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Cover: A banner announces the UO's new presence in Old Town Portland. Photo © Michael McDermott

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Editor's Note

A publisher once told me that if there were no mistakes in his magazines, he was paying too much for proofreading—because to find those last few mistakes, you have to invest in some serious eyeballs looking at your copy again and again. At *Oregon Quarterly*—as spell checkers proliferate and text messaging and the web wreak havoc on standards of spelling, grammar, and style—we still believe that's an investment worth making.

For the forty issues from Winter 1996 to Autumn 2006, two of the more serious eyeballs reviewing our copy belonged to Jackie Melvin, a freelancer who started working with us after she told us that our proofreader should be ashamed. Since we didn't have a proofreader as such at that time, we offered her the job.

Jackie's astute reading has been a tremendous asset to the magazine, not only in her mastery of the dictionary and our style guide (which sets policies for ambiguous points of punctuation and capitalization and the like), but also by bringing to the task just the right blend of cantankerousness and humor, conscience and curiosity, a poet's ear and a schoolmarm's fealty to rules. She'd say, for example, in a carefully and concisely worded note on a blue or purple sticky note, that the previous sentence was too long and, perhaps, should be made into two or three more precise sentences.

To simplify her life, Jackie has resigned her eyeballs from OQ. Our proofreading has been passed to the able hands of two of our colleagues at the UO, who bring all the skills we need to check our copy. But we'll miss Jackie and her wit, her thoroughness, and her passion for clarity and respect in words pressed onto the page.

Guy Maynard
Editor

Trojan Costs

In the essay "Trojan Course" [Autumn 2006], Todd Schwartz writes: "The 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." I was disappointed that Schwartz did not reveal the reason they spent so much money to win the measure—that it had to do with who would be liable for costs to decommission and clean up Trojan. Why did he neglect to write about such a monumental public deception or, if one were to conclude differently, why did he not address the consequences to the defeat of the measure?

Aaron Johanson '81
Portland

"Trojan Course" omits important parts of the story of PGE's involvement with Trojan—particularly with regard to PGE's ongoing, rear-guard action to defend its continuing, illegal charging of ratepayers for the ill-considered folly that was Trojan. By mentioning the continuing liability to ratepayers for WPPSS while omitting that for Trojan, the article presents a sanitized and misleading view of Trojan, PGE, and the continuing burden imposed on Oregon ratepayers.

Daniel Anderson '80
Portland

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

Todd Schwartz replies: I harbor no particular love for PGE management, and I agree with both letters that there are dozens of articles that could well be written about the various machinations of company leaders—that almost invariably lead to the outcome, as I mentioned in my essay, that the ratepayers wind up taking it in the cooling tower, so to speak. "Trojan Course," however, was more narrowly focused upon the last few hours of the tower as a kind of metaphor for the decline of the ill-fated plant and the failure of round one of nuclear power in the Northwest. Round two may be on the horizon—get your checkbooks ready.

Great article on the demolition of the Trojan nuclear plant cooling tower, but I have to tell you, I had to look twice (or even three times) at the photos. My wife called me at work to congratulate me when she saw the cover—http://flickr.com/photos/delolds/sets/72157594159277347/.

One does wonder, as technology improves and Middle East oil presents more of an issue, if cheap and safe nuclear power could make a comeback. There were definitely mixed feelings among the folks watching the implosion.

Del Olds '84
Tualatin

Editor's note: Olds's photograph of the implosion was similar to our cover photograph, which was taken by Dan Carter.

Manliness?

Toughness and physical courage probably are not prerequisites for the job of flack at the University Office of Communications. Even so, I wish the UO had sent a more manly man out to report on the possible anthrax incident, that night in November 2001. Ross West's account of his fear and panic bordered on the comic ["Rain of Terror," Oregon Trails, Autumn

OQ

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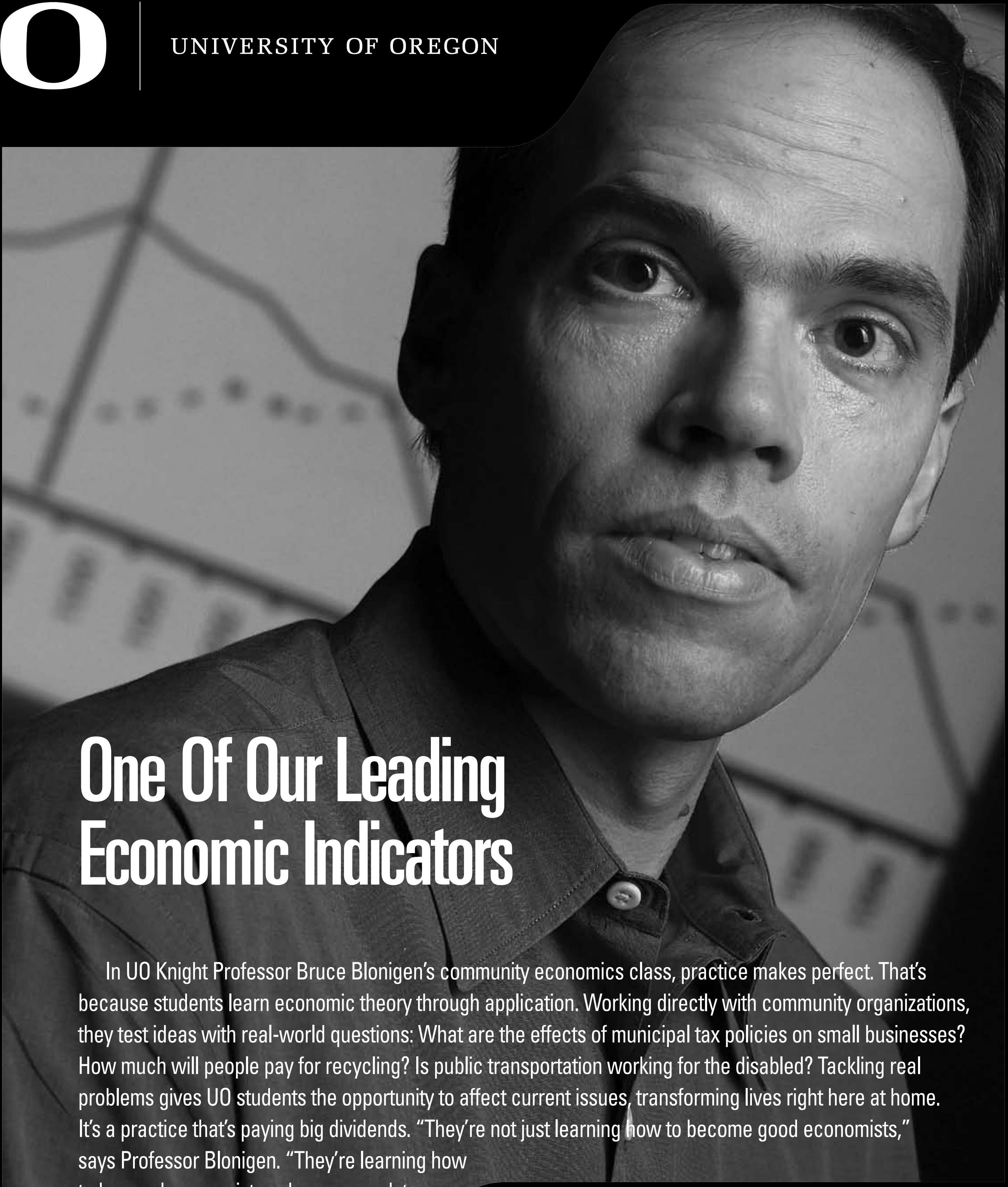

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In UO Knight Professor Bruce Blonigen's community economics class, practice makes perfect. That's because students learn economic theory through application. Working directly with community organizations, they test ideas with real-world questions: What are the effects of municipal tax policies on small businesses? How much will people pay for recycling? Is public transportation working for the disabled? Tackling real problems gives UO students the opportunity to affect current issues, transforming lives right here at home. It's a practice that's paying big dividends. "They're not just learning how to become good economists," says Professor Blonigen. "They're learning how to be good economists who can speak to policy makers." Sounds like excellent economic policy.

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2006]. I can imagine Pee-Wee Herman, or a trench-coated Peter Sellers in that role, “scrambling out the exit door . . . scurrying into the night.” He found refuge a safe distance away, heart palpitating, and unfurled his trusty umbrella. All because he imagined microbes floating in the air. It would have taken resolute action by determined people, to do their jobs, if that had been an actual bioterrorism incident.

Philip Ratcliff ’79
Cloverdale, California

TREE TRAIL REVISITED

I particularly enjoyed the article “Seeing the Trees in the Forest” [University, Autumn 2006]. It brought back fond memories of an assignment I did for Phyllis Ford’s RPM 493G class during winter quarter 1982. Our task was to design a self-directed recreational trail in the Eugene-Springfield area. My project was “Plants of the Northwest Indians: A Self-Guided Trail on the University of Oregon Campus.” Long before this era of computers and global positioning devices, trail-goers were asked to walk ten paces north of a sidewalk here or stop at a lamppost there to view the appropriate shrub or tree and learn about how local indigenous people used various plants in their daily lives.

I walked my trail again about ten years ago and discovered that while most of the trees and plants hadn’t moved, campus construction had rendered some of my walking directions inaccurate and I had to take a different route. With the current building boom at the UO, I’ll have to walk my path again on my next trip to Eugene and see how it compares with my original trail and with the new edition of Atlas of Trees.

Sue Grigsby, M.S. ’82
Everett, Washington

NO CELEBRATION

I assume from complimentary notice you gave to Leslie Leyland Fields’ current book, *Surprise Child* [“Dispatch from the Mommy Wars,” Currents, Autumn 2006] that you agree with Fields that “unplanned pregnancies” are to be celebrated, rather than vigorously prevented.

It seems to me highly inappropriate to allow Fields’s self-congratulatory opinion, that avoidance of birth control practices makes today’s women’s lives “right and good,” to stand without reproof. The need for such a reproach is most apparent in regard to women from the lower socioeconomic classes who might follow her advice. A high percent of these women refuse to engage in birth control practices, and as a consequence often bear children outside of marriage. Many of these offspring, who have no legal fathers, become school dropouts, gang members, illicit drug dealers, and eventually convicted criminals. Fields’s celebration of unplanned pregnancy is an enormously dangerous point of view.

Patrick Groff ’48, M.S.’50
San Diego, California

Leslie Fields responds: It is unfortunate that this reader has so thoroughly misread the brief excerpt from my book. I not only practice birth control, as do all the women I interviewed for the book, but I also urge others to do so. Even so, no method is fail safe: half of all pregnancies, in fact, are unplanned. The question is, how do we respond to this crisis affecting 2.5 million women each year, from all socioeconomic backgrounds? I suggest that we respond with compassion, education, and support for both mother and child rather than prejudice, elitism, and harm.

Season’s Readings

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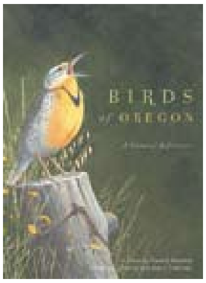

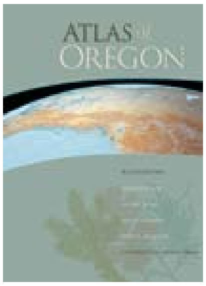

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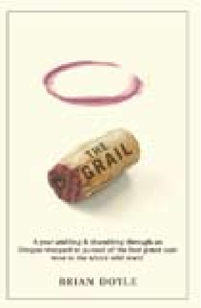

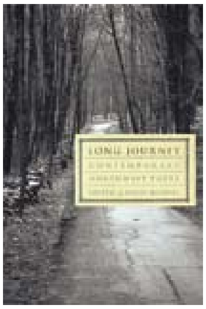

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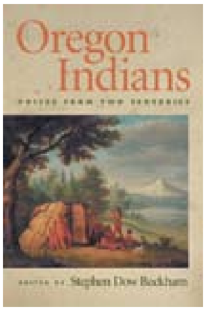

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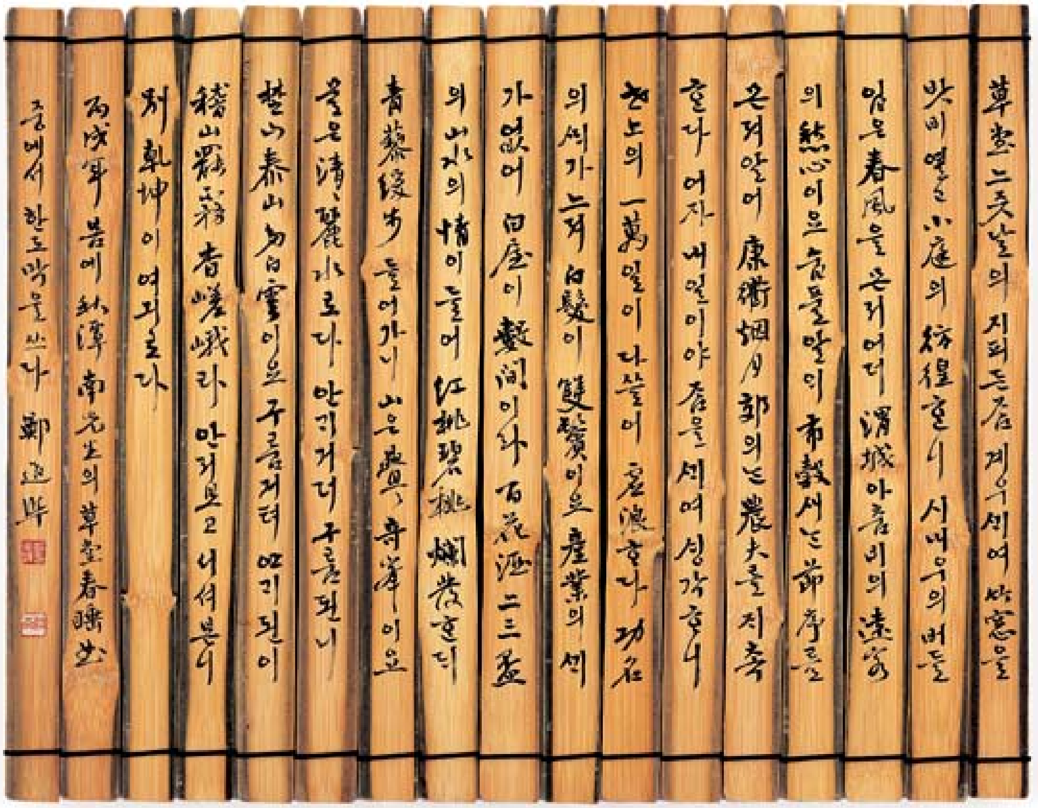

Photo courtesy of the University of Oregon Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art

A Way with Words: The Calligraphic Art of Jung Do-jun *will be on display at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art from October 21, 2006, to January 7, 2007. The exhibit includes this piece,* Barely Awake in a Thatched Cottage, 2006, *bamboo, in Chinese and Korean script.*

PROLIFERATING PRESIDENTIAL POWER

Lincoln changed many things, among them the nature of the executive branch of the U.S. government. From the book Democracy Reborn: The Fourteenth Amendment and the Fight for Equal Rights in Post–Civil War America *by UO constitutional scholar Garrett Epps. Reprinted by arrangement with Henry Holt Books. Copyright © 2006 by Garrett Epps. All rights reserved.*

LINCOLN HAD TRANSFORMED THE OFFICE. By the time of his death, he was commander in chief of a quarter-million-man army. The telegraph office, so inconveniently located, put him in touch with his officials and commanders all over the country. And he commanded, for the first time, a fearsome "national security" apparatus, too—military provost marshals who monitored what citizens did and said, not only along the battlefront but in cities well behind the lines. A suggestion from a federal official would lead within hours to the arrest of a suspected spy or traitor, who might be held without charge until the president relented.

Despite his ongoing headaches with Congress, Lincoln had mastered and subdued that unruly institution, too. In his first days in office, he had on his own authority expanded the army, committed the public credit to pay for the war, ordered a naval blockade of the Confederacy, and suspended habeas corpus nationwide. Explaining these actions, he sounded a distinctly modern note, portraying the president as an official charged with immediate action and uniquely in touch with public opinion: "These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon, under what appeared to be a popular demand, and a public necessity; trusting, then as now, that Congress would readily ratify them." Congress had grumbled, but it had ratified. The executive now dominated the government, and the nation, in a way that none of the Founders—or even the politicians of 1860—could have ever imagined.

In fact, Lincoln's death had completed the process. Now the office was defined by the remembered greatness of a martyr; Booth's bullet marked the first time an assassin had successfully targeted a president. It also brought to view a truth that every president since then has understood: the president of the United States is now so important that strangers believe they can save the world by simply killing him.

What made the president so potent was death, death on an unprecedented scale—a holocaust that consumed the lives of 620,000 men in uniform. The North lost 360,000, the south 260,000, by official count, and that count is woefully incomplete. Many blue- and gray-clad bodies were never found or counted,

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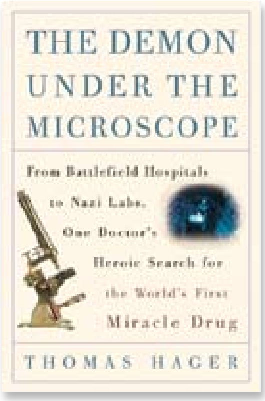
and many civilians died during the four years of fighting, either from stray bullets or ordnance or from disease, starvation, and private "irregular" violence that flared up in the wake of the advancing armies. The war—not yet called "the Civil War," it was known to Northerners as "the Rebellion" and Southerners as "the war for Southern independence" or "the Revolution"—had spread death and destruction on a scale not seen on the North American continent since the beginning of time.

A Royal Pain

Before the discovery of antibiotic drugs, infection killed far more soldiers than bullets or bombs, and could turn a minor surgical procedure into a brush with death, even for the Queen of England. In The Demon under the Microscope: From Battlefield Hospitals to Nazi Labs, One Doctor's Heroic Search for the World's First Miracle Drug *(Harmony Books, 2006), veteran science and medical writer—and former* OQ *editor—Thomas Hager, M.S. '81, tells the story of sulfa drugs and how they revolutionized modern medicine.*

THE SEARCH FOR WAYS TO RID THE BODY of dangerous bacteria started almost as soon as bacteria were suspected to cause disease. After Koch and Pasteur, physicians knew what bacteria were and knew that they caused diseases. The only thing they did not know was how to stop them.

And this brings us to Queen Victoria's armpit. In 1871, Her Royal Majesty, queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, began suffering from a painful abscess, a boil, under her arm. Boils were more than a nuisance; they were bacterial infections that could, if left too long, lead to dangerous blood infections. Her Majesty's personal physician determined that an operation was needed to drain the infection. The problem was that the majority of operations in those days, no matter how minor, no matter how carefully done, resulted in postoperative infections that were often worse than the original condition. Everything got infected in those days before Koch, because surgeons did not understand what caused infections. The badge of honor for a hardworking surgeon (whose motto was "Cut through everything soft, saw through everything hard, and tie everything that bleeds") was a bloodstained frock coat worn in the operating room, the stiffer with gore the better. No attention was paid to germs. Bacteria causing disease was a theory in those days, not a fact. So surgeons picked up their instruments with bare hands and set them out on any handy table. They wore no masks. Because postoperative infections almost always happened, instead of trying to prevent them, they graded them. One sign of success was considered to be the appearance of "laudable pus," creamy white exudate of the wound, indicating a strong body and harbinger of a proper cure. In reality, of course, laudable pus and all other forms were signals of a potentially dangerous bacterial infection. Postoperative infections carried off thousands of patients and scared thousands more away from the hospital. As a Scottish physician of the day put it, "The man laid on the operating table . . . is exposed to more chances of death than the English soldier on the field of Waterloo."


THE DEMON UNDER THE MICROSCOPE
From Battlefield Hospitals to Nazi Labs, One Doctor's Heroic Search for the World's First Miracle Drug
THOMAS HAGER

Then came Joseph Lister. He was a consummately skilled British surgeon who was devastated when he found his skill seemed to make little difference. He despaired as patient after patient succumbed a few days after his best work to "hospital fever," another name for postoperative wound infection. In Lister's early years, the mid-1800s, half of all amputation patients died from hospital fever; in some hospitals the rate was as high as 80 percent. Lister, like all surgeons, had little idea of how to improve the situation. Then he chanced on a newspaper article that caught his interest. It described how the residents of a local town, tired of the smell of their sewage, had begun treating it by pouring into their system something called German Creosote, a by-product of coal tar. Something in the creosote stopped the smell. Lister had heard about the work of Pasteur, and he made the same mental connection the French chemist had: The stink of sewage came from putrefaction, rotting organic matter; the stink of infected wounds also came from putrefaction; whatever stopped the putrefaction of sewage might also stop the putrefaction of infected wounds. So Lister decided to try coal-tar chemicals on his patients. And he found one that worked exceptionally well: carbolic acid, a solution of what today is called phenol. He became convinced, even as Koch was confirming the point, that bacteria caused wound infections; he further understood that carbolic acid killed bacteria. Over several years Lister expanded his use of carbolic acid; soon he was washing everything in the operating room—hands, scalpels, dressings—wiping tables, scrubbing incision areas, cleaning the catgut he used to sew up his patients. It worked, at least to a point. The rate of postoperative infections among his patients was dropping, although he never seemed able to stop them entirely. So he decided to permeate the entire operating theater with carbolic acid. He fitted a spray bottle, the type used for misting perfume, to a mechanism manned by an attendant turning a crank, filling the air in the operating room with the sharp chemical smell of carbolic acid. Lister's insistence on stopping the transfer of bacteria in the operating room became absolute. Once when a visiting knighted physician from King's College idly poked a forefinger into a patient's incision during one of Lister's operations, Lister flung him bodily from the room. By now, although he still lost some patients to hospital fever, he was losing far fewer than anyone else. Lister earned a reputation as the world's safest surgeon.

It was no wonder he was called to attend to Queen Victoria's abscess. Regrettably, during the procedure to drain the boil under her arm, Her Highness accidentally received a puff of carbolic acid full in the face from Lister's spray apparatus. She turned the wrath on the assistant at the crank. "I am only the man who works the bellows," he muttered miserably. That aside, the operation was a complete success. Lister became the first Englishman ever to be made a lord for medicine. And a new vocabulary became common in medicine: An infected wound was a "septic" wound (from the Latin for putrefaction); chemical cleansers like carbolic acid that could effectively kill bacteria were "antiseptics" or "disinfectants." A clean operating room was a "sterile" operating room, one free from living microorganisms. Antiseptic surgery using sterilized instruments very quickly became the norm. Lister revolutionized medicine.

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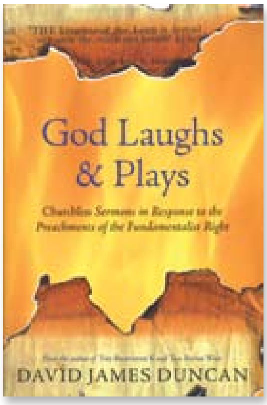
OQ WINTER 2006

It's a Wonderful World

David James Duncan often writes about matters close to the soul—love, awe, and wonder. Duncan's published work includes the novels The River Why, The Brothers K, *and the book of "churchless sermons,"* God Laughs & Plays *(Triad Books, 2006) from which the excerpt below is taken. His writing has appeared in three volumes of* Best American Spiritual Writing. *The UO's 2006–7 Robert D. Clark Lecturer in the Humanities, Duncan spoke on campus in October hosted by the Oregon Humanities Center.*

WONDER IS MY SECOND FAVORITE condition to be in, after love—and I sometimes wonder whether there's even a difference: maybe love is just wonder aimed at a beloved. Wonder is like grace, in that it's not a condition we grasp: wonder grasps us. We do have the freedom to elude wonder's grasp. We have the freedom to do all sorts of stupid things. By deploying cynicism, rationalism, fear, arrogance, judgmentalism, we can evade wonder nonstop, all our lives. I'm not too fond of that gnarly old word, *sin,* but the deliberate evasion of wonder does bring it to mind. It may not be biblically sinful to evade wonder. But it is artistically and spiritually sinful.

Like grace, wonder defies rational analysis. Discursive thought can bring nothing to an object of wonder. Thought at best just circumambulates the object, the way a devout pilgrim circles Golgotha, the Bo Tree, Wounded Knee, the Kaabah. Wonder is not an obligatory element in the search for truth. We can seek truth without wonder's assistance—but seek is all we can do; there will be no finding. Until wonder descends, unlocks us, turns us slack-jawed as a plastic shepherd, truth is unable to enter. Wonder may be the aura of truth, the halo of it. Or something even closer. Wonder may be the caress of truth, touching our very skin.


God Laughs & Plays
Churchless Sermons in Response to the Preachments of the Fundamentalist Right
DAVID JAMES DUNCAN

Philosophically speaking, wonder is crucial to finding knowledge yet has everything to do with ignorance. Only an admission of ignorance can open us to fresh knowing. Wonder is the experience of that admission; wonder is unknowing, experienced as pleasure. Wonder is a period at the end of a statement we've long taken for granted, suddenly looking up and seeing the sinuous curve of a tall black hat on its head, and realizing it was a question mark all along.

As a facial expression, wonder is the letter O our eyes and mouths make when the state itself descends. O: God's middle initial. O: because wonder Opens us. O(ld) becoming new. Wonder is anything taken for granted—the old neighborhood, old job, old buddy, old spouse—suddenly filling with mystery. Wonder is anything closed, suddenly opening: anything at all opening—which includes Pandora's box, and brings me to the dark side of wonder. Grateful as I am for this condition, wonder, like everything on earth, has a dark side. Heartbreak, grief, and suffering rip openings in us through which the dark

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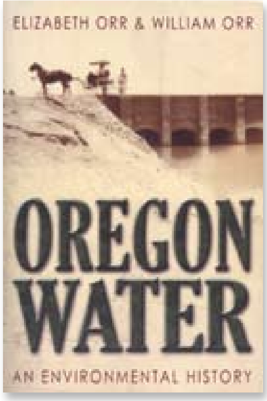
kind of wonder pours. I have so far found it impossible to be spontaneously grateful for these openings. But when, after struggle, I've been able to turn a corner and at least *accept* the openings, dark wonder has helped me endure the heartbreak, the suffering, the grief.

I believe it is wonder, even more than fidelity, that keeps marriages alive. I believe it is wonder, more that courage, that conquers fear of death. I believe it is wonder, not D.A.R.E. bumper stickers, that keeps kids off drugs. I believe, speaking of old bumper stickers, that it is wonder, even more than me, that I want to "HUG MY KIDS YET TODAY," because wonder can keep on hugging them long after I'm gone.

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE

Pioneers headed West encountered innumerable hardships, and when they finally arrived in Eden, the forecast called for showers. In Oregon Water: An Environmental History *(Inkwater Press, 2005), UO emeritus professor of geological sciences William Orr and coauthor Elizabeth Orr examine the precious liquid and the role it has played in the state from prehistoric times onward.*

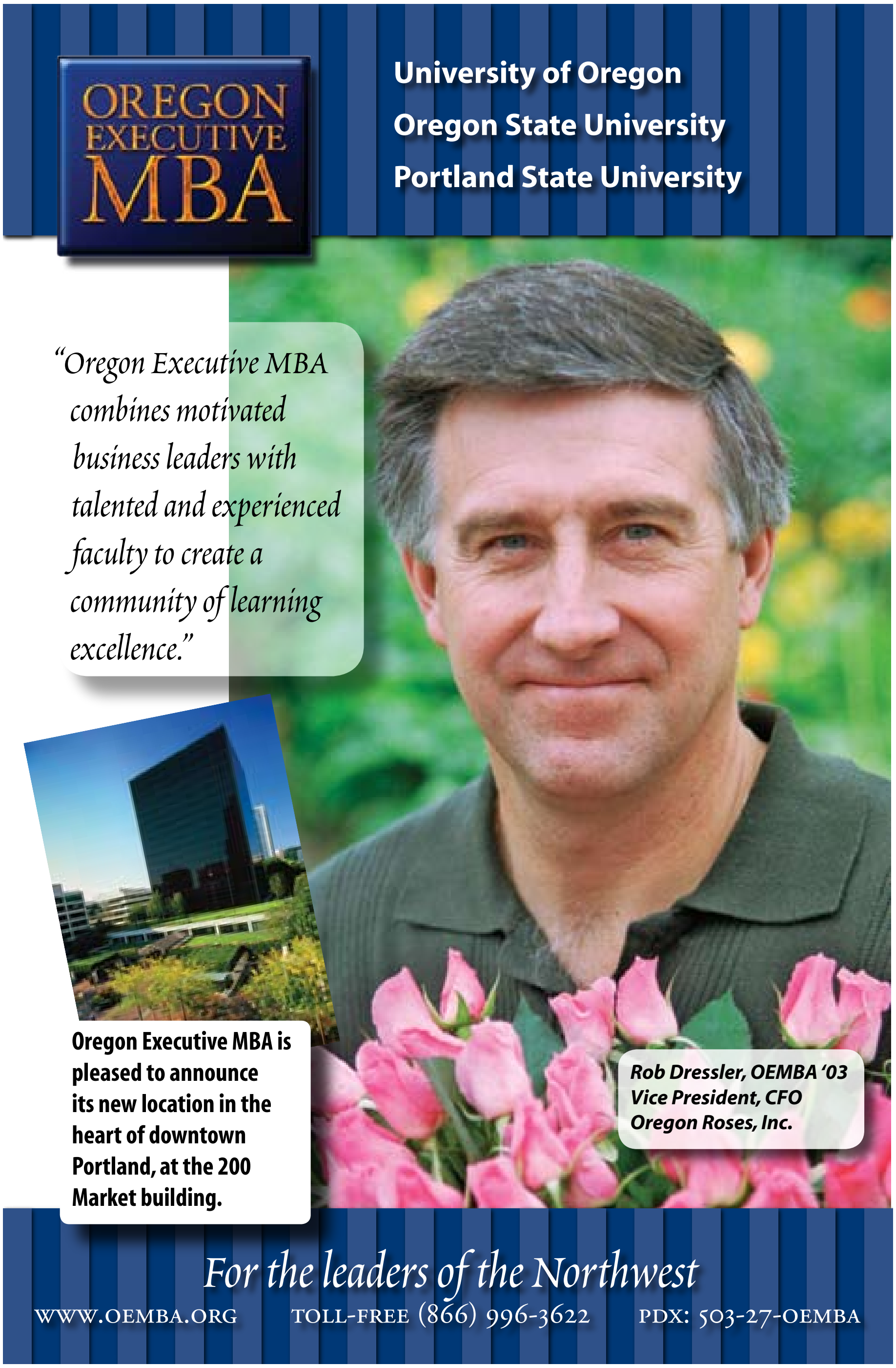
AT THE TERMINATION OF THE LONG wagon trail in western Oregon, pioneers encountered water in its many phases. Streams and lakes, snow and rainfall seemed to have no limits, and frequently there was too much water everywhere. Inordinate amounts of precipitation came down during the wet season making life miserable and greatly hampering settlement. Such disadvantages had not been mentioned by those eastern promoters, who touted Oregon as the Garden of Eden, and often unsuspecting travelers, arriving in the fall, left for the Sacramento Valley—once the weather permitted.



Rains began in October or November every year and frequently didn't let up until May or June. For anyone living in a wagon or in a hastily constructed rude dwelling, the weather was formidable. Clothing never dried, and leather tents rotted. Food molded and became scarce. Some cabins had neither doors, nor windows, nor fireplaces to keep away the weather. Having to live out in the open, with few comforts, it appeared to emigrants that the hostile conditions rarely diminished.

Elizabeth Greer, who kept a diary of her journey from Indiana, reached Oregon with her family late in October 1847. Waiting over a week to raft past the cascades of the Columbia River, Greer's party consisted of three families. She wrote on November 14:

"*Unloaded the boat, put our wagons together. Drizzly weather.*
November 15: *Rainy day.*
November 16: *Rain all day.*
November 17: *Rainy weather.*"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Todd Cooper

QUEEN SLUG

Queen Slugretha Latifah Uleafa Gastropodia Jackson, also known as TK McDonald, office manager for the UO philosophy department, was crowned this year's S.L.U.G. Queen ("Society for the Legitimization of the Ubiquitous Gastropod") and proudly presided over festivities at the 2006 Eugene Celebration.

On November 18 Greer's husband became sick, but in spite of this she and her children began to walk in the rain and snow. Unable to keep warm or dry he died on February 1 at Portland.

Unfortunately for Greer and her companions, the winter of 1846 to 1847 turned out to be remarkably severe. During mid-January, temperatures at Oregon City dropped to seven degrees below zero, and heavy snows blanketed the valley. Game animals and livestock along the upper Columbia died. A similar record cold in 1861 was responsible for a number of deaths among the settlers.

Intense rains in the Willamette Valley were seemingly slight when compared to those in the Coast Range. At Fort Umpqua, approximately two miles upriver from the beach, an isolated army post housed 167 men, who were to supervise Indians on the Siletz Reservation. During 1858 Fort Umpqua had the distinction of being the wettest military installation in the United States when over seventy-three inches fell. Stationed there, Lieutenant Lorenzo Lorian wrote to his wife, "Fort Umpqua I believe to be the Maximum point of aqueous condensation."

GO FORTH, CREATE

Frances Bronet, dean of the University of Oregon School of Architecture and Allied Arts, exhorted graduates, their families and friends to creative endeavors in an animated speech during the University's 2006 summer commencement exercises, some of which is excerpted below.

THE PACE OF TECHNOLOGICAL CHANGE is unprecedented and the impacts of technological innovation are profound. We are being driven by data, by canned experiences, by branded environments, by polarized and polarizing decision making, by explosive time lines, by local and international conflict. And, there is a growing recognition that significant confrontations await us in the years ahead if the nation and others can compete successfully in a highly aggressive global economy, while also seeking to share social well-being and restore the natural environment upon which all life—and technology—depends. These overlapping goals are prompting a widespread effort to rethink our approach to life and work

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For more information ask your doctor or call • Toll Free 866.914.2662 • Local 541.984.4266 • Or visit www.peacehealth.org/shmc/gamma in an increasingly technological world. While uncertainty and insecurity clearly exist, these are incredible times for innovative and creative thinking; traditional disciplinary boundaries are more permeable, and new connections can be forged. The complex, multidisciplinary challenges of the twenty-first century demand leaders like you, trained to understand problems from all relevant perspectives and able to integrate these perspectives through critical inquiry, creative organization, and representation; to design and implement solutions.

In developing procedures for improving the quality of life, you will lead collaborative efforts to work for change and transcend boundaries between age, gender, race, geography, and technologies. Your generation will erase the glass ceilings and will let movement and equity define achievement. You will join generations of committed citizens who will establish structures to better balance our lives. It is Oregon's graduates who will make ongoing commitments to link the economic, legislative, financial, educational, political, art, and design agendas. Perhaps you will figure out creatively how a mantle of "security" cannot polarize those who have from those who do not. Who would your cohorts be? Imagine educators and planners, business strategists and communicators, scientists, musicians, and humanists.

John Bauguess

School of Architecture and Allied Arts Dean Frances Bronet

In my brief time here, I have seen service joined with art, deep historical with theoretical investigations, transportation with environment, security without gates, new materials with an infrastructure for a higher and more judiciously distributed quality of life, electronic ways to connect learning from Eugene to Shandong. Unexpected partnerships—health care and music; computer science and landscape; journalists, ceramics, and education; biology and linguistics. A place where everyone "thinks about work in the larger context," acting for inclusion and integration.

The UO, in seeking out new opportunities for action and dialogue, sets up creative inquiry as a means for opening our arms to unconventional partnerships—teaming across global boundaries, where you will be called to understand cultures foreign to your own. A time to call on creativity that will be knowledge intensive, and demands continuous curiosity and courage.

Creativity calls upon us to be visionaries, integrators, cultural stewards, as technologists, reflectors—we must continually revisit our relationships and grasp opportunities to negotiate and transform the power structures in which we operate daily.

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WHAT ONE THING?

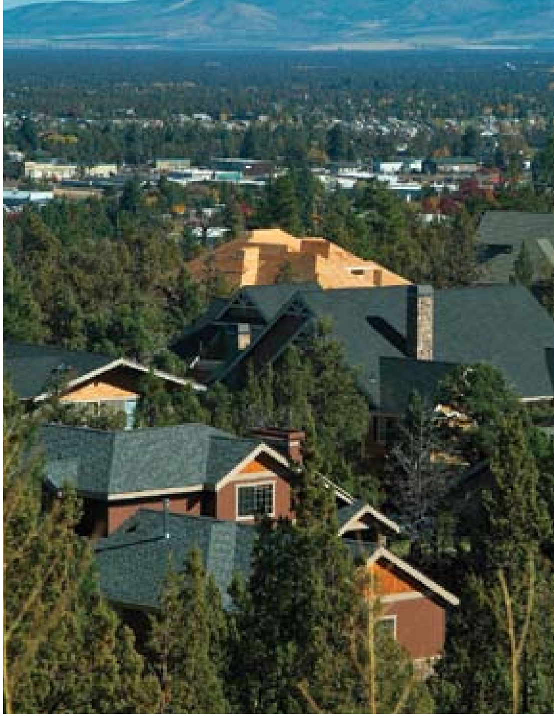
Bend, Oregon: A limitless view into a future full of questions

BY ELLEN WATERSTON • PHOTOS BY JOHN BAUGUESS

I recently attended a dinner party in an elegant private residence. The construction was a feat of engineering, all 5,500 square feet of it precariously balanced on a steep west-facing flank of Awbrey Butte. The home's brilliant green lawn, manicured garden, and man-made waterfall abutted snarls of dusky sagebrush and native juniper that grow in powdery volcanic high-desert soil on an adjacent empty lot. Over hors d'oeuvres, the music of a sultry jazz quartet wafting over the outdoor speakers, one of the guests asked what one thing each of us would create in Bend that we felt would contribute to ensuring it remained the place and community we loved.

OLD-TIMER: *Time was when Awbrey Butte was home only to sage and juniper, jack rabbit and bobcat, coyote and cougar. Elk migration lapped along the western edge. It wasn't much as a landmark. Nowhere near as high as Pilot Butte that guided wagon trains and their slack-jawed drivers looking for the river crossing at Farewell Bend in the 1800s. Nothing for a cow to eat on Awbrey. No timber on it. Just scrub. Couldn't give it away. Good for nothing. But turns out it could grow houses. Houses, houses. Gradually began to work their way up the sides of the butte like flood cycles—each wave of construction a new high water mark in population, folks with money, and the appetite for a fine view.*

We reflected on the question, seated on a deck with a panoramic view of the Cascades, including the not-so-dormant South Sister, a growing bulge of molten mystery on its west flank. The sunset was psychedelic thanks to the scrim of smoke from the summer's spate of forest fires, which had scorched thousands of acres of forests within twenty miles of where we sat. As the night descended, lights became visible scattered across Awbrey Glen, a nearby golf course



community, and even more lights in the direction of Shevlin Park, the pride of the city's park system, which straddles the western edge of the beleaguered urban growth boundary (UGB) and is increasingly encroached on by development. Bend is the sixth fastest growing city in the United States. Yesterday the population sign read 70,328. In 1995 it said 29,425. Sitting on the deck we could hear traffic—there's nowhere in town that isn't true now. I don't mean the intermittent sound of a single car driving by, but a pervasive drone. Probably commuters headed home on the parkway, as Bend's labor force is increasingly unable to live in Bend, prophetically portrayed in the lyrics of folksinger Greg Brown's song "Boomtown":

The guy from California moves in and
relaxes.
The natives have to move—they cannot
pay the taxes.
Santa Fe has had it. Sedona has too.
Maybe you'll be lucky.
Maybe your town will be the new boom-
town.
It's a boomtown, got another boomtown
and it'll boom
as long as the boom has room.

OLD-TIMER: *Before you could say biscuit, houses everywhere on Awbrey. Houses the likes of which you've never seen. Bathrooms bigger than my entire mill shack! Houses in places they shouldn't be, if you want to know what I think—on shaley, sandy, unstable ground, hanging out over the edge like that.*

In Bend there are more cars than people—evidenced by two-, three-, and four-car garages on the new houses being constructed. The way gas prices are headed, those garages will soon be the architectural relic of a time when we thought petroleum supplies would never end, a time when we thought their consumption would not exhaust the health of this planet. The layer of haze visible when we drive down from Mount Bachelor can't always be attributed to summer forest fires. All the houses and shopping malls and golf courses and roads—everything visible today in Bend has happened in the short space of 100 years. How many times, because of the iconic fantasies we pin on the lapel of the American West, have we been seduced by the notion that we are in charge or that one thing or another is limitless? The view that night could easily have seduced us back into believing that was still the case, that there were still no limits.

OLD-TIMER: *Desert is a harsh, dry place. Made women cry. Lonely and godforsaken. And yet the miracles these folks have created—making the desert look like an Eden, like they was God Himself.*

Our answers to the evening's question—what one thing?—revealed our shared caring for the community as well as our different perspectives: a regional and local public transit system, green belts separating Central Oregon communities, more job opportunities, a performing arts center, wage equity, a state highway bypassing Bend, affordable housing, free family planning and medical clinics, expansion of the UGB, no expansion of the UGB, more ethnic diversity (a *New York Times* article was referenced as saying that in Bend "diversity is defined by the color of your Subaru"), a four-year liberal arts college, wilderness and waterways protection.

The questioner and his wife had lived in Bend eleven years. They had retired early and moved permanently to the place they had previously only enjoyed on weekends and vacations. Their grown children now lived at various locations in the United States. You could tell this was a question he had asked at other, similar gatherings. You could tell he and his wife genuinely cared about the answers and that there was some likelihood they would put some of their resources to work for the ideas they favored the most: medical care for the underserved and natural resource protection. They are just two among Bend's many modern day Medicis who sustain and support Bend's social, cultural, and educational programs.

The area is home to at least 200 nonprofit organizations, which was why a dinner party just for the sake of informally bringing people together was such a pleasure. A good percentage of the social gatherings in Bend are fundraisers. We agreed the number of philanthropic groups was symptomatic of the willingness of citizens in this community to rise to the challenge to do what the state, were it managing its affairs better, would be taking care of: social services, education and arts

funding, even infrastructure improvements. Bend's system of roundabouts, each framing a piece of privately funded (sometimes controversial) public art, was conceived by Michael Hollern, CEO of the Brooks Resources Corporation and one of Bend's civic-minded and visionary developers.

We celebrated the heartening evidence that Bend's baton for leadership, philanthropy, and entrepreneurial chutzpah is being enthusiastically taken up by the twenty- and thirty-somethings. Not so many years ago there was real concern that the educated young would not return to Bend and that those choosing vocational careers could not make a living wage here. The lumber mills were the dominant economy but weren't hiring. Tourism-related jobs paid and still pay little. It wasn't clear what returning college grads would do for work that would challenge them and take advantage of their education. Even if they found employment, could the community rival the fun- and inspiration-factor of the cities where they had been educated or had held their first jobs? I don't of course mean physical recreation. Are you kidding? Surrounded by BLM land on the east and Forest Service acreage to the south and west, many days of sunshine, few days of rain, Bend is heaven for hikers, rock climbers, mountain and road bikers, golfers, skiers—you name it. (A visitor from New York, after eyeing the throngs of Lycra-clad runners, bicyclists, and kayakers churning through town, remarked to me: "I couldn't possibly live here. I couldn't pass the physical.")

No, I mean recreation for the mind and spirit—the performing, visual, and literary arts, visiting lecturers, great music. I mean raising Bend's level of discussion above, well, narcissism and materialism: golf scores, the new boat or car, training programs indulged in by young bucks and geezer jocks alike (myself included in the latter category), wine cellar cooling systems, the latest beauty treatment (more spas than restaurants in Bend), the last trip to Europe or Bali or Brazil. I have a friend who fashioned her own campaign bumper sticker for the candidate Hugh Bris. She says most ask her who Hugh Bris is and what he's running for. There's a saying bantered about in Bend: "Stay here long enough and you get dumb and friendly." I have been here long enough to have a pretty good idea what it means. Living on this high-desert island, it is easy to forget the rest of the world, to ascribe importance to the unimportant, to forget our relative self, our relationship with a bigger picture. I mean I have nothing against fun—but pet parties? They are growing in popularity in Bend—where it's very possible there are more dogs than cars. I heard about one held at an Awbrey Butte home for two- and four-legged friends complete with doggie party favors, "peticures," and games such as jump-through-the-hoop or catch-the-Frisbee. It wasn't clear if the two-legged guests got to compete or only the canines. Knowing Bend, probably both. But as the dust from China's storms settles on the slopes of Mount Bachelor, it is crucial we remember the causes and concerns of a wider world we have an obligation to care for.

. . . a *New York Times* article was referenced as saying that in Bend "diversity is defined by the color of your Subaru" . . .

OLD-TIMER: *Cars the size of army tanks slip out from under them automatic garage doors, take on the off-road challenge of the drive to the grocery store, or maybe to the video shop to rent a movie about the Wild West, home to sagebrush and juniper, jack rabbits and bobcat, coyote and cougar. Don't get me on the subject of pet parties. Used to be any dog worth its salt had a job to do—herding cattle and sheep. Now, they're all dolled up with bandanas and such tied 'round their necks.*

But the level of discussion is on the rise if the number of excellent social and conservation programs and cultural and arts events are any indication. In some ways, thirty-something Katie Merritt's three-year-old Bend Film Festival is as significant to the region as thirty-something Don Kerr's idea to launch the High Desert Museum was a quarter of a century ago; Christine Winters and Robin Holdman as important to Volunteers In Medicine now as Sister Kathryn Hellman was to Saint

Charles Hospital in the '70s; Deschutes Basin Land Trust Director Brad Chalfant's effort to acquire 33,000 acres of land west of Bend for recreation and wildlife as key as Bill Healy's creation of Mount Bachelor ski resort in the '60s. Young go-getters such as Travis Yamada, thirty-two, who moved from California in 1992, have no patience for the whiners. "Don't like the growth? Leave. This isn't the last stop on earth. That, or get with the program and pitch in, be proactive." Yamada, the owner of a growing contracting business in Bend, dedicates his spare time to the creation of his urban answer to "what one thing?": a series of skate parks ("decks") throughout the city—free for kids to use. As Leonard Gross, who retired to Bend from San Francisco, recently stated, "Bend is a place that doesn't want anyone to fail."

OLD-TIMER: *We came here to work. To homestead or fell trees or work in the mills. Came for the work. We hunted, put up the vegetables from our gardens. Can't tell what anyone does for a living anymore. Tell you what, I never thought I'd stand on the spot I gave thirty years of my working life and see a Victoria's Secret there now. Mills all gone. Farms, too. It's like being preceded in death by a child. Unnatural."*

One of the couples who joined in on formulating an answer moved from California to Awbrey Butte with their young children only six months before—newcomers even by Bend's increasingly lax standards for long-timers. (Bend resident Claudia McDonald thinks Bend's motto should be "Veni, Vidi, Velcro"). The husband continues to commute to work in California each week, thankful for this summer's addition of a direct flight to Los Angeles from the growing Bend-Redmond airport, although he looks forward to being more virtual, accomplishing from a high-tech home office much of what he now travels to do. His wife stays in Bend, jitneying their young family to soccer or swimming practice, music or dance or gymnastics or language lessons. She reported that her young son, shortly after their move, remarked that "there was so much nature here." His favorite place, she said, is the High Desert Museum, where he can observe otters, porcupines, lynx, snakes, lizards. In fact he could observe everything that used to flourish where he now lived, on Awbrey Butte—everything, except for a cougar. There is no cougar on display at the High Desert Museum, although these beautiful cats undoubtedly roam its campus. I hope the boy will grow to know the museum is not the destination but the gateway to an intimate relationship with the thing itself: this amazing High Desert. I hope he will come to know absolutely that nature is not a theme park, but real, very real. (Recent drownings in the Deschutes River prompted one angry citizen to ask that city officials do something about the river, make it safer, despite the fact that the victim didn't know how to swim and didn't wear a life jacket when she headed downriver on an inner tube.)

OLD-TIMER: *Mother Nature. Keep an eye on her. She has a way of circling around to remind us just who is in charge. I'm not referring to that bulge on the flank of the South Sister, a bulge that, should it get ornery, could bury the town of Sisters. Damn well could. Or that pretty little Mirror Pond in the center of Bend filling up with silt, turning into a marsh right before our eyes. I'm not referring to the likelihood we're pumping the desert dry to take care of all the thirsty folks. Nope. I'm talking about the cougar on Awbrey Butte. Folks got pretty excited when the remains of a small dog were found, house cats came up missing. Forest Service folks investigated, decided it was the work of a cougar. Experts in cougar tracking called up. Men peered at the underbrush through binoculars out of their green government trucks. I speculate it might be the first time some of the folks living there looked up into the trees around their houses, took time to notice them, busy as they all seem to be. Could say that cougar forced them to return to a relationship with nature just for a spell. The cougar hasn't been caught. I have to say I'm kinda glad. Did you know them cats lay claim to a territory of 200 square miles or so? This one happened to include Awbrey Butte in its watch.*

What wakes up each of us is unique, but wake up we must, collectively and individually. In Bend we live close to nature. Like everyone everywhere, we have insulted her in ways small and large. But given our proximity to Oregon's outback, it's just possible we are more readily and quickly made aware of the magnitude of the insult. If we're lucky, the delay time is less here, the high-desert environment less forgiving, less tolerant, less patient. This is a time when we all must have our ears closer to the ground than ever before. Pick up a fistful of the dry desert dirt, hike through the ponderosa, learn to identify what flies, what grows, what the rocks instruct. All combine to remind us we weren't first to this place, that there is so much about ourselves to listen to and learn from. The notion of imposing our will on the West has to give way to something else.

What one thing would each of us create in Bend that we felt would contribute to keeping it the place we loved and make it even better? It's a question that both humbles and inspires me. Humbles because I remember when I thought everything was possible, including control, when I believed man had all the answers. And inspires because I now know that so much of what must be done has to do with paying attention in ways I never did before to the ebb and flow, the high and low tides of land, sky, water—and people as they migrate in and through their lives and landscapes.

What one thing would each of us create in Bend that we felt would contribute to keeping it the place we loved and make it even better?

My one thing?

After dinner we walked back out on to the deck under the obsidian night just to be reminded of our relative stature, just to be instructed in and by silence. A stocking cap of snow on the Cascades shone in the moonlight. We leaned over the prow of railing that jutted dramatically over the steep slope of Awbrey Butte and gazed out. The American West used to beckon us to come to the precipitous edge of man's claim and urged us to tame more, saddle-break more. Now the call of the American West is to shore up that collapsing edge, to protect and reclaim the wildness, and to knit ourselves together in the effort. We looked out at an environment, a place, a community we loved, knew had to be cared for and nourished, not conquered and controlled; one that required thoughtful attention—to its people, newcomers and old-timers, rich and poor; to its environment, to its unique expression. It was time to remove our earphones and listen to and learn the song and language of the place itself. That's my one thing: help create listeners.

Ellen Waterston has watched Bend change since 1990. Her essays, short fiction, and poems have appeared in many regional and national publications. Her chapbook of poetry I Am Madagascar *(Ice River Press, 2005) was awarded a 2005 Willa Award in Poetry. Her memoir,* Then There Was No Mountain, *was selected as one of the Northwest's Ten Best Books of 2003 by* The Oregonian.

An Excerpt from

Take A River: A Centennial Tribute to Bend, Oregon, 1905–2005

by Ellen Waterston

Boardwalks to sidewalks, sagebrush
to lavish scape. Good-bye Masterson,
hello St. Clair Place. Old mill to new,
feast, fest, on the run. Efficiency, top
of the line, doctors and strong medicine.
Pole, pedal, paddle; person, place and thing
Start and finish strong, right here in Bend.
A newly branded land rush is on! Now
houses, now condos, now centers of learning,
now land trust, now music, now film and writing.
Celebrate invention, amazement, and derring-do.
Harvest sun, snow and all things virtual. Bend
beckons us to regale on a cornucopia sublime
during this our allotted capsule of time.

But where now is the uncharted territory? Where
is the next land of "who knew"? What cries do we
fail to heed, alarms to hear as molten dreams shift
the sleep of the South Sister? Are we more river
than rock? More transient than not? Bend 2105.
The Indian chief would advise: Find four roads
that run side by side and choose the middle
one. Learn to see, eyes shut, with blinding sight.

Take a dream and transcend it, adventure
and seek it, an idea and build it;
to take a river and bend it,
to take a river and wend it
deep in our hearts.

Commissioned by and delivered on opening night of the Cascade Festival of Music 2005

Made in Oregon
OLD TOWN
O
Watch For Ducks
JANUARY 2008

Michael McDermott

EIGHT THINGS ABOUT A BRICK

The University unveils plans to put the new in Old Town Portland.

1. **Slap of mortar, scrape of trowel**—the brick is laid on a warm spring day, part of the first floor wall in a warehouse and manufacturing plant being built for the Willamette Tent & Awning Company. It is 1907 in Portland; sailing ships moor at nearby wharfs and new steamships ply the Willamette River, 200 feet to the east.

Ours is the new brick on the block. The rising building will connect to the cast-iron façades of the Bickel Block, already twenty-four years and several floods old, and 1889's Skidmore Block building. In ten years, Hide Naito will leave Japan for Los Angeles and the University of Oregon will teach its first classes in Portland.

2. **The brick is lost behind balloons** and backdrop as Tom Potter, mayor of Portland in 2006, says: "Today we pass the torch from one of Portland's flagship families to our state's flagship university. This investment in Portland will change the educational landscape and provide a renewed vision for Old Town. I look forward to a long, fruitful partnership with the University."

Also on stage are Hide Naito's granddaughter Anne Naito-Campbell and other members of the Naito family, longtime owners of what is now known as the White Stag Block, along with UO President Dave Frohnmayer; developer and new White Stag Block owner Art DeMuro; Portland Development Commission head Bruce Warner; and former Naito employee and former CEO of Fred Meyer, Ken Thrasher. The Naitos sold the block to DeMuro's company, Venerable Group, which, bolstered by loans from the PDC, will spend some $30 million to preserve, update, redesign, and connect the three buildings—leasing the resulting 66,000 square feet to the University for its historic new home in Portland. Beginning in January 2008, some 500 students and faculty members will pass the brick every day.

3. **How many languages have been** spoken (and learned) around the brick? German, English, Japanese, Chinese—and more, certainly. Not to mention the timeless language of retail, the lingo of commerce. The brick is witness to many immigrants on the way up. Willamette Tent & Awning founders Hirsch and Weiss begin by making canvas sails and deck covers for schooners, and by 1930 son Harold Hirsch starts a pioneering skiwear division he calls White Stag. Hide Naito arrives in Portland in 1920 and starts

Michael McDermott

President Frohnmayer in the future home of UO Portland programs

a family business, which will become Norcrest China Co., one of the largest china and giftware importers in America. His sons Bill and Sam buy the White Stag building for warehouse space in 1972. The Naito name becomes synonymous with Portland's Old Town district. By the early years of the twenty-first century, both White Stag and Norcrest are gone, the Naitos are mainly in real estate, and the language most often heard around the brick is the relentless whisper of time and gravity.

4. **There has always been a kind** of education going on in this building, whether it is newcomers learning how America works or young people learning how business and effort and success sometimes work together. Back in the day, one of the kids working for Norcrest stands somewhat nervously on a floor above the brick and receives the lessons that, three decades later, standing on a stage in front of the brick, he will say made him "a graduate of Bill Naito University. I got my internship on life with the Naito family." Ken Thrasher learned retail well—he went on to become president and CEO of the Fred Meyer chain—but he also remembers Goals 101 as taught by Professor Naito: "Bill always said 'get a college education, work hard, set goals and achieve them, get involved in the community and be charitable.' I'm happy to see the education we received working for the Naito family will carry on here. There will be echoes of the past in these new classrooms."

5. **Architects Fletcher Farr Ayotte** are remaking the space above and around the brick into a landmark home for the University's Portland programs. The UO has signed an eighteen-year lease, with an option to buy beginning in 2016, for the five-story White Stag building and portions of the Bickel and the Skidmore. The new facility will unite UO academic programs and allow the University to host lectures, exhibits, and other public events. The center will include six classrooms, event space for up to 250 people, a new library for its architecture and journalism programs, a shared computer laboratory, and a new university bookstore and Duck Shop, which will also feature a café.

The UO's journalism, law, and architecture and allied arts programs are in strong demand among Portland-area professionals and prospective

Michael McDermott

Doug Campbell and Ann Naito-Campbell hand a symbolic key to UO President Dave Frohnmayer and Art DeMuro.

students. The School of Journalism and Communication's George S. Turnbull Portland Center opened its doors earlier this year and began offering its Eugene-based students a senior experience, combining half-day internships with late-afternoon classes in Portland. The School of Architecture and Allied Arts has offered architecture and urban design courses in Portland for more than twenty-five years, and its graduate program in architecture has been a centerpiece of University programs offered in Portland since 1998. The school is known for its cultural and fine arts, digital arts, historic preservation, planning, policy, and environmental design programs. They understand the history of the brick.

6. Signs of change are everywhere in Portland's Old Town, but the most famous rests on the roof of the UO's new home, five floors above the brick. It's in the shape of the state of Oregon, forty-six feet tall with several hundred light bulbs and a leaping white deer spanning The Dalles to Pendleton. It used to advertise, sans deer, White Satin Sugar. Then fifty years ago it was changed to read "White Stag," the ruminant was added, and a Christmas season tradition began of lighting the deer's nose Rudolph-red. The sign became an official city landmark in 1978, but by the mid-nineties the sign, owned by one company, leased by another, and sitting on a building owned by yet another, had fallen into such disrepair that something of a feud began between the various parties. Public outcry led the city to step in, mediate the dispute, and save the sign. Ten years ago, the sign was changed to read "Made In Oregon—Old Town." Today, there are some who are up-in-antlers over the fear that the University will change the sign again when the current owner's lease expires in 2008—although no such plans are in the works. If the brick could reflect, it would perhaps relish its position out of the lime- (and neon) light.

7. Just to the south of the brick and one floor up, where part of the White Stag block was shaved off in 1926 to make way for the on-ramp to the Burnside Bridge, a nondescript door labeled with the initials "BRS" leads out to the concrete-and-internal-combustion roar. Several decades and a few billion dollars ago, this door opened to the small space rented by a young UO alum named Phil Knight to house his fledgling Blue Ribbon Sports. Knight and his shoe company wound up making some noise of their own.

8. A few blocks south of the brick, in the early 1920s, a young immigrant from Germany named Otto Frohnmayer works as a bellboy at the Multnomah Hotel before going off to college at the University of Oregon. In a little more than eighty years, one of his sons will stand beside the brick and say this: "We are excited to join the neighborhood, to expand our Portland programs, and to further strengthen our services to this great city. The University of Oregon is committed to Portland and expects to remain a long-term partner in the community." Dave Frohnmayer will go on to paraphrase a poem by Oregon poet laureate Lawson Inada, M.F.A. '66: "'We gather on this ground, and strong things spring from our minds and our hearts.' This is a great day in the history of the city and the University." For the brick, that day in the late summer of 2006 will be the 36,138th day since a callused hand dropped it into place as the snow-melt-swollen river rolled past, and its first day with a powerful new purpose.

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland-based writer whose main contribution to Portland's Old Town–Chinatown district is eating the weight of several bricks in dim sum on a regular basis.

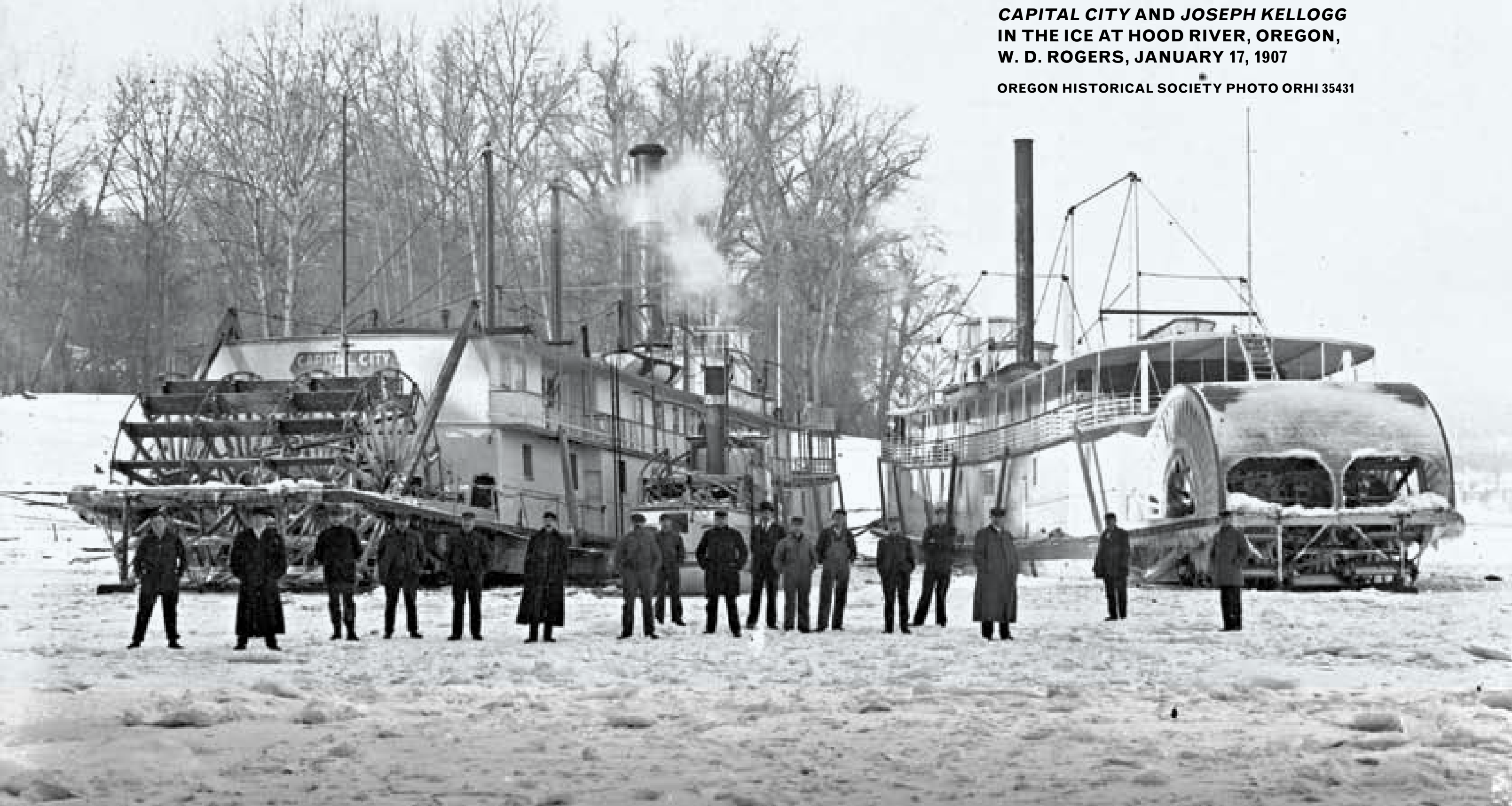
DEEP FREEZE

BEFORE 1930, IT WAS COMMON FOR THE COLUMBIA AND WILLAMETTE RIVERS TO FREEZE HARD ENOUGH FOR A CAR TO DRIVE ACROSS. NOT LATELY.

BY GAYE VANDERMYN

> **FATHER WAS INSISTENT WE GO DOWN TO WATCH; HE MUST HAVE THOUGHT IT WAS AN ADMIRABLE THING. I REMEMBER WE WERE EXCITED. WE ALL BUNDLED UP, MOTHER, FATHER, SISTER, AND ME IN MY TAN HAT, THE ONE WITH THE LOP OVERS (EAR FLAPS) TO PROTECT MY EARS BECAUSE MY HAIR WAS CUT SHORT IN A DUTCH BOB. WE WALKED DOWN TO THE SELWOOD FERRY SLIP. ONE MAN DROVE A MODEL T DOWN THE WESTERN RAMP ONTO THE RIVER. THREE MEN WALKED ALONGSIDE TO HELP STEER BECAUSE THE TIRES KIND OF SLID ON THE ICE. THEY DROVE ALL THE WAY ACROSS TO STAFF JENNINGS MARINA. IT'S STILL IN BUSINESS AT THE SAME PLACE.**
>
> **— CLEO [KERN] AUSTIN**

A two-week-long December cold spell had 1924 Portlanders fighting six inches of snow and frozen radiators. On Christmas Eve, an Arctic blast roared in from a high-pressure system in western Montana, flooding into the valleys following the streams to the Columbia River. The freezing air mass then pushed down the gorge to the sea, rapidly leaching the remaining heat from the waters and the soil. Ice began forming in the Columbia River narrows at The Dalles. Soon ice stretched downstream, shore to shore, to just a few miles shy of the Pacific. In just two days the ice was thick enough to hold the weight of a car and old timers began reminiscing about the winters of 1884 and 1896 when oxen teams carried heavy loads of goods across the lower Willamette and crews with saws and axes drove horse teams out onto the frozen waterways to cut and load blocks of ice. Enough ice



CAPITAL CITY AND _JOSEPH KELLOGG_ IN THE ICE AT HOOD RIVER, OREGON, W. D. ROGERS, JANUARY 17, 1907

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTO ORHI 35431 blocks were packed in sawdust to be delivered to home iceboxes through August, even in 1924.

Cleo (Kern) Austin, once a UO education student and now ninety-four, clearly remembers that 1924 December when she was eleven years old.

> A FEW DAYS LATER WE CROSSED THE ICE TO VISIT MY AUNT AND UNCLE, ROSE AND BENJAMIN HOWELL, WHO HAD A 1,100-ACRE FARM AT THE HEAD OF SAUVIE ISLAND WHERE THE WILLAMETTE AND COLUMBIA COME TOGETHER. MY SISTER AND I AND MOTHER AND FATHER CLIMBED INTO THE FAMILY'S PUNT, A SMALL FLATBOTTOM BOAT. WITH UNCLE BEN PUSHING FROM BEHIND AND FATHER USING THE OARS, WE ROWED THE PUNT ACROSS THE FROZEN RIVER FROM THE PORTLAND SHORE TO SAUVIE ISLAND. WE FIGURED IF THE ICE BROKE, WE WOULD BE SAFE; WE WOULDN'T SINK. UNCLE BEN AND AUNT ROSE'S OLD FARMHOUSE IS NOW THE HOWELL-BYBEE MUSEUM.

"A combination of two things needs to occur for a weather event severe enough to freeze the Columbia," explains Patrick Bartlein, a University of Oregon geography professor with a special research interest in climate change. "The setup is the season and the trigger is the day. If it was an unusually cold winter, then water temperatures would be relatively low, and a single severe cold snap could do it."

* * *

It used to be fairly common for the Columbia River to freeze hard enough for horse-drawn wagons and later cars to travel across it. In the century between 1830 and 1930, personal journals, letters, and news clippings document at least thirty-five frozen river events. The last time the Willamette and Columbia froze solid enough to hold a car as far downstream as Portland was just six years later in 1930. *The Columbian* newspaper in Vancouver captured that historic occasion with a photograph of three men in a 1930-style sedan convertible sitting on the frozen river below the Interstate Bridge, the Portland shore in the distant background. "Picture Proof the River Froze!" read the headline.

Forty-nine years later, Don Holm, contributing editor to *The Oregonian*'s Outdoor section, witnessed the most recent and last time the Columbia froze over as far downriver as Portland. After weeks of unusually cold weather, temperatures plunged on January 9, 1979. Writing from his boat for a January 14, 1979, *Oregonian* story, Holm described how he and his neighbors watched as a four-inch crust of ice formed bank to bank.

> SUDDENLY, PEOPLE SAW THE WILLAMETTE RIVER FREEZING OVER. THEN MULTNOMAH CHANNEL. THEN, HEAVENS TO BETSY, THE COLUMBIA RIVER ITSELF WAS SOLID ICE FROM BANK TO BANK. ICE WAS SO THICK IN THE GORGE THAT BONNEVILLE LOCKS WAS CLOSED. RIVER TRAFFIC CAME TO A HALT. ONE MORNING I SAW A BIG JAPANESE CARGO SHIP TEMPORARILY STUCK IN THE ICE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE LOWER WILLAMETTE.

But that four-inch-thick ice wouldn't hold a Model T or even a Toyota Corolla, and Cleo Austin believes it would only have been a minor obstacle on the river unlike the life-threatening challenge faced by the old stern-wheelers that her father piloted.

> ONE WINTER, FATHER'S STEAMER WAS TRAPPED FOR DAYS IN THE ICE ABOVE ROOSTER ROCK. WHEN THE ICE FINALLY MELTED ENOUGH TO FREE THE BOAT, THEY WERE CAUGHT, UNABLE TO STEER THROUGH AN ICE FLOE BEING SWEPT TOWARD THE SHALLOW ROCKS AT ROOSTER ROCK. FATHER SAID THEY WERE AFRAID THEY WERE GOING TO DIE. THEY MADE IT BUT THEY WERE VERY FRIGHTENED AND IT WAS VERY EXCITING.

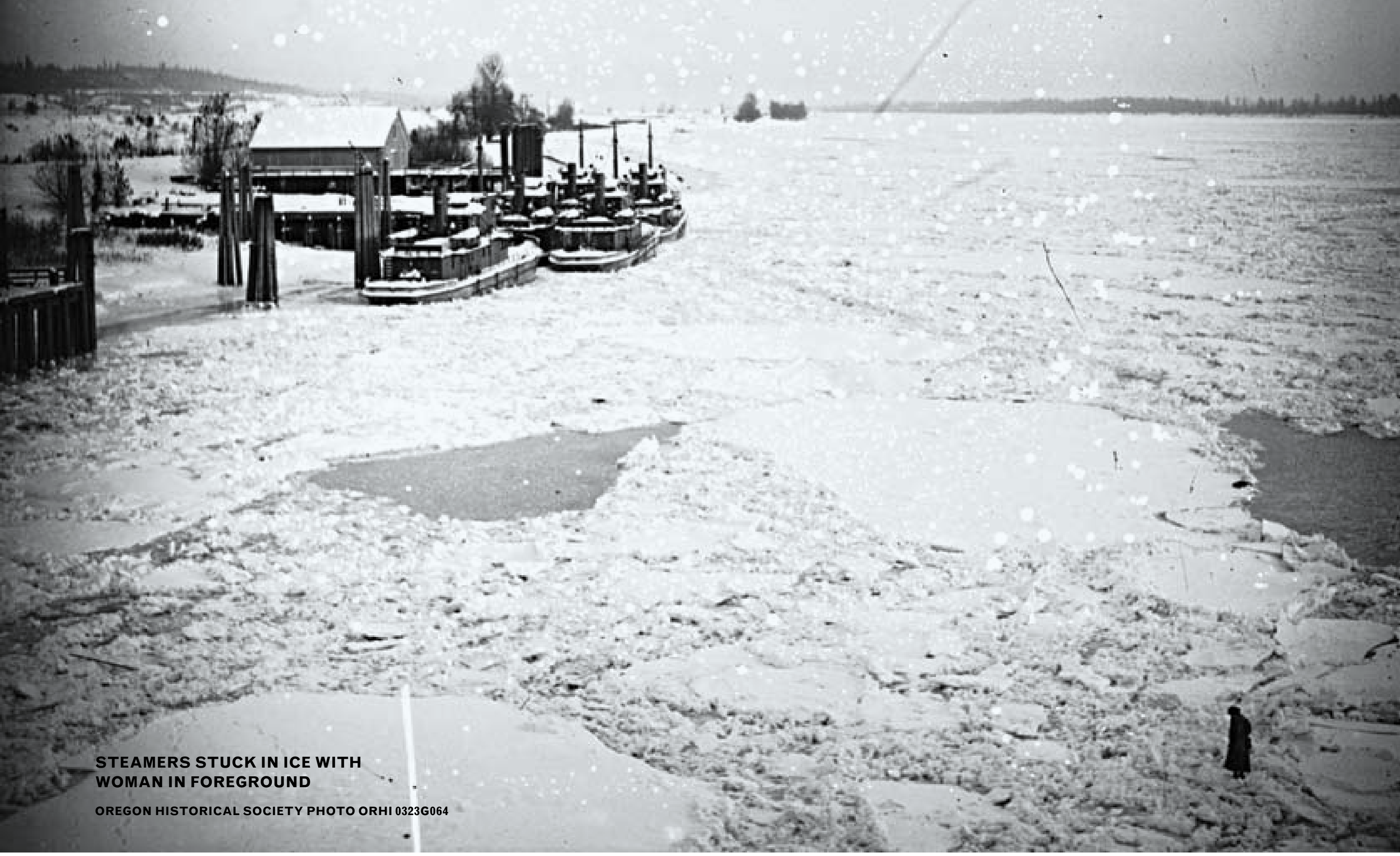
Austin was too young to remember the year that happened to her father, but 1916 is a likely candidate. *The Oregonian* documented 1916 as an exceptionally bad winter. The newspaper reported that the Columbia River was frozen as far downstream as Altoona Point, ten miles upstream of Astoria. At Tongue Point, one report said the ice was two feet thick.

Picture postcards from that time show steamers that had been trapped for weeks in the frozen river just offshore from the Colbert Beach Amusement Park, near the east end of the Hood River Bridge. Crews lived aboard the stern-wheelers for weeks just to keep the steam up so they could periodically rock the boats to maintain a circle of clear water around the steamer to prevent the encroaching ice from crushing their hulls. The USS *Asotin* wrecked in the ice four miles below Arlington.

* * *

Native American lore suggests frozen rivers throughout the Northwest were a common occurrence before white explorers, trappers, and settlers arrived. The first frozen-over event on the Columbia recorded in settlers' private journals and letters was in 1833, eight years after Fort Vancouver was established. For the next century, Oregonians saw a frozen Columbia thirty-five times, once every two to nine years. A survey of news clippings by Raymond R. Hatton, M.A '69, Ph.D. '89, a recently retired geography professor at Central Oregon Community College, in his book *Portland, Oregon Weather and Climate: A Historical Perspective*, documents five frozen-river events in the fifty years after 1933, with only the 1979 freeze reaching as far downriver as Portland. Since 1979, the only winter cold snap that came close to producing a frozen crust on the river was five days in 1996 when an ice storm covered the deck, hull, and riggings of the *Bluebell*, a Coast Guard buoy tender, with three to five inches of ice and produced icebergs that hampered river traffic.

Patricia McDowell, a UO professor of geography who has researched Northwest rivers and climate change, says the beginning of the nineteenth century, when settlers began pouring into Oregon, was witness to the end of the Little Ice Age (a period of cold temperatures worldwide that began around 1450) and the beginning of a warming trend that has continued to today. Weather data document a continually warming climate in the Northwest since 1880, when the U.S. Weather Bureau records begin. Hatton's studies show winters are continuing to grow warmer and cold snaps are fewer and



STEAMERS STUCK IN ICE WITH WOMAN IN FOREGROUND

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTO ORHI 0323G064

shorter. In the Portland area, for example, winter temperatures climbed above 50 degrees Fahrenheit eighty more days in 1980–99 than in a two-decade period (1880–1899) a century earlier. Temperatures colder than 20 degrees Fahrenheit were registered on only seven days in the two decades of 1980–99 in contrast to thirty-three days in 1880–99.

The warming that began with the end of the Little Ice Age may explain why the Columbia River is no longer cold enough to freeze over, but one untested theory suggests the Columbia River dams may have given Mother Nature's global trend a Northwest warming boost. The end of deep ice stretching across the rivers as far downstream as Portland or Astoria roughly coincides with the beginning of the damming of the Columbia. River water began backing up to form Lake Roosevelt, the Grand Coulee Dam's 190-mile-long storage reservoir, shortly after construction began in 1933, three years after the last hard freeze on the lower Columbia.

Today fifty-one dams are located on the Columbia and its tributaries. Six have storage reservoirs, like Grand Coulee, but even the dams that allow the river to flow through, like McNary, back up the river and slow it down. In place of the mighty wild warrior river's tumultuous rush to the sea, we now find a sedate, matronly river, a broad-hipped, placid, and reliable year-round stream of warmer water. From The Dalles Dam in Oregon to the tip of Lake Roosevelt across the Washington-Canadian border, the dams have created a series of lakes unbroken for 431 miles, the end of each lake lapping at the foot of the next upstream dam.

"It is hard to differentiate the effect of global warming from the effect of dams," says Professor Bartlein. "I would like to see a history of water temperatures, a record not historically kept, but it looks like the local effect has made the difference. The big lakes behind the dams are huge heat traps for the summer sun."

Although no river temperature data were kept before the dams were built, recent river temperature studies show that since 1953 average water temperatures in the Columbia River increased 1.9 degrees Celsius in fifty years, according to *Managing the Columbia River: Instream Flows, Water Withdrawals and Salmon Survival* (2004), produced by the Water Science and Technology Board and the Board on Environmental Studies and Toxicology. However, the nearest river of similar dimensions, the undammed Fraser River in Canada, also experienced average temperature increases of almost 1 degree Celsius in fifty years. Studies have yet to be conducted that could tell us whether the Columbia's faster warming rate is due to its more southern location or if its dams have speeded up that process, ending the saga of frozen rivers more abruptly than nature intended.

* * *

In the days before airplanes and freeways, Portland residents were so dependent on river transport that a frozen river meant almost total isolation, as commerce and communication with the outside world also froze.

Portland residents turned out to celebrate on January 18, 1888, when the first steamship in five days, the *Oregonian*,

TUGBOAT CAPTAIN AND CREW ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTO CN 021463

managed to plow through the ice, taking fifty-three hours to break through from Astoria to Portland. As it loudly plowed its way up the Willamette, backing up and making repeated runs at the ice, a bevy of ice skaters followed alongside chatting up the passengers on deck. As the weather warmed, more ships followed. By January 26, twenty ships were at dock in Portland waiting for loads of grain and another thirty were reported en route, including domestic and foreign vessels.

Even when frozen rivers and snowbound trains prevented regular mail delivery, however, intrepid mail carriers would find a way. In 1896 postman Will Huckaby, traveling on eight-foot skis, delivered the mail forty-seven times on the frozen river from Lyle on the Washington side to The Dalles ten miles upstream on the Oregon side.

Given current trends, it's unlikely we'll be needing these kind of heroics any time soon.

Gaye Vandermyn became director of the UO News Bureau in 1985 and served there and in the reorganized Office of Communication and Media Relations until her retirement in 2004. Previously, she worked as a newspaper reporter, a magazine editor, and a public relations coordinator.

INCIDENTS

1854: The January 28 *Oregonian* estimated that "over a thousand tons of ice will be taken from the Columbia and Willamette this season. . . . *Brig. H.S. Cabot,* [from] Dryden, is at the mouth of the Willamette, and will probably load with ice for San Francisco."

1862: The January 16 *Oregonian* reported: "A man left here Tuesday morning for Vancouver with a bundle of paper on his back on which to print the *Telegraph*, of that place. The man was afoot; the snow nearly two feet deep, distance, a good ten miles; the weather cole [sic] enough to freeze Oregon whiskey; and a river, nearly a mile wide, covered with thick ice, and full of air holes, to cross with ten chance to one of being drowned! If this is not printing a paper under difficulties, we are at a loss to know what is.

1868: January 13: The Columbia froze over, trapping the steamer *Ranger* and a vessel it was towing. The *Oregonian* raged against the frozen water roadways in an editorial labeled "Land-locked and Ice-bound."

"If Portland expects to become a commercial city, she must take steps to become independent of river transportation in such a season as this. . . .

"For several weeks the city has been cut off from all of its trade and communication except by Jamison's Express. Now is it not plain to every thinking man that a community cannot aspire to the activity of a commercial city, or hope for the wealth and prosperity which commerce commands, when it is liable to be cut off from all its traders and supports for weeks and months together? As well might we expect the body to survive when all of its veins and arteries are frozen and dead, as to expect any place, aspiring to commercial prosperity, to flourish under such conditions. The remedy for this state of affairs is plain—railroads."

1907: A postcard photograph shows two men seated on ice blocks in front of a ship frozen in the Columbia River. The message on the reverse says: "Frozen over. I walked across it." Another postcard photograph shows two stern-wheelers stuck fast in the frozen river at Hood River; the crew and passengers were photographed standing on the frozen river in back of the boats off Colbert Beach.

1909: Some vessels in the Portland docks had live poultry and pigs on board and, with the ships immobile, the feet of pigs and the combs of the poultry got frostbite. An ice jam on the Columbia above Vancouver blocked all river traffic and two steamers, *The Dalles* and the *Sarah Dixon*, were trapped in the ice at the Cascade Locks.

1916: Four couples linked arms on the Columbia at Stevenson to hike across the frozen river to the all-night dance held on Friday nights in the town of the Cascade Locks. They danced all night, then soon after dawn walked back across.

Bertha Little, now ninety-four years old, has told her children the story of the winters of 1916 and 1919 when she helped her father, Ira Tuttle, harness his horses to the wagon loaded with wheat so he could drive his crop to market, down to the Columbia on the winding road from the hills around Goldendale, Washington. For the thirteen-mile trip to The Dalles from there, he used the frozen river, with shoreline portage roads around Celilo Falls.

1930: Ice enclosed the steamer *N.R. Lang* about a mile and half above the Interstate Bridge as she made her way from Camas to Portland. A photograph in *The Oregonian* shows the steamer caught in the ice with four men hiking the 150 feet to the shore. Provisions for the crew were carried over the ice.

Steve Greenwood

UO anthropologist Frances White (left) and BBC cameraman Graham MacFarlane (center) pose for a group photo along with Congolese friends and relatives of a local colleague. The group is standing in a village near the Maringa River, not far from the bonobo study site.

JUNGLE LOVE

Seven years ago, civil war in the Democratic Republic of the Congo ended Frances White's pioneering research on bonobo apes. A BBC camera crew filmed her return to the jungle last year, when she learned whether the animals had survived or perished in the onslaught.

IT IS RAINING, AND UO ASSISTANT PROfessor of anthropology Frances White, two local guides, a local conservation biologist, three BBC filmmakers, and a mountain of cameras, camping gear, food, and spare engine parts are piled into four dugout canoes, motoring up the Maringa River in the Democratic Republic of the Congo. Five days of chugging through the rain forest and they will reach the Lomako Forest, where White once studied bonobos, or pygmy chimpanzees, an endangered species believed to be humans' closest relative.

That was before 1998, when soldiers accused Western primatologists of spying and forced them out of the country; before the ensuing five-year war that killed more than three million people. Fighting spilled from the streets of Kinshasa to bonobos' habitat in the depths of the rainforest. The apes have lived there for five million years, but would they survive the war? Desperate refugees throughout the country increasingly ate "bush meat" to survive. In Basankusu, the military village where the river trip began, White wept when she saw a quartered and smoked bonobo for sale. "It's not prized meat," she says, "but it's meat."

White and company spend twelve hours per day on the water, stopping only when their outboard motor sputters and dies. As the guides replace spark plugs, the bugs eat everyone alive. The rain eventually gives way to unbearable heat. While the BBC camera crew idles away the hours filming colobus monkeys leaping through the canopy and traders gliding past on rafts piled with bicycles and bush meat, White contemplates the fate of her beloved bonobos—animals which, in the course of her fieldwork, she named and followed from their infancy to adulthood.

Fascinated by their female-ruled communities, she began studying bonobos in 1983. She watched how mothers cared for their infants, how they banded together to keep the males in check, how, when high in the jungle canopy, "they would look down and throw fruit at me for fun," she says. On one occasion, when White found herself falling behind as she struggled to follow a group moving through the tangled underbrush, "a female backtracked to look for me, as if I was the lost idiot bonobo that was left behind," she says.

One behavior she has never observed is violence, which is common among bonobos' evolutionary cousins the chimpanzees. While male-dominant chimpanzees will murder each other over food and territory, bonobos live in peace. Scientists believe that this peaceful existence is brokered by females' power and brief sexual encounters between males and females, males and males, females and females, adults and youngsters.

Bonobos, but not chimpanzees, share

with humans a sequence of DNA associated with bonding. As if to prove their kinship to humans, a bonobo tribe once watched White bathe in the river. "I was covered with soapy bubbles," she says, "and they just sat there looking at me."

Villagers living nearest to the 3,600-square-kilometer Lomako Forest are ecstatic to see White's canoe finally arrive. The locals know that returning researchers mean an influx of much-needed money for health care and education. They are her hosts and guides, and their cooperation is crucial to conserving bonobos and their habitat. The BBC crew is pleased to see the locals; they happily pay porters to haul heaps of gear to the village—a one-hour walk on logs submerged in tsetse fly–infested swamps.

Papa Bosco Ikwa, the village elder, is waiting. The cameras roll as White enters a clearing and takes a running leap into his arms. She's in tears again, relieved to learn that Papa Bosco survived the war by hiding from soldiers in the rain forest. And he's clutching broken bokombe stalks, one of bonobos' staple foods.

It is raining the following day, and White hikes an hour into the forest with six local guides and the BBC crew. "When you see broken branches, especially large broken branches, start checking it out for a nest," she tells them. They see no animals, but find more bokombe stalks. They see no knuckle prints near a watering hole, but White thinks she hears a telltale *whoop*, but she's not sure. They sit. They listen. They wait. Fading light forces them back to the village.

Courtesy Frances White

A female bonobo in Cogolese canopy

White and company return to the rain forest before sunrise. And there, high up in the canopy, she spots a female with an infant. She alerts the filmmakers and they point their cameras upward. White grabs her binoculars. She recognizes the mother; she was an adolescent the last time White had seen her. The camera pans to White as she hugs her guide and cries, "That's incredible! That's fantastic!"

White has received a grant from the National Science Foundation to return to the Lomako Forest again in June 2007. She's also recently learned that *Nova*, a science program on PBS, has purchased the BBC's film footage and will likely air it in early 2007.

—Michele Taylor, M.S. '03

LIBRARY

The Modest Optimist

Rural economist 'acts local' in a global kind of way

From helping Iraqi wheat farmers revive their devastated land to persuading Sumatran fish farmers to work together for the common good, rural economist Don Mickelwait '55, M.A. '61, has dedicated his life to the restoration of sustainable agricultural practices in war-torn and disaster-ravaged countries. "We try to take a problem and develop a local solution," he says. "We look at issues of competitiveness, what this region can best produce."

On a recent trip home to Oregon, the Eugene native brought his generous spirit and commitment to sustainability with him, designating the University of Oregon Libraries as the beneficiary of a $1.3 million charitable remainder unitrust. "I thought perhaps the ability of the sports teams to draw funding from alums was stronger than the library's draw, and that I could help in balancing that a bit," he says.

Mickelwait credits his love of research and his persuasive abilities—both essential to his career—to two facets of his time at Oregon. The first was the debate club, which in his junior year made it to the nationals at West Point. "Debate forces you to think on your feet," he says. "It forces you to come up with ideas quickly and draw conclusions. It was a tremendous contribution to what was required in later life." The library was the backbone of this success. "Debate requires evidence, research, and a library, which I used a great

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WHO SAYS THE PARTY'S OVER?

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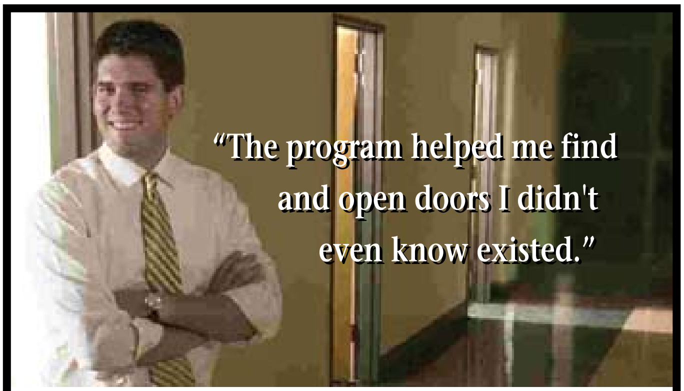
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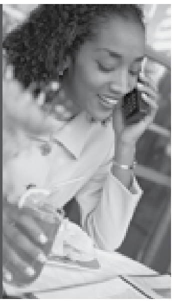

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deal," he says. "I was regularly into the non-catalogued government documents that in ancient days were held on shelves in the basement."

Indeed, research turned out to be key in Mickelwait's career. After earning a master of public administration at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, he spent thirty years as CEO of Development Alternatives Inc. (DAI), a rural redevelopment consulting company that earned government contracts in Asia and Eastern Europe and which grew under his stewardship to 700 employees and gross annual revenues of $300 million. He resigned from DAI in 2000 to revive a dormant consulting company, Experience International, which does the same sort of work from its base in Bangkok. "It's a teeny company," he says, "and a lot more fun."

In Iraq, he is currently focusing on helping farmers revive wheat production. Strategies include teaching locals how to repair their own tractors and establishing a program that helps them clean and save their own seed for planting. "The program has a great potential to help security and stability," he says.

Richard Gersbach

Don Mickelwait outside Knight Library

His work has also recently taken him to Aceh, a province of Sumatra. Here he found a less volatile political environment. "The tsunami stopped the insurgency," he says. "The disaster led to a political breakthrough. The economy is picking up, and security issues are not so strong." He's been working on sustainable aquaculture in Aceh, where, as he puts it, "There are more and more people, and less and less ocean catch." Efficient fish farming requires large ponds, he says, and it's been a challenge to persuade the farmers, who have one-half- to one-acre ponds, to combine their resources. "These things go quickly from technical problems to human-resources problems," he explains. "You've got to get the buy-in. But we think it's possible."

While back in Eugene recently, Mickelwait was thrilled to get a personal tour of Knight Library, especially the geographic information systems (GIS) section in the Map and Aerial Photography Library. GIS is central to his work, he says. "Agriculture is defined by its geographic and ecological zone production capacity, and spatial systems that relate place to climate to water to soil type help define the art of the possible. In almost every major agricultural or rural sector project, a GIS is required to show visually how interventions—deliberate changes in the resource base—relate to increases in production and productivity."

Mickelwait's unrestricted gift is a boon for the library, says Deborah Carver, Philip H. Knight Dean of Libraries. "Keeping up with technological changes is almost overwhelming for libraries these days," she says. "New databases and new tools come out all the time, and both professors and students expect us to have them. Having this gift out in the future gives us the flexibility to meet the most pressing needs of the time. As a researcher, Don has a deep appreciation for the value of libraries—firsthand and immediate. He's an extraordinary guy. His range of interests, his concerns about global issues, and his intellectual curiosity are amazing."

Mickelwait is modest about his achievements. "A lot of things don't work," he says. "I'm an optimist, but tempered with understanding. When the stars are aligned, there is good planning and government help, you can make good progress."

—Rosemary Camozzi '96

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HOUSING

THEY DON'T MAKE 'EM LIKE THEY USED TO

New residence hall combines living, learning, and lots more room.

I MUST ADMIT TO A TWINGE OF ENVY WHEN I walked into the dorm room shared by Scott Kitzrow and Ben Harvey. The two are sophomores, and fortunate sopho-

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OREGON QUARTERLY
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ESSAY CONTEST

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Oregon Quarterly, the magazine of the University of Oregon, invites submissions to its eighth annual Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. **Entries should address ideas that affect the Northwest, should be nonfiction, should not have been previously published, and should be no more than 2,000 words in the student category and 2,500 words in the open (nonstudent) category.** ‖ **SUBMISSIONS REQUESTED** » Student and open (nonstudent) categories » First-place essays published in *Oregon Quarterly* » No entry fee » Fifteen finalists invited to a writing workshop with contest judge Molly Gloss, an Oregon Book Award winner » Public reading of six top essays » Submission Deadline: January 31, 2007 ‖ **CASH PRIZES** » **OPEN CATEGORY**: FIRST PLACE: $750 » SECOND PLACE: $300 » THIRD PLACE: $100 » **STUDENT CATEGORY:** FIRST PLACE: $500 SECOND PLACE: $200 THIRD PLACE: $75

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mores at that—they are among 387 University of Oregon students to land a spot in the new Living-Learning Center, the first new dorm to be built on campus since 1963.

As Kitzrow and Harvey showed me around, their faces aglow, I was struck by the contrast between their spacious room and the squalid little quarters I squeezed myself into back when I was a sophomore. Their room is easily half again as big as the rooms I had. And brighter—their large, east-facing window looked out onto a leafy expanse of oak trees.

"This place is great," Kitzrow enthused, sitting beneath an Oregon Ducks banner on the wall. "If people want to come in and watch TV or something, there's plenty of space for them."

Things were a tad different back in my day.

I remember the tiny window and the whitewashed concrete walls of the Lilliputian room I shared with a total stranger. (Wherever you are, Paul, I only hope you outgrew that annoying habit of tapping your pencil on the back of your chair as the peppy strains of "Flashdance" spilled out of your earphones.)

Mind you, this was another time and another place—the late 1980s, at a certain large public university located in a metropolitan area on Puget Sound.

Jack Liu

Everything's just ducky for students in this room at the spacious new Living–Learning Center.

The $30 million Living-Learning Center opened this fall, just across East 15th Avenue from Hayward Field. It consists of two buildings of four stories each and is part of a new generation of dormitories being built across the country. The idea is to make dorm living more bearable—even pleasurable—and to ease the transition from high school to college life.

The majority of the new dorm's residents are freshmen. Most of the others are sophomores, like Kitzrow and Harvey. Each garnered a spot through the UO's placement system, which weighs a number of factors when assigning rooms, including how early the students file their applications.

The rooms are larger—225 square feet versus the 150 or so of older dorms. Ample overhead storage complements the extra floor space, lending the rooms a feeling of openness. The furniture is modular, allowing students to arrange their rooms in many different ways.

Not everything has changed. Strolling through the north building during the first week of classes, I certainly recognized the place as a dorm. The halls lined with doors, the shared bathrooms, the loud music cranking somewhere around a corner—all this was familiar. But the Living-Learning Center boasts amenities I could only have dreamed of when I was an undergraduate, such as high-efficiency washers and dryers on every floor, rather than clattering old equipment shoved down into a linty corner of the basement. Each room boasts cable television and wireless Internet service.

There are electrical outlets—many, many electrical outlets. When you have your television, your DVD player, your laptop, your refrigerator, your Nintendo GameCube, and your combination fax-printer-copier ("It's also a microwave oven," Harvey joked), you've got to be able to plug it all in.

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I had an electric typewriter.

The ground floors of the two buildings are nothing like dorms of old. Each building features classroom space and meeting rooms where students can interact with professors and fellow students in a relaxed atmosphere. Inviting little nooks let residents "see and be seen," as Michael Eyster, UO's housing director, put it. A performance hall in the south building hosts everything from academic programs to talent shows, and a grassy expanse between the two buildings tempts students to sit and chat on sunny days.

All of it is meant to keep young students from becoming alienated, from shutting themselves into their rooms and locking their doors.

"This whole place is designed to help kids make connections, to interact with other students," said Eyster, who tends to the needs of a record UO dorm population of almost 3,500 this year. "That's so important, especially in the first year."

Oh, and there's the food. One recent noontime I wandered into the center's new Dux Bistro. The eatery was packed with animated young people sitting atop shiny new stools. Sunlight streamed in through a wall of windows.

Suddenly I was hit with a flashback. I remembered the server in the windowless cafeteria of my old dorm—that woman with the hair net and the plastic gloves and the dour expression. She was slopping a spoonful of mush onto a tray the color of canned peas.

I shook the vision from my mind and concentrated on the decision at hand. Now then: broccoli and feta-cheese quiche or the hummus bagel sandwich?

—MATT RASMUSSEN

STUDENT LIFE

AND NOW . . . HELICOPTER PARENTS

Using the power to hover for good, not evil

IT'S A GLORIOUS AUTUMN MOVE-IN DAY, and the residence halls are teeming with new students and their parents unpacking dorm room necessities from minivans and SUVs.

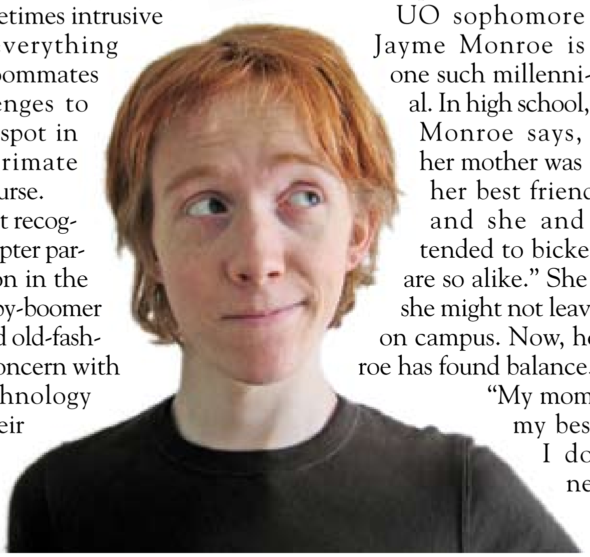
As the day winds down, it seems time for parents to heave a sigh of both relief and trepidation as they set their students afloat like paper boats on the pond of independence. It seems time for a cutting of those apron strings, a time for that final pre-launch goodbye.

But for some students, there will be no final goodbye, as they retain an umbilical connection to their parents via cell phones and e-mail. And these parents will be there for more than just, "Hey, Mom, send money." They will provide sometimes intrusive advocacy on everything from problem roommates to grade challenges to jockeying for a spot in that popular primate anthropology course.

Educators first recognized this "helicopter parent" phenomenon in the early 1990s as baby-boomer parents combined old-fashioned parental concern with newfangled technology to hover over their children's lives. These children, the generation known as millenials, are accustomed to this sort of involvement. According to the National Center for Education Statistics' "The Condition of Education 2002," millennials are characterized in part as "identifying with their parents' values and feeling close to their parents."

UO sophomore Jayme Monroe is one such millennial. In high school, Monroe says, her mother was her best friend, and she and her father tended to bicker "because we are so alike." She even thought she might not leave home to live on campus. Now, however, Monroe has found balance.

"My mom is still one of my best friends, but I don't feel the need for her as I did in high school. My



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Staying together...
at Cascade Manor

"We've been together for 61 years, and moving to Cascade Manor means we'll always stay together, no matter what. We're still very active and this decision may seem premature, but it's not. We'll have more free time to travel, exercise, and enjoy activities with friends. We can also relax, knowing that there's health care on campus. If one of us ever needs it, the other will always be close by."—*Fred and Joyce Andrews*

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NEWS IN BRIEF

BULLIS TO HEAD COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Michael Bullis, Ph.D. '83, a nationally recognized authority on at-risk youth and vocational preparation of youth with disabilities, has been appointed to a two-year fixed term as dean of the University of Oregon College of Education. Bullis, the Sommerville-Knight Professor of Special Education, studies the school-to-community transition of adolescents with emotional and behavioral problems. A national search for a permanent dean will begin in spring 2007.

FED FUNDS FOR FISH

Two federal grants totaling more than $15 million will enhance the UO's position as the world's central clearinghouse for genetic information and other research data on zebrafish, an important biomedical research model species first cloned at the UO. One of the grants—$14.4 million over five years—is from the National Human Genome Research Institute of the National Institutes of Health and will help support the research efforts of twenty-five UO biologists and computer scientists.

CONGRESS SUPPORTS UO BRAIN RESEARCH

The UO's multidisciplinary Brain, Biology, and Machine Initiative will receive $2.5 million as part of the federal Defense Department Appropriations Act of 2007. BBMI combines research from psychology, molecular genetics, animal model systems, advanced computers, and magnetic resonance imaging to better understand how the human mind works. Funding secured by the Oregon congressional delegation for the initiative in the past eight years is now at $18.8 million.

. . . AND NANO TOO

The act also includes three separate awards totaling $5.8 million to be shared among Oregon Nanoscience and Microtechnologies Institute (ONAMI) participants including the UO, OSU, PSU, and the Pacific Northwest National Laboratory. One award ($2.3 million) covers third-year funding toward efforts geared at safer nanotechnology and materials used in the field. The UO has thirty-one scientists currently associated with ONAMI. Since fiscal 2005, Oregon's congressional delegation has landed $11.8 million to go toward ONAMI projects.

MUSIC

Jingle Bell Jazz

UO jazz expert Carl Woideck's top ten list, just in time for the holidays

When Oregon Quarterly asked me for a list of ten great jazz CDs, I had to consider what my focus would be. What follows is not a list of the best ten jazz CDs, nor my ten favorites. Rather, it's a list I think might appeal to listeners who are interested in getting into jazz. It might also serve as a list of CDs that might make good gifts for such a person.

Today's listeners sometimes have a problem with early recordings because of the scratchy quality of the original discs, so I've limited my list to recordings that were made in the "high fidelity" era, about 1950 and later. Sadly, this means no Jelly Roll Morton, Bix Beiderbecke, and a host of others. In addition, because many listeners coming from the rock and pop world and are not used to the preponderance of instrumental performances found in jazz, I've included plenty of vocal CDs.

Here's my list, in no particular order:

1. Miles Davis: *Kind of Blue.* Everyone, regardless of taste in music, should own this! An all-star group (including John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, and Bill Evans) playing inspired music. This CD is on virtually everyone's list of "desert island" discs.

2. Nat "King" Cole: *After Midnight: The Complete Session.* Cole began his career as a jazz pianist, not a pop singer. In this

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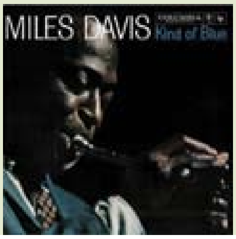

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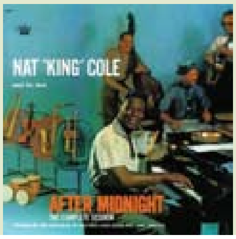

3

DUKE ELLINGTON'S
FAR EAST SUITE

4

All for You
diana krall

---

dad and I hardly bicker at all since I have been in college. We even call each other every once in a while to check in and see how the other is doing," Monroe says.

But Monroe has seen the pitfalls. One of her friends "would call her mom and dad every time she was writing a paper, read it to them over the phone, and have them give advice; then she would e-mail it to them and have them edit it." This, along with frequent calls home over "every little issue," had Monroe worried her friend would not fare well on her own.

This powerful parent-child dyad has challenged colleges and universities. The University of Vermont has established "parent bouncers," students hired to fend off overly eager parents. And *The Buffalo News* reported that Colgate University has "preemptively sent parents of new students a letter emphasizing the value of letting their children learn from their mistakes."

Laura Blake Jones , UO associate dean of students and director of the office of Student Life, says, "Colleges everywhere are seeing more parental involvement and they are having to change and develop ways to appropriately involve those parents."

Blake Jones says even UO professors, used to dealing only with students, are stunned at being contacted by parents.

"And rather than [having them get] annoyed that parents are making contact," says Blake Jones, "we're trying to get the faculty and staff to understand that [these parents] are coming from a place of fear," fear that the educational investment in their children's future won't be protected and maximized.

To address that fear, the UO has chosen to implement programs that gently redirect parental involvement.

"Parents appreciate having the appropriate language to communicate questions and concerns," says Amber Garrison, director of Family Programs and Commencement. "We're saying, 'Here are some ways we can work together.'"

To start, Student Life's new student orientation includes sessions for parents covering such topics as "Holding On and Letting Go (Parents Have a College Experience, Too!)" and "The Transition to College: Theirs and Yours."

There is also the UO Parents Association; benefits include a monthly electronic newsletter and direct contact with superb CD, he combines his two talents and is joined by an all-star group of jazz instrumentalists.

3. Duke Ellington: *The Far East Suite.* In the 1960s, Ellington and his band toured the Middle East and Japan. He let the sights and sounds that he had experienced steep for a while, and then gradually wrote the gorgeous music on this album.

4. Diana Krall: *All for You: A Dedication to the Nat Cole Trio*. There are so many young would-be jazz singers today, but most fall short of the earlier vocal masters. Krall is not perfect, but she's musicianly (she plays the piano) and phrases her melodies like an instrumentalist.

5. Bill Evans: *Waltz for Debby.* In this live recording (1961), the rapport among Evans, bassist Scott LaFaro, and drummer Paul Motian is stunning.

6. Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong: *Ella and Louis.* Ella's voice is clear, Louis's is raspy. No matter, this is a great collaboration between opposites.

7. John Coltrane: *My Favorite Things.* This recording by his 1960 quartet is a good place to start exploring "Trane." The title song is by turns catchy, hypnotic, and intense.

8. Sarah Vaughan: *No Count Sarah.* This features her gorgeous voice in the middle of Count Basie's big band.

9. Stan Getz and João Gilberto: *Getz/Gilberto.* This is a big favorite of committed jazz fans and novices alike. João Gilberto is bossa nova's most influential singer. Antonio Carlos Jobim (who plays piano here) is bossa nova's most important composer

10. Miles Davis: *My Funny Valentine.* Most of the pieces on this live recording (1964) of Davis's quintet (featuring Herbie Hancock) are lyrical in nature, although some gradually develop into other moods. The members of the group display an uncanny rapport bordering on telepathic communication.

Carl Woideck is an instructor of jazz, rock, and blues music history at the UO, where he began teaching in 1982. A professional saxophonist and longtime jazz radio broadcaster, he is author of Charlie Parker: His Music and Life *(University of Michigan Press) as well as author and editor of* The John Coltrane Companion *and* The Charlie Parker Companion *(both Schirmer Books). He has written compact disk liner notes extensively for the Verve, Blue Note, Mosaic, and Prestige labels.*

5

Waltz for Debby
Bill Evans Trio

6

7

JOHN COLTRANE
MY FAVORITE THINGS
STEREO

8

NO
COUNT*
SARAH

9

GETZ | GILBERTO

10

MY FUNNY VALENTINE
MILES DAVIS
IN CONCERT

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S/M/L/XL/XXL/XXXL

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the Family Programs director.

"Parents have called already—just having someone to contact, to ask, 'How can I coach my student to handle this?' and just to see if they're handling a situation appropriately seems to help," says Garrison.

This is the idea—to establish one place where parents can get information and register concerns without being disruptive.

When they are disruptive, parents risk becoming "black hawk parents," moving beyond involvement to unreasonable demands and unethical tactics, undermining their student's ability to function independently.

But, says Blake Jones, "It's really rare that I see a student who can't make their own decisions. And even the extreme parents haven't gotten any worse; it's that the normal parents are just much more involved."

For the University, the hope is around education—perhaps as much for parents as for students.

"Ultimately, we want them to be more and more independent with each passing year," says Blake Jones.

— Bobbie Willis Soeby, M.A. '01

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Jack Liu

Deborah Hurtt at new Eugene courthouse

PROFILE

DEBORAH HURTT

Combining new ways of thinking about buildings, materials, and designs, some of the world's best minds constantly push architecture into unexplored territory. To expose students to the latest trends in this fast-changing world, Deborah Hurtt of the UO art history department created a class specially focused on the best of the best in the field: winners of the Pritzker Prize, considered by many to be architecture's Nobel Prize.

Thom Mayne won the Pritzker Prize in 2004 for his design of the new federal courthouse in Eugene, a gleaming stainless steel sculpture (*see photo*) that has dramatically changed the city's architectural landscape. When Hurtt learned Mayne was coming to Eugene for the courthouse's grand opening in December, she knew she had a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity for her students. "This is huge," she said. "Having a Pritzker prize winner here in Eugene is just mind blowing." She immediately began making plans to bring Mayne to her classroom and, if all works out, to guide students on a tour of the building during its opening weekend.

Hurtt says the experience will bring Mayne's work to life for students, giving them an opportunity not only to study a remarkable structure—see it up close, walk through it, sketch it, observe how people interact with it—but also to talk directly with its designer.

After a successful career as a marketing manager for top East Coast architecture firms, where she saw the day-to-day side of the business, Hurtt realized she was far more interested in the function and symbolic meaning in buildings than in the mechanics of their design. She headed to graduate school to pursue this passion for architectural history.

Through her classes, students come to grasp the pulse of modern architecture and understand its developing trends. However, she hopes that they will leave her class having learned lessons that go beyond the designs of the buildings.

"I want to help students understand what architecture means and how it influences how we experience life," said Hurtt.

Name: Deborah Hurtt

Education: B.A. degree in art history from Williams College. Ph.D. and M.A. degrees in architectural history from the University of Virginia.

Teaching Experience: Undergraduate and graduate courses in architecture and art history.

Accolades: Honored with numerous grants and fellowships.

Off Campus: Hurtt enjoys hiking, skiing, music, and traveling to new places.

Last Word: "If we look at history, we see that the pulse of architecture has changed with the pulse of history. I want my students to come to understand how architecture came to stand for ideas."

— Whitney Malkin

IDLE THINKING

New ideas are making diesel trucks run cheaper, cleaner.

SHARON BANKS '89, PICKING AT A SALAD on a searing August afternoon, wears a dark suit and stylish shoes. In her digital camera are photographs taken with Oregon governor Ted Kulongoski. In her brain bounce so many numbers trailed by "millions" and "megatons" that the figures blur like the waves of heat and exhaust rising above acres of asphalt outside.

At first glance, Banks isn't much like the denim-and-sneakers crowd at the Truck-N-Travel's diner in Coburg. Maybe the truckers around her might assume someone dressed like Banks and talking about transforming the trucking industry could only mean bad news for them.

As if sky-high diesel prices, increasing regulations, clotting congestion, and slender margins weren't squeezing them enough, right? Well, that's what Banks thinks, too, so the granddaughter of a trucker and stepmother of another is doing something.

Banks is a rare breed: heart of a trucker, soul of an environmentalist, mind of an accountant, handshake of a politician, résumé of a career bureaucrat—and now, business card of a CEO as founder of Cascade Sierra Solutions. The new Coburg-based nonprofit company is devoted to trimming dangerous diesel pollution while helping truckers earn their livings.

Banks crafted a way to bring the newest fuel-saving technologies to truckers with simpler delivery of government low-interest loans, tax credits, and grants.

By early next decade, Banks expects to outfit a third of the 100,000 trucks already plying Interstate 5 with auxiliary power units. These units allow truckers to run their heaters, air conditioners, and appliances while stopped, ending the need to idle thirsty main engines. Her program also makes it easy for truckers to adopt other diesel-saving devices and practices advocated in the federal SmartWay program.

The improvements, she estimates, will cut fuel consumption 25 percent per truck, saving 150 million gallons a year. Fuel savings could filter $450 million through truckers' bank accounts and into local economies while reducing emissions implicated in cancer, asthma, global warming, and smog.

Jack Liu

Will Sharon Banks save West Coast truckers half a billion dollars in annual fuel costs?

A typical trucker might slam the brakes at a $16,000 tab for a complete upgrade. But with a loan through Cascade Sierra Solutions, that trucker would easily cover monthly loan payments of $350 with $1,250 in fuel savings.

Starting in 2007, Banks will bring her message to the first of eight planned showrooms near truck stops in the three West Coast states. The sites will include Portland, Coburg, and Medford.

Bob Russell, president of Oregon Trucking Associations, calls Banks a "bridge" between his industry and government regulators. "We think what Sharon is doing is absolutely wonderful."

"The way that Sharon is packaging it and marketing it is a way that truckers respond to," says Kevin Downing of the Oregon Department of Environmental Quality's Clean Diesel Program. "We're expecting great things from that effort."

Those great things began in 2004, when Banks created the Everybody Wins program at Lane Regional Air Protection Agency (LRAPA), where she refined her strategy while lowering fuel use for 350 trucks.

Diesel is a better power source but worse polluter than other fossil fuels, although new technology and regulations are bridging the gap. Exposure to diesel toxins costs Oregonians more than $2 billion a year in health care and lost work, according to Downing.

Yet truck drivers help carry 90 percent of goods to market, which is why Banks calls them "the wheels that make our economy go."

"That's why the truckers love her, because she makes them part of the solution rather than the cause of the problem," said Jon Gustafson of Coast Transit Refrigeration.

Long-haul driver Jay Rohrer, who saves about $1,000 a month after upgrading his truck, says, "Sharon and her program have been a godsend to us."

Banks graduated from high school without a career plan, but a job at a housing agency sparked an interest in public finance. Later, armed with an accounting degree from the University, Banks mastered intricacies of government financing, strategies of writing grants, and finer points of air quality in seventeen years at LRAPA.

Banks is a major in the Oregon National Guard and has been a transportation officer since 1992, when she completed the U.S. Army's Transportation School in Virginia. In the late 1990s, she was in charge of a transportation and supply unit, including many soldiers who were truckers in civilian life. She now commands soldiers and support staff at the Guard's Joint Forces Headquarters in Salem.

Gustafson says Banks has a trucker's tenacity. "She will not be stopped by people who are doubters, who do not understand."

"If there's anyone who can make it work, it's Sharon," says Diane Turchetta of the Federal Highway Administration.

For Banks, the right thing is improving today's trucks while pushing toward a future fleet powered by hybrid engines and biodiesel, their emissions as clean as the air, and their electrical appliances whirring beneath truck-top solar panels.

"It is great fun," she says. "It is what I was born to do."

—Eric Apalategui '89

ROCK OF AGES

Joan Wozniak unearths an Easter Island mystery.

Like the Polynesians who originally settled Easter Island in 500 A.D., native islander Alfonso Rapu and archaeologist Joan Wozniak, M.A. '70, M.A. '95, Ph.D. '03, move rock and earth to plant manioc and taro. Like the clans who carved the island's famous statues, they build walled gardens to grow yams. And while they toil under a blazing sun, Wozniak records the indigenous names of every plant that Alfonso can remember. But the elder, now sixty-three, wishes their collaboration had started thirty years ago. He admits that much of what his father and grandfather taught him has slipped away.

Rapa Nui, the island's indigenous name, is in the middle of nowhere. It lies 2,500 miles west of Chile, its governing country. About four thousand people currently inhabit the island.

When Jacob Roggeveen happened upon Rapa Nui on Easter Sunday in 1722, he called it Easter Island and dispatched his men to find food. They returned with tales of "erected stone images . . . which were fully thirty feet high and thick in proportion." James Cook was also struck by the *moai* when he replenished his food supply there in 1774, as was the Comte de La Perouse, who explored the island's northwest coast a few years later.

Rapa Nui's modern-day explorers surmise that the 1,000 *moai* scattered around the island were crafted between 1000 and 1500 A.D. to honor ancestral spirits. The island's unsolved mystery has been how the islanders carved, transported, and erected the twenty-ton basalt statues while sustaining an agrarian society on just sixty-six square miles of windy grasslands peppered with volcanic rock, without trees, rivers, or streams.

Richard Taylor

Joan Wozniak on Easter Island

"From the ships' supply logs, we know the islanders gave European explorers taro, sweet potatoes, yams, sugar cane, and bananas," says Wozniak. "When I began my research, I saw no obvious evidence of agricultural fields, only rocks."

Wozniak began studying Rapa Nui agriculture in 1993. As a Spanish-speaking graduate student with an M.A. in biology and a decade of research under her belt, she worked for four months with Earthwatch volunteers and local archaeologists to identify prehistoric agricultural sites along the island's northwest coast. "Ancient gardeners planted in collapsed lava tubes, which collected soil and rainwater," she says. "They also constructed circular rock gardens, called *manavai*, to retain moisture and protect plants from the winds." But she knew these structures were too small to sustain large communities. She needed more time to find evidence of prehistoric farms.

After earning her M.A. in anthropology, Wozniak enrolled in the UO's Ph.D. program, applied for and received a Fulbright Scholarship, and returned to Rapa Nui for a year. She hiked back and forth over rocky fields adjacent to prehistoric homes and *manavai* hunting for signs of

NEWS IN BRIEF

HONORS BESTOWED

Each year the UO presents a number of awards to outstanding individuals. The 2006 recipients are:
Presidential Medal (for long-standing and extraordinary support to higher education): Jordan Schnitzer '73 and Mary '46 and Richard Solari. **Alumni Association Award** (for extraordinary distinction in professional or personal endeavors): John "Roger" Engemann '64 and Dana Wade '93. **Distinguished Service Award** (for contributions to the cultural development of Oregon and society as a whole): Phyllis D. Barkhurst, John Brombaugh, and Jack McGowan. **Wayne T. Westling Award for University Leadership and Service** (for outstanding and long-term leadership and service by a faculty or staff member): Professor of Art History and Classics Jeffrey M. Hurwit.

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ALUMNI EVENTS

2007 has some great alumni events in store. There's the President's Reception in D.C. in April, Ducks on the Beach in Hawaii in February, the Class of 1957 50th Reunion in May, and the annual Holiday Music Fest in Portland in December. Check out the details at uoalumni.com.

farmland. When she couldn't find what she was looking for, she revisited La Perouse's account of Easter Island. "We were both on the northwest coast, about 215 years apart," she explains. La Perouse described eighteenth-century people using rocks in their gardens, she says, but archaeologists had never connected his observations with the small rocks strewn across the island.

Wozniak suspected that the rocks were somehow related to prehistoric agriculture after interviewing local elders. They learned to use rocks as mulch from their fathers and uncles, she says. But unfortunately, they didn't know where their ancestors' fields might have been. The elders explained that the Chilean government was an oppressive colonial power that prohibited the people from leaving the city limits from the late 1800s to the mid-1960s. "Few were allowed to travel to other parts of the island, except to fish, and then only by special permission."

Excavating near a rocky area to determine soil composition, she discovered material similar to what she found in the *manavai*: soil seemingly fertilized with ashes and seashells. Using her background in experimental biology, she analyzed soil samples and confirmed that she unearthed the farmlands that sustained prehistoric cultures.

"Joan is a great fieldworker, one of the best," says UO anthropology professor Bill Ayres, who studies ancient Rapa Nui settlements. "She has contributed significantly to solving some of the major questions about the island."

Wozniak has turned her attention from unearthing prehistoric farmlands to safeguarding future farmers. Traditional crops are disappearing because many farmers import Chilean and Tahitian seeds and grow crops the hotels and restaurants buy to serve tourists' palates. Large-scale agriculture is diminishing because many young islanders want better-paying jobs serving tourists. They have little time for or interest in farming. They don't know the Rapa Nui names of their crops or how to grow them. But with help from Alfonso and other elders, Wozniak is working to preserve the knowledge of old agricultural practices by creating a handbook (in Spanish and the native language) describing traditional gardening practices. She's also building a webpage that will feature the elders describing traditional crops and growing techniques. And so, after she and Alfonso harvest the season's manioc, taro, and yams, their work is not yet done.

—Michele Taylor, M.S. '03

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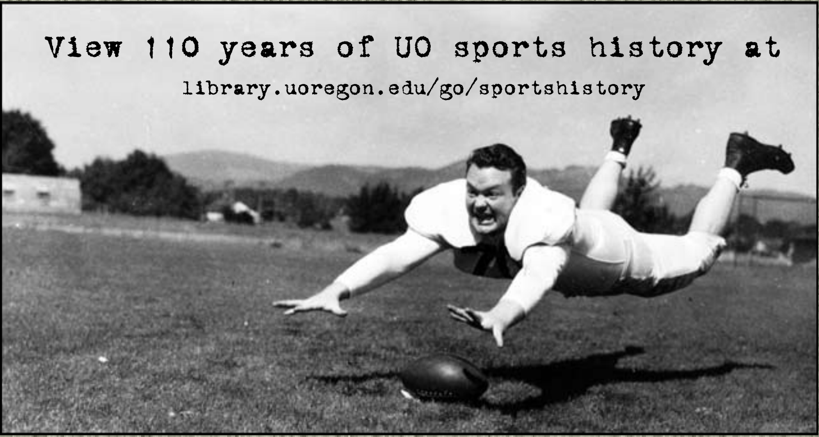

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THE PROBLEM SOLVER

Physicist answers many questions with his urge to innovate.

Tim LaBarge

Hal Alles in front of some of his harmonographs, instruments which, like Alles himself, apply the laws of physics in the process of creation.

HAL ALLES, PH.D. '72, ADMITS HE'S A NIGHT owl. Throughout most of his adult life, his evenings followed a pattern: After his family retired, he'd head for the basement. And for just what did he leave the side of Pat, his wife now for thirty-nine years? "She's be jealous if it were a woman," he says with a smile.

In his underground workshop, Alles (pronounced "Alice") is accompanied only by his drive and a simple philosophy: identify the problem and work it until you find an acceptable solution, even if that means tinkering into the dead of night. He pushes himself hard, even when "it may seem hopeless."

But completing projects is what he does—many times in spectacular fashion. That's why a CEO who graduated from Oregon with a Ph.D. in the not particularly flashy subject of solid state physics can weave names like Atari, *Tron* and Hall and Oates into his résumé. His latest project—Home Comfort Zones (HCZ), a Beaverton-headquartered company with twenty-three employees—uses software and pneumatic dampers he designed to heat homes' individual rooms to varying temperatures and save on energy bills. HCZ's system was recently voted the "Coolest Product" at a prestigious trade show by 5,000 industry professionals.

Alles has always been a "project guy." As a kid growing up on a farm near Greeley, Colorado, "I was probably about eight years old when I first used an arc welder," he says. He won his eighth-grade science fair with a working model of the solar system and repaired radios for cash in high school.

After graduating from Case Western Reserve University, Alles enrolled at the UO and teamed up with a fellow grad student to create and patent Audiovision, a shoebox-sized device that turned sound into a light show. It was picked up by game giant Atari, but sales didn't take off. "It actually turned out to be quite a party pooper," he recalls. "People watching it were so mesmerized, the party just died. That's probably why it never sold."

But not all of Alles' days at the UO were spent huddled over prototypes and blueprints. He and Pat renovated a house off River Road (wherein, naturally, he removed the furnace and replaced it with electrical heating) and made Duck football a big part of each autumn.

Google "Hal Alles" and you'll find hundreds of references, but none as intriguing as the ones concerning a post-graduation project at Bell Labs. Working on digital processing solutions for phone systems, Alles played with programming audio tones. "And somebody came by and said, 'You know, that's the most advanced computer-generated music system there is.' So I started to think about the problem: What would go into the world's best synthesizer?"

That led to the Synergy, one of the first—and by far the most commercially practical—synthesizers to use all-digital computer controls. Unlike Audiovision, the Synergy found a niche. It was used to create the soundtrack for the successful Disney film *Tron*, and in recording studios with groups like Hall and Oates. (Remember that groovy tinkly sound on the hit "I Can't Go For That"?)

Since leaving Bell, Alles has started three companies from scratch. The first, Silicon Design Labs, was bought by Mentor Graphics. The second, a software firm named Genedax, was a "classic crash and burn" high-tech tragedy. "There is an adage about software companies," he says. "When you hit the wall, there's never any skidmarks."

Home Comfort Zones isn't in danger of going up in flames. Though the company is only three years old, it was a hit at this year's Pacific Coast Builders Conference and Tradeshow, and entered the California market this summer. "It's certainly the most rewarding thing I've ever done," Alles says.

The idea behind the company started in 1990, when Alles had to install four furnaces and three air conditioners to get even heating in his new home. A light went on: This is a problem. The solution involved Alles' trademark multidisciplinary approach, a combination of hardware—and software, mechanics and electronics, and it paid off. Home Comfort Zones now installs its proprietary heating-cooling technology into new and existing homes.

Alles' own home is brimming with projects fulfilled. His passion is building harmonographs, massive pendulums that incorporate pens and pads to create gorgeous, Spirograph-like drawings. He has one of the 300 or so Synergys left in existence and an antique radio cabinet he has modified so that the knobs tune into an FM signal of a tape recording of old-time radio shows.

Of course, when Alles wants to hear the soundtrack of his own innovation, all he has to do is toss on a little Hall and Oates.

—MATT WILLIAMS '96

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Quite a lot, actually

HI. BING BINGHAM HERE.

I was attending a writing seminar when I first heard of UO history professor emeritus Edwin "Bing" Bingham. A young woman had discovered I was an author and freelance writer and she asked, "Are you any relation to Bing Bingham, the author in Eugene?"

"I don't think so," I said, "does he look like me?"

"Not really, he's got the same blue eyes," she said, "but he has more hair."

"Uh . . . OK," I said.

Bing Bingham [him, not me] retired from teaching history at the UO in 1982. His nickname "Bing" first surfaced when his grandmother called him "Bing Boy." As a youngster, the future professor Bingham was referred to as "Little Bing" and his father, "Big Bing." Just as yours truly [me, not him] listened for the dinner call " Little Bing," rather than my father's "Big Bing."

Edwin Bingham focused on history as a topic of study at UCLA. After graduating with an M.A., he was hired in 1949 as a teaching assistant at Oregon.

"I remember driving all night from San Francisco and arriving at dawn," he says, "I found [Eugene] a beautiful place." A place that grew in his heart, a place he never left.

In those days, Edwin Bingham was an ambitious young scholar. He returned to UCLA for his Ph.D. in 1951 and focused his UO teaching and research interests on American cultural and Pacific Northwest history. He found great joy working with students. According to Springfield city attorney Dave Logan '63, "[Bingham was an] absolutely approachable and friendly guy with a highly developed sense of humor."

Clarno rancher Jon Bowerman '66 tells this story: When he first arrived at the UO, some older students "showed me two lists. The first was of professors to be avoided at all costs. The second was of professors to be sought after, if at all possible. Professor Bingham's name was on the second list."

Part of his reputation was earned in his Mountain Man lectures, a heavily attended series in which Bingham recounted the exploits of these backwoods explorers and fur traders. A memorable class moment—and a jarring awakening for any dozing student—would be his earsplitting cry of "WAGH!!!" a Mountain Man's signature exclamation indicating admiration or surprise. His personalized license plates—WAGH—added to his celebrity around campus.

For some, Bingham's lectures were amusing and exciting; for others they were life-changing. Stephen Dow Beckham '64, now Dr. Robert B. Pamplin Jr. Professor of History at Lewis and Clark College, credits Bingham with being a mentor and friend: "[He] rescued me from the dilemma of the undergraduate who had trouble deciding

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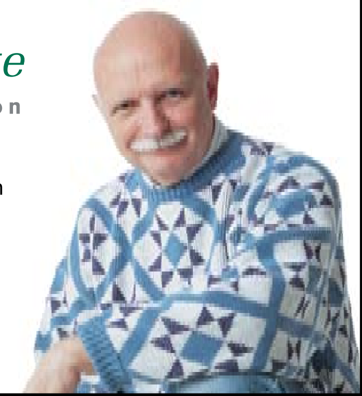

what to do with life.” Beckham had been working on a degree in biology. The transformation came during an off-campus honors college class at Bingham’s home. This course, which introduced Beckham to the ideas of many top authorities on the American West, fired his imagination and set him on a career path. Today he’s become one of those inspiring authors, internationally recognized in the field of Northwest history and folklore, and the author or editor of thirteen books.

Highlights of Bingham’s own career include serving as a Fulbright scholar and writing *Charles F. Lummis: Editor of the Southwest*, a portrait of an important character in western literary history. First published in 1955, the book was reissued in May by The Huntington Library Press. In addition, he published a biography of famed Northwesterner C. E. S. Wood and edited *California Gold*, *Northwest Perspectives*, *American Frontier*, *Frontier Experience*, and *Fur Trade in the West*. At retirement in 1982, he was given the title professor emeritus.

After that, he spread his passion for history to audiences around the state while traveling as a Chautauqua Scholar for the Oregon Council for the Humanities. Over the decades of teaching and an untold number of lectures, Bingham has awakened thousands of students to the beauty and value of history. Three years ago, he received the UO’s Distinguished Service Award—the highest honor awarded by the faculty.

Emeritus professor Bing Bingham (left) and Bing Bingham, writer, photographer, and eastern Oregon correspondent for KLCC-FM

Tim Jordan

Perhaps the most telling aspect of his career is the respect he’s earned. When I spoke with Dave Logan about his memories of Bingham, he said, “He’s one of a handful of special people that I’ve met in the world, I love him dearly.”

As for this Bing Bingham (me, not him), I smiled as I closed my reporter’s notebook and packed my cameras at the end of our interview. I’m glad to finally meet the man with whom I’ve shared a name for so many years. And I’m pleased the name has been in such good hands.

— D. “BING” BINGHAM

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A Peace in the Middle East

Global geopolitics across the dinner table

[Editor’s note: Senior UO journalism major Cory Eldridge’s last trip to the Middle East took him to Dubai, United Arab Emirates, where he interned with Reuters News Agency for six weeks. Before that, he studied for nine months in Amman, Jordan, and spent time in Israel, Lebanon, Turkey, and the West Bank.]

“Mahmoud, you’re not in Gaza anymore, you’re in the United Arab Emirates,” Jamal said. “Shut the door when you go outside or the heat will kill us. And Cory is sick.”

Mahmoud wrenched shut the kitchen’s sliding glass door, cutting off the eye-drying desert heat invading our compact apartment, and said, “*Asif* [sorry], Cory.”

I shook my head to say *no worries*, using body language to avoid searing my strep-infected throat, which for three days had kept me from eating, sleeping, and talking. Jamal whisked the scramble of canned meat and egg he was preparing for dinner, and continued our conversation.

“People believe things, like that no Jews died in the World Trade Center, because they don’t have the energy to find out the truth. They work all day, come home tired, and hear something on the TV,” he said. “It’s the same in America, right? People believe things about Arabs and Muslims they see on TV.”

I nodded in agreement. In the living room, the channel changed and the bellow of guns, rockets, and bombs blasted into the kitchen—news about Israel and Hizbollah’s dirty brawl. Along with the explosions, in came a roommate I had not properly met; with ten unmarried men living in four rooms, meeting a new roommate often took several days. All nine of

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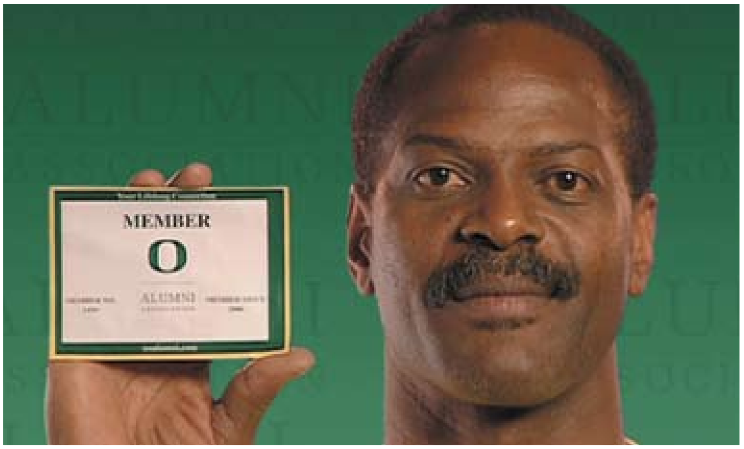
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my roommates came from Palestine, Lebanon, or Iraq, and, at the time, American-made weapons dropped on each country daily.

I knew this man was Iraqi and had been held at Abu Ghraib prison, nothing more. We greeted one another and I stood and introduced myself. He smirked and said, "My name is Munier. You're American, right?" I nodded.

"How is President Bush?"

Oh shit, I thought.

"You like President Bush. You think that you should invade my country. You support Israel," he said, malice contorting his smirk into a sneer.

"No," I said.

"I love Bush and I hate him," Munier said. "You know how? He got rid of Saddam, so I love him. But I hate him because he ruined my country for oil."

For five minutes he berated me, describing the wretchedness of his life and his satisfaction when American troops died. He declared that every American loved Bush and hated Arabs and those who attacked Islam would fail. I croaked out pity for his family, defense for American soldiers, and explanations for American policy. He didn't listen. He had grievances, he had a case, and he found me guilty because I was American. I tried to stay patient, to empathize, to correct his stereotypes, but I wore out. My full-color worldview burned to monochrome, and I cast Munier in the black. He became the equation: Arab = Muslim = Terrorist.

Jamal scooped our meal onto a plate. The clattering stopped Munier and reminded me to breathe. I tore a piece of flatbread from a pizza-sized loaf and pinched eggs, canned meat, and onions with the bread, but I didn't eat. My insides raged with infection, fever, and hate. I excused myself.

That night, I awoke disoriented by fever and fear. Like a brainwashing video, the conversation raced through my head along with images of Osama Bin Laden, Daniel Pearl, al-Zarqawi, exploded humvees, nine murderous roommates, and Munier holding the knife. I grabbed my hair as if to rip out the pictures, and Mahmoud, lying in the bed next to mine, stirred in his sleep. Less than a week ago he made his first trip from home by throwing a blanket over a barbwire fence to escape the hell of Gaza. In a way, all the men were refugees. Their homes burned while they scraped away in a foreign land.

James Rector

Cory Eldridge won this year's H. L. Stevenson scholarship from the Overseas Press Club for reporting done in the West Bank city of Jenin. Following graduation from the UO this winter, he plans to return to the Middle East to work as a freelance writer and photographer.

Right or wrong, my country took part in the fires. And no matter my opinion, I represented America to these men. And they had grievances, they had a case, and I would hear it. But I would not be held guilty for the sins of my country; I would not let them dehumanize me.

Lying in bed I made the first step: I forgave Munier for hating me and I forgave myself for hating Munier. I forced the tape reel to stop playing and I finally saw Munier as a human.

Two days later, as I watched an American sitcom with the guys, Munier walked in. "Hello President Bush," he said. I looked him in the eyes and said, "Are you Saddam Hussein? No," and it began. I made him hear my ideas, my feelings, and my attempts to reconcile with my country and its actions in my world. I forced him to distinguish me from the mass called "Americans." At first he didn't want to listen, I could see him wrestling with his hate, but Munier is a good man and slowly he made himself see me as a human, too.

The next day Jamal set our dinner on the table and six of us roommates began to eat and talk. As the conversation turned to who was hotter, Angelina Jolie or Selma Hayek, I asked for more bread. Munier took a loaf, tore it in two, gave me half, and we ate.

— CORY ELDRIDGE

1950

■ **Robert Gust Luoma** '51, M.A. '54, published his book, *Stirred but Not Shaken in Life and in the Arts: Memoirs with a Twist,* in March.

■ **Jack Borsting**, M.A. '52, Ph.D. '60, has been reelected as lead governor of the board of governors of the American Stock Exchange. Borsting is a professor of business administration and dean emeritus of the Marshall School of Business at USC.

Margaret Madsen Hopkins '52, M.S. '57, recently traveled to Eugene with some other '50s alumni: **Dr. David Lanning** '51, **Donovan Lee** '52, **Rosemary (Wildish)** '50 and **Lee Philpott** '51, **Roger Sogge**, M.F.A. '50, Lois Ann (Heliksen) Skinner, and Signy "Vik" Hanson. They first met in the Lutheran Student Association and have kept in touch by way of a round-robin letter and occasional reunions.

Retired high school teacher **Mitzi Asai Loftus** '54, M.A. '62, has moved to Ashland after thirty-four years in Coos Bay.

Millard Burr '58, M.A. '73, Ph.D. '76, finished his fifth book, *Alms for Jihad,* with coauthor Robert O. Collins of UC Santa Barbara. Burr recently retired from the U.S. State Department.

Robert Loeffelbein, M.S. '58, is currently writing a book—his tenth—on scams and confidence men. He also teaches seniors' computer classes. He lives in Clarkston, Washington, and is a member of the County Parks and Recreation Council.

Verne Wheelwright '58 received a Ph.D. from Leeds Metropolitan University in July after completing his dissertation, titled "Personal Futures: Foresight and Futures Studies for Individuals." He lives with his wife Betty in Harlingen, Texas.

1960

■ **Doree Jarboe** '62 is the music director for Grant High School in Portland and received the Educational Excellence Award from the UO College of Education Alumni Association in spring 2006.

Less than a week after the Blivet Biscuit Works was listed on the NASDAQ (ticker symbol BLIV), SEC investigators served a warrant to Chairman of the Board **Alaby Blivet** '63 at corporate headquarters in Blivet Junction, Utah, before leading him away in handcuffs and impounding forty-seven boxes of papers and eight computers. An SEC spokesperson said the action was related to insider trading, stock manipulation, wire fraud, illegal offshore accounts, RICO violations, and "suspicious activity in the biscuit futures market."

Loana Gakle, M.Ed. '64, has retired after forty-five years with Plumas Unified School District in Quincy, California, where she taught English and physical education. She was also a high school counselor and principal.

Lee Grant, M.S. '67, was published in a book marking the fortieth anniversary of the Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA) program. He joined the program after being recruited at the UO and became a volunteer in Houston, Texas. He is a columnist and arts critic-at-large for the *San Diego Union-Tribune*.

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

Steve Hutchinson, J.D. '67, is the senior partner of the Hutchinson, Cox, Coons, DuPriest, Orr & Sherlock law firm in Eugene. He is a recent graduate of the Rotary Leadership Academy and also serves as a board member of the Eugene Symphony.

World traveler **Janet K. Johnson** '68 has now set foot on all seven continents. She enjoys visiting third-world countries and has spent the last two Decembers helping in Agent Orange orphanages in Vietnam.

1970

■ Oregon Attorney **Jeffrey P. Foote** '71 of the Foote Webster law firm in Portland was recently awarded the Champion of Justice Award, the highest honor given by Trial Lawyers for Public Justice. He has served on the TLPJ Foundation Board of Directors for the last two decades and was organization president in 2002.

Elizabeth "Beth" Rehm, M.S. '72, recently retired. A member of the Portland community, she serves on the Washington County Aging and Veterans' Advisory Council. Rehm delivers meals on wheels at the Hillsboro and Forest Grove Senior Centers several times a month and drives a lift bus for seniors and other people with need.

David Sonnenfeld '73 is coeditor of a new book, *Challenging the Chip: Labor Rights and Environmental Justice in the Global Electronics Industry,* a collection of scholarly analyses and activist accounts from around the world. Sonnenfeld is an associate professor in the Department of Community and Rural Sociology at Washington State University.

■ **Edward "Ken" Engstrom** '74 retired from the postal service after a thirty-four-year career. He and his wife Susan plan to move to Washington, D.C., where he will work as the national executive director of the National Association of Postmasters of the United States.

Dennis Norman '75 was recently named faculty chair for the Harvard University Native Health Program. Norman is also the chief of psychology at Massachusetts General Hospital and on the faculty of Harvard Medical School.

Paul A. Donais, M.S. '77, Ph.D. '79, recently completed a comprehensive photographic survey of the Nazi death camp at Auschwitz-Birkenau in Poland. His work was in conjunction with his research into the psychology of genocide. Dr. Donais is a clinical psychologist at Folsom Prison in California.

■ **Jeffrey S. Matthews** '77, J.D. '81, president of the Multnomah Bar Foundation, has been made a fellow of the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers.

Elizabeth Cheney Burton '78 won the 2006 Outstanding M.B.A. Student Award from Eastern Oregon University. She is the director of EOU's Division of Distance Education Center in Baker City.

Denver Post staff writer **John Henderson** '78 recently won first place in the "Best of the West" special topic column-writing competition for his food and dining column, "A Moveable Feast."

Tim Jordan

CLASS NOTABLE

BEHIND EVERY GREAT PUMPKIN . . .

Harvey Speck '47 is a little shy about calling his best pumpkin this year a "big" pumpkin—that term, he thinks, should be reserved for the 700–1,400 pound behemoths that show up in giant pumpkin festivals. Still, he was confident enough in the size of this 145-pound specimen that he let it grow to maturity unprotected in the front yard of the home of his son Randy '75, in Eugene's College Hill neighborhood. "Nobody could lift it," Harvey says. He took up gardening in 1989 when he retired from the lumber business. His secret to producing pretty big pumpkins—and he's grown them over 200 pounds in the past—is good soil, lots of sunshine, frequent watering, and fertilizer ("I'm organic six days a week," he says).

■ **Stacey Jostad** ’79 recently remarried and is working as a chaplain resident at University of California at Davis Medical Center.

■ **Deborah (Brown) Kimokeo** ’79, M.S. ’83, was awarded a doctoral degree from the Columbia University Educational Leadership Program in May. Her dissertation on school-based suicide prevention was partially published on the California State Department of Education Learning support website. She and her husband Kimo ’76, M.S. ’90, celebrated her graduation and their fifteenth anniversary with a visit to their Italian relatives and a Mediterranean cruise.

1980

Lee Sherman, M.S. ’80, a research writer at Oregon State University, recently coauthored *The Reading Glitch: How the Culture Wars Have Hijacked Reading Instruction and What We Can Do About It,* which was released in August.

Joseph M. Stoffel, M.S. ’81, has retired after teaching English and drama for thirty-one years. He lives in Coos Bay and is still active in community theater.

Gregory Brown ’82 is currently working as vice president and special assets officer for Riverview Community Bank in Vancouver, Washington. He lives in Washougal, Washington, with his wife Jennie and their two children, Kirk, six, and Suzanne, two.

Stephen Cohen ’82 recorded *The Tree People* in 1979 as a vinyl album. It is being reissued worldwide as a CD.

Jim Figurski ’82 was named president of the Council of Landscape Architectural Registration Boards in September. He is a principal at the Portland landscape architecture firm Greenworks.

■ **Susan Thelen** ’83, director of advertising and marketing in the UO’s Creative Publishing office, has been appointed the point of contact for media vendors interested in soliciting advertising from the UO. This includes all print, electronic, and advertising collateral, such as signage, video, and audio. Thelen can be reached at (541) 346-5046 or sthelen@uoregon.edu.

Susan Denning ’84 has recently joined the staff of Literary Arts in Portland, as the Oregon Book Awards and Oregon Literary Fellowships program director.

Vincent Mesa ’84 has returned to Oregon to be closer to his son and daughter after taking care of his father, who died of Parkinson’s disease last December. He works as a medical technician.

Molly Bancroft ’86 cowrote and sang “Tracking Treasure Down,” a song that reached the top spot in the club dance chart last July. The Atlanta-based singer, songwriter, and producer recently released a new CD titled *Red Dirt Diaries*.

Keith Bartholomew, J.D. ’87, is currently teaching at the University of Utah College of Architecture and Planning. In March 2006 he was selected to be honored as one of two University Professors for the 2006–7 academic year.

Jeff Wright, M.S. ’87, won this year’s Oregon Newspaper Publishers Association’s awards for best writing and best general feature story. He also won second and third place awards for religion writing. Wright, a reporter and editor at *The Register-Guard,* also won the Society of Professional Journalists award for minority coverage in 2006.

■ **Sarah Yount** ’89 recently redirected her career from sports marketing to working with Mary Kay Cosmetics. She debuted as an independent sales director and has earned her first free car.

1990

John Bruning ’90 published his sixth book, *The Devil’s Sandbox,* a chronicle of the experiences of an Oregon National Guard infantry battalion in Iraq and New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina. It includes details about many UO graduates who serve in the National Guard.

George Fujii, M.Arch. ’90, recently moved to St. Louis to join the Tarlton Corporation as a senior project manager. He and his wife reside in University City, Missouri.

Laurence Musgrove, M.A. ’89, Ph.D. ’92, has had several pieces published in *Inside Higher Education* this year. An associate professor of English and foreign languages at Saint Xavier University in Chicago, he serves as editor of the university’s *Higher Learning Commission Self-Study* and chairs a task force on general education.

Robin (Popp) Rose ’93 and **Mark Rose** ’92 had their fourth child, Carina Lucille, on June 21. She joined siblings Kaina, six, Quinn, four, and Ciela, two.

Portlanders **Laura Hicks** ’94 and **Ty Nelson** ’91 were married July 1 in Salem. Laura is a teacher in the Lake Oswego School District and is also president of the Oregon Alumni Band. Ty works as a commercial real estate broker in Salem.

Michael Oesterlin, M.B.A. ’94, has been promoted to senior vice president of international sales for RHI Entertainment (formerly Hallmark Entertainment), where he has worked since 2002. He previously served as vice president of international sales at RHI Entertainment’s London offices.

■ **Mark Austin**, M.B.A. ’95, cofounded First Innovative Financial Group in 2000. The company currently has arranged more than $100,000 in loans to small business operators by utilizing a network of community-based banks and financial institutions. He lives in Monrovia, California.

■ **Sarah Howe Kitchings** ’95 earned her J.D. from the Quinnipiac College School of Law. She currently works as a sales executive at Prudential Connecticut Realty. She married Christopher Robert Keenan in June. They now reside in Madison, Connecticut.

■ **Bryan Wenter** ’95 has joined the land use practice group of Morgan Miller Blair in Walnut Creek, California, and was recently awarded the Jefferson Fordham Up and Comer Award by the American Bar Association’s Section of State and Local Government Law.

■ **Robbie Reeves** ’97 moved to Washington, D.C., in September to begin training as a foreign service officer with the U.S. Department of State.

University of Hawaii geoscientist **Julia Hammer**, Ph.D. ’98, received the Presidential Early Career Award at the White House this summer for her work in volcanology and experimental petrology.

■ **Jeffrey Kaye** ’97, M.S. ’99, and his wife Annagrace had a baby girl, Penelope Aoife Kaye, on May 1 in Vancouver, Washington.

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THE POETRY OF ANGLES AND CURVES

Brad Cloepfil brings Northwest vision to architecture

As world-renowned advertising guru Dan Wieden '67 strolled into a new Portland restaurant in 1996, he had more than dinner on his mind. For months, he'd been seeking an architect with the skill and vision to design a new headquarters for his advertising agency, Wieden+Kennedy, which made its fortune crafting striking images.

As he looked around, Wieden realized that the restaurant boasted exactly the strong visual style he wanted. He tracked down the designer, Brad Cloepfil '80 and explained the project. Wieden envisioned not just an office but a public space, including performance area, art gallery, gym, and café. The likely site was a 1914 storage building in a Northwest Portland warehouse district.

Cloepfil desperately wanted the job, but how could he transform a big, dark box into a building that would fulfill Wieden's high standards and expansive expectations? Adding to the pressure, Cloepfil realized that this could be the make-or-break moment in his career. After more than a decade working with major architecture firms in New York and Los Angeles, he'd moved back to Portland, joined the firm of his mentor, UO Assistant Professor of Architecture Thomas Hacker, and then opened his own firm, Allied Works Architecture. But two years later, he hadn't built much of anything. He'd won a major award for his design for the Seattle Brewing Co., but as sometimes happens to even the best architects, that project fizzled. He found himself designing kitchens and home additions to pay the bills.

Now, Cloepfil, who grew up in Tigard, decided to translate the sense of wonder he'd always experienced in Northwest landscapes to Wieden's building. "Growing up here formed my understandings of the power of the physical environment," he recalls. "It wasn't so much cities—Portland's never been a serious city about architecture—it was the Columbia Gorge, the Cascades, the coast: the diversity of landscapes and the space they made."

Carolezoom

His undergraduate study at Oregon gave Cloepfil the tools to transform his Northwest vision into tangible structures. Architecture, Cloepfil learned, "could elevate your perceptions of things, enhance how you see the world. For me, the primary goal of architecture is to put you in a place where you see things differently." A junior-year quarter spent studying in Europe, visiting landmark buildings, showed him the broader possibilities architecture afforded—you could create buildings that inspired the same sense of awe as that provoked by, say, Mount Hood.

Cloepfil saw a way to bring that thrill to Wieden's dank old warehouse. Years of living in the Northwest gloom gave Cloepfil an appreciation for the power of natural light. At a meeting a few months later, Wieden, impressed by Cloepfil's sketches featuring open walls and a huge skylight illuminating a central public atrium, agreed to give the young architect a chance.

Completed in 1999, the luminous edifice was an immediate hit, winning awards, attracting other tenants such as the acclaimed Bluehour restaurant, and serving as an anchor of the city's now-bustling, upscale Pearl District. "A poetic study in angles and curves," raved Portland-based architecture critic and journalist Brian Libby, "its smooth concrete skin and sculpted shape displaying the power of simplicity that marks the best of contemporary architecture." Along with another elegant office building he designed in Northwest Portland, it sparked a series of increasingly prominent commissions: a performing-arts high school in Texas; an artist-in-residence center in Central Oregon; a fifty-story Manhattan residential tower, and other New York projects—and catapulted Cloepfil to national attention.

Most impressive are his museum commissions: a contemporary art museum in St. Louis, another at the University of Michigan, an $86 million expansion of the Seattle Art Museum (opening this year), and a controversial, high-profile remaking of the Museum of Arts & Design, smack in the middle of New York City's Columbus Circle. Cloepfil's responsiveness to context allows him to design distinctive buildings that complement and even catalyze the art within rather than competing with it—or being overwhelmed by it. "For a modern architect, a museum is what a church used to be—the ultimate commission," says Libby.

Allied Works now employs more than two dozen architects and has opened a booming New York office. But despite his national acclaim, Cloepfil's work remains grounded in his Oregonian origins. "When I come back from New York and I'm flying down the gorge, or I see the Wallowas, the Blue Mountains, Mount Hood—that's what fuels my soul," he says. "It's so deeply connected to who I am. It feels like home." As his buildings arise and his reputation spreads, Brad Cloepfil is bringing a distinctively Northwest perspective to American architecture.

You can hear a speech by Brad Cloepfil at the UO at http://aaa.uoregon.edu/podcast/cloepfil.

—Brett Campbell, M.S. '96

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In Memoriam

■ **Lucile Wirth** ’31, ’49, passed away June 1 at age ninety-six.

■ **Evelyn DiGiorgio Grant** ’39 died on August 13 at age ninety. She was a member of the DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation family. She and her husband Bill were married for sixty-five years and had two sons, Philip and Steven.

■ **Elizabeth “Betty” Joy Fiksdal Smeed** ’41 died on May 23 of complications following surgery at age eighty-seven. Betty came to the UO from South Dakota to study journalism and drama. She pledged Alpha Gamma Delta sorority and received the Arc with Diamonds honor of Epsilon Pi, a national award. She remained in Eugene for most of her life and received numerous awards for her participation and contributions to local organizations. She also worked as a freelance writer, publishing articles in various magazines and newspapers.

■ **Edwin Hollenbeck** ’42 died August 26 at age eighty-six after a yearlong illness with pancreatic cancer. While at Oregon he was a member of the Sigma Nu fraternity. He served as a Marine torpedo bomber pilot in the South Pacific for four years during World War II and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his service. In 1947, he opened H & H Lumber in Coachella, California, later opening branch stores in Cathedral City and Mecca.

■ **Marie Yvonne Kennedy** ’42 died June 24 at home on her farm in Ojai, California, at age eighty-five. She and her husband, Thomas Joseph Kennedy, lived in San Francisco, Hawaii, and the Philippine Islands before settling in Anaheim, near where Marie worked for the County of Orange for twenty years. In Ojai she built a farm with her son Gordon and introduced many new fruits to the valley’s markets and restaurants.

Margaret Ann DeCou McGill ’44 died June 19 at age eighty-two. While at Oregon she was a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority and graduated Phi Beta Kappa with honors in English. She married Bob McGill in 1942. They had two children, James and Meg ’74, M.S ’77. She earned a master’s degree in 1966 at Portland State University, then worked for seventeen years as a supervising clinical social worker with the crippled children’s division of Oregon Health & Science University. After she retired in 1984, she enjoyed driving Alfa Romeos, hunting chukars in Hells Canyon, traveling with her husband, and volunteering with civic organizations. She and her sister founded the annual UO DeCou Prize in mathematics.

■ **Janice Lee Hansen Gilbertson** ‘49 died February 6 at age eighty of causes related to Alzheim-

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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WINTER 2006

er's. While studying business administration at Oregon, she pledged Delta Delta Delta and served as the sorority's president. After moving to Portland with her husband John Gilbertson '50 of fifty-eight years, she became chair of the Multnomah Legal Aid Society and helped found a Delta Delta Delta chapter at Portland State. She played a large part in bringing soccer to Portland, raising money with her friends to form the first Portland Timbers team.

John William 'Jack' Evans '51 died on August 24 at age seventy-eight. He worked at the Eastern Oregon University library for thirty-one years. He enjoyed woodworking, bird watching, art, travel, camping, hunting, fishing, and writing. He wrote *Powerful Rockey*, a book about the Oregon Trail in the Blue Mountains area. Evans and his wife Dorothy Anderson '51 had one son, John '79, M.S. '83.

■ **Oscar Lemiere** '50, M.S. '52, died in 1995. He was a teacher and a coach in Longview, Washington.

Robert 'Bob' Chambers '55 died April 30 of heart disease at his home near Friday Harbor, Washington at age seventy-six. While at Oregon, he was a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity. Bob served in the Army Signal Corps in Korea. After studying filmmaking at Boston College, he moved to New York where he managed a touring company, producing and appearing in *Little Mary Sunshine.* He then moved to California to produce radio commercials and documentaries. Bob retired in Friday Harbor where he was involved in community theater.

■ **Mel Streeter** '55 died June 12. While attending Oregon, Mel played basketball from 1950 to 1952 and graduated with an architecture degree. Known for his civic work, he mentored aspiring African American architects and was part of the Seattle Planning Commission from 1989 to 2000.

■ **Donna Louise Mast Fournier** '55 died July 15 of cancer. A member of Pi Beta Phi sorority, she had four children and six grandchildren.

Anne Thomas '56, M.A. '66, died July 6 from lung cancer at age seventy-three. During her fifty years in the journalism field, she wrote for daily papers in California and Oregon. She had long careers as a staff writer and editor of the *Cottage Grove Sentinel* and *Springfield News*.

Jay M. Greene '63 died on June 1 at age sixty-five. After graduating from Oregon, Greene went on to work for Texaco. He later worked as the owner and president of a lumber-remanufacturing mill. He was a founding member and later chairman of the board of the Bank of Grays Harbor and was also involved with the Grays Harbor Country Club, Chamber of Commerce, Boy Scouts of America, and United Way. He enjoyed golfing, family, and friends. He and his wife Ann Rystogi were married for more than forty years.

William Reese Petty, M.A. '90, Ph.D. '94, died March 30 at age fifty-one. He joined the faculty of Oregon State University in 1996 as an instructor in the English department's distance literature and writing courses and was a regular presenter at the Far West Popular Culture–American Culture Association meetings. In 1984 he married Katie Hayes-Petty in England, where they were both students. They had two children.

■ **Scott Gunderson** '99 unexpectedly died June 13 at age twenty-nine. Gunderson played football for Oregon and was an English major. After college, he taught English and coached football and basketball at Lynbrook and Fremont High in Sunnyvale, California.

Faculty In Memoriam

H. Philip Barnhart, former UO housing director, died July 26 at age eighty-seven. After graduating from Penn State with a degree in hotel hospitality, he fought in World War II, where he landed on Omaha Beach on D-Day. Originally hired as the director of food services at the UO in 1949, Barnhart became the first professional housing director in the state of Oregon. During his thirty-year tenure he oversaw the construction of four residence halls, the Westmoreland housing complex, and the acquisition of the College Inn, renamed Barnhart Hall in August 2001.

Ralph Sunderland, who worked as the budget director and chief administrator at Oregon for twenty-five years, died August 4 of brain cancer.

DECADES

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

1926 The new $175,000 basketball arena will be named to honor Clifton N. "Pat" McArthur '01, the first president of the ASUO, first editor of the student newspaper, reporter (*Oregonian*, AP), farmer, lawyer, member (and speaker) of the Oregon legislature, U.S. Congressional representative, thirty-second degree Mason, Shriner, Elk, and Moose.

1936 A lack of offensive firepower earns Oregon last place in conference football play: Washington 7, Oregon 0; UCLA 7, Oregon 0; Cal 28, Oregon 0; Washington State 3, Oregon 0; Oregon 13, Idaho 0; and Oregon State 18, Oregon 0. With only five players graduating and talented frosh on the horizon, a campus sportswriter notes, prospects for next year seem excellent.

1946 A record 5,682 students (a 104 percent increase from last year) results in crowded campus conditions, long lines at dining halls, and a ratio of three men to every woman.

1956 Change is in the air as a State Board of Higher Education committee is looking into the idea of "selective admission," whereby Oregon colleges and universities would limit admission to students with acceptable high school grades and an ability to pass an entrance exam. Another recommended change, this by the Oregon State Highway Department, would close the campus section of East Thirteenth Avenue during weekends.

1966 Arriving forty-five minutes late, U.S. Vice President Hubert Humphrey delivers a speech to 8,000 at Hayward Field while about fifty "quiet, orderly, and patient" demonstrators wave anti-war signs.

1976 Astronomy researchers at the UO's Pine Mountain Observatory outside of Bend are part of a worldwide search for the theorized celestial bodies known as black holes.

1986 A time capsule to be unearthed in 2086 is created for 100-year-old Villard Hall. Contents include a floppy disk of computer games, a piece of fused sand from the first atomic test blast (courtesy of Paul Olum), videotapes about life today, and vials of Willamette River water and local air.

1996 Before an overflowing EMU Ballroom crowd, Dave Frohnmayer is inaugurated as the fifteenth president of the UO, a position he accepted on an interim basis two years ago and in which he's served on a permanent basis for a year.

WITNESSING

by Kim Cooper Findling '93

FOR SOME, IT WAS THE FIRST TIME they'd spoken of their war experiences. The real stuff, anyway—a friend's blood splattering across your face, traipsing through a jungle village and killing people before they killed you, the sights and sounds of torture and death that can't be erased from the mind, even thirty-five years later. Through the long morning, into the lunch break, past the afternoon's scheduled end, 110 Vietnam vets stood and spoke in a hotel conference room done in too much mauve. I fidgeted. I waited for an opportunity to escape; the pool, maybe, and my paperback.

In some ways, each story was similar. Dust, heat, the constant *chop chop* of Huey helicopters, the *thwack thwack* of gunfire. Creeping through the jungle on orders to engage the enemy—which simply meant hiking around until someone shot at you. Blind, terrifying nighttime battles. Searching for meaning in the melee and finding little. Hot dirty hours merging into eternal blurry days. The sheer folly of hoping you'd survive 365 days in hell when men fell around you in a spray of fresh carnage every day. Seeking what oblivion you could find—beer, cigarettes, drugs, prostitutes, and the most morbid, self-denying humor you could muster. The oppressive aloneness of coming home from an unpopular war to people who didn't understand your experience and never even really tried. "We disappeared into our lives," said one vet, and because he was not just another in this sea of middle-aged men, but my father, I realized that it was my life that he disappeared into, as well.

I worried that my presence would interfere. These men—men with huge bellies, men with no legs, men with every one of their fifty-odd years etched on their faces like scratches on a cell wall—would edit themselves for my sake. There were other women in the room, a few wives, but no other daughters. Would I remind them of their own daughters, back home: the girls who they were protecting most when they swallowed yet another private horror story? Eyes followed me when I left the room at the break, penetrating, somber. I tried to make myself invisible.

The soldiers' stories diverged when their Vietnam tours ended. Some went home to rural America and became mechanics or factory workers, made a family, got by. A smaller number went to college and became teachers or bankers. A handful stayed in and made the army a career. But it wasn't so much what they did for work that was notable—it was what they did for a life, after the promotions earned and children raised and marriages saved or broken. How much of the war did they carry? Some had never really left Vietnam. If they stood, they stood rigid and anxious. If they spoke, they ranted, choked, spit crude, bawdy jokes. Their stories were of divorce, alcohol, thrown jobs, bar fights. Their bodies were very big or very small, as if they were trying to expand outside of or vanish within their own emotional cocoon.

Others had made it all right; some, even, had thrived. They had found the thread of their life waiting back home and followed it somewhere good. There was no reliable war-trauma-to-current-trauma equation. Some of the men most seriously physically injured were often the healthiest emotionally—at least on the surface—and some who never saw combat were still waking with night terrors.

My uneasiness was not just because of my fear that the vets wouldn't be able to speak freely in my presence. Their stories were not easy for me to hear. A bomb exploding—your leg—but it's too far away to be your leg. Visits to pubescent Vietnamese whores. Buddies blown into pieces, then collected by your hands from rice paddy sludge. Enemy bodies, heads removed, piled, rotting. The atrocities were bad enough, but that horror was compounded by the constant fear and uncertainty, the unbearable strain and loneliness, a supreme misery made tragic by an unrelenting suspicion that it was all for no reason at all.

Some men wept, some blustered and bragged, some simply quivered in a familiar fight against an enemy that at some point had morphed from a VC soldier with an AK-47 into three decades worth of an invisible emotional tidal wave. I watched. I listened. I hoped for an end. I stayed for the duration, even though the day, for me, was an unlikely mixture of trauma and tedium. I didn't want to be there. I didn't think I needed to be.

I was wrong. After the last man spoke, I stood from my conference chair and, head down, began to dart toward the door through the thicket of small groups that formed for final personal exchanges. I tried to make myself small, to leave and let these men say what they needed to say, to escape the ache of hearing it. But as I passed through the room, eyes locked on me, and then arms reached for me. "Thank you for coming," a man with an impossibly droopy face said. "Thank you for being here." Then, another, with a deep Southern drawl—plainly "Ma'am, thank you so much." Startled, I managed replies, and began to see something new in the steady and contemplative gazes I'd received all day.

In my discomfort, I'd forgotten what it can mean to simply bear witness. Having your story heard—not only by those who were with you but by those who weren't, and who otherwise would never understand, and therefore never understand you—validates it. I had said nothing and done nothing but simply be present. Somehow, that had been enough.

Kim Cooper Findling '93 is a Bend freelance writer. She accompanied her father Robert L. Cooper, who fought in Vietnam as an Army first lieutenant in 1968–69, to a Fifth Battalion, Sixtieth Infantry Association reunion in Dallas, Texas, in June 2004.

> As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them.
>
> – John F. Kennedy

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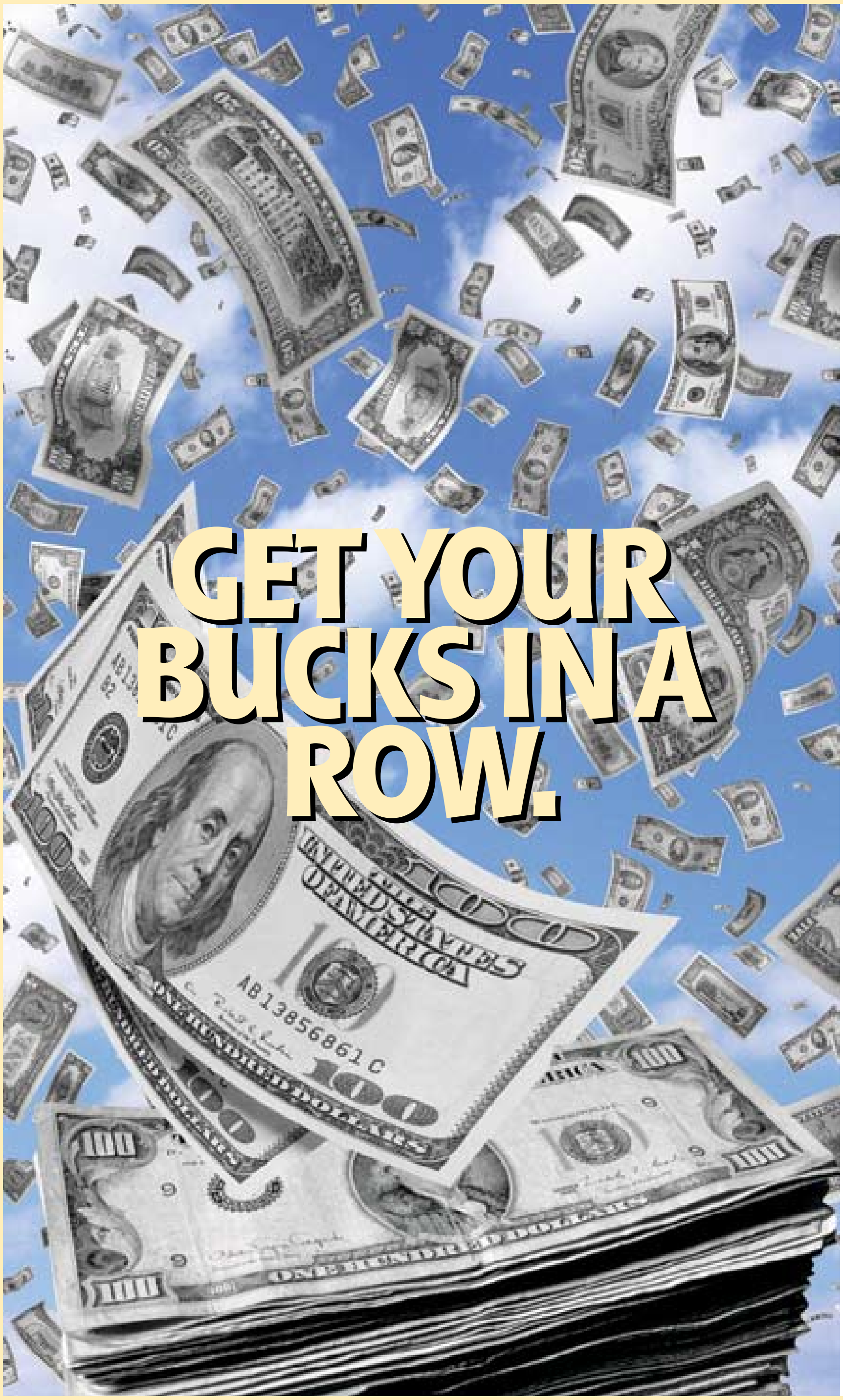

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