowing that the falls are still there, preserved beneath the water and gaining power in their very absence. If I close my eyes and let my imagination run, I can taste the mist again, and feel the ground thrumming under my feet.

I wasn't there on March 10, 1957, the day that Celilo was drowned, but my grandmother was. She stood on the hills above the dam, stood with the Indians overlooking the Columbia and watched as the waters rose higher and higher until the unimaginable happened. Only six hours after The Dalles Dam's massive floodgates closed, Celilo disappeared beneath the surface of the impounded river, its once thundering rocks and rapids submerged, the new silence deafening. No one imagined that the falls could really be lost, she said. It was unthinkable. But it happened.

Someday, perhaps, the dams will fail or the reservoirs might



Petroglyph known as *Tsagaglatal*, "She Who Watches"

When the waters rose over Celilo, so much changed. So much was lost.

Congratulations to Susan Pesznecker for this winning essay of the Seventh Annual Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. Her essay "Haying Crew" won second place in

the student category of the 2004 essay contest. A registered nurse, Pesznecker is a graduate teaching assistant at Portland State University, where she is enrolled in both the creative nonfiction and literature masters programs. Her family members were early settlers in Southern Oregon's Malin-Tule Lake area, making her a fourth-generation Oregonian. She was recently published in *Oregon Humanities* magazine and is finishing a nonfiction book, *Gargoyles*, for New Page Books, which is scheduled to be published in February 2007.

2006 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest Winners

Open Category

(Total entries: Eighty-eight)

FIRST PLACE: Susan Pesznecker of Milwaukie for "Dreaming of Celilo," prize: \$750 and publication in *Oregon Quarterly*.

SECOND PLACE: Ellen Waterston of Bend for "PauMau," prize: \$300.

THIRD PLACE: Joanne B. Mulcahy of Portland for "Salmonberries," prize: \$100.

FINALISTS: Nowell King '95 of Eugene for "Vouchering the Meds," Richard Mack of LaGrande for "Self-Doubt of a Middle-Aged Rancher," Melissa Madenski of Portland for "Numbing Wild Griefs," Jennifer Meyer of Eugene for "Rights of Passage," Dan Strawn of Vancouver, Washington, for "Everyman's Small Town," Hannah Thomassen of Cottage Grove for "Cutting Grass," and Gaye Vandermyrn of Mabton, Washington, for "Going Home."

Student Category

(Total entries: Twenty-five)

FIRST PLACE: Kelle X. Lawrence of Portland for "Trailer Base," prize: \$500 and publication in *Oregon Quarterly* (Autumn 2006).

SECOND PLACE: Lucy Burningham of Portland for "Culturing the Pearl," prize: \$200.

THIRD PLACE: Leslie What Glasser of Eugene for "Living Waters," prize: \$75.

FINALISTS: Jennifer Dornier of Eugene for "Point of Origin" and Anne Petersen of Eugene for "To Live Here, You Must Be a Friend of Rain."

Thanks to this year's judge, Portland author Craig Lesley, who led a workshop with all the finalists.

Deadline for next year's contest: January 31, 2007. Check the *Oregon Quarterly* website (OregonQuarterly.com) for details.



CUTTING IT IN HOLLYWOOD

Oscar-winning film editor Joe Hutshing '80 paid his dues,
got his break, and made it big – just like in the movies.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ



The audience begins to applaud, but the sound of blood rushing in Joe Hutshing's ears is all he can hear. He tries to look at his tablemates, but a couple guys with SteadyCams have shoved the lenses right up in his face.

He gets up, heart pounding, and begins to make his way to the stage. When he gets to the short stairway that climbs to Hollywood heaven, he looks up and sees the actors Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman waiting for him. They are backlit by the hot lights and look like angels might. The music swells, and Hutshing begins to ascend. The good news is that he has just won the Academy Award for film editing. The bad news is that he must now speak to one billion people.

Or:

“And the Academy Award for film editing goes to . . .” She bumps the mike as she tears open the envelope, and the small thump makes Jessica Tandy wince imperceptibly. She reads the names — Joe Hutshing and David Brenner for the film *Born on the Fourth of July* — and looks past the camera out into the crowd. She sees Tom Cruise smiling up front. Next to her on stage, Morgan Freeman holds two Oscars, glinting yellow and white in the banks of lights. A nervous young man arrives at the bottom of the stage steps, looking up at her with the expression one might wear having won the lottery and been hit by a bus at the same moment.

Or:

As soon as he and co-editor David Brenner are nominated for the 1989 Academy Award for film editing, Joe Hutshing goes to see the director of *Born on the Fourth of July*, Oliver Stone. “What if we win?” he asks. “What if I go up on stage in front of a billion people and pee my pants? Or freeze? Or faint?”

Stone looks at him and says, “Think of this: If you do win, it's because you deserve it. You're up there because they loved the work you did on this movie. Listen, don't try to memorize a speech because you won't remember anything. Write something down, stay in the moment, pick out someone in the audience and talk to them.”

Hutshing closes his eyes, trying to imagine what it might be like. He opens them, just as his name is announced to the world.



WE HAVE SOME CHOICES TO MAKE. The movie of Joe Hutshing's life to date is in scenes and pieces before us, and it's our job to put it together. Do we edit it for drama or comedy? Do we cut it fast and tight or slow and languid? Do we begin with the first Oscar, or the boy growing up in Point Loma, California, or the college student watching the filming of *Animal House* across the street? What's on the soundtrack? Brian Eno? The Doors?

This is a story about telling stories. This is a story about how the same moment can be crafted in endless ways. This is a story about film editing, which, it has been said, is the mastery of visual music — and the thing you probably know the least about in the moviemaking process. This is the Joe Hutshing story — although of course the studio wants to call it *Editman! On the Cutting Edge!* We'll test that title with the focus groups later.



HERE'S WHAT HUTSHING REMEMBERS ABOUT THAT NIGHT IN 1989: Tandy and Freeman really did glow angelically, and when Freeman handed the statue to Hutshing, the actor had the kindest look on his face. It was so great and so tremendously surreal. Hutshing looked into the audience and the first person he saw was Tom Cruise, famously huge grin on his face, so Hutshing gave his entire speech to the star of *Born on the Fourth of July*. Then someone grabbed him by the elbow and led him offstage, and a soft voice said, “Follow me, follow me . . . now just stand here” and Hutshing turned around to see a bleacher full of photographers all snapping away and yelling “Hey Joe! Joe! Look over here!” And then Hutshing thought, “Thank God *that's* done” and he was led to another room and it all happened again. The interviews came next. Then at last a nice young woman said, “You can go this way back to the seats or this way to the bar.” Hutshing put his Oscar under his arm and headed for the bar. Sometime later he had one of his favorite experiences of the evening: He went to the crowded restroom and set his award on the top of the urinal. And all these guys in their Armani tuxes came in and stared over at his Oscar while they peed.

In Tinseltown, that is truly an alpha dog moment.

Here is the résumé that makes life easy for Joe Hutshing's agent:



1988

TALK RADIO — OLIVER STONE, DIRECTOR



1989

BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY — OLIVER STONE, DIRECTOR (ACADEMY AWARD)



1991

JFK — OLIVER STONE, DIRECTOR (ACADEMY AWARD, BAFTA AWARD, AMERICAN CINEMA EDITOR'S "EDDY" AWARD)



1991

THE DOORS — OLIVER STONE, DIRECTOR



1993
INDECENT PROPOSAL –
ADRIAN LYNE, DIRECTOR



1994
THE RIVER WILD –
CURTIS HANSON,
DIRECTOR



1995
FRENCH KISS –
LAWRENCE KASDAN, DIRECTOR



1996
BROKEN ARROW –
JOHN WOO, DIRECTOR



HUTSHING WAS BORN IN LOS ANGELES in the middle of the 1950s, the time of *The Seven-Year Itch* and *Love Is a Many Splendored Thing* and *To Catch a Thief* and *The Trouble with Harry*, and moved with his parents to an upper-crust suburb of San Diego when he was nine. This early brush with affluence was merely a contact high — Hutshing’s father was a newspaperman who never had much money and was only renting the house in Point Loma.

He got his first still camera at eleven, and a lifelong love for photography was born. He was also interested from an early age in the pictures that moved.

“I wasn’t any good at sports as a kid,” Hutshing says, “so on weekends when my friends were off playing Little League games, I took the bus downtown and saw movies.”

Based on the recommendation of a friend, he came north to Oregon after high school. He had decided to become a psychologist, a profession he thought he would enjoy. After a year at Portland Community College, Hutshing found himself at the University of Oregon, and no longer all that psyched about psychology. He took a few art classes and was immediately hooked. He changed majors and eventually graduated with a degree in fine and applied arts.

Two cinematic threads were running through Hutshing’s years in Eugene. One was a steady flow of landmark movies coming from a changing Hollywood: *Taxi Driver*, *Annie Hall*, *The Deer Hunter*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Badlands* — films that deeply affected the young art student.

The other was the coming of *Animal House* to the UO campus (twelve colleges in six states had turned the movie down before then—UO president William Boyd said yes without ever reading the script — an interesting choice for the man who, earlier in his career and at another college, had turned down the filming on his campus of *The Graduate*, which he called “vulgar and outrageous”). Hutshing was living across East 11th from a halfway house for convicts, which would become legendary as the fictional and barely functional Delta House. Hutshing watched the filming every day, met several of the movie’s crew, and realized that the people who actually made movies weren’t superhuman. They were just average Joes. He began to think that maybe he could do it too.

His roommate had a basic textbook on filmmaking, and Hutshing paged through it to find his future. He settled on film editing because he would get to work with two of his favorite things, images and music. He graduated in 1980 and took off for Hollywood. Four Academy Award nomina-

tions, two Oscars, a British Academy Award, and nearly twenty very successful films later, Hutshing is one of the industry’s most respected film editors. Which doesn’t, of course, mean that he’ll be doing a talkover on your DVD anytime soon.



ON MOST STUDIO FILMS, the main credits go in this order: director, writer, producer, director of photography, production designer, film editor. You know what the director and writer do, and you probably know that the producer finds and manages the money. The DP shoots the film and is responsible for the light and the look. The production designer creates the sets and the milieu of the film. The film editor puts it all together — and has the most disparate impact-on-the-way-the-film-works-to-amount-of-credit ratio in the world of movies. Even most of the actors in the films he cuts don’t completely understand what he does. Over Hutshing’s career, the chief exceptions have been Tom Cruise, who is interested in every aspect of making movies, and Jack Nicholson, who is so funny it makes it hard to get the work done. Brad Pitt made a few polite suggestions — then gave Hutshing a \$400 bottle of wine for listening. And a director once asked if Hutshing “would mind” having Cameron Diaz hang around the editing suite. Hutshing assumed it had to be a trick question.

Timing, pacing, energy, emotion, the chosen takes of the actors’ performances, music — these are all determined by the film editor (until, of course, the director or the studio overrules him or her, which happens often). Inside the industry, directors and producers know just how valuable a good editor is — which is why the film editors at the top of the food chain earn up to \$20,000 per week on per-film contracts that can last anywhere from six months to more than a year.

Back in the days of yore — say, when phones had cords — film editing was done by cutting and pasting actual pieces of 35 mm film together. Eventually, the film was transferred to videotape for editing on tape machines. Today, the film is captured digitally and edited on computers. It is far faster and much more flexible, but the technology is still only a tool. Hutshing remembers the early hue and cry that computer editing would ruin movies; his answer to that always was, “You mean like the typewriter ruined literature?”

Film editing has been called the “third writing” of the film, the first being the screenplay and the second being the actual shooting of the movie. The film editor takes what has been shot (which is not always what was in the original script or, indeed, sometimes not even enough to make the scene work) and orchestrates those pieces of film

into a sequence and then a scene that moves the story forward, captures the viewer, makes the audience laugh or cry — all without calling attention to the act of editing.

The film editor must serve the story, the director, the mood, and the viewers' synapses. The brain will always try to connect two pieces of information presented in sequence, and whether that connection thrills or fails is determined by the gap between the bits of information. If the gap is too large, the connection too clumsy, the "willing suspension of disbelief" that is film's stock in trade will be lost.

Beyond this crafting of motion and emotion, film editors are often called upon to fix problems. Maybe not enough footage was shot to make certain dialogue or a specific scene work, maybe the scene was supposed to be funny and it isn't, or dramatic and it isn't, maybe the audience doesn't get enough information to understand the intention of the script. Somewhere in virtually every movie ever made is some glaring screw-up that was fixed or at least hidden behind the furniture by a film editor.

The comparison to music is inevitable. Like most music, most films build by restating variations on a few thematic elements, and it's all in the timing. Rhythm is basic to the process, and there is a threshold of syncopation at which both music and narrative become noise.

All film editors have their own particular take on the magic.

Hutshing puts it this way: "You want to establish a natural rhythm. A lot of it has to do with the cadence of dialogue; you want it to be both understandable and interesting. Comedy tends to be really tight, because . . . it's funnier. Drama and tension, you space it out a bit. Those aren't hard-and-fast rules, but they're generally true. I always think of this: Suppose you were told to show a tree and a bunch of leaves that fell from the tree. You could just have someone place a bunch of dead leaves around a bare tree, or you could shake a tree until the leaves fall off and study how they move. It's observing nature and seeing how things really are, rather than putting them haphazardly where they might fall. And beyond the image, you also consider the sound of the wind that rustles the leaves or the sounds of the city in the background."



ONE THING HUTSHING DIDN'T CONSIDER long when he left Eugene for Hollywood was the staggering level of competition.

"I knew there were lots and lots of people chasing success," he remembers, "and I'd heard all the stories about how you have to be related to someone in the industry to get a shot

— which is totally untrue — but right from the beginning I was working so hard to make it that I didn't have time to think about the odds of not making it. I just believed that if I kept doing it, it would work out someday."

He spent two years bartending full time and volunteering as an apprentice film editor — also full time — on student films at the American Film Institute. In 1983 he landed his first paying gig as an assistant editor on *Valley Girl*, a film memorable mainly for the fact that it allowed Hutshing to quit bartending, and for what he overheard the editor say one day.

"She was telling someone that she was an editor today," he says, "because she refused to take assistant editor jobs and get sidetracked. Her friends, she said, were all still assisting because they got married and had kids or bought expensive cars — they couldn't take the cut in pay to move up. It sounds strange, but you can be a well-paid assistant editor on big films and then get almost no money to be the lead editor on a small feature — that's usually the progression."

Hutshing took that insight to heart. He drove beat-up VWs. He rented a big house in Laurel Canyon, then filled it with enough roommates so he lived almost for free. He did more volunteer editing. He took jobs in a bookstore and as a roadie with a band. A couple more years went by, and one day a friend asked if Hutshing wanted to be an assistant editor on a new film called *Wall Street*. He remembered the "don't assist" rule, but he also remembered that he was broke. And *Wall Street's* director was the talented Oliver Stone, who was just coming off the success of *Platoon*. So he took the job.

A few months into the project, the studio decided to bring out the movie three months earlier than planned. The celluloid hit the fan, and the editor called Hutshing in and asked him if he knew how to edit. He gave her his reel of student films, some of them award winners. She watched it that night and — cue the music — told him in the morning that he was the new co-editor on the project.

"That moment was my big break," Hutshing says. "It was all about being in the right place at the right time — and being very prepared."

It was on that film that one of Hutshing's signature skills, a tremendous sense for just the right piece of music, came into play. He helped bring songs from Talking Heads and Brian Eno into the picture. And it was music that brought him into the range of Stone's attention.

"Oliver never really noticed me much," remembers Hutshing, "until he couldn't find the right song for the end of the picture. He'd tried probably twenty things, so I found a Mark Isham tune, back



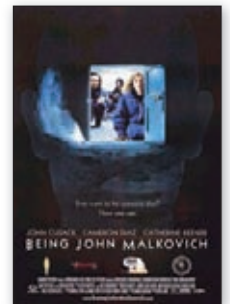
1996

JERRY MAGUIRE — CAMERON CROWE, DIRECTOR (ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION)



1998

MEET JOE BLACK — MARTIN BREST, DIRECTOR



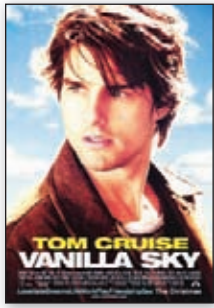
1999

BEING JOHN MALKOVICH — SPIKE JONZE, DIRECTOR



2000

ALMOST FAMOUS — CAMERON CROWE, DIRECTOR (ACADEMY AWARD NOMINATION)



2001
VANILLA SKY – CAMERON CROWE, DIRECTOR

when Isham was unknown, and put it on the end of the movie. Oliver loved it, and not long after that he asked me to be an editor on his next film.”
He was thirty-two years old and on his way.



HUTSHING IS FIFTY-ONE NOW, and his salary has risen considerably from the \$250 he made for 100-hour weeks on *Valley Girl*. When he’s working on a film, the hours are still brutal — seven-day, eighty-hour weeks for months at a time are not uncommon — but the benefits range from time-and-a-half on weekends (seriously) to months spent living happily in London or Paris while working on a film. Hutshing’s wife, a fragrance designer and store owner, has the flexibility to visit him frequently. And since he works so hard on each film that he has no time to spend the money he’s making, he emerges from the blur of a project to find a small fortune waiting in his bank account. Best of all, Hutshing absolutely loves what he does. The fact that it’s lucrative as hell is just icing on the icing.

The most time Hutshing has spent on a project is seventeen months on *Meet Joe Black*; the least was eight months on *JFK*, a film that broke most of the rules of film editing as they existed then.

“I had never seen a movie like that,” he recalls, “and I had no idea if it would work. We threw in shots randomly, we had so many sources, color film, black-and-white film, video, surveillance camera stuff, stock footage — we didn’t have much time to test the movie, so we weren’t sure people would get it.

“Sometimes I finish a movie and I think, ‘I have no idea what the hell I just did,’ and it goes on to win every award. Other times I think we’ve done a great job, like on *Vanilla Sky*, and it just gets *trounced* by the critics! I know I’m never *completely* happy with any film — there’s just too much there, too many choices we’ve made. But it’s usually just small things. I’ll look at a scene years later and wonder, ‘Why the hell did I do *that*?’ Just recently I saw a bit of *Born on the Fourth of July* on TV and — you see, Oliver Stone, at the end of each movie, would say, ‘OK, now let’s go through the whole film and see how tight we can make it, how many frames we can cut out’; he wanted it to flow, to just go like a bat out of hell — so the first scene I saw on TV, I had a great idea how to tighten it! Oliver would have loved it. Too bad I didn’t think of it seventeen years ago!”

Having the fruits of one’s labor be so relentlessly *public* is a source of goose bumps for Hutshing even today.

“Overhearing people talking about movies I’ve worked on is really fun,” he says. “It’s a huge perk.



2002
LIVE FROM BAGHDAD – MICK JACKSON, DIRECTOR



2003
SOMETHING'S GOTTA GIVE – NANCY MEYERS, DIRECTOR



2005
THE SKELETON KEY – IAIN SOFTLEY, DIRECTOR

I remember seeing Bill Clinton on TV talking about *Jerry Maguire*, and I thought, ‘Wow, *presidents* see my work!’ One of my best friends is an engineer who designs beautiful freeways — I love to drive, so I’m sort of weird about freeways — and he works just as hard as I do, but he gets no love for it. He doesn’t get Oscars, people don’t tell him how much they *love* that on-ramp in Phoenix! Clinton doesn’t mention Tom’s *overpasses* on the tube! I think it’s sort of thrilling to be in a restaurant and hear people talking about a film I’ve worked on. Plus, no one knows who I am.”



AS THIS IS WRITTEN, Hutshing is set to begin work on a new film by *Something's Gotta Give* director Nancy Meyers. These days, he begins editing as soon as shooting begins — the immense costs of locations, sets, and stars means that few directors can gamble on shooting a scene and then leave the set or location without first knowing whether the footage cuts together as they’d hoped.

Hutshing still loves the play of light and sound, the visual music, and no amount of studio executives, test audiences (which he likes), or focus groups (which he doesn’t) has changed that.

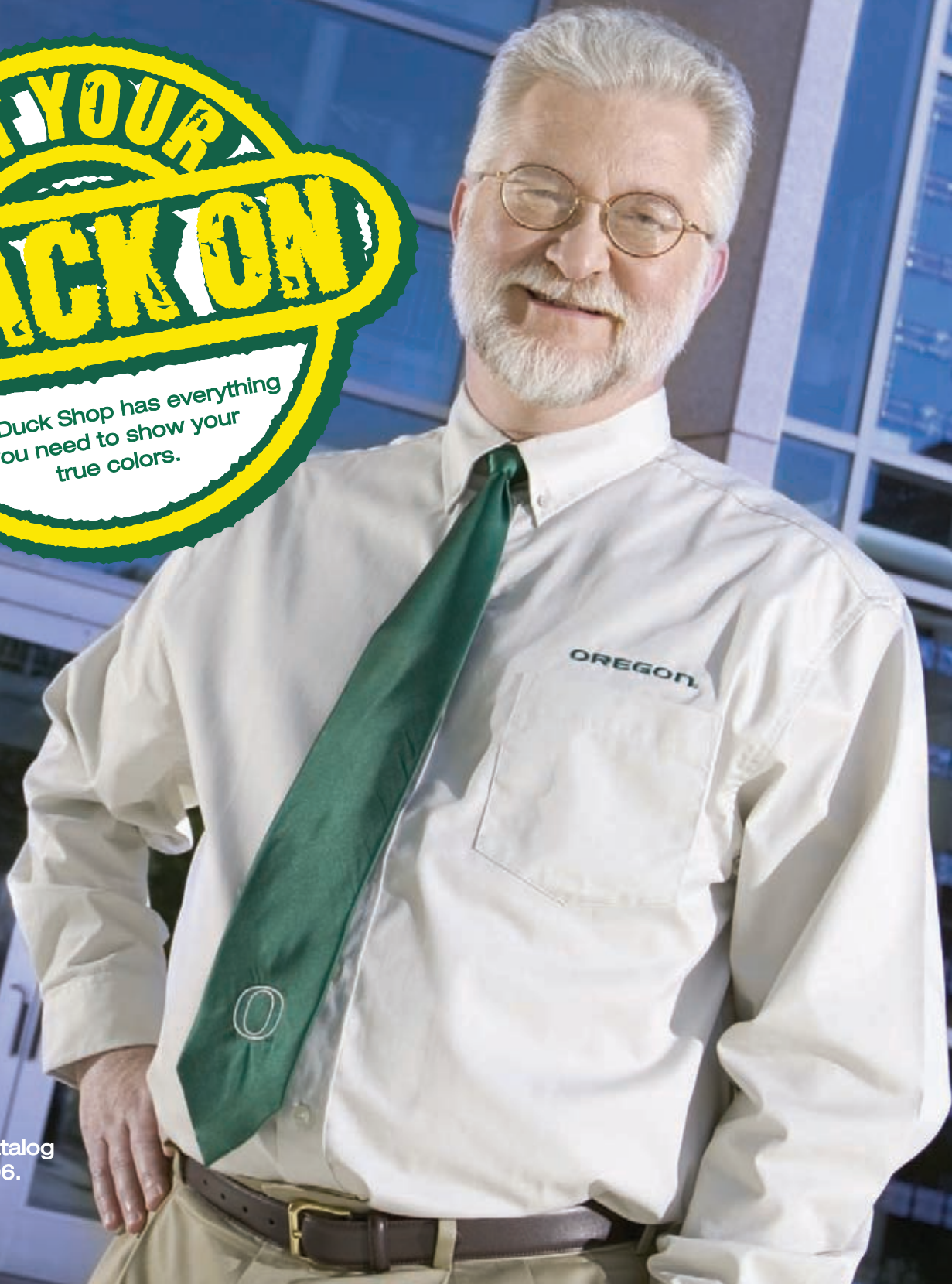
“I’ll keep doing this until they don’t hire me anymore,” he says. “A director once asked me what I wanted to do: direct? produce? I answered, ‘Film editing,’ and he said, ‘No, what do you *really* want to do?’ *Film editing!* I love that! I’m really doing the same thing, using the same brain, the same creativity, on \$100 million movies that I did on no-money student films. I think I do get a little better with each film. It’s like playing an instrument for a long time. But I ask myself every day if I’m getting complacent, getting so good at my craft that I’m afraid to make mistakes — which is where a lot of interesting creative decisions come from. The biggest danger is becoming too slick. Hopefully that won’t happen to me.”

We have some choices to make. The scenes of what is to come in Act 2 of the Joe Hutshing story will be arriving soon. Perhaps it’s best to follow the lead of filmmaker Woody Allen, who has been known to sum up the ending in his film scripts with the words “To be shot.” He wants to see the edited film before he decides how it should end.

Don’t we all.

To be shot.

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland-based writer who has spent a disconcerting percentage of his productive years watching movies. His last piece for Oregon Quarterly was "You Must Remember This" (Winter 2004).



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Nicole Banker

Scuba-diving students training for the open water at Leighton Pool

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

DIVING DUCKS

Program takes scuba divers into amazing Northwest waters.

THE TEMPERATURE ON THE JAGGED Washington coastline is 38 degrees, colder with the persistent breeze. Twenty-five scuba novices struggle like contortionists to pull their wetsuits over goose bumps. In a tug-of-war with neoprene, these University of Oregon students attempt to cover every square inch of their bodies, protecting their extremities with hoods, gloves, and boots. They then flush hot water inside their suits, a final effort to help them stay warm as they prepare to slip below the surface of 46-degree Hood Canal. Instructors take precaution against the cold one step further, wearing airtight drysuits, a great investment for any frequent coldwater diver.

And what's the payoff for all this elaborate preparation? The Hood Canal location is just one of many exceptional dive sites in the region. Just a few miles away is storied Octopus Hole, which features a

submerged ledge that drops abruptly from thirty to fifty feet, where intrepid divers have access to octopus, wolf eel, ling cod, and crab.

The UO dive program has kept a steady flow of students and instructors diving Northwest waters for almost thirty years, creating what is now one of the largest recreational scuba programs in the country. The program focuses on local and regional dives, demonstrating to each class of recruits that they don't have to travel to faraway warmer waters to enjoy great diving.

Before their first open-water descent, the students have already logged in training that includes hours spent underwater. During their Tuesday and Thursday night sessions, the surface of Leighton Pool appears calm, except for bubbles that rise here and there. All the activity is underwater, where students hover like yogis with

crossed legs, float upside down, and whiz by propelled by handheld dive scooters.

With the graceful bulk of a linebacker, Ron Vearrier moves nimbly among the submerged students. The UO's lead scuba instructor and a former UO dive student himself, Vearrier has been at the program's helm since 1996. He's proud both of the program's scope — graduating more than a thousand student divers — as well as the difference it makes for individual divers. "You introduce them to two-thirds of the world they can't otherwise explore," he says.

Over the years, the program has evolved and grown. Word-of-mouth popularity on campus has led to entry-level classes, capped at sixty students, consistently filling, with hopeful students adding their names to waiting lists. A new Diver Propulsion Vehicle certification allows students to use dive scooters in open

water, and there is talk of an underwater film class. One constant through all these changes, however, is Vearrier's unflagging fight against the myth that all good diving is found in southern waters.

"Some of the world's best dive sites are located off the coast of British Columbia," he says. "And we're talking rated top fifty in the world." In class, he uses slides from northern dive sites that reveal wolf eels, octopuses, hammerhead sharks, and other elusive and enchanting creatures.

Patrick Keane '02, a student in Vearrier's first class at the UO, is still active ten years later, instructing during student dives at the coast. His enthusiasm hasn't waned, spurred on by unexpected — and sometimes startling — encounters such as one during a night dive just last year, when he saw his first spiny dogfish, a member of the blue shark family.

"It was curious about my light and just kind of ran into my chest," he says. "It was probably about three or four feet long, and it seemed pretty surprised to run into me."

When the students complete a week-end of four dives in Washington, they walk a little taller as they lug their gear off the dock. Like other UO-trained divers, some will likely travel the globe to dive or teach scuba in places like Thailand, Mexico, and the Caribbean. However, like Keane and Vearrier, many will return to the Northwest, to spectacular dive sites, the kinds of places for once-in-a-lifetime experiences.

Keane blissfully recalls a full-moon summer night in 1997, descending into 38-degree Clear Lake, a glacier-fed body formed 3,000 years ago when a lava flow dammed part of the Upper McKenzie River. "We dropped down and the moon was so bright we didn't really need lights," he says. The water was clearer than he could believe — visibility of more than a hundred feet in any direction. Above a floor of volcanic ash — soft, gray, and four feet deep in some places — he was gliding over what appeared to be the surface of the moon. Below him, rising from the bottom, a mind-boggling sight: a towering stand of Douglas firs, a submerged forest perfectly preserved in the icy water.

"What was really amazing was that from fifty feet down you could see the moon and stars up above," Keane remembers. "The way the water refracted the light of the moon and the light of the stars is really indescribable."

A singular sight tropical divers will never see.

— SARAH HIGGINBOTHAM '05

LIBRARY

BANK ON IT

New resource puts UO scholarship online.

BREAKING INTO THE WORLD OF ACADEMIC publishing can be difficult. But for Hilary Hart, who earned a Ph.D. in English literature from the University in 2004, all it took was posting her dissertation on Scholars' Bank, a Website run by the University library.

Scholars' Bank (accessible at <http://scholarsbank.uoregon.edu>) is a veritable candy store of campus-related publications, ranging from student and faculty research to campus planning documents and non-textual documents such as images, sound files, and streaming video, which library staff carefully preserve as digital media formats change.

The Google Internet search engine frequently checks Scholars' Bank for new content and adds its findings to the results of everyday Google searches. An editor of a scholarly publication found Hart's dissertation while searching Google for



Courtesy UO Libraries

Carol Hixson, head of the Knight Library's Metadata and Digital Library Service

articles relevant to a book he was compiling and, as a result, asked Hart to contribute a chapter.

University Social Sciences Librarian Elizabeth Breakstone says she frequently shares Hart's story with students when she invites them to post their work on Scholars' Bank — and she contrasts it with her own, very different, experience.

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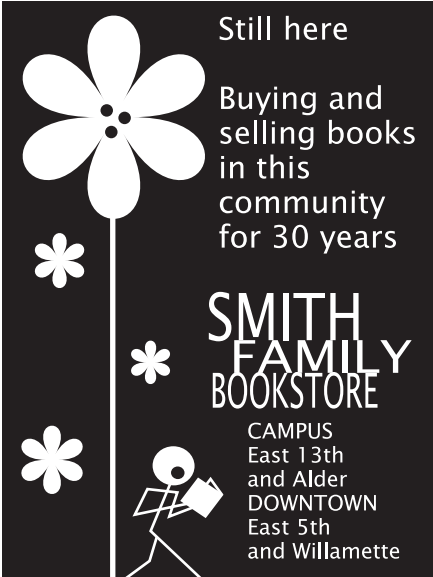
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zone

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Breakstone printed numerous copies of her senior thesis about women's athletics after Title IX for friends when she graduated from Oberlin College in 1999. This Thanksgiving, she found those copies buried in a closet at her parents' house, she said, and to her knowledge, the Oberlin library's single copy is rarely checked out.

Unlike Breakstone's languishing thesis, documents in the Scholars' Bank are exposed to people all over the world who make nearly half-a-million visits to the site each month. However, this level of international exposure for work done on campus was not the primary goal for starting the site in April 2003, according to Carol Hixson, head of the Knight Library's Metadata and Digital Library Service. Instead, she says, the goal is to make faculty research accessible to members of the University community. Why is this an issue? Many researchers sign away their copyrights when an article is published, and the University library had to buy the journals to make the articles available. Those acquisitions became prohibitively expensive as prices for scholarly journals increased beyond the rate of inflation.

"Our faculty gives away their research to commercial publications and we can no longer afford to buy it back," Hixson says.

Journal access is a problem for libraries all over the country. At the midwinter meeting of the American Library Association, Hixson says, she and her colleagues discussed how the presence of online archives can ease the contentious relationship between libraries and publishers.

Many other universities have Internet archives similar to Scholars' Bank, and the number constantly increases. Hixson explains that this "huge movement," which began in 2002 with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology's DSpace system — the same technology that Scholars' Bank uses — actually benefits journal publishers by increasing exposure of content. She observes that journal publishers have since loosened some of their copyright restrictions to enable authors to post their work in the archives.

Scholars' Bank is not only used for new research, but also to keep important past work accessible. UO Psychology Professor Jennifer Freyd used Scholars' Bank to make an obscure and out-of-print, but still relevant journal available to the public. *Dissociation* was published by the International Society for the Study of Dissociation from 1988 to 1997 and only a few libraries subscribed to it. The journal was so scarce, says Freyd, it was difficult to find

TAKE A PEEK AT CAMPUS, CIRCA 1935


SCHOLARS' BANK IS COMPILING AN ONLINE ARCHIVE OF OREGON QUARTERLY and its precursor *Old Oregon*, which appeared from 1919 to 1993.

The UO library's Carol Hixson, who is heading the project, says the oldest issues of *Old Oregon* in the archive are interesting not just for their articles, but as cultural artifacts. Her favorite part is the advertisements — which, in the early 1930s, contain four-digit phone numbers.

"They have a new life that's beyond what their intended life was," Hixson says.

The *Oregon Quarterly* archive is available at <https://scholarsbank.uoregon.edu/dspace/handle/1794/2172>. Hixson and *Oregon Quarterly* staff are working to gain copyright permission from additional authors to allow for further postings.

Oregon Quarterly editor Guy Maynard '84 is enthusiastic about the project. "Having OQ and *Old Oregon* available on the Scholars' Bank provides a great opportunity for alumni and others on and off campus to explore the UO's recent and distant past," he says.



a complete set of issues that could then be dismantled, fed into the University library's industrial-strength scanner, and, eventually, made available online.

Now, Freyd, her students, and researchers around the world can search for articles in that journal with no more information than a few letters of the author's last name.

"Something wonderful that wasn't available to the world now is," Freyd says.

As of late spring, the Scholars' Bank offered more than 2,200 items. Hixson sees the site as a tool to strengthen connections to the past and the future of the University. Alumni, for example, can now give Scholars' Bank permission to digitize their theses and dissertations for archiving at http://libweb.uoregon.edu/catdept/irg/Alumni_permission.html. Hixson also expresses hopes that state government officials will look at the site and read about the work of students and faculty as they debate how to fund higher education in Oregon.

"This is personally one of the most satisfying things I've been involved with in my career of more than twenty years," Hixson says.

— EVA SYLWESTER

BUSINESS

HE KNOWS THE PROS

THE MANAGING DIRECTOR OF THE UO'S top-ranked Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, Paul Swangard '90 MBA '99 is accustomed to lurking among legends in the back hallways of NBA All-Star games, meeting with professional sports executives, boxing out the Houston Rockets' 7-foot-6-inch sensation Yao Ming to get a cup of coffee, and being the go-to-guy when the sports world needs slam-dunk business analysis.

"If you are looking for a voice with keen insight and perspective, then Paul's your guy," says Scott Soshnick, reporter for Bloomberg News. "Few people possess such a wide-ranging understanding of the issues faced by the owners, executives, and players of the various sports leagues, TV networks, and the other components that comprise the big business of sports nowadays. As for the program itself, it brings further enlightened conversation to the world of sports far beyond the playing field and locker room."

For example, when Muhammad Ali recently sold the rights to his likeness, name, and image for \$50 million to CKX



PROFILE

JOHN T. LYSAKER

"WHAT CAN YOU POSSIBLY DO WITH philosophy?" John Lysaker often hears when he tells new acquaintances what he does for a living. He takes the notion in stride that a philosophy professor's job description includes residing in an ivory tower, stroking his beard, and pondering ancient texts.

Although he does sport a beard, Lysaker quickly debunks the stereotype of the irrelevant philosopher. "Philosophy just asks basic questions that everyone asks. Am I happy? What am I doing? Do I feel sick? Am I dying? What happens after I die?" Though he poses these enduring life questions to four hundred undergraduate students in his class, Human Nature, he's not necessarily expecting answers. He says he wants students "to leave the class with new thoughts, not just new information stuffed in a notebook, but actual new thoughts." Lysaker's curriculum juxtaposes readings as diverse as Freud's *Civilization and its Discontents* and the Hindu scripture the *Upanishads*. His written assignments challenge students to become participants in philosophical debates that have attracted some of the world's deepest thinkers. "Plato says thinking is the soul's dialogue with itself, and that's sort of the way I structure papers," Lysaker says. After students learn the basic tools of argumentation — how to explicate an argument, anticipate an objection, and meet the objection — Lysaker raises the philosophical questions to provoke thoughts and internal conversations that can anchor a reflective life. And if engaging in the ongoing philosophical discussions that have occupied the minds of humans for centuries is not reason enough to study philosophy, Lysaker says that philosophy students do significantly better than other majors on GREs and LSATs. "But that's not what the major is for. It's really about preparing critical, reflective minds that can think for themselves and participate in the full political life of their communities."

Name: John T. Lysaker.

Age: 40.

Education: BA 1988, Kenyon College; MA 1993, Ph.D. 1995, Vanderbilt University.

Teaching Experience: Undergraduate surveys of philosophy, supervision of graduate and doctoral philosophy projects, graduate seminars on topics including 19th- and 20th-century continental philosophy, American philosophy, with a focus on aesthetics, philosophical psychology, and social theory.

Off-campus: Married, sings in a band.

Publications: *You Must Change Your Life: Poetry, Philosophy, and the Birth of Sense* (Penn State University Press, 2003), an extended study of Heidegger's poetics and various contemporary American poets, particularly Charles Simic.

Last Word: "In the end, when you participate and engage philosophical questions, it's not that you'll have answers. It's the old saying, 'the unexamined life is not worth living.' But I would add, 'The examined life: That's living!'"

— MARGARET MCGLADREY

NEWS IN BRIEF

A DOUBLE HONOR

Geraldine Richmond, the UO's Richard M. and Patricia H. Noyes Professor of Chemistry, has been elected a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. She will also receive the 2005–2006 Council for Chemical Research Diversity Award for her pioneering work contributing to the advancement of women in the chemical sciences.

SCIENTIST OF THE YEAR

Chemistry Professor David C. Johnson was named a co-recipient of the Oregon Academy of Science's 2006 Outstanding Scientist award in recognition of his commitment to bringing innovative programs to graduate research and education.

THINKING GLOBAL

Chunsheng Zhang has been named UO vice provost for international affairs and outreach. Previously associate vice president for academic affairs and international studies at Minnesota's St. Cloud State, Zhang's duties will include oversight of the University's AHA International programs, as well as those previously administered by Tom Mills, who is retiring as associate vice president of international programs.

DIVERSITY UPDATE

Charles Martinez, a clinical psychologist in the College of Education, has been appointed vice provost for institutional equity and diversity, a position he has held on an interim basis since July 2005. Among other duties, Martinez is chairing a Diversity Advisory Committee, appointed by President Frohnmayr in March to help steer the UO through review of a forty-three page draft Diversity Plan and towards adopting a finalized plan to guide the UO for five years.

PATENTLY IMPRESSIVE

UO inventions earned the school \$3.4 million in 2005 — a 77 percent increase from 2004 and a tenth record-breaking year in a row. University researchers produced forty-three inventions and three spinoff companies.

ANGELS IN OREGON

MitoSciences, Inc., a Eugene company with technology — based on UO research — that can help drug companies test compounds for toxicity, took first place and \$150,000 in prize money in the Oregon Entrepreneurs Forum's 2006 Angel Oregon competition, a showcase for the state's strongest young companies.



Photo courtesy of the Oregon Daily Emerald, Tim Kupsick photographer

Paul Swangard, managing director of the Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, leads the UO in quotes.

Inc. — the same company that controls Elvis Presley's music and mansion — the media once again turned to Swangard, the most widely quoted man at the University of Oregon.

The deal gives the company “the most powerful brand in sports,” Swangard told Bloomberg News, adding the insight that the former heavyweight champ's name isn't as commercially exploited as more recent sports stars. “Ali comes from a different era,” Swangard was quoted as saying. “He's a cultural phenomenon as much as a sports phenomenon.”

And when a global news service such as Bloomberg includes a Swangard zinger in a story, his words end up reprinted millions of times in newspapers large and small.

Swangard's interest in athletics-as-subject goes way back. He's covered sports since high school, announces track and field meets at Hayward Field, and worked ten years on the sports desk of local television station KEZI. Each of these experiences added to the mix of skills he uses every day at the Warsaw Center. Established in 1994, the Center has been called “the premier sports marketing think tank” by the *Sports Business Journal*, rated the nation's top sports business program in 2002 by *Sports Illustrated*, and was chosen by *ESPN Magazine* to help develop an annual fan-value ranking of all major-league teams.

About twenty students graduate from the Center each year with an MBA degree in hand. Part of their program — and often a key to snagging a good job in the sports industry — are visits to New York and San Francisco to meet with industry leaders such as NBA Commissioner David

Stern, WNBA President Donna Orender, and top executives from professional sports teams and businesses.

Alumni of the program have gone on to work for the NFL, NBA, Nike, Adidas, Harrah's Entertainment, Mark Burnett Productions, IMG, and for Visa in China, where one former student will be spearheading the company's efforts for the 2008 Olympics in Beijing.

Swangard tells his students that if they are to work in the sports industry, it is important to always remember the spark, the excitement that first got their juices flowing about sports. “And then I tell them you have to get past that excitement. It really has to be a business relationship; that's where you build your credibility.”

For him, the spark came as a boy while attending Vancouver Canuck games with his grandfather. The sound of the sticks, skates, and pucks on ice still bring back the magic. Two framed black and white hockey photos hang behind Swangard's desk. The top shows Hall of Famers Wayne Gretzky and Gordy Howe laced up, leaned back, and chewing the fat on a bench alongside the ice. They are all teeth and laugh lines. Below is an action shot of Montreal skating legend Maurice “Rocket” Richard.

Swangard looks to his sports heroes not only for thrills, but for advice on how to live and how to keep the professional's skate-sharp edge.

“Wayne Gretzky actually teaches a wonderful business principle. They used to ask him why he was so good at hockey and he said that ‘I learned I was never to skate to where the puck was, I was always to skate to where the puck was going.’”

— GARRET JAROS '99

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COLD FEAT

Controlling body heat to transform emergency medicine

MARK ROTH '79 CAN TURN A MOUSE into a bear whenever he wants — and he does it often. He calls it “hibernation on demand.” When he reduces a rodent’s metabolism by drastically lowering its body temperature, it resembles a bear in winter: motionless, breathless, seemingly dead. As he raises the mouse’s body temperature, it spontaneously revives and lives as if nothing’s happened, just as a bear comes to life in the spring sunshine.

Roth explains that humans have the same “metabolic flexibility,” and this has important implications for revolutionizing emergency medicine. Hibernation on demand may slow down the metabolism of trauma victims before they have the chance to die, he says, and “take the emergency out of emergency medicine.”

Roth is a faculty member in the Basic Sciences Division at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle and has received widespread attention for his mouse experiments. He published the work last year in *Science*, the most prestigious scientific journal in the country. A few months later, it made the cover of *Scientific American* magazine.

By all accounts, Roth has hit his scientific stride. Both the National Institutes of Health and the U.S. military fund his research. Investors are lining up to support a start-up company he founded to develop critical care medical procedures. But Roth remembers a time when average grades and low GRE scores made him less sure-footed about a career in science. He says he owes much of his success to Jim Weston and Karen Sprague, his undergraduate biology professors at the University of Oregon.

It wasn’t their reputations, however, that brought Roth to Eugene. He left Pennsylvania to join the UO track and cross-country teams in 1976. He ran with both teams, sometimes twenty miles per day, and Roth says he was exhausted most of the time. His grades suffered and he didn’t think he would land a summer posi-



Todd McNaught

Mark Roth at work in his lab, advancing the science of saving lives

tion in a research lab. “Everyone else who worked in labs got phenomenal grades and had wonderful pedigrees,” he says. “I had none of that . . . but Jim and Karen gave me a chance.”

Emeritus professor Jim Weston says Roth’s grades were less important than his willingness to ask questions and come up with ideas to solve scientific puzzles. By deliberately taking classes a little over his head, “Mark showed he had the drive to find answers,” Weston says. “When he inquired about working during the summer, my lab was full. I recommended him to Karen Sprague.”

She says she never looked at Roth’s grades. A reference from Weston was enough. She soon found out that his instincts about Roth were spot on. “He had the intensity of a runner that you need to be a scientist,” Sprague says. “When I went off for science meetings for three weeks or so in the summer, I hoped Mark could make a little headway on his own. He went far beyond that — tackling all of

the problems he encountered and finishing the experiment.” Roth published his work on protein genetics in *Cell*, another top science journal. “For an undergraduate new to molecular biology, his work was amazing,” she says.

Not surprisingly, Roth decided to pursue a Ph.D. in molecular biology. And since he “bombed” the GRE and had a less than stellar GPA, he turned again to his mentors for help. Weston sent him to a science meeting for graduate students during the spring term of his senior year. Roth was encouraged by UO colleagues to visit the scientists he wanted to work with, even though they had turned down his application to join their programs. They coached him on the interview process — who to talk to and what to say.

Roth says he showed up at the University of Colorado unannounced but well prepared. With strong recommendation letters from Sprague and Weston, he was admitted as the sixteenth of the fifteen students the university could accept that

year. Roth says he quickly realized that grad school was a lot like running: both required a lot of physical work and sweat. He translated the work ethic he'd learned on the UO track and cross-country teams into academic accomplishment and was the first one of his group to graduate.

Now, he's focusing on ways to apply results of his mouse experiments to humans. It's not such an outlandish idea. Victims of extreme hypothermia, such as those who've been trapped in icy water — people with no heart rate who have stopped breathing for up to nine hours — can spontaneously revive when their bodies are brought to room temperature. They do not necessarily suffer from brain damage and can go on to live normal lives.

Roth hopes to bring that same seemingly miraculous sort of recovery to victims of heart attacks, strokes, and gunshot wounds. He explains, for example, that soldiers wounded in Iraq face a six-to-eight-hour evacuation from Baghdad to an operating room in Germany — often while hemorrhaging. Techniques that would slow down the victim's metabolism could represent the difference between life and death. "They need to hibernate," Roth says. "Right then."

— MICHELE TAYLOR '03

FUDGE FACTOR

Geologist puts science in a saucepan to cook up earthy delights.

YOU MIGHT EXPECT TO FIND A FEW EXTRA pounds on someone as food-obsessed as Alison Rust Ph.D. '03. But the slender young scientist is not nearly as preoccupied with eating food as she is with analyzing its structure. "When I look at food and eat food, I'm always observing," she says. "When I see analogies, I go for it."

Making pancakes, she watches how bubbles rise to the surface. Popping popcorn, she's thinking about the bubbles released in steam. And opening a can of soda, she can't help noticing how the upward rush of bubbles is similar to the rise of bubbly magma as it escapes the pressure of rock deep within the earth.

Bubbles — particularly those contained in magma — were Rust's main focus as a Ph.D. student in geology at the University of Oregon. For her doctoral research, she ordered 1,200 pounds of corn syrup and built a testing tank out of transparent acrylic. She used the thick

corn syrup as an analog for magma, creating bubbles and watching as they changed shape with the motion of the liquid. Bubbles, it turns out, are one of the main forces behind violent volcanic eruptions. "You can take the results and apply them to real magma and model how it flows," she says. "While magma is flowing, it changes the shape of the bubbles. And the bubbles affect the viscosity, which affects how far it flows and how fast."

Rust first became fascinated with vol-



Courtesy Kathy Cashman

Alison Rust, in the field, 2002

canoes during her undergraduate years at the University of Toronto. Field trips took her thousands of miles west to Mt. St. Helens and to the Big Island in Hawaii, where she saw intensely hot magma flowing for the first time. "It was the real-time factor of volcanology that attracted me," she says.

After earning her master's degree at the University of British Columbia, she continued her studies at the UO under the tutelage of geology professor Kathy Cashman, a noted volcanologist. With Ph.D. in hand, she went back to UBC for postdoctoral work. But she has maintained a close connection to Oregon and continues to share research with Cashman and Heather Wright, one of Cashman's current doctoral students.

Last year, Rust and Cashman teamed up to re-create the crystal formations of lava — in fudge. By stirring a fudge mixture either more or less at different stages of cooking, they were able to simulate the two main types of lava — either a rough, broken surface with crystals bumping up against each other, or a texture that is smooth but gritty due to overgrowth of the sugar crystals. "It's a great lesson on crystal nucleation and growth," Rust says.

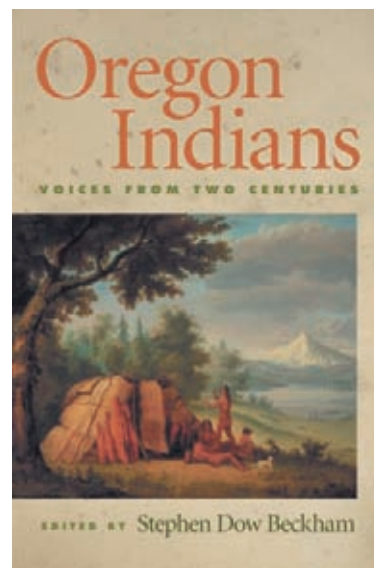
Oregon Indians: VOICES FROM TWO CENTURIES

Edited by Stephen Dow Beckham ('64)

Drawing on his forty years of research into Native Americans and the American West, Stephen Dow Beckham offers a remarkable documentary history that lets Oregon Indians tell their own story. From "first encounters" in the late eighteenth century to modern tribal economies, this fascinating volume presents first-person accounts of the events that have threatened, changed, and shaped the lives of Oregon Indians. (HARDCOVER, \$45.00)

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She often uses food as a teaching tool. “I like to use a familiar analogy for something students are less familiar with,” she says. “They’ll remember what they have learned when they are eating these foods later on.” Besides fudge, she has been known to incorporate everything from popcorn to raisins to puffed cereal to oatmeal–chocolate chip cookies in her geology lessons.

Rust is an outstanding teacher, Cashman says. “Alison is very creative, very visual, very hands-on. She takes complex concepts and breaks them down into simple steps and hands-on demos.” Rust’s work not only brings light to our understanding of volcanoes, Cashman says, but also has implications for other fields such as the wood products industry, where mills rely on the dependable flow of pulpy liquids through pipes, and the food industry, where manufacturers must precisely control the flow properties of edibles ranging from ketchup to applesauce.

Meanwhile, Rust has stocked her experimental pantry with popcorn and gelatin. Her examination of the air bubbles formed in popped corn has produced a new theory on the way magma expands to form reticulite, a type of lightweight rock created by explosive lava fountains. “They both expand very quickly and end up with similar textures,” she says.

Her work with gelatin involves cutting a slit in the jiggly mass, sending air through it, and recording the sounds produced by the resulting vibrations. This research will help scientists figure out how gas flowing out of a system affects the seismic signals given off by the wall of rock around it. “In volcanic rock, the ground is vibrating,” she says. “You don’t hear the ground singing, but you could. The sound is a way to document the vibration waves.”

What’s next on the gastronomic calendar? Soup. Lately, Rust can be found in her kitchen stirring the pot. “I got the idea from watching how soup bounces,” she says. “If it has any elasticity, it will oscillate and then bounce back. If it’s more fluid, it will continue to rotate. We think it’s a good way to measure fluid properties.”

Rust has accepted a position as lecturer at the University of Bristol in England, where she will start in August. She expects to continue using food in her lecture demonstrations as well as in her research. “You can study anything in a fun, creative way, or anything can be dull,” she says. “It’s fun to play with food.”

— ROSEMARY CAMOZZI '96

DOIN' THE ROSE CITY JUMP

*Book describes golden age
of Portland jazz.*

BOB DIETSCHKE '61 GOT HIP TO JAZZ SOMEWHERE around the age of eight. It happened at his grandmother's house, in the mid-1940s, while watching a Disney cartoon called "Make Mine Music." "There's a jazz sequence in there with these tomcats jitterbugging in a malt shop and Benny Goodman is the music in the background," Dietsche remembers. "I thought, man, that's it."

His "fever," as he calls it, continued to grow during high school thanks in large part to his best friend, Lee "One Putt" Raymond. In 1955, while their fellow teens were rockin' and rollin' to Bill Haley and Jerry Lee Lewis, One Putt was groovin' to Stan Getz and Dave Brubeck, and it wasn't long before Dietsche was right by his side. In fact, a fellow student wrote in Dietsche's yearbook that year, "To a neat little Brubecker."

What began as a curiosity for an adolescent growing up in Toledo, Ohio, soon became a passion that over the years has led Bob Dietsche to be regarded as one of Portland's most respected jazz historians. He has taught courses in jazz history at Oregon colleges and universities and was the long-time host of "Jazzville" on Oregon Public Broadcasting radio. He is also the founder and former owner of Django Records, Portland's legendary used-record store. And his writings about jazz have appeared in numerous publications, including *Jazz Journal*, *The Oregonian*, and *Willamette Week*.

Most recently, he has written a book about a little-known period of Portland jazz history, a musical heyday when legends such as Duke Ellington, Charlie Parker, and even Dave Brubeck headlined and traded riffs with local talent. *Jumptown: The Golden Years of Portland Jazz, 1942–1957* (Oregon State University Press, 2005) took Dietsche nearly ten years to research and write.

More than just a history about jazz in the city, Dietsche's book is, by its own description, "a fascinating blend of music, politics, and social history." *Jumptown* sheds light on a time and place when a thriving African American neighborhood — which, by the end of the 1960s, would all but disappear, bulldozed for urban



Courtesy Bob Dietsche

Jazz historian Bob Dietsche

renewal — was home to some of the finest jazz ever played on the West Coast.

Rather than presenting a simple chronology of concerts or a string of musician biographies, Dietsche takes readers on an intimate tour of the streets and clubs where jazz was happening during a time when segregation was legal, miscegenation was not, and touring black musicians were barred from whites-only hotels. The

reader visits streets like Williams Avenue — Jumptown's main artery — and clubs like The Dude Ranch, Lil' Sandy's, McClendon's Rhythm Room, and the Chicken Coop, to name a few.

That's not to say Dietsche neglects the musicians or fans that populated Williams Avenue. By his count, he interviewed over a hundred people — many of them jazz greats of the time. Players like veteran saxophonist Art Chaney; pianist, singer, and one of Williams Avenue's leading bop musicians Warren Bracken; and Portland's piano patriarch, Gene Confer. In fact, Dietsche studied jazz piano with the legendary Confer for nearly ten years. And although reluctant to perform in public, he does enjoy playing at home.

During his time at the UO, from 1958 to 1961, he played drums with a couple of bands. "I was terrible," he admits. "But I learned a lot, met my wife, got more interested in music." And while Eugene's jazz scene in the early 1960s couldn't compare to Portland's, Dietsche says there were some excellent players there at the time. "I saw guys like [bassist] Glen Moore and [guitarist] Ralph Towner," two young musicians who would go on to have successful careers.

But for Dietsche, his greatest inspiration while at the UO came not from

THE METEOR OF PORTLAND JAZZ

*From Jumptown: The Golden Years of
Portland Jazz, 1942–1957 by Bob Dietsche*

THERE NEVER WAS AND THERE NEVER WILL BE ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THE Dude Ranch. It was the Cotton Club, the Apollo Theater, Las Vegas, the Wild West rolled into one. It was the shooting star in the history of Portland jazz, a meteor bursting with an array of the best Black and Tan entertainment this town has ever seen: strippers, then called shake dancers, ventriloquists, comics, jugglers, torch singers, world-renowned tap dancers like Teddy Hale, and of course the very best of jazz. What a jazz buff wouldn't give for a tape recorder and a front-row table the night Louis Armstrong dropped in from his dance date at Jantzen Beach. Or when Charlie Barnet sat in with the Banjoski house band or that August night just a couple of weeks after the end of World War II when Lucky Thompson and most of the Basie band showed up.



NEWS IN BRIEF

WELCOME TO ALUMNI STATUS!

More than 4,000 undergraduate and graduate students will receive their diplomas on June 17, 2006, and join the more than 190,000 alumni who have received degrees from the University of Oregon since 1876. Approximately 130 majors will be represented in the graduating class.

GIVING PEACE CORPS A CHANCE

The UO has once again been named to the “top producing colleges and universities” list for the Peace Corps. For 2005, the University ranked sixth among large colleges and universities (schools with more than 15,000 undergraduates) in sending alumni to Peace Corps service. Seventy-five alumni are now active volunteers in the corps.

“FRIEND” RECEIVES RECOGNITION

Duncan Campbell J.D. '73 will be honored with the UO Alumni Association Portland Chapter's Spotlight Award on June 27 in Portland. The award recognizes a Portland area alumnus who has made significant contributions to the Portland and UO communities. Campbell started “Friends of the Children,” which pairs high-risk children with paid professional mentors who provide support and guidance for twelve years of each child's life. The organization started in Portland and now has chapters throughout the country. He is also the founder and CEO of The Campbell Group, an investment firm.

UO FOOTBALL PRE-GAME PARTIES

Pre-game parties are back! The UOAA will host football pre-game parties September 30 at ASU, October 7 at Cal, and November 11 at USC. For more information, go to uoalumni.com.

TAILGATE AUCTION UPDATE

The tenth anniversary UOAA Tailgate Auction, usually held on the eve of the Civil War football game, will be held this year on Thursday, August 31. The event, which raises money for UOAA scholarships and Springfield education programs, will offer live and silent auctions with items including tickets, travel packages, gift certificates, Duck gear, autographed memorabilia, and much more.

other jazz musicians but from a professor. Kester Svendsen was the head of the English department at the time and one of the preeminent scholars on the works of John Milton. Dietsche, who majored in English literature, says that taking a class on Milton from Svendsen was like taking a class on music from Bernstein. “It was my introduction to the big time,” he says. “He instilled excellence in me.”

Today, Dietsche still strives for excellence in his work, particularly when it comes to his desire to continue documenting the history and evolution of jazz. To that end, he spends four to five hours a day listening to his collection of thousands of jazz LPs and nearly 6,000 hours of live reel-to-reel tapes. But he denies this devotion to jazz is an obsession. “I'm just trying to catch up,” he says.

In the summer of 2006, Dietsche will release two music CDs that follow the narrative of *Jumptown* on Portland's Reliable Records label. He has also begun work on a new book examining the jazz scene that once flourished in his hometown of Toledo.

— HARLEY B. PATRICK MS '00

DEATH BY ROPE

Author details Oregon hangings.

SOME WERE ENRAGED BY JEALOUSY, OTHERS by lust or greed. Each was convicted of murder. Each died by hanging.

And in her first commercial book, *Necktie Parties, A History of Legal Executions in Oregon 1851 – 1905* (Caxton Press, 2005), Diane Goeres-Gardner '71 MA '83 tells their stories.

Beginning with the first man hanged legally in the Oregon Territory in 1851 and ending with the last man hanged outside the state penitentiary in 1905, Goeres-Gardner chronicles the crimes and punishment of fifty of the sixty Oregon men whose lives ended at the end of the hangman's noose.

In 1851, rivalry over a fifteen-year-old Sauvie Island beauty drove Creed Turner to gut his rival Edward Bradbury with a small “dirk” knife. In 1860, an argument fueled by drink led William Casterlin to shoot his business partner and best friend, Samuel Mooney, inside the house they shared near Jacksonville in southern Oregon. In 1864, lust for money led Henry Deadmond to shoot George Meek and fellow traveler Cranford Isabell on the banks of Willow Creek in Wasco County.



Researcher, author Diane Goeres-Gardner

Goeres-Gardner, a fifth-generation Oregonian who lives outside of Oakland, became curious about hangings in frontier Oregon while researching her family's history in the UO Knight Library's newspaper archives. She came across a story about Adam Wimple, thirty-five, who was hanged in 1852 in Dallas for murdering his thirteen-year-old wife.

Goeres-Gardner had always thought the Oregon frontier free of the crimes that beset other places, such as California's gold-frenzied mining towns. “I had this idea that Oregon settlers were farmers and family-minded,” she says. Realizing that Oregon wasn't spared its share of men driven to commit murder inspired her to dig deeper. “I didn't know we even had hangings in Oregon,” she says. “I wondered how many there were.”

After consulting with Peggy Pascoe, UO associate professor of history, and long-time UO History Professor Randall McGowen, she discovered that no one really knew. Until 1903, when a state law was passed moving all hangings to the state penitentiary, keeping records of hangings was strictly a county's business. The state didn't keep records of who was hanged, when, or why.

Goeres-Gardner decided to find out for herself. The author of three family history books, she was no stranger to research and determined early on that she wanted to write a book. She perused history books and tracked down oral histories. Again availing herself of the Knight Library's microfiche archives, which she calls a “treasure trove,” she spent hundreds of hours poring over old *Oregonian* newspapers (first called the *Weekly Oregonian*, then the *Daily Oregonian*) and newspapers from small towns throughout the state, looking for any mention of a hanging.

After she had a name, she traced legal and property records through the state archives in Salem.

At first, hanging news was hard to find. In the mid-1800s, newspapers concentrated on political news from back East and local news items were buried deep inside columns of gray type. She says she often had “to read the whole paper to find two lines tucked into something called ‘Oregon Notes.’” Making her searches even more challenging, the practice of organizing stories according to headlines hadn’t caught on.

However, immersing herself in the stories of the day helped her get a feel for the people and the culture of the times. “I don’t think I could have got that anywhere else,” Goeres-Gardner says.

She discovered that hangings were events of great community and political import. Carrying out the lethal punishment was the province of the county

ALUMNI EVENTS

JUNE

24 Sydney, Australia

Reception with
President Frohnmayer

27 Portland

Portland Spotlight
Award Celebration

JULY

3 Southern California

Hollywood Bowl
Fireworks Spectacular

8 Japan

Japan Chapter
30th Anniversary Event

28 Portland

Portland Beavers Baseball
Alumni Night
PGE Park

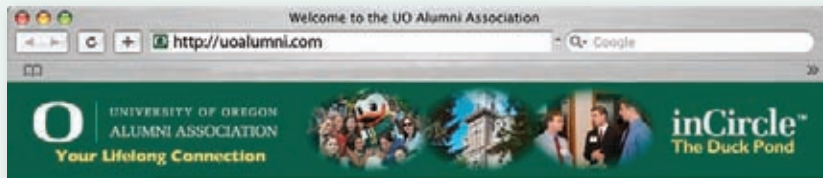
AUGUST

31 Eugene

10th Anniversary Tailgate
Auction
Eugene Hilton

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Calendar of Events

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THE FINE ART OF GETTING 'EM DEAD

From Necktie Parties: A History of Legal Executions in Oregon 1851–1905 by Diane L. Goeres-Gardner

When discussing execution rituals, it's important to remember one thing — it's all in the details. From spiffy new black suits to grisly autopsies, conducting a successful hanging was the result of experience and precise planning. After the accused was tried and the sentence pronounced, it was the county sheriff's duty to carry out the law's demands. Their effectiveness in doing so influenced their re-election possibilities. Therefore, the better the hanging — the higher the likelihood of re-election.



Danford Balch, age 39, died [for the shotgun murder of his son-in-law Mortimer Stump] on a wet dreary Monday morning at 11 A.M. while 500–600 witnesses watched, including the entire Stump family. It was a come one, come all affair. No effort was made to shield the event from innocent eyes. Some sources say his daughter, the young Widow Stump, watched her father hang.



"The sheriff came out and fixed the rope and a wagon drove up with his coffin and soon brought out Neil. He could not walk without help; it was that he was drunk. He started to say something but mumbled and soon he stepped on the trap-door and black cap put on his head and face, and rope fixed, and the door sprung and he fell and his feet touched the ground, and the sheriff and another man or two raised him up and put a twist in the rope and something in the loop. They got him dead."



Diane Kulpinski

High Desert Journal Editor Elizabeth Quinn

sheriff and none took it lightly. Hangings often attracted hundreds of onlookers. A sheriff's reputation could be made or besmirched by how well a hanging went.

Gallows had to be constructed to fit the condemned. If a man fell too far, "his head would be ripped off and there would be a bloody mess," Goeres-Gardner writes. "And if he didn't fall far enough, he would slowly strangle to death," a far more unpleasant scenario for voters to witness than a "nice, clean kill" via a neck snap.

It took Goeres-Gardner three years to research and write her book. But her seat in the archives won't have a chance to cool. Her next book will look at Oregon women accused of felonies in the late 1800s. The working title? *Murderess*.

— ALICE TALLMADGE MA '87

HIGH DESERT HIGH CULTURE

New arts publication focuses on Oregon's dry side.

ELIZABETH QUINN '90 LIKES TO LOOK under rocks. That's how she describes her search for gifted writers and artists for *High Desert Journal*, the literary and visual arts magazine she founded in 2004. "There are people creating phenomenal work in the high desert," she says. "Because this region is so often culturally overlooked, we just don't know about most of them."

She herself had been one of those scattered souls inspired to create by the sage plains, craggy peaks, and wide skies of the high desert. In 1998, the fine arts graduate and former art teacher built a cabin at the edge of Summer Lake, ninety miles south of Sunriver, her childhood home. "I

needed to find a place with open space," she says. There, she hunkered down and worked — painting, writing poetry, sculpting, papermaking. Alone. Happily. Until one day it occurred to her that "there have to be a whole lot of other people out here like me."

It was a concept with roots in the teachings of her former UO fine arts professor, master weaver Barbara Setsu-Pickett, in whose studio Quinn spent most of her on-campus days. "I was always very impressed with her outreach efforts," says Quinn; she "always made sure that we knew that there was a lot going on out there in the wider art community." Through Setsu-Pickett's mentorship, "My scope of art opened up," remembers Quinn.

Nearly a decade later, near the banks of a desert lake, these thoughts — of creativity, community, and landscape — began to coalesce in Quinn's mind. What the high desert needed, she ruminated, was an outlet for artists and writers, a catalyst to bring them together, and a system to deliver their work to the public. "I realized it was high time to do something about it," she recalls.

Nurturing her idea for a journal from concept to print took a combination of the practical and the bold. Having previously served on the editorial advisory board of another high desert region journal that had failed due to poor business management, she knew she needed a solid platform from which to begin. "I did a fair amount of plotting to come up with a plan of action that would make this publication viable, starting with a visit to [Oregon Quarterly Editor] Guy Maynard's office," says Quinn. To assemble her board of directors and advisory board, she courageously called upon some of the region's

most notable literary and art professionals for help. Many of them, including Terry Tempest Williams, Jarold Ramsey, and William Kittredge, agreed enthusiastically to participate. Next came the hard work of fundraising. "It was challenging for me to step out of my comfort zone and ask people to have faith and invest in this," says Quinn.

But once she'd summoned what she felt was sufficient professional and financial support for a smart beginning, "I just jumped," says Quinn. In the fall of 2004, the first call for submissions went out. Though she describes her own writing background as "haphazard," Quinn installed herself as editor of *High Desert Journal* and, though she runs her choices by an editorial board, continues to make all of the final selections for publication. "It's been a huge learning curve," she says of recognizing and naming print-worthy art. "My confidence has grown and I trust myself a lot more than in the beginning."

Some editorial decisions have been easy. For *High Desert Journal's* first issue, Quinn was thrilled to receive work from renowned writers Ursula LeGuin and David James Duncan and artists Peter Goin and Rick Bartow. But Quinn is equally happy to hear from everyone who submits. "A key part of *High Desert Journal's* mission is to showcase a mix of emerging and established writers," she explains. "That makes it vibrant and vital." Quinn has had the pleasure of publishing some "fantastic undiscovered writers," including University of Idaho graduate student Joe Wilkins, and recent University of Montana in Missoula MFA graduate AnneMarie Frohnhoefer, for whom *High Desert Journal* was her first publication.

High Desert Journal distributed 2,000 copies of their third issue in April to subscribers and thirty book retailers from Moab to Missoula, Susanville to Spokane. That the journal is "receiving interest and enthusiasm I never imagined" has encouraged Quinn to make even bigger plans for the future. "*High Desert Journal* is a non-profit organization as well as a publication — one that wants to see regard and respect for the land translated in lots of ways." Community outreach projects, a national writing contest, and an event Quinn calls story night, which will honor the narrative tradition, are all in the works. "We want to go to three small communities, gather people, and simply let them tell their stories," she explains.

Still, Quinn is realistic about the ground on which she stands. "Success will come if we are still around in five years," she hedges. For the time being, the greatest reward she's found in her more-than-full-time job is looking under those rocks and tapping into the creative community she always knew was there. "I get the most wonderful notes from artists and writers thanking me for creating something to fill the void and provide an outlet," she says. "They are so thankful for the platform." As for her advice to others about pursuing their own brave dream, Quinn says, "If you have a vision and you can formulate it with a lot of teeth, then *do it*."

For more information, see www.highdesertjournal.com.

— KIM COOPER FINDLING '93

STRAW-BALE HEYDAY

Architect applies mind and heart to create snug and sturdy structures.

HUFF AND PUFF JOKES ASIDE, THE SEEDS of straw-bale construction have blown beyond fairy tales and their roots in the Sand Hills of Nebraska and taken hold

across the globe with the help of architect Kelly Lerner M.Arch. '94. She was presented with a United Nations 2005 World Habitat Award in recognition of her work on the Straw-Bale Energy Efficient Housing Project in China.

Lerner earned the world-class kudos by helping to provide sustainable, seismically resistant housing for rural areas in five provinces of frigid northeastern China, where temperatures dip to 40 below. In seven years more than 600 straw-bale homes and three schools were built under Lerner's guiding hand — and pencil. Her drawings bridge the language barrier with the Chinese designers and crews with whom she worked shoulder-to-shoulder.

The project in China began in 1998 after an earthquake leveled an old brick school. Lerner had been working in Mongolia at the time (in conditions that had her eating everything from dog to marmot) building straw-bale homes by invitation of Scott Christensen, Mongolia Country Director for the Seventh-day Adventist Church's Adventist Development and Relief Agency. Christensen had read about straw-bale construction in an Alaskan Airlines flight magazine en route to Mongolia in 1993.

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Linda Zhu

Architect Kelly Lerner (bottom right) on-site with Chinese construction crew

When transferred to China, Christensen again leaned on Lerner.

“He is a real wheeler-dealer, good at making agreements with local officials,” Lerner observes, “so he basically said, ‘We’ll build you a school if we can build it out of the materials we want to as a prototype project.’”

The new school survived a subsequent earthquake with little damage while buildings around it collapsed. Twenty-five houses were built the following year and seventy-five the year after. Word spread among skeptical locals that the thick-walled houses were easier to heat than traditional brick homes or the ubiquitous substandard mud and rock dwellings built by the poor after years of earthquakes and floods. By 2001 demand exceeded supply, a far cry from the project’s first year when it was difficult to find families willing to stake their future on a straw-bale home.

“Here was this new construction technique and this person from a culture that you have nothing to do with and they are telling you, ‘Oh yeah, this is great, build your house with grass,’” Lerner says. “But the projects grew. We’d start in a community and build ten houses, and then everybody would see those go through the winter and say, ‘Wow, those didn’t take much to heat and they are holding up well and are more comfortable and warmer than anything else.’”

The houses required 68 percent less

heating coal than brick homes, allowing many to switch to alternative, sustainable heating fuels such as cow-pies, corn stalks, and straw. Residents reported more even heat flow and better health, with less respiratory ailments among the young and old.

Building energy-efficient homes and reaching out to those in need tap into Lerner’s roots as a “born-and-bred Menonite” from Indiana.

“If you come from a religious background where you’re basically taught that you’re responsible for everyone, then you take that kind of seriously,” she says.

Lerner’s concern for energy efficiency and the preservation of natural resources also stems from her UO education and, specifically, Architecture Professor (now emeritus) John Reynolds. He inspired her, and many other architecture students, with his focus on conserving energy by using the sun, breezes, evaporation, and other natural allies.

“I just sort of took that to the nth degree, asking how do you make the most energy-efficient building using the least amount of resources, and so I started looking around and came across straw-bale construction and said, ‘Wow! I have to learn more about this.’”

Reynolds remembers that Lerner and Carol Venolia M.Arch. ’78 were awarded the prestigious Graham Foundation Grant of \$10,000 in 2003 — “a huge achieve-

ment for their age,” he says.

Lerner and Venolia met professionally in 1996. Venolia specializes in eco-healthy building. Her first book, *Healing Environments*, enjoyed international success, and her home designs have been featured in numerous magazines. She currently writes the “Design for Life” column for *Natural Home & Garden* magazine.

Lerner designs and builds energy-efficient homes and remodels older homes with her company One World Design based in Spokane, Washington. And she continues to work in China, designing blueprints with money provided by her U.N. award. Her designs have been featured in *Landscape Architecture* and *Metropolis* magazines, *The Straw Bale House*, *Serious Straw Bale*, *The New Straw Bale House*, and *Green by Design*.

She was named one of the top ten eco-architects of 2005 by *Natural Home & Garden* magazine and has a book coming out in June, co-authored by Venolia, titled *Natural Remodeling for the Not-So-Green House: Bringing Your Home into Harmony with Nature*.

— GARRET JAROS ’99

A STRAW-BALE PRIMER

STRAW-BALE CONSTRUCTION began in the late 1800s when pioneers in the Sand Hills of Nebraska discovered the soils lacked the clay necessary to build sod houses. With winter coming, they turned to the abundant bales of meadow grass for insulation, which they encased between plaster walls made of gumbo-mud, clay, silt, and sand.

Today the technique is much the same, with hay bales stacked and encased in a plaster mix about 7/8ths of an inch thick on each side. Different forms of straw-bale construction allow the walls to bear the weight of the roof or to supplement wall support with post-and-beam construction techniques.

— GJ

1940

Annoyed that gasoline prices above \$3 per gallon have dashed plans for an extended summer driving trip with husband **Alaby Blivet** '63, **Sara Lee Cake** '45 has fired off a high-octane letter to U.S. energy officials and OPEC ministers. "Lower prices or you'll be sorry," she warns, adding the partially veiled threat that she's begun growing her hair long and is shopping for a horse to be named Godiva.

Eleanor (Jacobs) Piers '46 wants to let her classmates know that she is still alive and kicking in Carlsbad, California. She is a Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority member and would enjoy hearing from her Duck classmates.

■ **Robert D. Gibson** '49 received the American Pharmacists Association Remington Honor Medal, the pharmacy profession's most prestigious honor. He won the award in part for his advocacy for increased diversity in the pharmacy profession. His acceptance speech for the award received a ten-minute standing ovation from an audience of his colleagues. Although he earned his advanced degrees in California, in his heart he will always be a Duck.

1950

■ **Robert Gust Luoma** '51 MA '54 has recently published a book titled *Stirred but Not Shaken in Life and in the Arts, Memoirs with a Twist*. For more information, see his website (www.rgluoma.com).

Thomas F. Elliott '54 has written a new non-fiction book through Trafford Publishing titled *Cliperton: The Island of Lost Toys and Other Treasures*.

His previous work includes the book *Argonauts of California*.

■ After his first wife passed away, **Alan C. Brunk** '59 remarried in 2000. He and his wife, Jane, purchased land east of Toutle, Washington, where they have been hard at work putting in a home on the property as well as building a garage and an art studio. They reforested over five acres of the property and placed the land in the "Open Space Timber" program.

1960

Fred Koetter '62 won an international design competition for the Chuncheon G5 Project in South Korea. He and his architecture firm, Koetter Kim & Associates, Inc., designed a complex for ecological tourism and leisure in Chuncheon.

A painting by **Joe M. Fischer** MFA '63, *Interrupted Landscape (Lake Sacajawea)*, was selected for the Lower Columbia College permanent art collection.

■ **Cherie (Hayes) Fahlsing** '64 has retired from nursing after forty years in the profession. She now works as a real estate sales agent with John L. Scott in Poulsbo, Washington. She enjoys vacationing at her home in Eagle Crest near Redmond.

■ **Madge (Tennent) Walls** '65 has published her debut novel, *Paying the Price*, based on her experience as a realtor on Maui for fourteen years. In 2001, she relocated to Colorado Springs, Colorado, where she works for a builder of new homes.

Ken Flynn Ed.D. '67 was inducted into the Sonoma State University Athletic Hall of Fame in November. A professor emeritus from SSU, he and his wife, Carolyn, live in Santa Rosa, California.

1970

Terry (Davis) McLaughlin '77 is enjoying a new career as a novelist. Her first four books for Harlequin will be published in 2006 and 2007. Terry also writes articles for the *Wet Noodle Posse* monthly e-zine and teaches workshops at writers' conferences.

Following a twelve-year stint as a manager with the Portland Development Commission, **John Southgate** '79 has been named the economic development manager for the city of Hillsboro.

1980

Aaron Kirk Douglas '83 joined Hagerman Frick O'Brien Investment Real Estate as marketing director in February 2006. Also a documentary filmmaker, he recently produced *Freedom State*, which premiered at the Cinequest Film Festival in March 2006.

■ **Jeff Nudelman** '83 was named general counsel for Parr Lumber Company after almost twenty years in private law practice. In June 2006, he will conclude his terms as president of the UO Alumni Association and as president of the Oregon chapter of the American Jewish Committee.

1990

A prosecuting attorney in Bellingham, Washington, **Royce Buckingham** JD '92 has sold his novel, *Demon Keeper*, to Penguin Publishers and his *Demon Keeper* screenplay to 20th Century Fox.

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

CLASS NOTABLE

WHEN LIFE GETS RUFF . . .

Long-time Duck fan Zelda, a sixty-pound English bulldog, is the center of the Zelda Wisdom media empire created by Portlander **Carol Gardner** '67. In 1997, under the weight of a divorce and a mountain of debt, Gardner grabbed her bootstraps, focused her creativity, and started dressing up her sad-faced dog in goofy costumes that would put the Village People to shame. The resulting photos mixed humor, healing, and folksy wisdom; for example, a shot of Zelda in boxing gloves with the words "Tough times never last. . . tough people do." Something about the images struck a chord, to say the least, and Zelda Wisdom products — greeting cards, calendars, books, posters, stuffed animals, plaques, housewares, jewelry, stationery, bobble heads, and more — now ring up millions of dollars in retail sales. Gardner credits some of her success to the encouragement she received at the UO from **Roy Paul Nelson** '47 MS '55 in his ad design and copywriting class — "he was fabulous and really an inspiration." Although Zelda has appeared on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, *Good Morning America*, and CNN, she keeps her four feet firmly on the ground by serving as a certified therapy dog who brings smiles to the faces of children with learning disabilities. She also keeps busy penning her "Dear Zelda" column on her website Zeldawisdom.com.



Shane Young, Zelda Wisdom Inc.

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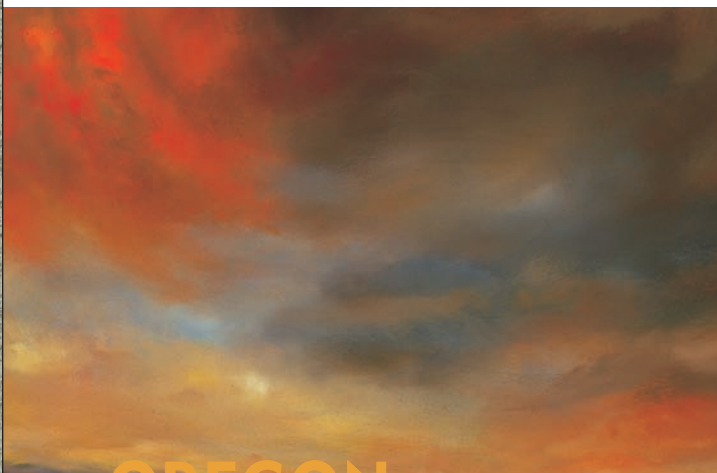


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David Cakarnis '93 is the president of Bridge City Legal, Inc. He recently received an award on behalf of his consulting firm from *Oregon Business* magazine as one of the Top 10 businesses to work for in Oregon.

■ **Brent MacCluer** '94 won several Aurora Awards for his creative advertising work at Adams, Hull+MacCluer, a Eugene firm. The firm's holiday television commercial for Valley River Center was named Platinum Best in Show. MacCluer co-produced the winning commercial as well as three other commercials that received honors.

Akiko Takeyama '99 received the Bestor prize for outstanding graduate student paper from the Society for East Asian Anthropology. The award-winning paper is titled "Commodified Romance in a Tokyo Host Club."

2000

Rebecca (Cleeton) Goodell '00 was recently named chief resident of the Providence Milwaukie family medicine residency program. She lives in Portland with her husband, **Brian Goodell** '00. They are expecting their first child in August.

Lani Rovzar '02 has been named director of the Sharon Art Studio in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. Lani now lives in Sausalito.

Lindsay Renkert '04 is working as an account coordinator at Northwest Strategies, a marketing and communications firm in Anchorage, Alaska.

Faculty

Cal Poly State University's Central Coast Center for Arts Education has established an endowment in honor of **June King McFee** and her pioneering work in arts education. McFee, a UO emeritus professor, served as director of the Institute for Community Art Studies. When the UO's department of art education was created in 1977, McFee was appointed head of the department and served until 1983.

In Memoriam

At the age of 102, **Vivian (Harper) Pitman** '26 M.Ed. '59 died on February 25. A resident of Eugene for eighty-five years, she attended the UO on a full scholarship. She was the first young woman from Paisley, Oregon, to receive such a scholarship, and she studied to become a middle- and high-school teacher. After graduation, she served as the supervising teacher for the UO teacher-training program. Her activities in the community included membership at St. Mary's Episcopal Church and in the Alpha Xi Delta National Fraternity for Women. She remained active in Greek

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.

life as the Panhellenic Executive Secretary and the founder of the Eugene City Panhellenic.

Muzetta Blair Backus '31 was almost ninety-five years old when she died on November 14, 2005. At the UO, she pledged Pi Beta Phi and studied interior design. An adventurous woman, she traveled around the country alone for six months after graduation. She met her husband, FBI special agent Edgar Backus, on the train between Portland and Denver. After they married in 1934, Ed became administrative assistant to FBI director J. Edgar Hoover. When Ed died of blood poisoning eleven months into the marriage, Hoover offered a job at the FBI to Muzetta. She did administrative work for the FBI in Portland, Cuba, and London before returning to Portland to care for her mother.

Lucy (Penny) Norton Johansen '32 died on July 19, 2005, at the age of ninety-five. The daughter of American medical missionary parents, she was born in Korea and returned to the United States at age seventeen. At the UO, she was a member of the Alpha Xi Delta sorority. After earning her master's degree in English from Syracuse University, she taught in Korea and Japan. There, she met Foreign Service officer Beppo Johansen, and the couple married in 1939. After Beppo died in 1946, she joined the Foreign Service and served in Tokyo, Zurich, Montreal, Turin, and Florence. She finally moved to Lasne, Belgium, to be near her daughter.

Frank Emmons '40 passed away at age eighty-seven on November 5, 2005. A native Oregonian, he played for the Ducks football team. He scored a touchdown in the 1940 College All-Star Game

and was drafted by the Philadelphia Eagles after graduation. In his service to the Air Force, he commanded a radio team in Europe during WWII and also played for the Air Force football team. Upon discharge, he was a manager and consultant in the transportation and freight business for over forty years.

Michi Yasui Ando '42 passed away January 15 at the age of eighty-five. Fifteen years ago, she was awarded her degree in English from the UO, an event long delayed because she was sent to a relocation camp prior to her commencement ceremony in 1942. She was a loving wife and mother, teacher, world traveler, and avid reader. She also became an enthusiastic fly fisherwoman in her eighties.

Lt. Colonel (Ret.) Joe W. Kennedy '43 died March 7 at age eighty-five. He grew up in Klamath Falls. While at the UO, he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity and earned his pilot's license in the Civilian Pilot Training Program. After graduation, he began a long military career that included combat in three wars. Over the course of his career, he flew a total of 10,300 flight hours — with over 465 of those hours in combat — and earned four Air Medals and three Air Force Commendation Medals. When he wasn't flying or instructing other pilots, he enjoyed hunting, fishing, golf, and politics.

Suzanne (Gilbert) Stater '45 died of cancer on October 29, 2005. She was eighty-one years old. When she graduated from the UO, she became a flight attendant for Pan Am and traveled to Africa, Europe, and Asia. She then became an actor,

finding roles in off-Broadway productions and on television. She was active in environmental issues and animal protection. In her work as an activist, she composed and sang her own songs, toured throughout the Northeast, and produced a CD, *The Spirit Rises, The Songs of Sue Stater*, at age seventy-seven.

Francis L. (Matt) Mathews '50 died February 16 from pulmonary fibrosis just before his eighty-fifth birthday. He enlisted in the Air Force and married his high-school sweetheart, Audrey, before shipping overseas to fight in WWII. He earned three bronze stars in the Mediterranean and North African theaters and achieved the rank of lieutenant colonel. After receiving his degree from the UO, he worked as director of the Klamath County Juvenile Court and as an Oregon state parole officer. He remained a loyal Ducks football and basketball fan. He also enjoyed spending time with his family, gardening, reading WWII history, and writing poetry.

James N. Crittenden '53 died recently at the age of seventy-three. He served in the U.S. Army after graduation from the UO and then moved to San Francisco with his wife, Betty, where they raised two children. An attorney for corporations including Del Monte Foods and RJR Nabisco, he was known for his wry sense of humor, his flair for pancakes, and his enigmatic anecdotes.

Fred L. Mueller '53 died October 2, 2005. He was seventy-five years old. He served in the Air Force as a jet pilot during the Korean War. He then earned his degree from the UO and worked as a regional sales manager for Jantzen International

DECADES

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

1926 Extolling the virtues of the UO and its "pioneer spirit," *Old Oregon* sings the praises of its undergraduates, most of whom are third-generation descendants of hardy pioneers: "If heredity means anything and indeed if the theory of natural selection is valid, the Oregon students should be fundamentally of unusually virile stock."

1936 Thirty-five UO grads attend a swanky alumni gathering at the bohemian, silver-walled New York City apartment of Leonebel Jacobs '07, an internationally renowned portrait painter of such famous subjects as Mrs. Herbert Hoover and the Emperor of China.

1946 A survey of UO alumni reveals that a majority is now employed in the professional service sector, with business, teaching, medicine, and law attracting the most graduates.

1956 Plans for the Walton complex, a 329-unit residence hall, call for completion of the \$1.4 million project in 1958. The thoroughly modern complex will feature walls covered in easy-to-clean plastic and floors covered with vinyl-plastic tile.

1966 Psychology Professor Hayden Mees experiments with a new method to help cigarette smokers kick the habit. Subjects in one experimental group achieve

moderate success simply by holding their breath and imagining lighting a cigarette; subjects in another group fare less well when each imaginary puff is accompanied by an electric shock.

1976 The times are changing for the UO's historically dry campus as promoters of a proposed student-owned-and-operated tavern in the Erb Memorial Union introduce liquor to campus every Friday afternoon at a simulated German beer garden in the EMU courtyard.

1986 UO student population survey statistics: Percentage change in the total number of black students at the UO, from 1970 to 1986: -32; Female portion of student body, 1950: 1/3; today: 1/2; Percentage increase in the number of UO sorority pledges, from 1984 to 1986: 55; Number of UO undergraduates majoring in pre-business: 1700; Number majoring in classics: 6.

1996 Nike CEO Phil Knight makes history, giving the UO the largest single private donation ever made in the Northwest. His \$25 million gift, combined with matching funds, will nearly double the number of fully funded endowed professorships at the UO and will help finance construction of a new law school building.

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Swimwear & Sportswear Co. for twenty-seven years. With his wife, Norma, he retired in Punta Gorda, Florida.

Mort R. Patton '53 died November 10, 2005, at the age of eighty-six. He and his wife, Betty, lived in Georgia, and the couple had four children, ten grandchildren, and five great-grandchildren.

Bernard "Bud" Joseph Sandoz '54 died at his home in The Dalles on September 30, 2005. He was seventy-nine. During WWII, he served in the U.S. Army and then worked in Washington, D.C. After graduation from the UO, he returned to The Dalles and worked as an accountant. He was active in many community organizations, including St. Peter's Catholic Church, Cascade Singers, and Hospice Care. He enjoyed gardening, reading, and writing short stories.

Thelma J. Siefke '57 MA '69 died at age ninety-nine on December 27, 2005. In June 1933, she married William, who would be her husband for sixty-eight years. She taught at Northwest Christian College for thirty years. A pastor's wife, she was a member of Twin Oaks Christian Church and the Women's Christian Temperance Movement and was named Lane County Woman of the Year in 1983. She enjoyed singing church music, knitting, gardening, camping, and traveling to church missions overseas.

Norma Rose Evans '73 died February 11 at the age of eighty-six. She lived in Oregon all her life and entered the UO in 1937 as a psychology major. At the UO, she pledged Chi Omega sorority and changed her major to interior design in the AAA school, where she met and married Tom Potter. After WWII began, she dropped out of school and moved to Portland with Tom. Later, they moved to a small walnut farm they called "Nutshell Farm" in Hillsboro. Divorced in 1973, she returned to the UO and completed her psychology degree. She then remained on campus, serving as the housemother for the Chi Omega sorority.

Nancy J. Reynolds '79 MS '80 died March 2 of ovarian cancer. She was sixty-five years old. At the UO, she earned both of her degrees in art education and worked as an elementary and high-school teacher. Always an artist, she enjoyed sewing, painting, drawing, music, and photography. She was active in the Eugene community as a member of First United Methodist Church and Open Door for adoptive children. She also served as the cook for a UO fraternity.

Faculty In Memoriam

Sanford "Sandy" Tepfer of Eugene died April 8 of heart failure at age eighty-eight. He was a UO professor emeritus of biology, who had served as the head of the biology department for about ten of his thirty-three years at the University, beginning in 1955. Throughout his life, he was very active in conservation groups in Oregon and on the national level. He was a board member of Mount Pisgah Arboretum as well as a national board member and honorary vice president of the Sierra Club. He will be greatly missed by Bertha, his wife of sixty-four years, their four sons and six grandchildren, and the many UO students and faculty whose lives he touched.

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BRENN THERE, DONE THAT

He's rubbed elbows with Len Casanova and the Emperor of Japan.

EVEN IF NOTHING ELSE HAD EVER happened to Bruce Brenn '58, he could certainly claim an unusual childhood. He grew up in Tokyo while his father helped Japanese citizens reclaim looted property after World War II. Life became decidedly more interesting one Sunday afternoon in 1949, when his dad told the fourteen-year-old and his older brother, Harry, to change into the nice Hawaiian shirts he had purchased at the PX. They drove to an old French colonial house, where the boys were sent to a gloomy sitting room and their dad went off to meet with Japanese officials. After what seemed like hours, the brothers watched with disbelieving eyes as their father re-emerged with Japan's prime minister, Shigeru Yoshida, who was grinning from ear to ear.

"On the way home, I said, 'What the heck is this all about?'" recalls Brenn, now seventy-one. "And my dad said, 'Well, you're going to be meeting with the crown prince.'"

Three weeks later, the boys found themselves at the home of Elizabeth Vining, the prince's American tutor. Though the crown prince and two schoolmates arrived in uniform, the afternoon was surprisingly relaxed — just some time spent playing word games and chatting about horseback riding. The prince "was very quiet and reserved, but listening hard and trying to understand our English," Brenn remembers.

Four years passed without any royal visits. Brenn was back in the States, playing football for Boise Junior College. One day, quite out of the blue, he and his brother were contacted by Japanese government representatives for a meeting with the crown prince, who was on his way home from Queen Elizabeth's coronation in England. They met at a ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where they spent mornings exploring backcountry on horseback, accompanied by a pair of U.S. Secret Service



Michael Ojert

men. Unlike the federal agents, whose lack of riding skill left them "petrified," the prince "was an outstanding rider," Brenn says.

In fact, Brenn discovered that a royal bloodline carries with it some athletic ability. "He was phenomenal at ping-pong, excellent at tennis," Brenn says. Which raises the question: When you are standing across a ping-pong table from Japan's crown prince, do you let him win? "You don't have to let him win!" Brenn says, laughing. "You have to try and hold your own. He stomped my brother and me at ping-pong."

Brenn transferred to the University of Oregon and spent two years under legendary coach Len Casanova, who guided the team to the Rose Bowl in 1958. Brenn's contribution to UO football history was celebrated before a full house at Autzen Stadium, when he was named the Honorary Captain at the 2004 homecoming game.

After his UO days, Brenn went on to the University of Michigan to get degrees in Japanese studies and economics and then worked in international banking in Asia for twenty-five years. While in Tokyo he and his wife, Cindy, kept in regular touch with the royal family, playing

doubles tennis with the crown prince and princess and dining at Touguu Gosho, the prince's royal residence.

The prince ascended the throne in 1989, and as emperor, his "obligations to attend to became much more onerous," Brenn says. He and Cindy didn't meet with the royal family for more than a decade, until they were invited to a luncheon in the Imperial Palace in 2003. Though they dined on an extensive feast amongst servants and chamberlains ("You name it, it was there — fish, sushi, tempura . . . absolutely delicious," he recalls), the four fell back into comfortable conversation almost instantly, discussing the empress's efforts to rejuvenate ancient silk-weaving practices, and taking a personal tour, led by the emperor, of the Imperial Palace's majestic bamboo gardens. "If there's one word that describes the emperor and the empress, it's graciousness," Brenn says. "He's very reserved, very informed, very curious. He wants your opinions about things; he asks you questions."

Brenn peppers his phrases with a "golly" here and a "gee whiz" there, and many of his close friends were unaware of his ties to Japan's royalty until quite recently. But facts are facts: No civilian can claim such contact with Japan's emperor, says Ken Ruoff, author of *The People's Emperor, Democracy and the Japanese Monarchy, 1945–1995*. "I don't know of another case like it, among Americans," Ruoff says. "The informal time spent with the emperor and empress of such quantity and quality is almost surely unique."

So, what are the chances Brenn can convince His Majesty to take in a game at Autzen Stadium? Brenn chuckles at the suggestion. "Well, I think they'd be pretty restricted in what they'd be able to do," he says with a smile. "But there are a lot of things in Oregon we'd love to have them see."

— MATT WILLIAMS '96

A TEMPORARY LOSER

by Seth Clark Walker '95 MS '05

MY NAME IS SETH. I AM thirty-three years old. I am single, and I live with my mom and dad. I have my own car, but I drive my mom's when I can because it is new, shiny, and black. I do not have a job, and I do not know when I will get one.

It has not always been this way. During one period in my life, I spent nearly eight years working for a high-tech giant. I was that corporate guy, the one with the creased khakis, balding forehead, and cell phone on the hip. I did well, and I made good money. I put in the sixty-hour weeks and suffered the self-imposed periods of long isolation from my family and friends come project time.

I spent too much time flirting with Heather, the young barista in the corporate café.

Many of my acquaintances liked it when I worked in high tech. There was always something to talk about — computers, business trends, money. A few of my friends asked me for jobs, and I helped them out when I could. I did not always like my job, but I was proud to say that I worked in the high-tech industry. It secretly made me feel smart. It got me invited to parties, and once I arrived, my place of work quickly explained a lot about me.

But now, I wrestle with small talk. Do I tell people about my situation, with irony? Do I pad it with caveats and disclaimers? No matter my approach, people do not quite know what to do with me. Conversations with strangers go something like this:

“So, Seth, what do you do for a living?”

“Nothing.”

I fidget as I talk. It is difficult to say I do nothing. I struggle to own the reality and truth of what I am saying. My inner turmoil makes others uncomfortable. Some look down, others to the side. After my friend Mary witnessed me having one of these tortured conversations with someone I had just met, she inserted herself and spoke up on my behalf.

“He’s just finished graduate school. He just sold his house and made a nice profit. He might take a job in Portland. He’s working on a book.”

She said these things as much to bring comfort to herself as to me. The message to the stranger: “I wouldn’t hang out with such a loser.”

In some cultures, people live with their parents well into



adulthood and are not considered losers. Some even live with their parents after they marry (I am not advocating this). They live with their parents for a variety of reasons: financial necessity, tradition, desire, youthfulness, laziness. Most of these reasons — save the last — are perfectly reasonable. But as far as I can tell, in the United States, there is no socially acceptable reason for me to be single and living with my parents at age thirty-three.

I am secretly enjoying my time at home. I do not tell my friends this. Sure, the lack of bills and the free food are nice, but that is not why I am relishing this time. For this brief period in my life, I get to see

my parents close-up through an adult lens. My mother retired from teaching a few years ago, and I have always wondered how she spent her time. Now I get to see the little routines that bring her daily comfort: coffee and the newspaper in the morning, mahjong or golf with the ladies during the day, solitaire on the computer at night while watching *Jeopardy*. I also get to see how my father is handling the remission from the cancer that attacked his neck. He is a typical guy’s guy, so he does not talk about health issues. Now I can watch him smile more and I can listen as his voice gets stronger.

One of my former students (I was a teaching assistant in grad school) pointed out that my temporary loser status is good for at least one thing outside of the home: It is a great way to find a true friend. If a person accepts me now, she said, everything else is upside.

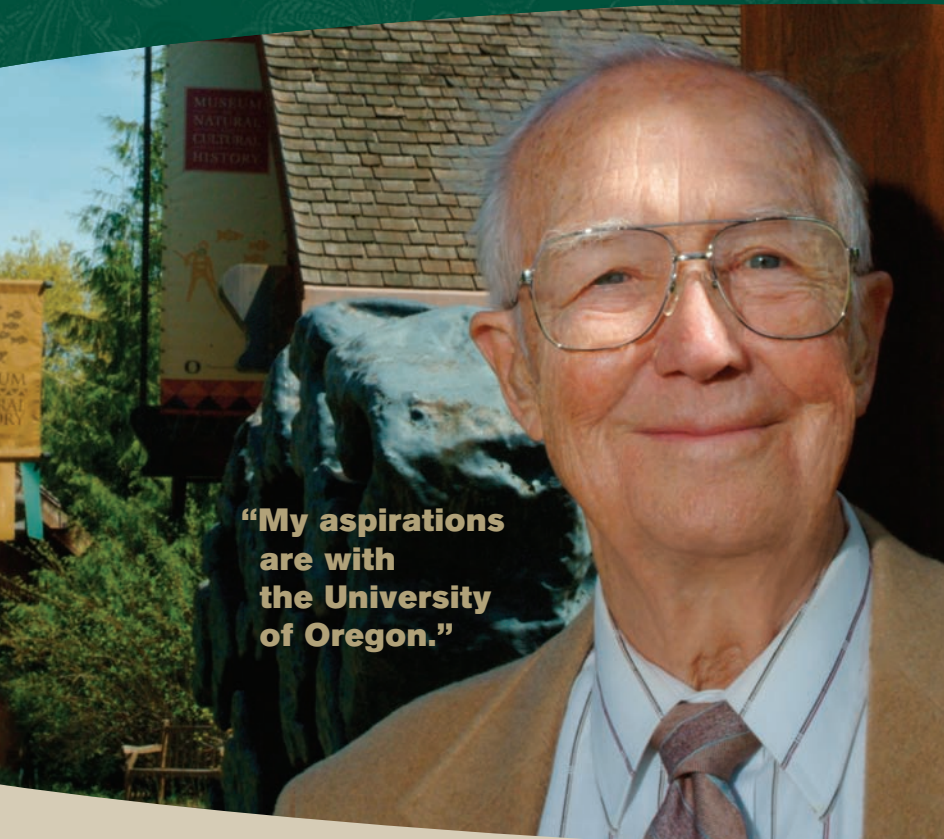
I think she is right. So for now, I am just going to keep hanging out in the coffee shop where I am a regular. There is a new barista there. She knows my name, and she does not ask me about work. She seems to accept me in that please-order-your-drink-and-do-not-hit-on-me kind of way. If someday she does ask me about work, I will tell her that I just finished grad school. Maybe I will tell her that I am a writer. If she looks disappointed, perhaps I will tell her about my old high-tech days. Then maybe she will think I am cool.

Seth Clark Walker wrote this essay in the summer of 2005 before landing his current job as the program coordinator for the UO School of Journalism and Communication Turnbull Portland Center. Since he has a job, he no longer considers himself a temporary loser. He still likes driving his mother's shiny black car.

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