

WINTER 2007

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Cover: A Thuringian state official wearing a protective suit searches for dead wild birds at Kelbra in central Germany, Tuesday, July 10, 2007. About 200 grebes found dead there were infected with the H5N1 strain of avian influenza. (AP Photo/Jens Meyer)



Frank Miller

Tribal Chair p. 16



Stockphoto/Sabrina dei Nobili

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## RED NIGHTMARE

In the excerpt from *The Portland Red Guide: Sites & Stories of Our Radical Past* ["The Red Rose," Currents, Autumn 2007], Michael Munk praises depression-era American communists and "Portland radicals" for warning others against the dangers of fascism. What is missing in the excerpt is a sense of the abuses and inhumanity represented by communism in the Stalinist Soviet Union. While ostensibly less genocidal and militaristic than fascism, the results of communism were in many cases just as nightmarish. As with many examples, the reality of the situation was more complex than is shown by a binary contrast of two extreme systems.

Jonathan Falk '89  
Gresham

I offer a couple of critical comments about the item "The Red Rose." It is provincial to identify a ship, military unit, etc., by the name of the type of government or the political party currently in power. Just as it would be silly to call an American ship currently arriving in Germany a Democratic or Republican ship, it was foolish to call the German cruiser *Emden* in Portland a fascist ship or a Nazi cruiser. Further, given the long history of the swastika in Germanic, European, and Indian culture, it was hardly a "new deal" and its identification as the emblem of Hitler is as misleading as the identification of the American flag as the emblem of Bush. Finally, the extended right arm salute was not made mandatory in Germany until after 20 July 1944, and the navy was a very conservative, traditional branch of the German armed forces. If the *Emden's* officers in January 1936 gave Portland's mayor a salute at all, it

was probably the traditional hand to the forehead one, not the extended right arm one.

Gary J. Foulk, M.A. '62, Ph.D. '66  
Terre Haute, Indiana

## MIXED REVIEWS

You write ["Northwest Review Turns Fifty," Old Oregon, Autumn 2007] "Northwest Review was the brainchild of a group of UO English and history professors who recognized the need for a Northwest-based, nationally circulated review appealing to the general reader." *Northwest Review* was the 'brainchild' of William Van Voris of the UO English department. James B. Hall, also of the English department, and I soon helped lead the child out into the actual world. I was an undergraduate in philosophy and the first editor of *NWR*. In the beginning, Bill and Jim were the only faculty members present. A well-researched story of the life and times of *NWR* will appear in its next issue.

Robert Paul '59, M.S. '60  
Lake Oswego

I immensely enjoyed "Northwest Review Turns Fifty." You describe the founding professors, whose brainchild was the *NWR*, as recognizing a need for a "nationally circulated review." The pas-

sion for literature had a more radical side than to simply have a "nationally circulated review." One new idea was to target the most sought-after group: college kids, the demographic everyone wanted.

In the spring of 1962, I wrote a poem, submitted it, and was delighted to receive the Oregon Award for Creativity, which included a tuition scholarship to the UO and publication in *Northwest Review*.

The founding professors had new ideas. They conducted a most radical platform—they presaged the coming youthquake heralding larger and freer trends into the 1960s. *NWR's* first year, 1957, was the epicenter of staid, conformist, unsympathetic pressure by the entrenched to squelch new ideas. The founding professors had to publish fast, thinking big, to show that they were real contenders in prodding the campus into the future. Unfortunately, the conformists vigorously squelched any whiff of radical new ideas, leading to dismay amongst many faculty members and students. But, for every student who said something against 1950s conformity, many more were thinking it.

What was the response of the founding professors to opposition? "Bring it on." What did they bring to Oregon? "A million bucks of priceless."

Lorraine Mansfield '65  
Vancouver, Canada

How could you not mention in your *Northwest Review* article the most exciting, provocative, and intellectual editors: Tom Gaddis, author of *Birdman of Alcatraz*, and Ron Abell, author of *Tap City*?

Judy Pigg Meeks '62  
Bluffton, South Carolina

*Editor's note: The writer was business manager of Northwest Review in 1960.*

### 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](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).



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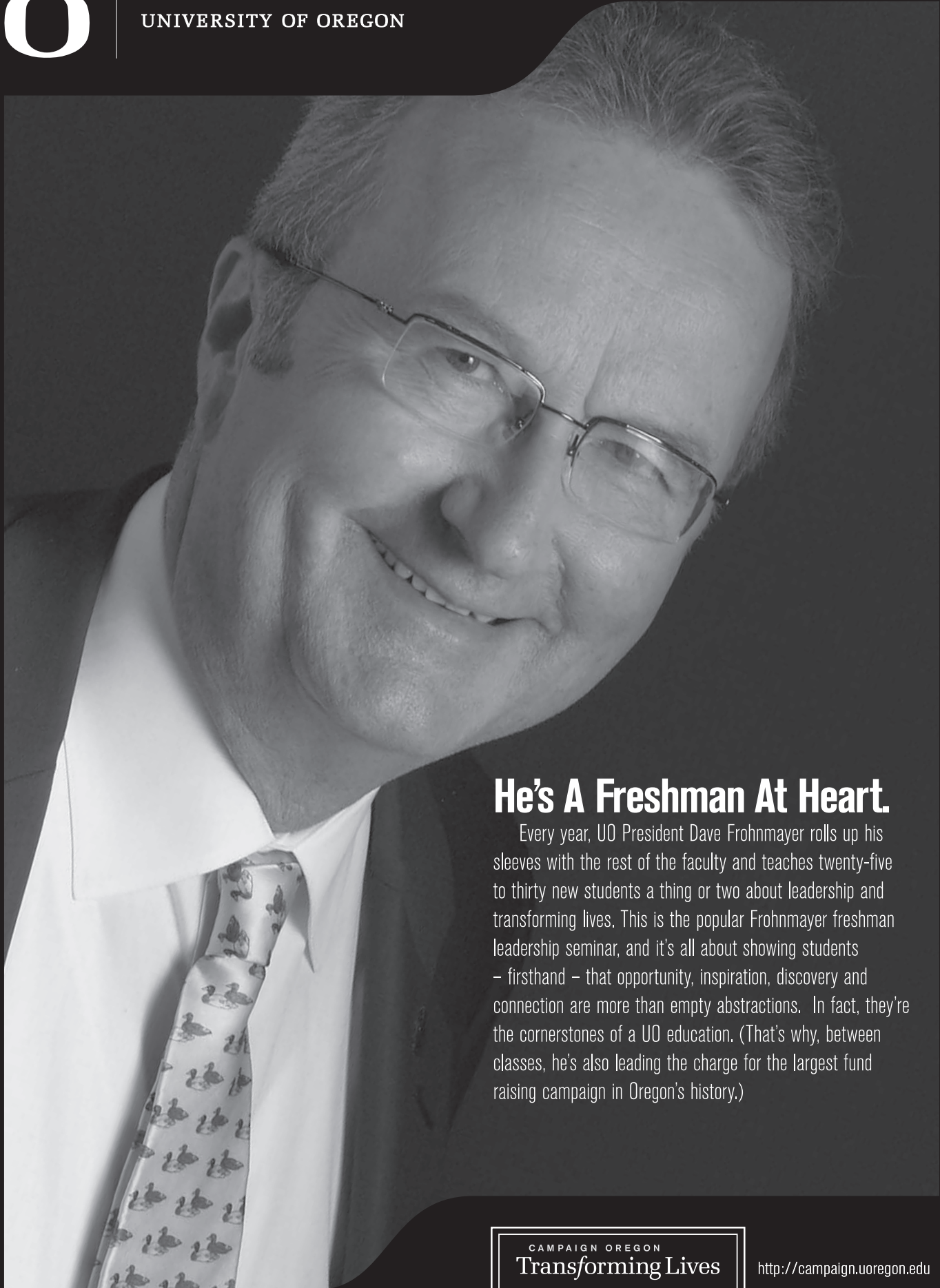
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Kincaid Field

## FAR AFIELD

In the article on “Knights of the Megaphone” [Old Oregon, Autumn 2007] a reference to a grandstand near Villard Hall is mentioned: “Now with townspeople and coeds in tow, the rally found its way to Kincaid Field and the grandstand next to Villard Hall, where the freshmen had built a huge bonfire.”

Kincaid Field was nowhere near Villard Hall. Deady was next to Villard. The Condon Oaks and other trees and a steep slope to the road and a pond filled in the other sides. Kincaid Field was the second field used for football. It was where we now find Condon and Chapman. A plaque may be found at the intersection of sidewalks on the east side of the quad between those two buildings noting the location of Kincaid Field and honoring the football teams that played there—including two Rose Bowl teams.

The first game was played where the present business school building [Lillis Hall] and the computer center are located. But it was home for only one game.

After Kincaid, Hayward Field was the next location for football. Kincaid was never leveled and the lower end of the slope was always muddy.

UO President Prince Lucien Campbell's niece—whom he raised, as her parents died when she was a very small child—told me about sitting in Uncle Prince's office (second floor of Johnson Hall) and watching the football games. She told me “I had the first sky box on campus.” (Her interview is in the oral history tapes in the archives.)

I continue to enjoy “Old Oregon” and retirement. Keep up the good work.

Keith Richard, M.S. '64, M.L.S. '71  
Eugene

*Editor's note: Keith Richard, who retired a few years ago after many years as the University's archivist, is correct as usual. We apologize for the error but we're glad to get more of the story from Keith.*

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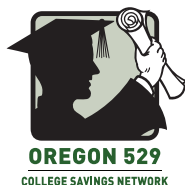
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Gus Hall, leader of the Communist Party USA, speaking at Hayward Field in 1962. Photo courtesy University Archives.

## A TALK ON THE WILD SIDE

*When it comes to ideas—even unpopular ones—just how far should a university go? NBC News senior producer Margie Lehrman '66 recalls a lesson from her UO days in “Deja Vu On Controversy Over Ahmadinejad’s Columbia University Speech,” posted recently on [dailynightly.msnbc.com](http://dailynightly.msnbc.com), the blog of NBC Nightly News with Brian Williams.*

I’VE BEEN WATCHING WITH GREAT INTEREST and a sense of *deja vu* the turmoil surrounding the invitation of Iranian President Mahmoud Ahmadinejad to speak at Columbia University today.

I’m doubly interested because (a) I’m a graduate of Columbia (the Graduate School of Journalism); and (b) Columbia’s president Lee Bollinger and I attended the University of Oregon at the same time back in the (ahem) ’60s. Even then, Lee was a BMOC.

During our time at Oregon (UO), Lee and I were touched by the Civil Rights Movement, the Free-Speech movement, the Vietnam War, the John F. Kennedy assassination, and other consciousness-raising events.

One in particular is pertinent here—when the UO invited U.S. Communist Party secretary Gus Hall to speak on campus. For anyone who didn’t live through the

Cold War, the sheer evil of just the word “communist” can’t be overemphasized. Gus Hall was the personification of Evil.

Campus was in an uproar. Faculty debated faculty. Students debated students. And most parents were totally freaked out (which of course made us want to hear what Gus Hall had to say even more).

When the evening finally arrived, more than 11,000 people went to hear the communist, Gus Hall. (We had fewer than 10,000 students enrolled at the time.) Well, guess what. The following morning, students did NOT rush out to join the Communist Party.

In fact, Evil had passed through Eugene, Oregon, and the sky hadn’t fallen. Gus Hall still was the hot topic on campus, but now with a bit of derision. Oz had come and gone.

What everyone had feared leading up to the Gus Hall visit was, simply, the

unknown. What would Gus Hall say? Would he corrupt our young people?

That single event was one of the most enduring lessons I took away from the UO. We might not like what someone has to say, but that person has the constitutional right to say it. In fact, in our listening, we learn and we become wiser and stronger.

That Lee Bollinger led the institution that invited President Ahmadinejad is no surprise. Bollinger, the young man from eastern Oregon, graduated from the UO and went on to attend Columbia’s Law School, clerk for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, teach law, become Dean of the University of Michigan Law School, president of Michigan, and along the way, one of the pre-eminent scholars in free speech and the First Amendment.

Today he put his money where his mouth is. My guess is: Eugene, Oregon understands.



## WEAPONS OF MASS DECEPTION

In *Unspun: Finding Facts in a World of Disinformation*, authors Brooks Jackson and Kathleen Hall Jamieson explore how media, politics, and advertising are awash in bogus information, mixed messages, half-truths, misleading statements, and out-and-out fabrications. According to the book, one common deceptive tactic is the appeal to fear, exemplified in the following two examples. Jamieson delivered the keynote speech at the UO's fall convocation.

From the Book: *Unspun* © 2007. Published by arrangement with Random House, an imprint of the Random House Publishing Group, a division of Random House, Inc.

### THE FUD FACTOR

**F**EAR SELLS THINGS OTHER THAN mouthwash. In the 1970s, one of IBM's most talented computer designers left to make and market a new machine. Gene Amdahl's "Amdahl 470" mainframe computer was a direct replacement for IBM's System 370, then the market leader, but sales were less than expected. Amdahl found that many corporate customers were afraid to buy his product even though by all accounts it was cheaper, faster, and more reliable than the IBM machine. He accused his former employer of using "FUD"—his acronym, meaning "fear, uncertainty, and doubt"—to discourage consumers from his new brand. Would Amdahl's company be around to support their hot new product? Would IBM retaliate somehow? Would corporate purchasers be fired for taking a risk if things went bad?

We see FUD being employed to sell all sorts of things. There are few Internet users who haven't run into frightening pop-up messages along the lines of this hit from 2004–5: "WARNING: POSSIBLE SPYWARE DETECTED . . . Spyware can steal information from your computer, SPAM your e-mail account or even CRASH YOUR COMPUTER!" Frightened recipients who clicked a link to "complete the scan" were taken to a website peddling a \$39.95 product called SpyKiller, which promised to remove "all traces" of the fearsome spyware. But the Federal Trade Commission found this FUD-based pitch to be a lie. No scan had been performed before the message was sent, no spyware had been found, and the program didn't even work as advertised—it failed to remove "significant amounts" of spyware. In May 2005, the FTC took the Houston-based marketer, Trustsoft, Inc., to court, and the company and its chief executive, Danilo Ladendorf, later agreed to pay \$1.9 million to settle the case. Ladendorf was to sell his Houston residence to pay back

what the FTC called "ill-gotten gains," but by then tens of thousands of consumers had been tricked.

### BUSH'S "DAY OF HORROR"

The buildup to the 2003 invasion of Iraq showed a particularly able use of FUD. In his State of the Union address of January 28, 2003, President Bush said that Saddam Hussein was pursuing weapons of mass destruction and invited listeners to imagine what would have happened if Saddam had given any to the 9/11 hijackers: "It would take one vial, one canister, one crate slipped into this country to bring a day of horror like none we have ever known." The previous September, Condoleezza Rice, who was then the national security adviser, had said on CNN that it wasn't clear how quickly Saddam could obtain a nuclear weapon, then added: "But we don't want the smoking gun to be a mushroom cloud." With memories of September 11, 2001, still fresh, those appeals to fear helped generate overwhelming public support for the war. On March 17, 2003, three days before the war began, only 27 percent of those polled for *The Washington Post* said they opposed the war. A lopsided majority of 71 percent said they supported it, including 54 percent who said they supported it "strongly."

Afterward, as we all know now, U.S. inspectors searched for months only to conclude that Saddam had actually destroyed his stockpiles of chemical and biological weapons years earlier. He had no active program to develop nuclear

weapons. Bush's "day of horror" speech was as scary as scary gets. And many of us—the president, the CIA, Congress, and much of the press and the public—should have been more wary, should have asked more questions, and should have demanded more evidence.

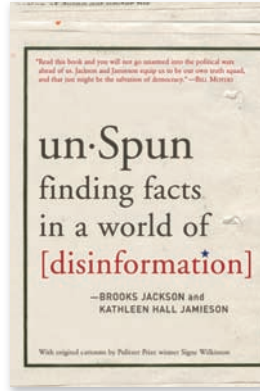
Some circumstances justify raising an alarm: it's appropriate to shout "Fire!" when flames really put lives or property in immediate danger. Our point here is that a raw appeal to fear is often used to cover a lack of evidence that a real threat exists, and should alert us to take a hard look at the facts. Are we being warned, or deceived?

## ARRRR!

*Ever wondered how Hollywood portrayals of history square with the real thing? Julie Schablitsky, historical archaeologist for the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History, has edited a book titled Box Office Archeology (Left Coast Press, 2007) in which a number of scientists (including herself) have contributed chapters comparing what researchers know and how the same subjects—for example, mummies, Vikings, Indians—are treated on television and in films. The following excerpt is from the chapter titled "A Pirate's Life for Me!" by Charles R. Ewen and Russell K. Skowronek.*

**H**OW WOULD YOU IDENTIFY A PIRATE, a pirate ship, a pirate hideout, or even evidence of piratical activity in the archaeological record? What are their hallmarks? Would you expect to find barrels filled with hooks or peg legs? Perhaps there would be a large number of parrot skeletons? To identify a pirate site, you must first know what items you expect to encounter during the excavation. To know what to look for, it is important to understand something about the people we expect to study. There are many terms for pirate, including *buccaneer*, *corsair*, and *privateer*. These words are often used interchangeably, although there are significant differences between them.

Webster's defines a pirate as one who commits robbery on the high seas or the unauthorized use of another's idea or invention. A more colorful definition comes from the 19th-century *Pirate's Own Book*, "Piracy is an offence against



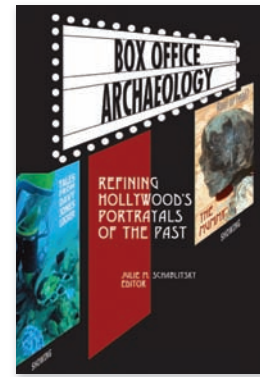
the universal law of society. As, therefore, he has renounced all the benefits of society and government, and has reduced himself to the savage state of nature, by declaring war against all mankind, all mankind must declare war against him." In other words, pirates are bad men who robbed ships. Not all men, however, who robbed ships were bad; at least not in their country's eyes. Some were even accorded special honors.

A privateer is an individual licensed to attack enemy shipping. Such a mariner had a contract with a specific government. They carried what is known as a Letter of Marque. These letters made the privateer an auxiliary to the regular navy of the state. It permitted the bearer to prey upon the shipping of an enemy country and split the prize with the authorizing government. This makes the difference between privateers and pirates a matter of perspective. Sir Francis Drake was knighted by his government, as a hero of the realm, while at the same time he was viewed as a dreaded pirate by the Spaniards living in the Caribbean upon whom he preyed. The term *corsair* refers to sea robbers and can apparently be applied to either pirate or privateer; a handy term when you are

discussing the career of Sir Francis Drake and don't wish to offend your English or Spanish colleagues.

Buccaneer is a corruption of the French *boucanier* and should be seen as a sort of proto-pirate. When the Spanish abandoned the western third of Hispaniola in the latter half of the 16th century, French smugglers filled the vacuum by squatting in the uninhabited area. Their subsistence was largely based on the hunting of wild cattle that were plentiful in the region. The meat from these cattle was smoked over grills called *boucans* and sold to passing ships. It wasn't long before these *boucaniers* supplemented their income by preying on some of the passing ships. The word later becomes Anglicized into buccaneer. Tortuga Island, off the northern coast of Haiti, became one of the early pirate lairs in the Caribbean. When the British captured Jamaica, the buccaneers, or "Brethren of the Coast," made Port Royal their home, ushering in a new reign of terror.

... Archaeologists are not as interested in individual artifacts as in patterns in the archaeological record. Each pirate site that is identified, explored, and pub-



lished takes the archaeologist one step closer to defining such a pattern. Perhaps the pirate ship is characterized by a pattern of armaments, reconfigured mast placement, and a

variety of cargo that differs from a merchant ship or naval vessel. Early work on pirate land sites suggests that one identifying trait may be the presence of high-status items such as ceramics, or clothing-related items in low-status contexts. If a pattern can be discerned, then it would be possible to identify a pirate ship for which no historical record exists. Unless we can be sure of our identifications we will not be able to recognize patterns nor address questions relating the "real" lives of pirates and their impact on the larger societies in which they lived.

Until archaeologists can identify the physical world in which pirates sailed, we are left with the Hollywood stereotype.

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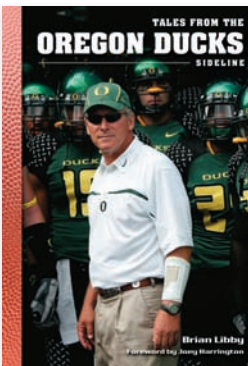
This lack of evidence begs the question: is our image of pirates completely wrong, a scam perpetrated by the entertainment industry to whitewash past criminals and profit from our ignorance? Actually, some pirates during the late 17th and early 18th centuries probably *did* look like Long John Silver; however, many seamen of the period and even naval personnel probably looked just as sinister. The only harm, if there is any, is in overromanticizing these murdering thieves. In 2005, the town of Bath, North Carolina, resurrected an outdoor drama, *Blackbeard: Knight of the Black Flag*. In this bit of revisionist history, Blackbeard is portrayed as a basically decent man driven by circumstances and his own personal demons into a life he didn't choose. Does the audience believe this portrayal? Probably not completely, but the authors of bodice-ripping historical romances have been living off the stereotype for generations.

## THE FAMILY THAT QUACKS TOGETHER

*Quarterback Joey Harrington '01 of the NFL's Atlanta Falcons reflects on the essence of being a Duck in the forward to a new book focused on the 110-plus years of UO gridiron history, Tales from the Oregon Ducks Sideline (Sports Publishing, 2007) by Brian Libby.*

AM PROUD TO BE A DUCK. THIS ASSOCIATION, however, goes far beyond the fact that I played football for the University of Oregon. In many places your feelings of pride are directly linked to the amount of success you had during your tenure. While at the University of Oregon, our football team won 29 of the 32 games in which I participated and I had a record of 25–3 as a starter. I was blessed to be a part of the most successful recruiting class to ever play for our university, winning back-to-back Pac-10 championships. This success, however, is not what makes me proud to be a Duck.

Autzen Stadium is looked upon by many as one of the toughest places to play in the

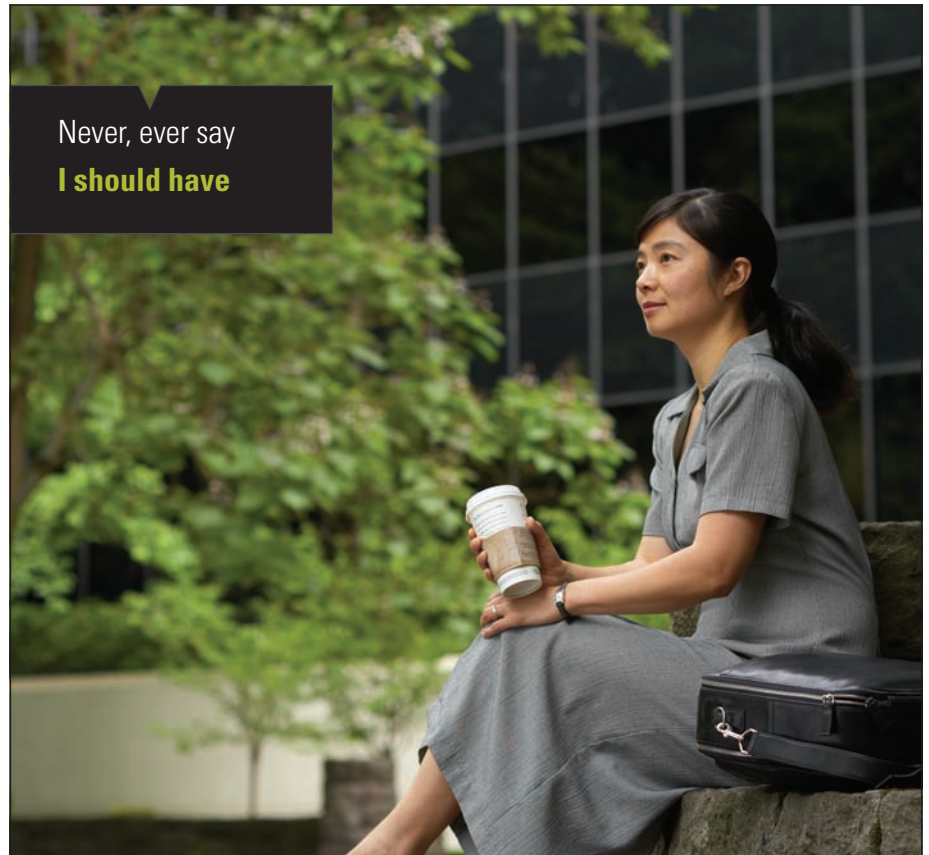


country, if not *the* toughest. Every Saturday thousands of Duck fans fill the stands to cheer on a team that once boasted the longest home winning streak in the country. The fans at Autzen are among the most passionate in the country, and very few teams walk out without feeling as though they were fighting off more than just the opposing team on the field. This passion, however, is not what makes me proud to be a Duck.

Oregon has been at the forefront of

the college football scene for almost two decades. It has become common practice to try to emulate what Oregon is doing on offense. The uniforms, love them or hate them, continue to draw attention and keep the Ducks in the public eye. And the way they market players and promote the program on a national level is unmatched by anyone in the country. This attention, however, is not what makes me proud to be a Duck.

I recently sat with Ahmad Rashad



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during a University of Oregon basketball game at McArthur Court. He pointed out where his group of friends used to sit during games at the Pit. His seats were two rows in front of a family that took me under its wing while I was in school. That family also provided a home to former Duck basketball player and current coach Ernie Kent while he was at school during the 1970s. While at the game, I received phone calls from two teammates with whom I played, ran into our sports information director, and still had time to say hello to my favorite member of the Daisy Ducks who was selling fundraiser bingo cards in her usual spot.

This is why I am proud to be a Duck.

More than any place I know, every Duck is part of a family. This association doesn't just stop at the edge of the beautiful campus in Eugene, nor does it involve only those who participated in athletics. It continues to every car with an Oregon sticker driving down the street. It continues to any airport when you pass someone wearing an Oregon hat in the terminal. And it continues to any friend who had a friend who went to school in Eugene.

The Duck greeting is simple, yet understood worldwide. The simple salu-

tation of "Go Ducks!" brings a smile to anyone in this family. As a Duck you know you are part of something special and you know you are always welcome. My name is Joey Harrington, and I am proud to be a Duck.

## LIPSTICK RIOT

*Ugliness sometimes hides behind tradition, and sometimes engenders reprisal, as described in this excerpt from "A Strong Strain of Vulgarity: Tradition and an Oregon Grassroots Gender Rebellion" by Jay Mullen '62, who teaches in the history department at Southern Oregon University. The complete article is slated for publication in Volume 5 of The International Journal of the Humanities.*

**H**OMECOMING TRADITION REQUIRED that for a week frosh men wear green and yellow beanies and women wear green ribbons in their hair. Everyone must greet on the "Hello Walk" outside the Student Union, the walkway embedded with the University seal. Hello Walk greetings, while pleasant, could hardly have been a

venerable tradition since the Student Union opened in 1949. Other traditions listed by the *Emerald* included not stepping on the seal, not smoking on the Old Campus, or the Pioneer Father quad, and a campuswide prohibition against walking on the grass. Punishment, administered by the enforcers, could consist of 1] hacking (paddling), 2] smearing lipstick on women's faces, 3] scrubbing the seal, 4] painting the O on Skinner Butte [the paint to be applied by offenders sliding down the O with yellow paint on their rumps], and, 5] immersion in the fountain pool outside Fenton Hall, the law school, formerly the library on the Old Campus. Harry Sharpe, photographed by the *Emerald* receiving a letterman's "hack," probably concurred with the paper's earlier remark that tradition enforcement might not be so "jolly."

Countless freshmen women fell victim to lettermen bumping them off the sidewalk onto the grass, then seizing them for a dunking, for having violated homecoming tradition. . . .

While [such tradition, which sometimes involved groping] may not have been that egregious, it was offensive enough to inspire ire among freshmen women. And then retaliation.

## 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.*

*Be Quiet, Be Heard: The Paradox of Persuasion* (Communication Solutions Publishing, 2006) by retired UO business administration professor Susan R. Glaser and Peter A. Glaser. The book "moves beyond the intellectual and shows how to live communication day to day, relationship to relationship."

*College Union Pioneers: A Collection of Oral History Interviews* (Xlibris, 2006) by Adell McMillan, M.S. '63. "The eleven interviews included in this book represent early professionals in the field, women in the field, individuals who made particularly significant contributions to the role of the college union in the United States."

*Deer Drink the Moon: Poems of Oregon* (Ooligan Press, 2007) edited by Liz Nakazawa '77 ". . . brings together thirty-three poets to create a masterpiece of poetry about the state of Oregon. Organized thematically into seven of the state's eco-regions, this collection takes the reader on a statewide tour through poetry."

*Dissident Women: Gender and Cultural Politics in Chiapas* (University of Texas Press, 2006) edited by

Shannon Speed, R. Aída Hernández Castillo, and Lynn M. Stephen, a professor in the UO Department of Anthropology. The book "presents a diverse collection of voices exploring the human rights and gender issues that gained international attention after the first public appearance of the Zapatista National Liberation Army in 1994."

*Harriet and Isabella* (Simon & Schuster Inc., 2008) by Patricia O'Brien '66 is a work of historical fiction centered on members of the Beecher family—Harriet Beecher Stowe (author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), her sister Isabella, and famed abolitionist brother Henry Ward Beecher. The book is "a compelling page-turner with unmistakable echoes in our own times."

*Powder Monkey—Oregon Poems* (Stone City Press, 2007) by William T. Sweet '67, M.F.A. '69. The poems "immerse us in the lives of people in the logging camps who struggle to remain whole physically and psychically. This is not Suppose, Oregon, but Actual—Authentic Oregon."



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*Chris Kollmorgen, MD (right) performs Whipple surgery with David DeHaas, MD.*

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While the football team sat down to a November [1958] meal at their training table in the Student Union, a reported two hundred and fifty female freshmen gathered outside. Ninety stormed into the building and confronted the surprised athletes. A melee ensued. Furious over groping disguised as tradition-enforcement, some of the women upended tables, smashed plates and glasses against the wall, and a few smeared the faces of surprised gridders with lipstick. The women had encircled them, center Norm Chapman remembered, before anyone realized what was happening. Food flew and pitchers of milk poured over the heads of some of the squad. In the fracas one woman slipped and fell, knocked unconscious when her head hit the floor. Lineman Harry Mondale, a married naval veteran whose shoulder span the Pioneer Father's generation would have described in axe handles, first sought refuge from flying food under a table. When he realized that some of the team had wrested lipstick tubes from their assailants and were counterattacking he emerged to watch the pandemonium. The completely unexpected confrontation simply bewildered him. Star halfback Jim Shanley, however, acknowledged to the *Emerald*, "We expected that they'd rebel, but not as much as they did."

FROSH WOMEN ATTACK TEAM; GIRL INJURED IN LIPSTICK RIOT RAMPAGE, headlined the *Daily Emerald*. The incident "shocked and astounded" Dean Wickham, according to the *Oregonian*. The administration responded with alacrity. After a meeting with Carson Hall's residents, Dean of Women Wickham announced that damages would be paid by freshmen women who did not sign a paper denying participation. The damage payment included the expense of laundering Harry Mondale's pie-bespattered letter jacket.

A follow up article in the *Emerald* by Phil Hagar, Bob Turley, and Dave Bronson, purported as "the inside story," revealed "Lipstick Riot facts." According to Sharon Hewitt, a freshman cheerleader who presented the information to Dean Wickham at the meeting, Bob Prall of the Rally Board had induced the women with his suggestion that to generate spirit they "retaliate" against the lettermen. A golfer, Prall himself was a letterman. Hewitt thought that the protesting disaffected coeds would "jump on

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the seal or run around on the grass." Pity Sharon Hewitt, trying to rationalize such behavior when confronting, on behalf of freshmen females and the Rally Board, the stern countenance of the Dean who possessed authority to expel unruly women. An *Emerald* editorial accepted her explanation and characterized the matter as a well-intentioned plan to "boost spirit" that "got out of hand," disregarding it as a protest against groping. A defiant trample on the grass and seal that would enhance spirit, then, was to have occurred when the enforcers were at dinner and could not witness it. The paper regretted that it got "out of hand," and commended the Dean's "sufficient and just" decision to exact compensation without camping the guilty. However, Jo Reeves, one of the rioters, recalled more than half a century later that leaders recruited retaliators against gender humiliation, challenging, "Are you going to let them [the football team] get away with this?" [Ken] Kesity, a letterman himself, lampooned the boorishness of an Order of the O luncheon at the Sigma Nu house, but *The Register-Guard*, despite reporting a "coed hurt," characterized the freshman-football confrontation as "a pleasant-type raid." The *Oregonian* considered "The Lipstick Riot" to be "poetic justice" for panty raids. "The boys asked for it. The score is even," the Portland paper concluded.

## MY FAVORITE THINGS

*There are a lot of ways to measure the depth and breadth of interests on campus. We used Google to search the UO domain (uoregon.edu) for the words "my favorite" and came up with the following list.*

**M**Y CURRENT FAVORITE THINGS TO do at the gym are the EFX machine (that would be "elliptical fitness crosstrainer," a medieval torture rack which combines all the features of a treadmill, a bike, and a stairmaster, yikes), kickboxing, and pushups.

I couldn't name my favorite books unless you allotted several hundred pages for my response.

One of my favorite archaeology websites, Discovering Archaeology, had an article about the Scythians, a culture that inhabited the Ukrainian steppes between the 5th and 3rd centuries B.C.

My main beef with social networking sites is that they force us to categorize ourselves. "My name is blank, I am a blankmore at Blank Blankiversity. My favorite band is the blank 5 and my favorite movies are blank-edies."

My favorite animal is a koala and my favorite color is lime green.



My favorite part of campus is by the Art Museum at night, it is so peaceful.

My favorite response [to the question "what is professionalism?"] is also the most specific. Young professional Jean Von Borgen believes that the whole key to professionalism is Lycra.

My favorite dessert is warm sticky rice with coconut ice cream.

And so this project, which will probably become my dissertation research, combines two of my favorite things: weird animals and baby spineless creatures.

Basketball is my favorite sport. I will be always available to play when asked. We Chinese students in Oregon had a small but wonderful basketball team.

... my favorite creature, the Triceratops.

My favorite sandwich is made with tomatoes and peanut butter.

Of all the places that I've lived, Eugene is still my favorite. It's great fun to walk my kids to school, watch them play soccer games, etc., in the same neighborhood that I used to live as a grad student.



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Above: *The Ten Symbols of Longevity*, late Joseon period, nineteenth century, ten-panel folding screen, ink and color on silk.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

*Dictionary of the Middle Ages*, a thirteen-volume encyclopedia of signed articles including cross references and bibliographies. . . . One of my favorite sources for beginning research on a medieval topic!

My favorite memory talk was given by Dr. Schacter on the neuroimaging of illusory memories.

In honor of my favorite mathematician Evariste Galois (1811–1832), who died on May 31, 1832, after being shot in the stomach during a duel, here is a math history worksheet.

My all-time favorite [ride board posting was]: “I need a ride to Amsterdam.”

“Dream food” was a favorite expression, and she fed dreams to us all.

Paella is fast becoming one of my favorite dishes.

My favorite explanation [for the derivation of the family name Retallack] is that Talek is from the Old Cornish *talawg*, meaning one having a large forehead.

Granite is great stuff! Not only is it my personal favorite, it is without a doubt the most common rock type on the continental land masses.

My own favorite [record album jacket] is a Judy Collins cover which reveals her eyes to be a shade of blue I have never ever seen before . . . or since.

My favorite admiral, Lord Nelson, is interred there as well.

My favorite hike on Earth is the stretch between Sahalie Falls and Koosah Falls.

My favorite decade has to be the 1920s.

Last night [son] Spencer’s homework was to take a normal sentence and personify the subject. This was my favorite of his answers. He changed “The flashlight turned on” to “The flashlight opened its eye.”

I appreciate the willing disposition of the common spearmint that comes up in fragrant masses every spring. Some of my favorite summer libations involve great, greedy handfuls of the stuff.

My favorite parts of living in the [Kappa Delta] house are all the random things that go on . . . like people singing in the shower, dancing around in your PJs, talking with your roommates till 3 in the morning, late

night Taco Bell runs, and *Sex and the City* marathons.

Perhaps my favorite aspect of life here [in China] is the apparent chaos and disorganization of how everything functions.

My favorite toy for girls is the Bob the Builder plush toy of Wendy, Bob’s business partner, whose job is to fix large machinery and solve problems on the construction site. When you squeeze Wendy’s stomach just above her tool belt she says in the most confident tone “Can we fix it? YES WE CAN!”

My favorite close-to-home fishing destination is the lower McKenzie River at Armitage Park, just north of town on Coburg Road.

Though they spoke little English and we spoke little Turkish, we soon were engaged in a lively conversation, and they were putting plates of grilled lamb and glasses of raki, the favorite liqueur of Turks, in front of us. The afternoon ended with a gentleman we barely knew enthusiastically toasting the “international family” we spontaneously formed that overcast April day.

A List of My Favorite Things: my iPod, playing guitar and singing soulfully, listening to music, reading, the “corner table” at the Common Grounds, being loud (and obnoxious), having intellectual discussions, the perpetual slumber party that is dorm life, English 208 with Ben Saunders, my pea coat, my car: 1966 Plymouth Belvedere.



Q. What was your favorite part of the [Miss Deaf Oregon] pageant?

A. I was nervous and stressed, I didn’t eat, didn’t sleep. But when I did my talent section—I had goose bumps during the whole thing. It was called ‘Dare to Dream.’ In this address, I encouraged the deaf community, talked about my experiences as a lacrosse player on a Division One NCAA team, and shared my own life story. I am the first deaf person to make a Division One team. It is an example of an area where the general society wouldn’t think it could possibly happen . . . and I said to myself, you can do it . . . and I did.





*When the*  
*Spirit*  
*Moved Him*



***A lot of young writers have a day job. But for Chris Mercier '98, becoming the chairman of the tribal council of the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde was just about the last thing he expected.***

**BY TODD SCHWARTZ**

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK MILLER**

*Chris Mercier in Spirit Mountain Casino*

A

*creative at an ad agency, maybe? Graphic designer? Or maybe a musician? That's what you think when you meet thirty-two-year-old Chris Mercier, a hip-looking young guy with his shaved dome and laid-back demeanor. His favorite TV channel is the Food Network—he lives for Iron Chef. He loves to cook and whips up a fine meal himself. He's traveled the world. An Internet entrepreneur, perhaps? Screenwriter? That's what you're thinking.*

*Here's what you are not thinking: Native American leader of the tribal council of the 5,000-member Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde. Which he was, until recently. And why aren't you thinking that? Because you're busy thinking he's too young, he doesn't look or sound the part, he seems too, well, cool. And then you realize that what you're thinking would make potent fertilizer, and maybe it's time to redraw your picture of Indians.*

F

*ive feathers hang from the seal of the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, representing five of the tribes that were driven from their homes and onto the Grand Ronde reservation in 1856: the Umpqua, the Molalla, the Rogue River, the Kalapuya, and the Chasta. Originally, nearly twenty tribes from all over western Oregon, some 2,000 people, were pushed onto 60,000 acres of timberland on the east slopes of the Coast Range about thirty miles northwest of Salem—land difficult for hunting and unsuitable for farming, described by Chief Sam of the Rogue River tribe as “cold and sickly.” The government, for its part, took millions of acres of ceded homelands.*

*In a too-close-to-home version of the Trail of Tears, many of the tribes had been forcibly walked north to Grand Ronde, all the way from Table Rock in southern Oregon, without adequate food or shelter. Thrown together, the tribes spoke different languages and had distinct cultures. They didn't know each other, and could barely speak to one another. Given little beyond orders to*

learn English and stop observing their old ways, the tribes made their way forward as best they could.

After World War II, the Bureau of Indian Affairs decided to begin “terminating” tribes that the bureau felt could “manage their own affairs.” That, effectively, meant ending all federal support and removing what reservation lands remained. In 1954, Congress officially terminated the Grand Ronde tribe, and with the stroke of a pen the people of the Grand Ronde were no longer, at least in the eyes of the federal government, Indians. Each tribal member received a check for \$29.40.

By the early 1970s, the poverty faced by many of the people who remained in Grand Ronde had spurred a movement toward restoration of the tribe’s official status. That effort took more than a decade, but in 1983 the Grand Ronde tribe was restored to federal recognition and, as the tribe’s website points out, “all the benefits and detriments that relationship affords.” Five years later, Congress returned 9,811 acres of reservation land to the tribe.

There are now some 5,000 tribal members, 3,000 of whom live in Oregon. The original languages have died away. Chinuk Wawa, an early hybrid of several tribal languages with a little French and English thrown in, survives. In the 150 years since they arrived cold, tired, and hungry, the people of Grand Ronde have built a tribe and culture all their own.

They have also built something else: Spirit Mountain Casino, the number one tourist attraction in Oregon, bringing more than three million visitors and at least \$75 million in profits to the reservation each year. Through its charitable foundation, the casino gives away millions in donations and grants to Oregon causes. No one is talking about terminating the tribe these days.


hen Chris Mercier was five or six, he loved Westerns. He wore cowboy boots and a toy six-shooter, and when the kids in his Salem neighborhood played cowboys and Indians, he was *always* a cowboy. Which gave his mother pause.

“My parents were divorced when I was very young,” Mercier says, “and it was my mom, who comes from an Irish immigrant family, who did everything she could to make my brother and myself aware that we had Indian blood. She gave us books on the battle of the Little Bighorn, and on some of the famous chiefs. She made a special point to do that with me!”

When he was eight, the government decided he was officially an Indian. Mercier’s mom, Patricia, began bringing the family out to Grand Ronde to visit his paternal great-grandmother Martha. Mercier heard stories of the old days that sounded to him like tales from another universe. At thirteen, he started attending powwows on the reservation. It was still a lot like dropping into another world—albeit a world in which he was part of one of the oldest and largest families in the tribe.

“The first question was usually ‘Who are your parents?’” Mercier remembers, “and I’d tell them, and they’d say ‘Oh! You’re Bryce’s kid!’ or ‘Oh! You’re Winston’s grandson!’ It seemed like I’d meet another new cousin every time I was there. It was kinda weird as a kid. A bit of a culture shock.”

Mercier graduated from North Salem High School and followed the path of several members of his family by enrolling in the University of Oregon in 1993. He loved to write and had worked on his high school newspaper, so he became a journalism major. He learned from professors including Al Stavitsky

and the legendary and intimidating Dean Rea, wrote regularly for the Grand Ronde tribal newspaper *Smoke Signals*, published in the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, and, although he didn’t have much in the way of a long-term strategy, decided that he one day wanted to write books. In the summers, he worked off and on at Spirit Mountain Casino. He spent 1996 on exchange, attending semesters at the University of Hawaii at Hilo, the University of New Orleans, and the Pontificia Universidad Catolica del Ecuador. A deep love of travel was born, and the first thing Mercier did upon graduation was leave for Europe.

After several countries and several months, he came back to the United States, going to work in Seattle for what he describes as “a prominent coffee company.” But it wasn’t many months before he had the travel fever again, and this time, using what he’d saved and “bolstered by per capita,” (the few thousand dollars per year that each member of the tribe receives from casino revenues) he bought a ticket to Thailand and spent the next eight months backpacking through Southeast Asia. Along the way he met and became close with a girl from Germany, and after his return from Asia, Mercier soon left for Germany to live with his new love.

It didn’t work out, and Mercier came back to Grand Ronde, began writing again for *Smoke Signals*, and settled in to ponder his future. Which did not remotely include becoming involved in tribal government. But Mercier soon got the powerful feeling that all was not right beneath Spirit Mountain, and something had to be done.



ou know the old proverb: “Be careful what you wish for . . . you may get it.” For the Grand Ronde, like several of the approximately 600 Native American



*Chris Mercier speaks at the Grande Ronde Tribal Powwow last summer.*

tribes across the country, gaming has brought big money onto the reservation. And that money has brought more and better health care, schools, pensions, scholarships, housing assistance, and jobs to many tribes—although about one-quarter of Native Americans still live in poverty.

But, as any lottery winner will tell you—and you may well be hard-pressed to believe—the Benjamins have a definite downside.

“A tribal member I know compares Grand Ronde to a third-world country that just struck oil,” Mercier says over lunch, as the dials on some 2,000 high-tech slot machines whirl nearby. “The tribe is dealing with a lot of the problems you see elsewhere when a group comes into wealth. We’ve had to deal with nepotism, corruption, favoritism—” Mercier stops and smiles.

You can tell, even here in this crisply air-conditioned room, that he’s on thin ice.

“I try to watch what I say,” Mercier allows. “The last time I did an interview I wasn’t quoted accurately, and it didn’t sit well with a lot of people. I guess as chairman I’m supposed to be a unifying leader. But I also like to give an honest answer. It’s hard for me to explain where I’m at without getting into a lot of stuff people aren’t going to be happy about.”

Clearly a reluctant politician, Mercier won’t go into any detail about why he ran for tribal council in 2004. This is about as specific as he gets: “In 2001 and 2002 there was just some bad stuff going on at the tribe, and I kind of got sucked into doing something about it.”

In his bio on the tribal website, Mercier writes, “To put it mildly, I was

concerned with the overall direction of the tribe. Certain events and revelations to me had raised some visible red flags that I think hinted at greater and perhaps graver problems. I do not by any means intend that as criticism of previous council members, but that is genuinely how I felt, and a lot of my suspicions were correct.”

The Grand Ronde tribal council consists of nine members, each of whom serve a three-year term. With three council seats up for election each year, the politicking can seem continuous. The tribe has embraced the democratic process, including mudslinging, direct mail campaigns, blogs, and the occasional bit of infighting that would do a Chicago alderman proud.

Mercier, who was reelected to the council in September for a term that will end in 2010, joined five other



council members who had run on something of a reform ticket. The youngest person on the council, he was chosen tribal chairman in 2006, to serve a one-year term. When asked to relate how that unlikely turn of events came about, Mercier simply smiles and shakes his head *no*. “It was a 5–4 split,” he ventures, “and when anything is that close, there are always some hard feelings.” He has a talent for the cryptic.

“We were elected on a wave of change,” he says, “and I think we have made a difference. Maybe not enough for some, but a definite difference. We’ve improved tribal communication—our publication for tribal members now talks about issues, offers space for rebuttals, and comes out on a regular schedule. It used to be borderline propaganda that was usually only published around election time. We re-did the tribal website. We now record all meetings so there is accountability. In the old days, when you used to try to track down a controversial decision, there was no record; it was like *nobody* voted for it. There wasn’t much openness to tribal government before we got on the council—the powers that were didn’t want some things discussed by the general membership. Our goal has been to usher in much greater transparency.”

But it hasn’t been a smooth ride. “Whether or not we’re promoting good changes,” says Mercier, “the tribe is clannish enough that, just because we replaced a lot of long-standing council members, that kind of automatically made us enemies of some people. This year a lot of former council members have banded together to try to kick myself and the other incumbents out. It bothers me because we aren’t being judged by whether or not we’ve done good things for the tribe—it’s just that the tribe has become so partisan that if you aren’t part of someone’s group then they don’t care what you’ve done.” As noted, the tribe has embraced modern

politics.

During his stint as tribal chairman, Mercier’s age didn’t help him either. “I was the second youngest ever chosen for the position. I remember the first council meeting I had to chair,” he says with a smile, “one of the tribal elders stood up and ripped me a new one for being too young, for being just a baby during restoration, on and on. I still take hits for my age.”

Mercier will probably take hits as well for his position on one of the hottest issues facing the tribe during his next term: whether or not members of the tribal council should continue to sit on the board of directors of Spirit Mountain Casino.

“I don’t support having council members on the casino board for several reasons,” Mercier explains. “I don’t know if we’re qualified, to begin with, and I think there should be a separation of power. The politics of the tribe tend to get transferred over to the casino, which is not very productive. The council is pretty much split down the middle on this issue.”

Some tribal council members are also not fond of Mercier’s tireless call for term limits, which are not currently part of the tribal constitution.

“Three terms and out,” he says emphatically. “Find something else to do. I’ve enjoyed serving on the council, but I don’t want to do it as a career. I’m not a politician. It’s been rewarding, but someday I’d like to go back to school, get a master’s, get back to writing, and see more of the world.”

The good news for Mercier, who lives in McMinnville, the town of his birth, is that there’s probably a good book in his time as tribal chair.

“I can’t say we’ve eliminated strife and turmoil from the tribe,” he muses, “it’s still there. I mean, you can win the election with 20 percent of the vote, which of course means that 80 percent of the voters didn’t want you. But we’ve done some good things for the future of

the tribe.” Voters, perhaps unlike former tribal council members, agree: in the recent election, Mercier got the highest number of votes among ten candidates with 16.3 percent.

Mercier has both optimism and concerns for Grand Ronde’s future.

“The tribe, like many others, has done well with gaming,” he says, “but that could change if that right is extended to nontribal entities. There have been attempts to do that in Oregon. Tribes will be affected in a major way if other players are in the game. It’s very profitable, but I worry that our tribe and all tribes will focus only on gaming as the sole industry worth investing in. Economic diversity is going to be critical.”

Mercier will have at least three more years in the job that he still sometimes wonders how and why he holds. He hopes to do a little more hiking with his girlfriend, hopes to spend a little more time traveling, cooking, and eating well. He’s learning to speak Chinuk Wawa, learning more each day about his history and culture—which is something he wishes everyone would do:

“I think people need to educate themselves about tribes,” he says. “There is definitely a disconnect these days—people look at Indians and think casinos. But there is a lot more to us than that, economically and culturally. Gaming has brought a lot good things, and a few not so good, but the old issues for our people are still here. A good start would be for everyone to read *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. Indians are still here, and we aren’t going away.”

Instead, like Chris Mercier, they are going forward, in ways that are often surprising—even to themselves.

*Todd Schwartz ’75 is a Portland writer. His last piece for Oregon Quarterly was “Eight Things About A Brick” (Winter 2006).*



# When, Not If

BY ALICE TALLMADGE

A GLOBAL INFLUENZA PANDEMIC IS FERTILE FODDER FOR DISASTER MOVIE FANTASIES, BUT PREPARING FOR IT IS A DAILY REALITY FOR PUBLIC HEALTH COMMUNICATIONS EXPERTS.

**T**HE MINUSCULE BUT DISASTROUS EVENT MIGHT occur next month, next year, or the year after that. The single insidious virus won't issue warnings or red flags when it morphs into virologists' most dreaded nightmare. One tiny mutation deep in the complex structure of a deadly influenza virus—perhaps a relative of an avian variety that currently infects wild birds and poultry throughout southeast Asia—will enable it to transmit easily from one person to another. That mutated virus—for which no one yet has antibodies—is likely to spread around the globe within a matter of weeks, infecting tens of millions, killing millions, and leaving a trail of social havoc in its wake. A pandemic.

“The scope of the pandemic will be unlike anything anyone has lived through,” says Meredith Li-Vollmer '93, risk communication specialist for public health in Seattle and King County. “It will be

catastrophic on a level we haven't seen in our lifetimes."

The last major global epidemic, the Spanish flu pandemic of 1918–19, killed an estimated 50 to 100 million people. And that was before the ease of international air travel, economic globalization, and growing population density shrunk the world. In some Third World mega-cities, the proximity of poultry, pigs, and humans and lack of health infrastructure magnify the problem. Those factors increase the likelihood that the next pandemic will extend further and faster than any that have come before.

Although many researchers say they are convinced a pandemic is inevitable, none can predict when the virus will emerge or how deadly it will be. "The clock is ticking," said reporter and author Christine Dumas at a 2006 pandemic flu conference in Philadelphia. "We just don't know what time it is."

How well new tools and strategies of communication are used will have a major effect on just how deadly the virus is when its time comes.

Li-Vollmer and her counterpart, Angela Seydel '87, an emergency risk communications specialist for rural southeastern Washington, are on the frontlines of efforts being undertaken by states and counties throughout the United States to prepare for the social disruption that a pandemic could create. Both spend their days imagining the unthinkable, and then figuring out the best strategies to lessen its impact.

**T**HE DIRE SCENARIOS Li-Vollmer and Seydel work from resemble a sci-fi medical thriller. Shuttered schools. Empty movie theaters and sport arenas. Overfull and understaffed health care

facilities. A scarcity of antiviral medicines, respirators, and face masks. Bare grocery shelves. Disrupted ground and air travel. Overloaded police, fire, and emergency medical crews. A workforce shrunk to skeletal levels as parents stay home to care for sick children or become ill themselves.

All of us will be justifiably and thoroughly scared, and we'll be looking to public health officials for answers. That's where Li-Vollmer and Seydel come in. Their work is to prepare the communications and communicators to get us the information we will need to avoid panic and limit the spread of the virus. They do this work now because,

**THE LAST MAJOR GLOBAL EPIDEMIC, THE SPANISH FLU PANDEMIC OF 1918–19, KILLED AN ESTIMATED 50 TO 100 MILLION PEOPLE. AND THAT WAS BEFORE THE EASE OF INTERNATIONAL AIR TRAVEL, ECONOMIC GLOBALIZATION, AND GROWING POPULATION DENSITY SHRUNK THE WORLD.**

once the virus hits, it will be too late to teach those who must respond the keys to effective crisis communications.

In a risk situation, true panic is relatively rare, Seydel says. "What isn't rare is that people need information or they will go into fight-or-flight mode to protect themselves and their family. They need information that helps them understand the situation and respond in a way that is beneficial to themselves and their community."

National risk communications expert Peter Sandman has written extensively about disaster communication. In any emergency, he says, the situation is fluid and uncertain, people are upset and need guidance to help them "bear their feelings and act wisely." Pandemics pose additional challenges, he says, because they last longer and provoke more dread

than most emergencies and because, in the initial stages, fewer resources will be available.

These differences, he says, "tell us that it will be both harder and more important to do pandemic crisis communication properly than in the case of most other crisis situations."

In a pandemic, Seydel says, it is essential for those who communicate with the public to acknowledge people's fears and concerns up front and not hide behind a bureaucratic wall of facts and prepared statements.

"People can't hear you unless they know that you hear them," Seydel says.

"They will be afraid, and they need to know that you and the organization understand where they are coming from."


Once people start to listen, they need clear, concise information. That information should include

- what you can do to keep from coming in contact with the virus—avoid crowds, cover your mouth when you cough, wash your hands frequently, stay home when you're sick;
- where to find temporary medical stations;
- what resources are available for vulnerable populations; and
- officials' assessment of the situation.

People also need to hear what public officials don't know and what they are doing to find out, Seydel says. "Part of the message must be that 'we will keep you informed.' And then it should end with, 'Here's when we'll get back to you.'"

Sandman's musts for communicating in a pandemic emergency include legitimizing people's fears, tolerating initial over-reactions, telling people what they can expect, and offering concrete actions

*Public health workers in Indonesia incinerate potentially contaminated birds after a fourteen-year-old boy died of avian flu. (AP Photo/Tatan Syuflana)* ►



THE INFECTIONS WERE TRACED TO CONTACT WITH INFECTED POULTRY. HAD THE H5N1 VIRUS NOW JUMPED THE SPECIES BARRIER FROM CHICKENS TO HUMANS? WAS HUMAN-TO-HUMAN TRANSMISSION ABOUT TO APPEAR NEXT? THE NEXT PANDEMIC SEEMED IMMINENT.



they can take. He recommends that risk communicators tell the truth—don't over-reassure, don't aim for zero fear, and be explicit when official assessments change.

Seydel agrees. "The Centers for Disease Control's motto is, 'First, be right. Be credible,'" she says. "And that's what we're trying to teach [emergency personnel] to do. To get information to people who need to know it, as accessibly as possible, as quickly as possible, so they can protect themselves and their loved ones."

**P**ANDEMICS—SUDDEN, widespread epidemics for which people have no natural immunity—are not rare in human history. Researchers have recorded at least twenty, beginning with a wave of plague (now believed to be typhoid) in 430 B.C. In the mid-1300s, bubonic plague, or the "Black Death," swept through Europe, North Africa, and the Middle East, decimating villages and cities and killing an estimated 20 million people. In the nineteenth century, pandemics of cholera killed thousands throughout Europe, India, and Africa.

The first influenza pandemic has been traced to the late 1800s, but by far, the most deadly pandemic in recorded history was the Spanish flu. The deadly virus shattered families and wiped out villages from Alaska to the Fiji Islands. It killed 5 percent of the population of India—17 million people. In the United States it felled, within nine months, an estimated 675,000, more than the country's combined combat casualties of both world wars, as well as Korea and Vietnam.

Victims of the flu "start with what appears to be an ordinary attack of la Grippe or Influenza, and when brought to the hospital they very rapidly develop the most vicious type of Pneumonia that has ever been seen," wrote Dr. N. Roy

Grist, an army physician at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, in a September 1918 letter. "Two hours after admission they have the Mahogany spots over the cheek bones, and a few hours later you can begin to see the cyanosis extending from their ears and spreading all over the face, until it is hard to distinguish the colored men from the white. It is simply a struggle for air until they suffocate. It is horrible."

The twentieth century has seen two less severe influenza pandemics—the Asian flu in 1957 and the Hong Kong flu in 1967. Reports of a possible outbreak of swine flu circulated in 1976 and initiated a nationwide immunization effort. The feared epidemic never materialized,

**"... THAT'S WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO TEACH... GET INFORMATION TO PEOPLE WHO NEED TO KNOW IT, AS ACCESSIBLY AS POSSIBLE, AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, SO THEY CAN PROTECT THEMSELVES AND THEIR LOVED ONES."**

although hundreds suffered ill effects from the vaccine.

The influenza virus that kills is not the same type that plagues thousands of individuals yearly with coughs, fever, and muscle aches. The influenza type that confounds, frightens, and fascinates researchers—and kills people—is influenza A, which was responsible for the twentieth century's three influenza pandemics.

Virologists have made great strides in understanding the biology of influenza A viruses. In the past decade they have focused on a particularly lethal subtype referred to as H5N1, or avian influenza. The subtype has the ability to infect several different species. Wild birds are its primary carriers and they pass it to domestic ducks, turkeys, and chickens. In poultry it develops in two distinct ways: a mild, nonlethal form and a form that kills quickly. Researchers know that H5N1 viruses can reconfigure with lightning speed to create new strains. It is the possibility of a strain emerging that could

*Emergency hospital during the Spanish flu pandemic, Camp Funston, Kansas. (Courtesy of the National Museum of Health and Medicine, Armed Forces Institute of Pathology, Washington, D.C.)*

spread in humans that troubles them the most.

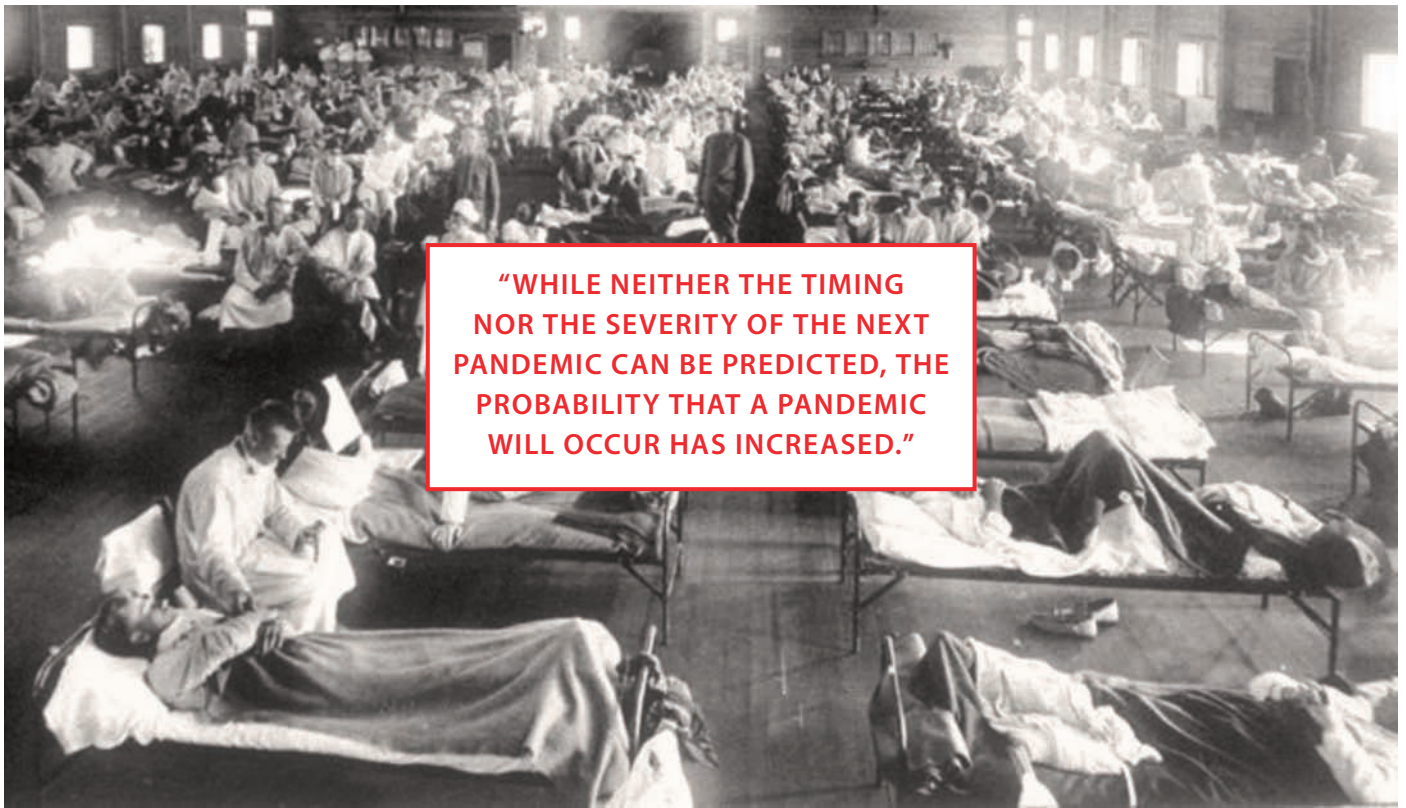
The death of a three-year-old Hong Kong boy after a short, mysterious respiratory illness in 1997 gave virus-watchers more to worry about, according to two recent books (*The Monster at Our Door* by Mike Davis and *Flu* by Gina Kolata). Virologists were stunned after their investigation revealed that the infectious agent was the H5N1 virus, common in wild birds

but never before found in humans. Within a few months, eighteen more human cases had been reported. Six were fatal. The infections were traced to contact with infected poultry. Had the H5N1 virus now jumped the species barrier from chickens to humans? Was human-to-human transmission about to appear next? The next pandemic seemed imminent.

Not yet.

The virus's primary target would remain poultry, and more than 150 million birds, primarily in Asia, have been slaughtered to try to stem the epidemic. Human cases have surfaced—mostly in Indonesia, Vietnam, and Egypt—but not in significant numbers. As of September 2007, of 328 people who have been infected with the H5N1 virus, 200 have died, according to World Health Organization figures. The H5N1 virus now meets two out of three conditions necessary for initiating a pandemic: the virus is new to humans and it has killed more than half of those it has infected. But it has not yet met the third condition, that it be easily transmissible from human to human. Scientists don't know how long we can count on that.

"Each additional human case gives the virus an opportunity to improve its transmissibility in humans, and thus develop into a pandemic strain," according to the World Health Organization. "While neither the timing nor the severity of the next



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pandemic can be predicted, the probability that a pandemic will occur has increased.”

Faced with an eventuality that has nightmare possibilities but no timeline, Li-Vollmer and Seydel concentrate on day-to-day practicalities that serve residents in their respective urban and rural environments. Besides working on communications strategies and techniques with hospital, city, county, business, and nonprofit personnel, Li-Vollmer develops ways to include vulnerable populations, such as the homeless and the elderly, into preparedness plans. She also works with leaders of the plethora of ethnic groups that live in Seattle and King County, which include Vietnamese, Somalis, East Africans, Chinese, Filipinos, Russian-Ukrainians, and Koreans. Her goal is to learn about cultural attitudes toward medical treatment and how to best disseminate information in an emergency—whether via ethnic media or posts at grocery stores or other businesses. In addition, she is exploring the idea of using a graphic comic book-type format to explain pandemic flu to people with low literacy.

In the case of a pandemic, making

sure public health messages are targeted toward particular groups is essential for gaining cooperation, she says. “We want to say things in a way people can comprehend easily, so they will be more willing to comply with the guidance we may need to give them.”

A power outage following a windstorm last winter demonstrated what can happen when cultural newcomers are faced with an emergency. In some areas of Seattle, people were without power for eight days. Some immigrant families brought gas-powered generators and barbecues into their homes for cooking and heating. Coming from areas where homes tend to have open ventilation, they weren’t aware of the risks of using those appliances in more tightly constructed homes and apartments. The result, she says, was a wave of carbon monoxide poisonings.

As part of their jobs, Seydel and Li-Vollmer both participate in “table top” exercises to test preparedness plans. Participants—emergency responders, public health information officers, hospital spokespeople—talk through the roles they would take in the event of a pandemic or

other disaster. The exercise might call for people to write press releases, hold a news conference, and activate information networks. Occasionally Seydel and Li-Vollmer participate in full-scale exercises mandated by the state and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention. These may involve a real-life challenge, such as setting up a makeshift clinic or a mass vaccination center.

It’s difficult to replicate the kind of chaos and confusion that would come with a pandemic, but such exercises are vital. Wherever the pandemic surfaces, it will travel quickly around the globe, giving most communities little time to prepare. Planning now is essential to reduce suffering and give everyone the best chance to make it through, Li-Vollmer says. “The level of fear, or outrage, could be very high. Our goal is to get people past that emotion so they can take the next steps to be ready in their homes and in their communities.”

*Alice Tallmadge, M.A. ’87, is a freelance writer who lives in Springfield. Her last feature for Oregon Quarterly was “Language of the Land” (Autumn 2006).*

HOWDY, PARTNER



# WordShare

*What's in a name? A lot when you're referring to the most important person in your life.*

BY ANA MARIA SPAGNA  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN PEGODA

**T**welve years ago I sat in the Downtown Diner with a tuna melt and a new friend. I'd moved to the Southwest for graduate school from the mossy woods of Washington State, where I'd been working as a trail crew laborer, and my new friend was from Atlanta, where she'd been working, most recently, as an editor. We were out of our elements and looking for common ground, and finding it, mutually, in a love of words and a stubborn distrust of pretense.

During the first week of school, we'd walked the streets of downtown looking for a restaurant without sprouts on the menu. We found the Downtown Diner and settled into a weekly routine of greasy sandwiches and good conversation.

Over the course of a few weeks, I often mentioned Laurie. I'd been living with Laurie for five years. We'd come out to friends and family, to coworkers and medical doctors, mostly, by pronoun or intimation. There just wasn't a good word available. We were coy and evasive and usually left it to the listener to figure out the nature of the relationship. My new friend wasn't buying it.

"Who's Laurie?" she asked.

I hesitated. Then chose the least bad choice.

"She's my partner."

My friend laughed and leaned forward.

"Pard-ner?" She asked in her best John Wayne accent. "She's your pard-ner? This *is* the Wild West. What does that mean? Is she your lover?"

I laughed, too, embarrassed.

We were all about candor, right?  
“Yes,” I said. “She’s my lover.”

I didn’t use the word *partner* again for a decade. I didn’t say *lover* either. I didn’t want to be that graphic. I usually said *friend*, or sometimes, lamely, *roommate*. I could have said *girlfriend*, I suppose, but that sounded too casual, too changeable. By then, Laurie and I had built a house together back home in the North Cascades. We shared a bank account, family holidays, a spoiled cat, and, yes, a bed. We were, essentially, married. But that word—*married*—was definitely off-limits. It belonged to heterosexuals, and some folks guarded it fiercely.

By 2004, when couples lined up in San Francisco and in Multnomah County to get married, Laurie and I had been together for thirteen years. On the nightly news we listened to the shrill voices rising in opposition.

“Maybe we should go,” Laurie suggested.

“I don’t want to,” I said.

Then I had to explain myself. Of course I wanted to marry her. I mean, for all intents and purposes, I *had* married her at the tender age of twenty-three. I didn’t want to go to San Francisco because I was afraid that the license would end up being no good, that whatever progress was being made



*I didn’t use the word partner again for a decade. I didn’t say lover either. I didn’t want to be that graphic. I usually said friend, or sometimes, lamely, roommate. I could have said girlfriend, I suppose, but that sounded too casual, too changeable.*

would be temporary. I didn’t want to put so much of myself out there for so little reward. It wasn’t retribution I feared, or violence, though I knew these might be possibilities. It was futility.

Part of the problem was that I still distrusted pretense. I didn’t want to wear a ring that might as well be from a Cracker Jack box. And I didn’t want to get pretend-married just to get people used to the idea, the way some land managers post warnings on bulletin boards that grizzly bears lurk in the woods, when they haven’t been sighted in eons, just to get people used to the idea. I didn’t want to play politics with my life. I still don’t.

But times change. Twelve years ago, the word *partner* wasn’t commonly used to refer to committed couples. Sure, some people used it,

but not many. It was sort of like *organic*. Back then, when we hauled our produce bags into the kitchen at Thanksgiving, Laurie’s dad used to joke: “How can there be such a thing as inorganic food?”

Now he buys organic more often than not. And twelve years ago, an earnest friend could say: “Pard-ner? What’s that mean?”

But not anymore.

Early last summer, the Washington legislature passed a domestic partner law (shortly thereafter Oregon followed suit) allowing Laurie and me some, though not all, of the rights afforded to married couples: hospital visitation, informed consent in medical decisions, and the right to inherit property in the absence of a will. This time we decided to show up. We registered as domestic partners, officially, by mail, on the day the law went into effect. Now, the word *partner* actually means something. I plan to use it proudly. The truth is, I’ve already been using it regularly and without a second thought.

I’m not the only one.

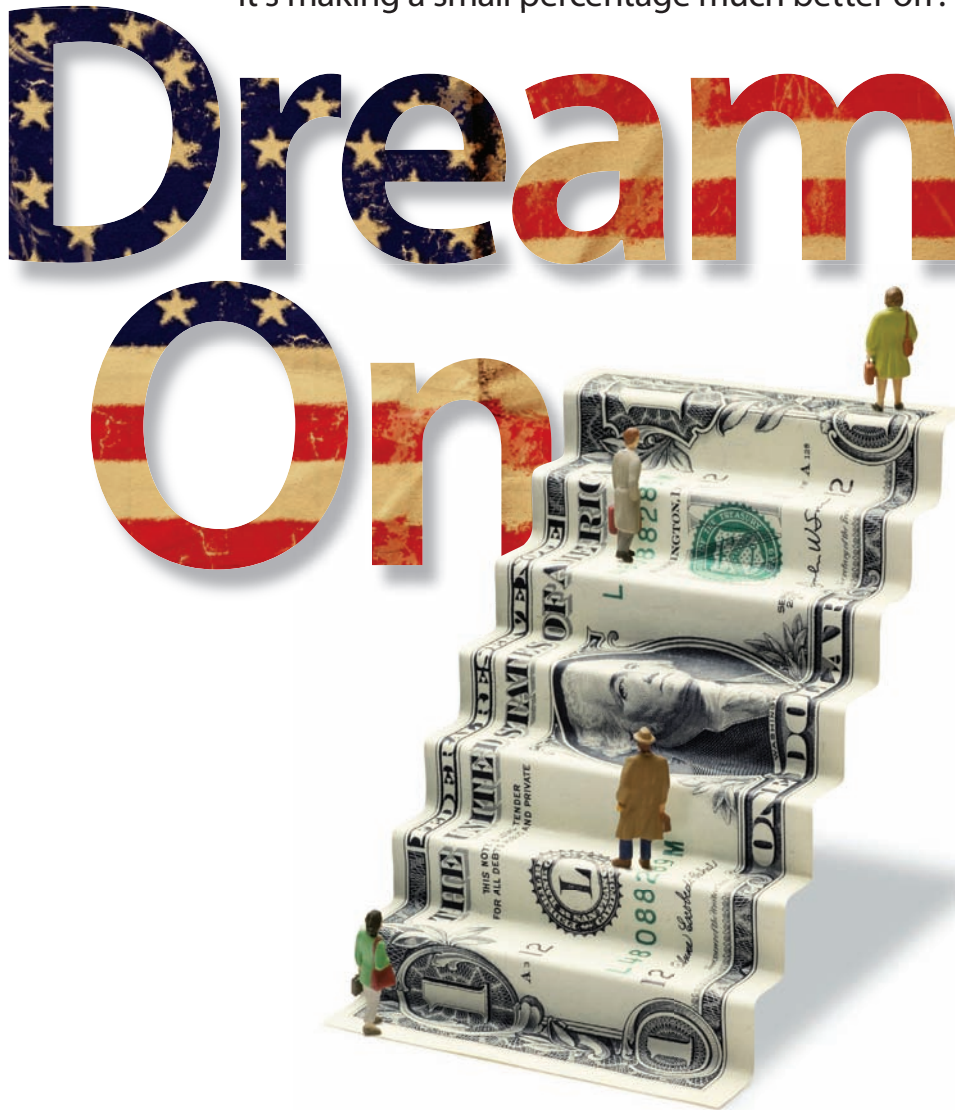
The other day my mother sent me an e-mail in which she referred to the man who has lived with an old family friend for thirty years as the friend’s “partner.” I was surprised and delighted. The Washington law allows heterosexual couples over sixty-two, those who might choose not to marry for financial reasons, to register as domestic partners. That’s fine by me. I’m more than willing to share my word—and the new legal status that goes with it—with heterosexual couples.

I hope someday I’ll get to share theirs.

*Ana Maria Spagna ’89 lives in Stehekin, Washington. Her work has appeared in numerous magazines and journals and her memoir, Now Go Home, was published in 2004.*

Ana Maria Spagna was the winner of the 2002 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest for her essay “Fire Ban.” The essay contest is now in its ninth year and we welcome submissions in both student and open categories. There is no entry fee and prizes are from \$50 to \$750. Entry deadline is January 31, 2008. For complete guidelines, go to [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

If the growing U.S. economy is making most Americans at least a little better off than they used to be, does it matter that it's making a small percentage much better off? **You bet.**



© ISTOCKPHOTO/DUNCAN WALKER (FLAG) AND SKIP O'DONNELL (DOLLAR)

BY BRYCE WARD AND ED WHITELAW

**W**e're a conflicted lot, we Americans. We're both pessimists and optimists. To see this takes a little scrutiny. Consider first the gloomsayers. In the July 2007 George Washington University Battleground Poll, only 32 percent believed their children in the future would be better off (24 percent about the same, and 38 percent worse off). Several recent Pew Research Center surveys show that substantial majorities of Americans believe workers today have a much tougher time compared to workers twenty or thirty years ago, and fewer than half expect the next five years to be better than the present. A recent Gallup Poll reveals historically high dissatisfaction among Americans.

And yet we, including many pessimists, still believe in the American Dream: through hard work, equal opportunity, and helping each other we can succeed and live the good life. In large majorities, we like these behaviors, standards, and goals. According to a recent *New York Times* poll, 80 percent of Americans believe that it's "possible to start out poor in this country, work hard, and become rich." Polls such as the American National Election Studies and the Pew values surveys consistently show that 90 percent of Americans agree that "our society should do what is necessary to make sure that everyone has an equal opportunity to succeed." And while Americans embrace a work ethic for controlling their own destinies, 85 percent of us favor "programs that make special efforts to help people get ahead who come from low-income backgrounds," according to the recent *New York Times* poll.

Americans don't believe simply that opportunity *should* exist for all Americans; we believe that opportunity *does* exist for all Americans. The *Times* poll showed that 70 percent believe that they will achieve the American Dream in their lifetimes (although only 32 percent think that they've achieved it already). Forty-five percent think they'll become financially wealthy.

Oregonians have their own version of the American Dream. In his 2006 State of the State Address and his 2007 Inaugural, Governor Ted Kulongoski invoked the Oregon Dream and, in effect, gave it two dimensions, opportunity and community. To clarify opportunity, he borrowed from a long succession of leaders, when he urged, "[Don't ask] for a guarantee of success—just an opportunity to find success." This is familiar language for, among others, that quintessential industrialist-philanthropist John D. Rockefeller: "[T]he world owes no man a living but . . . it owes every man an opportunity to make a living."

With his other dimension of the Oregon Dream—community—Governor Kulongoski promised "We will not abandon you. . . . We [do not tell] our fellow citizens: ['Y]ou're on your own.' We [will] not move ahead by leaving others behind." While the governor didn't actually use the term "community," his statements certainly evoke the spirit of community.

### [III]

**B**ut beliefs and spirit alone—even fervent beliefs and effusive spirit—don't make reality. And it's a long haul from the economic reality of America in the twenty-first century to the American Dream. Gone is nineteenth-century America, where hard work and a willingness to "go West" were paths toward the dream. Also gone is twentieth-century America, where a basic, public high school education and the diligence to climb the corporate ladder could get one close to the dream. Gone, too, are those recent decades when a college education in itself bestowed

a fair shot at success. During the past thirty or forty years, the economy changed dramatically and the route to the top changed with it. But the institutions on which we relied to generate opportunities failed to keep pace. In the cold dawn of the twenty-first century, the American Dream seems long ago and far way.

To get a handle on America's reality today, consider these three well-established and oft-discussed facts about our incomes. First, America's economy is large and growing, and economic growth raised incomes for nearly all workers relative to their counterparts in previous generations. For instance, in 1983, the typical (i.e., median) hairdresser earned \$389 per week (in constant 2006 dollars), the typical editor-reporter, \$775, and the typical lawyer, \$1,265. In 2002, the typical hairdresser earned \$422 per week, the typical editor-reporter, \$846, and the typical lawyer, \$1,672.

Second, our incomes are distributed very unevenly. Huge gaps exist between the rich and the poor, and, for that matter, between the rich and the not-so-poor. Moreover, these gaps have widened markedly in recent decades. The changes in income for hairdressers, editor-reporters, and lawyers illustrate these points. In 1983 the attorney made 1.6 times what the editor-reporter made and 3.3 times the hairdresser. In 2002, however, the attorney made 2 times what the editor-reporter made and 4 times what the hairdresser made. The growth in inequality becomes even more staggering when we look at the very top of the income distribution. In 1965 the typical CEO earned 24 times what the typical worker earned; in 2005, 262 times.

To put these illustrations in broader context over a longer period, consider Figure 1, which shows U.S. household incomes for the 10th, 50th, and 90th percentiles between 1963 and 2004. In 1963 the family at the 50th percentile (the middle of the income distribution) earned the equivalent of \$41,845 in today's dollars. Meanwhile, the families at the 10th and 90th percentiles earned \$13,514 and \$83,255. (At the 10th percentile, 10 percent of the families lie below and 90 percent above. At the 90th percentile, it's just the opposite.) In 2004, the families at those same percentiles in the distribution earned \$18,675, \$61,335, and \$146,439.

Figure 2 brings Figure 1 home to Oregon. The Oregon story is virtually the same as the American story: The top bracket prospered; the lower brackets hardly changed.

During the past four decades or so, America's economic pie got bigger. Most of us regard that as a good thing. But America dished out the biggest pieces indulgently to those relatively few Americans who already had the biggest pieces. Most of us regard that as a bad thing. No small part of why this disturbs so many is the stark size of the disproportion. Northwestern University economists Ian Dew-Becker and Robert Gordon report that, between 1966 and 2001, "of the total increase in real labor income of over 2.8 trillion dollars, less than 12 percent went to

FIGURE 1

## U.S. Household Income at the 10th, 50th, and 90th Percentiles, 1963–2004

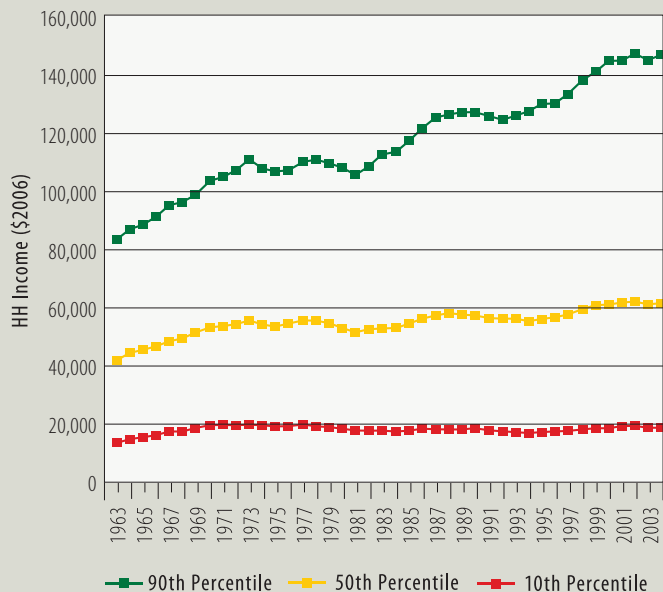
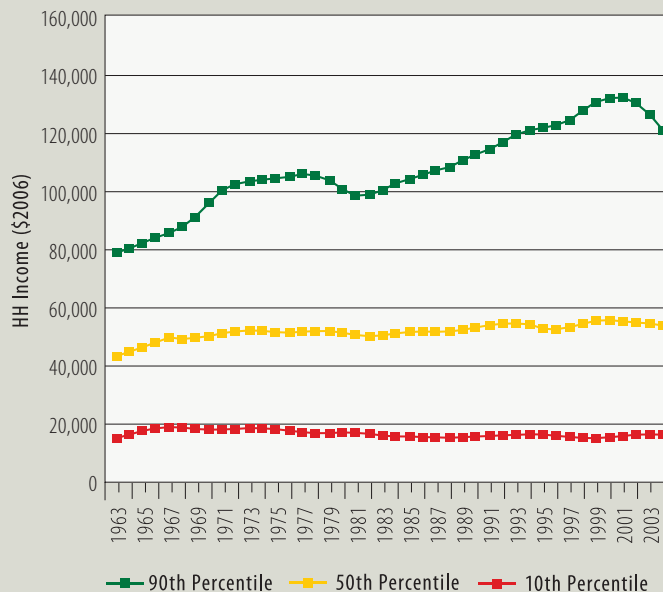


FIGURE 2

## Oregon Household Income at the 10th, 50th, and 90th Percentiles, 1963–2004



the bottom half of the income distribution. More of the income change accrued to the top one percent than to the entire lower 50 percent, and more accrued to the top 1/100 percent than to the entire lower 20 percent.”

The third salient fact about U.S. incomes tells us how limited upward (or downward) mobility is in the United States. A wide gap in income distribution might be more tolerable if a reasonably large share of the population could experience life at the top, even if only for a short time. And there’s the rub. Children born into poor families are far, far more likely to stay at the bottom. And children of middle-income families stay in the middle. And, of course, children of rich families stay at the top. We don’t see this stratification in such countries as Germany, Sweden, and Canada. Each has greater income mobility than we do. And our rigid hierarchy has persisted for awhile. Columbia University economist Wojciech Kopczuk, UC Berkeley economist Emmanuel Saez, and National Bureau of Economic Research economist Jae Song, after examining nearly seventy years of Social Security data, find that income mobility in the United States has remained constant since the 1970s. Mobility has not increased to offset the dramatically increased inequality in incomes.



**G**rowing inequality and stagnant mobility thwart the expectations Americans share about the workings of the economy. In return for going to school, working hard, saving, and generally behaving well, Americans expect fair shares of America’s prosperity. Most economists—and, more important, most Americans—feel strongly that America’s failure to distribute the gains from economic growth throughout the workforce and the reasons behind this failure pose severe challenges for us.

Not everyone, though, thinks so. For some, the current level of inequality shouldn’t concern us. For them, absolute, not relative, changes in incomes are what matter. “Look,” they would say, “at all levels, people have higher incomes than they used to. Everyone is at least a little better off; no one is worse off. The American economy is a success.”

There’s a corollary to this argument that begs attention: The opportunity to succeed awaits any and all if only they are responsible and industrious. Commentator Bill O’Reilly offers an extreme version of this view: “[In this country], you can succeed



if you get educated and work hard. Period.” Those at the bottom of the income distribution are there because, he says—and, yes, we’re quoting him—they are “irresponsible and lazy.” A more moderate representation of this view would still reduce to, “America has provided enough opportunity; if you don’t succeed, you have only yourself to blame.” An individual’s earnings directly reflect her contribution to the economy, and her wealth reflects her willingness to save and her ability to invest wisely. Thus, the growth in inequality simply reflects the greater effort, productivity, discipline, and wisdom some exhibit relative to others, proponents of this view argue.

A growing number of economists, including the two of us, find these arguments not only bleak but fatally flawed. First, a highly unequal society (regardless of what produced the inequality) both threatens the American Dream and poses additional problems. Harvard University economist Dan Andrews and Australian National University economist Andrew Leigh find that, looking at different countries, individuals born into more unequal societies are less upwardly mobile than those born in more equal societies. In addition to impeding mobility, highly unequal societies tend to have more crime, face elevated political tensions and greater mistrust of their leaders and among their citizens, and produce economic policies that hinder growth and opportunity.

Second, the causes of America’s rising inequality are not benign. While economists have identified several causes, two seem to dominate: changes in demand for certain skills and changes in market institutions and norms. These developments, in turn, cause changes in incomes and opportunities that favor those who are already doing well. It has become much easier for the rich to get richer, and this is troubling.

MIT economists David Autor and Frank Levy and Harvard economist Richard Murnane have found that technological changes and an increasingly global marketplace have substantially increased the demand for skills in abstract thinking and interpersonal relations. While these skills have always been rewarded, Autor, Levy, and Murnane find that the market (monetary) values of these two skills have increased markedly in recent years. Increased compensation for scarce and valued skills is normal and desirable. But these skills seem concentrated among children raised in the richer families and communities.

It’s difficult to measure the distributions of abstract thinking and interpersonal skills among the population, but data on admissions to top U.S. colleges offer some insights. The results aren’t encouraging. In their recently published book, *Equity and Excellence in American Higher Education*, economist William Bowen, historian Eugene M. Tobin, and Harvard law student Martin A. Kurzweil, all at the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation, find that opportunity in the form of education at highly selective colleges is distributed very unequally across incomes. Not surprising, they found that children from high-income families stand a better chance of

being among the credible applicants to highly selective colleges than do children from low-income families. Surprising, though, was the magnitude of the difference: the chances of high-income students were six times better than those of low-income students.

Regarding the other major cause of America’s rising inequality, changes in the institutions and social norms governing how employers compensate their employees, MIT economists Frank Levy and Peter Temin find that the rules have changed. Their analysis shows that the bargaining power of typical workers has weakened substantially as a set of free-market practices has replaced the institutional arrangements designed to promote economic stability after the Great Depression. A result of public and private decisions following what economists call the “stagflation” of the 1970s, these changes introduced greater volatility into the economic conditions facing America’s workers as wage and benefit norms changed and the importance of unions and minimum wages declined. Because the displaced practices promoting stability disproportionately favored workers at the bottom of the income distribution, the economic prospects of these workers have declined with the new policies. Levy and Temin calculate that the typical worker witnessed a 30 percent decline in their bargaining power between 1980 and 2005.

In recent years, students in high school and college economics classes learned that earnings and labor productivity (output per worker) grew together. Teachers using data from the twenty-to-thirty years following World War II would say something to the effect, “During those decades incomes at all levels grew at roughly the same rate that productivity grew.” They presented this as the natural order—the economy grew, and all shared in the prosperity. We hope all those teachers are updating their teaching materials to reflect America’s more recent experience and thereby educate their students to today’s disquieting reality. Using data from the past several decades, Northwestern University economists Dew-Becker and Gordon calculate that only workers earning above the 90th percentile saw their wages increase at a rate corresponding to the increase in labor productivity. If teachers of economics rely on these more up-to-date findings, they should say something like, “In recent years, we must reject the hypothesis that incomes rise with productivity, because the neat link between earnings and productivity has broken.”

To argue that the link has not broken is to argue that those at the top are the only ones whose productivity has increased. That argument simply doesn’t fly.

While most Americans can’t quote the growth rates of earnings and productivity, they sure seem to understand the consequences. Over the past twenty years, the share of Americans who view the economy as divided into “haves” and “have nots” has nearly doubled from 26 percent to 48 percent, according to a recent report from the Pew Research Center. The same report notes that the share of Americans who view themselves as “have nots” also doubled over the same period.

It's not unreasonable to argue that at any one moment in America, the differences in incomes reflect differences in individuals and not differences in the economy itself. But one must suspend disbelief to argue that our increasingly unequal distributions of incomes and our stagnant mobility reflect some as-yet-undocumented rapid decay in the effort, productivity, discipline, and wisdom of most Americans. We, and many other economists, simply don't buy it.

Accumulating, compelling evidence points to changes in the American economy and not in Americans. In America, the rewards for responsibility and industriousness appear to have declined. And the number of opportunities, the number of possibilities for, say, upward mobility, from our economy and its institutions appears to have declined as well. Perverse incentives, indeed.

## [IV]

One can easily find rags-to-riches anecdotes: simply watch *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* *American Idol*, re-runs of the late-1980s TV series *Rags to Riches*, or Charlie Chaplin as the Little Tramp in the 1925 film *The Gold Rush*. But it's not the possibility of mobility that concerns us; rather, it's the *probability*. A wider distribution of income requires greater compensatory churning, more remedial noddging to keep society from calcifying into haves and have-nots.

To noodge our institutions and policies and thus to restore the American Dream requires rethinking and revitalizing the institutions used to equalize access to the spoils of the American economy. We think it also will require creating new institutions and policies. Nineteenth-century America offered land to those willing to settle it. Twentieth-century America offered a free, public education to those willing to attend. While those and other institutions worked well in their time and helped establish America's image as the "land of opportunity," neither seems up to restoring America as the land of opportunity in the twenty-first century.

To restore the American Dream as a reality, it is insufficient to leave no child behind in the basic skills of reading, expression, and math or to increase the share of our children who attend college. The modern economy rewards a complex set of abstract thinking and interpersonal skills that neither of these common policy recommendations addresses adequately by itself. Generating actual opportunity, especially for those who lack it most, will require major public and private investments of effort and resources simply to identify how to cultivate these twenty-first-century skills among populations currently struggling to master the basics. And then there's the task of genuinely cultivating these skills. Education is still a key, but we need to fundamentally change both the accessibility and the emphasis,

composition, and delivery of education from kindergarten through continuing adult education.

Similarly, popular calls to reestablish the labor market institutions and trade policies of the mid-twentieth century (e.g., unions, relatively high minimum wages, more protective trade agreements, and so on) likely won't do much to reduce inequality or improve opportunity. While there is certainly some need to improve workers' ability to command higher wages from powerful employers, ultimately we need to develop new institutions that will help workers successfully cope with a rapidly changing economy. For example, we need much better institutional arrangements for facilitating smooth job and career transitions. How about developing a nonemployer-based health-care system that doesn't tie employees to one employer? How about more generous unemployment insurance or a form of wage insurance? How about making adult education and retraining a core piece of the system rather than an afterthought?

Here's an idea: As a nation, let's transform the American Dream from an abstract ideal to the pragmatic principle driving policy. Let's adopt as a goal what 90 percent of Americans believe: "making sure that everyone has an equal opportunity to succeed."

We believe Oregonians share with their governor and other Americans common views on hard work, equal opportunity, and helping others achieve the Dream. Like most Americans, most Oregonians expect a reasonable return—fair shares of Oregon's prosperity—from going to school, working hard, saving, and generally behaving well.

While we Oregonians won't, or—to be more accurate—can't promise that our fellow citizens won't fail, we promise to mitigate the effects of failure and, in Governor Kulongoski's words, "We will help retrain you, and see that you have the skills you need to compete in a global marketplace."

These views of Oregonians, reflected in the governor's speeches, specify a standard by which to evaluate Oregon's economy. If there's an unacceptable gap between the distribution of Oregon's economic bounty and how Oregonians would like it to be, then Oregon has a problem. So, as Oregonians, let's solve the problem. And, as Oregonians, let's pursue policies that support our governor's vision of our statewide dream.

First, acknowledge the problem. Denial sucks. Second, clarify it by bringing it home to Oregon and asking the basic questions of good policy and action: Where are we? Where would we like to be? How do we get from where we are to where we'd like to be? Third, roll up our sleeves and get to work.

*Bryce Ward '99 is a senior economist at ECONorthwest, an economics consulting firm. Ed Whitelaw, a professor emeritus of economics at the University of Oregon, is founder and president of ECONorthwest. The views expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views or opinions of the University of Oregon or its employees or of ECONorthwest, its employees, or clients.*

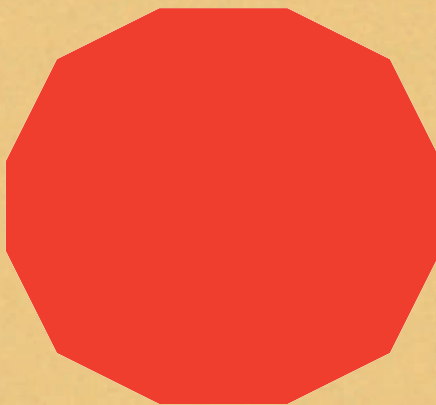
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New York Children's Aid Society

In a little-known chapter of American history, up to one-quarter million East Coast children traveled on "orphan trains" to the West to be adopted.

## HISTORY

# HOMeward BOUND

*Historian focuses on American patterns of adoption.*

CHILDREN STARED OUT THE WINDOW as the train lurched from New York toward pioneer towns out West. Their faces were smudged, their clothes, hand-me-downs. The kids were from the streets, most born to Irish immigrant families. Some were toddlers, but many were school-aged children. Relatives or social workers had scooped them up from the dirty streets of East Coast cities and dropped them off at child welfare agencies. Now, the agencies had begun one of the most controversial undertakings in the

history of adoption, says Ellen Herman, a University of Oregon associate professor of history. Between 1854 and 1929, they loaded up to 250,000 children onto "orphan trains" and sent them to families in the rural West.

After days on the train, the children stepped into small-town community centers where families willing to adopt them gathered. Reverend Hastings H. Hart, who observed the "distribution" of forty children in Nobles County, Minnesota, said, "It was a pathetic sight, not soon to

be forgotten, to see those children and young people, weary, travel-stained, confused by the excitement and the unwanted surroundings, peering into those strange faces, and trying to choose wisely for themselves."

The children stood at the edge of what Herman, a wiry, energetic woman with a quick smile, calls "the kinship frontier," the boundary between what society will and will not accept as a family. Herman, herself the adoptive parent of two children, has spent twenty years researching the history of adoption. She is writing a book, *Kinship by Design: Child Adoption in Modern U.S. History* (due out in fall 2008 from the University of Chicago Press), and has, with National Science Foundation grant support, created the online Adoption History Project ([www.uoregon.edu/~adoption](http://www.uoregon.edu/~adoption)). The kinship frontier is a complex place, says Herman. Excavating it lays bare a set of issues that could each inspire a lifetime of study. All of them—child welfare, single parenting, the interplay of faith and humanitarianism, media portrayals of adoption, interracial adoptions, second parent adoptions, and more—shed light on what family has meant to Americans.

In the late 1800s and early 1900s, adoption did not mean "literally creating a family from scratch," says Herman. Rather, parents in crisis might temporarily leave children at orphanages if friends or relatives couldn't provide child care. When health or finances improved, families often returned for their children. Most of the children on the orphan trains had "living, breathing natal parents," who "thought their children were being stolen," when they were sent west, says Herman. However, the children often wrote to and received letters from their biological parents. Adoption agencies did not "sever permanently the relationship between children and their natal relatives" until the twentieth century, she says.

The Social Security, health benefit, and inheritance laws of the 1930s inspired people to legalize kinship. A decade later, the horrors of World War II led U.S. citizens to reject eugenics theories and embrace the idea that child-rearing practices, not genetics, most influenced personality development. By the 1950s, Americans tended to believe they could raise adoptive children to be just like biological children. Unwed mothers who had "illegitimate" babies frequently offered them up for adoption. Agencies cut ties

## NEWS IN BRIEF

**BOOKSTORE CHANGES NAME**

The eighty-seven-year-old UO Bookstore is now the Duck Store, a more accurate reflection of its offerings, from software and art supplies to cards, gifts, magazines, food, and UO-related sportswear. Duck Stores are now in eight Oregon locations, with a ninth slated to open next year in the UO Portland's White Stag Block.

**LAW SCHOOL HEAD NAMED**

Margaret "Margie" Paris is the new dean of the UO School of Law. Paris joined the faculty in 1992 after six years practicing law in Chicago. She served as the law school's associate dean for academic affairs from 2002 to 2005.

**NANO FUNDING**

The University of Oregon has received a \$1.6 million grant from the W. M. Keck Foundation to explore potential biological interactions of engineered nanomaterials and develop design rules for the development of nanoparticles with enhanced biological properties.

**NEW DESIGN PROGRAM**

The UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts intends to launch the state's first product design degree program for undergraduates in fall 2008. The cross-disciplinary academic program will offer internships with industry partners such as Nike, Columbia Sportswear, and Intel. If the program receives approval from the University Senate, students may apply for admission before February 1, 2008.

**REVAMPED CENTER OPENS**

Crews have completed the \$1.3 million renovation of the Mills International Center in the EMU. A gathering place for international students, the center hosts more than 200 internationally focused gatherings each year. The center is named for Tom Mills, who retired in 2005 as associate vice president for international affairs after thirty-five years of service.

between adoptive children and natal parents, and assembled new families.

As the Cold War heated up, Americans began adopting from overseas. In 1955, Bertha and Harry Holt, from Creswell, were so moved by images of starving, outcast Korean War orphans and GI babies that they adopted eight of them by a special act of Congress. Those children were the first of nearly 40,000 the couple and their organization, Holt International, would eventually bring to the United States. After the Holt adoptions, Korea became the first "significant sending country" of children to American families.

In the 1960s, advocates for interracial adoption fought against laws that endorsed racial "matching." Meanwhile, the international adoption trend launched in Korea spread to include other strife-torn nations—Vietnam, Romania—as well as China. "You can follow the path of children migrating for adoption, and you basically follow the chronology of the Cold War," says Herman. She explains that the United States has "figured prominently" in these conflicts, and so Americans feel "a level of guilt and responsibility" for the children orphaned in them.

American adoptions peaked in 1970, with families taking in 175,000 children. Herman explains that around that year unwed mothers started to keep their babies more often and, in 1973, *Roe v. Wade* legalized abortion. Fewer healthy babies were available for adoption. In the early 1990s, the human genome project increased media coverage about heritable traits. Parents who wanted to adopt started to seek the children of healthy parents. Some parents looked overseas. From 1990 to 2005, the number of annual international adoptions increased from 7,093 to 22,728.

Today "adoptive families are more racially diverse, better educated, and more affluent than families in general," says the Adoption History website. Nevertheless, each year at least 20,000 American foster children turn eighteen without parents. These children "have been available, thousands and thousands available for adoption, and nobody wants them," says Herman.

The landscape of adoption has changed considerably since the days when agencies loaded children onto those westward-headed trains; in other ways, however, the pressing need for getting children and families united remain very much the same.

—AMY DUNCAN, M.A. '06



Frank Miller

Mark Thoma, the blogging economist

**ONLINE****CYBER SCHOLARS**

*Professors use the blogosphere to teach the world.*

**M**ARK THOMA COMPARES THE PROBLEM with the national deficit to dieting.

"People eat more in anticipation of a diet, which makes the diet that much harder once the time comes," the UO associate professor of economics explains.

It's with that type of everyday language that Thoma reaches beyond the walls of academia to explain complex economic issues to average folks. That's what he does everyday—on his blog (short for web log).

Many view the blogosphere less as a scholarly realm and more as a perilous information wasteland where the average blowhard can present himself as an expert. But a growing number of people with Ph.D.s, such as Thoma, are using blogs to connect with colleagues beyond their university departments and with the greater nonacademic community.

Thoma compares the power of his blog

to standing in the plaza of his hometown of Colusa, California, with its 5,800 residents gathered before him for a daily discussion of the economic issue of the day: the dangers of privatizing social security, the economic impact of immigration, or even a systematic analysis of supply-side economics. But in reality, his blog, called *Economist's View*, draws a worldwide audience.

An average of 10,000 Thoma fans check in every day—about fifty times the number of students he teaches each year. Because of *Economist's View's* informed content and widespread popularity, one web critic deemed it the “*L.A. Times* of econ blogs.”

Standing out online today is a feat: there are already some 70 million blogs and about 120,000 more each day—that’s 1.4 new blogs every second. But Thoma has attracted a dedicated and diverse following. One of his biggest fans is Princeton professor and noted *New York Times* columnist Paul Krugman, who said, “There’s no blog I like better.”

Thoma’s target audience, however, is less erudite. He hopes by reading *Economist's View* people like his mother, a woman without a college degree, enhance their comprehension of the economic issues at the core of today’s public policy questions—issues such as whether the United States should adopt a national health care system or whether the Federal Reserve should adjust interest rates. He feeds his readers hearty servings of logic and information for their next dinner-party debate.

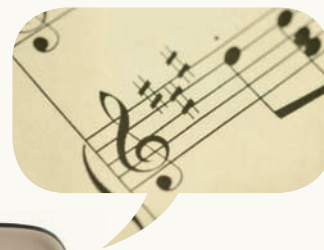
“I come [to *Economist's View*] almost every day because of the consistently excellent explanations,” wrote a Greek reader, commenting on one of Thoma’s posts about how a free market isn’t a panacea. Such praise keeps Thoma blogging—something he has done every day, without fail, since March 2005.

“People presume that, because you’re blogging, you’re not doing serious academic work, but this is important. It’s a way to connect with the real world,” Thoma said. “There’s a lot of clutter out there. Part of my job is to be a credible source.”

For the reader wading through the blogosphere, knowing which sources to trust isn’t always clear. Part of Deborah Carver’s job as the UO’s Phillip H. Knight Dean of Libraries is assessing the integrity of information online.

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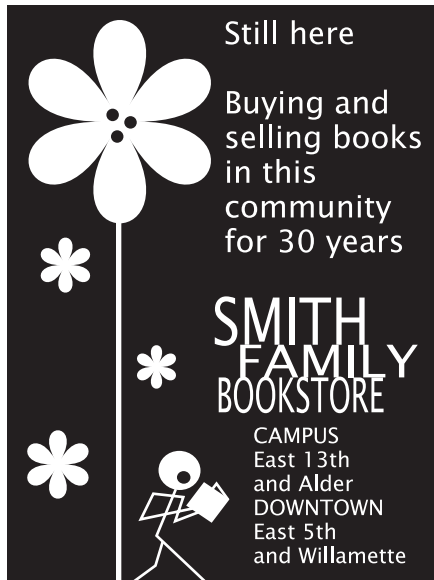


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nessed the surge of electronic communication and has been confronted with the question of what is worth trying to capture and preserve. Will we one day consider blog posts just as archive-worthy as the handwritten diaries of Oregon Trail pioneers?

Although much of the material in the blogosphere could be considered nonsense, Carver says, "The format of a blog doesn't necessarily make the information invalid."

Online material should be scrutinized

*Standing out online today is a feat: there are already some 70 million blogs and about 120,000 more each day—that's 1.4 new blogs every second.*

in the same way as printed work, she explains. Find out how up-to-date the information is, who is funding the report, and what the author's credentials are. By considering such information, the reader can determine if the material favors a certain bias.

Some blogs may even be more reliable than the mainstream media, according to professor Paul Zachary "PZ" Myers, Ph.D. '85, a science blogger known for his playful writings on evolutionary biology and neuroscience—including details of the arachnid sex life, complete with close-ups of spider genitalia.

"When you look at media coverage of the sciences, you find the majority of journalists don't know the science. They just go after the controversy," says Myers, who now teaches biology at the University of Minnesota in Morris.

The evolutionism-versus-creationism controversy riles Myers most and regularly sends him on a blogging tear.

"(Media) stories usually present a scientist who represents 99 percent of intellectual thought facing off against some crank who wants to keep science out of schools," he said. The result, according to Myers, is that viewers end up seeing the debate as one to one, not one to ninety-nine. He aims to set things straight on his blog.

Named Pharyngula after his favorite embryonic stage of development, the blog

has become so well liked that it receives between 35,000 and 40,000 visitors daily, making it the 162nd-most-read blog in the world. *Nature* magazine declared it the best blog by a scientist, and it earned the 2006 Weblog Award for best science blog.

Both Myers and Thoma have been praised for blogging, but not in the form of academic accolades. Publication in scholarly journals, not online web logs, still reigns as paramount in academia. But blogging has value, they contend. It's a public service: The twenty-first century's version of a civic debate.

"It's a way of communicating with the public daily. This form of mass communication should be a part of what we do as professors," Myers said. "Besides, it's good training to translate complicated research into words people can understand—it's exactly what we have to do in teaching freshmen."

—KATIE CAMPBELL

## NEW OREGON TAX CREDIT PROGRAM SUPPORTS RESEARCH, ECONOMY

A 60 PERCENT INCOME TAX CREDIT is now available to Oregon taxpayers who contribute to a new program designed to fast-track commercialization of research discoveries at Oregon's eight public universities. The University Venture Development Fund provides a significant tax incentive for donors who choose to support commercialization of promising university discoveries and campus-based entrepreneurial education. "This tax credit is one of a kind," says Oregon State Treasurer Randall Edwards, "No other state has a program where donors can receive such a generous tax credit in return for helping move research from lab to market." For information about earning tax credits by contributing specifically to the University of Oregon, visit [uoventurefund.uoregon.edu](http://uoventurefund.uoregon.edu), or, for information from the Oregon University System, visit [www.ous.edu/venturefund](http://www.ous.edu/venturefund).



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## ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN

BICONTINENTAL  
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*Lars Uwe Bleher keeps one foot  
in each of two worlds.*

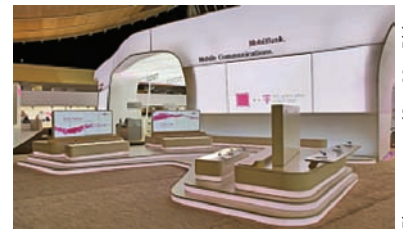
**H**IS NATIVE GERMANY HAS THE HIGHEST density of architects in the world. But that's not what keeps Lars Uwe Bleher up at night. The architect, exhibition designer, and assistant professor of architectural design and digital design media at the University of Oregon shuns shut-eye to straddle two worlds. As managing director of design for Atelier Markgraph, an exhibition design firm based in Germany, he's got to keep a foot in two time zones. When it's midnight in Eugene, his colleagues in Frankfurt are just bidding each other *guten morgen*.

So, like some kind of superhero of design, Bleher, a mild-mannered U.S. professor by day, transforms into *über-cool* European designer by night. Hanging in there with Markgraph through the wee hours seems only to increase his energy. It's the buzz of the new: "As a designer you get to work on what's coming. You're at the threshold of the future."

And the future, it seems, has flung wide the door and invited Bleher in for a drink, or so it would seem, judging from invitations he's recently received to deliver keynote speeches at a number of top American design conferences. In November, he led a workshop in New York on how new media will shape cities, information, and education; in May, at Gravity Free 2007 in Chicago, one of the most edgy design conferences in the country, he was billed as a "change-agent of the world."

His work for Markgraph, with its high-profile clients and European cachet, no doubt helped launch his career into the design stratosphere. Take the Mercedes-Benz brand galleries (showrooms-cum-corporate museums) in Paris and London or the internal design plan for Deutsches Museum in Munich, for starters. Then there's "Futurezone," an interactive suite and showroom for T-Online, Germany's leading Internet provider.

Markgraph is one of Germany's best known, most awarded design firms, responsible for one-of-a-kind extravaganzas such as the 2006 World Cup celebration: a megascale installation that



Photos courtesy of Lars Uwe Bleher

LEFT: Designer Lars Uwe Bleher; TOP RIGHT: Bleher's Futurezone showroom design for Deutsche Telekom (T-Online); NEXT THREE BELOW: Bleher was head of concept and design for the 90,000 square foot Telekom presentation at CeBIT 2007 in Hanover, Germany.

projected great moments in world soccer history onto the Frankfurt skyline. Thanks to Bleher's popularity as a speaker and a new book published in the U.S. this year, Markgraph's influence has crossed the ocean. In *What Is Exhibition Design?* Markgraph projects are showcased along with a handful of stunning portfolios from major design studios around the world. Several of the featured designs are Bleher's own.

His Markgraph work keeps Bleher sharp, but it also profits Oregon. Each year since coming on board in 2002, the UO's very own "change-agent" has been granted unpaid leave to complete his European projects. The dean of the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, Frances Bronet, says: "Lars is an extraordinary faculty member. The value that his professional practice brings to his teaching and research raises both the creative and global perspectives of our students." Bleher contends that his "European semes-

ters" refresh him, and foster new ideas for the classroom.

In his introduction to exhibition design course, for example, Bleher uses his own design work with Markgraph to demonstrate principles of exhibition design. Whatever the project he assigns his students, Bleher encourages them to make "visually compelling, amazing spaces that people can relate to and remember."

So are design superheroes born or made? Raised in Germany, Bleher traveled with his family to see many of the architectural gems of Europe while he was still a boy. His first influence was his father, Manfred, a master builder and self-trained architect. Bleher admits that when he was sixteen or so he talked about doing other things. "But my father knew I would come back to architecture; it's in my bones." Later, they worked together on one of Bleher's favorite projects: the design and construction of Haus Presche,

## TWO RECORD GIFTS BOOST OREGON ACADEMICS AND ATHLETICS

TWO RECENT GIFTS TOTALING NEARLY \$175 million have significantly bolstered Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives, the University's \$600 million fundraising campaign.

In August, Phil '59 and Penny Knight pledged a gift of \$100 million to create the Oregon Athletics Legacy Fund. This is the largest philanthropic gift in the University's history. The fund will be used to support all UO athletic programs and provide financial capacity for the University to move forward with a new athletic arena to replace McArthur Court.

Phil and Penny Knight have been longtime supporters of University of Oregon academics and athletics and are the most generous donors in the University's history. Previous gifts have included funding for the School of Law, the UO Libraries, more than fifteen endowed faculty positions, and a number of other academic and athletic gifts.

In October, the University received a \$74.5 million gift from Lorry I. Lokey—the largest single academic donation in UO history. The gift brings Lokey's total giving to the University to almost \$132 million over just the past four years.

Approximately \$50 million of the gift will support the Lorry I. Lokey Science Advancement and Graduate Education Initiative, a coordinated effort to enhance the University's ability to recruit and retain a world-class faculty in the sciences and educate the next generation of scientists through support of graduate education. In recognition of this gift, the University will dedicate the Lorry I. Lokey Science Complex, which will encompass the University's ten existing science buildings and the two new facilities that Lokey has helped fund.

The Lokey gift will also provide support for the UO Science Library, the humanities and social sciences, journalism scholarships, the UO Alumni Center, and the President's Special Projects Fund.

With these two gifts, Campaign Oregon now has raised more than \$715 million. The campaign will continue until its scheduled end in June 2008 to meet more of its specific goals.

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## PROFILE

### LEAH MIDDLEBROOK

THE STARTLING FACT IN THE REPORT LEFT Leah Middlebrook feeling disturbed and concerned. Less than fifty percent of Americans read literature, according to the National Endowment for the Arts 2004 “Reading at Risk” survey.

Middlebrook, an assistant professor of comparative literature and Romance languages at Oregon, is dedicated to helping improve this troubling statistic. Her best shot comes in her Comparative Literature 101 course, where students arrive on the first day of class with all levels of literary training—including some with virtually none at all. For them to succeed at understanding subtle and complex narratives, Middlebrook knows, she needs to train them in the fundamental skills of college-level reading.

She introduces students to tools of observation and analysis, starting with the notion that it is okay to write in books. Techniques such as underlining passages and making notes in their texts, identifying and defining unfamiliar words, and logging key points in the text are both simple and enormously powerful. To ensure that students have applied ample ink (and thinking) to the page, she has in-class “book checks” where she inspects their marked-up pages. “The most important thing to teach students about reading literature,” she says, “is to read it slowly.”

In addition to the 101 course, she also teaches lyric poetry, feminist theory, critical theory, and a number of Spanish literature courses—all with the same intense focus on students’ developing their capacity to read deeply and insightfully. To keep the courses lively, Middlebrook mixes things up with out-of-class activities, from field trips to the UO’s Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art to compare modern art with baroque poetry, to “walking lectures” in which she and her students crisscross campus, visiting trees mentioned in poems they are studying.

Middlebrook feels she has been given a gift—her love for reading—and she wishes to share this gift with her students.

Angie Williams ’07, one of Middlebrook’s former students, says, “Getting an A on one of Leah’s assignments takes hard work and creativity, but at the same time you are left with an incredible feeling of accomplishment.”

And, perhaps, the equipment for a lifetime of reading.

**Name:** Leah Middlebrook

**Education:** B.A. ’89 and M.A. ’91 in comparative literature, Columbia University; Ph.D. ’98 in comparative literature, U.C. Berkeley

**Teaching experience:** Lecturer for one year at Stanford University, and six years at Oregon teaching undergraduate and graduate courses.

**Awards:** Fulbright grant; Andrew W. Mellon Postdoctoral Fellowship in the Humanities; University of Oregon’s 2007 Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching.

**Off campus:** Middlebrook enjoys skiing, running, yoga, and of course reading!

**Last word:** “To frame our perceptions, our emotions, and our experience in language, and set that language into a format in which it can be accessed simply, across the generations, just by entering a library: that is a beautiful human activity.”

—TERESA STANONIK

a private residence that incorporates a lighted glass staircase within its starkly modern interior.

After receiving his degree at the University of Stuttgart, Bleher was awarded a Fulbright scholarship to study at the UO. In 1994, he completed the M.Arch. at Oregon, then bagged a plum internship with Morphosis Architects in California. “Fellow students thought I was crazy for applying to such a high-powered firm. Sometimes Europeans believe more strongly in the American Dream than those born here.”

Believing the dream paid off, and even now Bleher counts Morphosis cofounder Thom Mayne as one of his strongest influences. Winner of the Pritzker prize, architecture’s Academy Award, Mayne is known for innovative, unconventional design. In recent years he has become popular as a designer of government buildings, including Eugene’s federal courthouse. One of Mayne’s maxims that has stuck with Bleher, whether he’s designing or teaching: “In architecture, the experience comes first.”

Bleher thinks of design itself as “a glorious occupation, a dream job.” But he admits that it takes gristle and bone, hard work, and little sleep to become a success. He demands a lot of his students, and expects them to demand a lot of themselves. They’re not required to keep a bed on two continents. Then again, it couldn’t hurt.

—NANCY ALLISON

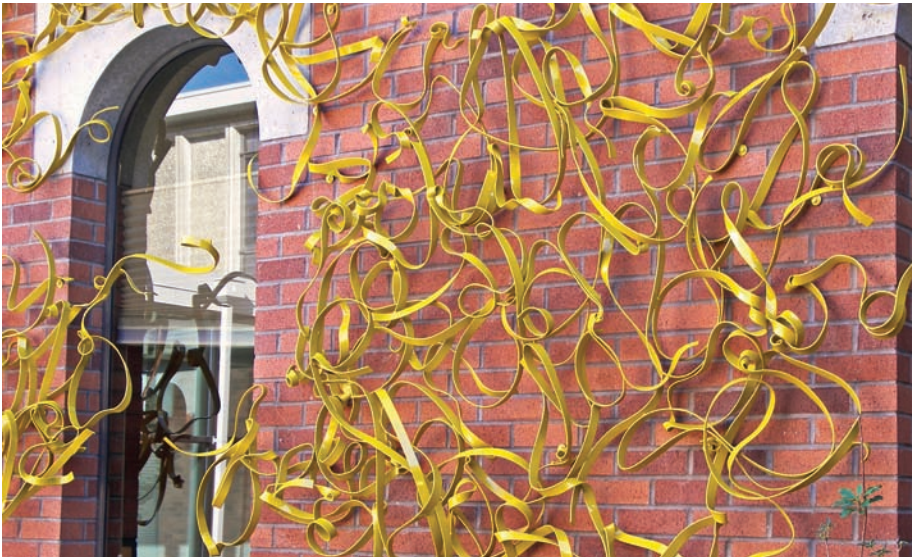
## HEALTH CENTER

### HEALING WORDS

*New public artwork adorns student health center.*

**S**TUDENTS CAN NOW RECEIVE SUBliminal messages along with their prescriptions and check-ups at the University Health, Counseling, and Testing Center.

At first glance, the new metal sculptures that now adorn the building might look like a tangle of cooked spaghetti, but the two and a half tons of steel that New York artist Suikang Zhao welded into thin ribbons actually spell out words related to health and healing in twenty-six different languages. For instance, the wall just inside the main entrance includes “harmony,” “sundhed” (“health” in Danish), and “kino” (“body” in Hawaiian). Zhao solicited mes-



Oregon Quarterly

*University Health, Counseling, and Testing Center south courtyard sculpture*

sages for inclusion in the sculptures from UO students and staff members.

The sculptures cover three distinct areas of the building, each meant to convey a different mood. The sculpture on the side of the building facing East Thirteenth Avenue is painted gold to draw attention to the main entrance. The sculptures in the north courtyard are painted fluores-

cent green and lit so they glow at night. Meanwhile, the south courtyard sculptures, in a subdued yellow, yield a contemplative and intimate atmosphere.

In all three cases, the words are not necessarily obvious. A key depicting which squiggles represent which words is provided for those bent on decoding. But, Zhao says, viewing the sculpture that way

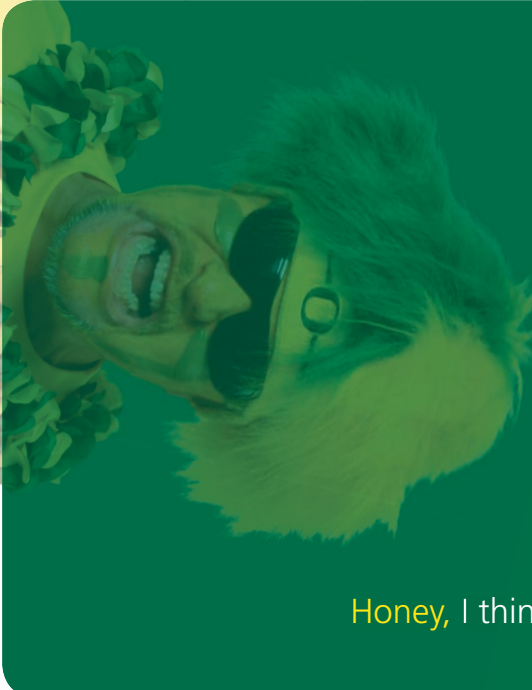
might be like trying to see an individual blade of grass instead of the field where it is growing. In his experience, having moved to the United States from China for graduate school in 1986, he sees the world as full of languages and belief systems that do not function discretely, but are rather in constant contact.

“In reality, we’re all together,” Zhao, now a professor at the State University of New York’s Fashion Institute of Technology, says. “We overlap each other. From the view of the universe, we are like ants.”

The health center received a \$1 million, 10,000-square-foot renovation in fall 2006, and Oregon law requires one percent of the cost for any new or renovated state or federal building go toward art. Gwen Jansen, assistant to the director of the Counseling and Testing Center, served on the committee that selected Zhao’s proposal from hundreds of applications to adorn the building. She was drawn to his ability to reflect in his work a UO community representing many cultures.

“It’s an edgy piece,” Jansen says. “I think it’s something that’s good for the University.”

— EVA SYLWESTER '07



Duck pillows: check.

Duck coasters: check.

Duck mini helmet: check.

Duck sleeping bag: check.

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Duck lampshade: check.

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Duck bottle opener: check.

Duck slippers: check.

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## WAR STORIES

*Second World War brought big changes to campus*

**T**HE PIGGERS (AS ELIGIBLE YOUNG MEN were called) were gone. They were all off fighting the war. Except for the khaki-clad soldiers, who were strictly off limits, and a few hundred guys who didn't qualify for military service, campus in the fall of 1943 was a sea of saddle shoes and plaid skirts.

Not only that, but all the dorms had been commandeered for the soldiers, so when the freshman women showed up, there was only one option available. "Dean [of Women Hazel] Schwering called all of us nice rushy girls into the alumni room at Gerlinger," says Marge (Allingham) Ramey '47, a freshman that year. "While she said she didn't want us to be pushed into pledging, in all honesty the University had nowhere else for us to live."

Indeed, the year of 1943–44 was unlike any other in the University's history. Campus was strictly divided into military and nonmilitary. Seven hundred and seventy-five members of the Army Specialized Training Unit were on campus studying foreign languages and basic engineering, and 248 air corps cadets were training in mathematics and physics. Regular academic classes were made up almost entirely of young women. "When the men came back, there was great joy that there were finally students who were worthy to teach," Ramey says, laughingly remembering a few professors who didn't try to hide their dismay at having "classes full of girls."

Some of the girls were gone, too. Ruby Henry, a journalism student, left campus after spring term '42 to take riveting classes at a local vocational school. "They were desperate for workers," she recalls. After completing the training, she was immediately hired by a military-related manufacturing plant in Portland. She and four other young women moved there and got rooms in a huge house owned by the Kerr family, of canning jar fame. Soon after, she married, moved to Washington, D.C., and worked in a torpedo factory, not returning to Eugene until V-J Day.

Meanwhile, Ramey pledged at Delta Delta Delta. Every night the sisters blacked out the windows with masking tape to hide the lights from their building. Buckets



**Bomb Ladies** This curious photo has hung on the wall at OQ for at least fifteen years with no appended explanatory information. Judging by the hemlines, hairstyles, and, oh yes, the giant explosive device, we are guessing it is from the World War II years. Anyone know the story behind this picture? Write us or send e-mail to [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).

filled with sand sat on the landings in case of fires caused by the dreaded incendiary bombs. And regular air raid drills brought the Tri Deltas on a run down to the dining room, where they took refuge under the wooden tables.

But despite these unusual aspects of sorority life, this was in many respects an idyllic time for these young women, out on their own for the first time. The sorority house, on the corner of East Twentieth Avenue and University Street, had no radio, and of course no TV, so the war fought so fiercely overseas had a somewhat dreamlike quality. "I wasn't frightened," Ramey says. "The new experience of being [at college] was so overwhelming." Florence (Hintzen) Brooks '47, also a freshman that year, agrees. "It was more peaceful back then," she says. "You didn't have all these thoughts that interfered with your studies."

Tri Deltas, some of whom slept in metal bunk beds on unheated porches, socialized in the evenings by the crackling fire. They also found some rather mischievous ways to amuse themselves. One night when the upper-class sisters had all gone out, the pledges thought it would be fun to throw all the older girls' shoes down the clothes chute. The saddle shoes—which all looked exactly the same—landed in the basement in a big heap of black and white.

The victims of the prank didn't find it very funny, since leather was rationed and you couldn't just go out and buy a new pair of shoes. "They couldn't get their right shoes back again," Ramey says with a still-impish smile. "We got quite an unpleasant letter from the Mother's Club in Portland."

Off campus, graduate student Hope Pressman '42, M.S. '72, was living at home with her mom while studying history and working as a graduate teaching assistant. "We had an overhanging cloud," she says. "So many of my friends were [fighting in the war] and were killed. My brother was badly wounded." Her future husband, whom she had met in 1942, was also serving as a Navy pilot. "We would sign up for shifts to watch for enemy airplanes from a tall building high on a hill," she remembers.

The men on campus were mostly seen marching to class. The two sexes did occasionally mix for dances, but dating was strictly forbidden. "We were paired up, we would dance, they would go home, we wouldn't see them again," Ramey says. The houseboys (male students who worked in the sorority houses to earn extra money) were off limits, too, although there was certainly no law against looking. "Those days, any boy looked cute," Ramey says with a twinkle. "If he had two legs, he was desirable."

If the young men serving meals in the dining room were tantalizing, the meals themselves were not. Meat, cheese, and butter were all rationed. Suppers were generally casseroles based on macaroni or rice, and they weren't too tasty. To make things worse, Dottie, the cook, had been housemother for the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, closed that year due to the lack of male students. "She didn't like us," Ramey says. "She was very upset not to have her boys and to be cooking for girls."

The girls on campus that year missed having opportunities to date, but they enjoyed not having to play second fiddle to the opposite sex. In the spring of '43, the fraternity boys had tried to elect an all-male slate of officers for the following fall's ASUO, using the platform "Elect a capable man; we'll make the plans and train the girls before we go." In response, the sororities teamed up with the Independent Students Association and elected their own all-female slate of officers. Women also swept the class offices in all but the freshman class, which had a male president.

Besides attending to their studies, the girls volunteered in various ways for the war effort. Pressman took a home-nursing class with her mom, where they learned to roll bandages. The Tri Delts collected tin cans, cooking grease, and newspapers, and canvassed the neighborhoods collecting aluminum foil and gum wrappers, making big balls of aluminum to turn in. They sold the fats and paper, donating the money to the War Fund. Promoting war bond sales was another way to help. Since the Tri Delts sold the most bonds, one of their members was named the "bonds away girl," and a "dark, handsome guy from Hollywood" came to be her date for the Bonds Away Dance.

When the war was over, all four of these women went on to marry, raise children, and have successful careers. Ramey worked for the UO for twenty-nine years, including eight years as director of housing. Pressman worked for the University of Oregon Foundation for many years, retiring in 1990.

Being at Oregon during wartime, with no men to fuss over, led these young women to form exceptionally strong bonds. "We built stronger relationships with each other because we weren't dating," Brooks says. "We're still friends, even now."

—ROSEMARY CAMOZZI '96

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Christopher Lutz

*Bachelor filmmakers Matt Boggs (right) and Jason Miller crisscrossed the country interviewing couples married for forty years or more in search of the secrets of great, long-lasting relationships.*

## LOOKIN' FOR LOVE . . . .

*Two twenty-something bachelors, a grandma, an RV, and a search for eternal love. Put them together, and you've got Project Everlasting.*

MAT BOGGS, M.ED. '02, RECENTLY TURNED a quest for amorous fulfillment into a 12,000-mile road trip that has generated a book, a documentary-style video, and a new career path.

Shattered by several family divorces during his high school years, Boggs was enchanted by the idea of lifelong marital commitment. A hopeful romantic, he slid gamely through a series of relationships, choosing his prospective partners, he admits, mainly for their physical attributes. Soon he would find chinks in the beautiful armor and end up alone once again. By his mid-twenties, Boggs was lonely, single, and still looking for the “happily ever after.”

His search for that elusive, lasting relationship spawned a series of questions for Boggs. Just what would it take to build a lasting, loving marriage? Was there a magic formula? Why do some marriages stand the test of time while others fade and falter? He was determined to find out.

At about this time his grandfather was diagnosed with terminal cancer and Boggs dutifully began spending more time with his beloved grandparents, Jack and Dorothy Manin. Still licking his wounds over yet another failed relationship, Boggs says his emotions did a neat flip-flop from hangdog to hopeful as he enjoyed the precious weekly hours with his grandparents. While dining, shopping, and catching up

on family history, Boggs witnessed his grandparents sharing small, meaningful moments—private glances, loving compliments, the intertwining of frail hands as the couple strolled together—that woke him to a startling reality: his grandparents were still very much in love.

“Contrasting my bleeding heart with the image of this couple who had lasted, and seeing that they were still crazy about each other . . .” says Boggs. “It was one of the most inspiring moments of my life when I realized that this was possible.” He recognized that he had a wealth of knowledge at his fingertips—and an idea soon followed: why not talk with couples that had mastered marriage to glean tips about loving commitment? And why not share that knowledge with others who were as unsuccessful in love as he had been? He began to query his grandparents about the how-tos of their six-decade relationship.

And so, Boggs began the search for what he termed “marriage masters”—couples who had weathered the storms of marriage for forty years or more. He enlisted the help of his lifelong friend, Jason Miller, and the bachelors decided to write a book proposal, with hopes of eventually making a documentary film based on personal, in-depth research of long-married couples. They began by taking road trips up and down the West Coast, interviewing and filming dozens of successfully married couples from

## JINGLE BELL BLUES

THE BLUES ARE THE FOUNDATION OF ALMOST every important musical genre of the twentieth century—from jazz to rock to soul to funk to hip-hop and beyond. As Willie Dixon so eloquently put it, “The blues is the roots, everything else is the fruits.” Here are ten blues albums that should be a part of any serious music collection (and a back-up list of ten more . . . just in case).

**1. Robert Johnson: *King of the Delta Blues Singers*.** It’s hard to overstate the importance of Robert Johnson’s influence on the sound of modern music. His ghostly wail and precise finger-picking style, combined with tales of hellhounds and cheating women, set the bar for what a blues singer should sound like.

**2. Howlin’ Wolf: *The Chess Box*.** Howlin’ Wolf stood six-feet-six-inches tall, tipping the scales at more than 300 pounds, and his personality filled every iota of that frame. For proof that absolute musical intensity doesn’t require ear-shredding decibels or quicksilver guitar work, fire up Wolf’s epic *Chess Box*.

**3. Leadbelly: *King of the 12-String Guitar*.** Huddie Leadbetter, AKA Leadbelly, had a voice as smooth as good liquor and twice as dangerous. He didn’t mind telling it like it was, and his man-in-the-streets style and ex-con status made him something of a gangsta rapper before anyone dreamed up the term.

**4. Billie Holiday: *Songs for Distinguished Lovers*.** To her core, Lady Day was a blues singer. A life filled with hard living, hard relationships, and hard drugs gave her firsthand insight into what constituted the blues—and ultimately led her to an early grave.

**5. Mississippi John Hurt: *1928 Sessions*.** Hurt’s finger picking is absolutely unparalleled in the history of blues music—just listen to “Frankie” for evidence. A mellow, soulful singer, Hurt produces a laid-back sound that makes him instantly recognizable and thoroughly enjoyable.

**6. Bessie Smith: *The Complete Recordings, Vol. 1*.** The “empress of the blues” possessed a voice powerful enough to cut through the hiss and scratch of primitive recordings and leap across the chasm of time. No other singer from the 1910s and ’20s still sounds as fresh, vital, and imposing as Bessie Smith.

**7. Reverend Gary Davis: *Harlem Street Singer*.** Davis’s picking style was born out of a badly broken and poorly set left wrist that forced him to finger his notes at an odd angle. But his vocal intensity was no accident—the Reverend sang with a fire to match the brimstone in his songs.

**8. Big Bill Broonzy: *Trouble in Mind*.** Though not as well known as other blues giants, Broonzy was a pioneering artist and influence on many of the men whose shadows he would come to stand in. *Trouble in Mind* is a fine collection of singles he recorded during the ’30s, and a good place to delve into his work.

**9. Skip James: *The Complete Early Recordings of Skip James—1930*.** *Early Recordings* is one of the scariest albums ever recorded in any genre, under any circumstances. James’ unsettling wail is the sound of a tormented spirit corkscrewing away from its earthly body. Refreshingly spared the digital sanitization that almost every other reissue of the compact disc era has undergone, this is a hair-raising journey down the darkest side street of the blues.

**10. Albert King: *Born under a Bad Sign*.** *Born under a Bad Sign* fuses soul, R&B, rock, and the blues into a stout mixture that reinvigorated interest in a sagging genre, ensuring that King would be forever—and rightly—known as a blues legend.

And ten more . . .

**Mance Lipscomb: *Texas Sharecropper & Songster***

**John Lee Hooker: *Alternative Boogie: Early Studio Recordings, 1948–1952***

**Lonnie Johnson: *The Complete Folkways Recordings***

**Muddy Waters: *At Newport 1960***

**Blind Willie McTell: *The Definitive Blind Willie McTell***

**Bo Diddley: *Bo Diddley Is a Gunslinger***

**R.L. Burnside: *Wish I Was in Heaven Sitting Down***

**Magic Sam: *West Side Soul***

**Jimmy Reed: *The Very Best of Jimmy Reed (Rhino)***

**Lightnin’ Hopkins: *Best Blues Masters Vol. 1***

*Dan Krewson ’92 is a freelance writer whose album cover designs have been featured in The Word magazine (UK) and on the website Soul-Sides.com. Krewson lives in Oakland, California, with his wife Sara, their five cats, and nearly 5,000 vinyl LPs. His music writing and design work can be viewed at [dkpresents.wordpress.com](http://dkpresents.wordpress.com).*



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**Writers wanted** Last year we published “Jingle Bell Jazz” and this year our focus is the blues. We are now looking for an expert in another music genre to write next year’s top-ten installment. If you think it should be you, send a note to [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu) telling us why.





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San Diego to Seattle. Supporting themselves and the project with part-time jobs (Boggs sold time-shares and Life Alert security systems), Boggs and Miller spent more than a year laboring over a book proposal that was ultimately turned down. "Talk about a knife to the heart," says Boggs. "And then, our agent dropped us."

Discouraged but undaunted, the bachelors decided to go ahead with their rejected project and, if necessary, self-publish the results. They conceived a twenty-five-city, cross-country interviewing trip to flesh out their material. Using the West Coast interviews, Boggs and Miller created and widely distributed a movie trailer, posters, and a website advertising their interest in marriage masters and their interviewing itinerary. Soon, names of long-term couples from across the country were pouring in.

There was just one small problem; they were broke. "We needed sponsors to fund our trip," says Boggs. "And to get sponsors, we needed media coverage."

Boggs began cold-calling national television shows, selling his idea by pitching opportunities for coverage of the road trip. Almost before he knew what was happening, he was hosting a bidding war between *Good Morning, America* and the *Today* show for television rights. Soon, four major publishers were bidding for book rights.

In a brand-new, sponsor-provided RV, the bachelors took off in late July 2006, with now-widowed grandma Dorothy, their loving inspiration, riding shotgun. For nine weeks, they toured the country with their video crew, questioning marriage masters, capturing on video a wealth of time-tested tips for lasting love.

The biggest surprise for Boggs in the three hundred hours of interviews was that successfully married couples from all parts of the country agreed on the most important component in a good marriage. "Over and over and over again, they said that respect is the key to a good relationship," he says. "You can't have love without respect."

The bachelors left many interviews with their pockets stuffed with homemade cookies and their ears ringing with heart-felt advice on relationship preservation. Boggs and Miller admit that applying that much advice to their love lives will take time, but they're moving eagerly ahead with their quests.

Since *Project Everlasting* (Simon &

Schuster) was published in June 2007, Boggs and Miller have accepted public speaking engagements, are developing a marriage masters video series, and are drafting a proposal for a second book about finding "the one." There is a television series in the works. A portion of all Project Everlasting proceeds will be donated to the Alzheimer's Association.

—KATHERINE GRIES '05

## ROADSIDE ATTRACTION

*Highway signs more  
readable with new font*

A WORD PROBLEM: A DRIVER IN OREGON and a driver in Texas both leave their homes at the same time and drive to restaurants 12.4 miles away. Each driver averages 53 miles per hour, and each spends the same amount of time stopped at intersections. Which one arrives first?

Well, we were never very good at math, but we do know that, odds are, the Texas driver was able to read the freeway signs as much as 250 feet farther away than the Oregon driver. The Oregon signs are written in an antiquated typeface dubbed Highway Gothic, which dates back as far as the 1930s. About 50 percent of the signs in Texas use Clearview, a typeface designed in part by Donald Meeker '69.

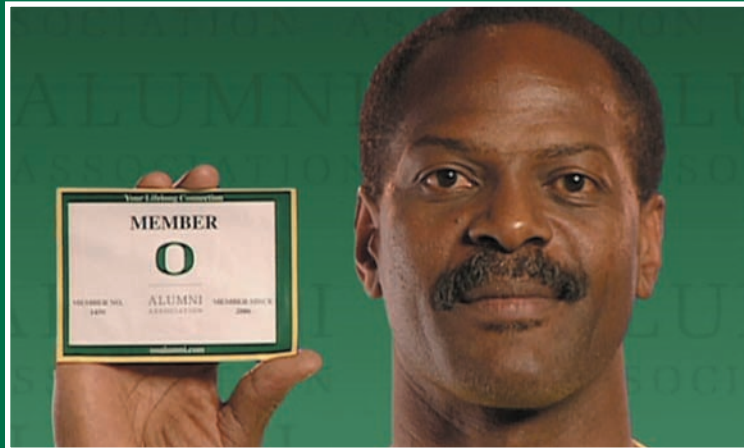
Ironically, Texas can thank Oregon for the far-sighted privilege of Clearview.

In 1989, the State of Oregon approached Meeker about adding more information to scenic-route road signs without making them bigger or more cluttered.

"I drove the state," says Meeker, an environmental graphic designer with a small firm in New York City. He covered 1,000 miles, rolling through the Columbia River Gorge, down Central Oregon, and back up the coast, taking hundreds of photographs of traffic signs. His journey complete, he laid out his pictures and realized there was a problem: "We can't add another layer . . . until we clean up what's there."

But the state government had no interest in completely remaking how road signs are configured, so Meeker recommended ways to improve the signage—making conventional road signs more consistent, adding comprehensive travel kiosks on highways and in small

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NEWS IN BRIEF

**DESIGNING DUCKS**

Portland's Opsis Architecture, with three UO alumni as principals (Alec Holser, James Meyer, and Jim Kalvelage—all '81), was chosen to design the Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center. The \$25 million campaign to fund the project is nearing the halfway mark, with groundbreaking expected in spring 2009. The building will house the UO Alumni Association, Office of Development, the UO Foundation, and the Career Center.

**'GENIUS' HONORED**

Mark Roth '79, a biomedical scientist at the Fred Hutchinson Cancer Research Center in Seattle [profiled in *OQ*, Summer 2006], is the recipient of a MacArthur Foundation \$500,000 "genius" grant. Given annually, the awards acknowledge creative and original individuals in various fields whose work benefits society.

**TIME FOR BOWLING**

Making bowl game trip plans to support the Ducks? Don't forget to check out [uoalumni.com](http://uoalumni.com). The UO Alumni Association is organizing the official bowl tour and will host the official postseason football events.

**ACCEPTING NOMINATIONS**

Know distinguished or outstanding young alumni? The UOAA is accepting nominations for the Outstanding Young Alumnus and Distinguished Alumnus honors. Go to [uoalumni.com](http://uoalumni.com) to check out a list of past recipients and to download a nomination form.

**CALLING THE CLASS OF 1958**

The class of 1958 and all members of the Order of the Emerald Society are invited to return to campus April 24–26 to reunite with their classmates. Go to [uoalumni.com](http://uoalumni.com) for the most current information.

**NEW ALUMNI BOARD MEMBERS**

Six alumni returned to the University as new members of the UOAA board of directors for the fall board meeting. Michael S. Card '81, Carlton (Andy) Clark '90, Marcia Schmaedick Edwards '87, Linda Williams Favero '89, John Harrington '70, and Doug Robertson '68 began their terms under the direction of President Ron Farmer '72, and joined thirty-seven other alumni serving on the board.



Courtesy Donald Meeker

Donald Meeker and type comparison contrasting an older highway sign (bottom middle) and one using Clearview font, which he helped develop and implement.

towns and state parks—which was enough to satisfy the state. Still, Meeker says, his findings raised a question about the way road signs are designed that has not gone away. He brought this question to the staff at the Transportation Research Board, an independent adviser to the federal government. They agreed. "Typographically," one official told Meeker, "we have some problems."

Highway Gothic, for example, has a heavy stroke, with letters that are mechanical in form and interior shapes that make reading complex letters difficult from longer distances and when viewed at night, Meeker explains.

It became apparent to Meeker and his colleagues, including type designer James Montalbano and engineer Martin Pietrucha, that a new font was needed. While the prospects of getting research money from the feds were dim—"It's hard getting the government to focus," Meeker says—the state departments of transportation in Pennsylvania and Texas were much more enthusiastic. Meeker received grant money from these states and from 3M, the maker of Scotch tape and the Post-it note, a company Meeker had approached for help in making signs brighter during a project he handled for the Army Corps of Engineers in the 1980s.

They developed what eventually became Clearview, a font that is more understated and—indeed the name doesn't lie—clearer than Highway Gothic. It's "devoid of any embellishments," Meeker says.

In 2004, the Federal Highway Administration gave the states approval to begin using the font. Nearly half of the states are now using Clearview, with Texas and

Pennsylvania giving it the widest implementation.

The seeds of Meeker's eighteen-year pursuit of Clearview were planted in the 1950s, when he was a teenager in Portland and developed an interest in what he calls public design.

He took art courses at the Portland Art Museum and attended public lectures by Lewis Crutcher, a local architect "who was like a surgeon, making . . . strategic little nips and tucks" on the city. In his lectures, Crutcher stressed the importance of fixing smaller visual problems to improve the city, an ethos Meeker took to heart.

Later, when Meeker was studying fine arts at Oregon, he was given the opportunity to communicate via design. In a music class, Meeker had to write a paper on a Beethoven piano sonata.

The instructor, Charles Farmer, allowed Meeker, who says he simply never learned how to write in high school, to "compose" his paper in painting and sculpture.

"The school was open-minded enough to let me do things like that," Meeker says.

On a recent trip to Austin, Texas, to visit a highway engineer, Meeker witnessed firsthand how that ability to communicate through design is already well on its way for all of America to see. Between the airport and his destination, nearly all of the signs were in Clearview. The first thing the engineer asked Meeker was what he thought of the drive in. "Before I had a chance to respond he said, 'Does your heart good, doesn't it?'" Meeker says. "It does."

—MATT TIFFANY, M.S. '07

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## SCIENCE AND SKILL

*Juggler mixes physical feats with a love for big ideas.*

WHAT DISTANCE WILL RHYS THOMAS '86 go to entertain audiences while teaching Newtonian physics? He'll drive a dogsled across six miles of frozen Bering Strait from Alaska to Siberia to perform his Science Circus show for Yupik Eskimos.

He'll leave his family at least one week per month for the Oregon Museum of Science and Industry (OMSI) outreach tours to bring his repertoire of acrobatics and juggling derring-do with balls, knives, and spinning ceramic bowls to thousands of students who learn about such serious subjects as gravity, centripetal force, gyroscopic stability, and inertia.

Thomas will go so far as to walk on knives in the name of blending humor, fact, and "acrobatic comedic juggling" to entertain and raise money for education and humanitarian aid.

But this UO graduate in journalism and secondary education will not dumb down his act—even when prompted to do so for national television.

An interviewer with Real TV once told Thomas his monologue worked for the crew, but could he simplify it for the audience? Thomas said no.

"My education makes it that I strongly feel that you should never appeal to the least common denominator; you should always find the highest common denominator," Thomas says. "Because where is the intriguing conversation? Is it talking about the fall-on-your-ass slapstick kind of performance? Or is it when you get people to laugh at a joke about quantum physics?"

In the mid-eighties, Thomas performed often in Eugene and around the Northwest in a small juggling troupe called Out to Lunch. But there were those pesky bills to pay, and immediately after UO graduation, Thomas took a job teaching junior high in Glide.

"I've never worked so hard in my life. After a year of teaching, I decided I'd rather juggle knives," Thomas quips.

With his teaching certificate tucked away for emergencies, Thomas moved to Seattle with his wife, Maria, to become a street performer. In doing so, he followed the path of other creatively gifted members of his family. His stepfather was an artist, jeweler, and sculptor. His father was the artist for several of the Grateful Dead's most famous album covers and designer of



Tracy Ilene Miller

Rhys Thomas performing at the 2006 Eugene Celebration

***"I've never worked so hard in my life. After a year of teaching, I decided I'd rather juggle knives," Thomas quips.***

the band's enduring skull-and-roses logo.

With his round Harry Potter glasses, neatly cropped hair, and costumes of sequined vests and white starched shirts, Thomas would hardly be viewed as a member of the counterculture. But his family, originally from California, migrated to the small Oregon town of Crow as part of the back-to-the-land movement in the 1970s. Thomas says there he was a hippy who was "part of a weird minority."

And, in essence, Thomas still is a member of a weird minority—earning a living in a profession where many last only a few years and rarely the twenty Thomas has.

After that first summer of lucrative

Pike Place performances, the rainy winter came. It's easy to imagine Thomas—an active, energetic, animated speaker, even at rest—promising the manager of the Pacific Science Center that he could perform "five times the juggling and three times the science" found in another performer's act. The persuasive pitch earned Thomas a weekend tryout, which in turn secured him an ongoing indoor gig as a purveyor of physics as a function of circus arts.

One reviewer observed that Thomas "motors through jokes, gags, and juggling feats like a weed trimmer. By the time you figure out what's in the clippings, he's long gone and on to the next thing."

His growing reputation earned Thomas two seasons of work for the Portland Trail Blazers and as the opening act for such headliners as the Smothers Brothers, Weird Al Yankovic, and Leon Redbone. He's had an on-stage conversation on gyroscopic stability with Nobel laureate Arno Penzias, and then turned around to entertain and educate more than 20,000 school children of the Pacific Northwest in one year. Thomas has also served as artist-in-residence at the Smithsonian Institution and received other grants and awards he used to bring his Science Circus and the sequel, Gollyology, directly to schools.

His audiences must be as sharp and as observant of his wit as it is of the glint off his set of twirling scimitars. While at the UO, "I took astronomy, mathematics, and literature. I was able to get a broad-base education," he recalls. "I use that in my show." But he's not overly concerned with ensuring everyone "gets" every joke.

How does he react when audiences scream, "Juggle a chainsaw!?" Thomas, whose bona fides include being featured on the cover of *Juggle*, the official magazine of the International Jugglers Association, says, "You know what? I probably could if I chose to. But I think it's more interesting to nonchalantly do six or seven five-ball juggling tricks that they've never seen before while you're talking about how you're going to juggle five balls."

Or, he says, make a joke about wormholes affecting his juggling pattern and then make several people laugh. That's his target audience.

"And you're like, 'Oh, cool, these are my kind of people. Oh my god, they actually got it.'"

—TRACY ILENE MILLER, M.S. '06

1940

- **Robert J. Hayes** '42, member of Phi Delta Theta, retired and, upon the death of his wife Karolyn, has moved from Newport Beach, California, to La Posada retirement community in Green Valley, Arizona.
- **Duncan Wimpres** '46, M.A. '51, member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, heads his own consulting firm, Duncan Wimpres and Associates in San Antonio, Texas. Wimpres is the former president of Trinity University in Texas.

1950

- **Harold and Mary Toliver** '54, members of Sigma Chi and Phi Beta Phi, have published two new mystery novels in their Bea Ellis series: *St. Agnes Letter* and *Pageant of the Mortals*.
- Richard Allen** '58, member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, has received the 2007 Distinguished Service Award from the American Medical Association. Allen is currently the director of the American

Board of Medical Specialties and assistant dean for graduate medical education and adjunct professor at Oregon Health & Science University.

1960

- Joe M. Fischer** '60, M.F.A. '63, completed a commissioned portrait of James Puglisi, the director of the Creative Craft Center at the State University of New York at Buffalo.
- Bryan T. Hodges** '62, '65 retired last December after working for thirty-two years as a judge for the Lane County Circuit Court. A participant in many state and county bar association committees, Hodges is also an active member of the Lane County Law Library and Victim Impact Panel advisory boards.
- While canoeing in Peru to celebrate their anniversary **Alaby Blivet** '63 told **Sara Lee Cake** '45 he had "a little romantic surprise," which set off a tumultuous train trip to Ecuador where Blivet obtained from friend and former cellmate "Javier" in the "sub-legal substances and objects" trade a seventeen-ton, refrigerator-sized meteorite. Etched

on the object was Blivet's heartfelt haiku: *Across space and time / Scintillating shooting star / Solid as our love.*

- **G. Stephen Green** '66, M.S. '68, retired recently after thirty-two years of reporting and editing news at five newspapers and two wire services. Over the past seven years, Green held appointed positions in California state government. He and his wife Judi reside in Sacramento.

**Joseph B. Frazier** '67 is approaching thirty-five years of work with the Associated Press, spending fifteen years working in numerous Latin American and Caribbean countries. Joseph lives with his wife Carla in Portland, where he continues his work with the AP.

**Thomas W. Shear** '68 was named the 2007 recipient of the Crystal Apple Excellence in Education Award for his work teaching grades one through twelve in the Ione Independent School District. Before teaching, Shear was a small business owner in the Springfield-Eugene area.

1970

**Jeffrey M. Shear** '71 retired from his career as a physician specializing in pathology and lab medicine. Shear lives in Las Vegas, Nevada, with his wife Andrea.

**Stephen Poff** '74 continues his career as a social worker with the State of Washington and as a field representative with the U.S. Census Bureau. In the last two years, the Census Bureau has recognized Poff on four separate occasions for his efficiency in the field.

**Robert Huffman** '74 completed two *Music for Ballet Class* CDs. Considered one of the finest dance accompanists in the nation, Huffman—trained as a concert pianist—has extensive experience teaching and performing. He is currently principal pianist for Pacific Artists Dance Center in Portland.

**Thomas Sweeney** '75 serves as the director of public affairs for the Indian Health Service, a 16,000-employee federal agency providing health services to American Indians and Alaska Natives throughout thirty-five states.

**Robert D. Newell, J.D.** '77, a partner at Davis Wright Tremaine, received the Oregon State Bar President's Public Service Award last December. Newell cofounded the organization that has grown into Mercy Corps, one of the largest international relief and development agencies in the world. He is currently chairman of the board.

■ **Jack Ullom, D.M.A.** '78, retired from Santa Barbara City College in California as a dean emeritus after thirty-nine years of teaching. Ullom founded the SBCC Symphony, conducted the orchestra for over thirty years, and served for ten years as the chair of the music department.

1980

- **Claudia Johnson** '80, member of Gamma Phi Beta, has worked as a campaign press aide, pro-

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER



McMurdo Station; INSET PHOTO: Fleet C. Ratliff

CLASS NOTABLE

**Fleet C. Ratliff** '64 was lured out of retirement to accept a "summer job" as "the only dentist in Antarctica" working for the U.S. Antarctic Program at McMurdo Station, a science research center 2,200 miles south of New Zealand with a population that can top 1,200 (the continent's biggest city). He reports seeing one "Go Pre" T-shirt and several big yellow Oregon 'O's in the galley. While there, he met **Stanley Specht, M.U.P.** '72, **M.L.A.** '74, and just missed seeing his UO roommate **William Lee "Bill" Harris** '64, **M.S.** '65, who was just out of helicopter range on a cruise ship visiting Antarctic waters. Some of Ratliff's duties included attending to dental needs at Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station, perhaps the world's most remote and environmentally challenging location (average temperature in July is -76 degrees Fahrenheit). He hopes to return to McMurdo next summer.

McMurdo Creative Commons photo by Sandketch Girl / Photo courtesy Fleet Ratliff

## PROFILE

## SNOWBOARDING LAWYERS

FOR BOB CHANDLER, J.D. '98, AND MATT Patton, J.D. '95, owning a successful snow-ski-surf shop requires a lot of, well, balance. The kind that keeps them upright on a board helps, but only a little bit. For them, balance means increasing their niche in the online retail market while preserving their values and vision for what the company should be.

When Chandler and Patton talk about Eugene-based Tactics, they talk about achieving a happy medium between profit and stewardship. They believe that an industry that celebrates getting outdoors should take leadership in environmental preservation.

Their company started as Snowtraders.com in 1999. A group of six friends, five of whom were UO alumni or students, aimed to tap into the dot-com boom and make enough money to pay for an annual snowboarding trip for the founders. Patton was a practicing attorney in Eugene, and Chandler, who had just finished law school, was pursuing another graduate degree in environmental studies. They were busy people with pretty clear career paths ahead of them.

"Looking back, that was kind of naive," Patton says of the original plans. "I don't think we ever talked about it as a full-time business."

But selling snowboards and gear proved to be more challenging than they had anticipated. The company weathered the dot-com bust and a shaky economy, but within a year members of the original group realized that online retailing required a huge commitment of time and that they either needed to make that commitment or get out of the business. Patton remembers it as a now-or-never moment: He made his decision and chose to stick with the shop and quit his job as an attorney.

The company emerged as Tactics with a new business plan and fewer partners—eventually only Chandler and Patton remained from the original six. They added skateboarding equipment and then surf gear to their offerings. It worked. In the years since, the company has expanded to thirty employees. The two have each started a family, and the business has continued to grow. Nowadays, Chandler and Patton sponsor an employee weekend at Mount Bachelor—but neither gets to snowboard or surf as much as he wants to.

They recently committed to donating part of their sales to groups working for the environment—a program called One Percent for the Planet, which was started by Patagonia founder Yvon Chouinard. One Percent for the Planet has donated \$21 million from 728 member businesses, among them recording artist Jack Johnson and companies such



Bob Chandler and Matt Patton

as Newman's Own Organics—but few retailers like Tactics are signed up.

While most of its business is online, Tactics maintains a successful shop in a historic building in downtown Eugene. The building, which also serves as warehouse space, is a further example of the company's commitment to reducing its environmental footprint. In 2005, Chandler and Patton were part of a group that bought the McCracken Building, a former trucking warehouse only a few blocks from Skinner Butte. In buying the building and renovating it, they hoped to contribute to the kind of urban renewal achieved over the last decade in Portland's formerly rundown warehouse area, now the hip and trendy Pearl District.

The McCracken renovation combined historic preservation with state-of-the-art green building concepts. Although moving to a newer building already fitted with green building principles would have been easier and cheaper, Chandler and Patton saw opportunity in the historic location.

"The combination of historic preservation with green building principles is the most unique aspect of this project," Chandler says.

Design features provide on-site treatment of storm-water runoff from the roof and parking lot, and landscaping that includes shade-giving trees and native grasses. Inside, skylights provide a lot of free solar energy, and when additional light is needed, it comes from compact fluorescents, controlled in many parts of the building by motion sensors. They upgraded to high-efficiency heating and air conditioning. There's even bicycle storage and a shower to encourage employees to pedal to work. By using grants and expertise from Eugene Water & Electric Board and the State of Oregon, they'll make the improvements pay for themselves in a decade.

The business continues to grow, and they are now looking for even more warehouse space. Their success hasn't gone without notice, and the two say they enjoy sharing their experiences running their business—and learning from others—in the community of Eugene's small business owners.

That has been one of the most rewarding, satisfying, and surprising parts of their unforeseen line of work, Patton says. "It's been really fun to connect with other small business owners." It created relationships in "an unexpected club" that they value.

"It's really been learning on the job for both of us," Patton says.

—MARK BLAINE, M.S. '00

ducer at KATU Channel 2, and vice president for corporate communications at Enron Broadband since she left the University of Oregon. Johnson currently works as a principal in her own public relations consultancy.

**Suzanne Bonamici** '80, J.D. '83, was elected to the Oregon House of Representatives. Bonamici serves on the Judiciary Committee and the Health Care Committee and is the vice chair of both the Consumer Protection Committee and the Subcommittee on Health Care Policy.

**James "Jim" Mehringer** '81, M.A. '83, is a retired chemical addictions therapist who earned a Ph.D. subsequent to his studies at Oregon. Mehringer volunteers for the Public Defender Services of Lane County, and is the commander of Disabled American Veterans Springfield Chapter 42 and the chaplain of American Legion Post 40.

■ **Michael Riley** '82 retired in August with plans to spend more time with his family. Riley worked the past twenty years as a special agent with the Criminal Investigation Division of the IRS and the past seven years as the lead investigator on numerous money-laundering investigations. He also performed training and monitoring in relation to the Bank Secrecy Act.

**Steve Jett** '82, member of Phi Kappa Psi, resides in Torrance, California, where he coordinates all truck and SUV advertising and sponsorship opportunities for Toyota Motor Sales. Jett lives with his wife Rachael and their two sons.

**Richard Thelin**, J.D. '85, recently retired after more than twenty years on active duty as a judge advocate in the U.S. Marine Corps. A veteran of Operation Iraqi Freedom, Thelin is continuing his work with the Marine Corps in a civilian capacity as an environmental law attorney with the Western Area Counsel Office at Camp Pendleton in California.

**Scott Gummer** '86 published another book in September. A writer based in San Francisco, Gummer has been published in more than forty different magazines. He was also a staff writer for *Life*, and spent two years as the senior writer and travel editor for *Golf*.

**Marti M. Gerdes**, M.S. '87, M.S. '04, began work this year as a historical landscape architect at Yosemite National Park in California. Gerdes worked in journalism for fifteen years before returning to Oregon's School of Architecture and Allied Arts.

**Tim Clarke** '89, M.A. '93, was hired in May as staff audio engineer for Fisher-Price Inc.—a subsidiary of Mattel Inc. He relocated to the Buffalo-Niagara Falls area, where he works on all elements of audio production for hundreds of products released each year.

## 1990

**John Bruning** '90 coauthored his seventh book, *House to House*, with Staff Sergeant David Belavia, published this September by Simon & Schuster's Free Press. Bruning is currently working on two books for Random House, dealing with the 1980–90s counter-terror operations and the war on al-Qaida.

**George Fujii**, M.Arch. '90, has been awarded individual leadership in energy and environmental

design certification. Fujii is a senior manager at Tarlton Corporation, a St. Louis-based contract management firm that is active in promoting green building techniques. Fujii has more than fifteen years experience in construction management.

**Jon Harnum** '90 finished the first year of his Ph.D. studies in music education at Northwestern University after earning his master's degree there. Harnum published his third book, *All About Trumpet*, this November.

**Laura (Schulze) Crocker** '91 was named director of Chachka Group, a full-service advertising agency in Madras. Crocker and her husband Jim reside in Terrebonne.

■ **Rebecca (Wright) Pritchett**, J.D. '93, has opened her own firm, Pritchett Law Firm in Birmingham, Alabama. Previously, she was with Sirote & Permutt, also in Birmingham.

**Jen Gleason**, J.D. '93, was profiled in the October 17 edition of LawCrossing.com as a prime example of attorneys who redirect their careers toward humanitarian endeavors. Gleason is staff attorney for E-LAW (Environmental Law Alliance Worldwide), a Eugene-based nonprofit that helps public interest lawyers and scientists develop their skills and resources to protect the environment by legal means.

**Lisa DeJohn** '97 has had her *Blue Flower* painting made available as a print by the Swedish retailer IKEA, which has sold over 36,000 posters around the world and gained DeJohn considerable exposure. She has also designed for Converse and Vigo Productions.

**Jennifer Haliski** '97 is the editor of the *Clinical Center News* at the National Institutes of Health Clinical Center in Maryland. Haliski earned her M.A. in 2000 at Georgetown University.

**Peter Vaughan Shaver**, J.D. '98, Portland arts and entertainment attorney, has opened his own practice: Sound Advice. Shaver works with artists, performers, and creative businesses of all types, and is a frequent presenter of lectures and workshops on intellectual property topics.

**David Gunn** '99 has been accepted to the UC Davis School of Medicine. Gunn worked at Leapfrog Toys for four years, writing music for interactive children's toys and helping create the *Afghan Family Health Book* for Afghan refugees.

## 2000

**Christina Brooks** '00 works at Corban College in Salem, where she handles public relations in addition to teaching journalism and advising student publications. Brooks has worked as the editor for the *West-Lane News*, a reporter for the *Tri-County News*, and a full-time writer at *The Register-Guard*.

**Erica Harbison** '01 works for Waggener Edstrom Worldwide in Lake Oswego on the Microsoft public relations team. Harbison and her husband Patrick have one child.

**Rebecca Oswald**, M.Mus. '01, composed a symphony titled *Bowerman, Man of Oregon*, about the life of UO's legendary track coach Bill Bowerman. Oswald's symphony, commissioned by the Bowerman family, was given its premier this October by the Central Oregon Symphony in Bend. She

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## OLD OREGON

has also had her works performed by Westminster, Maryland, and New York City choirs.

**Cameron Ballantyne '03** is the director of communications, marketing, and government relations for the American Red Cross Southwest Service Area. Based in Houston, Texas, Ballantyne oversees sixty-three local Red Cross chapters in five states.

**Keith Kirchoff '03** is to have his first solo piano album released by Bridge Records. He performs regularly with the Callithumpian Consort, a Boston modern music ensemble, and will appear on three of their albums on Mode Records. Kirchoff has received many commissions and awards for his compositions, which have been performed by a number of ensembles.

**Erica Brookhyser '04** received the Stephen Shrestinian Award for Excellence from the Boston Lyric Opera this April. Brookhyser, a mezzo-soprano, first appeared with this organization during the 2005-6 Season. In 2006 she debuted with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and made her first Carnegie Hall appearance.

■ **Kristin Knudson '05** became engaged to Greg Neudorfer this May, with plans to wed in Hawaii in April 2008. Knudson works as a producer and a writer based in Seattle, Washington. She also has her own event planning business, Evje Events.

**David Castro, Ph.D. '05**, is assistant professor of music theory at the University of Texas at Arlington. He served as local organizer for this year's meeting of the Texas Society for Music Theory.

**Mitsutoshi Inaba, Ph.D. '05**, completed his book manuscript for the University of Michigan Press, titled *Willie Dixon's Work on the Blues*. Publication is expected in 2008.

**Dave Camwell, D.M.A. '06**, published a CD master class of John Anthony Lennon's *Aeterna* in the February-March 2007 issue of *Saxophone Journal*. Camwell was the featured jazz soloist for the 2007 NASA Region 3 conference in Fargo, North Dakota.

**Darin Hoskisson, Ph.D. '06**, is assistant professor of music theory at Texas A&M University. He presented "En'light'ening the Musical Idea: Text and Musical Structure in Webern's *Das Augenlicht*," at the South Central Society for Music Theory at Louisiana State University, and also at the West Coast Conference of Music Theory and Analysis, held at the University of Utah.

**Jamie Weaver, Ph.D. '06**, read her paper, "*Questa nova seconda prattica: A Study of the Seconda prattica as Right Compositional Method*," at the Music and/as Right Action Conference held in Norwich, England, this June.

## In Memoriam

**Marjorie Colpitts '35** died in July at age 101. Colpitts taught school for forty-seven years in Oregon and Washington. She married in 1946 and raised her daughter in the Springfield area. Colpitts was an avid traveler and active with her church and many community organizations. Her handmade quilts have been exhibited in Oregon and Alaska.

**Gabriel Bernhard Fedde '36** died in July in Beaverton. Fedde worked as a lawyer for many years, specializing in draft, refugee, and immigration law. He was fluent in five languages and adamant

about protecting the rights of others. Fedde taught history and law at Portland State University and lectured widely throughout the United States and Scandinavia.

**William Paul Geisler** '38, member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, died at age ninety-one in July. Geisler served as a U.S. Army captain during World War II. He worked for Boise Cascade in Idaho, where he and his wife Virginia raised their three children. Following the death of Virginia in 1979, Geisler married Barbara Espy. The couple enjoyed their extended family and traveling the world.

**J. Glenn Cougill** '42, member of Phi Sigma Kappa, died in July. He served in the Army during World War II, earning the Silver Star and three Bronze Stars. Cougill worked in Eugene real estate for fifty-five years out of the Cougill and Hansen Realtors' office. He was involved in the development and ownership of numerous business projects throughout the area.

**Mary Jane Stamm**, M.D. '43, died in February at age ninety-one. Stamm was the only woman in her graduating class at Oregon Medical School. Trained as an obstetrician, she worked at a number of hospitals in California throughout her career, retiring from Hayward's Eden Hospital, where she was the first female ob-gyn in 1954.

**Gordon Morene** '44 died in July. A member of Sigma Chi, Morene enlisted with the Army Air Corps during World War II, flying thirty-three missions in the Pacific theater. He and his wife, **Pat Darby** '47, settled in Eastmoreland and raised

"three Duck children." Morene worked for United Grocers and upon retirement he and Darby traveled often to Europe and Australia, spending their winters in Honolulu, Hawaii. Remembrances may be made to the scholarship they endowed at University of Oregon Foundation, Gift Receipting, 360 E. 10th Ave., Suite 202, Eugene OR 97401-3273.

**Donald H. Coulter** '47, '48 died in October 2006 at age eighty-four. Coulter received a Purple Heart for his service in the U.S. Army during World War II. He was a longtime resident of Grants Pass, working as an attorney with his brother **Raymond** '41, '47. Coulter married in 1953 and raised a "true Duck family": **Ronald** '79, **Sheryl** '84, and **Terri** '83.

**Warren Webster** '49 died in August at age seventy-nine. Webster served for more than sixteen years as a missionary in Pakistan with his wife Shirley. He then served as director of the Conservative Baptist Foreign Mission Society for twenty-two years. Webster was a sought-after speaker on world evangelization and guided missionaries on four continents.

**William (Bill) Beaman** '50 died in March. Beaman served in the Navy during World War II, and is remembered as a lifelong outdoorsman. He married **Marjorie** '48 and they raised three children: **Pam**, **Becky** '79, and **Tom** '82, M.S. '88.

**Alvin C. Stockstad** '50, M.S. '74, member of Delta Upsilon, died in July. Stockstad joined the Navy in World War II at age seventeen. After

earning his degree, he embarked on a twenty-one-year career as a pilot in the U.S. Air Force, and afterward worked as a commercial pilot and flight instructor.

**Weslie (Eyes) Wright** '50 died in June in Mount Vernon, Washington. Wright—the first of her family to attend a university—was awarded the Pepsi Cola scholarship. She married **Gordon Wright** '51 and they raised three children in Aberdeen and Tacoma, Washington. Wright worked in the child-protection field. She was active with her church and a number of charitable organizations throughout her life.

**Malcolm J. Montague** '51, '54, member of Beta Theta Pi, died in November 2006 at age seventy-seven. Montague grew up in Portland and served in the Air Force. He married and had two children. He worked as a partner in Parks Montague Grief & Allen. After retiring, Montague received a master's degree from Portland State University.

## 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 Winter issues of *Old Oregon* and *Oregon Quarterly*

**1927** John Philip Sousa's manager Harry Askin telegraphs the University with the news that Sousa has dedicated his latest march to the University of Oregon.

**1937** A special collections librarian unearths an 1878 document in which Judge Matthew Deady, president of the Board of Regents, describes what will become the UO seal: in the center of the seal will be the figure of Mount Hood, and underneath the date of the organization of the school—1876. The seal will also bear the motto *Mens agitat molem*—mind moves the mass.

**1947** Having attended a meeting in New York of fifteen college editors, the UO's representative reports in *Old Oregon* that the University "can hold its own" in most areas—with a notable exception, political consciousness: Eastern schools commonly feature "a militant liberalism" that includes "mass meetings . . . campus chapters of left-wing groups . . . and political rallies that are unknown here."

**1957** "Peanuts" cartoonist Charles Schultz visits campus, speaks in classes, talks informally with students, autographs hundreds of his comic books, and draws

a cartoon for the *Emerald* in which Snoopy charges a bullfighter's cape emblazoned with an Oregon O.

**1967** "Impregnable Carson Hall" is conquered. After eighteen years of housing women, the residence hall becomes coeducational. Sophomore and junior men hoping to land a room in Carson must have parental permission.

**1977** Efforts made during the University's centennial year of 1976 are sinking roots and bearing fruit: a campaign to beautify campus far exceeds its "100 Years—100 Trees" goal with the planting, so far, of 317 trees.

**1987** A survey of undergraduate students reveals that 7 percent have less than \$10 per month to spend on luxury items and entertainment; 8 percent have more than \$200.

**1997** The University marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the environmental- and consumer-oriented Public Interest Research Group—the first in the nation and the forerunner to OSPIRG—founded after a visit to campus by a young consumer crusader named Ralph Nader.

**Robert Cunningham**, M.Mus. '52, died at age eighty-four in June. Cunningham served as associate professor of music at Oregon from 1955 to 1974. He started the Emerald Reed Company—a small business that engineered oboe and bassoon reeds. Upon retirement, he and his wife realized their dream of sailing the inland waters of the Pacific Northwest and traveling widely throughout the world.

**Robert Holloway** '54, M.S. '59, died in August at age seventy-five. Holloway served as a captain in the Air Force during the Korean War. After attending Oregon, he earned his doctorate from Michigan State University. Holloway was founder and CEO of Holloway Health Management Group in Holton, Kansas.

**Harold “Hal” Hart** '54 died in May. A longtime resident of Portland, Hart gave to his community throughout his life by serving on numerous advisory committees, coaching softball, playing jazz for fundraisers, and pioneering Lincoln High School's Constitution Program. He was awarded for his efforts on countless occasions.

**Ruth “Ruthie” (Hoppe) Zenner** '57, a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, died in Portland of bone cancer in April at the age of seventy-one. She lived in California before returning to Portland more than ten years ago. Surviving her are two daughters, Melina Bacon and Colleen Zenner-Donato, both of Portland; two sisters, Virginia Sinclair Brooks of Portland and Cornelia “Corky” Hoppe '51 of San Francisco, California; and brother Richard Hoppe of Cambria, California.

**Ellis “Bill” Rose Jr.** '60 died at age seventy-two in May. Rose served in the Navy during the Korean War and was a member of Phi Kappa Phi at Oregon. He owned and managed Rose Valley Produce in Woodland, California. He was married to **Carol (Emmons) Rose** '58 and had four children. Rose was an avid golfer.

**Dorothy (Chapman) Stewart** '68 died in September at age ninety-three. Born in Cottage Grove, Stewart married Larry Chapman in 1936, then married Earl Stewart following the death of Larry in 1982.

**Roger E. Watson**, M.Ed. '68, died in July. Earning his undergraduate degree at Portland State College in 1959, Watson taught high school math, physics, and computers for thirty-six years in Oregon schools. He was married to Mary Nally for fifty-five years.

**Otto t'Hooft**, J.D. '73, died in August of cancer at age sixty-one. Born in the Netherlands, t'Hooft earned his undergraduate degree from the University of California at Santa Barbara. After Oregon, t'Hooft was a Lane County commissioner from 1979 to 1983. He then worked as a woodlands manager for private timber stands, a labor negotiator for Mills & Associates and the Local Government Personnel Institute, and a researcher for the American Institutes for Research in Palo Alto, California.

**Ken Shulman** '80, J.D. '86, died unexpectedly August 3 at age fifty-one. A longtime resident of Eugene, he owned Ken Shulman Painting Inc. Shulman spent his winters in Mexico, and was known by many as the “Mayor of Puerto Vallarta.” He also started a successful real estate business in La Paz, Mexico.

## Faculty In Memoriam

Professor Emeritus **Roger Nicholls** died in August at age eighty-five. Born in London, England, Nicholls served in the Royal Air Force during World War II. He received his undergraduate and master's degrees from Oxford University and his doctorate degree from UC Berkeley. Nicholls taught German and Russian at Oregon from 1963 to 1987.

**Mary Jane (Alden) Hudzikiewicz** '63, M.S. '71, died July 18 of liver failure. She was sixty-six. Living her motto, “service is the rent you pay for the space you have on earth,” Hudzikiewicz was very active, founding several local organizations

and events, including the American Cancer Society's Relay for Life in Eugene, the Red Hat Society, the Professional Women's Network of Oregon, and the Lane County chapter of the University of Oregon Alumni Association. At Oregon, she served as student activities adviser and later as assistant dean of student life. Hudzikiewicz coordinated Oregon's multiple graduation ceremonies for twenty-seven years and was known for always wearing a red dress (for easy identification) on these occasions. Remembrances may be made to the UO Foundation in support of the annual Mary Hudzikiewicz Freshman Award, Birth to Three, or the American Cancer Society.



Courtesy Chris and Sharon Sellman

## THE FALL OF TROY

WHILE HONEYMOONING IN ROME, CHRIS SELLMAN AND HIS NEW BRIDE Sharon (Van Dyke) Sellman '89 saw the opportunity during a visit to the Coliseum to express their wishes about the upcoming football match between the ninth-ranked USC Trojans and the fifth-ranked Ducks. Just days later, Oregon “Sellmanized” the Trojans 24–17. A record Autzen Stadium crowd of 59,277 watched and cheered, loudly—the *Register-Guard* reported sound levels that reached 127.2 decibels (louder than a jet at takeoff). The Sellmans remembered *Oregon Quarterly's* request to our readers to send photos of family or friends in Duck regalia (hats, T-shirts, and such) in exotic or unusual locales. Other kinds of Duck-related shots also are welcomed—the more interesting or funny, the better. *Technical note: High-resolution digital images work best; low-resolution shots won't reproduce well in print.* Send to [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).

# OREGON QUARTERLY Classifieds

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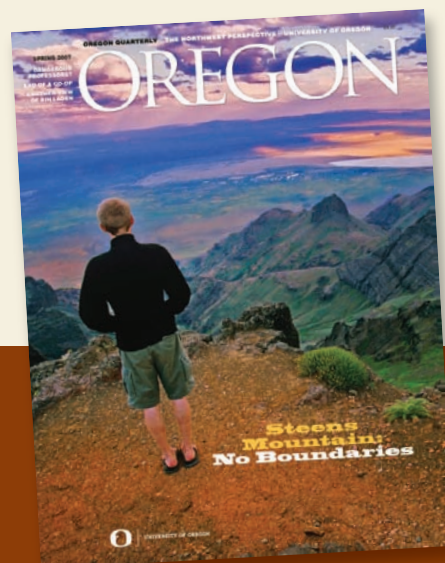
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Soldiers Media Center/collage by Tim Jordan

## REFLECTIONS ON A CHOIR PIECE

By Paul Edgecomb '71

**M**Y WIFE AND I DROVE TO EARLY MORNING SERVICES AT Bethesda Lutheran on Sunday as we have often done over the past three decades. It's a short drive, twenty minutes or so, from the manicured rhododendrons of the park that borders our house, down the hill through the drab commercial zone to the trim suburbs of West Eugene. We skirt past shadowy homeless people, shuffling behind shopping carts in dingy coats, with vacant stares. But we ignore their presence.

At the church parking lot, our hybrid SUV glides silently on its battery in beside other expensive vehicles. Little kids in their neatest attire run about, trying to avoid older parishioners, who negotiate the obstacles of age as best they can. We were married here in '75 and it's just a few blocks down Royal Avenue from where my wife grew up. Her grandparents and family helped build various parts of the church complex. The architecture has a restrained but modern Scandinavian look. It's in keeping with the mostly northern European families who settled the Bethel area. The building, with its façade of brick, wood shingled roof, and steepleless bell tower, has become a landmark in the neighborhood. Inside, white plaster walls set off the large laminated wood rafters. Brightly colored pendants hang cheerfully in the vestibule. Stained glass depictions of Biblical scenes glow in the low azimuth of early morning sun. We sit in the balcony. The hymnal under the seat has my wife's mother's name in it. We're in a familiar and comfortable oasis of polite gestures amid a world of the well-to-do.

The members of the choir, in their purple silk robes with mauve yokes, sit silently gazing from the apse as the parishioners are ushered in. Directing the choir is a tall, white-bearded gentleman who works summers with the German conductor Helmuth Rilling at the Oregon Bach Festival. For a special piece today the director has arranged his singers facing one

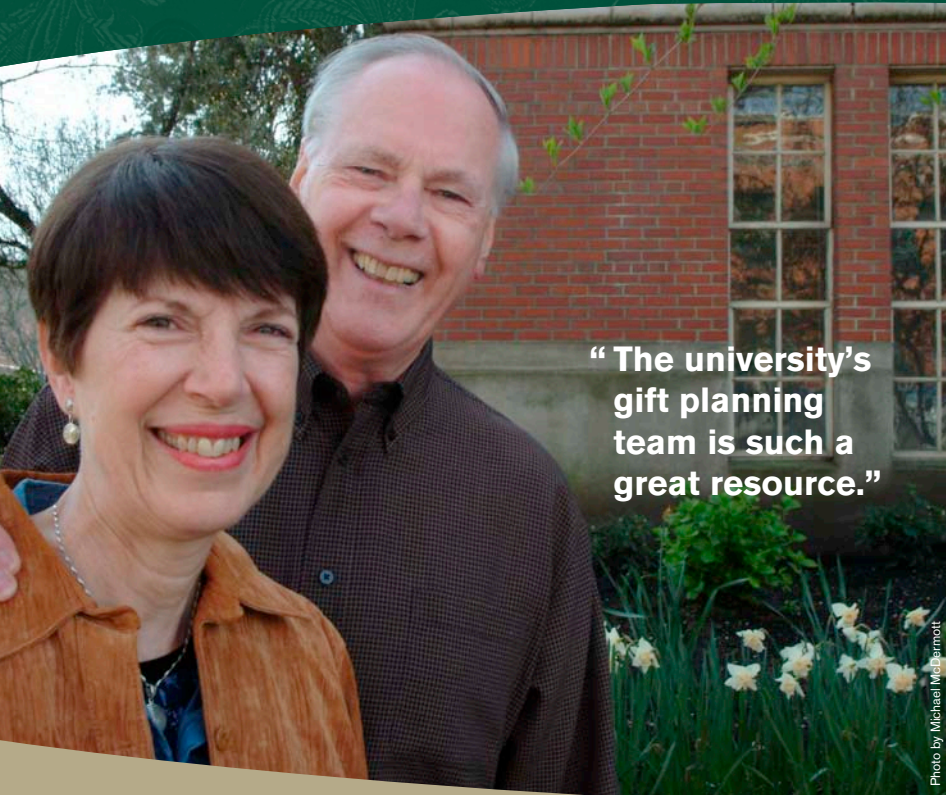
another around the confessional, explaining that this, being a difficult tonal arrangement, requires they clearly hear one another.

The piece *Adoramus te, Christe* was written by G. P. Palestrina, probably in the 1570s. Though it is sung in Latin, a translation is provided. Palestrina composed the piece during a time of great personal success accompanied by intense suffering, as the plagues that had afflicted Europe for centuries had claimed members of his family. It is sung as a prayer of thankfulness for having survived such a tragedy, but also conveys the pain of loss and guilt of survival.

Something about that music moved me deeply.

In its dirge-like beginning and the melody that emerges, I was reminded of the ultimate seriousness of the human condition: our presence in an eternal now, surrounded by both joy and fear. I heard in that music, coming to us from centuries past, the prayers of a people who were also in a comfortable setting beset by a calamity just beyond their doors. Perhaps the emotions that overcame me were resonance from the plague of wars in the Middle East. I don't know. I do know that I was reminded of the two dozen or so young men and women from this small congregation who are serving in the military. We pray they all return safely, and I know I'm grateful our son is back from the conflict. Even today we can't talk about our fear of casualties in polite conversation, but, for an instant, I can't help feeling that fear. In the spirit of the music, I thank the Lord for this blessed life, but dread the future that may befall us. We are thankful to have our son back from the war, but we are afraid that, if the war doesn't end soon, he may have to go again.

*Paul Edgecomb '71 is a landscape architect who lives in Eugene and worked in Dubai this fall.*



**“The university’s gift planning team is such a great resource.”**

Photo by Michael McDermott

## Continuing a Family Legacy

Roger and Ginny Reich '64 created a will ten years ago that includes a bequest supporting scholarships for students in the Robert Donald Clark Honors College, which is named for Ginny's father who was UO president from 1969 to 1975.

Now they are working with the UO's gift planning experts to update the language in their will to reflect additional wishes for the honors college.

“The college's needs have evolved along with our finances,” says Roger. “The university's gift planning team is such a great resource. With their help, we are also exploring ways to reduce today's taxes.”

By tying their estate gift to a charitable remainder trust or charitable gift annuity, the Reichs can receive a current income tax charitable deduction and other benefits.

### Office of Gift Planning

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

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

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

[giftplan.uoregon.edu](http://giftplan.uoregon.edu)

## Year-end Tax Saving Tips

Roll over a portion of your IRA directly to the university.

Transfer your appreciated stock to the university.

Plan ahead to ensure that your gift is completed by December 31, 2007.

## You Can Make a Difference

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