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Carol Ann Bassett

Wide Open Spaces p. 24

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Cover: Steens Mountain overlooking the Alvord Desert. Photo by Lyza Danger Gardner

John Bauguess

Dangerous Ideas? p. 18

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Captivating

While I generally read all of each edition of *Oregon Quarterly*, this last issue (Winter 2006) was more captivating than usual. I was particularly delighted with the creative writing in Todd Schwartz's story, "Eight Things About a Brick." And I had not known that the Columbia actually froze over at times in the past, so Gaye Vandermyn's article ["Deep Freeze"] (and the photos that illustrated it) was fun to read. Living in an area of steady growth pressures, the article on Bend ["What One Thing?"] and the suggestion to think of one thing that could make a difference in the community was a good reminder that we need to find ways to contribute to our communities. Thanks for an exemplary UO publication!

Maradel Gale, J.D. '74
Bainbridge Island, Washington

Bend Q and A

I just read Ellen Waterston's article about Bend ["What One Thing?," Winter 2006]. I appreciated both her question, "What one thing," and her answer, "create listeners." I especially appreciated that her answer didn't put a boundary around what matters in Bend, but opened up the space for more possibility. There's something in Bend that really matters, that makes this a special place to be. It's hard to say exactly what it is. As Waterston points out, it isn't the pet parties and the SUVs. But whatever it is, I think it's what brings those people here. They feel it, but they don't know how to amplify it. Waterston's article tried to amplify it—that mysterious beauty of this little western sagebrush town on the edge of the Cascades.

I just graduated from law school at the UO and moved to Bend to help get Central Oregon LandWatch off the ground. I'm working to try and keep Bend a great place by keeping a check on unrestrained development. Eventually I hope to help create the vision of where we're going, too.

I'm glad to hear that there is someone in Bend asking questions that go beyond the pet parties and the material world.

Pam Hardy, J.D. '06
Bend

Instant Karma

I enjoyed your Editor's Note [Winter 2006] about how you'll miss retiring proofreader Jackie Melvin and her eagle eyes. As a loyal *Oregon Quarterly* reader and UO School of Journalism grad, I'm already missing her too. Too bad she wasn't here for the Winter issue. In "A Peace In The Middle East" [Old Oregon], the name of a world-famous celebrity is misspelled [Salma Hayek]. The author, billed as a UO senior in journalism and Reuters News Agency intern, didn't catch it, nor did your new proofreader. In the first week of my first newspaper job, I learned forevermore not to make any assumptions in proofing or fact checking. After interviewing and quoting a Mr. Jones, imagine my surprise and embarrassment when he called my editor to complain that he was in fact Mr. Jonz.

Michael Alesko '72
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.

Editor Guy Maynard replies: I knew when I wrote that we strive for a mistake-free magazine that we would almost certainly make a mistake or two. The humbling gods of publishing are like that. We apologize, and we'll keep trying.

Classic Adviser

I finished reading "What's in a Name?" [Old Oregon, Winter 2006] over two days ago and I still have a large grin on my face.

I followed my older brother Bill to Eugene from back east when I transferred into the University of Oregon in spring 1975 to continue my undergraduate studies. Bing Bingham was his adviser, and Bill mesmerized me with stories of the epitome of the "classic" college adviser. Bing had silver hair swept back. He had a bushy mustache and smoked a pipe. He had the corduroy sport coat—and what a dry sense of humor. At that time I was planning on continuing in history, so Bing seemed like the natural choice to request for my adviser. I showed up on campus only to find out that I'd been assigned the department head, not Bing. Nothing against the department head, but I wanted Bing! I marched over to PLC to the history offices and requested a change to Bing. Well I was grilled up and down, and left to right on why in the world I wanted Bing, never wondering why I was receiving this treatment from the department secretary. After about five minutes the secretary paused and said out loud, "What do you think?" There was a silence and then I heard someone get up from behind me and casually say, "I'll take him." Bing was behind me the whole time. I am honored to be part of the large and adoring fraternity of those whose faces light up when Bing's name is spoken.

Peter Wagner '79
Portland

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Heard The Latest PR Buzz?

For immediate release: The UO School of Journalism and Communication's new Turnbull Center in Portland, funded with private gifts, is a fast track to hands-on experience and a real job in media. "The Turnbull Center is giving journalism students a huge leg up on getting well known within agencies, corporations, and media outlets," says recent graduate Katie Stringer. Her Senior Experience internship with Lane PR in Portland led to a fulltime position just weeks after graduation. Other Turnbull Center interns have been placed in such high-powered companies as Columbia Sportswear, Edelman Worldwide, and PGE. In related news: A master's program in strategic communications for working professionals is coming to the Turnbull Center soon. That's sure to be transforming lives in companies all over the city.

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Witness

This letter contains a couple of "Thank yous." One, a very heartfelt thank you to *Oregon Quarterly* for publishing "Witnessing" by Kim Cooper Findling [Oregon Trails, Winter 2006], and secondly to Managing Editor Ross West for his kindness and immediate response to my e-mail concerning this piece not being available online.

When I first saw the article by Findling, I experienced a jolting range of emotions. This was MY reunion she was describing! I had related MY experiences and sat enthralled, crying and shaking while my brothers in arms did the same. My secret! The combat soldier's life published in *Oregon Quarterly*, a voice of the university to which I returned, barely welcome, after my tour, an environment into which I quickly attempted to melt. Long hair, beard, anything and everything to forget the war. Forget that. Combat has a way of permanently rewiring the hierarchy of your instincts.

And so, the reunion, a plan devised by a group of Vietnam veterans using the Internet and e-mail, tools which made locating hundreds of hidden souls possible. Contacting and inviting them to gather and feel the catharsis of the brotherhood without conditions. To feel the rich healing that comes from this experience and know that you are not alone.

Now, thirty-six years later with new lives we have our differences, but we also have our bond. And we have families and have learned to love and to accept. Thank you Kim for attending with your dad. You have told a story of many young Oregonians.

Gary Glaze '72
Dallas

I read with interest and sense of deja vu the Oregon Trails article by Kim Cooper Findling. As a graduate student at the University in the early 1970s, the then-*Old Oregon* magazine published an article I wrote on the experience of being a Vietnam veteran at what was then a hot-bed of student activism and anti-war sentiment.

I was a Navy pilot who had just returned from a tour of duty flying armed attack helicopters in the Mekong Delta between 1968 and 1969 and had left the Navy to return to civilian life and ultimately graduate school.

Two observations struck me as I read the piece in the context of the current situation in Iraq and Afghanistan. One was that the experience of armed conflict is relatively unchanging no matter what decade you are in. It is indelible, brutal, and like nothing one has ever experienced before. The other is what we have apparently learned about separating the warrior from the war during the nearly four decades that have passed since Vietnam. We now at least honor those who stand in harm's way under our nation's colors however much we might abhor the conflict itself and the policies that put us within it.

Ms. Cooper Findling's thoughtful, sensitive, and courageous decision to walk with her father on his journey into the past was eloquent and moving.

Eric W. Alexander, M.A. '72
Bend

Defending Blivet

I was surprised to read that Alaby Blivet '63 has been taken down by the SEC for a plethora of crimes [Class Notes, Winter 2006]. When Alaby was my roommate he set the standard of ethical behavior for the entire cellblock. I'm sure the allegations will be shown to be pure puffery.

It may be that the SEC has again confused people and organizations with similar names in the same business field—in this case the Blivet Biscuit Works with the Blifit Breakfast Gang. The BBG has already cornered the pancake and waffle markets, and appears to be extending its tentacles into the biscuit market. The BBG's favorite method, and the one probably used in this case, is to destroy a competitor by planting a BBG member in the competitor's management structure, then take illegal actions in a way that makes the owner appear to be guilty. But when that doesn't work, the BBG is not above terrorizing the competition using threats, beatings, arson, and free syrup. Arson was used to establish a foothold in southwestern Oregon in 2002—the well-known Biscuit fire.

Alaine le Poer '51
Port Anchor, Alaska

Editor's note: Mr. le Poer's comments were fowarded to OQ by Alan Powers '51 of Anchorage, Alaska.

Terror

The gripping piece by Ross West, "Rain of Terror" [Oregon Trails, Autumn 2006] brought to life again the dark, unsettling memories of September 11, 2001. Predictably, grossly disproportionate responses followed 9/11, and are now seen more as adventures for shrinking oil supplies and regional power. Other 9/11 fruits: temporarily silencing Democratic legislators and patriotic dissent, reductions of domestic freedoms such as library privacy, habeas corpus, and secure telephone calls. An October 2006 *New York Times*/CBS poll showed that 81 percent of Americans believe the Bush Administration is hiding something or mostly lying about 9/11. How about you? Confused? Conflicted? Upset?

The investigation that should have immediately followed 9/11 was inexplicably stonewalled for over 400 days, while direct physical evidence was actively destroyed or confiscated and never seen again, and the "investigation" that finally occurred was a total sham. We surely need a real, legally empowered investigation into what happened and who is responsible for the 9/11 incidents. Otherwise, this strange, never-ending global "War on Terror" will plague us indefinitely, played out politically for public consumption, more sham than substance.

Thanks for the great magazine!

Chris Foulke '76
Corvallis

Hawk: Invaluable

As a graduate student, I was privileged to work with then-Dean of Administration Ray Hawk ["N. Ray Hawk," Old Oregon, Autumn 2006]. He was a natural and eloquent leader who freely passed on lessons that have been invaluable to me. For many years, we exchanged letters once or twice yearly. And the lessons kept coming. I am hard-pressed to think of anyone who contributed more to UO education and development over the years. With his passing, an era comes to a close. Dean Hawk wouldn't see that in a negative sense. He would be looking forward to what would be coming next.

Stephen Green '66, M.S. '68
Fair Oaks, California

John Baugness

John Baugness

Tim Jordan

Tim Jordan

Visualizing war. *For two weeks early in the year, a seemingly endless expanse of red and white flags stretched across central campus fluttering in the breeze, a memorial to the war dead in Iraq. The flags stood out starkly against the UO's green grass and red bricks. A stretch of clear weather added the blue of the sky and the bright illumination of the sun. At the time of this installation, primarily sponsored by the UO Survival Center, seventy-seven Oregonian soldiers had died in the conflict. Approximately one hundred and fifty veterans of the war are now enrolled at the UO.*

My Friend, Osama bin Laden

How might the world be a very different place today if instead of Khaled Batarfi, M.A. '96, Ph.D. '99, attending the UO it had been his childhood friend Osama bin Laden? Batarfi is managing editor of the Saudi newspaper Al-Madina. *He recently wrote the following piece for* The Seattle Times.

A TEAM OF TEENAGE BOYS FROM MY middle-class neighborhood in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia, was playing soccer against boys from another, tougher neighborhood nearby. I was the captain, and when I saw that one of my smaller teammates was being roughed up by an opposing player, I ran to the offending player and pushed him away.

But rather than gratitude, the teammate I rescued complained: "You know, if you gave me time, I would have solved the issue peacefully."

This peaceful youth: my teammate, my neighbor, and my friend, Osama bin Laden.

I grew up with the boy who has become the world's most wanted man. In the years since, I have thought a lot about why I became a scholar and journalist with a great affinity for the West, and why he became the leader of a holy war against America and its allies.

We were teenagers in the 1970s. Osama was three years older, but we played on the same soccer team. Although his family was wealthy, they lived relatively humbly.

Osama had no taste for luxury. His friends were mostly poor or middle class. Working as a trainee for his father's construction company, he operated tractors in the heat of summer from early morning to late afternoon, sitting on the ground with the laborers for breakfast and lunch.

Even then, Osama was a charismatic leader. He would organize picnics. First, we would have lunch at his place and then go to the beach to play soccer in late afternoons. After sunset, we all ate and drank what he personally had prepared for us—tuna sandwiches, beans, cheese, tea and fruit juices.

And even then, he was pious. After the meal, he would divide us into four groups, named after the Prophet Muhammad's four caliphs: Abu Baker, Omar, Othman, and Ali. Osama asked such questions as, "Do you know when the prophet was born?" and gave points to the group that came up with the right answers.

He never lectured us. His style was to lead by example. In Islam, it is prohibited for men to wear shorts in public, so Osama always wore long running trousers. When he was around, most dressed similarly.

As a young man, Osama established a farm on a huge desert spread that his late father owned south of the city. He would spend weekends and vacations riding and farming. It wasn't luxurious. His visitors complained that he would make them sleep in the open, on the naked sand and among horses. If it was cold, they just dug in and covered themselves with sand.

I have thought a lot about why I became a scholar and journalist with a great affinity for the West, and why he became the leader of a holy war against America and its allies.

In retrospect, it was like he was training for the future. He often told us we should all prepare for jihad to liberate Palestine.

After college, Osama's life took a turn. He was angered by the 1979 Soviet invasion of the Muslim country of Afghanistan and decided to help by joining the mujahedeen. I was working as a journalist by that time, and he invited me to come write about the struggle: "Your pen will be your gun," he said. Other commitments prevented me from going.

He returned to Saudi Arabia a hero, having helped force the Soviets to retreat. But he quickly went from an ally of the Saudi government to a vocal critic and dissident. In particular, he opposed enlisting U.S. help in driving Saddam Hussein out of Kuwait in 1990–91.

He returned to Afghanistan, then went to Yemen and Sudan, then back to Afghanistan. As we now know, he was emerging as the architect of a great war against the West.

I never spoke to him again.

While he was becoming a jihadist, I was studying, first in my country, then in Britain, and then at the University of Oregon. Once, an American reporter asked me, "Do you think Osama bin Laden would have a different attitude toward the United States if he had the same opportunity you had—studying and living in America?"

Thanks to the positive experience of living in the West, I was able to make the distinction between the peaceful, friendly men of the street and their leaders.

Osama, conversely, had limited exposure to the West. In the late 1960s, his mother took him to London for a couple of months for eye treatment. And in the late 1970s, he visited the United States briefly.

When we were neighbors, he never showed hatred to America, Britain, or the West, only to their blind support of Israel.

Would he be different today if he had joined me in the friendly state of Oregon, with its graceful Pacific Northwest culture and hospitable, libertarian university?

I believe so. If extremists of all faiths and ideologies had the opportunity to reach out and about, they would know better not to stereotype and misjudge followers of other religions and ways of thought and life.

Ignorance is man's worst enemy. The more we shed light on the others' world, the less the bats of hate and fear may play us against each other.

Enemy Combatant Donkey

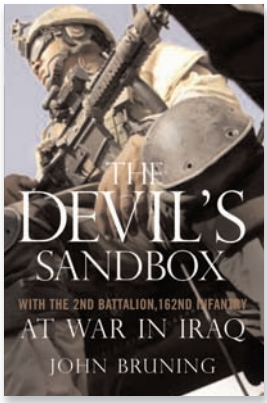
War, as they say, is hell . . . and so much more. In The Devil's Sandbox *(Zenith Press, 2006) Oregon writer and military historian John R. Bruning '90 tells the story of the 2nd Battalion, 162nd Infantry Regiment of the Oregon National Guard at war in Iraq. In the following excerpt, the writer recounts one episode of modern urban warfare.*

THAT MORNING, THE PLATOON RECEIVED a very unusual order. The Mahdi had been observed moving weapons and supplies around the city on donkeys. They had also used RPG-armed donkey carts to attack Captain Glass' tanks. Now, to interdict their ability to resupply, these enemy donkeys needed to die. When the order reached Sergeant Compton, he mumbled, "Oh, shit."

Within easy rifle range of their hotel, the platoon had seen a donkey pen. Dozens of donkeys had been tied up there, and Shannon feared his men would wax the animals wholesale. He had nothing to worry about. His men established that these were not enemy combatant donkeys, but neutrals minding their own business. They lived. The ones carrying supplies did not.

Using [M-4 and M-14 military rifles], the platoon spent the day scanning for donkeys as well as insurgents. They could see the Mahdi darting across alleys pulling the beasts along with short ropes. Atop their backs, these donkeys carried ammunition and rocket reloads for the RPG launchers.

The men obeyed orders and dropped those donkeys. Lieutenant Jones' driver shot one with his M-14 at four hundred meters. It got up. He shot it again. It got up again. He finally killed it on the third shot. Disappointed in his marksmanship, he tried to look on the bright side.



"Hey Sergeant C," he said. "It's all good. Now I know that if I aim at somethin', I can pretty much hit it!"

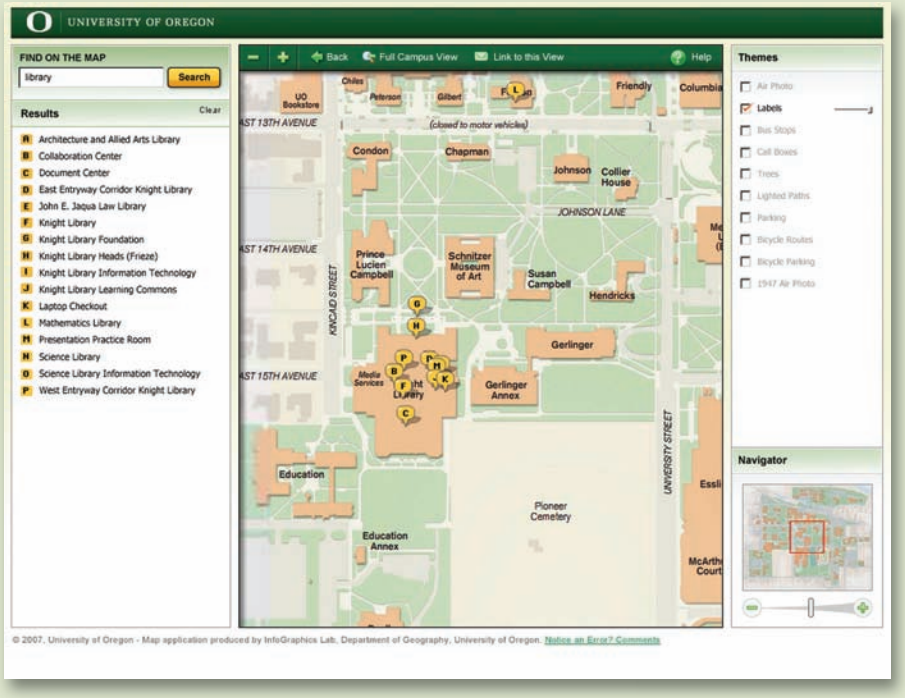
As the day wore on and the donkeys died, some of the insurgents tried to recover the supplies still on the fallen animals' backs. They would dash into the street, start stripping the rockets and ammo off them, only to die at the hands of the snipers and 1st Platoon's dismounts high in the hotel. They killed close to a dozen that way, and each donkey became a baited trap that the men watched carefully.

Later that day, as the fight continued, a donkey galloped down the street in front of the hotel. In its terror, it didn't notice the concertina wire in the intersection, and it soon got hopelessly fouled in it. This was not an enemy donkey; it carried no supplies. The platoon held its fire. It brayed and keened, kicking all the while, but could not free itself. Nobody wanted to go out and free it; they'd be too exposed.

Combat turns reality on its ear. Life in battle becomes a journey through the bacchanal of the bizarre. This was one of those moments.

A second neutral donkey appeared down the bullet-swept street. It sauntered up to the concertina wire, sized up the trapped donkey, and mounted it. Here in this cauldron of battle, the men of 1st Platoon, Alpha, bore witness to all the raw horror of donkey lust gone wild. They were probably the only two creatures having a carnal encounter in the entire city that day.

Their unbridled passion complete, the trapped donkey tore free. It loped back up the street with its new friend in tow. The platoon held its fire and laughed like hell.



Interactive Map 2.0

Want to know how to find a classroom or a lecture site or where to get coffee on campus? The new version of the interactive campus map can help. An enhanced search capability will direct users to buildings, classrooms, departments, and many other campus attractions. Shown at left, a search for *library* produced sixteen results. Selecting one of those will show its location and provide additional useful information.

The map is a product of the InfoGraphics Lab of the UO Department of Geography, where staff and students develop practical applications from ground-breaking geographic information system research. To check out the map, go to map.uoregon.edu or just click on the "Maps" link on the UO homepage.

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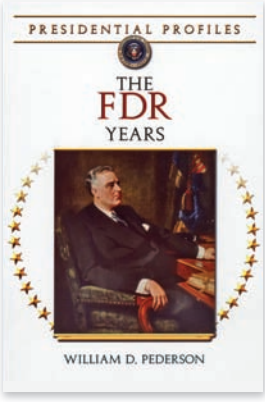
The viewfinder of internationally known photographer Gary Tepfer '75 has been framing images of his home state for more than thirty years, but it has been two decades since he has put together an all-Oregon showing of his work. Running through May, the exhibition, which includes this image, Maple Tree, Tenmile Creek © *2003, is open every day from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. in the Knight Law Center's second floor gallery at 1515 Agate Street in Eugene.*

Hurricane Huey

America has had no shortage of colorful, eccentric, controversial, and charismatic political figures—among them Huey P. Long (1893–1935). Franklin Delano Roosevelt dubbed Long one of the "two most dangerous men in America" (the other being Douglas MacArthur). In The FDR Years *(Facts on File Books, 2006), historian William D. Pederson '67, M.A. '72, Ph.D. '79, writes the short biographies of several hundred individuals who played important roles during the Roosevelt presidency. Below is the entry for Long.*

Even before the oppressive Great Depression, white farmers and others in Louisiana had struggled against similar economic conditions that resulted from the stranglehold on state politics by the conservative white Bourbon oligarchy in alliance with large corporations. Fueled by political ambition, charismatic Huey Long emerged from the piney woods of rural central Louisiana riding populist sentiments that propelled him first to the governor's seat and then to the United States Senate. Louisiana's impoverished environment created the climate in which Long's demagoguery took root and flourished. Long, a political pied piper luring the vulnerable with promises of shared wealth, would later attempt to turn the plight of the millions of Great Depression victims into his stepping-stone to the United States presidency. Unlike other southern demagogues of the era, Long's appeal was more to class than to race.



Born on August 30, 1893, in Winn Parish (county), Louisiana, to a relatively prosperous farm couple, Huey Long was always a man with the gift of gab who was in a hurry. Drawing on high school debate skills and brief law school training, he became a lawyer without a degree, starting his law practice in 1915. Long only wanted a law background to open the doors to politics for him. Within three years he had won election to the Louisiana Railroad Commission, forerunner of the Public Service Commission, and he held that position for eight years. In 1924 he was defeated in the governor's election, but he won it in 1928 and his greatest support came from voters in poor rural parishes.

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As governor, he put thousands of citizens to work. The "Kingfish" built roads, bridges, and schools, in addition to building up and taking personal interest in Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge (including a sports facility and medical school). He built an airport in New Orleans, a new Capitol, an improved public health system, a school bus system, and began providing free textbooks for students in both public and private schools. There were huge increases in both state spending and state debt under Long. He financed his statewide political machine through the "deduct box," the name for the system of automatic cash deductions from the salaries of all state employees, who depended upon his patronage for their jobs.

His political ambition, like his energy, was boundless. In 1930 he defeated the longtime senator from upstate Louisiana, Joseph E. Ransdell, a Catholic with a relatively progressive record that included cofounding what would become the National Institutes of Health. Long refused to take his Senate seat until after the 1932 gubernatorial election had installed his handpicked puppet, O. K. Allen. He continued to run the state political machine from his Senate seat, as reflected in an annual report of one of the state's charity hospitals. The report contained a full-page portrait of Long with the caption "Senator Huey P. Long, *The Master Builder*" with "Governor O.K. Allen, *his able assistant*," on the next page.

Long was a show horse in the Senate who would grandstand. He resigned from Senate committees and challenged Democratic majority leader Joseph T. Robinson from neighboring Arkansas. Ever flamboyant, he pioneered the use of the sound truck in his whirlwind campaign to return Arkansas senator Hattie Wyatt Caraway to her seat. Long did most of the talking, not only to show his strength beyond his home-state boundaries but also to assist a progressive ally and to embarrass the Senate leadership. In the Senate he criticized Herbert Hoover and advocated a redistribution of the nation's wealth to end the Great Depression.

In 1932, Long energetically supported Franklin Roosevelt's presidential bid at the Democratic National Convention and during the fall campaign. But by the end of the next year he was disillusioned with the New Deal, considering it too conservative. He obstructed the administration's bills in the Senate with colorful filibusters. The White House retaliated by rewarding federal patronage in Louisiana to his opponents and withholding public works funds.

Upping the ante, Long focused on building a national movement for a presidential bid in 1936. On February 23, 1934, he announced the "Share Our Wealth Society," designed to tax the rich to aid the poor. Poverty, Long asserted, would be eliminated by guaranteeing a minimum family income of $5,000, by providing old-age pensions, cancellation of personal debt, and free public education through college. The society advocated high taxes on inherited fortunes greater than one million dollars as well as limiting any individual's annual income to a maximum of one million dollars. By 1935, more than seven million members had signed up in one of the twenty-seven thousand "Share Our Wealth Society" clubs across America. That same year Long published *My First Days in the White*

House. He appealed to the discontented during the Great Depression via radio addresses, his own newspaper, and propaganda sent through the mail. . . .

Long had the ability to at least get people to watch him, especially the dispossessed who had previously been politically passive. His appeal to the dispossessed is best captured in Robert Penn Warren's classic novel, *All the King's Men* (1946). He was probably the most serious threat to FDR's reelection bid. He tended to become more autocratic as he was increasingly consumed by a need for power, which was more important to him than accumulation of material wealth or his own family, which he seldom saw. By the end of 1935, he had basically eliminated local government in Louisiana and created dependence on state government with repercussions that persist into the twenty-first century. Another byproduct of his quest to rule Louisiana was compromising of the judicial branch of Louisiana's government. His power in the state was nearly unchecked. On September 8, 1935, Dr. Carl Austin Weiss shot Long, who was in the hallway of the Baton Rouge state capitol outside his old governor's office. Long died two days later but his political machine survived him, perpetuating the state's Long and anti-Long factions long after his death.

By the end of 1935, he had basically eliminated local government in Louisiana and created dependence on state government with repercussions that persist into the twenty-first century.

Labor and Management

A young woman faces many challenges—among them poverty, exploitation, and the death of her schizophrenic mother—in O Street *(OV Books, 2006), a linked collection of stories by Corrina Wycoff, M.F.A. '01, winner of* OQ*'s 2001 essay contest. This excerpt is from the section of the book titled "Afterbirth."*

Beth was on the telephone, asking survey questions, when her labor started. She finished the survey, called her doctor, told him about the contractions and said she was pretty sure. "Pretty sure isn't good enough," he'd answered. "Labor is like love. If you're not a hundred percent certain, it's not it." . . .

That night, she cooked spaghetti but her stomach hurt too badly to eat. She

BOOKSHELF

Selected new books written by UO faculty and alumni and received at the Oregon Quarterly *office. Quoted remarks are from publishers' notes or reviews.*

Cambodia Now: Life in the Wake of War (McFarland & Company, 2005) by Karen J. Coates, M.A. '97. "Cambodia has never recovered from its Khmer Rouge past. The genocidal regime of 1975–79 and the following two decades of civil war ripped the country apart. This work examines Cambodia in the aftermath."

Oregon Disasters: True Stories of Tragedy and Survival (Morris Book Publishing, 2006) by Rachel Dresbeck, M.A. '92, Ph.D. '98. The twenty true stories in *Oregon Disasters* are a chilling reminder to expect the unexpected and to respect the powerful, often deadly forces of nature."

Intelligent Discourse: Exposing the Fallacious Standoff between Evolution and Intelligent Design (Guttenberg College Press, 2006) by Charley Dewberry, Ph.D. '95. "Dewberry critiques the 'debate' between evolution and intelligent design, focusing his analysis on the nature of science and the role it ought to play in the debate."

Beyond the Missouri: The Story of the American West (University of New Mexico Press, 2006) by Richard W. Etulain, M.A. '62, Ph.D. '66. The book will "attract readers interested in an engaging and lively narrative history of the West."

Anamchara (CraneDance Publications, 2006) by Cameron La Follette '84. "She writes poetry that goes higher and deeper: into myth, spirit, and the luminous heart of nature. The result is poetry, reminding us that English is a language of beauty and that there is more to life than ordinary details."

A Scorching Hot Time in Sudan: A Relief Worker's Story from Inside an African Refugee Camp (PublishAmerica, 2006) by Richard Leutzinger '62. "Although the largest country in Africa, most Americans knew next to nothing about Sudan until 1985, when it suddenly became one of the hot spots of the world."

Cures Include Travel (White Pine Press, 2006) by Susan Rich, M.F.A. '96. "Susan Rich writes gorgeous lyrical poetry, which so courageously tells us . . . the world is much larger than we Americans usually like to admit."

Live! from Death Valley: Dispatches from America's Low Point (Sasquatch Books, 2005) by John Soennichsen '74. "A lyrical meditation that skillfully weaves the history, both human and geologic, of Death Valley with the author's own varied experiences."

Pomp: The Long Adventurous Life of Sacagawea's Son (AuthorHouse, 2004) by Frederick Taylor '50. The story of Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, known as Pomp. Pomp was "educated by [William] Clark, he spent six years in Europe and returned to join the fur trade working with such legends as Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, and Tom Fitzpatrick."

made a plate for later, covered it in Saran wrap and put it in the refrigerator. Then she tried sitting on the couch to watch a basketball game, but couldn't get comfortable. She moved from the couch to the rocking chair and finally discovered she was only comfortable sitting on the toilet—with the seat cover up and her skirt and panties still on. She held a wristwatch in one hand and timed the pains. "Hard, regular contractions," her doctor had said. "Call back when you have hard, regular contractions." She waited. She'd left the television on and could hear the game; she heard the first and second quarters, the half-time interviews, the third and fourth quarters, the post-game show. Throughout, she timed the pains. Five minutes, three minutes, six minutes, two minutes. "Hard and regular," the doctor had said. Did "regular" mean contractions of equal length? Whenever she tried to stand up, the pain prevented her. She wanted to split herself apart and let some of the pieces run free, imagined shards of herself running hard and fast in the cold of a winter night, yelling at the top of their lungs.

The nighttime news began, then ended, and a row of late-night comedy talk shows played. Beth hated the grating sound of audience laughter, but when she stood, intending to turn off the television, her stomach churned mercilessly. She managed to retreat back to the toilet. Her stomach felt calmer after she'd thrown up, and Beth wondered if she was mistaking some sort of virus for early labor. She decided to go to bed, but as soon as she lay down the pain started again, propelled her back to the toilet where she sat, watching the wristwatch and waiting.

A more ferocious pain mounted her. Loud and dull, it sat on her lower back for a moment before burrowing its way though her internal organs, down her appendages,

into her fingers and toes. It occupied every inch of her and she timed it. Five minutes. As it began to subside, retreating slowly from her fingertips as if she'd taken an aspirin that was just beginning to work, another pain jumped onto her back and began its own digging. This one lasted three minutes, and just as Beth felt the first inklings of relief, another pain began. This one lasted seven minutes. "Regular," the doctor had said.

Beth's newest pain tunneled its way to her eyeballs, and she watched the pink tulips on the shower curtain come suddenly alive. The flower petals split themselves into fingers, each tulip extending its fingers to the others. In a giant circle, with joined hands, the flowers spun fast—a solid, whirling ring. The ring's speed deepened its color to red, then to purple, then propelled the ring from the plastic curtain and into the air of the room. Beth stood, tried to grab hold of the ring, and couldn't. But standing made her water break; it dumped from her fast like an overturned two-liter bottle of soda. She watched it puddle onto the floor, surprised by how much there was, that it was warm and had no color, that it didn't fizz. When she looked back to the shower curtain, the tulips were motionless in their usual places.

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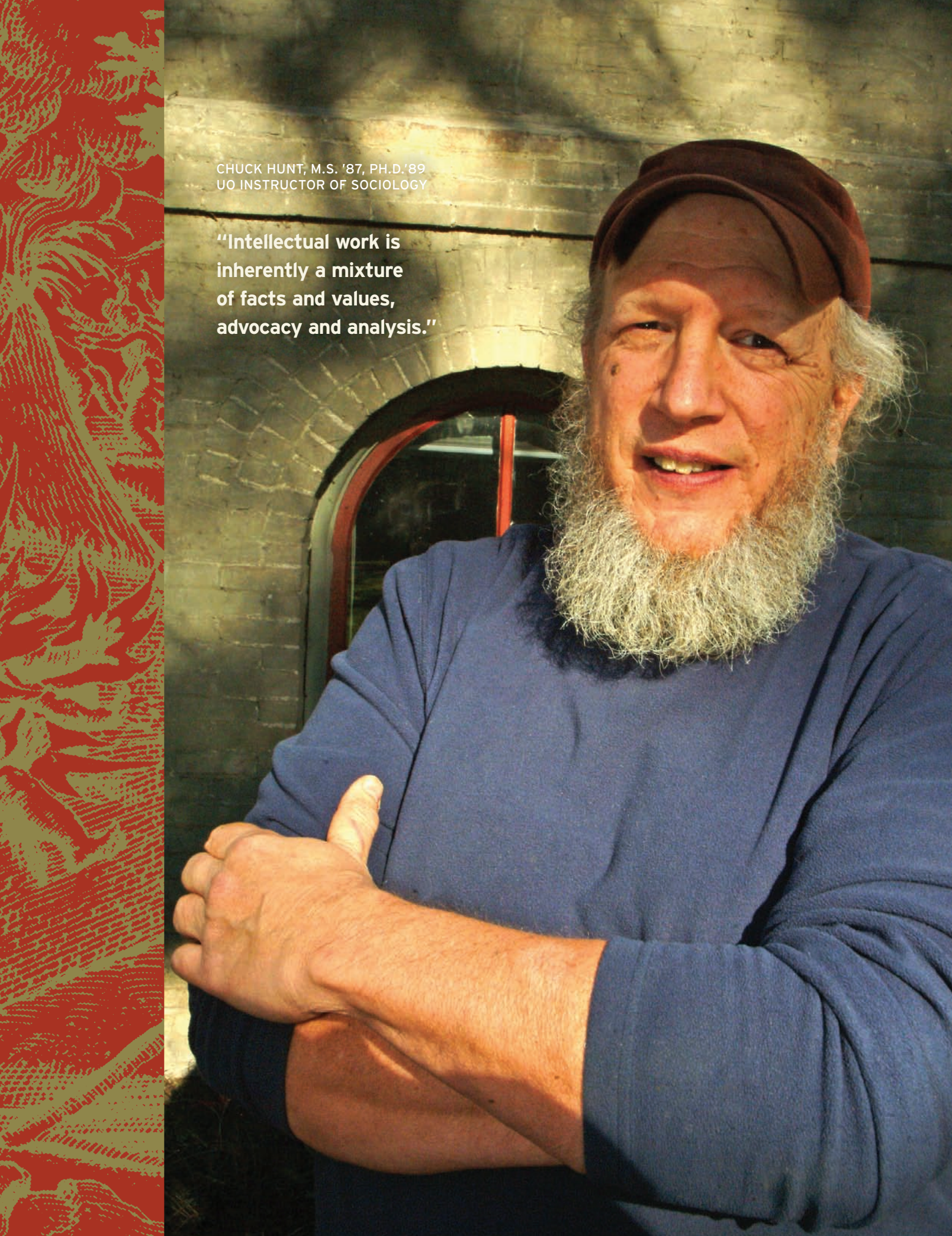
To Lorry I. Lokey, education is the key to a successful and productive life. "Lorry Lokey doesn't just talk about the value of education," says UO President Dave Frohnmayer. "He demonstrates it again and again with his remarkable support of schools and universities."

Founder of Business Wire, the international media relations company headquartered in San Francisco, Lokey has become one of the most generous donors to education in Oregon and California. He is the University of Oregon's top academic donor, with $47 million in gifts over the past three years.

Lokey's gifts to the university have provided significant support for the George S. Turnbull Portland Center, the HEDCO Education Building, the MarAbel B. Frohnmayer Music Building renovation, and a new Integrative Science Complex.

"To me, no matter what else affects your life, the single most important thing is education," says Lokey, who was born and raised in Portland, Oregon. "I am investing in the University of Oregon because I believe it is the most productive and successful force for transforming lives in my native state."

Lokey is a 1949 journalism graduate of Stanford University. He worked in news and public relations in Oregon, Washington and California before founding Business Wire in 1961. He launched the company with one part-time employee in an office the size of a broom closet, seven business clients, and sixteen media outlets. The firm now has almost 500 employees, more than 25,000 clients, and operates out of twenty-five domestic and six foreign offices. It was sold to Berkshire Hathaway in 2006.



CHUCK HUNT, M.S. '87, PH.D.'89
UO INSTRUCTOR OF SOCIOLOGY

"Intellectual work is inherently a mixture of facts and values, advocacy and analysis."

Danger?

ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN THE AGE OF TERRORISM, TALK SHOWS, AND BLOGS

By Pete Peterson • Photos by John Bauguess

"I've got a reputation for being a screaming leftist on campus," admits UO instructor of sociology Chuck Hunt, M.S. '87, Ph.D. '89.

In his Social Issues and Movements course, for example, he contrasts middle school textbook narratives that glorify Christopher Columbus with facts from Samuel Eliot Morison's 1943 Pulitzer Prize-winning Columbus biography, *Admiral of the Ocean Sea*, which documents the explorer's near-extermination of the Arawak Indians in the Bahamas. Then, from Kirkpatrick Sale's *The Conquest of Paradise*, Hunt provides even more explicit details documenting Columbus' enslavement of the natives, severing their hands when they failed to supply quotas of gold, beheading, or burning them alive.

"Brown people, indigenous people, people of color simply are not important" to some scholars, concludes Hunt, jolting some of his UO students, making the point that "intellectual work is inherently a mixture of facts and values, advocacy and analysis."

Hunt advises students to be wary of the intrinsic bias of scholars, political and military leaders, pundits, philosophers, government and big business, the media—and professors, too. He even outs himself as "a Marxist, but not a Communist," a Quaker, and conscientious objector during the Vietnam War. He explains that he perceives society and politics differently than others because of his sex, class, background, education, race, and job. So, he invites students to challenge his conclusions, his biases.

"I don't care if they end up right back where they were the day before they came here," Hunt says. "But I do hope they will have taken a journey, and that they'll know why they are there. That's really the point."

Nicholas Layton, who completed Hunt's Social Issues and Movements course last fall term, says he appreciated the basic messages—"to always question authority" and "to get involved, not just sit and watch as history takes place, but be an active participant." A senior from Bellingham, Washington, who describes himself as a "pro-gun liberal," Layton says, "I could see where others might get offended . . . the ones that never question our government. Some people do not want to hear a critique on leaders, and what their motives could be."

Dissident Professors

These days, Hunt and fellow liberal professors are keenly aware that some conservative students, faculty members, and talk show hosts closely scrutinize the points they make in classroom discourses and public commentary. They hear claims that they abuse academic freedom, the 200-year-old ideal that guarantees scholarly expression and inquiry—wherever it may lead—and protects them from retaliation in promotions

JOHN BELLAMY FOSTER
UO SOCIOLOGY PROFESSOR

"Most of the ideas that have in some way been path-breaking have been threatening to those in power and those with status quo interests. . . . Ideas that are 'dissident' are considered dangerous by those who are at the top."

and tenure decisions. And they are certainly familiar with conservative critic David Horowitz's campaign for an "academic bill of rights" legislation that would mandate "balance"—multiple points of view—in university classroom discussions of controversial issues.

Horowitz, who last year published a book called *The Professors: The 101 Most Dangerous Academics in America*, asserts that faculty members misuse academic freedom when they disparage America's self-image and national identity, or cast doubt on U.S. foreign policy and the conduct of the military. He estimates that of the 617,000 professors in the United States, the vast majority is liberal, and 25,000 to 30,000 are "radical," a label he'd likely apply to Hunt.

"Far from harmless, they spew violent anti-Americanism, preach anti-Semitism," says Horowitz's book jacket, "and cheer on the killing of American soldiers and civilians—all the while collecting tax dollars and tuition fees to indoctrinate our children."

The backlash against liberal and leftist professors intensified in 2005, when Hamilton College in upstate New York invited radical University of Colorado professor Ward Churchill to speak on its campus. After a student newspaper article cited an offensive metaphor that Churchill had penned in an essay three years earlier—calling those who died in the September 11, 2001, World Trade Center terrorist attacks "little Eichmanns"—his name morphed into a shibboleth for unpatriotic, anti-American academics.

"None of us could have anticipated the speed with which conservative activists around the country organized to stop [Churchill] from speaking," said UO alumnus Lee Bollinger '65, the president of Columbia University. Outrage over Churchill's metaphor—spurred by columnists and broadcasters like Ann Coulter, Sean Hannity, and Bill O'Reilly—"rapidly snowballed into a national media campaign" that included demands for Churchill's and other liberal academics' expulsion, academic freedom notwithstanding.

In 2003, Bollinger had faced a similar avalanche of criticism when a Columbia assistant professor protested the Iraq War, calling it an American colonizing effort, and wished for "a million Mogadishus," referring to a 1993 incident in Somalia, when civilians killed and then brutalized the bodies of U.S. soldiers. Bollinger received 20,000 e-mails and demands from 140 federal and state lawmakers to fire the professor.

DEBRA MERSKIN
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF
COMMUNICATION STUDIES

"Probably the greatest form of patriotism we can ask for and offer . . . is the freedom to ask questions, the freedom to ask 'Why?'"

In a 2005 speech on academic freedom, Bollinger said intense campus confrontations often center on matters of national or global importance; sometimes they're joined, even incited "by outside forces, from political pressure groups to the mainstream media to increasingly strident voices on the web." Some, he said, even question the basic premise that professors and students must be free to pursue and express unpopular ideas.

Citing principles of academic freedom first developed in the early nineteenth century, Bollinger emphasized, "Faculty

members, not external actors, determine professional standards for the academy." But he also advised faculty members to show extraordinary sensitivity to fears and emotional barriers that may cause difficult discussions "to turn needlessly painful and substantively partial."

Dangerous Ideas

As part of their search for truth, university professors nurture "a very distinctive intellectual character" that includes deep skepticism, said Bollinger. So, academics should strive for extreme intellectual openness to the point of "being willing to undermine even our common sense for the possibility of seeing something hidden." American academies should be places to ask challenging questions and explore all possibilities, according to Bollinger.

In that vein, UO sociology professor John Bellamy Foster, one of Horowitz's 101 alleged "dangerous academics," asks what characterizes ideas as "dangerous," and who determines if professors are "dissident."

He points out, "Democracy was at one time considered a dangerous idea, right?" And what about the thinking of Galileo, Copernicus, Martin Luther, or Darwin? "Most of the ideas that have in some way been path-breaking have been threatening to those in power and those with status quo interests. . . . Ideas that are 'dissident' are considered dangerous by those who are at the top."

In the three pages he devotes to Foster, Horowitz says nothing about the professor's UO teaching. Rather, he calls attention to the sociologist's off-campus editing of *Organization and Environment*, a journal of ecosocial research, and *Monthly Review*, a Marxist magazine, as well as his critical analyses of U.S. foreign policy, agribusiness, and monopoly capitalism.

In his discipline, Foster says, understanding the Marxist model of economics is a way for students to look at their own society from different perspectives, "to understand the nature of the debates that have been going on for 150 years and have rocked the world in various ways, and still are."

In response to demands for more balance in the classroom, Foster says for a truly integrated understanding of economics, he encourages students to immerse themselves in his courses, "then go take an economics course and immerse themselves in that and look at it critically. Then decide what they think."

Providing students with such options makes the American university system the best in the world, "a source of enormous creativity," says Foster, "It's very broad-based, drawing in a very large percentage of the population, and," he stresses, "open to all sorts of ideas."

For example, Foster disagrees with the UO's military-funded research and the Army ROTC program, yet says he doesn't actively pursue their elimination, "because that's part of academic freedom." On the other hand, it's galling that conservatives think studying methods of warfare to achieve national goals is a "patriotic idea," while "'dangerous ideas' are the ones that somehow challenge those (methods)."

FRANCES COGAN, M.A. '70, PH.D. '81, UO CLARK HONORS COLLEGE PROFESSOR

"Students are constantly being asked to believe that the United States is the font of all political evil in the world and that 9-11 was something we brought on ourselves because of our bigotry about 'other ways of thinking' and our supposedly limitless and knee-jerk hatred of any nationality or race other than our own."

Asking "Why?"

Debra Merskin, associate professor of communication studies, says, "Probably the greatest form of patriotism we can ask for and offer . . . is the freedom to ask questions, the freedom to ask 'Why?'"

She asks her students "to examine what they've been taught in life, at schools, and by many various social institutions to be 'The Truth' or 'The' way of knowing." Using epistemology—"a way of understanding what we learn, what we've been told, and who we learn it from"—her courses question some "deep-seated beliefs in this country that privilege certain people and exclude others." In business branding and advertising, for instance, she asks why is "Washington Redskins" okay, but not "Boston Brownskins"? Why "Jeep Cherokee," but not "Jeep Jew?" Are these examples of social indoctrination from the status quo?

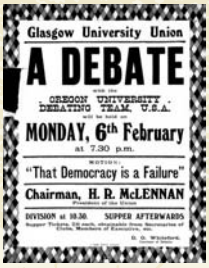
If students feel uncomfortable with new concepts or disagree with the research she presents about American prejudices, she says they are welcome to advance other theories and offer contrary research.

That's the best solution to student objections over course content, says Russell Tomlin, vice provost for academic affairs. "We encourage that arguments get made, that folks engage with the content of their arguments . . . and come to grips with what the basis is for those differences and views."

But UO student Ted Niedermeyer, editor-in-chief of *The Oregon Commentator*,

When Ideas and Words Collide

With its tradition of free speech and open inquiry, the UO has been a place where "contrarian thinking is taught, dissent practiced, and disagreement flourishes," says professor of rhetoric David Frank.



In 1876, the University's first year, students formed debating societies whose competitions were "raucous and rowdy affairs." That year's debate questions included, "Does the present aspect of affairs portend the downfall of the American republic?" and "Resolved: Morality existed long before Moses." Frank says, "One might claim the first question was unpatriotic and the second blasphemous."

To be sure, campus and community members have long disputed the boundary lines for "appropriate topics" of free speech and academic inquiry. A few examples:

1917. Art professor Allen H. Eaton '02 encounters hostility for attending a Chicago meeting of the anti-World War I People's Council for Democracy and Terms of Peace. Eugene Chamber of Commerce members call for his dismissal; police bar him from speaking publicly. The faculty confirms Eaton's good standing as a professor. Under intense public pressure, the Board of Regents exonerates him from charges of disloyalty but, to Eaton's surprise, accepts his resignation. ▼

1962. Gus Hall, secretary-general of the Communist Party USA, speaks at Hayward Field. President Arthur Fleming resists demands to cancel the event: "It would be a tragic paradox if we surrender any part of our heritage of academic freedom . . . for we should then have done to ourselves from within what we fear from without." ▼

1964. Addressing a polite Mac Court audience of 8,000, segregationist Alabama governor George Wallace criticizes the 1963 Civil Rights Bill, labeling supporters of the movement "subversives." Peaceful protesters raise funds for students traveling to the South to help register voters. ▼

1969–1970. UO chemistry professor John Froines, who speaks routinely against the Vietnam War, is one of the "Chicago Eight" (with Abbie Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, David Dellinger, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Lee Weiner, and Bobby Seale) charged for using a stink bomb during riots outside the 1968 Democratic Convention. He is acquitted. Despite statewide condemnation of the professor, a UO faculty committee defends his right to free speech. Nevertheless, Froines resigns.

1970. Some legislators complain that UO courses may include Marxist ideology. UO President Robert Clark responded that only a few professors are able to give a sympathetic account of Marxism so students can understand why people in the Third World are attracted to the narrative that Marxists offer.

2002. Despite complaints that radio station KUGN ("The Voice of the Ducks") airs conservative talk show host Michael Savage, who opponents say denigrates women and minorities, President David Frohnmayer refuses to alter the University's sports broadcasting contract with the station: "Freedom of thought and expression is the bedrock principle on which all university activity is based." KUGN eventually discontinues Savage in favor of a live, local host.

2005. University of Colorado professor Ward Churchill's appearance as a luncheon speaker at a UO symposium in April is cancelled following controversy about his essay concerning September 11. Organizers said the subject of his talk was "not centrally related to the conference" and would overshadow the rest of the presentations. He spoke to a crowd estimated at 500 at the EMU Ballroom in May 2006. College Republicans protested with signs that read, "Ward Churchill: President of the Osama bin Laden fan club," and "We support our troops, Churchill supports terrorists." ▼

2006. *The Insurgent*, a radical alternative UO student newspaper, publishes controversial cartoons about Jesus, igniting criticism from television and radio pundit Bill O'Reilly who says Frohnmayer should be fired for his First Amendment defense of the publication. "The best response to offensive speech often is more speech," Frohnmayer says. *The Oregon Commentator*, a conservative journal published by UO students, defends *The Insurgent*.

–PP

Photos from UO Libraries Archives / Ward Churchill photo © 2006. Reprinted with permission of *Oregon Daily Emerald*.

a conservative opinion magazine, says the problem at the UO is that "the majority of the discourse that goes on in the classroom is left of center." Niedermeyer's concern is "group dynamics in the classroom"—when a professor and students seem to have the same political orientation, and "conservative students, or those who don't agree with the politics being discussed, tend to start feeling like they're on the outside looking in."

Frances Cogan, M.A. '70, Ph.D. '81, UO Clark Honors College professor of literature, has heard such student complaints all too often. In her 2004 essay for Horowitz's website, frontpagemag.com, she says left-wing professors are so pervasive within the UO's structure "that bringing up politics in class is a given."

Cogan, a navy veteran who identifies most with the Libertarian Party, says, "Students are constantly being asked to believe that the United States is the font of all political evil in the world and that 9–11 was something we brought on ourselves because of our bigotry about 'other ways of thinking' and our supposedly limitless and knee-jerk hatred of any nationality or race other than our own."

Still, Niedermeyer says he doesn't think indoctrination is happening at the UO. The campus "isn't breeding a generation of radicals necessarily, which is what Horowitz is worried about," he says.

Political Programs

Besides claiming leftist faculty members "indoctrinate" students, Horowitz says whole academic programs developed since the '60s—black studies, women's studies, peace studies, social movements, environmental economics, ethnic studies, and gay studies—are implicitly political.

True enough, women's studies had the political purpose "to overcome the trivialization and the oblivion that women had fallen into," says Barbara Corrado Pope, professor emerita of woman's and gender studies and the first director of the UO Women's Studies program. Many disciplines originating in the '60s and '70s were responses to increasing enrollment from different social classes, women, and students of color. "As they entered the universities they began to say, 'Where are we in the curriculum?'"

But, says Pope, "To say that women's studies or black studies are 'ideological'

BARBARA POPE, PROFESSOR EMERITA OF WOMEN'S AND GENDER STUDIES AND THE FIRST DIRECTOR OF THE UO WOMEN'S STUDIES PROGRAM

"To say that women's studies or black studies are 'ideological' is to assume that Horowitz's position is not—that the status quo does not have an ideology."

is to assume that Horowitz's position is not—that the status quo does not have an ideology." The university teaches students to engage in critical thinking, she says, "to criticize the world as it is. If that is 'political' and 'radical,' okay," but it's not indoctrination. "That is not what we are doing. We're asking students to think about questions."

In studying abortion, pornography, and other challenging topics, she says UO classes examine the complexity of the issues—not that women are "victims." In her women's history classes, if students said they felt guilt while studying the effects of slavery on African American women and their families, Pope would tell them, "It's not up to you to feel guilty about slavery. What's up to you is to know about slavery and to understand the consequences of slavery."

A Chill

In the months after the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks, Pope joined other UO professors in a "teach-in" to examine issues of war and peace, similar to gatherings on 146 campuses in thirty-six states.

"It is urgent and patriotic to ask questions now," she told the overflow crowd of students in the EMU Ballroom. "Americans are united in their grief and their call for justice. But we need to hear more than one perspective. We need to understand the reasons behind the terrifying hatred directed against the United States and find ways to act that will not foment more hatred for generations to come."

Her public statement was one of 117 collected as examples of anti-American bias on college campuses in the publication, *Defending Civilization: How Our Universities Are Failing America and What Can Be Done About It*, distributed by an organization founded by Lynne Cheney, wife of Vice President Dick Cheney and former chair of the National Endowment for the Humanities. While seemingly defending academic freedom and free-speech rights, the book nevertheless said, "Academe is the only sector of American society that is distinctly divided in its response" to September 11 and terrorism.

Chuck Hunt says criticizing professors is fair play, but he worries that name-calling, list-making, and slanderous attacks on liberals and leftists in the academic world "chills the classroom." Debra Merskin says untenured teachers sense that presenting information and analysis that run counter to mainstream ideas could put their academic careers in jeopardy. "Ironically, that's why tenure was originally created—to protect academic freedom."

But then, conservative professors also fear retribution for their ideas on liberal campuses, says Frances Cogan.

Despite her disagreements with colleagues whom she perceives are putting leftist spins on the content they present to students, Cogan says, "Academic freedom is like freedom of speech: It's absolute, no matter how it is used. It's a principle, not a political stratagem. . . . Anyone who has truly met the requirements for teaching at the university has a right to academic freedom."

She adds, "I certainly don't want others telling me what to teach in my classes."

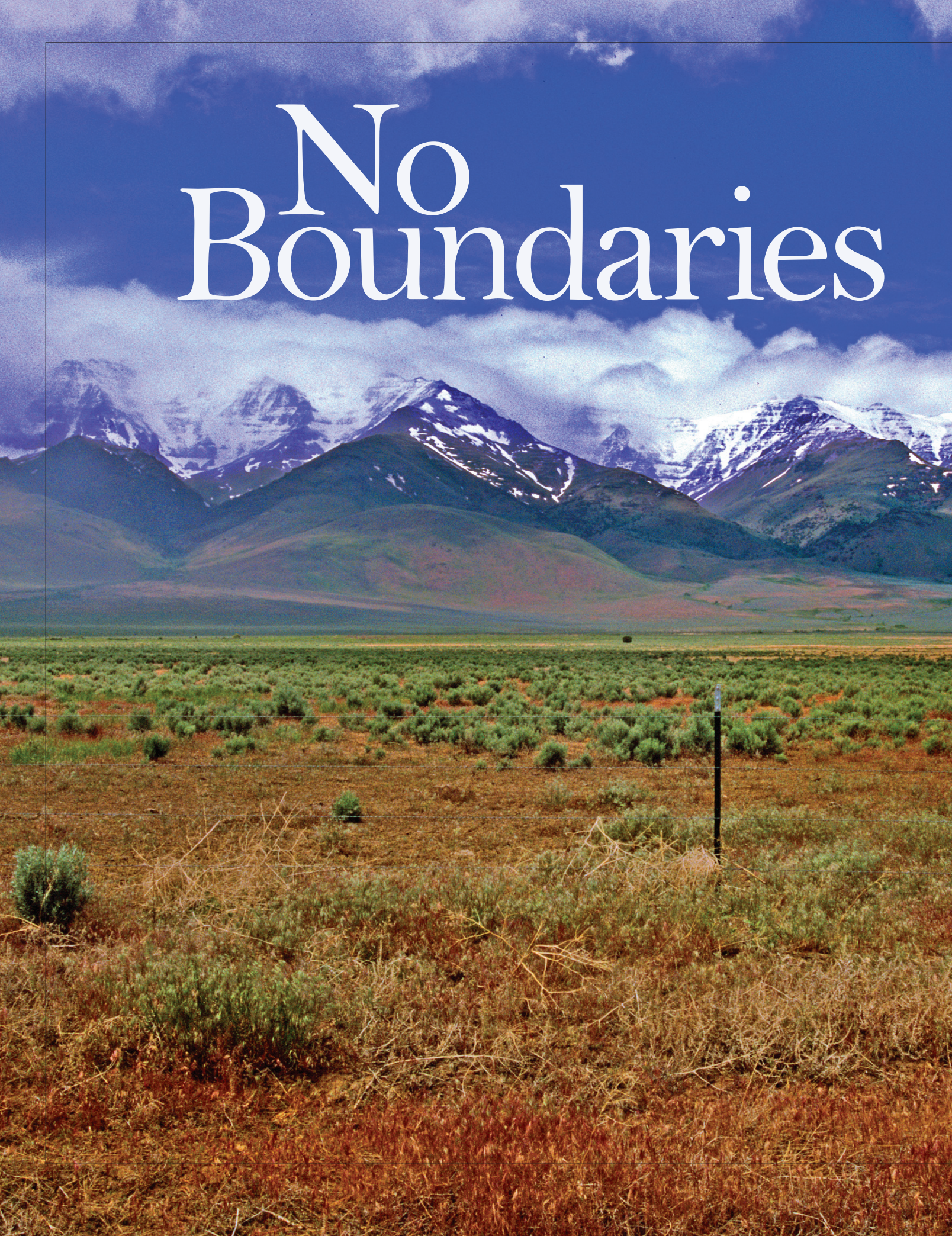
Pete Peterson, M.F.A. '68, M.S. '77, is a Eugene freelance writer and adjunct instructor in the UO School of Journalism and Communication. His most recent feature for Oregon Quarterly *was "Oregon Feasts," (Winter 2005) with his wife, Chris Cunningham '76, M.S. '80.*

Teaching Controversy

"CLASSROOM DISCUSSIONS CAN'T BE COMPLETELY RATIONAL or unemotional when the subjects are controversial," says Timothy McMahon, a faculty development consultant who helps professors lower the classroom's boiling point when handling hot topics.

McMahon says successful professors explain and demonstrate how their academic disciplines approach difficult issues. They establish protocols for respectful classroom exchanges, help students form groups to promote interaction, and "provide ways—memos, paragraphs, papers—for students to express dissenting ideas and feelings."

McMahon works with two UO divisions—the Teaching Effectiveness Program and the Center on Diversity and Community—that sponsor faculty workshops on course formats and approaches to teaching. *–PP*


No
Boundaries

CAROL ANN BASSETT

LYZA DANGER GARDNER

VOLUNTEERS REMOVE BARBED WIRE FROM STEENS MOUNTAIN TO MAKE THE WILDERNESS WILD AGAIN.

by Carol Ann Bassett

Erin Barnholdt sits beneath a juniper tree on a metal contraption that resembles a spinning wheel, reeling in strands of barbed wire as though she has just caught a gigantic fish. Here in windblown Wildhorse Canyon on Steens Mountain, the sun glints off the prickly steel as it rolls like thread onto an aluminum spool. Barnholdt's dark brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail. She's wearing soft leather gloves, a black fleece jacket, and jeans perforated by a dozen holes—badges of honor for freeing this mountain from the barbed-wire fences that have stitched it together like sutures for more than a century. The thirty-year-old conservationist is at peace here in this sagebrush valley in southeastern Oregon—the first "cow-free" wilderness area in the nation.

Reeling in barbed wire may look easy, but it's dangerous work that requires a hardy crew. On this cold autumn morning, a dozen volunteers from all over Oregon stand along a fence line holding a strand of wire above their heads and guiding it—glove to glove—to Barnholdt's wheel. One distraction down the line, one stumble over a volcanic rock, one bad splice in the gnarly strand can send the barbs flying across an arm or a face. But to these volunteers it's worth the risk. Removing the now-obsolete fences allows the land to heal and opens a passage for the wildlife that roams this mountain: pronghorn antelope, elk, bighorn sheep, and herds of wild mustangs.

The cow-free wilderness designation came in 2000 when the Clinton administration signed into law the Steens Mountain Cooperative Management and Protection Act, a land swap designed to preserve 175,000 acres on the mountain as wilderness. The exchange closed 100,000 acres of that total to cattle and more than a million acres to mining and geothermal energy drilling. It added twenty-nine miles to the National Scenic River System and created the nation's first redband trout reserve. It also prohibited road construction and the use of off-road vehicles on half a million acres.

But this milestone in conservation did not come without a fight. Ranchers who had lived on the mountain for generations rallied at town

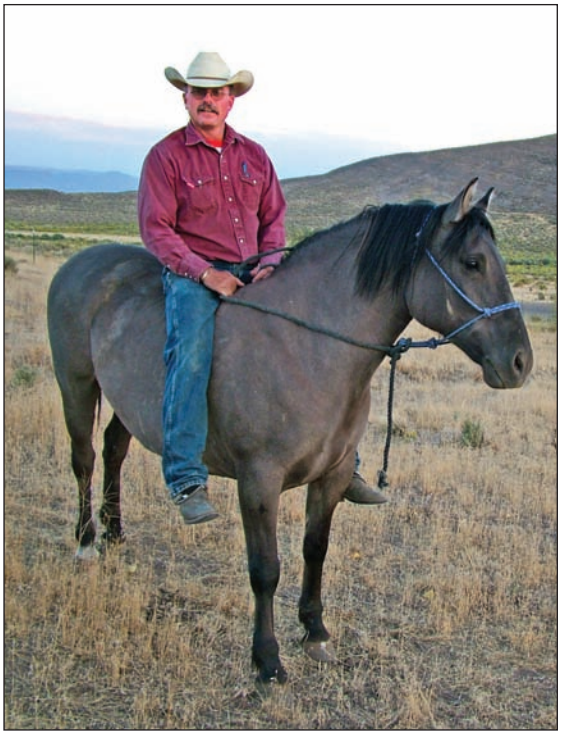
hall meetings. They wrote angry letters to the editor. Conservationists complained that the plan did not go far enough to protect Steens Mountain and its native species. In response, the Clinton administration offered two options: Declare the area a national monument devoid of cows and people, or remove the cows and protect the land as wilderness.

In the end, conservationists and cowboys compromised. Ranchers swapped their land or were bought out and moved elsewhere. With them went a few thousand cows and calves. In exchange for relinquishing 18,000 acres of lush summer grazing land near the mountain's summit, five cattle ranchers received 104,000 acres of rocky public range down in the Catlow Valley. Each also received $5 million in cash payments. As one longtime rancher said at the time, "We were handed a basket full of lemons and we tried to make the best lemonade we could."

This did not sit well with environmentalists who've been fighting for wilderness protection on Steens for the past sixteen years. As part of the deal, two landowners were allowed to stay in the cow-free area—sans cows—while the public paid a premium in cash and federal land. "As taxpayers we should find it repugnant that some ranchers got bought off with cash payments to make them economically whole in a system that already rewards public lands ranchers" with subsidies, said Bill Marlett, executive director of Oregon Natural Desert Association (ONDA) in Bend. One of the most powerful grassroots organizations in the West, ONDA's goal is to protect Oregon's high desert from overgrazing and other harmful practices on public land.

Now that the cows are gone, 112 miles of barbed-wire fence must be removed from the mountain. This is where Barnholdt and her metal contraption come in. As outreach coordinator for ONDA, she directs the labor of hundreds of volunteers every summer, about sixty-five of them in the Steens. "Fence pulling," as it's called, has become so popular in the past few years that there's usually a waiting list of volunteers. The U.S. Bureau of Land Management (BLM), which oversees most of the Steens, lacks the funding to remove the fences. It takes a crew of ten volunteers two days to pull a single mile of fence at a cost of about $2,500 a mile, depending on the weather and terrain. So far, Barnholdt and her helpers (as well as members of the Sierra Club and Wilderness Volunteers) have removed about thirty-five miles of fence in the Steens in the past three years. At this rate, it will take several more years to clear the mountain.

Surprisingly, the livestock-free designation has created a coalition of odd bedfellows who believe fervently in wilderness: conservationists and cowboys, liberal Democrats and gun-toting Republicans, teenagers and grandparents, fighter pilots and vegans, artists and computer nerds.



Lee McConnell

Carol Ann Bassett

Even though ONDA works closely with the BLM, the two groups are often at odds. "We're helping them out in a big way," Barnholdt says of the federal agency, "but there are times, too, when we sue them because they don't monitor grazing or conduct environmental impact [studies]" in the high desert country of Oregon.

* * *

In September, I volunteer to help Barnholdt and others tear down fences in Wildhorse Canyon, a glacier-carved valley in the southern part of Steens Mountain. Along with two BLM student interns, we strap on our backpacks near an old farmhouse not far from the Nevada border and begin the trek up the mountain. We've been warned that the five-mile hike is strenuous. What I haven't anticipated is an average incline of 20 degrees, often over loose rocks, up to an elevation of about 7,000 feet.

Steens Mountain is a thirty-mile-long fault block whose eastern rim rises starkly from the Alvord Desert to a height of more than 9,600 feet. It's a remote landmark on the northern fringes of the Great Basin Desert, taller than any mountain between the Northern Rockies and the Cascades.

As we continue up the trail, scrambling over scree-covered switchbacks, the land levels out onto a broad plateau of juniper, cheat grass, rabbit brush, and big sagebrush so pungent it tickles the nostrils. We follow an old jeep trail past elk tracks embedded in dried mud, coyote scat full of jackrabbit fur, and badger holes big enough to swallow a dachshund. As we round a bend we flush a covey of sage grouse, whose pointed tails open like Japanese fans. Finally, we arrive at our campsite in an aspen grove fed by a permanent spring and pitch our tents. Tomorrow we'll hike to the cache of fence-pulling gear packed in here yesterday by a BLM cowboy and his string of mules.

* * *

Lee McConnell is a range rider for the BLM in Burns. He's a third-generation rancher from Big Timber, Montana, who's buckarooed all over the West. One of his jobs with the agency is to help Barnholdt and the ONDA volunteers by packing the fence-pulling gear up the mountain. Motorized vehicles are prohibited in the wilderness area; everything must be carried in and out by hand, foot, mule, llama, or horse. I meet McConnell at the BLM station in Fields, where Barnholdt and the volunteers have gathered the evening before we hike in. McConnell is standing in front of a corral, weighing equipment with a hand-held scale. Each time the cowboy weighs something, he traces a number in the dust on his pickup truck. "Fifteen pounds?" he asks aloud, holding up a nylon bag that belongs to a volunteer. "No damn way!" Then he tosses the bag aside, mur-

murs something, and walks off to feed his horse, Riddle, a mustang that was captured from a wild herd on a nearby mountain with the same name.

Barnholdt comes to help him, squatting in the dirt and holding the feed pail steady. McConnell's Australian shepherd, Otis, lies nearby, panting. The old dog is tuckered out from trailing the pack mules up the mountain earlier in the day. McConnell will pack the rest of the gear up the steep slope at daybreak.

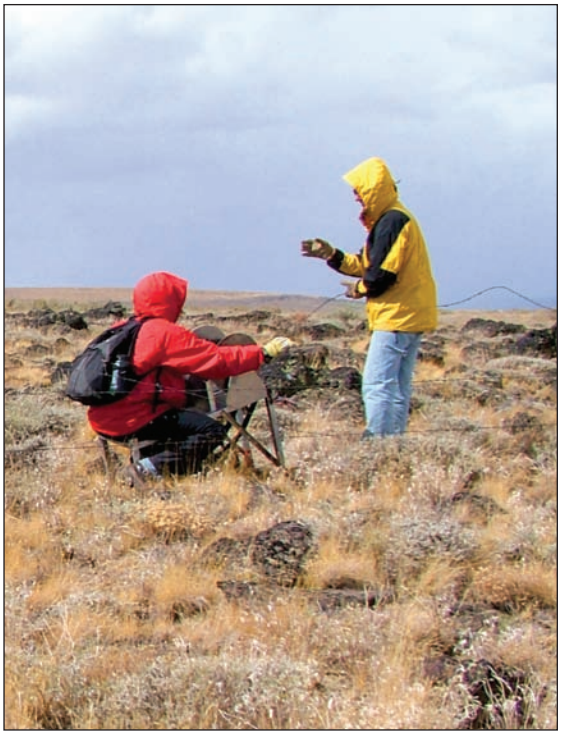
When the sun sets I follow McConnell and Barnholdt into the BLM field house and its communal kitchen, where the shrill whistle of a teakettle pierces the air. So does the smell of coffee, potato soup, and sizzling meat as the volunteers make dinner. McConnell sits down at the dining room table with two pork chops he's just fried and a pile of green peas. Barnholdt sits at the other end of the table, eating a salad garnished with organic tomatoes, her bright brown eyes occasionally looking up as we speak. As a range rider, McConnell's job is to assure that ranchers maintain their fences to keep cows out of the newly created wilderness. On average he rides eight miles a day across rugged terrain.

"They're a pain in the ass," he says of the fences. "I say if they're not needed, take 'em down." More than a hundred years ago his grandfather wrangled longhorns on the sprawling XIT Ranch in the Texas panhandle. "He hated fences," McConnell says. "They were a tragedy for him and other ranchers. Fences took away their freedom. They created barriers and the little guy was left out."

Historically, barbed-wire fences in the American West also impeded the migration of buffalo and those who depended on the herds for survival. Native Americans regarded barbed wire as a weapon, a form of subjugation that curtailed their freedom. Barbed wire was first patented in Illinois in 1874 to keep wildlife off private land. Religious groups called it "the devil's rope," and free-range ranchers and trail drivers feared that the fences would end their way of life, and in many cases, they did. In her book, *Waste of the West: Public Lands Ranching*, Lynn Jacobs estimates there are still at least 600,000 miles of livestock fences on public land, " . . . more than enough to stretch to the moon and back, or around the Earth twenty-four times."

McConnell is now pushing peas around on his plate, his mind elsewhere. I ask him whether the fence-removal program is working, considering the BLM has little funding to fulfill its mandate. "It's Erin," he says, looking up through wire-rimmed glasses. "She's the one who's runnin' this. She's the one behind it. Without her and the volunteers, this thing wouldn't work."

Barnholdt gazes across the table, her eyes squinting, then softening to take in the compliment. Clearly, the cowboy and the conservationist need each other.



ONDA volunteers keep coming back.

There's a mutual respect here, and while their values may be worlds apart (McConnell believes staunchly in grazing on public lands, which Barnholdt strongly opposes), they have more in common than they imagine: a profound love for Steens Mountain and restoring it to the wild place it was before the settlers came. "When you get to sleep on rocks out under the stars—if this helps you as a person then you're comin' back to the middle," McConnell says. "You're reaching balance, getting back to the basics, movin' out of the trap of one extreme or another. Nature brings things back to the middle."

Barnholdt learned this early on. As the daughter of a gardener, she loved sinking her hands in the dirt alongside her father's, planting seeds and watching them spring to life. In summer, the family would leave home in St. Paul, Minnesota, and take their canoe out to a chain of glacier-formed lakes to camp. "It gave me a deep awareness of what wilderness is and the feeling of being truly alive," she recalls. Back at home when her family unloaded the car, Barnholdt would repitch her tent inside the house because sleeping in it "felt more natural." Later, after earning a degree with majors in environmental studies and art, Barnholdt built trails in Rocky Mountain National Park. She labored as a wildland firefighter and landscape arborist. She also worked for Trout Unlimited and the Nature Conservancy to restore riparian habitat on Oregon rivers. It required living outdoors, connecting to the natural rhythms of the land. "To have such an intimate experience with nature becomes part of you," she says.

* * *

Morning. Gray clouds and a dusting of snow on the summit. Outside my tent, the water in my Nalgene bottle is frozen solid. After breakfast, we head up the trail to the equipment McConnell stashed here yesterday. We will not see the cowboy again: he has too many fences to inspect. Despite the weather, the volunteers are ready to work. Most of these fence pullers are veterans. Some have done this seven or eight times now. I'm one of two greenhorns, and Barnholdt gives us a brief lesson in how to take down these fences. Vertical coils of wire called "stabilizers" positioned between the posts help keep the strands of barbed wire from being blown by the wind in this harsh climate. Short metal clips secure the barbed wire to the fence posts. The stabilizers are the first to go. Then the clips. Then someone hands me a wire cutter.

As the tool bites through the first strand of barbed wire I yell, "This one's for you, Ed Abbey!" *Bling!* The strand flies free, and all down the fence line, the volunteers laugh. Abbey was an author, iconoclast, and desert anarchist whose

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novel, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, inspired the creation of the group Earth First! He was also my friend, and nothing irked Abbey more than ranching on public lands. Once he wrote: "The rancher strings barbed wire across the range, drills wells and bulldozes stock ponds everywhere, drives off the elk and antelope and bighorn sheep, poisons coyotes and prairie dogs, shoots eagle and bear and cougar on sight, supplants the native bluestem and grama grass with tumbleweed, cow shit, cheat grass, snakeweed, anthills, poverty weed, mud and dust and flies—and then leans back and smiles broadly at the Tee Vee cameras and tells us how much he loves the West."

Abbey and I argued a lot, but one thing we agreed on was that public land ranching had no place west of the Rockies where cattle supply a mere 2 percent of the nation's beef; how cows destroy saplings in riparian areas where eagles and other raptors nest; how erosion suffocates native fish. And then there was that damned barbed wire. If Abbey could sit up from his desert grave and see us now, he'd snicker. Freedom, he'd say with his big wide grin, no boundaries.

* * *

Back on the ridgeline in Wildhorse Canyon, gray storm clouds rise like phantoms, but still we cut, untwist, and roll wire before extracting poles from the rocky terrain. The sun-bleached skull of a wild mustang lies just four feet from where we've removed a fence. Perhaps this descendant of the original Spanish mustangs died from running into the wire. Volunteers have seen such things: sage grouse decapitated or pinned to the fence with outstretched wings; pronghorn mothers separated from their young on the other side of a fence, frantically running back and forth; elk and bighorn sheep searching for a way out of the deadly grid.

We follow the fence now up a steep incline strewn with boulders. In some places the wire strands have fallen down, or welded themselves to a juniper tree, or been buried by rocks and brush. A fierce wind whips through the silver-green sage, flattening it to the ground. Then it begins to snow. Flakes the size of Cheerios stick to our cheeks. Our noses run. Barnholdt spells two shivering volunteers, sending them back to camp to warm up. The rest of us stay. The weather and steep terrain keep us short of our goal of removing three-quarters of a mile of fence. Still, by the end of the day, we've removed about half a mile of the devil's rope.

When I look back down the hill I'm astonished. Instead of gazing through a barrier of steel, the view is clear, clear, clear. I set my wire cutters down and look east over the Alvord Desert, untarnished by a fence for the first time in more than fifty years. Then I forget where I set my pack. The fence had oriented me. Now, where straight lines once ran there's nothing but empty space. It's a perceptual illusion, a mind tweak, but even McConnell admits that once when a fence he'd known came down, "I was so disoriented I blundered around for two hours."

* * *

This visual difference in the land is exactly why ONDA volunteers keep coming back. In a sense, too, it's an addiction. Brian McCall made the eight-hour drive here from Eugene. It's his fifth time pulling fence. Every day, he does tai chi on the ridgeline, his graceful movements as natural as the wind. McCall is a retired Air Force fighter pilot who in 1989 was testing an F-111 over the Alvord Desert. He says, "I remember flying over this mountain and looking down and saying, 'Wow, what is that?' Now, twenty-one years later, here I am." He keeps returning to Steens, he says, to help heal the mountain and open the way for wildlife. "It's also a spiritual thing," he adds.

Lacy Turner has pulled fence six times now. A petite radio interviewer from Portland who loves the openness and solitude of the high desert, she applauds the "grassroots" quality of ONDA and the diversity of people she meets—volunteers with "way different political spectrums." She comes, too, to make wilderness wild again. "Once the fences come down I feel I've done something for the desert, for the pronghorn, for the grouse to fly through, for the wind to pass through. It's complete freedom."

* * *

Dawn and another frost-filled morning. I huddle in my sleeping bag not wanting to stir when suddenly, laughter ripples through the aspens. It's Barnholdt and some of the volunteers, unfazed by the frigid morning wind. They're doing what they call "a warm-up dance." It resembles the Charleston. Sure enough, a radio report predicts snow flurries. Barnholdt calls a powwow under a green tarp held up by an aspen branch. The question, as we sit around on logs, is whether to stay or hike out. Despite some grumbling we decide to stay—at least for a while.

Up on the ridgeline the wind reaches gale force. Despite the protection of my gloves, my hands are cold and I can barely remove the clips from the fence. But then the fence comes down—and with it the posts. The land becomes an empty canvas where anything is possible.

Just a week ago on this mountain, Barnholdt and a group of volunteers were eating lunch in a meadow where they had just removed a fence. Suddenly, a group of about eight pronghorn antelope ran by, then stopped where the fence had just stood. The pronghorn looked back and forth at one another, then at the invisible fence line. Timidly, two of them moved closer to investigate. As the pair stepped through, the other six crept forward to join them, picking up speed and breaking into a gallop.

"It's on faith that we're out here pulling fence," says Barnholdt. "To see the herd cross the line you've just pulled down makes your heart sing. The results are so immediate. Most of the time we don't see the wildlife out here. But to watch them run across, that's their way of thanking us."

Carol Ann Bassett

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Dissolution

One of Oregon's most successful worker-owned co-ops goes private.

by Patricia Marshall

The 2006 Interbike Show in Las Vegas pulsed with energy. Everyone in the bike industry was there, from the high-end manufacturers who displayed single pedals or brake levers like jewels under glass to guys sitting behind folding tables, hawking an improved brand of chain lube. Salespeople in matching polo shirts and shiny shoes vied for the attention of buyers—the mom-and-pop bike shop owners in the Midwest to the big spenders from the mega-chain stores. It's a show, Vegas-style, complete with strobe lights, videos, and girls in hot pants handing out samples.

Near the center of the room, Burley Design, Incorporated, a bike and trailer manufacturer from Eugene, unveiled its

Photo by George Filgate

new, pared-down product line. The spacious booth space had been reserved months before, with the expectation that the company would be showing off its recumbent and tandem bikes along with a newer line of high-end single bikes, its renowned rainwear, and its flagship product, the eponymous trailers. But just two weeks before Interbike, the remaining members of the former worker-owned cooperative voted to sell the company to a private investor, and on the day the sale concluded the new owner announced that the company would no longer manufacture bikes or rainwear. He intended to focus solely on trailers. And so, after a summer swirling with rumors about the company's ill-health, Burley was at the show with nothing but fifteen trailers and a troop of sales people trying to explain to interested customers what had happened.

Ten years ago, it would have been hard to imagine such a bleak future. By 1996, Burley had parlayed a funky child-carrying trailer into an international business with annual sales hovering around $10 million. The company was recognized as one of the top places to work in Oregon. The wage was not high—about $10 an hour—but the generous benefits and profit sharing, along with the appeal of cooperative ownership, attracted not only local applicants, but people who relocated their families to Eugene so they could join Burley's ranks. In the summer of 1996, Burley moved into a gracious new building, designed with extensive member input. The 60,000-square-foot structure allowed for more efficient manufacturing and had room for new product lines. There were plans for recumbent bikes, a new, lower-cost trailer, and an expanded tandem line in the works. The quirky little co-op had grown to include more than 100 members and it seemed as if the upward sales trajectory was limitless.

What happened in the last decade? Among current and ex-members, many of whom retain a financial interest in the company, the speculation ranges from charges of poor management in recent years to claims that the co-op's success was just a fluke. Outside observers echo the suspicion that co-ops are unworkable, pointing out that involving all members in decision making led to an inability to deal with changing market forces. Whatever the reasons, in June 2006, following a fiscal year in which the company posted a loss of more than $1.5 million, Burley Design Cooperative officially ceased to exist. Its thirty-three remaining members voted to dissolve the cooperative and convert the business to a corporation. In September, when those members voted to sell the business, the company was just weeks away from declaring bankruptcy.

In some ways, the pared-down Interbike booth of 2006 reflected Burley's early years: a small product line struggling for success and recognition in the big world of bikes. Sometime in the late seventies, Alan Scholz, one of the owners of Burley Bike Bags located in Creswell, designed a bicycle trailer out of the discarded parts of a swing set. Hitched up to a bike for a test run, the trailer fell apart at the end of his driveway. He persisted and eventually came up with a trailer that he could use to transport his young daughter or to carry goods into town to sell at Eugene's Saturday Market. He took one to Doug Handshaw, then part-owner of Collins Cycle Shop in Eugene, a store that carried the company's panniers and rainwear. "Someone [at the store] went to MacDonald's Wholesalers and got a keg of beer and we thought if it can carry a keg it's all right," Handshaw says. Unlike other trailers, whose wheels were supported only on the inside so that they canted inward this one had added support from a perimeter frame, a feature that made the Burley trailer stand out.

Handshaw liked the trailer and thought the shop could sell them—and he was right. "Anything that was innovative with some imagination was a gas, it was just fun. We were into that," he says of the guys at the shop. "It was a whole culture."

A gas crunch created by an Arab oil embargo on the heels of the first Earth Day in 1970 raised awareness of environmental issues, including alternative transportation, and the Bike Centennial cross-country tours in 1976 further fueled an interest in bikes. It was also a good time for cooperatives. Scholz sold his business to the employees in 1978—the employee-owned business model was in its infancy, but would grow to include at least 3,300 worker-owned businesses nationwide in just a few years. Burley was one of dozens of cooperatives in the Lane County area, including Hoedads, a group that planted trees in the Northwest forests; Second Growth, which started with reforestation work and grew to include a construction division; and Starflower, a natural food products distributor.

COURTESY OF BURLEY DESIGN LLC

Members of Burley Design Cooperative at their new building in 1996

Claudia Sepp, a longtime member of Genesis Juice Cooperative, which produced raw fruit and vegetable juice, says, "People were looking for right livelihood and jobs that had meaning in their lives, things they could contribute to and have them contribute back."

A recession in the early eighties hit many businesses hard. Scholz and others left Burley, perhaps discouraged by a wage that averaged $1.69 an hour, and by 1982 the membership had dwindled from nine to four. One of those was Bruce Creps.

Creps was passionate about bikes and dedicated to the idea of a cooperative workplace. He had a head for numbers, a plan to sell the trailer, and the willingness to work fourteen-hour days, if necessary. "I thought Bruce was a genius," says Jean Lemmon, one of the other remaining members. "He definitely was our leader."

Decades later, Creps, who now lives on Lopez Island, Washington, can still reel off sales figures as he traces Burley's growth in trailer sales during the eighties: under 480 in '82; 800 in '83; 1,300 in '84; 2,000 in '85; and more than 3,000 in '86. By 1987, the co-op sold close to 5,000 trailers, surpassing Cannondale, its nearest competitor. The company squirreled away $15,000 for a down payment on a manufacturing building in west Eugene, and they relocated to accommodate the growing workforce. By 1989, there were forty members, all receiving equal wages, all with an equal say in how the company was run.

Forty members hashing things out meant meetings were long and often contentious. Trivial issues—whether to purchase a new van with a V-8 engine as opposed to a used six-cylinder one—took almost as much time as major decisions about the company's direction. In the late eighties, the co-op voted to branch out and manufacture a garden cart instead of pursuing a folding version of the Burley Lite trailer, which was cumbersome to assemble and transport. Creps thought that abandoning the company's growing recognition in the bike business would be a disaster, and kept the issue under discussion until the company reversed its decision, scrapping the garden cart and going back to work on the folding trailer.

It was the product that would fuel Burley's growth for years to come.

At the bike show in the fall of 1989, a competitor offered a crude folding trailer made in Taiwan. In comparison, Burley's d'Lite was elegant and well designed—and it sealed Burley's reputation as an industry innovator.

As the co-op's membership grew, it became obvious that the structure needed to change. Eventually, the group adopted a document called the Organizational Structure and Authority, jokingly referred to as Draft 44, the version that was finally adopted. Draft 44 divided the co-op into task teams, whose managers made up the management team, and an eight-member board of directors, elected from the membership, replaced the full-member board.

Even after forty-four drafts, not everyone was happy, and Creps, who became general manager under the new structure, spent time smoothing things over, reassessing and tweaking the draft. However, it remained a bone of contention for some members. The walls between the management and the production workers grew at the same time sales were soaring.

"It was a very difficult and unsettling time for a lot of people," Creps says. "They felt like there had been a coup."

When I was hired as a sewing temp in 1992, I imagined I was joining a workplace utopia. The co-op was facing a challenge that summer: trailer sales were higher than expected, and by early spring they were scrambling to find temporary workers to help fill the overwhelming backlog of orders. The sewing team members were fatigued from working long hours of overtime, but the atmosphere in the room, a bright space full of humming machines surrounded by artwork and plants, was upbeat, almost giddy. People expressed gratitude that I had consented to join their ranks and help them out. But as weeks became months, a friendly and funny neighbor stopped speaking to me after I borrowed a sewing machine attachment while she was at lunch—even though another member instructed me to get it. Another member complained to the team that I had used dental benefits to get my wisdom teeth pulled. Not only did it sap profits, since the co-op was self-insured, but without checking my timesheet, she claimed I was missing too much work. A rumor circulated that I was taking advantage of Burley's largesse. I was so disillusioned by the lack of cooperative spirit that I almost didn't accept a trial membership in the fall, but I needed a job, and Burley was my most promising offer.

It was an invitation I'm glad I accepted.

Eventually, I moved to a different part of the room and worked among a more compatible group. I branched out, met other members, and became involved and passionate about the co-op. The group dynamics reminded me of my large family: even though there was squabbling and disagreement, there was an esprit de corps, a recognition that, while the day-to-day work could be humdrum, the results of our efforts were extraordinary.

And it was fun. We had free lunch every other Friday and spontaneous bike rides. The softball team, the Insane Unknowns, played on summer nights, and

COURTESY OF BURLEY DESIGN LLC

the trailer shop sponsored an annual golf tournament—everyone welcome, whether or not you golfed. In the sewing room we traded books on tape and music and recipes, discussed NPR stories and held fundraisers, which almost always involved food. During the Burley Cycling Classic, a tandem stage race that lasted four or five days, members opened their homes to racing teams, worked the course as corner marshals, cooked food for the racers, and volunteered to work the grills for the last-day barbeque. When one couple had their bike stolen the night before the final race, bike shop members hustled to put together a shop tandem so the team could finish the event.

After two years in sewing, I moved to the sales office and joined the group who polished their shoes, spiffed up their wardrobes, and traveled to trade shows every fall. We had a co-op portrait that we hung in our booth, and once, in Philadelphia, a woman looked over the smiling group and said, "You all go to work dressed like that?" We joked that some years, the show booth felt like a big group hug. Dealers liked us, liked the fact that we were a cooperative, but they really appreciated the products. The sales team would come home exhausted and hoarse, with stacks of orders that held the promise of another good year.

It wasn't all a love fest, though. There were always personality conflicts, people

at loggerheads over business decisions, arguments about what color to paint the bikes. One particularly thorny issue was the question of termination. Under Draft 44, termination required a three-quarters vote of the entire membership. In the early nineties, Burley's lawyer recommended a change to allow firing "at will" explaining that it was not the same as arbitrary firing; it simply meant that the co-op would not have to show cause if it had to let a member go. Having to prove a case exposed the co-op to wrongful termination lawsuits. The proposal raised a lot of suspicions about the motivations for the change. People said things like, "I wouldn't want to work someplace where we could just fire people for no reason at all" and "We should have to say why if we are going to let someone go." Members rejected the proposal. In essence, unless you quit, a job at Burley was a job for life.

COURTESY OF BURLEY DESIGN LLC

In 1995 the co-op voted to construct a new building on land next door. It was another contentious issue; some people objected to the cost, but Burley was overflowing, and the new space would allow for streamlined production, as well as room for new products. We broke ground in the empty field one summer day with a Native American blessing, a barbeque, a keg, and a water fight. During moving week a parade of members wheeled trailers loaded with fabric and racks of bike frames down Stewart Road. A few months later we had an open house to celebrate both twenty years as a cooperative and our new headquarters.

I worked at Burley for eight years. I made great friends and found that, although many people fit my original utopian image, a segment of the membership equated cooperative ownership with the freedom to say or do whatever they wanted. Without the significant stick of discipline—there was a process, but it was cumbersome—or threat of firing, bad behavior could rule, and those who objected had little choice but to bear it. It got tiresome, after a while, to have what felt like the same discussions and arguments, and I left to pursue the education I had abandoned when I started to work at Burley.

In 1997, Bruce Creps announced his plans to resign. Members, as well as customers and friends, were dismayed. Handshaw, of Collins, who continued his relationship with Burley throughout the years, says he was stunned at the news and worried about how it would affect the company. "I knew Bruce, I knew what he did," he says. "Bruce would have done whatever it took to make that business survive." Including leave.

In Creps's own assessment, he was no longer effective as general manager. "I'd been doing what I had been doing long enough, and pissed off enough people enough times over enough issues," he says. And he was worn out from the infighting, from the "us and them" mentality that persisted, even years after the change in the management structure.

Joseph Tuck, who is the general manager of Alvarado Street Bakery, a northern California cooperative that started in 1981 and now employs more than 100 people, says that managing a co-op is a daunting task. "It's emotionally really tough. Nobody likes to walk in and think everybody thinks you're an asshole, just [because of] what you do."

Alvarado Street made management changes similar to Burley's in the late 1980s—"our cultural jihad," Tuck says. At that time, the bakery also addressed the wage structure. Although there was a feeling among Burley members that equal pay was an integral part, if not the core, of a cooperative business, many co-ops adopted a graduated wage structure in order to hire and retain skilled members.

Tuck says that his impression of Burley when he visited in the late 1990s was that the co-op was behind the times. "Burley seemed so the way we were in 1986 to '89," he says, referring to the management structure and the level pay structure. "When I went to Burley [the wage] already was a huge economic impediment."

That was evident as the search for a new general manager got under way.

Of the dozens of responses to national ads for Creps's replacement, only three applicants continued talks once they learned more about the co-op. After extensive interviews, the board chose Greg Guenther, an M.B.A. graduate from Chicago. Tuck, whose visit coincided with Guenther's first day, says that, as an outsider, Guenther didn't have enough credibility with the membership to do the job. "I thought, 'This guy is gonna get eaten for lunch.'"

Guenther was the first Burley member to be hired at a nominally higher wage; he negotiated for a ten percent differential in his hourly salary, and a review after two years to consider making it higher. He was enthusiastic about bikes and about co-ops, but as Tuck predicted, the membership didn't accept him, nor did he seem to understand the membership.

"He looked at us as though we were a pain in his neck and an obstacle in his way," says Cindi Bruck, a longtime member who was on the board at the end of Guenther's term. At his two-year review, Guenther (who did not respond to repeated requests for an interview for this article) was dismissed from his general manager post by the board, and rather than accept another position in the co-op, he resigned.

Bruck says the week Guenther left was a pivotal time for the cooperative. "The membership could say, 'Now we have one of our own back in the driver's seat, someone whose values we trust, whose integrity we trust, now let's take charge.'"

Matt Purvis, M.B.A. '01, who had relocated from Chicago in 1992 to become a salesperson at Burley, stepped in to fill the general manager role. Purvis had just started work on an M.B.A. program through the UO professional master's degree program, and he thought he had the right qualifications for the job, but in an era of corporate misdeeds on the Enron scale, his M.B.A. actually proved to be an impediment for some co-op members. "A lot of people said that I was damaged goods, that I was learning these evil business ways that were uncaring and anti-cooperative."

Peter Sherer, a former management professor at the UO who followed Burley since the mid-nineties, says that managers

had an almost impossible job. "Membership didn't quite get it that management was at the bottom of the organization, not the top. As owners they could block anything [management] wanted to do, so management was acting on [the members'] behalf."

Purvis says Burley was entrenched in the idea that it existed for the membership, but he thought that, because of his long tenure with the company, he could convince people that the co-op needed to change. "I was wrong," he says.

Like Creps and Guenther, Purvis was a lightning rod for discontent. Despite the fact that he warned the group that without structural changes—more accountability, a change in termination procedures, and a reexamination of Burley's level wage structure—they would cease to exist at all, things continued much the same as they had been.

"There were folks that just would not get on board with anything," Purvis says. "Anybody on a different day could just create hell for you." He had a difference with the board over a manager appointment and was stunned when one board member, without discussing the matter with him first, e-mailed everyone with a vitriolic indictment of him. The board took no action about the e-mail, and, in the end, bucked Purvis's wishes about the manager appointee.

While the company was grappling with these internal issues, trailer sales were shrinking due to overseas competition, and with the drop in sales, profits declined. Discontent among members grew and was manifest by increased bickering and some departures. Purvis left in June 2003 to take a job in the banking industry. Tom Wright-Hay, M.B.A.'01, who had been hired a few months before to work in the research and development department, was appointed general manager.

He faced a challenge. "If you looked at all conditions, you could see there was a storm brewing," he says. He set about instituting changes in the decision-making process, in the termination policy, and in wages.

In March 2004, the board agreed to pay differential wages. Wright-Hay says a higher wage was necessary to attract people for key positions, but it may not have been particularly well timed. Paying market-based wages increased expenditures by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it didn't take into consideration the co-op's internal dynamics. Wright-Hay's insistence that salaries be kept secret was in keeping with his need-to-know policy about most decisions, but it elevated the inherent mistrust of management to a whole new level. Morale grew progressively worse, and an exodus began.

"The wage change took away the feeling that we were all pulling together," says Val Hoyle, who had left a job at Trek in 1999 to become Burley's international sales manager. Though she was in line for a salary increase, Hoyle resigned. She was hired back this fall by Burley's new owner to oversee the entire sales department.

To combat overseas competition, the co-op introduced an updated d'Lite trailer in 2004. Sales improved somewhat, but the new trailer cost significantly more to make. Wright-Hay says that a streamlined manufacturing process should have offset the increased cost, but he couldn't get the entire membership to accept the new process, and the improvements didn't happen.

In 2003, the company had suffered its first loss in decades, about $250,000. In 2004, despite a jump in trailer sales, the loss increased to more than $500,000. In 2005, with sales holding steady, the company posted a loss that exceeded $1.5 million.

Wright-Hay resigned in the fall of 2005. Char Ellingsworth, who had become the chief financial officer a few months before, was tapped for the job, and she reluctantly agreed to step up. She was the first general manager not to be a member, but by then there were no members willing to take it, and the co-op lacked the resources to look outside.

Ellingsworth presided over a ghost ship.

In 2006, the company was on track for another big loss. They sold the new building in the spring with a lease-back arrangement and became renters for the first time in almost two decades. The proceeds kept the business going for a few months, but by September the jig was up. On September 6, all shareholders were invited to a final Burley meeting, during which the current members voted to sell the company to Mike Coughlin '79, a local entrepreneur. He became the sole owner of Burley Design, Inc., on September 9.

After leaving Burley, Creps found another niche market: cutting and drying wood for luthiers, stringed instrument makers. Sales are good. He works alone in a shop that is a model of efficiency with high-tech machinery and little waste. He dreams about starting a guitar-making cooperative.

COURTESY OF BURLEY DESIGN LLC

Standing on Lopez Island's rocky shore, he marvels at how easily the co-op was dismantled. "We thought we put something in place that would be hard to undo," he says. "But all they had to do was vote."

At Interbike, Coughlin talks about the company in glowing terms. He is passionate about the possibilities, and while he is respectful of the cooperative past, he's eager to move forward. We are talking about archiving papers when I mention Bruce Creps. "I don't believe I know that name," he says.

Patricia Marshall '02 is editor of Forest Magazine. *Along with other Burley members, she holds shares in the former Burley Design Cooperative, now reorganized as Go Forward, Inc.*

CAREER OPPORTUNITIES FOR UO ALUMNI

John Bauguess

John Boosinger of the UO's Technical Science Administration uses a diamond-tipped drill to custom modify research equipment.

Fabricating Science

In a little-known corner of the University, technicians and students hand-make the tools of research.

Deep in the basement of Pacific Hall, alchemists are at work. The ingenious staff at the UO's scientific instrument shop may not be changing base metals into gold, but they are by all reports using their extraordinary creative powers to transmute ordinary, inexpensive materials into sophisticated scientific research equipment.

"I've had work done at this shop that started out with a sketch on a napkin," says Dana Johnston, professor of geological sciences. "The staff thrives on bringing a rough concept to completion as a well-designed and expertly built device, at as affordable a price as is possible."

The machine shop, along with an electronics shop in a nearby building, is part of the Technical Science Administration, which provides low-cost technological services and expertise to the scientific community of the College of Arts and Sciences (and to the rest of the University at a somewhat higher rate). A sudent shop shares the space.

Kris Johnson, M.S. '96, is the shop's senior instrument technician. With undergraduate degrees in chemistry and math, a master's degree in physics, and a degree from the Lane Community College machine shop, he is uniquely qualified to help researchers bring their ideas to fruition. One of Johnson's recent projects, for physics professor Russ Donnelly, was to create a syringe device that expels a small volume of water from a tube, producing a traveling vortex ring in water. The intent is to figure out how to control the swirling ring. "The vortex of fluid dynamics is not understood," Johnson says. "It's an extremely complicated mathematical problem." Extremely complicated, and extremely important to Donnelly's ongoing research.

The shop's resident guru, Dave Senkovich, officially retired about five years ago after a twenty-five-year stint as manager of the University's chemistry stores and teaching labs, but he continues to work half-time in the machine shop because he thrives on the creative challenge. "People come in and they have an idea of how they want to do something," he says. "Everyone working in the shop has different strengths. We start talking, and we figure out how to approach it. We are treated as members of the research group."

Senkovich was instrumental in helping Dana Johnston create equipment that uses computer-controlled pressure vessels to simulate the physical and chemical environment of magma rising. "Dave got interested in my goal, and he designed an entirely new and much better way to generate and control the pressure than is used in other labs," Johnston says. "He

and Kris also suggested countless ways that they could make things for much lower cost than I could buy them commercially, enabling my grant funds to build a more extensive experimental setup."

The student shop offers a one-credit class in which undergrads learn to use the tools, but its main denizens are graduate students conducting scientific research. The students come in the door with a simple drawing or sometimes just an idea, says John Boosinger '03, student shop supervisor. "We discuss all the possibilities—from the plywood version to the stainless-steel and gold version." His first task is to teach the student researcher how to use the lathes, milling machines, drill presses, and other tools. "We don't give them busywork," he says. "We just start with the simplest parts of their projects. In a machine shop, if you follow instructions and watch the numbers, you'll end up with a nice product. The stuff they produce is top-notch." Use of the shop—with expert assistance—is just $10 per hour for student researchers.

> ***"I've had work done at this shop that started out with a sketch on a napkin,"***

Dana Johnston says he is not aware of any other university that gives student researchers the opportunity to build the gizmo of their dreams. "It shows students that their scientific endeavors aren't limited to experiments they can perform only with the equipment they can buy from a scientific supply house. Instead, they learn that there is no such limitation—if it doesn't exist for sale, they can build it!"

Johnston raves about the spirit of intellectual curiosity, integrity, and cooperation that pervades both shops. "Everyone has so much fun, be they the shop staff, faculty customers, or graduate student apprentice machinists," he says. "It's a unique and wonderful place where a different kind of learning goes on."

Boosinger's eyes light up as he gives voice to the intellectual excitement that infuses this basement workshop full of decades-old tools. "We have so much fun," he says. "I would work here for nothing."

—Rosemary Camozzi '96

DECISION SCIENCE

And the Winner is . . .

For a UO researcher, predicting Oscar winners is as easy as

$$\Pr(Y=j|\boldsymbol{x}_i)=\frac{\exp(\beta^T\boldsymbol{x}_{ij})}{\sum_{h\in C_i}\exp(\beta^T\boldsymbol{x}_{ih})}$$

Iain Pardoe is looking for a Hollywood ending. Not, mind you, a Hitchcock-style ending with twists, turns, and a hold-your-breath shock finale.

Like some Hollywood endings, Pardoe's does involve a formula. But instead of a secret, dark-shadows-in-the-alleyway-license-to-kill formula, it's one that Pardoe himself has devised as part of his research and teaching as an assistant professor in decision sciences at the UO's Charles H. Lundquist College of Business. It's a formula for the Oscars. More precisely, it's a formula that enables Pardoe to predict with a great degree of accuracy who will win best actor, best actress, and best director, as well as best picture at the Academy Awards.

Jack Liu

Assistant Professor Iain Pardoe, who conducts research on consumer purchasing decisions, combines his academic skills with his love for movies to make annual predictions of Academy Award winners.

"The motivation," Pardoe says, "was a class I was teaching in multivariate statistical methods."

Now "multivariate statistical methods" may seem a long way from Hollywood and Vine, but the connection is there as the class deals with the discrete (as in "discretionary spending") choices people make under a variety of measurable circumstances. And while most of this research is applied to marketing—determining what product choices consumers will make—it can be used to assess a wide number of choices. Pardoe wondered how it might work for the annual selection of Oscar winners made by the voting members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

"I've always been a huge fan of movies," Pardoe says. (His favorites are the first two *Godfather* movies and Wim Wenders's *Wings of Desire*.)

A native of England, Pardoe says that since coming to America in 1996 he has enjoyed watching the Academy Awards ceremonies on American TV, even though they are at times "a little over the top."

A few years back, he recognized that his movie-loving side and his professional interests intersected at the Oscars.

"I noticed," Pardoe says, "that the Academy Awards come right at the end

Gold Statue Crystal Ball

On February 25, the limos rolled up, the stars walked the red carpet, the envelopes were torn open, and the Oscars went to the winners—all while *Oregon Quarterly* was being printed. So while we can't tell you Iain Pardoe's accuracy in prognosticating, we can list his predictions for the 2007 Academy Awards:

BEST PICTURE
Babel

BEST DIRECTOR
Martin Scorsese
The Departed

BEST ACTOR
Forest Whitaker
The Last King of Scotland

BEST ACTRESS
Helen Mirren
The Queen

NEWS IN BRIEF

DUCK WINS RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

Andrew Shipley '06 is one of thirty-two Americans to receive a Rhodes Scholarship this year. He will spend three years studying at Oxford University. Shipley is the first UO grad in more than a dozen years to be named a Rhodes scholar and joins eighteen others who have received the prestigious award.

MATTHEWS NAMED EDITOR FOR *PROTEIN SCIENCE*

Physics professor Brian W. Matthews, a member of the Institute of Molecular Biology, has been named editor-in-chief of the academic journal *Protein Science*, a leading international publication that focuses on advancements in research on protein molecules. Matthews, a Howard Hughes Medical Institute investigator, joined the UO faculty in 1969. He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

KNIGHT PROFESSORSHIP BESTOWED

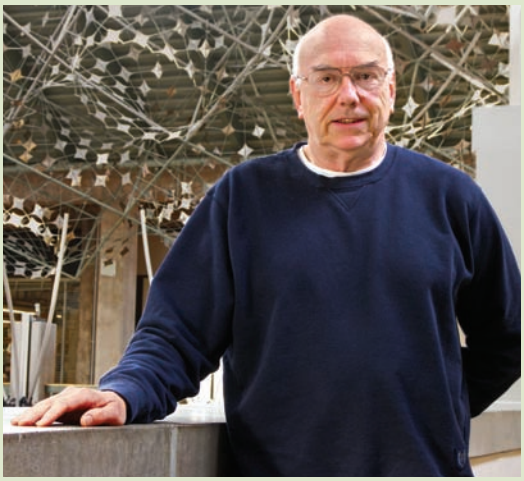
Physics professor Michael G. Raymer has been named Knight Professor of Liberal Arts and Sciences. Raymer joined the UO's Department of Physics in 1988 was the founding director of the Oregon Center for Optics.

UO SPINOFF NAMED BIOSCIENCE COMPANY OF THE YEAR

A University of Oregon spinoff company, Electrical Geodesics Inc. (EGI), was named the Oregon Bioscience Company of the Year. EGI designs, produces, and sells electrophysical neuroimaging equipment and related software. The company also employs undergraduates, graduate students, and postdoctoral fellows, serving as a training ground in the field of cognitive neuroscience.

TWO PHYSICISTS HONORED

Two University of Oregon physicists—John J. Toner and Hailin Wang—are among 212 scientists chosen as 2006 fellows by the American Physical Society. Toner's research interests range from studies of transport in disordered superconductors to models for the motion of flocks of birds. Wang studies optical interactions in artificially engineered semiconductor nanostructures. Since 1995, nine UO physicists have been chosen as fellows.



Ariel Kahn

PROFILE

ROBERT ZIMMERMAN

TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY students pack the lecture hall, many with their fingers dancing across the keys of laptop computers, listening intently as Robert Zimmerman leads the Astronomy 122 class.

They follow in the path of more than 30,000 students who have studied the amazing science surrounding exploding stars and shooting comets in Zimmerman's UO classes since 1966.

As an astrophysicist, Zimmerman has spent his life in awestruck wonder of the galaxies above; his challenge is how to inspire that same fascination in successive generations of students. "When I first started, it was simple," says Zimmerman of teaching in the physics department during the '60s. "Stand in the room and talk. But now, we have PowerPoint lectures and notes posted online, PDFs, e-mail—all of these things that have made learning more high tech."

Along with classroom technology, astronomy itself has made great strides forward in four decades. Zimmerman enthusiastically incorporates the advances in his teaching, for example, illustrating his lectures and assignments with the stunning images gathered by the Hubble Space Telescope. Students find them "mesmerizing," he says.

Understanding the busy schedules of many college students, Zimmerman sacrifices his evenings, offering night study sessions to help students review for exams.

"I'll sit there . . . and answer questions until they don't have any more," says Zimmerman. "I want them to really understand the concepts I'm teaching."

At the end of fall term last year, a student e-mailed Zimmerman to tell him he had changed the student's outlook on college.

"He said that starting out he didn't really care about any of his classes," Zimmerman recalls, "But that through my class I instilled in him the idea that he wants to learn everything about every subject."

"Of course I kept that e-mail. Those are the ones you don't delete."

While the campus has added many buildings, and students have exchanged slide rules for laptops in forty years, Zimmerman's views on good teaching have remained constant.

"Enthusiasm is key," he says. "I think students can tell when you have it and it makes a big difference."

Name: Robert Zimmerman
Education: B.A. '58 from the UO, Ph.D. '63 from the University of Washington
Teaching Experience: Forty-one years of physics and astronomy courses at the UO
Accolades: Rippey Award for Innovative Teaching
Off Campus: Zimmerman is a self-proclaimed Duck athletics "fanatic." He and his wife attend many athletic events, everything from lacrosse to wrestling.
Last Word: "I would hope my students would say I opened their eyes to the view of the universe and things they haven't yet heard about."

— WHITNEY MALKIN

of the awards season—following the Golden Globe and the Screen Actors Guild events—and that every year there is a media frenzy over who is going to win based on information coming in over time." Could, he wondered, all of this information be fed into a formula like the ones used in discrete choice modeling to determine the most likely winners of the Academy Awards? "It seemed like a natural fit," he says. "I began working on it in my spare time, my down time and lunch hour."

To see just how natural—and accurate—the fit was, Pardoe began thinking about just what information would be most important to the accuracy of the predictions. For each actor or picture he looked at such factors as previous nominations, earlier wins, number of other nominations, as well as other award nominations and wins. Some factors seemed to carry more weight than others. For example, of the sixty-two best picture Oscar winners from 1943 to 2004, thirty-four had won a Golden Globe for best picture a few weeks earlier. The weight of other factors has changed with time, as previous wins have hurt best actor nominees more in the 1940s and recently than they did in the 1960s and 1970s.

"Eventually it seemed as if I had something substantial, that the models were accurate."

In 2005, Pardoe presented a paper on his ideas at the largest gathering of statisticians in North America, the Joint Statistical Meetings. Unsure as to how his presentation would be received, he was relieved and somewhat surprised by what happened.

"I got the strongest and most positive feedback of any paper I had ever given," he says. "People had lots of questions. They were really interested."

That interest, including an opportunity to publish his work in the statistical journal *Chance*, has put him in the media spotlight at Oscar time. He has been interviewed by local and regional newspapers, as well as by one radio station in Sydney, Australia.

Of course, as in Hollywood itself, the spotlight only shines on you when you're hot. And hot for Pardoe means accurate. From 1938, the first year enough data from earlier winners was available to apply to the formula, he has accurately predicted best picture, director, actor, and actress 69 percent of the time. With more information available, accuracy for the past thirty years has risen to 81 percent.

"There is always," he points out, "what they call the 'Nobody Knows Principle.'"

Last year, when he got three out of four correct, he says, all his work pointed to *Brokeback Mountain* as the front-runner for best picture. Though he went with his model, he had a feeling *Crash* was going to win. It did.

"The model," he says, "can't track things that are not in the model—stuff that's going on—the 'Hollywood buzz.' "

The End

—Jim McChesney '90

MUSIC

The Hladky Gig

What better way to honor a revered string professor than with a "cello-bration"?

Emeritus cello professor Robert Hladky (pronounced LAD-key), who taught cello, bass, and music history at the School of Music and Dance from 1961 to 1993, turned eighty last October. To commemorate the occasion, a group of his former students produced a festive cello and bass ensemble concert—a "cello-bration"—in Beall Concert Hall.

Masterminding the event was former Hladky student Susan Rockey Bowles '75, M.Mus. '77. A longtime friend of Hladky's, Bowles contacted a core group of her college classmates in spring 2006 to kindle their interest in a celebration of this landmark birthday for their beloved teacher. "I thought we should have a concert, gathering as many former students as we could locate, to show the product of [Hladky's] years of teaching," says Bowles. "I knew that would be the highest honor we could give him."

E-mails and letters about the proposed event were soon bouncing around the globe. Bowles enlisted the help of Hladky's wife, Joan, and the UO music school staff. Together, they chose a date and sent questionnaires to former students: Who could attend? Who was willing to play in the concert? What were the different skill levels of the far-flung participants?

Dozens of former Hladky students responded and began to prepare for the tribute concert—some of them tuning up for the first time in years, others working the performance into their busy schedules as professional musicians. Musical selections were chosen and adapted for the occasion. Varying skill levels and

DUCK SITES

WEBSITES OF INTEREST TO OQ READERS

Cello-bration participants: Back Row *(l to r): Nathan Waddell '84, M.Mus. '95; Patricia Lyons '76; Greg Nathan '77; Paul Joines '75; John Gibbens '67; Julie McCornack Sadie '70; Alice Reberger Volwiler '76, M.Mus '79; and Bill Hunt '73.* ***Middle Row:*** *Kari Epstein Haugen '82; George Struble; Greg Dugan; Jason Heald, Ph.D. '98; Jeff Bradetich; Bruce deBord '87; Jim Lund '83; Jim Pelley, M.Mus. '78, Ph.D. '86; Ty Young; Maria deRungs McKinney '78; Laura Yeater Handler '74; Georgienne Puls Young '76, M.Mus. '77; and David Chinburg '73.* ***Front Row:*** *Dale Bradley '81, M.Mus '84; Jon Brand; Robert Hladky; Susan Rockey Bowles '75, 'M.Mus. '77; and Ken Finch '81. Also in attendance, but not in this photo: Jeff Defty; Sara McLennan Garrett '76, M.Mus. '83; Rhonda Johnson; and Forrest Moyer '83, M.Mus. '87.*

last-minute rehearsals are not the norm, and not the ideal situation for a first-rate performance, but "I wanted people to be comfortable and enjoy the experience of playing, and not feel stressed about it," says Bowles, since 1980 a full-time cellist with the Colorado Symphony Orchestra. "It was more about getting together and having a good time."

The night before the performance, more than thirty of Hladky's former students took to the stage for intense rehearsals. Afterward they enjoyed a reunion potluck at Hladky's Pleasant Hill Christmas tree farm. Beverages and reminiscences flowed, including talk of memorable postrecital gatherings and hard-fought wiffle ball games hosted by Hladky on his property. (Ever conscious of upcoming performances, Hladky encouraged students to play wiffle ball instead of baseball—fewer hand injuries that way.)

"One thing you have to know about Dr. Hladky is that his demeanor and ability as a professor still causes us all to call him DOCTOR Hladky," said Ken Finch '75. "Even at his eightieth birthday party, it was difficult for us old cello players to call him 'Bob.'"

The following night, Beall Hall filled to the rafters with cello and bass aficionados. Acknowledging Hladky's other life as a gentleman farmer, the stage was resplendent with hay bales, a tractor banner, and a Christmas tree decorated with a wiffle ball and bat set. The stage was crowded with musicians and their mammoth instruments. Playing alongside world-class professionals were a police officer, a computer specialist, and a retired math professor, former students who had practiced and made the pilgrimage to honor Hladky. One performer even came from England to participate in the tribute.

Hladky took to the stage for Villa-Lobos's *Bachianas Brasilieras No.1*, and for the finale—a string adaptation of "Mighty Oregon"—beat a bass drum, as he did when he sat in with the Alumni Band at Duck football games. Hladky notes, "That way, I got into the games for free." The concert was followed by a bustling reception featuring a cello-shaped chocolate cake, complete with strings, fingerboards, and bow.

Hladky estimates that during his forty-plus years of instruction, he taught more than 1,000 cello and bass students in private lessons, not including, of course, the many students he taught in music history, history of symphony, and other courses at the University. He was amazed that so many people attended the cello-bration and thrilled to see so many of the students that he had worked with over the past four decades.

"I am very honored that I had the privilege of working with so many fine students," said Hladky. "I'm just delighted and happy that so many of them have successful lives. I often told them that I hoped they would become the best musicians they could be—but it was more important that they turn out to be fine citizens and contribute to the world and society in general."

A surprise birthday gift was announced at the concert: Former Hladky students, colleagues, and other friends have endowed the Robert Hladky Cello and Bass Scholarship, which will annually generate a $1,000 scholarship for a worthy student. To donate, contact DeNel Stoltz, director of development, School of Music and Dance, phone (541) 346-5687, or e-mail denel@uoregon.edu.

—KATHERINE GRIES '05

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No Average Joe

New OHSU leader sets sights on Oregon's medical future.

He strides up to a receptionist and extends a hand that once had a deft touch shooting a basketball. "Hi," he says. "I'm Joe."

Dr. Joseph Robertson Jr., M.B.A '97, has an unassuming manner that bears quiet witness to his roots as the only son of an Indiana wheat miller. But if you listen to the dozens of Oregon Health & Science University employees he met in December during one of his regular walks of the Portland campus, it's clear that he is no average Joe.

Robertson capped a rapid ascent through OHSU's management ranks in July, when the board of directors named him president, closing a nationwide search by banking on their own medical school dean. Robertson succeeded the renowned Dr. Peter Kohler to become the fourth president since the former University of Oregon institution became independent in 1974.

The stakes are high. OHSU offers many things to Oregonians:

- Two of the state's top hospitals for treating the most life-threatening cases of illness and injury
- The only medical school in a state losing more doctors than it produces, and a trainer of other skilled medical professionals such as nurses and dentists
- A research hub where scientists try to conquer what ails us, from obesity to cancer
- A lure for entrepreneurs on the frontiers of medicine and biotechnology
- Portland's largest employer and, aside from state and federal governments, Oregon's fourth-largest, with 12,000 on the payroll
- An annual generator of $2.7 billion in regional economic activity.

A twenty-first century medical research center is a big step from the Robertson Corporation of Brownstone, Indiana, the 126-year-old family business where young Joe Jr. helped make Glu-X, a wheat-based plywood adhesive. His father, Joe Sr., eighty-nine, still reports to work.

Photo courtesy of Oregon Health & Science University

New president of Oregon Health & Science University Joseph Robertson Jr.

Robertson says he learned in Brownstone that "for the business to be successful, everyone has to do more than their part."

Yale University recruited Robertson partly for his basketball talent. He played guard his freshman year and part of the next before deciding he was better suited for science, a longtime passion that carried him on to medical school at Indiana University and then, in 1979, to an ophthalmology residency at OHSU.

Years after Robertson built a reputation as an eye surgeon, Dr. Frederick "Fritz" Fraunfelder '58, M.D. '60, suggested that he might prepare himself to succeed Fraunfelder as chairman of OHSU's Casey Eye Institute. Robertson enrolled in the Oregon Executive M.B.A. program, a collaboration of the UO, Oregon State, and Portland State. He graduated as covaledictorian, classmates voted him "preferred boss," and he soon took the top spot at Casey. In 2003, he became dean of the OHSU School of Medicine.

OEMBA classmates Mary Kaufmann, M.B.A. '97, and Xandra McKeown, M.B.A. '97, say Robertson succeeds because he values everyone's ideas when making decisions.

"I think good leaders are consensus-builders," says McKeown, a bank executive who chairs the foundation board for OHSU's Doernbecher Children's Hospital. "He is not stuffy. He is not in any way condescending. He reaches out to people."

Adds Kaufmann, a retired hotel executive: "He takes on responsibility very easily."

He'll have plenty of responsibility following Kohler, who is something of a legend across OHSU's Marquam Hill, a place of jaw-dropping views that extend from the Willamette River below to Cascade volcanoes on the eastern horizon. During Kohler's eighteen-year tenure, OHSU's annual patient visits tripled to 769,000, its budget grew fivefold to $1.26 billion, and research grant awards increased sevenfold to $294 million. In just ten years, the School of Medicine rose from forty-fifth to twenty-fourth on the National Institutes of Health's funding list.

Expectations are high. Kohler believes Robertson has the right mix of leadership skills to continue leading OHSU's climb up the list of elite medical institutions. "Being the president of a health university is a very complicated position because there are so many constituencies," Kohler

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says. "I think he has learned how to balance the various needs very well."

Since becoming president, Robertson has made it a point to schedule regular campus tours and trips around the state, to introduce himself, and then step back and listen.

"I feel the responsibility of doing this to make sure that all of the university feels connected, and to make sure that OHSU and all the state of Oregon feel connected," he says.

"He is the face, now, of the institution," says Henry Hewitt, a Portland attorney who chaired the OHSU board's presidential search committee.

Back on the recent campus walk, Robertson steps into a holiday party and is enveloped by employees chattering about the new aerial tram connecting Sylvan Hill to the developing South Waterfront area. In December, the two capsule-shaped cars hadn't yet been named.

Someone suggests "Peter" and "Joe," after the president who got them where they are today and the one who promises new heights.

"Whatever car's going up," one offers, "that's Joe."

—Eric Apalategui '89

UO Medical Program to Help Address State's Looming Doctor Crisis

After a generation away, medical students are returning to the University of Oregon.

In 2008, about twenty first-year Oregon Health & Science University medical students will begin studies at the UO. Their course work will include new UO offerings in gross anatomy, systems and cell physiology, and clinical applications, before they go to Portland for second-year studies. The number of medical students starting in Eugene is expected to double by 2010. (The main OHSU campus is expanding to enroll 160 new medical students, up from 120 this year.)

The partnership with the UO's former medical school, OHSU, and with Sacred Heart Medical Center will boost the supply of physicians educated in Oregon.

"We can significantly increase the number of students we train without making large capital investments, and we can do it quickly," says OHSU president Dr. Joseph Robertson Jr., M.B.A. '97, who started planning the partnership while dean of the Portland university's School of Medicine. It's an unusual approach to a nationwide challenge. Other medical schools have multiple campuses to increase enrollment, but few team up so closely with other universities and private health systems, Robertson says.

The Eugene program is a model for future partnerships planned in more Oregon communities, including Corvallis. The strategy will introduce new doctors to rural areas most harmed by the looming shortages.

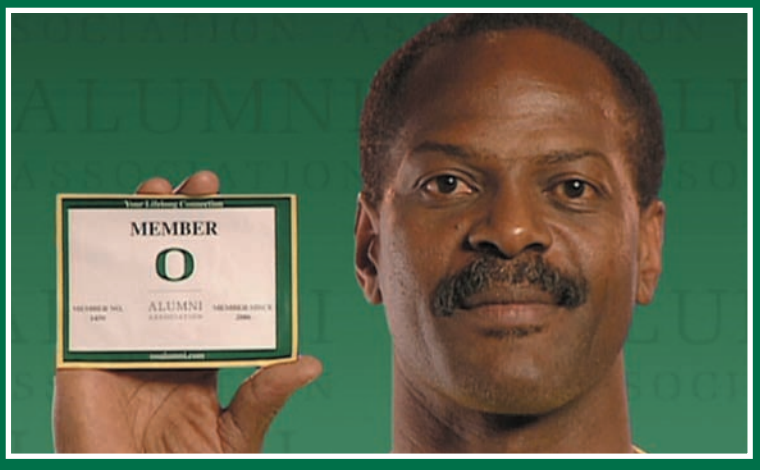
"In a few short years, we will be facing a serious physician shortfall," said Mel Pyne, regional CEO of PeaceHealth, which owns Sacred Heart. "The collaboration . . . is an important step in a statewide strategy to keep more physicians in Oregon."

Gary Klug, head of the UO Department of Human Physiology, says the collaboration enriches the University's curriculum and strengthens research ties with the community, and the medical students will be another resource on and off campus.

Sacred Heart already hosts fourth-year OHSU medical students at its Center for Medical Education and Research, which opened last year at the Hilyard Street campus. Next year the center will expand to accommodate up to 100 third- and fourth-year students who train with area physicians.

—*EA*

ONCE A DUCK, ALWAYS A DUCK.



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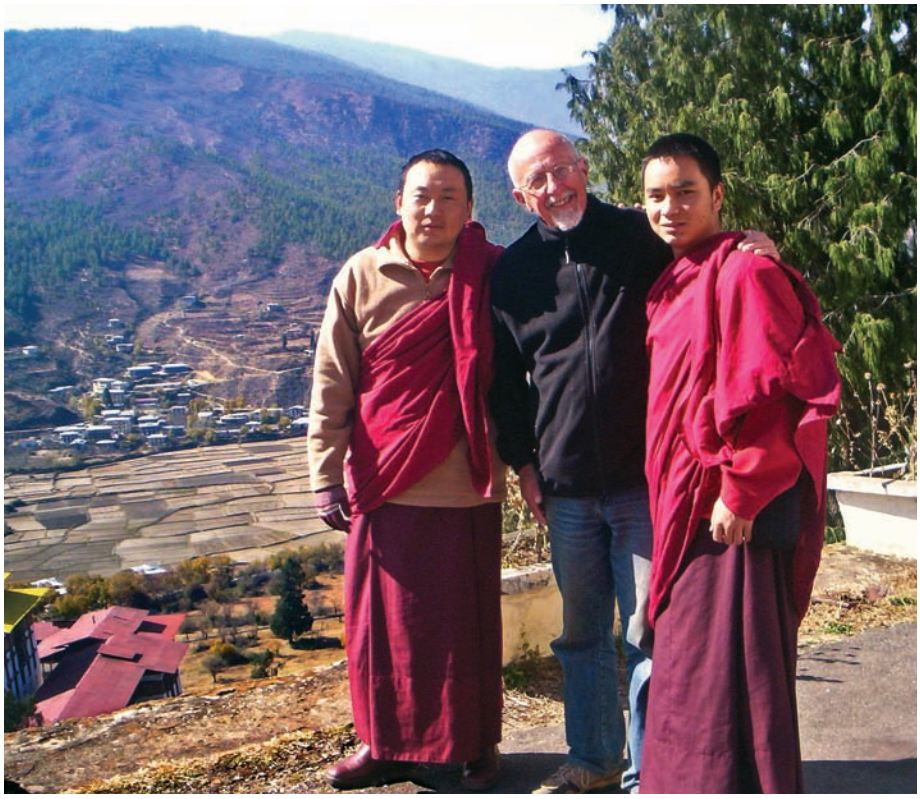

Photo courtesy of Thomas Grigsby

Thomas Grigsby with two Bhutanese monks

Letter from Bhutan

A newcomer's view of a rarely visited country

Editor's note: In May 2006 Thomas Grigsby, Ph.D. '76, began a six-month stint teaching English to 100 monks at a monastery, the Sangchen Chokhor Buddhist College, near Paro, Bhutan. Soon after arriving in the exotic, landlocked country—half the size of Oregon, situated high in the mountains between India and China—he wrote the following letter to friends and family.

Grigsby divides his time between Bulgaria, where he first visited as a Peace Corps volunteer in 1998, and a small village in central Mexico where he conducts research on local Indian cosmology.

I'M SETTLED IN AT THE MONASTERY WHERE I've inherited my teaching predecessor's old room in the monastery's manse. The door to the house is rather low; I think about 152 centimeters [about 5'—Grigsby is 5' 11"]. As a result, I've continually bashed my head on the door frame and have adopted a hunched-over posture when I'm in the house and pass from room to room. On the south side of the building is a little temple that houses the resident *lu*, a female aquatic spirit whose lower half is reptilian and, if sufficiently riled, causes leprosy.

It's a short walk from my house to the driveway gate, past a hillock topped with a shrine and aflutter with prayer flags, and into the monastery courtyard. On arrival I whirl the huge prayer cylinders that stand at the courtyard's entrance and contain the Sanskrit mantra *Om mani peme hum* [a mantra traditionally translated as "Hail, the gem in the lotus"]. I spin those potent words off into the crystalline Himalayan air and hope for success in my daily lessons.

I give two classes a day; the first class begins about 10:15, the second at 15:30. I start each session by calling role. I've gotten on to the aspirated consonants that characterize the Dzongkha language but haven't yet put all of the faces to names. A further mention about Bhutanese personal names: I've read somewhere that there are about 200 Bhutanese names that get recycled and recombined. There are no family names and names don't usually reflect gender. Furthermore, Dzongkha has two tones, so one has to be careful in pronunciation. By mixing up my tones I

inadvertently called a female shopkeeper "Miss Shoe."

Also regarding language: my little phrase book in Dzongkha has the following pithy sentences, which reflect the linkage between language and culture: *Zii gi rochi se zha nu*, "The leopard has killed the dog"; and *Tshema na dom ci shi doe nu*, "There is a dead bear in the woods." I've yet to meet either of the subjects of the above sentences on my morning walks through the woods, although a *mi goe*, a yeti or abominable snowman, is rumored to live not far up the hill among the blue

. . . Dzongkha has two tones, so one has to be careful in pronunciation. By mixing up my tones I inadvertently called a female shopkeeper "Miss Shoe."

pines and rhododendrons that crowd the slopes.

Here are some reflections on the food. Every meal has rice—either the local red variety or the more familiar white imported from Japan—and blistering hot chilies of some sort or another, which are used as vegetables instead of spices. Fiddlehead ferns, strips of asparagus, and cheese also appear on the menu with some regularity. Meat is rarely served and is usually beef that has been sun-dried at some indeterminate time in the past.

Then there's *doma*—betel nut wrapped in a leaf smeared with lime paste and chewed with a passion by almost all Bhutanese. Mildly relaxing and jolly inciting, the *doma* juice looks like blood and is spat wherever consumed. I suppose that the red, spittle-flecked sidewalks are better than the spent chewing-gum wads that splotch our European and American streets, since a good rain washes away the betel stains. Those same stains are fairly hard to get off your teeth and I've stopped chewing the stuff because the inevitable dribble turns my goatee red.

Teaching the monks English is a challenge. Most of the men attended public schools before coming to the monastery and it has been the Ministry of Education's policy to start English as a second language in primary school. However,

the monks from the more out-of-the-way parts of this mountainous country probably didn't get much language instruction and so the level of competency is quite uneven. This, as you can imagine, presents problems when faced with a class of fifty-six individuals. Moreover, I'm using a British publication, *Headway*, as a text and it's filled with exercises and vocabulary that, to my pupils, could have been authored by Martians. An example: "Correct the following sentence—Tokyo is the capital of China." Many of my students don't know where or what Tokyo is.

I've attended three* pujas *or rituals. The attendees sit in a lotus position and the monks chant Bhutanese prayers and throat sing to the steady beat of drums. The* puja *is finished when the honored guests drink rice brandy from a cup made from a human skull-cap.

I've attended three *pujas* or rituals. The attendees sit in a lotus position in a large rectangular room and the monks chant Bhutanese prayers and throat sing to the steady beat of drums. The interplay of the rhythm and the chanting reminds me of hip-hop. The chanting is accented at intervals by four musical instruments; a long brass trumpet, a double-reed oboe, conch shells, and a trumpet made from a human thighbone. The deep, throaty monotone of the brass trumpet is reminiscent of the sound of the cosmos, om, and is, to my mind, comforting. On the other hand, the keening, blatting call and response of the two thighbone trumpets I find to be unsettling and I think that they are used to remind us of our mortality. The *puja* is finished when the honored guests drink rice brandy from a cup made from a human skull-cap.

All in all, I feel very comfortable here among the kind and gentle Bhutanese and welcome the challenge of teaching them English.

Tim LaBarge

Plucky publisher Brett Warnock among his books

Comic Relief

Stiff drinks, getting stiffed, and stiff competition in the world of graphic novels

Brett Warnock '89 began his career trajectory like many other visual design graduates—filling pitchers with Bud Lite for budget-drinkers and pouring premium-label, top-shelf liquors for those with more discerning tastes. But unlike some art school compatriots, he was also fulfilling his childhood dream.

Using money he inherited after his mother's death, he was publishing local artists' comic books out of his basement. Two years and twenty books later, he was still bartending. "The comic book industry was dying," he says.

When his inheritance ran out and his tips no longer covered publishing expenses, Warnock joined forces with Chris Staros, a business-savvy engineer with a passion for graphic novels (a novel expressed in a combination of text and art, often in comic-strip form). They called their publishing company Top Shelf Productions and crafted marketing plans to sell graphic novels to comic book shops and booksellers—Borders, Barnes & Noble—through trade distributors. Creating a new publishing company was a huge gamble, says Warnock. "With the Internet and DVDs, no one reads anymore."

From 1997 to 2002, Top Shelf published 150 comic books and graphic novels, including *Box Office Poison* by Alex Robinson and *From Hell* by Alan Moore and Eddie Campbell, which was made into a motion picture in 2001 and starred Johnny Depp. But the company was still operating in the red. Warnock continued to bartend to cover his mortgage, authors' advances and royalties, printers' bills, storage bills, and shipping expenses. He was halfway through a double shift when Staros called with bad news.

Top Shelf's distributor, which owed the company $80,000, went belly-up. "I couldn't even speak," says Warnock. "The dream that we worked on so hard and put everything we had into was dead. Except for the deaths of my parents, I had never been so rocked. I was paralyzed and sick."

Warnock grew up in Portland's suburbs reading superhero comic books. When he moved to Eugene in 1985 to attend the UO, his love for comic books grew after he wandered into the now-defunct Hungry Head bookstore. It sold non-superhero comic books, graphic novels, and zines. He learned that "comics can tell any type of story—not just men in tights" and that "anyone can publish."

So he tried it himself. He illustrated and published his own fourteen-page zine. "It sucked," he says. "I can't draw. But the experience of putting it together was awesome. I got the bug to publish far superior artists."

And this is exactly what Warnock was doing when Top Shelf's financial disaster hit. He and Staros had to tell their authors the news. They sent out an e-mail: ". . . our book trade distributor declared bankruptcy. They bounced an $18,000 check on us this week, causing the last thirty checks we cut to people to bounce . . . .

Top Shelf's distributor, which owed the company $80,000, went belly-up. "I couldn't even speak," says Warnock. "The dream that we worked on so hard and put everything we had into was dead. Except for the deaths of my parents, I had never been so rocked. I was paralyzed and sick."

We'll never quit, but we might have to slow down until we can make good on those bad checks."

A second e-mail went out to industry executives, retailers, clients, and fans asking for help: "To put it bluntly . . . if we don't raise $20,000 this month, it could force us to suspend publishing operations for the foreseeable future. If 400–500 of you can find it in your hearts to each spend around fifty bucks on our books, this would literally pull us through."

The e-mail campaign succeeded. Just twelve hours after Top Shelf's electronic mayday went out, more than 1,000 book orders were placed. The company was back in business. "It was a flippin' miracle," Warnock says.

Top Shelf's big commercial break came three years later, in 2003, when it published Craig Thompson's 600-page graphic novel *Blankets*. "It was an overnight sensation," says Warnock. "It sold 50,000 copies." Although the book launched the author's career, he decided against working with Top Shelf on future

endeavors. A New York publisher offered Thompson an advance on his next book that Top Shelf couldn't match, Warnock explains.

Last year, Top Shelf published *Lost Girls* by authors Alan Moore and Melinda Gebbie, which has also been a hit. The first printing sold out overnight. The second printing sold out before it hit the stores. So did the third. Forty thousand copies sold in less than six months.

This year marks Top Shelf's tenth anniversary, and Warnock and Staros have much to celebrate. The company is back on its feet. The 2006 *Best American Comics* anthology contains chapters from Top Shelf authors. Acclaim for Top Shelf creators has appeared in *Wired*, *The New York Times Book Review*, *Rolling Stone*, and *Entertainment Weekly*. As graphic novel sales are rising, Warnock spends his time looking for authors and illustrators to publish. And now when he and Staros get together to toast their success, someone else does the pouring.

—Michele Taylor, M.S. '03

The L-word

New memoir documents one man's life and the history of famous Hawaiian disease colony.

When he was ten years old, Henry Nalaielua posed for a picture that marked him for the rest of his life. An unknown photographer instructed him to cross his arms over his chest, and a stranger held an identification board next to his head that said, "Kalihi Hospital, May 19, 1936, 3367." Nalaielua had no idea that Kalihi Hospital was a treatment facility for Hansen's disease on the Hawaiian island of Oahu. He did not know that Hansen's disease is the clinical name for the ailment commonly known as leprosy or that 3367 numbered him among patients with the disease from that day forward. "All I knew for sure," he wrote, "was that my mother was crying and that her heart was breaking." In the photograph, his dark-skinned face is a mix of defiance and fear.

Seventy years later, the terrified little boy stared back at Nalaielua from the cover of a book he wrote documenting the story of his life as a Hansen's patient, *No Footprints in the Sand*. Coauthored with Sally-Jo Bowman, M.A. '84, a former UO adjunct professor and visiting professor of journalism, the book was a six-year project that grew from a few handwritten pages

Dawn Sakamoto, Watermark Publishing

Sally-Jo Bowman and Henry Nalaeilua at a book signing for No Footprints in the Sand

Nalaielua jotted down at the urging of a friend. In what Bowman describes as his "beautiful, tiny little handwriting," Nalaielua recorded a lifetime of memories that had begun to fade in recent years. The tale begins with his admission into Kalihi, then moves to Kalaupapa, the well-known Hansen's colony on the island of Molokai with its tragic history of suffering and forced exile. Chosen for its inaccessibility, Kalaupapa sits on a triangular peninsula, pummeled on two sides by the Pacific and fenced on the third by 2,000-foot cliffs. It was designated in 1866 as a settlement to quarantine Hansen's patients and is still home to a few hundred voluntary residents, including Nalaielua. Now eighty-one years old, his time at Kalaupapa spans over half the colony's history.

In the book's prologue, Bowman explains the significance of Nalaielua's carefully chosen title for his memoir.

> *The sand beach that stretches nearly a mile beyond the wharf was always laid smooth by the tide. Hansen's disease plays havoc with feet, ulcerating them, crippling them. Such feet walk poorly. And in sand they cannot walk at all. Most patients in Henry's time left no footprints in that golden sand.*

Although he struggled with mobility throughout his life, Nalaielua was fortunate. Patients only a generation earlier endured strict isolation and the unpredictable fate of an untreatable disease. Nalaielua came of age in the 1940s when sulfone drugs were found to effectively treat symptoms such as skin lesions and nerve damage. With treatment, his prognosis greatly improved. Nalaielua traveled, worked, married, mastered the ukulele and upright bass, took up drawing and painting. He became a respected expert on the history of Kalaupapa and the legacy of the Catholic priest, Father Damien, who ministered to lepers at the height of public fear and misinformation about the disease.

Bowman likens the frightened public perception in those days to "the way AIDS was ten or fifteen years ago. For a long time there was no good treatment. People were marked their whole lives being called 'lepers.'"

Throughout *No Footprints*, Nalaielua revisits his own changing perceptions of what being labeled a "leper" meant in his own life. He recalls a teacher encouraging him to stay in school at a time when he was more inclined to spend his days fishing.

"Her argument was that I needed to be well educated because someday I might get out of Kalaupapa. I should think about my future career. 'For what?' I asked. 'I never going get out. No need school for drive one rubbish truck at Kalaupapa.'"

But leave he did, periodically traveling to other islands, to the mainland, even to Belgium on several occasions. In the process, he lived an adventure compelling enough to put *No Footprints in the Sand* on Hawaiian bestseller lists repeatedly since

ALUMNI CENTER CAMPAIGN GAINS MOMENTUM

The $20 million Alumni Center campaign has moved forward with the appointment of a leadership committee. Joining honorary chair Cheryl Ramberg Ford '66 are cochairs Teri Giustina, M.S. '86, and George Glass '82 (both are past presidents of the UOAA Board of Directors, and Glass currently serves on the UO Foundation Board of Trustees). Committee members include Marcia Aaron '86, Jon Anderson '88, Arthur Carmichael '62, Gaylord Davis '68, Roger Engemann '64, Bob Fenstermacher '72, Dave Hilles, George Hosfield '79, M.B.A. '82, and Peter Powell '78. The new center will include reception and gathering space for alumni and other campus visitors, conference and meeting room space designed for campuswide use, display areas to recognize University history and alumni accomplishments, and offices for the UO Alumni Association, UO Foundation, and the University's Office of Development.

SCHOLARSHIP ALERT

The Alumni Association's thirteen chapters annually provide scholarships in amounts between $500 and $2,000 to recipients in defined geographic locations. The deadline for the 2007–8 incoming freshman scholarships is April 1, 2007. For complete information, go to uoalumni.com.

A WAY TO SAVE

UO alumni can reduce their monthly student loan payments by as much as 45 percent with the Alumni Loan Consolidation Program. Find out more information by calling (800) 930-7541 or visit uoalumni.com.

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Want more information about the Alumni Association and fellow alumni? Sign up for *UOAA News,* the monthly e-newsletter of the Alumni Association. Send your name, class year, and current e-mail address to alumni@uoregon.edu.

HEADED TO THE BIG HOUSE

In September 2007 the Ducks will face Michigan in a rematch of Oregon's legendary 2003 victory at Autzen Stadium. You can be there. Visit uoalumni.com for information about the official tour to the Big House!

its publication in October.

Bowman remembers the moment she first placed the freshly bound 192-page volume in Nalaielua's hands, hands that have been curled inward or "crabbed" by the nerve damage common in Hansen's patients.

"He turned it over and over again. He had to hold the book and look at it for twenty minutes before it became real to him," she reflects. "He said, 'Wow! It's so big! I thought it was going to be the size of a pamphlet!'"

She points out that Nalaielua's story is indeed very "big," both in its historical significance as a living document and in its thematic scope.

"Elements of Henry's life are the classic elements of all our lives," she muses. "Sickness and health, love and loss. But the reader views it through the lens of leprosy and that lens vastly magnifies these elements. At the same time, there is something really ordinary about Henry from which we can all draw courage and learn lessons. He approaches everything as a great adventure."

—ADRIENNE VAN DER VALK

THE DUCK VINCI CODE?

While teaching a summer drawing workshop in Umbria, Italy, Kenneth O'Connell '66, M.F.A. '72, professor emeritus of the UO art department, came across and sketched this curiously Duck-y hedge at the Villa Lante, about an hour north of Rome.

1930

■ **Karl Landstrom** '30, M.A. '32, recently received a lifetime service award for outstanding public service from the national nonprofit Public Lands Foundation.

1950

Frank Walsh '51 has returned to Coos Bay to work on a project to revitalize the Empire district of Coos Bay. He and his wife Maxine lived in Eugene for the past four years.

Tim Berg '59 has been named director of golf instruction at Sacramento County's Cherry Island Golf Course in Elverta, California. He has worked in golf course operations for the past thirty-eight years.

1960

■ **Stephen Wasby,** M.A. '61, Ph.D. '62, recently served as a U. G. Dubach Visiting Distinguished Professor of Political Science at Oregon State University.

Alaby Blivet '63 has launched the "Biscuits Not Bullets" campaign with a mission of "sharing hundreds of tons of delicious Blivet Biscuit Works partially hydrogenated food products with a hungry world." Asked if the fragile biscuits would survive international transport, Blivet replied, "These babies are tough as nails and have the shelf life of granite." He denied that the gift had anything to do with recent FDA crackdowns on sales of trans-fatty foods or with tax advantages he'd reap from the charity work.

■ **Mike Lindberg** '63 was honored with the Nohad A. Toulan Urban Pioneer Award for Public Service in May at Portland State University for his work as a commissioner of the Portland City Council. He is employed as a senior counsel for Fleishman-Hillard International Communications in Portland and volunteers with numerous non-profit organizations.

Ralph Mohr '63 gave the opening presentation for the 2006 Reed College Latin Forum. He enjoys swimming, and recently won the national championship in the United States Masters Swimming postal 6,000-yard competition and was runner-up in the 3,000-yard event. He retired after thirty-one years of teaching English and Latin at Marshfield High School in Coos Bay.

John Michelet '65 recently published his book, *Advertising: Industry in Peril*. The book identifies the causes and consequences of the ten fundamental problems that are crippling the ad industry.

■ **Victor E. Hill IV,** Ph.D. '66, retired after forty years of teaching mathematics at Willliams College. He is still performing as a harpsichordist and organist in his own concert series at the college.

Doug Bates '68 won the Pulitzer Prize in 2004 for his series of editorials, "Oregon's Forgotten Hospital," for *The Oregonian*. The series chronicled the state's mental health system. Bates joined the editorial board of *The Oregonian* in 1993 and serves as an associate editor. He and his wife Gloria live in Portland and have four grown children.

1970

Harlen Springer '70 has been appointed president of Numi Organic Tea in Oakland, California.

■ **Michael B. Wilkes** '71 received recognition as one of the "120 Top Influentials" in San Diego from San Diego's *Business Daily*. He works as CEO of the Delawie Wilkes Rodrigues Barker architecture firm.

Andy Ferguson '73 has founded South Mountain China Tours as a part of his work with the San Francisco Zen Center. He also gives tours of San Francisco's Chinatown.

Greg Byrne, M.U.P. '79, was selected as the Bainbridge Island director of planning and community development. He has previously worked in Fort Collins, Colorado, and Eugene.

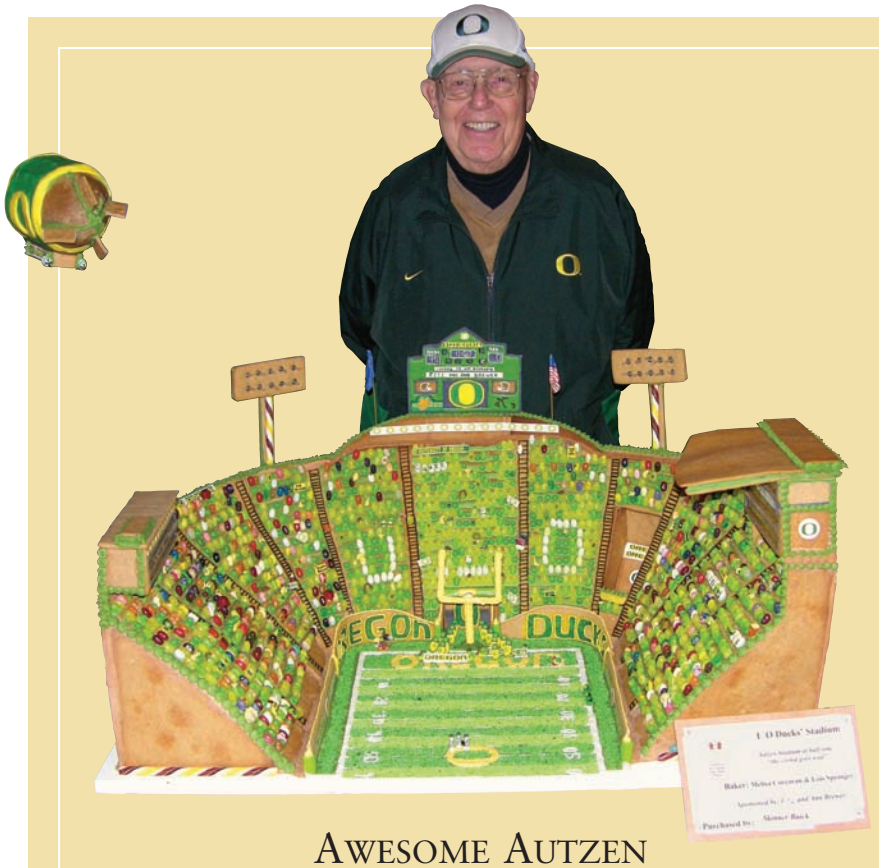
1980

Avi Lev, J.D. '80, became senior tax attorney at Davis, Malm & D'Agostine in Boston, Massachusetts. He and his wife Patricia live at the beach in Nahant, Massachusetts.

Debbie Wadleigh '80 returned to Oregon in September and is working as the manager in Woodburn Memorial Aquatic Center.

■ **Doug Kemmerley**, M.B.A. '82, has joined Marubeni Pulp & Paper North America as a sales manager for the Peace River, Alberta, wood pulp operation. He and his wife and daughter live in Avon, Connecticut.

■ **Lieutenant Colonel Kathy Miskill Hahn** '83 retired from the U.S. Air Force after a twenty-year career. She enjoys musical theater and recently starred in *The Oregon Trail: The Musical*.



Awesome Autzen

THIS GINGERBREAD REPLICA OF AUTZEN STADIUM, created with sponsorship from avid Duck fans **Fitz Brewer '53** and his wife **Ann '53**, includes players, band, referees, hot dog vendor, cheerleaders—and a blimp. More than 1,800 Jelly Belly candies, three pounds of brown sugar, many bowls of icing, and six batches of Rice Krispies Treats decorate the stadium, while three loaves of French bread provide structural support. The piece was auctioned to benefit the Craterian Ginger Rogers Theater in Medford with **Jennifer Skinner '98** placing the winning bid. She displayed the colossal confection during the holidays at the Skinner Buick Cadillac Pontiac dealership in Medford, owned by her father, John Skinner, who attended a certain beaver-mascoted university.

Geoffrey Louis McFadden '83 is working as a sales specialist for Grainger, Inc., an industrial supplier, in Tigard. His daughter Samantha is a member of the Chi Omega sorority at the UO. He also has two younger sons.

Mary Dasso '84 was the first UO student to win the Marshall award. She earned her doctorate in biochemistry from King's College at Cambridge University. She later received a fellowship for postdoctoral work at UC San Diego.

Doug Levy '84 is now in his seventh year operating a government affairs consulting and lobbying business in the Seattle area.

■ **Joelle (Rankins) Goodwin** '86 is now working as a courtesy instructor of military science at the UO. She is also involved in the UOAA Lane County Chapter and, as Mrs. Eugene America 2007, was first runner-up in the Mrs. Oregon America Pageant.

■ **Lara Christine Simic** '86 recently received the Outstanding Professional Fundraising Executive of the Year award. Simic works as the associate vice chancellor of development and secretary of the UNC Charlotte Foundation and is also the chair of the board of directors for United Family Services.

Mike Yoder '88 has owned Walter Mitty's restaurant and bar in Lake Oswego for the past nine years.

1990

Wayne Goo '90 recently joined WCIT Architecture as an associate and project manager. He worked for several firms in Hawaii before joining the firm of Wimberly Allison Tong & Goo. He lives in Honolulu with his wife **Melissa** '89 and their two children.

Ali (Block) Pedego, Ph.D. '90, is currently working in the Boston area as an educational and behavioral consultant for Melmark New England.

Tiffany Mills '92 is working as a director and choreographer for a modern dance company in New York City. She also teaches as a guest artist.

Shunney Chung Nair '93 was elected secretary for the newly formed Houston Arts Alliance in Houston, Texas.

Peter Patchen, M.F.A. '93, was named chair of the Department of Digital Arts at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. He was previously employed at the University of Toledo as director of new media in the art department.

Kevin Bartoy '95 was selected as the director of archaeology for the Hermitage, home of President Andrew Jackson, in Nashville, Tennessee.

Cory Jubitz '96 started a copyediting and proofreading business. She has worked for newspapers and consumer magazines for the past eight years. She lives in Bend with her husband.

■ **Aubree (Meyer) Nash** '96 is now a loan officer and branch manager of Metro Residential Funding Inc. in Eugene. Aubree and her husband **Mark** '94 have lived in Eugene for the past eight years and have two children, Sydney, five, and Jacob, two.

Joseph Santos-Lyons '96 graduated from Harvard Divinity School through its religion and secondary education program. He is currently on sabbatical from the Unitarian Universalist Association, working as a student minister in the Philippines. He plans to return to Portland in 2007.

Be My Opus

Katha and Don Cato at work on Be My Oswald

When Don Cato, M.L.A. '76, and Katha Cato, M.F.A. '84, first began showing their independently produced, award-winning film *Be My Oswald* in November, Katha would wince at one point in the movie each time she saw it. The two main characters, known only as "A" and "B," step from the dark hallway of a decrepit commercial building in New York City and into a ramshackle room. To the casual observer, A's appearance doesn't change, but Katha couldn't help but focus on the glaring discrepancy between the two scenes: in the hallway A's stubby ponytail barely reaches her neck then, as the film cuts to an interior shot of the room, a lengthy ponytail touches the top of her shoulder blades. Ugh.

The problem was that the hallway sequence was filmed two-and-a-half years before the scenes in the room. That's what happens when you self-finance a movie and make it over the course of nine years, shooting like crazy for as long as you can whenever enough money had been saved to film. Don, who wrote the script and coproduced *Be My Oswald* with Katha, directed it while Katha starred as B. All the while both worked full-time day jobs—Don with a financial publishing company, Katha as a program director with a social service agency—and they put their two daughters through college. Making a movie from "paycheck to paycheck," as Don describes it, is as unconventional as the movie itself.

The film begins when A, a disgruntled and naive socialite, answers B's newspaper personal ad seeking a collaborator with whom to make a statement of some sort about the commercialized debauchery that Christmas has become. The socialite believes they are going to stage some sort of peaceful protest during the Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade, but B, whose militancy is nearly as staunch as her vegetarianism, has different plans—plans that involve a high-powered rifle, a national television audience, and Santa Claus, fat and jolly, waving from the throne atop his parade float.

When B's plot becomes clear to A, she decides to stop it, and the two wage a battle of wills while their Thanksgiving Day brunch is being catered by a marijuana-puffing grandma. Unconventional, indeed.

Don and Katha owe much of their approach as filmmakers to their time at the UO. The M.L.A. after Don's name stands for master of landscape architecture, a degree Don insists has been invaluable throughout his long career—more than thirty-five films—in cinema. He believes strongly in a film's relationship to its setting. "When your story meshes with the environment, you're closer to having something that works," he says. Katha, who has put on acting workshops in New York, was earning her UO degree in theater arts when Don cast her in one of his early films.

After *Be My Oswald*'s principal photography wrapped in 2002, the Catos saved for a year to cover postproduction costs, which included subtle special effects (for example, parade balloons float by the room's sixth floor window) and an original soundtrack. "We wanted to use a Queen song, but the band wanted $50,000 for North American rights alone!" Don says. All tallied, the film took nine years, more than seventy-five cast and crew members, a $250,000 self-financed budget. Then the Catos faced the next step: selling the film.

They have run their movie through the film festival gauntlet, screening it in a number of venues in their home city of New York, as well as in Los Angeles and on the UO campus. Audience response has been overwhelmingly positive. "One or two people have passionately hated it, which I love," Katha explains, "because they're so, 'You can't take on Santa; you just can't do it,' That's the point. We're not anti-Christmas; the film isn't against anything. It's just a work of art that examines two characters' positions, one of whom wants to know, 'Is Santa what Christmas is really about?'"

At the fourth annual Queens International Film Festival, the judges responded in an appropriately unconventional manner by awarding the film, which Katha calls a dark comedy, the award for best drama.

"I was dumbstruck," Don says. "I don't even remember what I said when I got up to make my speech. We had no clue we were going to win because we didn't even know we were going to be nominated."

A few weeks later, the Catos won the Founder's Choice Award for best feature at the New York International Independent Film and Video Festival.

The awards have been gratifying, Katha says, and they have allowed her to look past the film's few shortcomings. "Because if the audience doesn't buy in, you have bigger problems than your ponytail."

—Matt Tiffany

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SPRING 2007

■ **Molly (Edwards) James** '98 and her husband Mark have had a baby boy, Harrison Patrick James. They live in Milwaukie.

Amy Scheckla-Cox '99, completed her city council term in Cornelius, as council president and community development and operations department liaison.

Joe Swinehart '98, M.Ed. '99, and **Julie "Toupal" Swinehart**, M.Ed. '99, recently had a second son, Rowland "Rowley" Loy in November. They both work as teachers and live in Prineville with their first son, Sam, age four.

Kristina Tridico, J.D. '99, has been named partner at Ice Miller LLP in Indianapolis, Indiana.

2000

■ **Caroline (Reidlinger) Oblack** '00 was elected vice president of the Virginia chapter of the Association of Professional Researchers for Advancement. She is the owner and founder of Oblack Research. She and her husband **Adam** '99 live in Fredericksburg, Virginia, with their son Jeremy.

Vincent Mulier, Ph.D. '01, recently published an article in *American Indian Law Review* titled "Recognizing the Full Scope of the Right to Take Fish under the Stevens Treaties."

■ **Stephen Venneman** '01 has accepted a position as news producer at KRQE-TV, an affiliate of the Lim Television Corporation, in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Brynn Currie '03 and **Charles Leavitt** '02 were married on September 10, 2005, in St. Paul, Minnesota. The couple met at the UO through the Club Ski team. Charles proposed at the UO, on the lawn between their respective academic departments in Lawrence and Deady halls. The couple is now living in Mendota Heights, Minnesota, where they are both pursuing graduate degrees.

Matthew Bauman '04 has joined Prudential Real Estate Professionals in Silverton.

Marti Gerdes, M.S. '87 and '04, is currently working as the historical landscape architect for Yosemite National Park.

Joseph Sis, M.Arch. '04, has assumed command of the Oregon Army National Guard 162nd engineers unit in Dallas. He also is working with Berry architects in Eugene. He and his wife Andrea have three children, Griffin, Aria, and Hayden.

Chak-Yin Tse '05 recently started work as a real estate investment analyst at Citigroup Private Bank in Hong Kong.

James George '05 recently became the market growth and development consultant for Wells Fargo Bank in Los Angeles.

Scott Stevens '05 is pursuing his Ph.D. at Cambridge University. He was the recipient of a Fulbright Scholarship and studied biology in Germany.

In Memoriam

■ **Doris Leigh Craig** '31 died on January 31, 2006, of heart failure at the age of ninety-four. Born in San Francisco, Craig was raised in Portland. Throughout her career, she worked for a number of prestigious advertising agencies, specializing in food accounts such as Del Monte, Rice-a-Roni,

Ahmad Rashad Looks Back on Bobby Moore

In the lead up to the Duck's December appearance in the Las Vegas Bowl, Ron Kantowski of the Las Vegas Sun *interviewed network sportscaster and former gridiron great Ahmad Rashad '72 about his days playing in Oregon.*

The familiar voice on the speaker phone wanted to talk about his beloved Oregon Ducks, who will line up against Brigham Young in tonight's Las Vegas Bowl at Sam Boyd Stadium, and *Tuesday Night With Ahmad*, the NBA TV show he will host from Las Vegas during NBA All-Star week.

But I wanted to talk to Ahmad Rashad about when he was Bobby Moore.

I told him that, were it not for a color photo that I had clipped from my first *Sports Illustrated* subscription, I probably would have never known of Ahmad Rashad before he started hauling in clutch passes for the Minnesota Vikings.

He laughed when I mentioned that glossy reminder of his glory days at Oregon.

"Dan Fouts used to sign that picture," he said.

In the photo, you can see a hand about ready to place the football in Moore/Rashad's breadbasket. It belonged to Fouts when he was Oregon's quarterback.

I told Rashad that I had just returned from lunch with Sam Jankovich, the new general manager of the Las Vegas Gladiators arena football team, who had tried to recruit him out of Mount Tahoma High School in Tacoma, Washington.

Jankovich, then an assistant at Washington State, told me that Rashad declined the scholarship offer because Wazzu's offensive linemen were too small. Rashad remembers it that way, too. "He introduced me to one of their starting guards. I was bigger than he was," he said.

While Rashad said he never regretted his college choice, he does have misgivings about not taking up Nike cofounder Phil Knight, another Oregon alum, on his stock offer when the fledgling company ran out of money to pay him for wearing its shoes in the NFL.

"I didn't think the company was going to make it," he said. "So I took a check."

University of Oregon Archives

Although most football fans associate Rashad with his Pro Bowl career with the Vikings or his work as an Emmy-winning broadcaster, he said there are many football fans in the Pacific Northwest who still know him as Bobby Moore from the University or Oregon. To wit, he said he was in Europe doing a story for NBA TV when a stranger called out to him, "Go Ducks!"

"I will be wearing my Oregon hat and letterman jacket and watching on TV," he said of tonight's game at Sam Boyd Stadium. "I'm a big Mike Bellotti fan. Go Ducks!"

At Oregon, Rashad was friends with Steve Prefontaine, the Ducks' iconoclastic track-and-field star who was killed in an automobile crash and became the subject of two full-length movies. Rashad also had a close relationship with Bill Bowerman, the legendary Oregon track coach, who designed a pair of running shoes for Rashad to use in training.

Those shoes and ones worn by Prefontaine were the original Nikes.

"He made them in his basement," Rashad said of Bowerman, the Nike cofounder. "I'd wear them until they would fall apart, then he would make another pair."

In addition to himself and Prefontaine and NFL Hall-of-Famers such as Norm Van Brocklin, Dave Wilcox, and Mel Renfro, the University of Oregon is also known as the home of *Animal House*, which was shot at the Eugene campus. But in recent years, the school's colorful football uniforms have almost become more popular than John "Bluto" Blutarsky and Delta House fraternity.

I asked Rashad if he would have worn one of those not-so-mellow-yellow Ducks' football uniforms had they been in vogue during the tie-dyed era.

"I would have worn anything with 'University of Oregon' written on it," he said.

But what about Fouts, his college quarterback?

"I think he would have liked them, too. Those uniforms would have made him look sleek."

Rashad said that, while he went to college during a really important time in United States history (Vietnam War, racial strife, etc.), people shouldn't assume he was being rebellious by converting to the Islamic faith. He simply believed in what it stood for. Rashad said he was fortunate in that his coach at Oregon, Jerry Frei, was always encouraging his players to become involved in campus life beyond football.

"He thought the worst thing you could do is stand back and do nothing," said Rashad, whose Muslim name means "admirable one led to truth."

In a 1980 game against the Browns, Rashad came down with a Hail Mary pass from Tommy Kramer that resulted in a Central Division title for the Vikings. But he said that paled in comparison to having tea with former South African president Nelson Mandela during Thanksgiving.

"In terms of humanity, there's nothing (I've done) that falls into that category," Rashad said.

and Diamond Walnuts. She won many awards including one from the Cannes Film Festival for her television commercials.

Marjorie Painton Bryson '34 died August 17 in Salem. She and her husband, Justice Deam Bryson, had three daughters. She was active in the Portland Symphony, YWCA, and St. Anne's Episcopal Church.

Shirley Sanborn '41 died in December at the age of eighty-six. She worked as an admissions clerk at the University of Oregon.

Lyle T. Nelson '43 died in November. He received a degree in business administration before graduating from Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He also served in World War II as a navy lieutenant. His wife, **Barbara Rundell** '43 died in October.

Bruce M. Keller '50 died October 30 in Carmichael, California, at the age of seventy-nine. He served in the United States Navy during World War II before working in the lumber industry. He enjoyed the outdoors and fishing.

■ **Scott T. Chandler** '55 died in September. He was a lieutenant colonel in the United States Air Force. He and his wife lived in Evergreen, Colorado.

William "Bill" Merle Zinniker, Ph.D. '67, died on April 20, 2006, at the age of sixty-eight. After graduating from Oregon State in 1960 he went on to get his master's degree from UC Berkley. He served as a research physicist at the University of Washington until 1970 and then worked as a finish carpenter in Eugene. He enjoyed the natural sciences, local history, historic automobiles, woodworking, and hiking. He and his wife JoAnn had three children.

LeRoy "Jinx" Davis '69 died November 3 in his sleep at the age of fifty-nine. He practiced nursing for thirty-two years at hospitals in Seattle, Kaiser, and Portland. He enjoyed music and his family, and wrote folk songs, many about Oregon.

■ **Ronald "Boyd" Devin** '59, M.S. '61, died unexpectedly November 10. He was born in Heppner, on March 13, 1933, and worked as a drama professor for thirty-eight years in Oregon and Washington at the high school, junior college, and university levels. Upon his retirement, Devin relocated to Mesa, Arizona, where he became active with the Arizona wing of the Commemorative Air Force and began traveling around the country as flight engineer with the Arizona wing's B-17 bomber, *Sentimental Journey*.

Linda King, M.Arch. '74, died December 1 of pancreatic cancer. She worked as an architect and builder of custom homes in Natick, Massachusetts.

William Reese Petty, M.A. '90, Ph.D. '94, died of a heart attack in March at age fifty-one. After living in England, where he met his wife, Katie Hynes-Petty, he returned to the UO where he earned his advanced degrees in English, focusing on modern and postmodern American literature. He taught English at Oregon State University for many years. In his spare time, he enjoyed reading, writing, and cooking.

Faculty In Memoriam

Richard Schlaadt died January 6 of cancer at the age of seventy-one. He was born in Portland and graduated with a degree in physical education and health from Lewis and Clark College, where he played baseball. He later received his master's from the University of Illinois and his Ph.D. from Oregon State University. Schlaadt taught as a professor at Oregon for over thirty years. He served as the department head for school and community health and developed the school's Substance Abuse Prevention Program and Drug Education Program for Oregon Teachers. He was the recipient of many national teaching awards. In his free time, he enjoyed traveling, volunteering in his daughter's school, and membership in the Rotary Club.

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.

DECADES

Reports from previous Spring issues of Old Oregon *and* Oregon Quarterly

1927 A survey of forty-one leading colleges and universities finds that each University of Oregon student uses an average of 126.5 library books per year—ranking the UO number one in the nation. Webfoot readers check out an average of 36.6 library books per year, earning a rank of sixth.

1937 The UO's Dorchester Memorial Hospital for Children treats its 269th patient since opening in August. Dorchester—part of the UO School of Medicine in Portland, which recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary—is a training hospital for both doctors and nurses. Children up to seventeen with any medical or surgical need are eligible for treatment and are billed on a sliding-scale basis.

1947 U.S. Senator Wayne Morse, former dean of the UO law school, returns to campus to deliver a speech in which he says that if permanent peace is to be achieved, it will be through international disarmament—though, for the next twenty-five years, the United States must remain in a position to keep the peace, or there will be none.

1957 After snowball-throwing male students break windows in the Susan Campbell Dormitory, campus authorities assess the female lodgers for the damages. Stung by the injustice, the women, dubbed "Freedom Fighters" and editorially supported by the *Register-Guard* and *Emerald*, hold out for two weeks before paying the bill—with 2,000 pennies.

1967 The campus is buzzing in the aftermath of two recent visiting speakers, George Lincoln Rockwell of the American Nazi Party and LSD-advocate Timothy Leary. In response, alarmed critics suggest legislation limiting the traditional right of students to select their own speakers.

1977 A recent campus housing shortage leads *Old Oregon* to focus on student digs, from Greek houses and dormitories to more unusual accommodations including log cabins, buses, teepees, and tree houses.

1987 Researchers digging into UO folklore archives uncover a number of campus legends, among them that the front and back doors of Johnson Hall are glass so that the *Pioneer Mother* and the *Pioneer* can see each other.

1997 In preparation for the millennium, which looms only two-and-three-quarters years away, a campus lecture, "Surviving the Millennium Effect," is scheduled to address "possible cultural and societal scenarios" in the year 2000.

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Honeymoon in Paradise

by Harley B. Patrick, M.S. '00

My first visit to the island of Molokai was on my fiftieth birthday. I went alone, hoping to avoid a typical turning-fifty birthday party back home (black balloons, gag gifts, and so on). The 54,000-acre, eco-adventure resort on the island's west end offered everything a healthy baby boomer could want: hiking, sea kayaking, snorkeling, and, according to the website, " . . . rustic accommodations in a private village nestled amid coconut palms overlooking a white sand beach."

Harley Patrick

Unfortunately, due to a few mishaps along the way (i.e., locking myself out of my cabin wearing only a towel so that I had to walk barefoot over sharp coral that cut my foot, which got infected and gave me a bad limp, which caused me to fall on some wet rocks, injuring my shoulder . . .), I was forced to pass on the hiking, kayaking, and snorkeling. So, I spent most of my time floating in the clear, warm water of the Pacific, grateful for such a fantastic birthday present.

Through it all, however, I sensed something was missing. As I sat alone on the beach one night, I thought what a shame it was to be in this romantic paradise without a special someone to share it with. "Next time," I said to myself, "I'm bringing a woman."

That was November 2003. In May 2005, I met Janet. We married in September 2006 and two months later, we were on a puddle-jumper from Honolulu to our honeymoon on Molokai.

Looking out the plane's window as we circled over the island, I began to notice that the land below looked different than I remembered. Expanses of red dirt sparsely populated by occasional patches of green were now replaced by a sea of green dotted by occasional patches of red dirt. This transformation was the result of nearly forty straight days of pounding rain earlier in the year. As we landed, a cool mist began to fall.

Uh oh, I thought, it's not the same. Molokai had changed in the three years since my "first time." Now ordinarily I would be the first to say that change is good. But when your new bride has agreed to spend her first and only honeymoon in a place chosen strictly upon your recommendation ("You're going to love it . . . I promise"), change is the last thing you want. But change it had. The rain, the scenery, the rental car.

Last time, the Budget rental fleet consisted of cute red, white, or blue Dodge Neons—inconspicuous and small enough to navigate the island's narrow roads. This time, the fleet had been "upgraded" to the Dodge Caliber—a hideous cross between an ugly car and an uglier SUV. Where the Neon was practically invisible to the locals, this thing screamed, "Look at us. We're tourists!"

The Caliber—or "the Taliban" as we called it—lumbered up the steep grade to the Molokai Ranch lodge. We parked next to our car's identical twin and went to register and receive the fresh lei greeting I had told Janet about. Well, the check-in desk had been moved to another building and the lei nixed.

As we started driving down the seven-mile, crushed coral road to the beach village, the skies opened and mango-sized raindrops began pelting the Taliban. We had to swerve to miss the quickly forming small lakes and rushing, rust-red streams. "It wasn't like this last time," I said. "Honest."

Upon arriving at the beach village, we dashed to the outdoor reception area where several men hurriedly tossed tables and chairs under a canopy. The young boy at the desk asked, "How you like the rain?" Janet said, "It's nice." I said, "Unbelievable. It didn't do this the last time."

Other changes: Towels, thinner; complementary bathrobes, skimpier; paper sandals to keep your feet clean during late-night nature calls to the open-air, slightly rusty commode, missing. And then there was the food. I raved of how the cuisine was five-star; now four of the stars were gone.

To be fair, my bride graciously took all of it—even the outdoor bathroom—in stride. I was the one having the problem because I wanted it to be just like "last time," so that she could have the same magical experience on Molokai. But no matter how I tried, I couldn't make *our* experience an exact duplicate of *my* experience. I now see the obvious marriage lesson in that, but at the time I wasn't getting it.

Four days in, I changed our room from the beach village up to the main lodge. I even got us the honeymoon suite: a spacious, semi-circular room with a great view, wrap-around windows, and, most important, an indoor bathroom.

We spent the last two nights of our honeymoon playing gin rummy on the king-size bed, alternately laughing and shaking our heads in disbelief at the off-key lounge singer belting out hokey standards till midnight in the bar directly below our room. He was awful. If only she could have heard the traditional Hawaiian band that played in there the last time.

Harley B. Patrick lives in Ashland and runs L & R Publishing, which specializes in military history and travel adventure books. He wrote about his fiftieth birthday trip to Hawaii ("Fifty in Paradise") in the Summer 2004 Oregon Quarterly.

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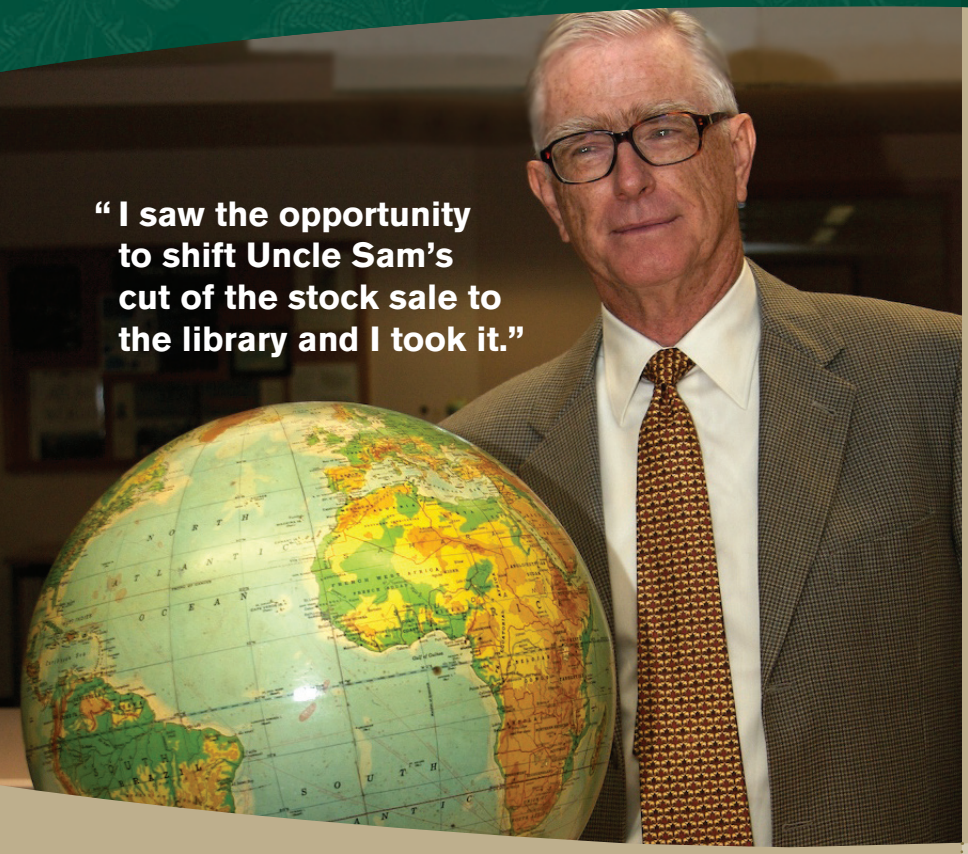

Sustaining Excellence

Economist Donald Mickelwait ’56, M.A. ’60, credits his favorite college haunt, the University of Oregon’s main library, with launching him toward his life’s work as a global expert on sustainability.

Whether the challenge is reviving wheat farming in Iraq or stopping the desertification of western China, Mickelwait says long-range solutions always require solid research.

To underscore the importance of sustaining excellent research facilities for future generations, Mickelwait named the University of Oregon Libraries as the beneficiary of a charitable remainder unitrust that he has funded with $1 million in appreciated company stock.

Mickelwait’s story is a powerful example of smart philanthropy in action. In addition to reducing the taxes on profits from the sale of his company, his unitrust with the UO Foundation is providing him with annual income for life.

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