

AUTUMN 2006

BARRY LOPEZ  
AND LANDSCAPE  
LANGUAGE

GARDENS IN WAR

AUTZEN  
TICKET SCENE

STUDENT  
ESSAY WINNER

# OREGON

## [ End of an Era? ]



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Garry Fritz

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Dan Carter

*Trojan Course p. 26*

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## VERDICT RIGHT ON CELILO ESSAY

The judges were so right. Susan Pesz-  
necker's piece of work on Celilo Falls  
["Dreaming of Celilo," Summer 2006]  
was superb. Years of water have flowed  
under the dam and over the memories,  
but hers will help keep alive the phenom-  
enon that once was.

Tom Wright '48  
Portland

## TERROR ROOTS

Thank you for calling our attention to  
*Dying to Win: The Strategic Logic of Suicide  
Terrorism* by Robert Pape ["The Logic of  
Terror," Currents, Summer 2006]. I was  
present in Ceylon (Sri Lanka) at the  
birth of the Tamil versus Sinhalese con-  
flict, long before the Tamil Tigers. Most  
people do not realize that the violence  
began in the late 1950s when the major-  
ity population of Sinhalese took over  
the government after independence from  
Britain. Tamil businesses were looted and  
burned, traffic was blocked by Sinhalese  
thugs, drunk on toddy, searching for  
Tamils to burn with tire necklaces, trains  
were blown up, Tamils were attacked  
in their homes. My father raced in his  
UN jeep to rescue his Tamil forestry  
assistants from mobs. My mother worked  
in a refugee center caring for Tamils.  
Sinhalese became the national language

### OREGON QUARTERLY LETTERS POLICY

The magazine welcomes all letters, but  
reserves the right to edit for space and  
clarity. Send your comments to Editor,  
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while Tamils were locked out of jobs  
and education. Finally, many immigrated  
to western countries during the 1970s.  
Maybe Pape can help us all to address  
the roots of terrorism, real or perceived  
injustice.

Robin Burwell M.I.R. '84  
Portland

## STRAW, NOT HAY, FOR BUILDING

I recently read the article in the Summer  
2006 issue by Garret Jaros '99 entitled  
"Straw-Bale Heyday." I enjoyed the arti-  
cle and was happy to see Kelly Lerner  
given credit for her inspirational work.  
I recently interviewed Lerner myself, for  
my company's website, about her work  
in China and the award she rightfully  
received for it. So let me first say thank  
you to Jaros for the article.

A quick note of importance related to  
the technical details of the "Straw Bale  
Primer" should be made. Jaros writes:  
"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." There is a major difference  
between *straw* bales and *hay* bales. If we  
straw bale builders used hay to build our  
houses, the walls would either start grow-  
ing grass or would rot in a short period of  
time. It is absolutely crucial that balers  
use dry straw, not hay, to build with.  
This is a common slip of the tongue for  
many people, but the ramifications of  
actually substituting hay for straw would  
be huge.

We have a lot of information avail-  
able about the advantages, details, and  
techniques of straw bale construction  
on our website, [www.StrawBale.com](http://www.StrawBale.com).  
Thanks again for the article and for  
highlighting Lerner's great work.

Andrew Morrison  
Jacksonville

## SURVEY SAYS . . .

A sampling of comments by readers who  
took part in a phone survey about *Oregon  
Quarterly*. The survey was conducted by  
Advanced Marketing Research of Eugene  
in June.

I like the magazine and am thrilled to  
do surveys about the magazine! It makes  
me feel connected.

[The magazine should] not . . . take  
itself too seriously. Sometimes it can be  
a little heavy and highfalutin. Keep it  
light.

Outstanding magazine. Keep doing  
the quality work you do. It keeps us  
interested and willing to support faculty  
and the UO.

Really a good quality magazine. Love  
getting it—just so the people in the  
South can see how great we are.

It's all about liberal issues—they don't  
have anything about the school or the  
football team.

I'm a huge sports fan, but I think  
sports should be removed and add more  
alumni and campus issues since it is just  
a quarterly magazine.

Great magazine. Loved the article on  
fishing. Need more alumni.

[We receive] three other college mag-  
azines but they don't compare to *Oregon  
Quarterly*.

They didn't have as many class notes  
in the last issue and that was disappoint-  
ing to me.

I love reading it [and] prefer print to  
e-mail. Keep printing it. Don't stop.

Staying in touch through the publica-  
tion is very important.

I enjoy it. I like to e-mail articles to  
friends if there is one I like, and it would  
be good if they got online quickly.

I only donate because of this maga-  
zine.

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Courtesy Kenneth Helphand

## RAISING RADISHES IN HELL

*In the midst of the unprecedented slaughter that came to be known as the First World War, Winston Churchill remarked, “War is the normal occupation of man.” He paused a moment, then added, “War . . . and gardening.” What does it mean that even during the tumult of war we feel an impulse to till the soil, plant seeds, weed, and water—tending to our flowers and vegetables even on savage battlefields? In Defiant Gardens—Making Gardens in Wartime (Trinity University Press, 2006), UO Landscape Architecture Professor Kenneth Helphand explores the dimensions of this curious tendency and meditates on the deeper commentaries these brave efforts make on the human condition.*

**M**ANY YEARS AGO I DISCOVERED A remarkable pair of stereoscopic photographs titled “Shelters with Gardens Behind. In the French Trenches.” Along a hedgerow, soldiers are standing beside their dugout shelters. A dirt pathway mimicking a walkway in a small village of houses and gardens connects the earthen hovels. Troglodyte soldiers have emerged from these to create and work in gardens. Visible are planting beds, vegetables, and small rails made of branches carefully marking the boundaries and ornamenting the edges between each soldier’s plot. The caption on the reverse of the stereograph reads: “This view tells but little of war’s desolation. . . . There is a human touch

in the act of the soldiers in brightening up the spot with growing flowers and plants. . . . It is no exaggeration to say that the soldier in the trenches digs and crawls, marches and retreats, sweats and freezes, often fights and perhaps may die. It is interesting to know that during all he is so manifestly human that flower gardens engage his spare time thought.” This garden was created amid trench warfare, a world of labyrinthine horror, wet, cold, smelly, squalid, one that became a charnel house and often a tomb.

How and why would one create a garden in these places and at this time? These war gardens were surely rare, and in the front-line trenches, barely possible.

Gardens behind the front lines, in reserve and supply trenches, were more common but still scarce. The act of creating any garden in these circumstances seems almost miraculous.

Soldiers did what they had to do to cope with the war. Their first goal was to survive, but they accomplished much more. These gardens offered much in addition to sustenance. They offered soldiers a way to control something in the midst of chaos. They represented home and hope, affording a pastoral escape from the war—one essential for mental health. The gardens were mechanisms of survival, but they were also a form of trench art: they were both good for food and good to look at.





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# We Have Big Plans For This Town.

Han-Mei Chiang is a 2004 graduate of the UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts. Her last two undergraduate years were spent in the Portland Urban Architecture Program, a program that links UO students with professional and community groups right here in Portland. It's hands-on experience that's building a strong foundation of communication between students and Portland architects. "The Portland Program exposed me to working professionals from all sizes of firms in the area. That one-on-one exposure has definitely given me an upper hand in launching my professional career." Chiang now works at ZGF Partnership in Portland, and is drawing up design and construction plans for the Providence Portland Medical Center. When it comes to transforming lives, we're making no small plans.

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## DISPATCH FROM THE MOMMY WARS

*A successful woman finds herself faced with many changes to her work and family life brought on by the child she discovers she will soon be raising. In Surprise Child: Finding Hope in Unexpected Pregnancy (WaterBrook Press, 2006) Leslie Leyland Fields M.A. '84, M.A. '85, who had two unplanned pregnancies in her forties, weaves her own experiences with those of other women in similar situations. Used by permission of WaterBrook Press. All rights reserved.*

FOR ME, AFTER DISCOVERING THE SECOND unplanned pregnancy, I decided I would give up my academic career for good. I would hand it over, walk away from what I had thought I wanted and worked toward for twenty years. Four years of college, five years of graduate school, a résumé that had grown to five pages, and finally the job I wanted: a tenure-track position as assistant professor of English at a state university.

After five years in the job, I sat on a plane on my way to an academic conference. No one at the college knew yet that I was pregnant or that I would soon be resigning because of it. I was acutely aware that this was my last flight as an English professor. I sat against the window, dressed in a roomy black wool jumper, a black trench coat, and black leather shoes. The flight was an hour, time enough to get some classwork done. I pulled out my laptop and began to type.

As I worked, I overheard laughter. Across the aisle, two women sat together, both overweight, dressed in jeans, sneakers, and sport jackets. They were good friends obviously and, I soon learned, both mothers of small children. They were discussing their toddlers' toilet-training experiences in voices loud enough for the front half of the plane to hear.

"When did you start training Christopher?"

"Much too soon! He wasn't ready. I could never get him to put his penis down—he calls it a pee-pee—and he'd end up spraying all over the bathroom walls!"

The other woman hooted and began her own urine-in-the-wrong-places story. And soon they graduated to narratives of poop.

I was listening to this, of course. I couldn't help it. I almost smiled at the irony of it, knowing the visible contrasts between us: I was the one in heels, working a laptop, on a deadline, flying alone, obviously on business, yet I had five children at home, one slightly more than a year old. And another on the way. I could tell my own potty-training combat stories. *But I don't. And I don't do it in public*, I thought, feeling disdain for these housewives. My stomach twisted at this visible reminder of where I was headed again. I thought of all I was letting go of, that soon I would be like them, flying in sneakers and jeans, talking about my kids' excrement or, worse, cleaning it up. And not caring who knew about it.

And then, sometime during that trip, I heard myself. Who did I think I was? I still had so far to go.

In my eighth month of pregnancy, I was back in the same city, with [son] Abraham now, almost two years old, and [my husband] Duncan, who was there on business. I was no longer an English professor. Though I was there to give a writing workshop at the university and was working on this book, I was mostly stay-at-home, pregnant-mom Leslie, just trying to get through the pregnancy and trying to keep the rest of my family in the essentials.

While waiting for Duncan's meeting to finish on a Sunday afternoon, I stayed with Abraham in the foyer of a corporate office building. We waited for more than thirty minutes, during which time I attempted to contain Abraham's destruction of the water cooler, the neat stack of paper cups, the carpet, my clothes. He got me partly wet; I was tired, on my knees picking up cups, my body overwhelmed with a load I could hardly carry. Then the elevator bell rang.

Out stepped a woman dressed in an impeccable black wool suit, black hose, spike heels, with an elegant strand of pearls around her neck, her hair stylish, her makeup extensive. She was calm, professional, and in full control. I was none of these things. And I knew her. I had interviewed her for a book I had written years earlier.

"Oh! Leslie! How are you?" she queried as she glanced quickly at my belly, her face trying to hide the obvious astonishment. We were close to the same age.

"I'm doing well," I fibbed, equally shocked at her appearance. Why did she look as if she were about to attend the opera rather than a casual weekend meeting in a closed-down building where everyone else was wearing jeans?

We struggled to make small talk to cover our mutual discomfort while I tried to keep Abraham in line, and then she walked coolly down the hall to her meeting. I knew what I looked like in her eyes: the eternally pregnant woman with no political or social influence, a woman of the house. A loser in the Mommy wars. Her children were nearly grown and gone. But I felt no envy for her. I didn't need to be there anymore. I knew what that was like; I knew her sense of self and significance was based mostly on how others viewed her. I had lived in both places, and one was not higher than the other. One was harder; there was no question. I had been called back to the harder work.

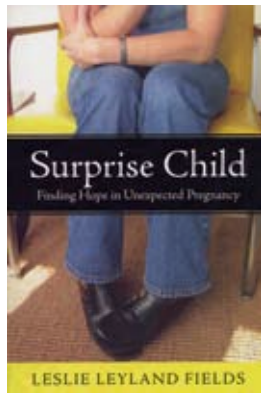
Maybe I was almost ready then. I knew the changes I had made in my life were right and good: I was leaving the work I loved for the work of loving another.

We all do it, make changes as we wait for the birth of our baby, make room in our lives, our houses, our work, our hearts. Changes that feel hard at the time, that *are* hard at the time. But we do it anyway, believing that something of greater value is coming.

## CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

*What if your world were visited by strange-looking, technologically advanced aliens arriving in gigantic ships beyond your imagination? What might you say? The way such an encounter transpired in eighteenth century Oregon is recounted in this excerpt from Oregon Indians: Voices from Two Centuries (Oregon State University Press, 2006), a compilation of documents edited by historian Stephen Dow Beckham Ph.D. '64, in which Oregon Indians tell their own story.*

ONE OF THE REMARKABLE DOCUMENTS of first encounters between Native Oregonians and Europeans is a single word recorded in the leather-bound manuscript diary of Dr. Archibald Menzies







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in the library of the British Museum. This log of travels of the Vancouver expedition to the North Pacific chronicled a meeting at sea on April 25, 1792, off the headlands near Port Orford. Two canoes of Indians paddled out from the shore and, as Menzies noted: “On their coming alongside & after they were on board they kept constantly repeating the word *Slaghshee*.”

Athabaskan language scholar Victor Golla of Humboldt State University identifies the word as from the Tututni language of southwestern coastal Oregon. In Tututni the term *lahsri* means “friend” and *shi* or *sh* is the emphatic pronoun meaning “my” or “mine.”

Thus, at the moment of contact at the end of the eighteenth century, the natives approached the Europeans with kindly words as well as eagerness. “My friends, my friends,” they uttered over and over.

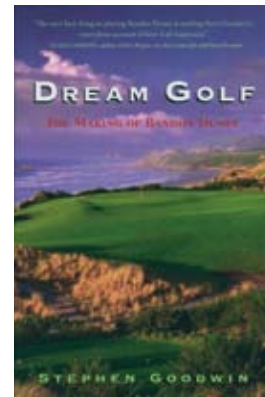
This single word in the Menzies diary is the earliest recorded coastal Athabaskan term and may be one of the oldest from the large language family as spoken in what is now the United States.

## THE COURSE AND THE GORSE

*The transformation of a rugged stretch of Oregon coastline—through sweat, toil, and serendipity—into a first-rate British-style “links” golf course is the subject of Dream Golf: The Making of Bandon Dunes (Algonquin Books of Chapel Hill, 2006) by Stephen Goodwin, who recently read at the UO Bookstore.*

**B**Y 1995, FOUR YEARS AFTER MIKE [Keiser] purchased the Bandon property, it was beginning to look as though the Coos County Board of Commissioners was going to approve the proposed amendment allowing the development of Bandon Dunes. All the right pieces—the support of the tribes, the negotiations with the state agencies, the endorsement of the planning direc-

tor—were clicking into place. Mike, as we shall see, had been pressing forward with plans for the golf course, and [project partner] Howard [McKee] was trying to coordinate the work of botanists, hydrologists, geologists, and all the other experts and specialists whose contributions were needed to fulfill all the conditions required by state law. Approval seemed to be just a matter of time, but there was always another hoop to jump through, another



T to cross. Not until July 31, 1996, did the Coos County Board of Commissioners come to an oral decision, and on August 21, 1996, the Coos County Zoning and Land Development Ordinance was

officially changed to permit the building of the Bandon Dunes Resort.

For Howard, it was a hard-earned and personal victory. By the end of that year, as the project went from the permitting phase into an action mode, one that would require all the open-ended plans to be translated into specific buildings, roads, wells, parking lots, and other infrastructure, he was exhausted. His Russian adventure had also taken a lot out of him, and just after Christmas he was diagnosed with colon cancer. (“Considering all that was going on here and in Russia,” he told me on another occasion, “I suppose I was lucky that it wasn’t anything worse than cancer.”) On that October night in the Gallery [restaurant], he was the last to finish eating, and he was in a reflective mood. “This whole place was about serendipity. I wrote a paper once about it, about all the coincidences, all the serendipitous things that came together to make the project what it turned out to be. You couldn’t possibly have scripted all the events that dovetailed. We made all the right arguments, we did all our homework, we talked to all the people we should have talked to, but in the end, I think the real turning point was the gorse.”

The gorse?

“The gorse,” Howard said. “What kind of serendipity is that? Here we are on the coast of Oregon, thousands of miles from Ireland, and we have a site covered by gorse that was brought over here by

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George Bennett, an Irishman. The local people regard the gorse as an obnoxious plant, since it's so prickly and so invasive. Even worse, it's highly flammable, and the town of Bandon has been destroyed twice by intensely hot fires.

"Gorse burns like kerosene, and it's spread all over this area. We were able to persuade the local people that the best way to eliminate the threat of fire was to clear the gorse and to plant grass, which is almost the only way to keep it from spreading. The Nature Conservancy had looked at this land to buy it, but they couldn't come up with a plan to control the gorse. We convinced Coos County that grass is the antidote to gorse."

Mike said, "So Lord Bennett of Ireland, when he brought the gorse, unknowingly enabled us to get our golf course built."

## BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS

*Maybe pit bulls, the most feared—and misunderstood—breed of dog, aren't as bad as many people think. In "Ambassador of the Bad Breed," writer Robin Munro profiles Amanda Gribben, a "pit bull advocate" who lives with twenty-two fanged, furry, and ferocious (or not) friends. The story appeared in the UO School of Journalism and Communication's student-produced Flux magazine (Spring 2006).*

**S**HE TOOK HOME HER FIRST PIT BULL in 2000. While volunteering at the pound, she met Fleece, her inaugural adoptee. With artichoke-shaped ears that register no sound, Fleece languished for months at the shelter. On lunch breaks, Amanda taught Fleece hand signals using books on how to train deaf dogs. No one adopted him. So she did.

She rescued Squiggle, a squirmy black and white pit bull/whippet mix with a square-inch benign tumor in his chest. She rescued K-Bear, a three-year-old dark brown female with a limp from an untreated broken leg. She rescued Lava, an abused, over-bred [American staffordshire terrier] found caught in a barbed wire fence by Animal Control. Malnourished, pregnant, twenty-five pounds underweight with a gaping wound on her side, Lava sat unclaimed in quarantine until Amanda brought her home to deliver eleven healthy puppies. Too aggressive for adoption,



Kaitie Gleason

Lava was scheduled for euthanasia. Too attached, Amanda couldn't let this happen; because of Lava, her emerging rescue operation became a no-kill sanctuary for pit bulls.

"I thought, 'OK, I love pit bulls. I think I have a niche here. No one has a sanctuary for pit bulls—they're the bad dog. This is a challenge. I like challenges. I can handle this,'" Amanda recites methodically, as though she's repeated these lines

to disbelievers and naysayers countless times. She seems wearied of dispelling myths and would rather refer these same naysayers to Web sites than explain yet again that pit bull jaws, unlike alligator jaws, do not lock. She's tired of explaining that pit bulls "seem mean because they're treated mean," and that she's seen people slip a homeless man a twenty to sneak up on their dog and beat it while the dog is chained to a fence post in the backyard. "Why would anyone do that?" they ask. To make it a "guard dog," of course. To make it mean. Pit bulls are not inherently human-aggressive, but because of their intense loyalty to their owners and high tolerance for pain, they are regularly trained as fighting dogs.

At the clinic, I watch as Amanda deftly extracts blood from sick cats and clips puppies' toenails. She calls the animals "kiddo" or "sweetie," talking to them like a pediatrician would to a small child receiving his first shots. "OK, a little cold, kiddo," she says as she swabs a black cat's leg. "Hi, sweetie. Hi. Just lick your lips and you won't notice," she advises a white rat named Nick as another technician scrapes off skin cells with a razor blade.

With feathery reddish-blond hair

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scrunched in a poof-ball ponytail, ears rimmed with silver rings and another piercing her nose, she doesn't look thirty. Nor does she dress like thirty. She's wearing tight stretch jeans with little rhinestones and turquoise swirls on the back pockets. They could fit a pre-teen. But her eyes tell a different age. Smart and scrutinizing, cobalt blue, Amanda's eyes have seen it all. They've seen sickness. At twenty-six, Amanda had cervical cancer. They've seen poverty. She lived on welfare

with her mom in the New Jersey projects before moving to her grandfather's farm. They've seen abuse. "My first husband pushed me down the stairs when I was pregnant at seventeen." They've seen homelessness. To escape her husband, Amanda slept between classes in her car. Completely full, the homeless shelter where she worked couldn't offer refuge. So she'd drive to the coast and back at night, her three rescue dogs steaming the windows of her car. "A lot of people get

into the mental health field to solve their own problems," she says. "It's a lot easier to tell other people how to fix their lives than to fix your own."

She's friendly, but there's an edge. I worry about saying the wrong thing—like how some dogs are fine, so long as you don't touch their ears or paws or whatever sets them off. "I'm like a pit bull," Amanda says. "I'm loyal, I'm smart, I love to snuggle, and I've got a little bit of a temper."

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## SIX-EYED ROMANCE

*The Oregon Quarterly office gets a lot of e-mail, most of it is pretty mundane, but on occasion a visit to our inbox is the start of something quite unexpected. This exchange took place in June.*

**G**REETINGS,  
I'm trying to track down a specific article from an old Oregon alumni magazine and am hoping someone with *Oregon Quarterly* may be able to help me. Unfortunately, I do not know the date, issue, or author of the article, only the subject matter. The article was a short 1–2 page essay about the attractiveness of women who wear glasses. The essay appeared in an issue that came out before 1998. Most likely, it was between 1994 and 1997? I know this is not much to go on, but am hopeful that someone there might remember the article or be able to do a quick search. I would be most grateful if someone could identify the issue, and where I might be able to access a copy of it in [my local] area.

Much thanks!

X [name withheld]

Dear X,

The story you are looking for, "The Four Eyes of Desire" (excerpted from the book *Remote* by David Shields), appeared in the Summer



1996 issue. I have a copy I can send you.

Best,  
~OQ

Super! Great! Much Thanks! Such a fun article. Really appreciate it. Got my latest issue yesterday and look forward to reading about Celilo Falls.

X

Dear X,

By the way, may I ask what it is about the story that has sent you on this hunt?

~OQ

Thanks. The article is as good as I remember it. Did you read it? My story's not anything special, boy meets girl, girl wears glasses, girl doesn't like glasses, boy likes glasses, boy remembers funny article that explains better than he ever could why he likes glasses, gives girl article, girl laughs, likes boy more and wears glasses more.

Really appreciate your digging it up and sending it to me!

X

Dear X,

Happy to do anything for love.

All smiles,

~OQ



David Goodman

This installation, "Barrel Flag," is the creation of two undergraduate art majors, Lorraine Dowty and Dylan Hosey. The piece stood near the walkway between the EMU and the main entrance to Lawrence Hall.

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## NORTHERN LIGHT SHOW

This photo, *Aurora Finale*, by Eugene-based photographer John Flinn, is from "Northern Lights—Luminous Emissaries from the Arctic Skies," an exhibit of fourteen of his large-format color prints on display at the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History (1680 East 15th Avenue) through February 25. For more information, call the museum at (541) 346-3024.





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# Career Transitions

## Getting Ahead in the Workplace

By Deb Chereck, Director, UO Career Center

**Securing a job is only the first step in building a career. Here are some tips that will help to ensure job security and advancement:**

- **Continue learning**—Stay ahead of the pack in building skills necessary for success in your industry. Whether it is technology tools, people or project management, or industry-specific skills, be aware of what it takes to be indispensable and prepared for future opportunities.
- **Dress for success**—To do so demonstrates that you are ready to assume greater levels of responsibility by being better dressed than average.
- **Be sensitive to issues of diversity**—Employees are often evaluated on their ability to interact and cooperate with individuals from diverse backgrounds. Developing and demonstrating expertise and sensitivity to the ever-changing workplace is not only necessary but the right thing to do.
- **Identify and seek out a mentor**—Develop close working relationships with one or more successful and advancing managers. Support them and you may be rewarded.
- **Solicit feedback**—Make sure your work is valued and you are growing in ways necessary for success by your employer's standards.
- **Demonstrate adaptability by becoming versatile**—Learn as many different jobs in the organization as possible and collaborate with employees from different functions. The more you know, the less susceptible you will be during downturns and the better off you will be when opportunities open up throughout the organization.
- **Networking internally and externally**—Once you identify the career goal of interest to you, conduct informational interviews with those who hold those positions to define a pathway. Professional organizations can provide you with industry-based knowledge and strategies to help you achieve your goals.



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# A Good Life

COMPLEX LAYERS OF A FAMILY'S HISTORY COME TO LIGHT DURING A VISIT TO AN OTIS TRAILER PARK.

**BY KELLE X. LAWRENCE**

MAIN PHOTO BY JOHN BAUGUESS

**A** S MY TRUCK WHEELS BUMP AND CRUNCH on the unpaved road, my headlights shine on trailer porches holding broken furniture, boat parts, brown winter-dead plants, and square-headed dogs on chains. From the leaning porch of a dilapidated beige trailer, a woman beckons me with a lit cigarette down a dark driveway.

My father's youngest sister, Frances, rushes down the steps to greet me. We have never met. She is fifty-seven with permed gray hair and wide, hopeful eyes surrounded by soft wrinkles. She wears a lilac terry cloth shirt and off-white polyester pants frayed at the seams and snug on her pear shape. Her shoes are shiny, puffy Velcro sneakers sold in the slipper section of discount stores. With a rural, Gomer Pylesque accent, she eagerly invites me inside her mobile home.

As I pass through the front door, I bump my arm on the kitchen counter, almost toppling a jar filled with striped ribbon candy fused by time into one big clump. I hunch beneath the low ceiling as Frances guides me four



steps to the sitting area. The shag carpet is a sixties swirl of burnt orange and mustard yellow. The TV is central to the room and on very loud. Frances's tan, diminutive, and wrinkled third husband, Bruce, a World War II veteran and retired truck driver, pulls himself out of a recliner to shake my hand and shoo his twenty-two-year-old Siamese cat from a chair where he insists I sit. The wall decor is a mix of prayers on white and gold plastic plaques, cheap plaster butterflies, and intricate wooden carvings of the Black Forest sent by Frances's oldest daughter who is stationed on an American army base in Germany. She is thirty-four—my age.

Frances sits on a small couch covered with a fluorescent pink and white afghan. Beside the TV is a square acrylic case covering a brown-skinned doll wearing a dress and headdress crocheted in the same white and pink. Frances follows my gaze.

"That's my Indian maiden. I crocheted her dress. Do you know how to crochet?" she asks.

When I say no, she asks if I can knit, macramé, or sew. I can't.

"I learned all those as a girl. I remember my grandmother teaching me back in Mollie," she says.

The small, poverty-stricken farming town of Mollie, North Carolina, is where my father and Frances are from. Frances is the illegitimate daughter of my grandfather, Archie Smith, a tenant farmer, itinerant Free Will Baptist preacher, and philanderer. Most of the Smith clan stayed in Mollie, which borders South Carolina near the Atlantic coast. My father left to serve in the navy. Eventually he became a sociology professor and settled in a North Carolina university town.

Frances traveled across country to end up in a town eerily similar to Mollie. Otis is a farming town with no stoplight and one gas station, nine miles from coastal Highway 101 and dominated by a trailer park.

"I grew up with my grandparents, and we had to work hard," Frances says. "We lived in a log cabin by the swamp with no plumbing, no electricity, and a dirt yard."

The twenty-two-year-old cat climbs into my lap to purr and drool.

"We all had dirt yards. My grandma would make me get a broom and sweep that yard perfect. We made everything for ourselves. Quilts from scraps we got from dumpsters at the fabric mill. I learned how to cook on a woodstove."

"I didn't know one could cook on a woodstove," I say.

"It was hard, but what I didn't like was working in the tobacco fields. Girls weren't allowed to wear pants, so the tobacco dust would get all over my legs. I must have been allergic because my skin would turn red and itch and ooze all season."

"Dad said you were young when you left Mollie," I say.

"Thirteen. Took a train by myself to meet my mama and my little brother Jimmy in Washougal, Washington. I didn't know them. Thing I most remember is how appalled my stepdaddy was when he saw my flour sack clothes and my railroad-nail curlers. He took me shopping first thing. I liked him a lot, but he died of cancer when I was fifteen," Frances says.

## A TWO-PERSON TABLE FILLS THE KITCHENETTE.

My back is uncomfortably warmed by the oven behind my chair. We eat venison, mashed potatoes and gravy, and boiled-soft broccoli, cauliflower, and carrots. When I ask for tea, Frances looks over at Bruce and giggles. "I told him you would want tea. Your mama always takes tea." She says the latter with her nose in the air and a lilt in her voice. The Mollie people consider my mother city folk. Frances points to sampler boxes of English and herbal teas, both still wrapped in cellophane.

Of my grandfather's children, only my father acknowledges Frances as his sister. My dad and she were friends as children before they knew they were siblings. Frances always worshipped him, and he has visited her regularly since the eighties. I didn't know she existed until I moved to Portland nine years ago.



**F**RANCES ALWAYS FELT LESS IMPORTANT THAN the men in her mother's life. After high school Frances was offered a scholarship to a business college in Portland. Her mother would loan the car to boyfriends, but refused to loan Frances the car so she could commute the twenty-five miles to school. Seeking family, Frances moved back to the tight-knit Mollie community in North Carolina. But she didn't fit in. Everyone knew she was Preacher Smith's bastard.

In Mollie, Frances married a gregarious but shiftless alcoholic and had two girls and one boy in three years. Realizing her husband would never hold a job, she put the kids in her avocado-green Dodge Dart and drove back to Washington. They moved from Washougal to Vancouver to Spokane to Camas with Frances doing clerical work by day and saloon work nights and weekends, but she made time to read and play with her children. "I didn't want them to grow up like I did: ignorant, lonely, and wild," Frances says, emphatically. She had a third daughter with her second husband. "He was a dashing asshole," she says. "I left him because he would call me fat and park in front of the house with other women."

When Frances met Bruce, she informed him that she had four children who would always come first. "I told him that if he didn't like it, he could go to hell," she laughs.



## F RANCES SHOWS ME WHERE I WILL SLEEP.

A twin bed takes up most of the room. The rest is occupied by a bookcase filled with quilting magazines, stacked plastic tubs of sewing materials, and wall shelves lined with holiday music boxes, photos, and macaroni art made by her grandchildren. She takes down a photo.

"This is granddaddy Phoenix. I want you to see this because, except for the white hair, he looks just like your daddy."

I peer at the photo, and she is right. But I am confused. "Who is Phoenix again?" I ask.

"Phoenix is your granddaddy Archie's brother. My mama Louise is your father's aunt. Sweet dreams," she says, leaving the room.

The trailer's one hall is a gallery of family pictures bearing testimony to the Smith clan's dominant genes. Even Frances's grandchildren have the high cheekbones, broad noses, and straight narrow lips. I stare at them on my way to the bath-laundry room to wash my face. Gazing in the mirror, I am conscious of how my patrician nose and cupid-bow lips resemble my mother's.

Tiptoeing past Frances and Bruce's doorless bedroom, I remember that as a kid I was appalled by trailers' lack of privacy. My room has a door but it won't latch, and it sways open because the trailer isn't level. I prop it closed with two bags of sugar I find in the dusty lace-curtained closet.

Like her trailer, Frances is open. Her opinion of me is secondary to making sure I have what I need: food, company, and shelter. She hasn't asked me what I do, what my plans are, or where I've been in life. It is enough that I am her niece. This is unfamiliar to me and amazingly soothing.

My few experiences in Smith family trailers in Mollie were anxiety-ridden. The trailers looked the same, crumbling outside and tawdry inside, and my relatives were probably similar to Frances, but I always carried the overwhelming tension of my father's shame and anger. Before visits, he ranted about how his relatives were ignorant, hypocritical, uncouth hicks.

At Frances's, lying in the cigarette smoke-scented bed beneath quilts hand-sewn by five generations, I listen to the rhythmic pitter-patter, like a gentle Southern rain, of the Salmon River flowing twelve feet from my window. I feel connected to the world, swaddled with familiarity.



## LOVE OTIS BECAUSE I LIVE IN THE COUNTRY BUT

can be in the city in five minutes," says Frances.

She means Lincoln City, a coastal town that has gone from neglect to nonstop construction since the Chinook Winds Casino opened nine years ago. Frances has worked in the bingo hall since the beginning. She enjoys her job's connection to the community. Wherever we go, elderly ladies with blue eye shadow and blue-tinged hair stop Frances to ask her about the bingo jackpot.

We go to Lincoln City to see Frances's mother, Louise, who is in the hospital again. The nurses wave familiarly at Frances, who has been Louise's grudging caretaker off and on for the past ten years. Louise has survived uterine cancer, a broken back, triple-bypass surgery, thyroid disease, and

cracked vertebrae, and is currently suffering from a severe intestinal virus. She is seventy-two.

Louise looks weak and Yoda-like in the stark white bed. She is nothing like the picture Frances showed me of a tight-skirt-wearing, red-lipstick-smirking vamp smoking a cigarette just after her fifth marriage. Louise croaks, "You've come to see us at last," but gets distracted when her attractive doctor walks by.

She launches into stories of handsome ambulance drivers, medications, vomiting, and diarrhea. Before Frances and I leave, to be polite, I touch Louise's IV-free hand in parting. She grips me and says, "I have forgiven your grandfather for raping me when I was only fourteen because the Lord tells us to forgive." Her blue eyes overflow with tears. I feel like she wants something, so I let my blue eyes tear up too, more from frustration than empathy. This story has gone from my grandfather had a daughter with another woman to my grandfather raped his adolescent niece. The Smiths are certainly slick avoiders of pertinent details.

I say nothing as we walk through the hospital halls.

"She has been dwelling on the past. I think it's all the morphine," Frances says, crying. "Phoenix almost beat her to death when he found out she was pregnant. He would get drunk and call me a little bastard sometimes. But I have forgiven Uncle Archie because I have a good life."

We climb into her Reliant K and head back to the trailer.



**S**ATURDAY NIGHT, FRANCES DONS SHIMMERING purple eye shadow and a purple and black striped velour shirt because we are going to the casino. "My girls say I should dye my hair," she says touching her peppered locks self-consciously, "but Bruce would have a cow. He's so jealous."

After dinner, at the Chinook Winds buffet where her youngest daughter is hostess, Frances confides in me that she sometimes wonders why she stays with Bruce.

"He takes care of me, like a father figure, I guess," she says.

"Most people want security," I say.

"I think you're right," she says.

I have never gambled before, so Frances and I play together. She pulls her chair to my side. Our legs touch slightly. We take turns pressing the play button on the "Crazy Fruits" video slot machine—both of us gripped by the colorful, complicated combinations chance deals us.

*Originally from North Carolina, Kelle Lawrence traveled via Berlin and Brooklyn to Portland. In 2006, she received her M.A. in creative nonfiction writing from Portland State University. Lawrence teaches writing workshops for Portland State, and she volunteers teaching writing to teenagers. Her work has appeared in Motionsickness and Oregon Humanities magazines.*



# Language of the Land

by Alice Tallmadge photos by Terri Warpinski and Garry Fritz

From 'a'ā to zigzag rocks, a new volume celebrates the panoply of terms that have grown out of the American landscape.



Steens Mountain, 1999. Garry Fritz. From *Infrared black and white film*, archival digital print on rag paper.



Fragments: Moonset/Sunrise, Zabriskie Point. Terri Warpinski. Multiple negative photographic collage with graphite and sepia toner.

**R**enowned writer and world traveler Barry Lopez '70 has trekked the frigid Arctic, canoed the Alaskan wilderness, white-knuckled it down rapids in the Colorado River, and hunkered down in a tent for days to wait out a howling Antarctic storm. So it's a tad ironic that the spark for what would become his newest literary project—*Home Ground: Language for an American Landscape*—came to him on a balmy summer evening while doing research in the UO's Knight Library.

Lopez, who often explores the relationship between landscape and human culture in his writing and won a 1986 National Book Award for his book *Arctic Dreams*, says that sometime in the late 1990s he tried to look up the term "blind creek" in several reference books to "get some flavor around it" for a nonfiction article he was writing. But none of the books he consulted contained the phrase. In fact, "what I discovered was that no one had ever done a dictionary, or a lexicon, or a glossary of terms peculiar to North America," he says.

It didn't take long for him to transmute frustration into inspiration.

"As I was leaving the library that night I thought, 'Why doesn't somebody do a compendium of these terms that would be a kind of reference for writers?'" Lopez remembers. He didn't envision a traditional dictionary, but a collection that would be an amalgam of science, folklore, etymology, and poetic imagination.

Lopez knew he couldn't take on the project alone, but he

wasn't willing to let it go. The idea smoldered in the back of his brain. Then a spark met its tinder: Why not bring together a group of writers to work on the project, with himself stoking the flames as the final editor?

**S**everal years, hundreds of phone calls, and countless writing and editing hours later, *Home Ground* has evolved from a summer evening's musing to a scrupulously researched text of 850 landscape definitions written by a remarkable assortment of forty-five writers and poets. It will be released in October by Trinity University Press.

Among the contributing writers, who each wrote between fifteen and twenty original definitions, are luminaries such as Gretel Ehrlich (California), Charles Frazier (North Carolina), Linda Hogan (Colorado), Barbara Kingsolver (Virginia), Jon Krakauer (Colorado), Bill McKibben (New York), William Kittredge (Montana), and Terry Tempest Williams (Utah). The list also includes regional and rising stars such as Kim Barnes (Idaho), Patricia Hampl (Minnesota), Luis Alberto Urrea (Illinois), and Joy Williams (Florida), as well as Oregon writers John Daniel, Kim Stafford '71, M.A. '73, Ph.D. '79, and UO senior instructor for Spanish and Romance languages Luis Verano, who also helped with research on terms of Spanish origin.

Some high-profile authors who were enthused about the project but couldn't take time away from their work to write



definitions contributed in other ways. W.S. Merwin directed Lopez and managing editor Debra Gwartney to Hawaiian writer Pam Frierson. Annie Proulx suggested including the term “dryki.” Andrea Barrett offered to write a blurb for the back of the book. One contributor waived the \$1,000 stipend each writer received, suggesting the editors use it to hire another writer so the book could include twenty more terms. They did.

Unlike traditional reference texts, the collection combines scientific expertise with literary craft to portray and celebrate the vast and varied landscapes Americans call home.

“The language we employ to say what we’re looking at or to recall what we’ve seen, for some English speakers, is now collapsing toward an attenuated list of almost nondescript words—valley, lake, mountain,” Lopez writes in the book’s introduction. “Fewer of the people who once made up the country’s farming cultures are now around to explain what an envelope field is. The oldtime loggers have taken the cowfaced slopes with them into retirement. And the jackass miners of the Mojave are no longer around to tell us how an adit differs from an aven.”

*Home Ground*’s terms range from Alaska’s “coastal lagoons” to the “*lauobo-o-Pele*” of the Hawaiian Islands, from the “kiss tanks” of the arid Southwest to the “monadnocks” of New England. They cover the general (lake, levy, lawn), the specific (kame, karst, kettle), and the colloquial (cat hole, chickenhead, cowbelly).

Lopez says he never intended the definitions to be comprehensive or “prescriptive,” but descriptive, so that “people would understand they were getting the writer’s imaginative take on the term.”

Hence, when Luis Alberto Urrea writes about “*angostura*” (a narrows), he closes by saying, “You know what they say

From Home Ground

## hoodoo

Hoodoos are fantastically shaped stone pillars in deserts and badlands of the North American West. Classic hoodoo groupings, such as those in Bryce Canyon National Park and Goblin Valley State Park in southern Utah, form by sporadic, intensive rainfall erosion of steeply sloped but horizontally layered sedimentary rock, leaving freestanding pinnacles, each with an overhanging cap of resistant stone. They abound on the Colorado Plateau, where smaller specimens are sometimes called goblins, but occur also north through the Rockies and have been reported on Baffin Island in the Arctic. The term dates back at least to the mid-nineteenth century. Walt Whitman, in *Specimen Days*, regrets that he never saw “the ‘hoodoo’ or goblin land” of the Yellowstone country. That these arresting features should have been tagged with a variant of voodoo seems almost inevitable. Their suggestively spirited forms, whether taken as malign, whimsical, or transcendently elusive, exert spells to which many humans are susceptible.

**John Daniel**

Noti



Fragments: Aspens, Fish Lake. Terri Warpinski. Multiple negative photographic collage with graphite and sepia toner.

From Home Ground

## beaver slide

The path made by beaver lurching between home water and the trees they skin for food is called a beaver slide. When cross-country travelers slog through willow thickets or alder bogs, they may find a few steps of easy going at this slick open run where beaver have pulled their woody plunder toward the pond. Before the settlement era in the West, fur trappers followed the beaver sign of dams, whittled trees, and beaver-slide boulevards through the tangle as deep into the mountains as those plush webfoots pioneered. After settlement, Western ranchers invented a tall comb of pine poles, a ramp up which they slid loose hay, which then fell to form a haystack. They called this implement, big as a house, a beaver slide. We also use the phrase beaver slide to name ridges, cliffs, and basins throughout the West when they have the scooped-out look of the beaver's work. One Beaver Slide is a basin in Montana's Big Horn County, another a cliff near Meeteetse, Wyoming.

**Kim Stafford**  
Portland

about the Road to Heaven: *'El camino al infierno es ancho, pero el camino al cielo es una angostura.'*" (The road to hell is wide, but the road to heaven is a narrow.) When Franklin Burroughs (Maine) writes of "loblolly," he refers to it as "a rather unpoetically onomatopoeic word—one meant to suggest the bubbling and plopping of a pot of thick glop simmering on a stove." And in her definition of "aquifer," poet Linda Hogan links the term to the Native American belief that prairie dogs "call the rain."

**H**ome Ground also connects the living language of our landscape to American literature. Writers often enrich their definitions by using passages from well-known American writers in which specific landscape terms were used to evoke a visceral sense of place. Gwartney hit upon the idea of setting up a website with literary passages that *Home Ground* contributors could consult. UO graduate students Lorri Nelson and Julie Polhemus combed through an array of texts to find appropriate material for the site. In addition, the book incorporates excerpts from authors such as Willa Cather, Cormac McCarthy, Leslie Marmon Silko, and Kent Haruf, for whom place is a recurrent and integral theme.

"The book is meant to be an evocation of where we live,

and it's meant to be literary in how these terms have played out in American letters," says Gwartney, a long-time UO staff member and teacher and frequent contributor to *Oregon Quarterly*, who was recently named an assistant professor at Portland State University.

In writing on "archipelago," John Keeble (Washington) quotes Herman Melville's *The Encantadas*, "... for the most part an archipelago of aridities, without inhabitant, history, or hope of either in all time to come." Elizabeth Cox (Massachusetts) quotes from Stephen Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage* in which the term "bog" helps express conditions of the Civil War. "He was obliged to walk upon bog tufts and watch his feet to keep from the oily mire. . . . He walked on, going from obscurity into promises of a greater obscurity."

Cox, a fiction writer, at first declined when Lopez asked her to participate in the project, protesting that, as a novelist, "I make things up," she says. But once she caught a glimpse of her terms—including bog, coulee, stillwater—she was hooked.

In the midst of the demanding work, Cox says, she recalled reading Bruce Chatwin's *The Songlines* about Aboriginal people moving across Australia, singing the distance as they went. "They had the idea of a labyrinth of invisible paths. As they walked they would sing out the name of everything, and by doing so, they would sing it into existence," she says. "As I was researching my terms, I felt like that—that I was singing the definitions to life. And that's the way I got through it."

Oregon writer John Daniel says Lopez contacted him about the project "long before it had been launched except in Barry's mind." Daniel didn't hesitate to sign on. "I knew that, Barry having hatched the idea, it would be a quality project," he says. "I knew it would open us up to a more whole apprehension of land and the life of the land."

Daniel's terms led him to explore the Painted Hills near John Day, the lava fields at the top of McKenzie Pass, and Diamond Craters in southeastern Oregon. They also took him on literary and etymological forays. He discovered that Henry David Thoreau had used the term "freshet" to refer to the vast rejuvenating power of nature. And in researching the term "rill," Daniel found that many archaic terms that describe small-channeled water flows—rundel, rindel, runlet, streamlet, tricklet, rivulet, rill—contain the sounds "l" and "r," which are known linguistically as "liquid consonants," he says. "The sounds are airstreams flowing over and around the tongue, like water on a smooth stone. Lulling, liquidy, fluent sounds."

**L**opez entertained several offers from houses wanting to publish the book. He was ready to sign with Scribner when he received a call from long-time friend and associate Barbara Ras M.F.A. '75, who had been hired on as editor-in-chief at Trinity. Ras, who says she had felt "passionate" about the book ever since Lopez shared his idea with her years earlier, told him she would match whatever monetary offer Scribner had made. After much discussion, Lopez intuited that Ras would guarantee him





Fragments: Cirrocumulus and Sage, Pike Creek. Terri Warpinski.  
Multiple negative photographic collage with graphite and sepia toner.

something a larger house couldn't—breathing room.

"It was important for the book to be at a house where the publisher would allow it to develop without trying to force it to be something," Lopez says. "If you try to force something like this, you end up with a book that is too stiff in its own clothes. It needs to breathe, to shape shift and become what it's headed toward."

In fact, for the book's first two and a half years of life, Gwartney was the only one who had a bead on what it was becoming. She alone communicated with contributors, editing their definitions and mediating between the writers and members of the advisory board, which included UO landscape architecture professor Kenneth Helphand, folklorist and former UO professor Barre Tolkien, and Isabel Stirling, former head of the UO Science Library. It wasn't until a year into the project that Gwartney realized the book had taken on a definite "shape."

"At first, I had trouble imagining how everything was going to fit together," she says, "but once I started alphabetizing and arranging definitions—that's when I got it. We kind of unwittingly let the process unfold by itself. There would have been no way to plan this blend of voices."

The result of the writers' combined efforts, Ras says, was a synergy she hadn't expected. "This whole subject is elevated by the power of so many minds focused on the American landscape. When you have so many people bringing such fierce attention to a subject, it tends to lift that subject into a realm that is truly magnificent."

*Alice Tallmadge M.A. '87 is a freelance writer living in Springfield. She has hiked through many wonderful landscapes throughout Oregon and the West in the past thirty years, and she is delighted to learn the true names of some of the landforms she has seen, walked upon, and marveled at.*

## glossary

Brief descriptions of some of the terms used in this article. Most of these terms are covered more thoroughly in *Home Ground*.

**'a'ā** — Lava that has flowed, or is flowing, in the form of jagged rocks or clinkers, as opposed to *pāhoehoe*, a more fluid, ropy type of lava

**adit** — A horizontal or nearly horizontal entrance to a mine

**angostura** — A Spanish term for "narrows"

**archipelago** — A sea that contains multiple islands, or the islands themselves

**aven** — A vertical shaft rising from the roof of a cave or mine but not reaching the surface

**blind creek** — A creek flowing underground, beneath the bed of an intermittently dry creek

**cat hole** — A small shallow bog; a latrine hole; a hole drilled to hold dynamite

**chickenhead** — A knobby protrusion resulting from the uneven weathering of a granite cliff

**cowbelly** — The soft, silty bottom at the edges of a slow-moving creek

**cowfaced slope** — A slope that's as steep as a cow's face

**coulee** — A broad, shallow depression eroded by water

**dryki** — An area where trees have been killed by flooding

**envelope field** — A type of corrugated field, plowed in the shape of the converging triangles on the back of an envelope

**freshet** — A sudden flood brought on by heavy rainfall or rapid snowmelt that sends streams over their banks. Also called a flush or spate.

**kame** — A steep ridge formed from glacial sediment

**karst** — A limestone landscape marked by pits, sinkholes, and underground streams and caves

**kettle** — A hollow scoured in a rocky riverbed or under a glacier

**kiss tank** — A small pool of rainwater or meltwater in a rock basin

**lauobo-o-Pele** — A Hawaiian term for a type of volcanic debris created when lava flows into the sea

**loblolly** — A tract of land on which a pure stand of loblolly pine grows

**monadnock** — An isolated hill whose hard rock has resisted the erosion that wore down the surrounding land

**rill** — A small, transient stream created by rainwater flowing down an erodable slope

**stillwater** — Quiet water in a stream or other water body

**zigzag rocks** — A series of chevron-shaped stone structures extending across a river, all built at a ninety-degree angle to the current and just breaking the river's surface. Meant to funnel runs of migrating food fish into temporary weirs.

# [ Trojan Course ]



## **The short life and slow death of Oregon's only nuclear power plant**

By Todd Schwartz

Photography by Dan Carter

**A** few seconds past 7 A.M. on May 21, 2006, the current from twelve flashlight batteries traveled the wires, a tumbling rush of electrons released by the push of a small plastic button. The current reached its destination, and the process began of converting the long-stored energy of hundreds of construction workers and their machinery—captured in the iconic-if-ominous shape of the cooling tower at the Trojan nuclear power plant—into sudden kinetic energy.





At seventeen-millisecond intervals, inside 2,934 holes drilled into the dark concrete, 2,792 pounds of explosives became the catalyst, and the potential contained in 41,000 tons of cement and steel was set free. The 499-foot tower shifted slightly to the southeast, like a man moving his weight to the other foot. This small shift from the vertical was enough to overcome the hyperbolic structure of the tower, and as the sound of the explosions powered across the Columbia River, gravity took the long-withheld hand of mass, and in less than eight seconds the tower fell in upon itself like nothing so much as a failed soufflé. A thin cloud of gray-white dust drifted with the wind over the water. Near the shore, a large sea lion poked its head above the surface and turned to look at the empty space where optimism and hubris used to stand.

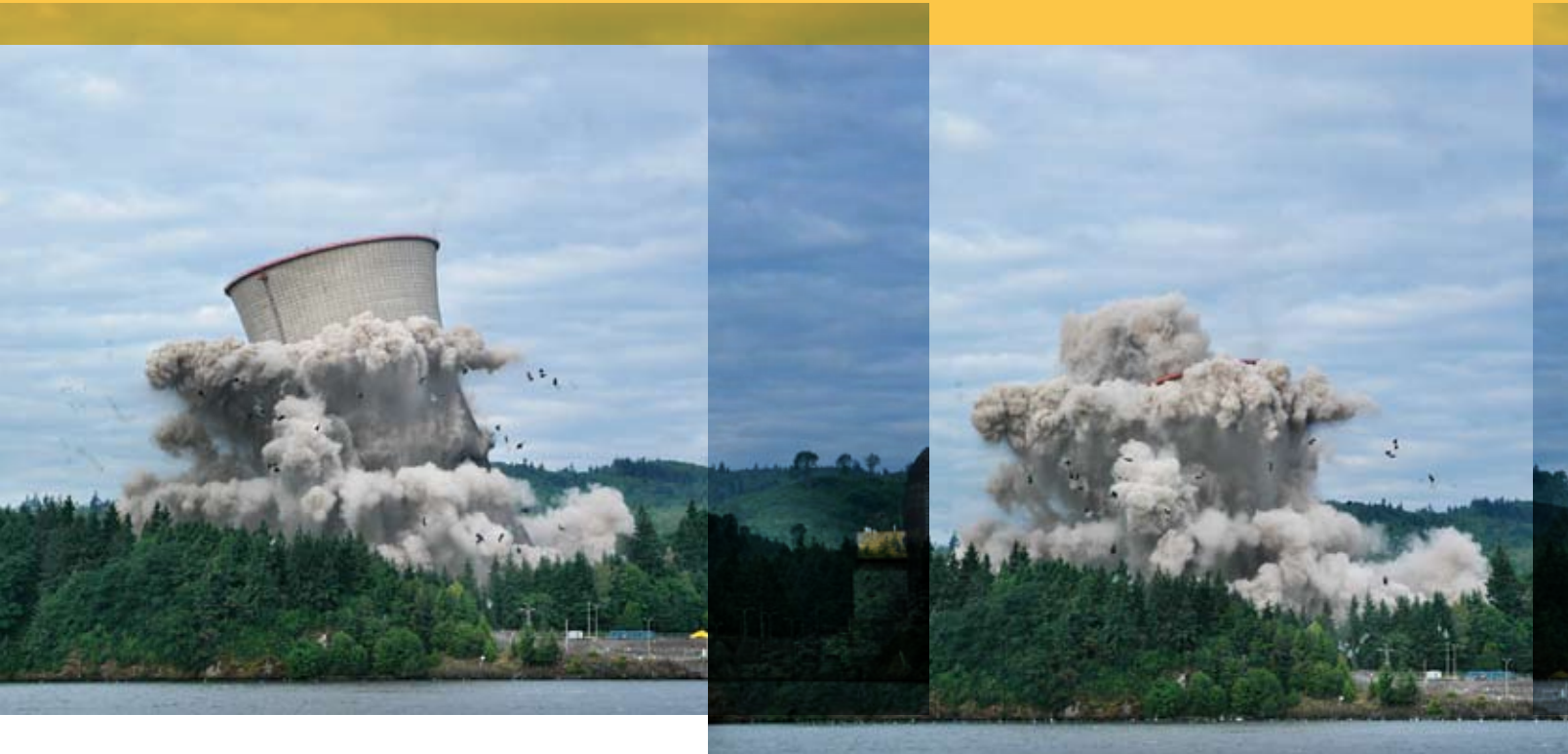
It was a textbook operation, the largest hyperbolic tower ever imploded. It was also, in the thirty-six-year history of Oregon's sole nuclear plant, just about the only thing that went perfectly. After a lingering and ratepayer-funded decline that began in 1993, the Trojan plant's \$409 million decom-

missioning (almost exactly what it cost to build) comes at a time when a new breed of nuclear plants is being touted as the answer to global warming and clean energy. Even the cofounder of Greenpeace is in the new nuke camp, saying recently that it might avert catastrophic climate change.

No such concerns troubled the power planners of the late 1960s. Nuclear power would be cheap, clean, and plentiful, and the Trojan plant—which would be the nation's largest pressurized water reactor—would produce enough electricity for nearly one million homes. But it wasn't, and it didn't.

**C**onstruction began in the winter of 1970, and the plant began commercial operations on May 20, 1976, thirty years and one day before the tower would be blown down. The initial license was for thirty-five years of power generation, but by 1978 the plant had already seen a nine-month closure for modifications to repair construction flaws and react to the discovery of a nearby

# Trojan Course



earthquake fault. As early as 1980, the plant's Achilles' heel, chronically leaky steam tubes in the reactor, had appeared. In 1992, a steam tube rupture releasing radioactive water closed the plant, and it was determined that a complete replacement of the steam generators would be necessary before a restart. After just sixteen years of its planned thirty-five-year operation, the prognosis was quickly becoming terminal.

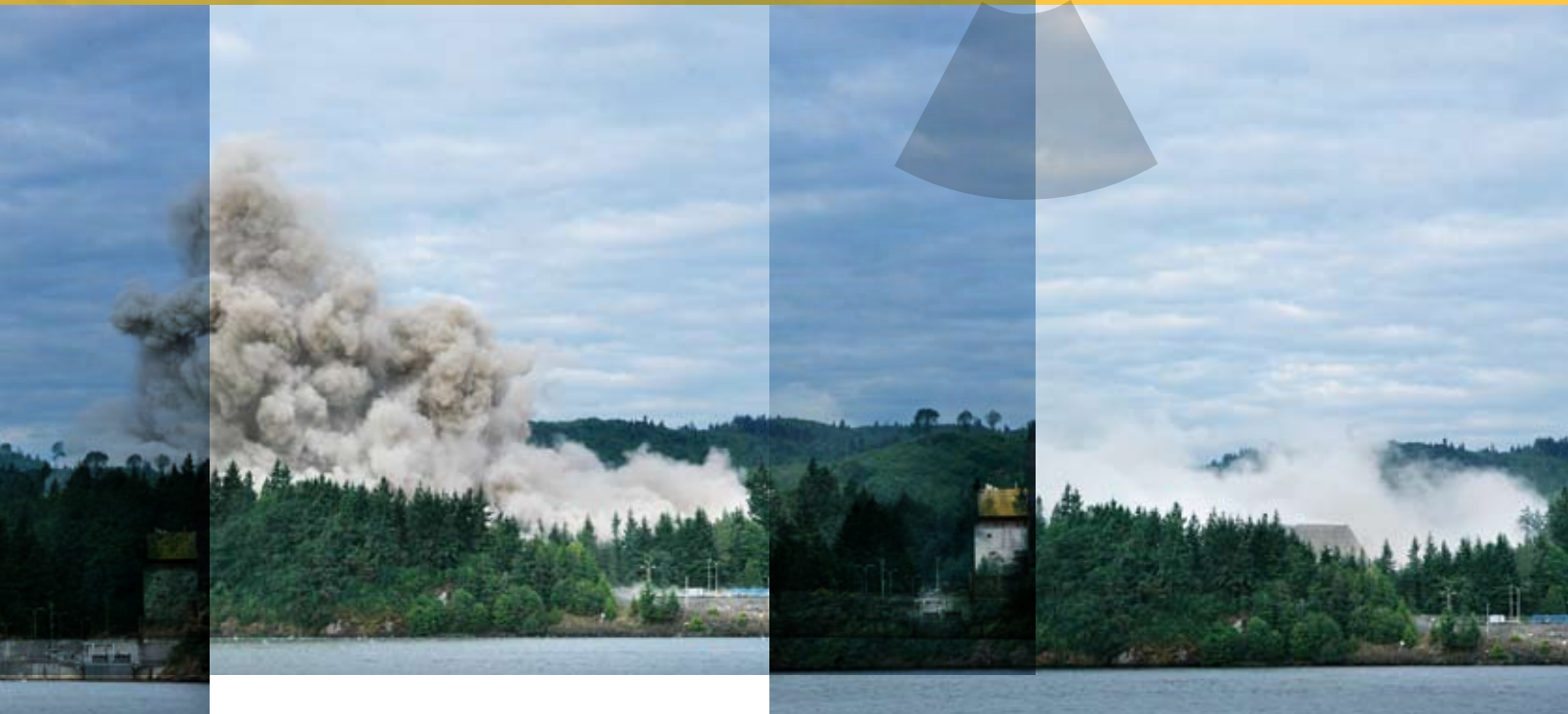
The 1992 shutdown came a week after the failure of a statewide ballot measure to permanently close the nuclear plant, an initiative that Portland General Electric, the utility which built and operated the facility, had spent \$5 million—still an Oregon record—to defeat. A month after the steam leak, a different sort of hot water came forth in Washington, D.C., when documents reportedly leaked from the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission indicated that staff scientists suspected Trojan might be unsafe to operate. In January 1993, worn down after years of battles with environmental groups and others, PGE pulled the plug, announcing that the Trojan reactor would not be restarted. Combined with the abandonment of the five nuclear plants (ill-)conceived in the

now-infamous Washington Public Power Supply System, the closure of Trojan was one of the most sweeping, most expensive failures in American utility history—and, in the case of WPPSS, the nation's then-largest-ever municipal bond default. To this day, Northwest electricity customers are paying for “Whoops” with every bill.

**Few on either side of the debate shed a tear** when the cool and collected Mark Loizeaux, president of Controlled Demolition Inc., a globetrotting third-generation family business dedicated to turning large buildings into piles of rubble, gave the order to start the final countdown. Six weeks of drilling and placing explosives in the 3 1/2-foot-thick walls of the hollow structure had preceded this moment, when one of the world's largest cooling towers, built to withstand earthquakes, plane crashes, and hurricane-force winds, would, in Loizeaux's words, “basically turn back into sand and return to where it should be.

“We are chemists of gravity and mass,” said the man who





began helping his father implode buildings before he was in junior high—and whose daughter “blew her first bridge at the age of three.”

With two minutes to go, a loud “scare charge” was exploded at the top of the tower, and several birds flew away from their doomed nesting site. Earlier in the week, climbers had gently removed a few peregrine falcons and their nests. As the countdown progressed, Loizeaux’s two-way radio buzzed with numerous CDI employees reporting “Clear.” Coast Guard boats held in place on the sealed-off river; traffic was motionless on the barricaded Interstate 5 and Highway 30. “Eight, seven, six . . .”—the countdown then went silent so that anyone who saw reason to abort could be heard. The sound of the implosion was felt in the stomach as much as it was heard in the cool morning air.

Perhaps a minute after the tower was gone, Loizeaux said, “Release the river,” into his radio, and shipping traffic resumed. Somewhere in the green depths, silver flashes wove through the liquid, as salmon, momentarily halted by the percussive boom in the water, continued upstream.

It was on this same water that Trojan’s nuclear reactor vessel was barged like a radioactive Cleopatra to the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in 1999. It now reposes under gravel in a forty-five-foot pit. The reactor’s 800 spent fuel rods were packed in 2003 into thirty-four concrete casks and stored at the Trojan site. There they will stay for the foreseeable future, awaiting the completion of the controversial Yucca Mountain Repository in Nevada. The rest of Trojan’s buildings are scheduled to be gone by 2008. That will mean that Trojan’s slow passing covered the same number of years as its troubled life. Or perhaps half-life.

A few seconds past 7 A.M. on May 21, 2006, America’s first love affair with nuclear power was officially buried under a forty-foot pile of concrete and steel. But a new infatuation was in the air. And along with it, the distant echo of Trojan falling to the riverbank.

*Todd Schwartz ’75 is a Portland writer. His last article for Oregon Quarterly was “Cutting It in Hollywood” (Summer 2006).*



tempe



arizona

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Chris Putsch

Aerial photo reveals the density and variety of nearly 4,000 trees thriving on the UO campus.

## CAMPUS

# SEEING THE TREES IN THE FOREST

*New Atlas of Trees details campus canopy*

**T**HE GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER ARE soon to be turning gold on the UO campus where more than 175 tons of leaves will be raked, blown, and hauled this autumn. These are the leaves that will fall from the 537 species of trees at the University, the leaves that you'll crunch under your feet when you're walking down 13th Avenue.

The UO's lovely, leafy campus and its many trees inspired Dorene Steggell '94, M.A. '78, of the University Planning Office, and Jane Brubaker M.A. '95, of the UO Exterior Maintenance Team, to compile the second edition of the *Atlas of Trees*, a book cataloging the height, canopy, and location of each of the UO's 3,900 trees.

The book's first edition, published in 1991, presented data collected by landscape architecture graduate student Mandy May. Steggell and Brubaker worked on the

recently published second edition intermittently for ten years, adding to, refining, and updating May's original database.

To measure the current size of each tree trunk, the researchers used an arborist's measuring tape at chest height. They discovered the tree with the largest trunk girth to be the giant sequoia in front of Villard Hall—it measures twenty-four feet around. Their work drew the attention of onlookers and sparked many questions. One they heard most often was, "Are you going to cut down the trees?" Brubaker would respond, "No, just measuring," and scurry off to another tree.

With their measurements complete, Steggell and Brubaker sent their findings to the Geography Department's InfoGraphics Lab. Geographers and mapping experts there converted Steggell, Brubaker, and May's work from Micro-

soft Excel spreadsheets to a geographic information system (GIS), an advanced technique that links data to computerized maps. This process was protracted and, at times, arduous. With fifteen workers—four staff and eleven graduate and undergraduate students—the team spent seven months working with the data. "Our goal was to make this project as good as we could make it," said Ken Kato of the InfoGraphics Lab. "Precision was the goal." And that's what they achieved—items appearing on the book's 108 maps are accurate to within six inches.

The InfoGraphics team turned the completed maps over to Creative Publishing, the branch of the University responsible for preparing the atlas for printing. Editors and designers worked on the book, polishing and adding the finishing touches, including a waterproof back





### MOON TREE

The seed of this Douglas fir comes from the moon. It traveled there and back with astronaut Stuart Roosa on the Apollo XIV mission in 1971. The tree can be found east of the Erb Memorial Union (EMU) near 13th Avenue.



### DAWN REDWOOD

Thought to have been extinct for more than 1 million years, trees of this species were discovered near Szechuan, China, in 1941. This example grows in front of Cascade Hall.



### HABITAT TREE

Spiraling green vines wrap around this deceased sugar maple behind Johnson Hall. Even though dead trees are usually removed from the University, this one stays to provide habitat for wildlife.

*Photos by Thomas Miller*

binding to make the volume more durable in the field. The atlas bears a colorful picture on its front cover, a red oak shedding its yellow, peach, and orange leaves during autumn. “We were looking for an evocative photo,” said Creative Publishing Associate Director Jeanne Maasch, who oversaw the production effort.

And the result of this work is for you, tree admirers, atlas lovers, GIS-heads. So the next time you’re strolling around campus, take notice of the trees around you, the variety, the brilliant colors. If your curiosity gets the best of you and you just need to know more, check out the second edition of the *Atlas of Trees*, available in the UO Bookstore or on the Internet at UOBookstore.com.

— THOMAS MILLER

## INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS

### HOME SWEET HOME AWAY FROM HOME

*Program offers international students a friendly welcome to Oregon.*

GROGGY WITH JETLAG AFTER A TWENTY-four-hour flight from North Africa to Eugene, Fulbright scholar Dorsaf Naoui wondered aloud if she had landed in the wrong country.

The thirty-year-old student of linguistics recalls asking Wayne Kingsbury '01 and Rita Kingsbury M.S. '74, D.Ed. '80, with whom she stayed for four days in September 2005, “Where are all the skyscrapers?”

She had the impression, based on media images, “that the United States is [nothing but] skyscrapers.” For Naoui, Eugene was disappointingly flat—and quiet.

Living with her widowed mother in Tunis, the capital of Tunisia, Naoui was accustomed to a tapestry of Arabic, Moorish, and Mediterranean architecture. Outdoor commercial quarters, called *souks*, sell dates, olives, spices, butchered meats, goats, and cows. Sapphire-painted doors and whitewashed walls match the water and luminescent beaches of the Mediterranean Sea, which lines 40 percent of the country’s borders. Street names like Dar El Jeld, Yugoslavia, and Charles de Gaulle reflect the country’s early invasions by the Arabs, Ottoman Turks, and the French.

Needless to say, adjusting to American culture in a mid-sized university town was “very hard, because everything is different—different language, people, culture,” she says. But the Kingsburys’ hospitality helped her adjust, and even enjoy, the peace and quiet of a foreign community some 6,000 miles from home. The couple well understand how confusing and frightening those initial days can be, having opened their South Eugene home to twenty-four international students over the past eighteen years. Naoui, who refers to the Kingsburys as “my American parents,” describes them as “very honest and helpful.”

Four-day home stays are scheduled every autumn immediately before the international student orientation in mid-September. The home stay program, which falls under the auspices of the University’s



Rita Kingsbury (second from right) helped grad student Dorsaf Naoui (far right) make the transition from Tunisia to Eugene. Also shown, international students Drina Guzman, from Bolivia (left), and Matthias Kubr from Switzerland.

Wayne Kingsbury



Friendship Foundation for International Students, began in 1950. Last September, FFIS relied on 150 families like the Kingsburys to provide lodging and help make the United States feel a little more like home to almost 200 international students.

Besides providing a warm bed and home-cooked meals, the Kingsburys show their international guests around town and the Oregon coast and mountains. Sometimes they help the newly arrived students look for housing. They shop at Target and garage sales for bedding, appliances, and furniture. Equally important, they offer students a chance to participate in everyday American home life—which differs considerably from the interactions and ambience on campus.

Naoui had never lived alone in Tunisia, so the first night in her Eugene rental house “was so scary,” she says. Add grocery shopping, initiating electric and phone service, and paying bills—in another culture, speaking a second language—and the freedom of being on one’s own can turn into a jarring experience. But, looking back on those early frustration-filled days, Naoui is philosophical about the resulting personal growth: “I did not know I had this potential inside of me.”

Like Naoui, students Isabelle Pech and Olivier Pracros from Lyon, France, acknowledge that their four-day stay in 2005–06 with Chuck Craytor B.Ed. ’84, wife Robbin Howard, and nine-year-old daughter Kaz, erased some misconceptions about the United States.

The host family and their students dined French-style—with multiple courses that always include wine, begin with salad, and are complete only after cheese, fruit, and vigorous conversation. Craytor says, “Everyone had a chance to warm up, and then you could talk about American and French politics.”

The twenty-three-year-old Pracros, who is a cultural anthropology major, says he came to the United States. with an open mind, even though he frankly admits, “the U.S. doesn’t have a good reputation in France.” During unhurried meal-time conversations with Chuck and Robbin, he learned that they, like many people in Eugene, took a “liberal” stand on a number of foreign policy issues, just as he does. Later, he met other Americans who were politically moderate, conservative, and just plain apathetic. So, by the time he returned to France last June, he had concluded, “What I understand is that there’s no one truth” about how Ameri-



Jack Liu

## ROYAL VISIT

*In a three-day visit to the UO, Princess Bajrakitiyabha Mahidol of Thailand presided over events related to the sixtieth anniversary celebration of King Bhumibol Adulyadej’s accession to the throne, including opening an art exhibit, dedication of a gift of books, and the launch of a new phase of a UO–Thai distance education program. Shown here from left are Chemistry Professor Kenneth Doxsee, Lynn Frohnmayer, Vice Provost for Academic Affairs Russ Tomlin, UO President Dave Frohnmayer, Vice Provost for International Affairs and Outreach Chunsheng Zhang, the Princess, and Senior Vice President and Provost Linda Brady.*

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## NEWS IN BRIEF

**JUST SAY \$3.3 MILLION**

Researchers at the UO College of Education's Institute on Violence and Destructive Behavior have received a \$3.3 million federal grant to study the impact on middle-school drug and alcohol abuse of Positive Behavioral Support. This program, developed at the UO and used around the world, is a school-wide structure used to improve behavior.

**UNIFORM INTEREST**

In the week following the unveiling of newly designed UO football uniforms, the athletic department's official website (goducks.com) was flooded with more than 27,000 visitors looking at the press release and accompanying photos, the most page views ever for a single release.

**BACH FESTIVAL NOTES**

The 2006 Oregon Bach Festival attracted a total audience of 27,000 from 279 cities in 37 states, 6 countries, and 4 continents, and featured more than 400 performers from Taiwan, Japan, Canada, Germany, Poland, and across America. Prior to the festival, Executive Director Royce Saltzman, announced his intention to give up his position after the 2007 season to focus on completing the OBF's \$10 million endowment drive, which recently surpassed its halfway point helped by a \$700,000 gift from the Lilah Stangeland Foundation.

**PORTLAND CENTER OPENS**

The University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication formally opened its George S. Turnbull Portland Center (722 SW Second Avenue) on June 7. The Turnbull Center began offering students a "senior experience" this spring, combining half-day internships with afternoon classes. Nike, Columbia Sportswear, Waggener Edstrom, and Edelman Public Relations are among the participants in the internship program.

**WESTMORELAND SOLD**

The State Board of Higher Education approved the UO's sale agreement for the Westmoreland housing complex. The \$18.45 million sale to a commercial real estate business will help the University eliminate unproductive debt and allow the development of new housing on campus.

cans think and act.

Pech noticed how Craytor and Howard always served "really healthy [food] . . . salad, veggies, and meat" and engaged in animated dinner-hour conversation with their young daughter. In France, she says, "We have stereotypes [about] American families"—always hurrying, eating separately, avoiding conversation, and "eating junk food."

A GTF in the Romance languages department, Pech had never lived away from her twin sister and said the separation "was horrible." But because Chuck and Robbin showed a genuine interest in her French family, she felt "reassured," says Pech, who remains here for 2006–07. "They helped me adapt to American life."

As for Naoui, she knew the Kingsburys would be here to welcome her back from Tunisia, where she had been visiting last summer. "Because I have my host family, I feel tied here," she says.

More information on the Friendship Foundation for International Students is available at <http://oip.uoregon.edu/ff/>.

— CHRIS CUNNINGHAM '76, M.S. '80

**MATHEMATICS****ART OF MATH**

*Student gives the gift of color, light, and warmth to brighten department lounge.*

THROUGHOUT HIS UNDERGRADUATE CAREER, David Jordan '06 spent countless hours in 107 Deady Hall, the mathematics department's student lounge. Before leaving the University to begin a doctoral program at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Jordan designed, built, and installed a set of four stained glass windows in honor of four faculty members who made the lounge possible.

Each of the windows represents one of the math department's major disciplines: geometry and calculus; topology, the study of spaces; algebra, which examines symmetries and mathematical language; and analysis, which, like calculus, deals with what happens to numbers as they become infinitely large or small.

For example, the nautilus shell-like design of the analysis window divides an area into smaller and smaller chunks. Excluding the physical limitations of glasswork, this division could continue infinitely, like the infinite quantities analysis deals with. Each section is approximately



David Jordan '06

Jack Liu

1.62 times bigger than the next as in the Golden Ratio, which appears often in geometry and has been used in artwork for centuries. The dimensions of each window, 27 inches by 17 inches, also follow this ratio.

Mathematics department head Brad Shelton says the lounge—called Hilbert Space, after early twentieth century mathematician David Hilbert—was intended to foster community within the department, and provides a welcoming and cozy environment for students.

"I love the windows," says Shelton. "I love the serious and contemplative mood they lend to Hilbert Space—almost like a church. I love all the subtle mathematical ideas encoded in them. And they are just plain beautiful."

About ten years ago, then-department head Frank Anderson set out to establish the student lounge, and Senior Instructor Kathleen Trigueiro, Professor Richard Koch, and Associate Professor Hal Sadofsky assisted him in his efforts. Jordan dedicated the windows to these four, all of whom except Sadofsky have since retired. The lounge is now the headquarters of the undergraduate teaching assistant program, peer advising, and the Math Club, all of which Jordan participated in during his time as a student.

Jordan learned to make stained glass windows from his father, Robert Ph.D. '80, so avid a stained glass hobbyist that Jordan likens visiting his parents' house to "being in a cathedral."

"I was never able to paint or draw, but



you can make stuff that looks really nice," Jordan says.

To make the windows, he drafted the designs on a computer, transferred them to sheets of colored glass, cut the shapes, and assembled the pieces like a giant jigsaw puzzle, using lead bars and cement to keep the pieces in place.

Jordan's father helped with finishing touches, and Jordan's wife, Lorie Miller '06, helped pick out colors for the glass. His older brother, Alex Jordan, a Ph.D. student in the mathematics department, designed the algebra window.

Trigueiro says the windows were a complete surprise to her. She came to Hilbert Space on a day she'd been requested—coily—to keep free and found faculty and graduate students milling around at a catered reception. Jordan started talking, and in the middle of his speech, pulled away a curtain to reveal the windows.

"It was amazing that a student would do this," Trigueiro says, adding that other teachers she knows are thrilled just to get letters from former students. "My friends tell me, 'You have your own stained glass window.'"

Jordan attended high school on a U.S. military base in Germany, and applied only

to the UO—where his father and mother, Candice Jordan '79, met. He entered the University as a physics major, interested in using quantum computing to build superfast computers. During his freshman year, the theoretical approach and clever chalkboard antics he encountered in Jon Brundan's honors calculus class converted him to mathematics.

Math majors take geometry and calculus in their first two years of college, and then most move on to classes in one to three of the other disciplines. Jordan has taken 600-level classes in topology, algebra, and analysis—Shelton says that to his knowledge Jordan is the only UO undergraduate to have done this. Jordan's senior thesis for the Robert D. Clark Honors College was in the realm of topology, specifically about knot theory and moving knots in three-dimensional spaces.

"I really think this is just about the best math department you could study in as an undergraduate," Jordan says, elaborating that the department is small enough that faculty can get to know students, but big enough to have the resources of a large research university.

At MIT, Jordan is the recipient of an Akamai Presidential Graduate Fellowship,

which funds his tuition and living stipend for his first year and gives him the opportunity to focus on research instead of teaching. After getting his Ph.D., Jordan said he would like to spend some time working as a research mathematician and then shift into teaching later when he has a family.

—EVA SYLWESTER

## INTEGRATIVE SCIENCE

# NANOSCIENCE GOES UNDERGROUND

*Advanced laboratories will foster collaborative research.*

A \$10 MILLION GIFT FROM BUSINESS WIRE founder Lorry I. Lokey to the University of Oregon College of Arts and Sciences has launched construction of a two-phase \$76 million Integrative Science Complex. Governor Ted Kulongoski made the announcement June 8 during the project's groundbreaking ceremony.

The first phase of the Integrative Science Complex—the Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories—is a 30,000-square-foot research center associated with the Oregon Nano-

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With Governor Ted Kulongoski (center) and UO President Dave Frohnmayer looking on, philanthropist Lorry I. Lokey breaks ground on new nanoscience complex that will bear his name.

Jack Liu

science and Microtechnologies Institute (ONAMI), a consortium that includes the University of Oregon, Oregon State University, Portland State University, Pacific Northwest National Laboratory, and many of the region's high technology companies. The new facilities will bring together scientists from different disciplines under a single roof—a move designed to stimulate new, collaborative approaches to complex challenges that require intensive, coordinated research efforts. In addition to semiconductor, photolithography, nanofabrication, and bio-optics labs, the center will

house more than twenty high technology instruments operated by the University's Center for Advanced Materials Characterization in Oregon (CAMCOR) and will provide laboratory space for industry partners.

"These new facilities support our goals for a vibrant Oregon economy," Kulongoski said. "Investing in education, research, and industry partnerships will pay long-term dividends for the entire state."

Lokey was on hand to start the removal of about 2,700 tons of soil and bedrock from the project site. "We need to support

the sciences for the sake of our health and our future environment," he said. "I want the University of Oregon to be able to get moving on discoveries that otherwise might not happen."

The underground laboratories are being constructed between Deschutes and Huestis halls on East 13th Avenue. The project architects, SRG Partnership of Portland, also have designed a courtyard to cover the research facility, which will contain skylights and preserve the existing open space. Siting the lab underground, directly atop bedrock, is expected to provide the sensitive instruments used for nanoscience with a vibration level that is two to three times lower than the standard set by the National Institute of Standards and Technology.

Completion of the Lokey Laboratories is anticipated by the end of 2007, with total project cost estimated at \$16 million. Funding includes \$9.5 million in bonds and lottery funds approved by the Oregon legislature and issued in 2005, with the balance to be raised from private gifts and industry partners. Of Lokey's \$10 million gift, \$3 million will go toward the Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories building and the balance toward the Phase 2 building.

The second phase of the Integrative Science Complex will help the University continue as a leader in brain research with the addition of a multi-story building, targeted for completion by 2012. The structure will be located northwest of Oregon Hall along Franklin Boulevard. It will connect to the Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories, and add up to 100,000 square feet to the University's existing science complex.

"Although the University of Oregon's research funding has grown by about 50 percent over just the past five years, the amount of total space assigned to training and research activities in the sciences has remained relatively unchanged since 1990," UO President Dave Frohnmayer said at the groundbreaking ceremony. "We need to provide top-quality research space in order to attract and keep top scientists, who in turn provide the best education possible for our students."

Born in Portland, Lokey graduated from Alameda Elementary School and Grant High School. His gifts to the University now total \$32 million.

More information about the Integrative Science Complex is available at <http://isc.uoregon.edu/>.

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Linda Mears

## PROFILE RONALD BEGHETTO

RONALD BEGHETTO ONCE FACED THE daunting challenges of teaching in middle and high school, but now, as an assistant professor in Educational Studies at the UO College of Education, he faces what might be the most discerning and demanding of audiences of all—future teachers.

The syllabus for his undergraduate course includes lessons in which one student plays the role of the teacher to five peers. Those acting as students draw cards that assign them some kind

of learning obstacle that the “teacher” must overcome—for example, ‘Student cannot use his left arm’ or ‘Student has a really problematic home-life.’ “The whole point,” he says, “is to challenge assumptions they carry into the classroom, [and drive home the idea] that what worked for them might not necessarily work for other students.”

Students who come through his classes “have a lot of hope and optimism that they can make a difference,” says Beghetto, “and I truly believe they can, if they work together and use their own creativity.” When they report back to him, his former students say that his advice to develop their own identities as teachers stayed with them throughout their teaching practicum and on into their careers.

His research, which explores how teachers can meet academic standards without squashing student creativity, results directly from his students’ response to his ideas. Beghetto likens this unusual situation—where his teaching informs his research which in turn informs his teaching—to the well-known M.C. Escher sketch of one hand drawing the wrist of another hand, which itself is drawing the wrist of the first hand. “That’s an image I have emblazoned on my mind,” says Beghetto. His students and the young people his students will go on to teach are the benefactors, using the patterns of his work to sketch drawings of their own.

**Name:** Ronald Beghetto.

**Age:** 36.

**Education:** B.S. degrees in both education and English and an M.S. in education from the University of Wyoming; Ph.D. in educational psychology from Indiana University.

**Teaching Experience:** Undergraduate and graduate courses in curriculum alignment and assessment techniques.

**Accolades:** The UO’s Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching (2006).

**Off-campus:** Married to Jeralynn, a District 4J elementary school principal, with seven-month-old daughter, Olivia. The family enjoys trout and steelhead fishing, visiting the Coast, and cooking with local ingredients.

**Last Word:** “Teachers in my own past have helped me recognize my own strengths, and challenged me to go beyond where I thought I could. There’s something powerful about being able to provide that for one’s own students, and particularly for future teachers who are going to go out and do that for their students.”

— MARGARET MCGLADREY '06

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Pete Peterson

*OSU grad Gerry Tunstall of Tualatin on the hunt for a Civil War seat*

## BULL MARKET FOR DUCK TICKETS

*Supply vs. Demand in gridiron clash*

**“2** ADULT, 2 CHILD, GENERAL ADMISSION for \$175,” read a November 12, 2005, *Register-Guard* classified advertisement. It attracted ten responses, the first at 5 A.M. “It was crazy,” said the Eugene resident selling the tickets that had a total face value of \$82.

Of all days, her family would be out of town on Oregon–Oregon State “Civil War” Saturday. “Some people make it a business. What we’re doing isn’t illegal because we have a wedding to go to.”

Another classified—“2 CIVIL WAR, Section 32, Row 13, backrests & Priority 2 parking: \$350/offer”—produced a bidding war. “We have a \$375 offer,” said the owner, who had paid \$350 per seat for the entire six-game package, after a required contribution to the Duck Athletic Fund. “We’ll wait and see what we can get out of them. We’re going out of town. . . .

We lose if we don’t sell them.”

Leading up to the November 19 showdown, Oregon had sold out thirty-two successive Autzen games, an obvious measure of the football program’s popularity. Another indicator of home game passion was intense ticket trading through newspaper ads and Internet sites such as craigslist, eBay, and StubHub. Since Oregon had crafted nine wins and lost only to top-ranked USC, had gelled as a team despite losing quarterback Kellen Clemens to injury, and was anticipating a Bowl Championship Series bid, ticketless, high-bidding, Civil War fans had created a bullish market in Duckland.

Demand puts bargain-hunters in a bind, says Richard Leutzinger ’62, who routinely shops for tickets outside Autzen on game day mornings and never pays more than \$30 for a seat. When the Ducks

played the celebrity Michigan Wolverines in 2003, a record crowd of 59,023 filled all sections and squeezed into standing-room-only spaces. End zone seats with a face value of \$25 went for \$100 or more. “Finding a cheap buy became hopeless,” says Leutzinger, who ended up watching Oregon’s nationally televised 31–27 upset victory from home.

For the 2005 Civil War, Leutzinger and friend Richard Ogden arrived early, hoping to buy from Ducks and Beavers marching over the Willamette River footbridge and spilling out of buses in front of Autzen’s South Gate. The two ignored the dozen “scalpers” who waved ticket portfolios in the air, offering general admission seats for around \$70. One hustler, who referred to his business as “the secondary ticket market,” was already promoting post-season game sales: “Hey, check out my website.” To avoid University regulations forbidding ticket trafficking on UO property, he and fellow scalpers stood in the middle of Leo Harris Parkway, the public road circling south of the stadium. In fact, University officials were more concerned with the sale of student tickets to fans who didn’t possess student identification. Without valid ID, the tickets were worthless.

For the 2005 season, roughly one-third of Autzen’s spectators bought season ticket packages after making “required donations” to the Duck Athletic Fund—pledges from \$50 to \$1,500 earn patrons varying levels of access. Such “priority seating arrangements” are a matter of necessity for the sixty largest Division 1-A college athletic programs—those affiliated with the Bowl Championship Series—says UO Sports Marketing Professor Dennis Howard. “They are under significant pressure to operate under a mandate of financial self-sufficiency. At many of these schools, football generates as much as 60 percent of the total athletic program

# DUCK SITES

WEBSITES OF INTEREST TO OQ READERS

## OLD OREGON

revenues” through television broadcasts, post-season bowl earnings, donations, and ticket sales.

However, he says schools like the University of Oregon are sensitive to stakeholder groups, such as students. “The UO could probably sell 55,000 full season ticket packages, the entire stadium inventory. But it caps season ticket sales at around 41,000, trying to create space for more affordable tickets to accommodate students and general admission groups.”

Last season, the Oregon Athletic Department sold 22,000 season tickets to the public, without the contribution requirement; offered a limited number of single-game seats; and discounted 5,800 tickets to the ASUO, which distributed them to students on a first-come, first-served basis, says Director of Ticket Sales Garrett Klassy. But demand again overtook supply, and the secondary market boomed.

• • •

With the clock ticking towards the Civil War kickoff, some distraught bargain hunters drifted away, one couple departing as the notes of the national anthem rose into the foggy sky. Had they stayed a few minutes longer, they might have struck a deal with a young man who ran from inside the stadium to sell extra tickets through the chain link fence. Leutzinger and Ogden missed him, too. And they resisted buying from holdout scalpers. Even after the game had begun, “One guy was still trying to sell tickets for \$65 each. We couldn’t find anything else,” says Leutzinger.

Al, a shrewd scalper who had hawked his fifty-ticket supply, retired to the footbridge, counting his \$1,200 profit as waves of darker fog gathered around Autzen.

Nearly alone in the chilling breeze, the two Duck fans nevertheless smiled when they heard the first raucous roar from the crowd. “We knew Oregon had done something good,” says Leutzinger, who itched to cheer with the jubilant mob. Instead, the two admitted defeat and quickly walked to a Coburg Road sports bar to watch the game on TV. When Oregon blew away OSU, 56–14, they knew cheap seats for the 2006 season would be rare, indeed.

Sure enough, this July, StubHub posted its first Oregon ticket ads: A twenty-five-yard-line seat for the September 16 Oklahoma game—with a face value of \$60—had a \$530 asking price. Someone probably had to attend an out-of-town wedding.

—PETE PETERSON M.F.A. '68, M.S. '77

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## LAWSON INADA: A VOICE FROM THE CAMPS AND BEYOND

Hello, Lawson? This is President Roosevelt speaking. Now, as you may know, son, we're at war with Japan, so I'm going to have to put you and your family in camp."

—From *Legends from Camp* by Lawson Fusao Inada

LAWSON INADA M.F.A. '66 SITS IN THE mottled sunshine of a rooftop garden restaurant in Ashland, seeming to enjoy being interviewed here in the open air, not far from his home in Medford. He laughs easily and asks more questions than he answers. But he listens to the answers.

Even deeper questions—perhaps held as a net for flitting answers—are found in his poetry, poetry that has been published in such books as *Legends from Camp*, *Drawing the Line*, and *Before the War*, one of the first works of poetry by an Asian American to be distributed by a major New York publisher.

In February, Oregon Governor Ted Kulongoski named him Oregon's fifth poet laureate, the first since William Stafford died in 1993.

"Lawson Inada . . . has done distinguished work in reclaiming the cultural heritage of Asian Americans," Kulongoski said in announcing the appointment. "He is a wonderful poet and a great communicator."

Retired from four decades of teaching writing at Southern Oregon University, Inada looks forward to his two-year appointment as poet laureate, a position that pays \$10,000 a year, with an additional \$10,000 for expenses.

"It's a chance to share the gift," he says. In sharing that gift, Inada will travel to Oregon schools and make public appearances around the state, hoping to inspire students and adults with his story and work.

Most people, he says, do not ask the hard questions of themselves, about things they often have locked inside—thoughts, fears, experiences.

"I encourage people to look into their own histories. Everyone has their own stuff. I try to tell people we all have a poetic spirit, we all have ideas." And, he believes, writing is one of the places one can focus that poetic spirit and share those ideas.

As he notes in *Legends from Camp*, that phone call from President Roosevelt



Lauren McChesney

Oregon Poet Laureate Lawson Inada

did not come, "but the effect was the same," when, at age four, Inada and his family were sent to World War II internment camps. More than 100,000 Japanese Americans were imprisoned. The forced internment took Inada, now sixty-eight, and his family, to camps in California, Arkansas, and Colorado.

"The internment camps had a huge

impact on me," he says. That impact is found in such poems as "Concentration Constellation":

*It sits there like a jagged scar,  
massive, on the massive landscape.  
It lies there like the rusted wire  
of a twisted and remembered fence.*

History, he observes in *Legends from Camp*, is more than facts. "So you might say," he writes in a piece called "Camp," "I've taken matters into my own hands—taken the camp experience in my hands, stood in the sun, and held it up to the light.

"What did I find? What I expected to find: aspects of humanity, the human condition."

Part of that insight into the human condition was found in higher education.

"Both of my parents went to college," he says. "It was a given that I would go to college. You don't have to become anything, I was told by them. Just go to college."

After starts in New Hampshire, Iowa, and Colorado, he graduated from Fresno State University, then earned his M.F.A. in 1966 from the University of Oregon.

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"I tried different majors," he recalls. "I did well in English, and the creative writing instructors encouraged me. As often happens, that's all you need."

One of those was UO writing instructor and internationally acclaimed poet Ralph Salisbury.

"There were wonderful courses and I was encouraged to take classes in other arts: music, theater . . . it was like a buffet."

A part of the buffet, or perhaps a spice that infuses the flavor of his writing table, is jazz, everything from Louis Armstrong to Miles Davis.

"Jazz helped me hear poetry," he says, "hear it in my head with the underlying pulse and momentum. I still write by ear."

From his experience, education, and those background riffs from bebop and big bands has come a variety of work—some of it more playful than pensive, insights apart from the "twisted and remembered fence." In "Keep Quiet," he writes:

*It won't  
Rain tonight.  
The stars  
Just can't  
Keep quiet.*

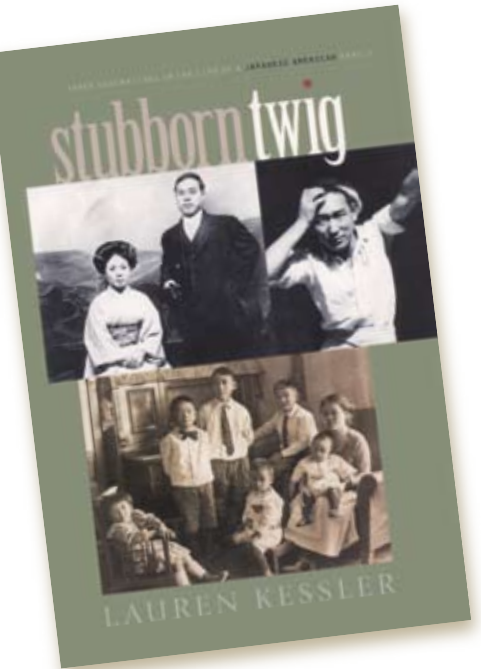
Nor, it seems, can the poet. "A lot just comes and happens," he says. "You have to be ready for it."

—JIM MCCHESENEY '90

## AMERICA IN LIGHT AND SHADOW

*Lawson Inada's poetry springs in part from his personal experiences in wartime internment camps. In Stubborn Twig, first published by Random House in 1993, UO Journalism Professor Lauren Kessler M.S. '75 tells the tragic and triumphant story of more camp detainees with strong Oregon connections, the Yasui family. The recently published new edition of the book (Oregon Historical Society Press, 2005) includes this preface, updated from a post-9/11 perspective.*

WE WANT TO BE PROUD TO BE AMERICANS—not with aggressive jingoism but with sincerity, with respect for land, people and principle. But it is sometimes difficult, for our past is clotted with ugly episodes: invasions, land-grabbing, forced marches, slavery, lynchings, mass internment. We have blood on our hands, and it is little



solace to most of us that other countries have done worse. We would like to believe that America is a beacon for freedom and equality, but it sometimes seems as if the evidence is less than overwhelming.

Still, some people want and need to believe that our past is unblemished, that our national story is a simple one, a tale of

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UO vs. USC *Sun. 5 • 1 P.M.*

**Women's Basketball** *MacArthur Court*  
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# DUCK SITES

WEBSITES OF INTEREST TO OQ READERS

great men and great deeds, of both moral and economic successes, of obstacles surmounted, dreams fulfilled. Bigger, better, more. Is it wrong—is it unpatriotic—to believe otherwise? Is it possible to be clear-eyed and critical, to acknowledge, admit and *own* a checkered past without defaulting on one's love of country? I think it is not only possible—it is essential to our collective mental health, to our standing in the world and to our humanity.

I grew up learning a certain story of America, a narrative in which pioneers and presidents loomed large, Indians appeared long enough to sell Manhattan and attack wagon trains, African Americans toiled silently until Abe Lincoln solved their problems, and women sewed flags, rolled bandages and kept the home fires burning. In the version of my country's past that I read in high school textbooks, America opened its arms wide and welcomed immigrants. The metaphor then was America-as-melting-pot. The Irish, the Italians, the Greeks, the Russians, the Jews—they arrived speaking their own languages, eating their own foods, tethered to their homelands. Into the melting pot they jumped and, within a generation (or less), the fires of the national caldron simmered away their differences, merging these once-distinct ingredients into an American stew. I loved this story. It was the story of my southern and central European grandparents, a story of hope and idealism, of fitting in and making good.

But later, in college, I was exposed to another story. A new generation of historians had painted a vastly different national portrait, one of greed, exploitation and intolerance, of marginalization, disempowerment and shame. In this version of the American story, we Americans do nothing right. In this version, we are a people so diverse in culture, politics and religion, in homelands, customs and allegiances, that we cannot hope to understand, tolerate or live in peace with each other. In fact, we live in fear of each other, suspicious and wary of our differences. Diversity, it seems, is just another word for tribalization, and the United States is nothing more than a nation of warring tribes. The events following 9/11, from the demonization of Arab Americans to the Patriot Act to the color-coding of the country into Red and Blue, are part of this dark and disturbing story.

There is, I think, some truth to both these versions of our national story. In order to understand our country, we must

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first understand that. And we must see that it is possible—necessary, even—to accept America as both hero and villain. The story of the Yasui family, a window on the immigrant experience in the United States, illustrates that point because it speaks to both the promise and the peril of America. The Yasuis' story, the Japanese story, is both typical—the wide-eyed young immigrant stepping off the boat with big plans and empty pockets—and unique. A string of nativist legislation, from an eighteenth-century edict that denied Asians naturalized citizenship to the Immigration Act of 1924, which banned further Japanese immigration, plus the mass internment of more than 110,000 people of Japanese ancestry during World War II, shows in no uncertain terms that the Japanese were treated differently from other willing immigrants to America.

It is an unsettling story, this century-long narrative of the Japanese experience. At first considered “alien” and “unassimilable,” Japanese immigrants like Masuo Yasui, the family’s patriarch, were actually

feared for the opposite reason: They were, just decades after arriving in this country, beating Americans at their own game. They practiced the Protestant ethic with greater energy and resolve than many of their white neighbors. They devoted themselves to work, taught their children the meaning of hard labor and delayed their own gratification. They were the new Puritans, and the old Puritans didn’t like it.

And yet, despite racism and wartime hysteria—the dark side of this American tale—the Yasuis and tens of thousands of other Japanese families like them, succeeded. This country, grudgingly, unhappily, too slowly, gave them that chance. While never forgetting how unnecessarily tortuous the path was for families like the Yasuis, we should also not forget that the path existed. And so, we can believe in both versions of America, the light and the shadow, the country that provides opportunity and then works overtime to prevent some people from gaining access to it.

The Yasuis’ story is marbled with tragedy that reflects poorly on all of us. Yet it is also studded with success, which reflects well on us. This story has a happy ending, an America-as-hero ending, with

the Yasuis becoming doctors, lawyers and teachers, entrepreneurs, artists and activists. A century ago Masuo Yasui dreamed the American Dream of equality, freedom and physical comfort. Today his children, grandchildren and great grandchildren are living it.

## N. RAY HAWK

1918–2006

RAY HAWK '47, M.A. '48, D.Ed. '49 was born April 14, 1918, near the tiny southern Oregon town of Butte Falls. Despite the family’s humble beginnings, Hawk’s parents encouraged him to pursue higher education. After graduating from Ashland Senior High School in 1936, he attended Southern Oregon Normal School. During this time he earned his pilot’s license. Drafted into the Army Air Corps during World War II, he served more than thirty years in the Air Force and the Air Force Reserves, obtaining the rank of full colonel. In the 1960s and early 1970s his reserve duties included being a liaison officer for high school candidates to the U.S. Air Force Academy.

After World War II, Hawk pursued

### ALUMNI EVENTS

#### SEPTEMBER

##### 14 Portland

Alumni Networking and Career Connection

#### 30 Tempe, Arizona

Duck Football vs. ASU  
Pre-game Party

#### OCTOBER

##### 7 Northern California

Duck Football vs. California  
Pre-game Party

#### NOVEMBER

##### 1–5 Eugene

Homecoming

#### 11 Southern California

Duck Football vs. USC  
Pre-game Party

#### DECEMBER

##### 1 Portland

Holiday Music Fest

For more information and complete details on all UOAA events, check out [uoalumni.com](http://uoalumni.com).

## WILLIAM STAFFORD: *Down in My Heart*

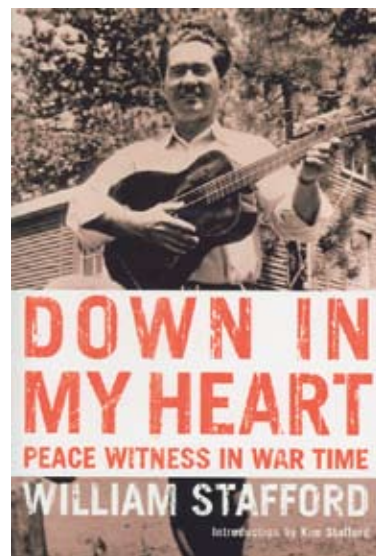
Introduction by Kim Stafford (B.A. '71, M.A. '73, PhD '79)

While the United States was waging war overseas in the 1940s, William Stafford was waging peace. From 1942 to 1946, Stafford was interned in camps for conscientious objectors after refusing to be inducted into the U.S. Army. Stafford’s memoir of those years tells how a wartime draft created a community of peace and provides a fascinating look at the formative years of a major American poet. First published in 1947, it remains timely, inviting readers to imagine how this legacy of pacifism might inform their own lives.

(Paperback, \$15.95)

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## NEWS IN BRIEF

**BLEED FOR THE CIVIL WAR**

The fifth annual Civil War Blood Drive is happening November 3–17. The University of Oregon and Oregon State Alumni Associations are teaming up to take the Civil War challenge off-the-field. If you donate blood and sign the “Civil War Blood Drive Ballot” when you donate in Oregon, your gift will not only help save lives, but it will also help the Ducks clobber the Beavers! Call 1-800-GIVE-LIFE or in Lane County call 541-484-9111 to schedule a donation.

**NEW HOME FOR STUDENTS**

More than 3,000 students will be moving into UO residence halls this fall, and 387 students will be lucky enough to be moving into the first new housing on campus since 1963. The Living-Learning Center will be more than just a place to live—it also includes classrooms, meeting rooms, a performance hall, study alcoves, and DUX Bistro. The Grand Opening Extravaganza will be held on Saturday, November 4, during homecoming weekend. Stop by.

**HELP A DUCK**

Ducks need Ducks. Or at least they should have them in their network. Duck-to-Duck Mentoring, an online database pairing Ducks with similar interests, can facilitate these connections. Find a mentor or become a mentor at uoalumni.com.

**BIGGER UO HOME IN PORTLAND**

The University agreed to an eighteen-year lease for the White Stag building and portions of two other historic buildings situated on the White Stag block in Portland. The new Portland Center, which is expected to open in January 2008, will unite University academic programs in one place and allow the UO to expand its offerings of lectures and other events.



Courtesy Phyllis Hawk

N. Ray Hawk

his dream of being an educator. He moved to Eugene and enrolled at the University of Oregon, finishing his bachelor's degree in 1947. In 1948 he received his master's degree in history and one year later he earned his doctorate in education. He was also asked to join Phi Kappa Psi fraternity.

Hawk served as an administrator at Southern Oregon College, but after one year he returned to the UO as the youngest dean of men in the United States. He held this post from 1950 to 1964. From 1964 until his retirement in 1982, Hawk served as dean of administration and then vice president for administration and finance. In the turbulent days of 1969, the UO was awaiting the arrival of a new president and Hawk guided the University as acting president. Upon retirement as vice president emeritus, Hawk volunteered for the UO Foundation; he worked there for twenty-three years until the age of eighty-six. His energy, passion, and drive to help the UO were second to none. He drove to Agate Hall early each weekday morning to volunteer a few hours, and, over the years, he raised millions of dollars for the University.

Hawk loved many things in life, perhaps most of all his wife of sixty-seven years, Phyllis '47. Hawk and Phyllis Virginia Porter met as students at Southern Oregon Normal School, marrying in 1939. Hawk is survived by Phyllis; his brother Russell '50, M.S. '59 of Medford; and his three sons, Kenneth '67 (OHSU '72) of Eugene, William '80 of Sherwood, and Ronald '79 of West Linn.

*The family asks that any remembrances be made to awards and scholarships in Hawk's name through the UO Foundation or to the UO Duck Athletic Fund.*

**NEW ALUMNI CENTER PLANNED**

*Facility will strengthen connection between the UO and its graduates*

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON PRESIDENT Dave Frohnmayer announced in mid-June that Cheryl Ramberg Ford '66 and her husband, Allyn, president of Roseburg Forest Products, have made a \$5 million lead gift for a new alumni center. The gift launches a drive to raise a total of \$15 to \$20 million in private donations to fund the project. Cheryl Ford is the incoming president of the University of Oregon Alumni Association.

“Because of the generosity of the Fords and future donors, alumni and other visitors will now have a home base on campus,” Frohnmayer said. “The new center will serve as a bridge to bring all parts of the University of Oregon family together and to strengthen the bonds that tie all of us to the University's rich heritage and bright future. The alumni center will also form part of a more inviting new east entryway to the campus.”

In addition, the center will bring the University up to par with the rest of the Pac-10 conference universities, all of which have alumni centers.

“It's important for alumni to have a place to gather and call their own,” said Cheryl Ford. “We want more alumni to get involved with the University, and the new center will encourage that involvement.”

The new center, which has not yet been designed, will contain an assembly hall—ballroom with catering facilities, conference and meeting room space, display areas to recognize University history and alumni accomplishments, and offices for the Alumni Association, University of Oregon Foundation, and the University's Office of Development. These organizations are currently housed in Agate Hall, a building, originally constructed as an elementary school in 1924, not equipped to meet the long-range needs of the University's outreach operations.

The proposed location for the new center is a site along Franklin Boulevard between Agate Street and 13th Avenue. The site is now occupied by a visitor and employee parking lot. The timeline for construction of the new center has not yet been determined.





## Not every cancer-fighting instrument is made of glass or steel.

Go to a local American Family Insurance agent or the University Bookstore and you can buy a limited edition Oregon Duck LIVESTRONG® hat. You'll not only show love for your Ducks, you'll help in the fight against cancer in young adults. The sad facts are that 70,000 people aged 15 to 40 will be diagnosed with cancer this year, and their odds of survival haven't improved since 1975. Proceeds support research at OHSU Cancer Institute, University of Oregon Institute of Molecular Biology and the Lance Armstrong Foundation, three institutions leading the way to halt this terrible disease. So you see, not every cancer-fighting instrument is made of glass or steel. Some are made of 100 percent cotton and look good on your head.

1940

**Margie Folsom '47** retired in 1984 after thirty-five years of work for an advertising agency in New York City. She relocated to Daytona Beach, Florida.

**W. Rex Stevens '49** and **Shirley Miller Stevens '47** celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary on June 30 with an Alaskan cruise. The couple took their four children and spouses along for the trip to commemorate the special milestone.

1950

Yoohoo, 1950s grads, where are you? We're certain you're doing interesting things, accomplishing great things, being showered with recognition for your contributions to society . . . . And your classmates—long lost as well as half-century pals—want to keep in touch. There is a form on page 50 you can fill out and send in, or drop us an e-mail at [oldoregon@uoregon.edu](mailto:oldoregon@uoregon.edu), or go to our website at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com) and click on "Class Notes."

1960

**Alaby Blivet '63** and **Sara Lee Cake '45** have announced that their daughter, **Betsy Ross Blivet '01**, has taken over day-to-day operations of the Blivet Biscuit Works. Betsy will soon be adding to the Blivet Junction, Utah, confectionary conglomerate's product offerings a new line of healthy sugar-free, trans-fat-free, sorghum-, flax-, and alfalfa-based cookie-like food products called Cudlets. She's currently focus-grouping a promotional slogan: "Chew Cudlets—Just for the HDL of It."

**Jim Lehman M.F.A. '68** was published in Budapest, Hungary, in the scientific journal *Symmetry: Culture and Science*. His article, "The Journey: Pandora's Sphere—A Paradox," is available as a PDF file at: <http://www.blackcatphotoproducts.com/Lehman1-A4.pdf>. He works as a photoproducts designer and lives in Vancouver, Washington, with his wife, **Julie Remmerde '66**. She owns Black Cat Calligraphy Studio, named after their aged feline.

■ **Robert D. Barclay '69** has been appointed to the Board of Governors of the Shriners Hospital for Children in Portland.

1970

**Joni Low '75** and her family moved into their rebuilt house in October 2005, two years after the family's original house burned down in the San Diego wildfires. Low is currently the executive director for the Asian Business Administration in San Diego.

■ **Bob Welch '76** won the Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association "Best Column" award in 2005. He is a general columnist at *The Register-Guard* in Eugene. His new book is *My Oregon*, a collection of his columns.

A book of poetry by **Sharon Olson MA '77** titled *The Long Night of Flying* was published this year by Sixteen Rivers Press. More information about it can be found at the publisher's website, [www.sixteenrivers.org](http://www.sixteenrivers.org). Olson has been a librarian in Palo Alto, California, for twenty-eight years.

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1980

All graduates from the decade of the 1980s appear to have been abducted by space aliens and were therefore unable to send in a single Class Note this quarter. Or could there be some other explanation? C'mon, don't be shy. Your fellow Ducks want to know what you're up to. There is a form on page 50 you can fill out and send in, or drop us an e-mail at [oldoregon@uoregon.edu](mailto:oldoregon@uoregon.edu), or go to our website at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com) and click on "Class Notes."

1990

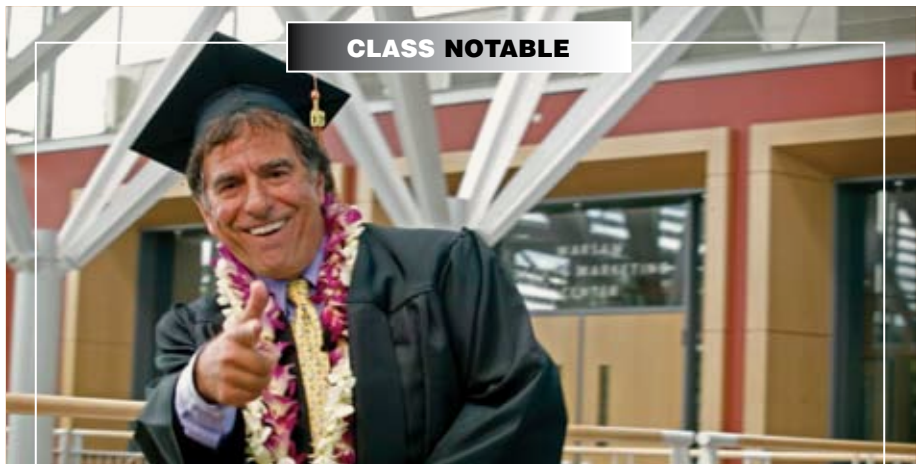
**Jeff Marchioro '92** has been hired as a senior engineer for Doyle Engineering's San Diego office. He brings technical expertise in water and wastewater treatment to the firm from his fifteen years as a civil engineer.

■ **Paul Cooper '93** was the project manager on the recently opened Almaden Library and Community Center in San Francisco. His work on this project for Field Paoli Architects resulted in a facility that combines library and community programs under one roof, featuring "green" design elements and public art.

■ **Dave Evans JD '93** was named Teacher of the Year at Fallbrook Union High School in San Diego County. He is also the founder and president of San Diego Ducks, the UO Alumni Association's San Diego chapter.

**Marisa (Tipton) O'Brien '95** lives in Portland and works in the energy efficiency field, managing programs for electric utilities. She has a one-year-old son.

After a year of deployment to Iraq, **Christiane L. Williams '96** moved from Springfield to Aurora, Colorado. She recently began a career with Home



JIM WARSAW, UO GRAD

At the age of fifty-eight, Jim Warsaw has accomplished most of his life dreams. With his brother, he turned his father's small sports souvenir company into the top licensed sports cap producer in the world. With a vision and a financial donation, he founded the Warsaw Sports Marketing Center at the University of Oregon. He served two terms on the UO Foundation Board of Trustees. He and his wife, Ellyne, have successfully raised three sons.

But there was one thing missing: although Warsaw attended the UO for three and one-half years in the late 1960s, he left school eighteen credits short of a degree. He hadn't thought about it much in succeeding years—until he saw the letters "NOD" next to his name on the foundation trustee roster. "I didn't know what it meant—"Not On Delivery?" he remembers. When he found out it meant "No Degree," he decided he wasn't going to finish his membership on the board without completing his credits and getting that degree.

Over the past six years, even while fighting Parkinson's disease, Warsaw has completed the six courses he needed. And, on June 17, he proudly received his University of Oregon bachelor's degree in business finance.

He says he did it for two reasons: to set a good example for his sons and to affirm his allegiance to the University of Oregon, which he has loved ever since he first set foot on the campus in 1965.

"I'm a Duck—my values are Oregon values," Warsaw told *Register-Guard* sports columnist Ron Bellamy. "My philosophy of life is Oregon. I could not go through the end of my life and not say that I graduated from the University of Oregon."

Jack Liu



## POACHING FROM HISTORY

*First-time novelist imagines worlds far beyond her own travels.*

**D**EBRA DEAN M.F.A. '92 IS NOT one of those twenty-something writers whose autobiographically inspired M.F.A. project got noticed by an agent. She's, well, not in her twenties, and her first novel, *The Madonnas of Leningrad* (HarperCollins, 2006), isn't autobiographical at all. One half of the book is set in a place and time that were entirely unfamiliar to Dean when she decided to write it. And the novel is doing very well—another rarity for a first-time author. The *New York Times Book Review* has rated it an Editor's Choice book, calling it a "touching debut," it was a number one Book Sense pick, and it spent a couple of months on the Pacific Northwest Independent Bestseller's List after its debut in March.

Maybe that's not surprising for a book with such compelling themes. In alternating chapters, Dean tells the story of Marina, a museum docent, and her struggle to survive the Nazi siege of Leningrad in the basement bomb shelter of the Hermitage Museum, which is one of the oldest and largest art galleries and history museums in the world, housing more collections in its six buildings than a visitor could see in a year. Marina occupies herself by roaming the empty halls of the museum and creating a "memory palace" in her imagination for some of the 1.1 million pieces that have been evacuated.

The novel shifts between young Marina and her present-day self, a Seattle grandmother battling Alzheimer's and flashing back to those same pieces of art for solace and escape.

Dean still seems humbled and amazed that the book she worked on for three summers in her Seattle apartment's basement laundry room actually made it to the shelves of bookstores—and that book clubs want to talk with her, and fans line up to receive her autograph. "I was the



Courtesy HarperCollins

least qualified person to write this book," Dean said, speaking as part of a panel this spring at Portland's Wordstock Book Festival. She didn't speak Russian, had never been to Russia, and knew very little Soviet history.

The novel began as two short stories Dean worked on while teaching writing and literature at Bellevue Community College. One story was rooted in Dean's fascination with her grandmother's regression into childhood during her struggle with Alzheimer's. For Dean, the regression allowed her to learn things about her grandmother that she hadn't known before—"I was struck by the idea that you never really know your parents."

Around the same time, Dean watched a PBS series about the Nazi siege of Leningrad, which included the intriguing story of a museum curator who gave tours of the museum, describing the art that once hung from the bare walls to visitors and those seeking refuge in the museum. Dean saw potential for a short story based on that character.

When Dean's agent suggested she try the idea as a novel, Dean was daunted by the prospect of writing about a place she'd never been. But the curator's story haunted her, and she researched the Hermitage and studied journals and maps of

the city and its buildings. She eventually merged the Hermitage and Alzheimer's stories, with the theme of what sustains us when our worlds fall apart. Indeed, it's amazing that a novel about war, destruction, and dementia has a beautiful and ethereal feel to it, a feel that's captured in the image on the book's cover, a painting depicting golden light streaming through a bomb hole in the museum.

Most of the reviews of the novel have been heavy on praise. "Rare is the novel that creates that blissful forgot-you-were-reading experience," wrote one critic in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*. "This sort of transcendence is rarer still when the novel in question is an author's debut, but that is precisely what Debra Dean has achieved with her image-rich book."

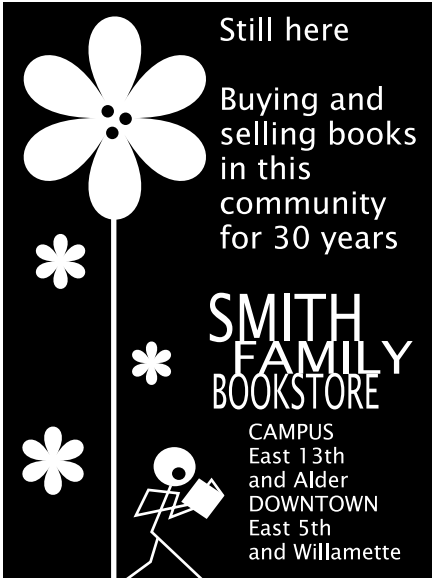
Dean was finally able to visit St. Petersburg before the final manuscript was accepted. After all that studying, she had hopes of leading her husband through the city with the familiarity of her protagonist, Marina. She was initially disappointed. Things were different than she'd imagined. The entrance to the museum wasn't where she thought it would be, and it took them more than an hour to find it. Slowly, landmarks began to look familiar. "This is going to sound woo-woo," Dean says, "but characters from my novel started to appear." She felt as if she'd been in St. Petersburg before and had met the babushkas walking down the street somewhere in her novel. It was, she says, "the most intense déjà vu of my life."

But Dean, characteristically, downplays her own role in the story she created for *The Madonnas of Leningrad*, crediting the Russians' ability to tell their own stories through written history. "The hardest part of fiction is making things up," Dean says. "I just got to poach history."

—JAMIE PASSARO M.S. '01

**Address Changes.  
Class Notes.  
Letters to the Editor.**

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Depot, working in the Denver lumber distribution center.

**Kendra Smith '97** is engaged to Dale Conour, a writer and editor. They will marry in October 2006 in Mendocino County. She is now freelance writing, and he works at *Sunset* magazine, where the couple met.

**2000**

**Shunney (Chung) Nair '03** has been nominated vice chair of the Houston Municipal Art Commission.

**Margaret McGladrey '06** and **Matthew Wells M.A. '01, Ph.D. '06** were married August 4 at the Portland Classical Chinese Garden. The couple moved to La Grande, where Matt is a history professor at Eastern Oregon University. Margaret continues to pursue the good life: writing, traveling, and enjoying the mountains around their new home.

**In Memoriam**

**Carl A. Gerlinger '33** died on March 10 at the age of ninety-five. He was a generous supporter of UO football and attended the 1995 Rose Bowl with four generations of his Duck-loving family. He kept a UO victory garden to celebrate each UO win, which was only a part of his large farm, garden, and bird refuge outside Dallas. A successful businessman, he worked in the prune, steel, and manufacturing industries for over seventy years. He actively participated in the life of his local community, including a time as director of the Dallas City Bank, and enjoyed fishing, hunting, and golf. He and his wife, Helen, were married for

seventy-three years. They loved hosting barbeques and pool parties for their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren at their farm.

**Bob Lewis '46** died February 17 of heart failure at his Newport Beach home with his family by his side. He was eighty-one. A leader in the competitive worlds of beer sales and thoroughbred racing, he founded the Foothill Beverage Company in 1965, which became the second-largest beer distributorship in California. His horses, Charismatic and Silver Charm, each won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and he earned his reputation as horse racing's unofficial ambassador for his warm, genuine spirit and his instinct for racing. He and Beverly '48, his wife of sixty years, met at the UO in the mid-1940s and remained supporters of Oregon athletics, even using yellow and green racing silks for their horses. Active philanthropists, the couple funded the Robert and Beverly Lewis Cancer Center in Pomona, California, the Padua Village (a facility that provides homes for developmentally disabled children) in Claremont, California, and the Robert and Beverly Lewis Center for

**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.

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AUTUMN 2006



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Neuroimaging on the UO campus.

**Don Keith Ausland** '50 died of lung cancer on April 7 surrounded by his wife and children. He grew up in Grants Pass and especially enjoyed football, playing both as captain of his high school team and, during World War II, as an enlistee in the Navy. He then attended Oregon State College (OSU) on a football scholarship, but transferred to the UO after a career-ending knee injury. He pledged Kappa Sigma, and became a lifelong loyal Duck. He came back to the UO in 1952 to enter dental school, starting his dental practice in Eugene and helping create a dental clinic for the UO Student Health Center. In addition to volunteering as director of the Assistance League Children's Dental Clinic, he enjoyed UO sports, working with international students, and travel, fishing, gardening, and golfing. He was passionate about his family, his staff, and his patients, who will miss his compassion, integrity, and sense of humor.

**Jim (James) Roberts** '55 died at age seventy-two on August 27, 2005. After graduating from the UO, he earned his graduate degree in banking and worked for Bank of America for twenty-four years. He was on the UO alumni board for many years and loyally supported Duck athletics. At his fiftieth UO reunion last year, he saw many of his Phi Delta Theta brothers, with whom he had remained close friends through the years. He was active in the Olympia, Washington, community where he retired, serving as president of the down-

town Lions Club and cofounder of the Olympia Community Foundation. He and his wife, Jean, were married for forty-six years; the couple had two children and seven grandchildren.

**Walter R. Baranski, Jr.** '62 died June 4 at age sixty-six. He often inspired those he encountered with his relentless optimism in the face of a debilitating arthritic condition. Once a standout baseball player at the UO, he was confined to a wheelchair or motorized cart for nearly forty years. He spent thirty-one years as a coach and teacher in San Diego, including eighteen years at Patrick Henry High School. Among Walt's abiding passions was his love for the Ducks—he excitedly attended the football team's Holiday Bowl appearances in 2000 and 2005. His family, friends, and students will miss his booming voice, sense of humor, and the deep affection he shared with them.

**Woodrow Jones, Jr.** Ph.D. '74 died November 22, 2005. He was fifty-eight years old. "Woody" became the first African American dean of the College of Liberal Studies and a cofounder of the Black Faculty Alliance at Texas A&M University. He authored or coauthored eight books and numerous articles focused on the history of African American health and public policy. He stepped down as dean in 2001 with serious heart trouble, had a heart transplant in early 2004, and experienced continued heart trouble until his sudden death. His sense of humor and personable nature will be greatly missed by his colleagues, family, and friends.

## Faculty In Memoriam

**Albert Kitzhaber** died in early June. He was one of the nation's foremost proponents of progressive methods of teaching college writing during the 1950s and 1960s. His study of teaching methods nationally, "Themes, Theories, Therapies" (1963), is responsible for inspiring the nationwide writing-across-the-curriculum movement. He joined the English department faculty in 1958, and his presence on the faculty contributed to the growth of the UO's national reputation in the 1960s and 1970s. Annabel Kitzhaber (who died in October, 2005) also taught in the English department for many years. Their daughter, Ann Kemmy, received her Ph.D. from the UO in 1990 and has taught since at Lane Community College. Al and Annabel were very active in state politics, and their son, John, was president of the Oregon Senate from 1985 to 1993 and then governor of Oregon from 1995 to 2003.

**Frances G. Toobert** died May 4 from chronic obstructive pulmonary disease. She was eighty-two. She married Saul Toobert in Salem in 1964 and became the stepmother to his two children, Deborah and Michael. Under her professional name, Frances Scott, she worked for years as a professor and as the director of the UO Center for Gerontology.

## DECADES

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

**1926** In celebration of the UO's first fifty years of operation, *Old Oregon* looks back, noting that the value of campus has soared from \$50,000 to \$2.5 million and recounting that in the school's early days, Dean John Straub's job included meeting trains at the station, gathering incoming students in his horse-drawn carriage, helping them hunt for lodging, and operating an "employment bureau" to find newcomers work, such as splitting wood for fifteen cents per hour.

**1936** A scare ripples across campus when title ownership of the alma mater song "Mighty Oregon" is purchased by a Chicago company. Fears subside when further study reveals that use of the song at nonprofit occasions is permitted and use at profit-making events may be okayed by obtaining a license.

**1946** The student body, swollen by postwar enrollment, will get some relief as five new Quonset huts will soon add classroom space and buildings moved from the Kaiser shipyards in Vancouver will expand available housing. Current plans favor naming the new residence halls for Oregon students killed in the war.

**1956** A full-page ad in *Old Oregon* announces "Bell [Telephone] System Solar Battery Converts Sun's Rays into Electricity!" The ad exclaims that, if harnessed, solar

power could "turn every wheel and light every lamp that mankind would ever need."

**1966** Twenty-year-old Annette Buchanan, a "Joan of Arc of Journalism," gains national notoriety and editorial support from the *New York Times* after refusing to reveal to a Lane County grand jury her sources for an *Emerald* article on local marijuana use.

**1976** The campus celebrates 100 years of existence by looking back over some milestones: first graduation (class of five), 1878; first student newspaper, *The Reflector*, begins publication, 1891; first football game, 1894; first track team organized, 1895; first sorority (later Kappa Alpha Theta) organized, 1904; first "O" built on Skinner Butte, 1908; first women's dormitory, Mary Spiller Hall, opens, 1909.

**1986** The campus food and social scene is changing fast. Hoots Restaurant, the ultimate late-night and early-morning gathering place for insomniac Ducks, goes out of business, as does nearer-to-campus hangout Lenny's Nosh Bar, a victim of Sacred Heart Hospital's expansion.

**1996** Warner Brothers films *Without Limits*, a movie about UO track star Steve Prefontaine, at Hayward Field. Using a script written by Duck track alum Kenny Moore, Donald Sutherland plays track coach Bill Bowerman.

# RAIN OF TERROR

by Ross West M.F.A. '84

**“WEAPONIZED ANTHRAX KILLS HUNDREDS IN UO TERROR ATTACK.”**

That’s the headline I feared when I heard in November 2001 that the Eugene Fire Department’s Hazardous Materials Team was racing to campus in response to an envelope sent to a physics department office—when opened, it had sent a cloud of white powder billowing into the air. One worker who had contact with the letter was now at McKenzie-Willamette Hospital. The letter, postmarked Malaysia, contained the words “death to the oppressor.”

This horrifying news played on all the paranoia and helplessness and sorrow and grief that had punched the country woozy that fall. First 9/11 and then, like the second blow of a deadly one-two combination, anthrax. Beginning only a week after the Twin Towers tumbled, these letter-borne attacks on media outlets and the U.S. Senate killed five, infected more than twenty, and added *bioterror* to our rapidly expanding vocabulary of fear.

Local TV and newspaper reporters would soon be swarming to campus. The University’s Office of Communications, where I worked, revved into crisis mode. The staff gathered to divvy up pressing tasks: get the facts, inform administrators, get ahead of the inevitable rumors by quickly drafting and disseminating to media the official University statement, start work on a detailed press release. My assignment: go to the emergency scene and report back.

An invisible mist darkened the streets in the dwindling late-afternoon light. I opened my umbrella and looked down 13th Avenue toward Willamette Hall where flashing colored lights throbbed on top of half a dozen squad cars and fire department vehicles. Yellow police tape cordoned off the street, officers kept bystanders far from the evacuated building. A flash of my I.D. got me inside the restricted area.

Radios crackled and emergency personnel scurried about, their jaws set, faces determined. An unspoken but unmistakable fear hung in the air—if *this thing goes south, if it is anthrax, if it got into the building’s air conditioning system before anyone realized the danger . . . things could get very ugly*. As I got close to Willamette and peered in through a brightly lit window, I could see someone in a head-to-toe HazMat contamination control suit moving with the lumbering stiffness of an astronaut on the moon.

I backed off, strangely numbed by this out of place vision, then found one of our Public Safety guys, got briefed, and called in an update to the office.

My colleagues there were already working on the press



release: UO, CITY, FBI RESPOND TO MAIL SCARE AT UNIVERSITY. It would quote Vice President for Administration Dan Williams, “We are hoping that testing will show this is only a hoax.”

And hoping too, as I think we all were, that we could go back to September 10, back to simpler days when the headlines we’d put atop November press releases would read HOLIDAY TUBA CONCERT SCHEDULED and DINING HALL TO CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING WITH TURKEY AND TOFU.

But not now. The Opie-and-Andy headlines were gone; the carnage was no longer distant, on TV, back East. Now emergency vehicle lights flickered red and blue in the heart of campus.

In that surreal twilight it felt as if Evil had our number, knew where we lived, and for the price of a postage stamp could be delivered right through the mail slot. I didn’t know what to do, but I had to do *something*.

The opportunity came soon after the emergency vehicles drove off. Propelled by some sense of having been attacked, some primal impulse to protect the tribe, I pushed open the glass doors and stepped into the cavernous echoing space of the building’s atrium. With the ventilation system shut down, the air felt hot and heavy. Eyes darting, ears straining on high alert, I scouted the perimeter, not sure what I was looking for, but compelled, vigilant. Then it hit me like a cold, sobering slap—the *guy had on a MOON SUIT! They sounded the all clear, but they don’t KNOW for sure, don’t have conclusive test results yet*. I imagined microbes floating in the air, my death one unlucky breath away. *RUN!*

I scrambled out the exit door, pushed it closed behind me, and leaned my weight against the glass as if to keep some snarling genie bottled up. Another shuddering wave of fear—*STILL TOO CLOSE!*—sent me scurrying into the night. At what seemed a safe distance I rested against a lamppost, my chest heaving, heart hammering, and unfurled my umbrella. Just above my head, the now-heavy rain thrummed on the thin-stretched nylon. Light shimmered in the raindrops, illuminating them as they fell like silver slivers. My breathing slowed. Looking around, I grew uncomfortably aware of the tight dry cylinder in which I stood and, just beyond that fragile shelter, an unimaginable darkness.

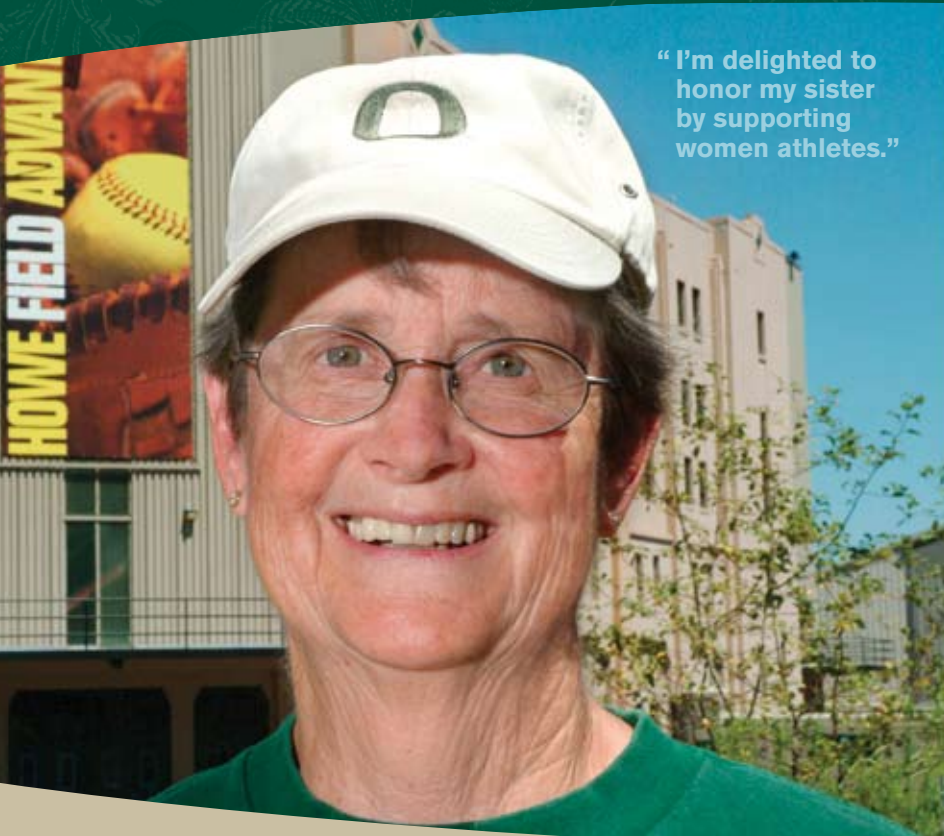
Ross West M.F.A. '84 worked as the science writer in the UO Office of Communications for eight years before joining Oregon Quarterly, where he is now managing editor. The Willamette Hall incident turned out to be a hoax.



# Philanthropic Transformation



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



“I'm delighted to honor my sister by supporting women athletes.”

## Have you included the University of Oregon in your estate plan?

Please be sure to contact the Office of Gift Planning.

We will enroll you as a member in the Arnold Bennett Hall Society.

We can help you craft meaningful language to include in your giving document.

We can show you ways to receive lifetime benefits, such as tax savings and annual income payments, while you support the University of Oregon.



## A Sister's Tribute

When the Kimball sisters were University of Oregon undergraduates, no intercollegiate sports were open to women. It was common knowledge that the main career options for women with college degrees were nursing or teaching.

Jeannette '55 opted for teaching high school math; Betty '54 chose physical education. An avid softball player, Betty helped open new vistas for girls in athletics, establishing many teams and a reputation as a stand-out volleyball coach.

When Betty died in 1999, Jeannette created a memorial scholarship as a living tribute to her sister. After seeing firsthand how much impact the Betty Joy Kimball Scholarship has on recipients, Jeannette revised her estate plan to endow it permanently.

### Office of Gift Planning

University of Oregon Development Office  
PO Box 3346 Eugene OR 97403-0346

(541) 346-1687 (800) 289-2354

[giftplan@uoregon.edu](mailto:giftplan@uoregon.edu)

<http://giftplan.uoregon.edu>

## You Can Make a Difference

- I have included the UO in my estate plan and would like to join the Arnold Bennett Hall Society.
- Please send me information about how I can receive lifetime income and support the University of Oregon through a
- Charitable gift annuity
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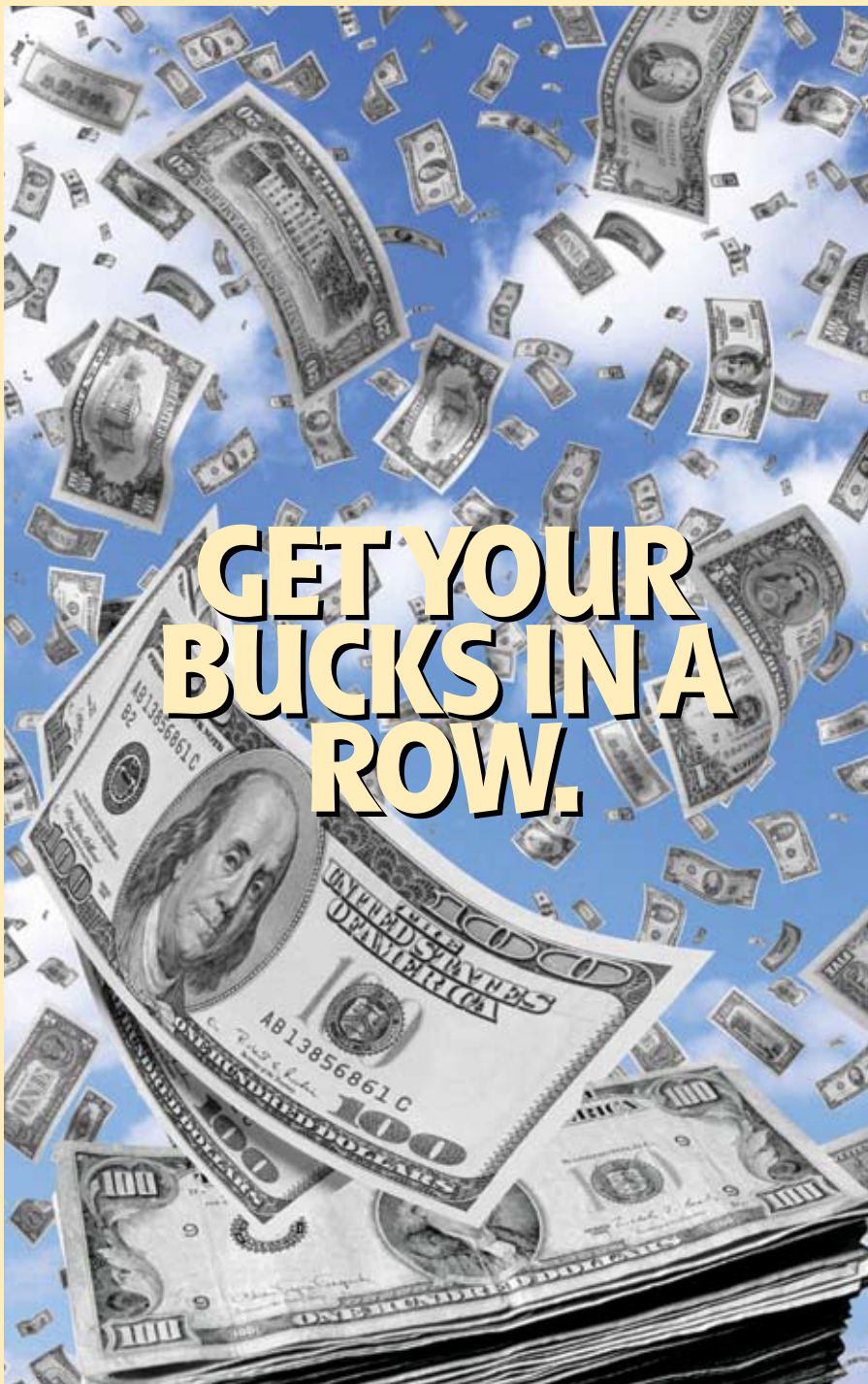
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