

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Summer 2008

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y



Kenny Moore:
Intertwining
Ovals

Kim Stafford on Glen Coffield • Essay Contest Winner • Pre's Rock



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26 The Power of Names



31 Dreaming a World



36 At Home in Track Town

COVER | Kenny Moore at Hayward Field. Photo by Michael Kevin Daly.

FEATURES

26
**THE OLD HACKLEMAN PLACE,
AN OBITUARY**

by Ellen Waterston

The winning essay of the 2008 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest explores lessons of the High Desert and the power of place names.

31
OUR MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

by Kim Stafford

From a cabin on the slopes of Mount Hood, poet, artist, and dreamer Glen Coffield imagined new ways of creating and living together in the world.

36
**KENNY MOORE:
INTERTWINING OVALS**

by Todd Schwartz

Kenny Moore grew up with Track Town, USA, to become a world-class athlete and writer.

DEPARTMENTS

2 EDITOR'S NOTE

4 LETTERS

8 UPFRONT | *Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera*

The Church of Pre
by Daniel Wojcik

The Divas of Divisi
by Mickey Rapkin

Great Leap Forward
The Geography of Happiness

19 UPFRONT | *News, Notables, Innovations*

UO Vets Tell and Show

Ethics and Business

Styrofoam Art

Belated Degrees for Japanese Americans

PROFile: Ron Mitchell

44 OLD OREGON

An Iraq Success Story

Prom Queen

Pornography and the First Amendment

An Editor with a Cause

Making Maverick Music

Class Notes

Decades

64 DUCK TALES

Why My Blood Turns to Wine
by Paul Keller '72

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Editor's Note | Guy Maynard, Editor

Welcome Back

I know. . . Everybody is justifiably excited about the Olympic Trials that will come to Eugene and the University of Oregon this summer and the indisputable reassertion of our place as Track Town, USA. I'm in awe of the colossal effort that has gone into making the trials and the myriad events surrounding them a triumph. I encourage every one to come to Eugene and join in the celebration that will center on Hayward Field and extend throughout the University and the city.

But . . . let's say you were a late-fifties university magazine editor who grew up in a place where running just to run hadn't quite caught on yet, where backyards and families were big enough to handle four bases and to have enough kids to divide into two teams (though invisible base runners were often necessary) and that was just an hours' drive or train ride from a then funky (now classic) ball park that had a terrible team but was fabulously green and home to a star named Ted Williams who made the trip worthwhile. And you did try to run track in junior high (because there was no baseball team), running the half mile because, you figured, you weren't fast enough for the sprints or tough enough for the mile, and your career consisted of running in second and third until you invariably tumbled just short of the finish line, bruised and bloody from the track's ragged cinders as you looked for an inconspicuous place to throw up.

And then . . . in a six-month period, starting in late October of last year, all this happens: that terrible major league team that grabbed hold of your psyche when you were kid and held on through cross-country moves and periodic identity crises—and that had broken your heart a dozen different ways—wins its *second* World Series in four years; the university where you eventually finished your degree and have worked for the past thirteen years decides to reinstate an intercollegiate baseball program that had inexplicably (in your view from a distance at that time) been eliminated in 1981; you visit the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York, where one of the highlights is a handwritten 1951 letter from the legendary Ty Cobb to Red Sox second baseman Bobby Doerr (whose brilliant career ended just before you started making those trips to Fenway), saying how much he admires Doerr and his teammate Ted Williams; you come back to campus after that trip East to be invited to a special ceremony where Oregon Governor Ted Kulongoski honors Bobby Doerr, who lives in Junction City, on his ninetieth birthday; you shake Doerr's hand and tell him you just saw his plaque in the hall of fame. He is gracious and kind in his Red Sox jacket. You find out that both the governor and the president of the University are also longtime Red Sox fans. The ceremony takes place in a room overlooking the spot where the new UO baseball park will go. You get dreamy about spending spring afternoons there.

You feel just fine about being a baseball fan in Track Town, USA.

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Spreading Ally's Story

Is there a way that I can download the article about Ally Zapp ["Ally's Way," Spring 2008] to share with a number of people? You have done such a service by alerting your readers to the work of Ally's parents. The information should be communicated to more people who would support their efforts. Thanks for your wonderful quarterly. Over fifty years ago a summer session at the University of Oregon turned my life around!

*Frances Jeanne Scott '68
Port Hueneme, California*

Editor's note: We sent Ms. Scott a copy of the article. The full text of the article is available online at <https://scholarsbank.uoregon.edu/dspace/> (enter "Oregon Quarterly" in the search box).

Likes the New Look

I wanted to compliment you on the new and exciting format to the *Oregon Quarterly*

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.

terly as the magazine has the feel of a brand new look and marketing tool for the University of Oregon and the current issue was extremely interesting and professional. Keep up the good work. Thank you.

*Michael P. Richards '66
West Hollywood, California*

Base Observations

I enjoyed the "Kansas in Korea" article [Upfront] in the Spring 2008 *Oregon Quarterly* (in my UO-graduate wife's issue). I plan to send it to two friends, one of whom lives in Germany and the other, who used to teach at American schools on U.S. bases overseas, lives in Oregon.

*Tim Marsh
Pullman, Washington*

Solar Dead End

By far the smartest statement of the article, "Catching Some Rays" [Upfront, Spring 2008] is that by Dave Cohen, "Unless you can deliver electricity to the public at competitive prices you have no product." The article did not disclose that the Carter administration gave away 9 billion dollars in federal tax credits, and the states collectively even more, to develop solar power. Subsequent government programs spent more on solar development.

The bottom line is that now, thirty years since Carter, the total solar power in the United States amounts to less than 1 percent of our total [energy production]. The reasons are both technical as well as economic. No reliable system exists to store solar-produced electricity for the periods when the sun does not shine. Whatever one hears about solar electric (Germany included), the system is (a) heavily taxpayer subsidized and (b) supported by reliable electric production sources such as fossil fuel, hydro, or nuclear.

We are heavily dependent on and, furthermore demand, ever increasing electric power world wide.

Romantic professors such as you mentioned, by displacing the development of nuclear plants, forced electric utilities responsible for supplying reliable power to build coal and natural gas power plants in the U.S. Their contribution to greenhouse gasses are now being recognized. But of course the new coal burning plants

"Whatever one hears about solar electric . . . the system is (a) heavily subsidized and (b) supported by reliable electric production sources such as fossil fuel, hydro, or nuclear."

in Oregon were built in Umatilla County, populated by children of a lesser god.

*Costas Spalaris, M.A. '50
Santa Cruz, California*

Ivory Inspiration

Thanks you for your update on James Ivory. "Celluloid and Cellulose" [Old Oregon, Spring 2008]. He was a Spanish student of mine at Klamath Union High School. I noticed the spark in his creativity as he showed me his furniture miniatures when most adults did not know the difference between Queen Anne and Chippendale. The incendiary potential of his talents was ignited at the University of Oregon as he related. Through his films we have been able to witness the glow of his talent through the years.

*Phyllis Foster Parker '43
Durham, North Carolina*

Some Editing Help

I'm a regular reader of your fine publication, and I congratulate you on the interesting articles in *Oregon Quarterly*. However, I am also an editor—I read with pen in hand—and thus I write about Richard Yates' piece, "Celluloid and Cellulose" in the Spring 2008 issue.

The writing in this article is, shall we say, a bit "casual" in its grammar, and you missed a number of errors.

Here are the problems: In one sentence, it says "actors prepare for their scenes, among them Anthony Hopkins . . . Gainsbourg." It should be obvious that Hopkins et al. are not "scenes." The sentence should have read: ". . . actors, among them Anthony Hopkins . . . Gainsbourg,

prepare for their scenes.”

In another place, it says “Mitra (who Ivory credits with teaching him the basics of directing).” It should be “whom,” not “who” —think “Ivory credits him [whom].”

Later in the article, it says, “Many young actors received critical early career roles in MIP films, among them Hugh Grant and Rupert Graves . . .” This error is like the first one noted above, as “Hugh Grant” is not a “film.”

Finally near the end, it says “each taking Oscar home.” That might work as informal English, except that there is more than one “Oscar” (one for each award), so it would have been better to have said “an Oscar.”

You have a fine publication. It deserves high-quality writing, which it usually receives. If an author doesn’t provide it, then the “proofreaders” or the editor himself should correct it.

*Stephen L. Wasby, M.A. '61, Ph.D. '62
Albany, New York*

Editor’s note: Points well taken, though we might argue about the last one. The buck stops with us editors on these errors.

Dream on

In defense of Bryce Ward and Ed Whitelaw [“Dream On,” Winter 2007]: My my, John Holly and Duncan Murray [Letters, Spring 2008] sound like the tycoons of the past. Teddy Roosevelt broke the trusts and regulated business to stop the social divide and quell the anger from the common people. He and his cousin after him knew that class warfare would destroy our constitution.

The American people are waking up to the politics and economics of the rich, by the rich, and for the rich. The old sales pitch, “Live poor and vote rich” and “feed the horses and the birds will eat” has been exposed at last over the last seven and a half years.

Sorry misters, “Greed is not good” and meritocracy is not the wave of the future. To you sirs I say this, “All we are really struggling for is each other.” It is the politics and economics of the common man that will save this country. You sirs can try to kill the messenger, however you’re doomed to failure just like your friend who recently said, “Four dollar gas. I have not heard of that.”

*Walter B. Hull '59
Clackamas*

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THE OREGON OVERACHIEVER

A TALE OF RECORDS BROKEN, BOUNDARIES IGNORED,
INVENTIONS INVENTED AND EXPECTATIONS EXCEEDED
BY HUMANS WITH SUPERHUMAN ABILITIES IN AN UNLIKELY
PLACE. BUT THEN AGAIN, MAYBE NOT SO UNLIKELY.

Did you know there was a time, not so long ago, before the ATM and the DVD and the series of tubes we now call the Internets, that the idea of "jogging" was also unheard of?

And now, just look. There is a medium-sized town in the middle of Oregon called Eugene that has become the World Capital of Running. Many believe this is thanks to legendary overachieving track coach Bill Bowerman, who thought his fast runners would be even faster if they wore a rubbery shoe that looked like a waffle, not a pancake. So he brought out his wife's waffle iron and he tried it. The rest is a star-studded history featuring big names like Nike and Steve Prefontaine and the hundreds of all-American track stars like this one who have been setting land-speed records and a good example for runners and joggers ever since.

And yet, if you have ever visited, you know it makes perfect sense that all of this should spring up in a place called Oregon, because of two things. One, it is a place where no idea is too odd to obsess about, even a natural behavior like running. Two, it is a state so beautiful it makes you wish you could explore the whole thing on foot, if only time would allow.

So if you're a runner or a track fan or just a regular person who appreciates fast people, you will feel welcome here. Whether you want to jog on the beach or mingle with stars at the 2008 U.S. Olympic Team Trials-Track & Field, start by visiting traveloregon.com/run or calling 1-800-547-7842.

Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera



The Church of Pre

Many of the thousands of top athletes who descend on Eugene this summer to compete in the U.S. Olympic Team Trials in track and field will make the pilgrimage to the shrine marking the spot where Steve Prefontaine died. A short walk from Hayward Field, the location looms large in American sports folklore and is considered by many to be “holy ground.” This excerpt is condensed from “Pre’s Rock: Pilgrimage, Ritual, and Runners’ Traditions at the Roadside Shrine for Steve Prefontaine” by Daniel Wojcik, UO associate professor of English and folklore studies. It will be published as a chapter in *Shrines and Pilgrimage in Contemporary Society: New Itineraries into the Sacred*, edited by Peter Jan Margry, due out this summer from the University of Amsterdam Press. The full text of the article is available online at <https://scholarsbank.uoregon.edu/dspace/> (enter “Pre’s Rock” in the search box). Wojcik serves as the director of the UO Folklore Studies Program and the Randall V. Mills Archive of Northwest Folklore.

LOCATED ON A DANGEROUS CURVED road in the east hills of Eugene, Oregon, is the roadside memorial for the long distance runner Steve Prefontaine. This site, named Pre’s Rock, has attracted athletes, fans, and pilgrims for more than thirty years. Prefontaine was tragically killed at this spot in an automobile accident on May 30, 1975, at the age of twenty-four. At the time of his death, he was the most famous runner in the United States and held every American track record from the 2,000 meters to the 10,000

meters. Track fans continue to debate whether or not Prefontaine was the greatest American distance runner ever, but he is undoubtedly the most popular distance runner in American history. Prefontaine has inspired a cult of personality that endures to the present.

Pre’s Rock has been visited by runners and fans from all over the world. They often leave personal objects and things symbolically connected to Prefontaine and the broader subcultures of distance running

and track and field. Running shoes are carefully arranged around the rock, or occasionally balanced on top of it, and jerseys and race numbers are placed at its base, or tucked into its crevices, or pinned to the ivy and other plants that grow nearby. Race medals, ribbons, trophies, track spikes, and wrist-bands are scattered about, while running caps and T-shirts drape the memorial marker on some days, and food (such as energy bars) and bottles of sports drinks or beer are occasionally left here as well. People also leave photos of Prefontaine,

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◀ *After running a 3:58.60 mile in the 2004 Prefontaine Classic at Hayward Field, Paul McMullen, an American national champion 1,500-meter runner who competed in the 1996 Olympic Games, visited Pre's Rock because of the influence Prefontaine had on his approach to running. "I vividly remember walking up to the rock and the hair stood up on the back of my neck," he says. "It was as though I was visiting the gravesite of a close friend who understood what drove me to attempt what others thought to be impossible."*

and photos of themselves, as well as handwritten notes, poems, prayers, letters, flowers, candles, coins, identification cards, and other personal objects.

As a runner in high school and college, I was familiar with Prefontaine's accomplishments, and like nearly every American distance runner at the time, I admired his gutsy running style and enthusiastic approach to running and to life. I vividly remember the one time I ran with Prefontaine, with some other high school runners—September 8, 1973. We ran five miles alongside and behind Prefontaine, in almost complete silence, in awe and veneration of the supreme being of American distance running. I also remember the morning that I learned of Prefontaine's death; I was stunned and devastated by the news, like so many other people.

I have visited Pre's Rock during training runs over the past fifteen years, as a place to stop and reflect, or sometimes out of curiosity to observe the objects that have been left there. Since 2003, I have been present at the site after major track meets, cross-country meets, road races, and on specific ritual days relating to Prefontaine's life and death, such as his birthday, death day, and Memorial Day. After interviewing many of the visitors at the site, it became apparent that Pre's Rock is not only characterized by traditions of memorialization, but that for some individuals it is a place of pilgrimage, reverence, and spirituality. A number of people regard the site as a "sacred place" for runners, or as one person stated it, "The Church of Pre," and they had made special journeys to the spot and brought special objects to be left here. Some of them say that they can feel Prefontaine's "presence" or his "spirit" here, and they seek to interact with his life and legacy. The practices and personalized spirituality expressed at Pre's Rock blur the boundaries between the sacred and the secular, pilgrimage and

tourism, shrine and memorial, inspiration and supernatural intercession.

Immortalized through legend and memory, Prefontaine's life has many of the common elements associated with other American folk heroes. He rose from the ranks of the common man; he was endowed with seemingly superhuman powers of physical strength and endurance; he had personal magnetism, exceptional vitality, and lived life with gusto; he was a rugged individualist and confronted the elite establishment; he boasted and performed feats of audacity and daring, yet was good-natured and kind-hearted. For his fans, Prefontaine was the embodiment of courage,

The practices and personalized spirituality expressed at Pre's Rock blur the boundaries between the sacred and the secular, pilgrimage and tourism, shrine and memorial, inspiration and supernatural intercession.


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rebellion. Prefontaine's dreams with complete abandon (one sub-four-minute miler wrote in a note left at Pre's Rock, "Thank you, Pre, for setting an example of how to piss off those people who have no passion, and inspire those who have it"). In his races he exhibited an almost martyr-like willingness to suffer for his goals and for "his people," running through the pain barriers to the point of near oblivion as thousands cheered him on. As an athlete dying young, the tragic ending of Prefontaine's life also has two important features of the classical "hero of tradition" pattern identified by Lord Raglan: the hero meets with a mysterious death, and he has one or more holy sepulchers. As I discovered during the time spent at Pre's Rock, the circumstances surrounding Prefontaine's death were a common topic of conversation, as his admirers speculated about how he died and the "mysterious" events associated with his death.

One tradition that occurs after the Oregon state track-and-field championship races involves runners placing their recently won and highly prized award medals at the site. As runner and graduate student Cody Loy (age twenty-four) observed:

"As I marveled at these few medals that the greatest runners of the year had left for Pre, I found one such medallion that had a note taped to its backside. The note read, 'A piece of greatness can never compare to the greatness you have given to us. Rest in peace, Pre!' I remember the writing to this day because the idea stood out to me while also giving me a new insight: so many of the great athletes and runners produced in the state of Oregon today attain their level of ability and athleticism only because they strive to be what Pre has been to so many like myself: an indicator of what can be achieved by the human will when one sacrifices everything for the sport and its

legacy. And as Pre once said, "To give anything less than your best is to sacrifice the gift."

The kinds of personalized and creative forms of memorialization commonly seen at Pre's Rock often would not be permitted at cemeteries or more formalized memorials, yet for some people, such expressions are the meaningful equivalent of lighting a votive candle or saying a prayer in a formal religious setting. Secular objects placed at the site, like running shoes and lucky socks and bottles of beer and Gatorade, are personal offerings of remembrance, as well as a way for some people who are not particularly religious to express feelings of communion and appreciation for the deceased. Steve Prefontaine, because of his accomplishments and the aura of his personality, conveyed through oral traditions and the mass media, seems to have inspired forms of veneration that resemble the devotion to extraordinary individuals who have been deified at the vernacular level in other cultures and contexts. His fans feel that they can communicate and talk to him, because he was a man of the people and a folk hero, and they reach out to him in death to keep his spirit alive. 

The Divas of Divisi

One of 1,200 collegiate a cappella groups in the United States, the UO's all-female Divisi took second place at the 2005 International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella—in competition against five men's groups. In *Pitch Perfect: The Quest for Collegiate A CAPPELLA Glory* (Gotham Books, 2008), Mickey Rapkin, senior editor at GQ, tells the broader story of a cappella and focuses on three groups, among them Divisi. He opens the book with this description of the Oregon women in the spotlight.



pella-erati in the house—including everyone from professionals like Rockapella's Barry Carl to Deke Sharon, a Tufts University alum commonly referred to as the father of contemporary a cappella. Divisi is the final group to perform that night. And while the order was drawn entirely at random, it is also fitting. Ask anyone in the audience to pinpoint the exact moment Divisi won the hearts and minds of the crowd, and they will likely say the same thing: somewhere around minute eight and a half of the group's twelve-minute, three-song set. The girls had already performed "Walking on Broken Glass" by Annie Lennox and Joni Mitchell's "Woodstock"—two well-executed, if highly predictable, endeavors. (Only Sarah McLachlan would have been more obvious.) But what came next was anything but expected.

The girls from Divisi stand in three rows, their heads bowed to the ground. Divisi's music director, a tiny whip of a thing named Lisa Forkish, blows the starting pitch, counting off two-three-four. And then it happens. The girls sing, "Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah"—a total of seven times, building in intensity each time, eventually sustaining a G minor-9 chord. A ripple of recognition rolls through the younger members of tonight's crowd, who, in near unison, sit up at attention.

The syllables go something like this: *Bee REE // bee REE // bee REE // bee REE*. Katie Hopkins steps to the mic, singing, "Up in the club with my homey // trying to get a little . . ." Onstage at Lincoln Center, a female a cappella group (all white, by the way, not that there's anything wrong with that) will make Usher's signature track, "Yeah," their own. Two minutes in, Evyenne Smith steps out, grabs the mic, and unapologetically raps: "Watch out // My outfit's ridiculous! // Looking so conspicuous! // These women are on the prowl // Try to sing against us had to throw 'em the towel." Like Usher, Evyenne Smith will not stop until she sees you in your birthday suit. She closes the rap with this bit of improv: "You know you want a kiss when the lips so red!"

EVYENNE SMITH STANDS ONSTAGE at Manhattan's Alice Tully Hall, the stately theater that regularly plays home to the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the province of aging subscribers and PBS tote bags. Tonight, the scene is a little bit different.

It is Saturday evening, April 30, 2005, and the stage is empty save for twelve women dressed in identical black pants, buttoned-up black shirts, and red ties. Evyenne describes their look as "sexy stewardess." Their red lipstick (the kind, perhaps, favored by off-duty stewardesses) goes on like paint. These twelve women—perhaps refugees from some Olive Garden training center—hail from the University of Oregon. They're called Divisi (pronounced dih-VEE-see) and they

are among the nation's most celebrated collegiate a cappella groups. Laugh if you must. But tonight's concert is standing room only. All eleven hundred tickets sold out weeks ago—at fifty dollars a pop. Still, a few people mill about outside the venue, hoping to snag a hot minute pass. Yes, it is an a cappella hot minute pass. They are trying to *scalp tickets*. One man holds up a homemade sign, scrawled in red marker, that reads: My Son Is Performing Tonight. Got an Extra? He's lucky. A twentysomething girl hesitates before selling her ticket to this desperate man—for a whopping two hundred and fifty dollars. "I'm, like, an a cappella fan," she says, hesitating. "But my rent is due on Monday and I could totally use the cash."

It's a tough crowd, what with the a cap-

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The crowd is on their feet. A middle-aged man in the audience holds a cardboard sign way above his head. It reads Hot Lips!, which would be inappropriate in any other context. Right, context.

Evyne Smith and the ladies of Divisi (they call themselves Divisi Divas) are competing in the International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella. The hard-core a cappella fans refer to this event as the ICK-ahs, though the rest just spell it out, as in the I-C-C-As. The competition—sort of like the a cappella Rose Bowl—began in 1995 but has quickly grown to include groups from as far as Canada, Western

Like Usher, Evyenne Smith will not stop until she sees you in your birthday suit. She closes the rap with this b
 "You know you want a kiss when the lips so red!"

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Europe, and, most recently, Asia. The whole thing is produced by an organization called Varsity Vocals, a five-person operation run out of (in part) a strip-mall storefront in Maine. Ignore the skeleton crew: The impact of the ICCAs is enormous. While the winning team will leave Lincoln Center with one thousand dollars in prize money (plus recording time), the competition is really about bragging rights. In the same way that winning an Oscar can bump an actor to the A-list, a win at the ICCAs can lead to bigger-paying gigs, a spike in album sales, and (perhaps most importantly) more friend requests for the group's MySpace page. It's no surprise that the backstage drama at the International Championship of Collegiate A Cappella plays out like the unintentionally hilarious scum of a children's beauty pageant.

For Evyenne Smith and Divisi, the road to the ICCA finals has been paved with blood, sweat, and runny mascara. ©

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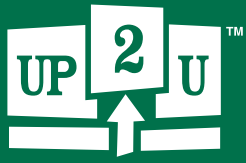
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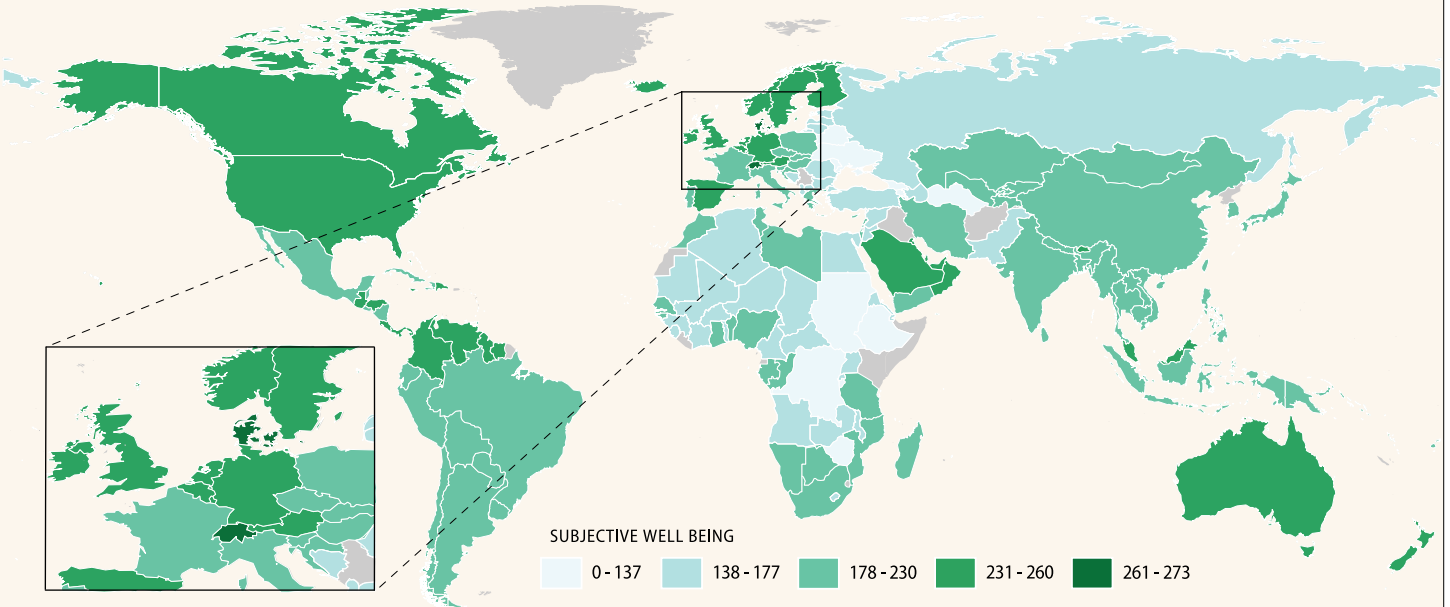


EDWARD BURTYNSKY, *MANUFACTURING #17, DEDA CHICKEN PROCESSING PLANT, DEHUI CITY, JILIN PROVINCE, CHINA, 2005*, CHROMOGENIC PRINT, 58 X 68 INCHES, COURTESY OF CHARLES COWLES GALLERY, NEW YORK

The Great Leap Forward

The twenty large-format photographs in "Edward Burtynsky: The China Series" document the grand scale of commerce in modern China and illustrate the physical and social changes taking place in the new pro-capitalist era. The exhibit will be on display June 26 through September 7 at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. For more information, go to jsma.uoregon.edu.

The Geography of Happiness



Get Happy! Researchers have conducted many studies in recent years to learn what makes people happy. Some of their findings are reflected in this map, on which darker colors indicate areas where people report higher levels of subjective well being. Denmark is ranked as the happiest country: Danes pay extremely high taxes, consume a great deal of alcohol, and live with inclement Scandinavian weather, but they also have free health care and college education, and their government spends more per capita on children and the elderly than any other country. Senior UO geography major Courtney Ashford was inspired to create the map for her Advanced Cartography class after seeing Eric Weiner, author of *The Geography of Bliss*, interviewed on *The Colbert Report*. She got the book and discovered that, despite its title, it had no maps.



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B O O K S H E L F


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

CONFESSIONS OF A FALLING WOMAN AND OTHER STORIES (HarperCollins Publications, 2008) by Debra Dean, M.F.A. '92. "The author of the highly acclaimed and bestselling *The Madonnas of Leningrad* returns with a collection of stories by turns tender, comic, and devastating."

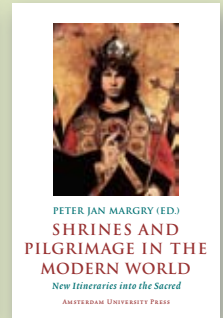
HUMANITY'S FOOTPRINT: MOMENTUM, IMPACT, AND OUR GLOBAL ENVIRONMENT (Columbia University Press, 2008) by Walter K. Dodds, Ph.D. '86. "... Stands out because of its clarity, authenticity, and honesty. Dodds tackles issues with refreshing and impressive courage."

LEAVE IT TO CHANCE (David C. Cook, 2008) by Sherri Sand '91. "A delightful new voice in Christian fiction. Sherri Sand creates an artful balance of inner struggle and tenderness, warmth and whimsy."

THE LONG TRAUMA OF AN ANDALUSIAN TOWN: REPUBLIC, REPRESSION, WAR, POSTWAR (Castilleja del Campo Municipal Government, 2007) by Richard Barker, Ph.D. '82. "This is the story of a small town in the province of Seville, told in large part by the residents themselves ... Placing the characters and events in their national, regional, and provincial context, the author turns the town into a microcosm that reflects the situations much of Spain traversed during those traumatic years."

THE MEANING OF THE BODY: AESTHETICS OF HUMAN UNDERSTANDING (University of Chicago Press, 2007) by Mark Johnson, Philip H. Knight Professor of Liberal Arts and Sciences, UO Department of Philosophy. "... Creates a new vision of the aesthetics of human understanding that is supported by contemporary research from linguistics, psychology, and neuroscience on the embodied nature of human cognition." 

Excerpted in this issue:



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SHRINES AND PILGRIMAGE IN THE MODERN WORLD: NEW ITINERARIES INTO THE SACRED, edited by Peter Jan Margry, due out this summer from the University of Amsterdam Press

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Map shows locations in Lane County, Oregon, including Junction City, Florence, Eugene, Medford, and Grants Pass.



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Let's Get Small.

According to the National Science Foundation, nanotechnology—which involves manipulating units of matter a thousand times smaller than a human hair—will be the center of a trillion-dollar market by 2015. That's why it's such a big deal that UO Professor Dave Johnson and other UO faculty members and students are transforming lives through the Oregon Nanoscience and Microtechnologies Institute, an unprecedented partnership involving Oregon's research universities, the Pacific Northwest National Laboratory, and Oregon industry. Their breakthrough work could lead to the next major wave of high tech jobs in this state. Want to capitalize on cutting edge research in a unique environment like this? You're looking at a huge opportunity.

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Transforming Lives

Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

THEATER

Being Heard

A new theater production puts a spotlight on UO veterans and their stories.

SHANE ADDIS, A UNIVERSITY OF Oregon senior and a sergeant in the Marine Corps Reserve, remembers all too well what it was like returning to campus after a lengthy military stint that included seven months in Al-Asad, Iraq. At first, Addis, twenty-five, thought he would pick up university life where he had left off. But former friends had graduated. Partying didn't have the same kick. He fell into a dispiriting routine: attending class during the day, holing up in his apartment at night.

"I remember thinking, 'This sucks,'" says the business administration major. "It wasn't how I remembered it."

Talk to vets on just about any university campus and you'll hear similar stories. Some of them are coping with PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorder) or depression, and shun socializing. Others are unable to relate to the carefree lives of their classmates. Many yearn for the sense of purpose and connection being in the military provided, but don't know where to find it.

That's why, says Addis, it's crucial for veterans to have a place on campus where they can feel at home. "They need to meet and relate to people like themselves," Addis says. "They gotta plug themselves back in."

Thanks to the efforts of Addis and others, the University of Oregon now has a place for its estimated 200 veterans to do just that. The Veterans and Family Student Association (VFSA), which Addis cochairs, shares a small, comfy nook in the EMU with the Men's Center and the Nonradi-

tional Student Union. Besides providing an opportunity for campus vets to connect with each other, the group has instituted projects to raise the profile of veterans on campus, including a veterans' awareness day and a party celebrating graduating veterans.

But an original theatrical event put on by members of the VFSA this past Febru-

"I wanted to give the vets a chance to tell their stories the way they wanted to," says Jonathan Wei, a former coordinator of nontraditional student programs who was inspired to create the play. Wei had the idea after seeing how veterans who spoke to university audiences became frustrated at their inability to convey the depth and scope of military life.

"I had a Vietnam vet come up to me and say, 'I just went through everything again. Thank you. Thank you.' And I had the quintessential hippie come up and say, 'Thank you. You opened my eyes.'"

ary and presented to hundreds of students, community civilians, and other veterans raised public awareness of what veterans contend with far beyond what the group dreamed possible.

"At the end of every performance the audience absolutely embraced them with love," says the play's coauthor, Max Rayneard, playwright and Ph.D candidate in comparative literature at Oregon.

The play, *Telling*, features vignettes taken from interviews with the eleven UO veterans who make up the cast. The segments span a wide range of military life, from coping with boredom to an unnerving brush with death from an exploding missile to sexual harassment by a superior officer.

Wei wanted the play to challenge the stereotypes of veterans as one-dimensional, gun-toting fighters. He was adamant the scenes be narrated by the men and women who lived them. When it comes to issues involving vets, Wei says, all too often "we don't see actual people, all we see is the story."

The process of preparing for *Telling* took almost a year. Wei, a fiction writer, first snagged as a collaborator Rayneard, a Fulbright scholar from South Africa. Next in his sights was theater department head John Schmor, who signed on immediately as director, calling the project "bizarre and totally interesting."

All Wei needed to do after that was



Bearing witness Cast members of *Telling*, shown here in rehearsal. “While military actions may have global implications,” says one participant, “the military experience is essentially personal.” The production was staged at the Veterans Memorial Building in Eugene.

convince enough veterans to sign on.

Wei met with a group of VFSA members last June and sketched out his proposal. Prospective cast members would need to agree to videotaped interviews, take a weekly acting class in the fall, and show up for hours of rehearsal. As the clincher, they would have to agree to spill their guts to a roomful of strangers, three nights running.

“Immediately, fifteen people stepped forward to ask, ‘What can I do now?’” Wei says.

“Wei was passionate. We trusted him,” Addis, a cast member, says. “We knew he would do it right.”

Wei and Rayneard interviewed the vets

over the summer and cobbled together a script. Schmor’s theater “boot camp” began in the fall. At first, he says, the vets were uptight. They barely moved their bodies and mumbled their lines. But over time, the novice players blossomed. “Some became beautifully activated in a way I hadn’t expected,” he says.

One of those was Patrice Baker, a psychology major who graduated this spring. Baker was discharged from the army after just a few months because a misdiagnosed injury she received in boot camp left her with chronic pain. For seven years she kept her story—and a haunting sense of failure and guilt—to herself, until she was interviewed by Wei. When she first read her

monologue, she panicked.

“I worried about being judged by other vets,” she says. “Others had been through so much worse—I didn’t want to bitch about my pain.” But with the unwavering support of the cast, Baker says she grew to understand that her military experience was not only valid, but worthy of respect. “I had all these people behind me,” she says. “It didn’t matter what anyone else thought.”

Addis, who in the play relates the death of a much-revered commanding officer, had reservations about telling his story, too. “I didn’t want to exploit it. I didn’t want to get numb,” he says.

On the first night of *Telling*’s run, the nervous cast walked on the makeshift stage on the second floor of the Veterans Memorial Building in Eugene and faced a full house. Audience members howled as members of different branches of the military lined up and ribbed each other’s foibles. They listened in pin-drop silence as Addis told of losing his commanding officer to a roadside bomb. They chuckled as navy veteran Jason Alves, a senior majoring in biology, described the “itty bitty moments” of fun and release that allowed him to withstand the excruciating boredom of life at sea.

Preperformance butterflies flew away as the curtain went up and at the show’s end, a rousing, heartfelt standing ovation let the cast know they had succeeded. Then it was their turn to tear up. Finally, they had been heard.

“It was amazing,” says Alves. “And talking to everyone afterwards, that was even better. I had a Vietnam vet come up to me and say, ‘I just went through everything again. Thank you. Thank you.’ And I had the quintessential hippie come up and say, ‘Thank you. You opened my eyes.’”

The cast of *Telling* has received several invitations to perform around the state. Veterans at Portland State University have inquired about how to create a *Telling* of their own. Wei, who now lives in Austin, is trying to find a way to take the play to Washington, D.C. But all performances are on hold until Addis, who is currently deployed in Trinidad, returns.

This time, Addis has no qualms about returning to campus. “Returning vets need camaraderie, and this group does that,” he says. “The bonds we’ve created are something that will live on forever.”

—Alice Tallmadge, M.A. '87

BUSINESS

The Value of Values

Rethinking what makes a 'good' business education

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR JEFF Stolle, Ph.D. '01, recently posed this question to a class of University of Oregon students: "Enron. Enron. Enron. Why do we love to hate Enron?"

"Because of the huge sums of money at play?" one student ventured.

"The wacky business practices?"

"The way they seemed to take glee in how many people they were screwing?"

Nodding, Stolle summed up their sentiments: "It's become a symbol of the greed of corporate America."

From Halliburton overcharging government contracts to accounting fraud at WorldCom to Tyco International's CEO embezzling hundreds of millions, there's no shortage of corporate malfeasance to reinforce the common perception that business and ethics don't mix. In response, business leaders have realized that to win over skeptical consumers and shareholders, their companies must be accountable for more than profits.

"This latest push for business ethics is motivated by high-profile public scandals," Stolle said. "Business has gotten a black eye. And the business community understands that collectively it needs to improve its image."

The problem is obvious, but what about the solution? How does a university go about teaching tomorrow's business leaders to be ethical? (This is a particularly relevant—and thorny—issue in light of more than a decade's worth of studies by Rutgers University that found business students more likely to cheat than students in any other academic discipline.)

At the UO, one answer has come from the Department of Philosophy, where the idea for a different kind of business ethics course was born. Philosophy 120, Ethics of Enterprise and Exchange, which debuted in the 2007–8 academic year, epitomizes progressive business ethics. This hybrid philosophy-business course launches a deliberate effort at the UO's Lundquist College of Business to round out the education of business students.

"Because our program is located within a liberal arts university, we can take advan-



tage of the fact that we have a strong philosophy department," said Jim Bean, dean of the business school. "Instead of having a bunch of business guys make a course about ethics, we have people who really think deeply about philosophy apply ethics to the situations that arise in business."

Stolle, who designed the course in collaboration with business school and philosophy department faculty members, earned a Ph.D. in philosophy at the UO and then worked at a consulting firm, where during the following six years he noticed employees at all levels struggling with everyday situations in which ethics and economics collide. This problem, he decided, would best be addressed as early as possible in a person's career—or better still, during college—which is why Stolle devised the Ethics of Enterprise and Exchange course and why the introductory course is accessible to everyone regardless of major or year. He aims to prepare students for the kinds of dilemmas they'll face in the working world. "We need business ethics," he tells his students. "Not in the form of a bunch of regulations to control business, but as a way to help us when the ethical path isn't clear."

His students analyze meaty, ethically ambiguous cases, such as the outsourcing of manufacturing. Where one person sees unacceptable conditions frightfully close to slave labor, another sees economic stimulus for developing countries. Is it fundamentally immoral to locate a factory where the standard wage is mere pennies per day, or are low wages better than no wages at all?

"Two rational people can come up with completely different opinions. So what's the ethical direction to take?" Stolle asks.

Answering that question requires significant mental weight-lifting and students sometimes get frustrated, wanting Stolle to give them the answer. But it's not his to give. Instead, he insists students apply philosophical rigor, going back to the roots of philosophy itself to consider how Aristotle or Immanuel Kant or John Stuart Mill might frame the problem.

Once the class assesses the problem from many angles, Stolle encourages them to ask: Are the various arguments valid? Are they based on assumptions that are true or false? Do we have enough information to make the best decision? And finally, which is the better argument?

"It's a laborious process," Stolle warns them. "But once you make the decision, you're going to be held accountable, and it's not enough just to say, 'Well that's just what my gut tells me' because your gut may be wrong."

One of his students learned that very lesson. Until UO senior Mike O'Neal took this course, he didn't realize that he had engaged in questionable business practices. While working in sales for a computer company, he was taught to use information he gathered about customers to persuade them to buy expensive add-ons and difficult-to-use warranties. "I had a very high impression of the company while I was there. I bought into everything and really believed in what I was doing," O'Neal says. "But being

in this class made me see that often what I was doing wasn't best for the customer."

That wasn't the only lesson he learned. One day without warning, everyone in his office was told they no longer had jobs. Reflecting on the situation, O'Neal now sees a possible correlation between how a company treats its customers and how it might treat its employees. "This class made me realize that absolute profit isn't the end-all, be-all," he says.

Employers, too, may be having the same epiphany, according to James Chang, director of the Career Services Office at the business college. Chang has noticed employers are placing more weight on hir-

ing principled employees.

"Besides just evaluating regular skills like performance and experience, employers are evaluating how appropriate and honest a student is and how up front they are about how they perform," Chang says.

With more than 1,100 M.B.A. programs in the United States and 8,000 worldwide, competition is stiff for tomorrow's leadership positions. But graduates who embody the principles Stolle champions may very well have an edge.

"Those traits are perceived to be that much more valuable because Enron is in the back of everyone's mind," Chang says. ©

—Katie Campbell

ARTS

Monsters of Excess

Art professor's Styrofoam robots comment on consumer culture.

A PILE OF STYROFOAM RISES to the ceiling of Michael Salter's faculty office. With an Exacto knife and Gorilla Glue, Salter will transform the angular white chunks—once packing material for items such as computers and televisions—into massive robot sculptures receiving national and international acclaim.

Salter's ten-to-twenty-foot-tall Styrofoam robots are so monstrous that the associate professor of art constructs them in the showroom of an old car dealership, now owned by the University. Where Eugeniens once shopped for Chevrolets, Salter shapes pieces that skewer twenty-first-century excess.

"Ironically, the robots actually critique the very culture of which they are byproducts," says Salter, who has taught at the UO since 2005.

Salter works in a number of media—"found" items such as fifty-five-gallon drums, slip-cast porcelain, kinetic sculpture, and digital animation. But it's the Styrofoam robots that draw the most attention.

This spring, a twenty-one-footer was the centerpiece of an exhibition at the San Jose Museum of Art. To get it there, Salter broke down the robot into pieces and shipped it in protective wooden crates. Once at the museum, the artist climbed on a hydraulic lift and painstakingly reassembled it around a wooden armature.

Meanwhile, across the country, Salter's robots generated such a buzz in New York that a dealer is



sending one to Belgium to be cast in aluminum—not a bad end for the consumer waste Salter gathers from friends and a local recycler.

Although Salter once begged colleagues to save Styrofoam for his work, there's never a shortage of the stuff. During a postholiday drive last year, one of Salter's main suppliers, Eugene's NextStep Recycling, took in eight tons of the almost weightless packing material left over from refrigerators, digital cameras, toys, and other consumer products.

Collectively, Salter says, his robots form "a giant monster of evidence" against a culture that never stops producing.

"People buy so much. Every time something ships, there's a piece of Styrofoam to keep it safe and sound," he explains. "I really look at these pieces as being mechanical and robot in nature. The result is a pretty poignant statement about what we buy . . . and what we throw away." ©

—Zack Barnett, M.A. '07



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PHOTO COURTESY MICHAEL SALTER

Honorary Degrees Bestowed on Japanese American Students Expelled during War

The University of Oregon recently honored twenty Japanese Americans who had been students at the UO when World War II broke out. The students were expelled under a federal order, their educations disrupted.

UO President Dave Frohnmayer told the group, "We are proud to claim you as alumni" in the ceremony that awarded nineteen bachelor's degrees and one master's degree.

The University made a concerted effort to contact the students themselves or their families after the Oregon Legislature last year unanimously passed a bill granting state universities the authority to award honorary degrees to students whose education was interrupted by the federal order.

Approximately 120,000 American citizens were forced into internment camps under the order.



Four degree recipients attended the April 6 ceremony, along with relatives who represented three other former students. Top: Alice Kawasaki Sumida, Robert Shu Yasui, and Dave Frohnmayer. Middle (l to r): Midori Funatake Komoto, Homer Hachiya (accepting on behalf of his brother, Frank Hachiya, deceased), Frances Ota (accepting on behalf of her sister, Grace Kumazawa), Robert Shu Yasui, Sam Naito, Alice Kawasaki Sumida, and, at the lectern, UO Senior Vice President and Provost Linda Brady. Bottom: Homer Yasui chats with his brother Robert Yasui; the ceremony's program featuring photos of degree recipients in their student days.



MICHAEL KEVIN DALY

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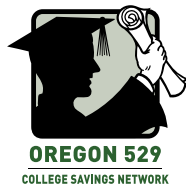
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I N B R I E F

President to Retire

UO President **Dave Frohnmayer**, who has led the University since 1994, has announced his plan to retire at the conclusion of the 2008–9 academic year. The State Board of Higher Education will soon begin a search for a new president. Following his retirement, Frohnmayer intends to remain at the UO as a member of the teaching faculty.

Thanks Bobby

Oregon Governor **Ted Kulongoski** proclaimed Monday, April 7, **Bobby Doerr Day** to honor the National Baseball Hall of Fame second baseman—and longtime Junction City resident—who played

for the Boston Red Sox from 1937 to 1944 and 1946 to 1951. Held on Doerr's ninetieth birthday, the ceremony fittingly took place in the Barker Stadium Club Room at Autzen Stadium, overlooking the site of the future UO baseball park.

New Dean for CAS

Scott Coltrane, currently associate dean of the College of Humanities, Arts, and Social Sciences at the University of California at Riverside, will become dean of the UO College of Arts and Sciences beginning in July. Coltrane, a sociologist whose research focuses on fathers, is the author of several books including *Family Man* and *Gender and Families*.

Campus Kudos

- A ten-member team of UO scientists has discovered a previously unknown mechanism—a disruption in early-developmental signaling involving a growth-factor protein—that helps explain cleft palate, a common birth defect in humans that has challenged medical professionals for centuries.
- Two UO faculty members—anthropologist and folklorist **Philip W. Scher** and neuroscientist **Shawn R. Lockery**—are among 190 artists, scientists, and scholars named Guggenheim fellows for 2008. Including Lockery and Scher, forty-five current and retired UO faculty members have been honored as Guggenheim fellows—four receiving the honor twice.
- The UO **College of Education** is the fifth best in the nation, according to *U.S. News & World Report's* 2009 edition of *America's Best Graduate Schools*. The college's **Special Education Program** has been ranked third for the past three years.
- Athletic director **Pat Kilkenny** and his wife **Stephanie** are giving \$1 million to academic programs at the University. An additional \$500,000 will go to academics over the next two years because Kilkenny has declined his salary.



UO History Trilogy Completed

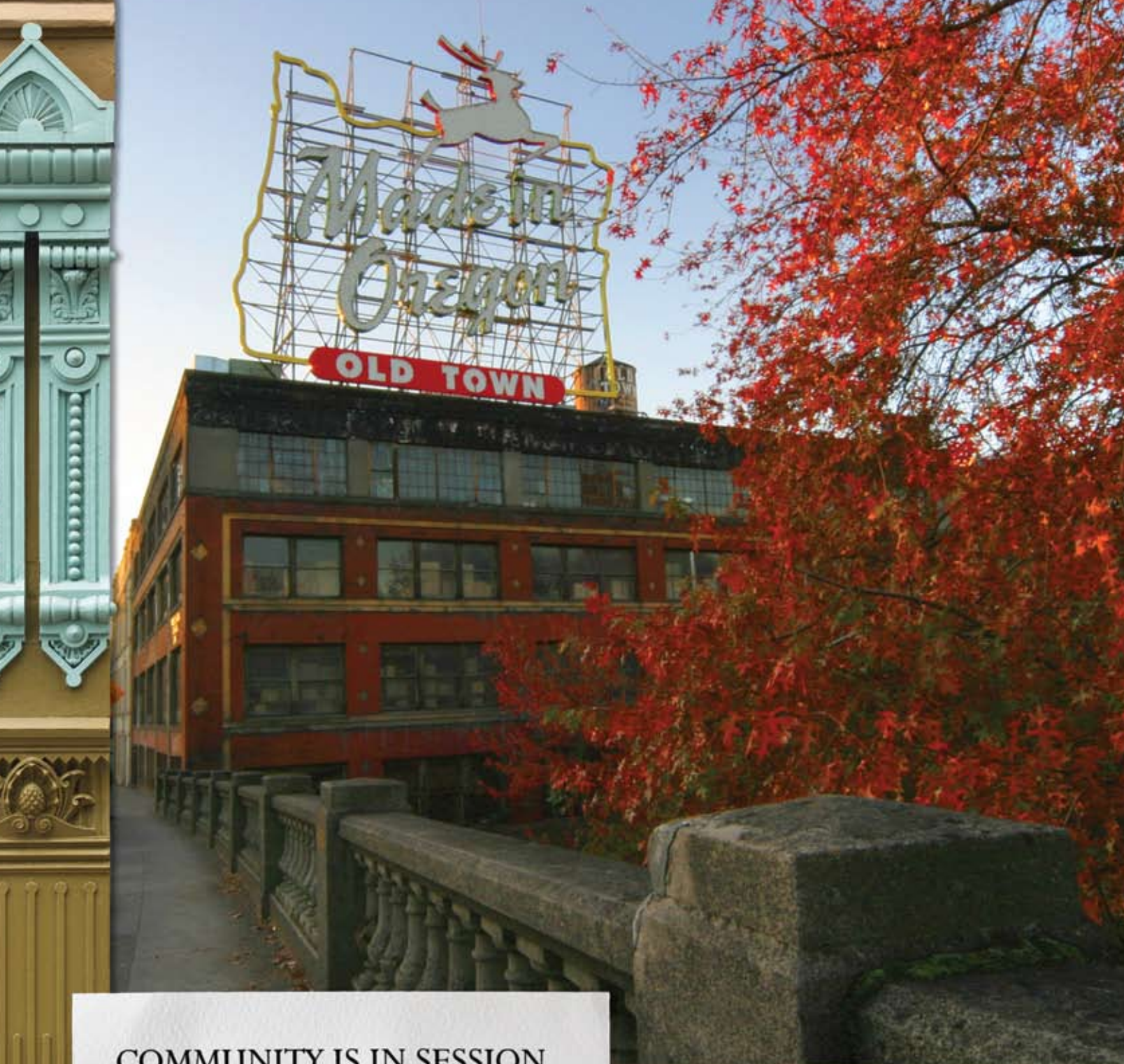
Segments two and three of a sweeping, three-hour video **documentary history of the UO** premiered on May 30. Created by the Oregon Humanities Center and writer, narrator, and producer Rebecca Force, the documentary spans more than a century, from the University's founding through the early 1980s. Part one aired in 2001–2, during the UO's 125th anniversary celebration. [@](#)

◀ Above: Bobby Doerr (left), Dave Frohnmayer (center), and Ted Kulongoski



Below: Artist's conception of the UO's new baseball park, planned for the northwest corner of the Autzen Stadium parking lot. The UO baseball program, discontinued following the 1981 season, will be back in action in spring 2009 when phase one of construction is expected to be complete.

BOTTOM: DEPARTMENT OF INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETICS / TOP: JACK LIU



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Vier-Finger-Armreif (Four-Finger-Bangle), 1992, gold,
43 x 68 cm, loan courtesy of Susan Beech.

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PROFile

Ron Mitchell

professor of political science

**Mitchell will deliver the UO's 2008 Commencement
address Saturday, June 14, at noon in McArthur Court.**



The students lined up outside political science professor **Ron Mitchell's** office clutch books and notepads, quiet and intent upon the open door.

Inside his compact office, Mitchell is working one-on-one with a student on a term paper. In course work that ranges from free trade to global climate change to the whaling industry, Mitchell and his students explore and identify problems and solutions on a global scale. His specialty, ever more in the spotlight, is international environmental policy. His students come from across disciplines to learn about the interactions of government and policy, people and economics, resource allocation and the physical world.

Having taught students for fifteen years, Mitchell knows that many young scholars arrive at his classroom with their own passionate visions of political and social change. He aims to demonstrate clear connections between causes and effects, to inspire his students to think incisively about creating policy. He explains, "My goal is to challenge people to be critical."

He encourages his students to seek his personal counsel on their written work. "It's to say to them, I respect you enough as a person and I take you seriously enough as a developing scholar to criticize your work."

Mitchell is happy to engage any student who makes the effort to take him up on the offer. While he strongly believes the most effective way to teach critical thinking is one-on-one, face-to-face, student conferences are not his only tool. "For every four-page paper they write, they get one page of comments back."

Mitchell hopes his students apply the skills they learn from him to their everyday lives; that they will use critical thinking not only in the careers that await them, but also as citizens, to evaluate political candidates, the media, and public policy.

A student exits Mitchell's office holding a stack of scribbled notes as another quickly slips through the doorway, papers clenched in hand, ambitions at heel. Mitchell is instantly engrossed in conversation, again, asking the hard questions, listening intently, looking to inspire clear thinking and effective solutions to some of the world's biggest challenges.

Name: Ron Mitchell

Education: B.A. '81 in American studies, Stanford; M.P.P. '85 and Ph.D. '92 in public policy, Harvard.

Teaching experience: Professor in Oregon's Department of Political Science since 1993. Core faculty member for Oregon's Environmental Studies Program since 2004. Visiting associate professor at Stanford from 1999 through 2005.

Awards: Numerous grants; Stanford University's "Wall of Change," 2001, and the Hoefler Prize for Excellence in Undergraduate Writing, 2001; The University of Oregon's Fund for Faculty Excellence award, 2007.

Off campus: When he gets out, Mitchell likes surfing and snowboarding.

Last word: "Science is not democracy."

—Teresa Stanonik

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THE OLD PLACE, AN THERE'S A

OVERLAY PHOTO ELLEN WATERSTON

EACH SUMMER I TAKE A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY—head out into the High Desert, turn north out of Brothers, and drive deep into Oregon’s “outback,” deep into the brittle-boned, bake-oven, parched-earth desert, finally reaching a ridge that looks down on an emerald valley, strikingly green running up against the sere yellow hillsides of cheat and bunch grass. I sit down on a rock, a vestige of some millennial volcano or

HACKLEMAN OBITUARY

LOT IN A NAME

BY ELLEN WATERSTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LOREN IRVING

fossilized ocean sand (out here it could be either), my lofty perch putting me eye-to-eye with the red-tailed hawks cruising the updraft, lazily looking for the sage rats that flee a swather in the meadow far below as it cuts the ripe hay, leaving it in neat, parallel windrows. This is my annual pause and reflect, a chance to contemplate my life now and to muse on my past in the rough embrace of that beloved, dusty ranch where I once lived.

WHILE I DO, I LEAF THROUGH MY NEW

copy of the *Oregon Road and Recreation Atlas*, to look for familiar landmarks, to confirm that the map agrees I am where I think I am. I'm stunned to discover it doesn't, that the designation of "Hackleman Ranch" has been removed. The longtime map locator for where I lived as a newlywed, carried three children, raised a family, and lost a husband to addiction was gone.

"Where did you say your ranch was again?" a local might ask in conversation. If I give geographic indicators—the South Fork of the Crooked River, north of Buck Creek, between Little and Willow buttes, he looks slightly dissatisfied. You can see his mind trying to home in on the exact location, maybe coming up with an image of a dried-up reservoir on Twelve Mile Flat where he'd camped during the last antelope season. "No, not there exactly." Maybe picturing the unnatural gash Camp Creek carves through the meadow of crested wheat near Logan Butte. "Close. A few miles more to the west." Like a searchlight scanning the night sky he offers his best guesses.

A few more tries and, visibly disappointed he can't see, can't picture in his mind's eye exactly where I am talking about, he shrugs off the effort. "I think I got a rough idea of where you mean."

But if I say "the old Hackleman place," his face lights up with recognition. He pictures the plunge and curve of the road off the rim, the way the two-story house sits at the head of the valley, its windows squinting into the sun. Neither of us speaks for a bit. I happily indulge myself with memories of the joyful pell-mell of my mornings there, ranch hands at the breakfast table, a baby on my hip, a toddler and ranch dogs underfoot, my stomach swelling with new life, the sizzle of

bacon and eggs. He nods slowly, given an excuse to recall what he had heard about the original ranch owners—tiny, tidy Margaret managing the place after her husband, Abe Hackleman, died young. Stories of her brother Claude trapped for a day under a capsized tractor, miraculously surviving but losing a leg. His place used to be shown as the "Coffelt Ranch" on the map, just down the valley from the Hackleman, moored safely inside an embrace of steep rim-rocks. Now, I notice, that place name has also been dropped from my new road atlas.



Inheriting the original owner's name along with a ranch was like being knighted, honored, passed the baton, entrusted with something precious. If their experience had ended badly, you felt it your obligation to right it. If their experience had gone well, you felt an obligation to continue that legacy. If the grass glistened green and the ditches were weed-free and the barn upright when you got there, you wanted to leave it as you found it. Or better, if you could. And it guaranteed that you would inherit lots of anecdotal history about the place where you now lived. Just make mention of the old Hackleman place and you would hear, whether you wanted to or not, had time for it or

not, about the sisters-in-law, Margaret and Dorothy, fighting at Margaret's mailbox with their umbrellas over Margaret's accusation that Dorothy cut the fence between their places to let her wild-eyed, slack-jawed cattle graze Margaret's lush grass. Dorothy Hackleman. She never married. "Nobody crazy enough to marry her," was the position taken by those who knew of her antics. It was said she herded cattle in her car, kept all her money in cash under the seat, died in the Prineville hotel fire.

"The old Hackleman place," he'll repeat, coming out of his reverie, interrupting mine. "So you must be that gal from back East. Now I remember. You and your husband are the ones bought from Margaret. Met that crazy son-of-a-bitch husband of yours. Liked him. Damn straight. Helluva cowboy. He got kind of carried away with the drugs and booze. Sure sorry about that." By the standards (unwritten) of desert etiquette he wasn't being rude or intrusive, instead just doing his job of updating the lore associated with a specific location. He was acknowledging a more recent chapter that now was part and parcel of the old Hackleman place, was now embodied

in that geographic designation and, as much as any natural occurrence, shaped the sharp cleft of the valley, wrote the melody the cottonwoods sang in the wind.

Over time, family ranch names became synonymous with a certain landscape, with a certain lay of the land, attaching themselves to the red shale and bunch grass and wild rye of the place. "Dorothy's" came to mean apple trees, aspen groves, the slim ankles of the Maury Mountains revealed behind her place, the bold Ponderosa spires visible on the higher elevations. Dorothy's was always referred to as Dorothy's. Margaret's always as the old Hackleman place. Though only a few miles removed from

Dorothy's, how different the landscape: the overgenerous vistas (I could spot guests coming off the ridge and have the bed sheets changed before they pulled up at the door), the lanky, bare-banked South Fork of the Crooked River. No frilly willow collar for this tributary—rather a ragged lightning strike of blue water that reeled back and forth across the breadth of the valley. Cowboys from this part of the desert didn't much like Dorothy's end of things, all those narrow, forested draws, snarls of pine, mountain mahogany, and underbrush. They favored the long view, where a person could see for miles, ride at a lope all the daylight hours.

Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau theorized that the horizon we look at affects how we think. His, a salt water ocean, this, an ocean of sagebrush. The long view. Steady, calm. I have come to believe we are led to the landscape that can teach us what we need to know. In my case, the learning has taken awhile, coming from a tight, stone-walled, and densely wooded New England. I have been slow to learn from this patient, stare-down place where land meets sky halfway. But I am getting there.

A YEAR OR SO BEFORE HER DEATH, I LEARNED

that Margaret had been placed in a nursing home. The orderly directed me to a frail woman sitting in a wheelchair in the hallway, chin to chest.

"She can't walk?"

"Oh, she can walk all right. Just won't. Ornerly, is what she is."

"Are you her caregiver?"

"Day shift, I am."

"Do you know her, much about her?"

"Not a thing, except that she's ornerly. *Aren't you, Margaret!*" she shouted.

I looked over at Margaret, who gave no sign of having heard. I turned back to the nurse, the color rising to my face. "This woman, in case you didn't know, ran a 100,000-acre ranch all by herself after her husband died, dressed down lazy hired men, cooked for an army,

pulled calves, broke horses, survived blizzards. . . ."

"After all that, I can see why she's so ornerly." And the nurse was on to other things.

I squatted down in front of Margaret. "Margaret? It's Ellie."

"Who are you," she asked, her left index finger worrying the front of the arm rest.

"Ellie. It's Ellie. We bought your place, the old Hackleman place, out in the desert. Remember? I wanted to come and say hello."

THE LESSON OF THE DESERT LIES IN THE GLEE OF THE WOBBLY LEGGED, SEE-ME- RUN CALF EYED BY THE CHOPS-LICKING, COOL-HAND COYOTE ON THE RIDGE OR THE BREATHLESS ABANDON OF A FRAGILE DESERT LILY BLOOMING INTO THE CRUSHING HAILSTORM.

She lifted her head slowly, as though it weighed one hundred pounds, as though she had forgotten how to look up and out, all horizons robbed, the long view, the kind she was used to. She studied me through small, cloudy eyes. "The Hackleman." And for a moment I saw in her gaze a robin's-egg blue morning on the desert, snuffly horses bucking and twisting with glee, cows nuzzling their newborn, chickens two-legging it to her chant of "Here, chick, chick!" For a moment the smell of sage was bright between us, trumped the stench of urine in this land of TVs, trays, IVs, and shiny lino-

leum. "The Hackleman," she repeated.

"The ranch is doing great, Margaret. Thanks to you, all your work." She nodded. At least I like to think she did, before giving in to abandonment, confusion, and no view or promise of anything. I took her hand. "Are you doing okay?" Her chin was back on her chest. "Margaret. I told the nurse about you. She didn't know. . . ."

"Who are you?" The question was directed at her lap. "Go away!" she shouted at her knees.

THE DESERT DOESN'T GIVE A FIG ABOUT

ranch names, place names, about me, whether or not I spent time on the South Fork of the Crooked River. The High Desert is absorbed, but not self-absorbed. It dedicates itself to each moment, without any attachment. Humans attach—another word for suffering, according to the Buddhists—attach to things, events, and their meaning, to the chatter in our minds. We attach to how we think our lives are supposed to play out, how we name ourselves. When things take a different turn, we mourn what isn't, go and sit on ridge-tops, and muse, instead of making the recalibration to what is and the possibility of peace and maybe even joy. The desert instructs that if we spend all our time trying to force our version of things on what is actually taking place, to make our tracks (and namesakes) permanent, we will destroy where we live, literally and metaphorically, as well as our chance at experiencing what is commonly referred to as happiness.

The lesson of the desert lies in the glee of the wobbly legged, see-me-run calf eyed by the chops-licking, cool-hand coyote on the ridge or the breathless abandon of a fragile desert lily blooming into the crushing hailstorm. If the desert has a memory, it is seasonal, magnetic, moon-guided. It does certain things at certain times of year, or tries. Some years the grass does get green again, water does fill summer-dry creeks during the spring snow

melt. Obsidian chips are unearthed with the runoff and sparkle like the bright, black eyes of a newborn. There is watchfulness, acceptance, meditation but no evaluation, ranking, judgment. And it is of no matter whether something took place at the corner of Main and Elm streets or at the old Hackleman place. All that matters is the commitment to go like beautiful, exquisite hell in the time you have. Because in the end, dust to dust. In the end, what we have is the one hundred percent of the right now.

But humans are, well, human. It is what distinguishes us from the calf and coyote and lily. We need something to help bridge this black hole in space we tumble around inside, some ballast for the helium of our existence. For us, perhaps it is in naming things and the history and stories that names, in this case family place names, evoke. Done lightly, it doesn't have to be one more way of peeing on the rocks and corner posts of our existence, one more way of obtaining more meaning or permanence. Done lightly, a name is a benediction, not a stake in the ground. It doesn't guarantee anything, or self-aggrandize the bearer, but simply is a named repository of a certain "species" of experience. Done lightly, naming and cherishing those places can connect us instead of separating us, can sustain rather than destroy.

**AND FOR A MOMENT
I SAW IN HER GAZE A
ROBIN'S-EGG BLUE
MORNING ON THE
DESERT, SNUFFY
HORSES BUCKING AND
TWISTING WITH GLEE,
COWS NUZZLING THEIR
NEWBORN, CHICKENS
TWO-LEGGING IT TO
HER CHANT OF "HERE,
CHICK, CHICK!"**

The old Hackleman place—it runs together like a single word and holds within it human and natural history that spans centuries. Now that appellation is off the map. (The Bureau of Land Management office in Prineville explained ranch names were now being removed if they don't border county roads). As that name fades from view, the associated memory links start to atrophy, the stories evaporate, the place reserved in our hearts for the unique emotional experiences triggered by that name seals shut. The complex interconnectedness of man and the

natural world that is held and nourished within the moniker disappears. The High Desert is full of these invisible grave markers. From Stauffer to Fife, from Sartain to Lister. When the language of the old Hackleman place ceases to be actively spoken, and that reference is dug up years from now in some semantic archaeological exploration, the earnest archaeologist will have no way of retrieving the stories attached to it because all the fragile links to time and people and land and heart will be severed, parked in a wheelchair in a nursing home for forgotten names, and left for dead. @

Ellen Waterston's essays, short stories, and poems have been published in numerous journals and anthologies. Her memoir, Then There Was No Mountain, was selected by The Oregonian as one of the top ten books in 2003. Her chapbook I Am Madagascar won the 2005 Willa Award in poetry. She is the winner of the 2007 Obsidian Prize in Poetry and the author of two children's books, Barney's Joy and Tea at Miss Jean's. She is the founder of the Writing Ranch, which supports writers through seminars and retreats, and is director of the Nature of Words, an annual literary event held in her hometown of Bend. Waterston's collection of poems, Sack of Birds, published by Wordcraft of Oregon, will be released in fall 2008.

WINNERS OF THE 2008 OREGON QUARTERLY NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST

"The Old Hackleman Place, an Obituary" by Ellen Waterston is the winning entry of the 2008 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, as selected by this year's contest judge, Corvallis writer and Oregon Book Award winner Kathleen Dean Moore. Waterston, who previously won second- and third-place in the essay contest, wins \$750. Second place in the open category is a tie between Gregg Kleiner '83 of Corvallis for "Pomegranate Prayers" and Richard Mack of La Grande for "Prayer Flag." They each win \$300. The winner in the student category is Rebecca Owen of Portland for "The Sport of Kings," which will be published in the Autumn issue of Oregon

Quarterly. She wins \$500. Joaquin Chapa of Eugene wins second (\$200) for "The Fisherman is Just as Endangered," and Mike O'Brien of Eugene takes third (\$75) for "Weird Nostalgia in Walla Walla." Chapa and O'Brien are UO students.

The other contest finalists are

OPEN CATEGORY (eighty-eight total entries):
Kellie Green of Eugene for "Fences of Connection"
Judie Hansen of Eugene for "Bear Inspires Cleanup"
Melissa Hart of Eugene for "Wanting What I Have"
Philip Heldrich of Orting, Washington, for "At the End of the Carbon River"
Tracey Kindall, M.S. '97, of McCall, Idaho, for "The Prospect of Place"
Lisa Polito of Kodiak, Alaska, for "Everywhere Is Here"

Kellee Weinhold '95, M.S. '97, of Urbana, Illinois, for "My Morel Dilemma"

STUDENT CATEGORY (thirty-seven total entries):
Hanna Aronowitz of Eugene for "Choosing Death"
Merilee Karr of Portland for "Covering Oregonians"

Most of the finalists' essays can be read at OregonQuarterly.com.

Writers are encouraged to enter the 2009 essay contest. The deadline is January 31, 2009. Additional details will be available at OregonQuarterly.com as they become available.



Our Man of the Mountain: Oregon's Glen Coffield and the Grundtvig Folk School

by Kim Stafford

Painting of Glen Coffield by Kemper Nomland, c. 1944
from Lewis and Clark College Special Collections



Mount Hood, Oregon, 1950s

WHEN MILITARY CONSCRIPTION went into overdrive following the attack on Pearl Harbor, FDR gave the job of rounding up America's fighting force to a very unusual man, General Lewis B. Hershey. This good general was so skilled, he was still running the draft in the early years of the war in Vietnam—but he had odd ideas. He was a Mennonite, and while not a pacifist himself, he was interested in those who refused to kill, and is reputed to have said, “The Selective Service is my vocation, but the conscientious objectors are my avocation.” The “conchies” in World War II, or CO's as they called themselves, or “saints from the kingdom,” refused to take up arms, even against Hitler or Tojo. They dreamed another world instead, and were dispatched to remote places. Working with three traditional peace churches—the Mennonites, the Friends, and the Church of the Brethren—Hershey placed these 12,000 men in work camps to perform “alternative-service work of national importance”—mostly planting trees and fighting forest fires. And furthermore, someone in Hershey's office decided to put some of the artists together and see what might happen. Where should these artistic, freethinking, radical, nonfighting rebels be placed? Some ended up at the quietly famous Camp Angel near Waldport on the Oregon Coast. Of the amazing, restless, lonesome men assembled there, this is the story of one.

When I was a child, in the early 1950s, on a lucky day our family might leave Portland and drive out to visit Glen Coffield, the pacifist and creative genius who lived alone in a cabin on the slopes of Mount Hood. When you turned off the highway and began seeking the right road to Glen's hideout in the forest, you were entering another dimension—a place where we encountered what used to be, and what might have been.

Glen was an old friend of my father's, a fellow conscientious objec-



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Imagine
such a band
of feverish
dreamers coming
together to
do hard labor
by day, but by
night to talk
back to war by
creating art.

tor and poet. Though my father was interned in California during the war, the list of pacifists who were associated with Camp Angel reads like a casting call for radical change: the artist, actor, and playwright Kermit Sheets was there, along with poet and printer William Everson (or Brother Antoninus), Adrian Wilson (author of the classic *The Design of Books*), and other creators of the San Francisco renaissance after the war. The list of writers and artists published at Camp Angel includes poet Kenneth Patchen, and the painter Morris Graves came and camped on the beach for a time to be

part of the scene. In addition to serving as education director for the fine arts program at Camp Angel, Glen Coffield planted trees, wrote poetry, and printed books and periodicals with Everson and others at the widely influential Untide Press, which was founded at the camp. And Glen thought hard, with his companions there, about the new human order that would have to follow the war and heal the world.

Imagine such a band of feverish dreamers coming together to do hard labor by day, but by night to talk back to war by creating art.

GLEN COFFIELD, A DREAMER IF there ever was one, had come to Oregon from Missouri, where after receiving a teaching degree in the late 1930s he had announced, “Send me to the poorest place.” He was a servant of the earth, and devoted to what people, invited to think in new ways, might do. He was dispatched with his family deep into the Ozarks, where he taught school until a fire destroyed his home and killed his wife and children. Thereafter, he was a wanderer, a writer, and a toughened idealist.

A photograph from 1944 shows why some called Glen the first hippie: he wore dreadlocks, a full beard, and a look that could surely levitate anyone willing to listen to his call.

On those lucky days when we headed for the mountain, the directions to Glen's house went something like this: Beyond Rhododendron, take the first right, a dirt road into the forest, and drive until there's a fork. Take the worst of the two options, and drive to the next fork. Again, take the worst option. . . . And eventually, scrambling our old gray Dodge up a canyon, we would arrive at this house that had trees growing through the roof, a trapdoor in the main room where you could lower a bucket into a running stream, well-caulked but catawampus windows, and, best of all . . . Glen. He was our man of the mountain, a rugged saint of creation, who gave himself utterly to doing life just as he understood the world needed him to do. He had a special song for the mouse on the sill,

Images from Lewis and Clark College Special Collections



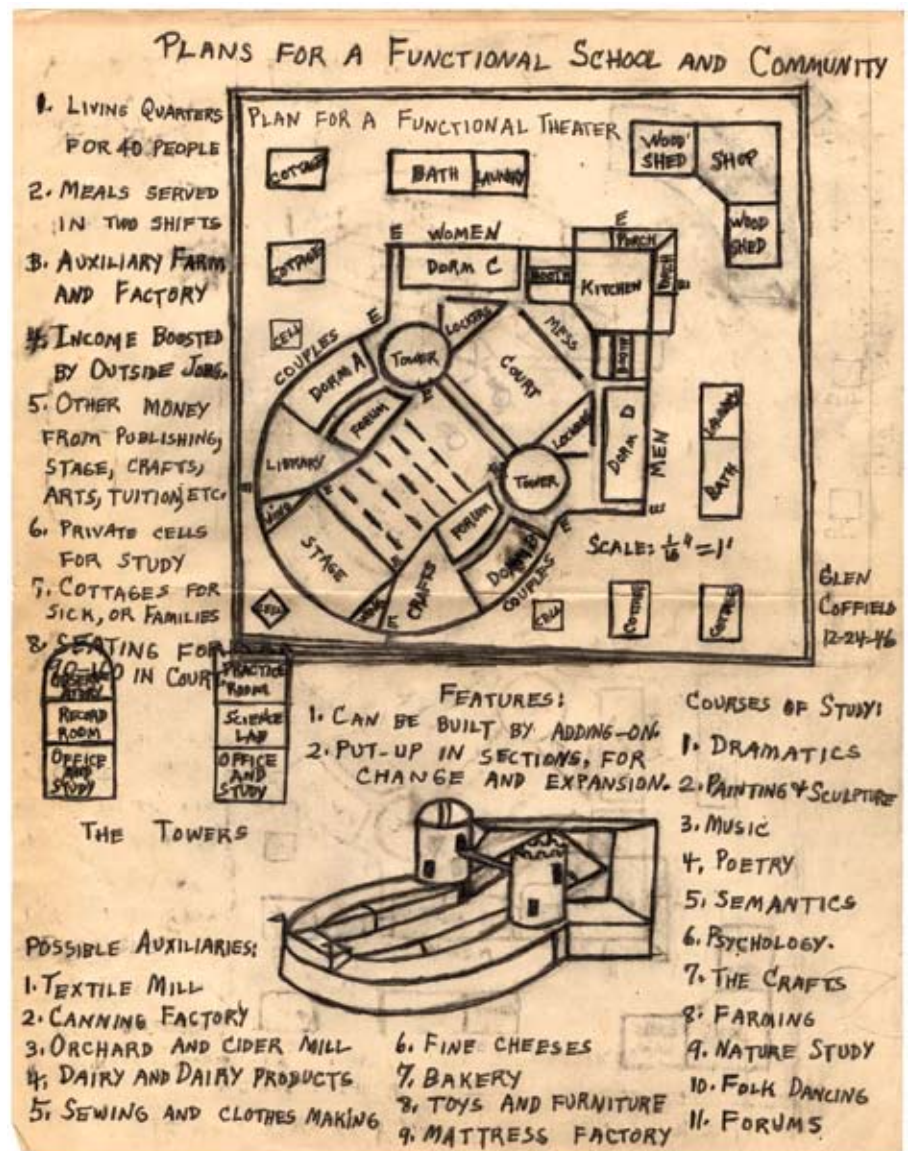
(Left) The Stafford family with Glen Coffield at his house at Grundtvig on Mount Hood. Left to right, William Stafford, Brett Stafford, Dorothy Stafford holding baby Kim, Betty Hosking, Coffield (circa 1950, photographer Russ Hosking). (Right, top to bottom) Coffield at Camp Angel 1944 (photographer unknown), stairway and door at Coffield's house (photographer unknown).

and he combed his hair with mountain water. He won his freedom the hard way, and he practiced it with verve.

My father told me that at Camp Angel, Glen held the record for the most trees planted in a day—1,000 seedlings in heavy brush on steep ground. After the war, he found his place on Mount Hood and started building. He had his friend and pacifist Klamath Jackson up from the Klamath reservation to help build, and called together friends and their families to take part in his experiment. At one point, he hosted a conversation, and announced the creation of the Grundtvig Folk School, which he called “a humanist school in the woods,” a sort of grassroots university for the new way to conduct learning and social action in the world.

The original plans included both a school and a community. The Coffield papers at the University of Oregon Libraries include Coffield’s “Quantification of Quality” system for creative thinking, a theory indicative of what he may have planned to teach there. My father volunteered to teach bread-making, as I remember, while others promised to offer poetry, history, literature, farming, economics, and other topics. It was a lark to most, but not to Glen. He mailed fliers all over, and a family showed up from Texas ready to enroll, so the “faculty” had to go ahead. The actual student body didn’t remain for long, but the aspiration to educate the world from war toward art, from fear toward creation, from high to “low capitalism,” as he called it, persisted in Glen’s own life. He stood as a kind of earthy, living icon to me, against the friendly but tame lives of my parents, with their jobs, home, and car. My parents were adults, but Glen was a wild human angel.

IN THE 1950S GLEN SUPPORTED himself, barely, by publishing several literary magazines, writing many of the pages himself, and battering them out with great skill on an old typewriter. First he tried to survive by generating subscriptions to a single magazine; but someone told him there were three libraries in the country ready to subscribe to every magazine published, and Glen began publishing



Plans by Glen Coffield for the Grundtvig school and community, named after Nikolaj Frederik Severin Grundtvig (1783-1872), a Danish philosopher, theologian, teacher, historian, and poet. Grundtvig is considered the father of the Folk High School and strongly supported adult education that was geared toward encouraging active involvement in society.

multiple magazines. Over the years, his work included, notably, *The Bridge*, *The Creative Review*, *The Grundtvig Review*, and other magazines. His own books of poetry included *The Horned Moon*, *3 Songs*, *The Ultimatum*, *Thinking (Poems)*, *Rational Power*, *Soul Flowers*, *The Silent Waters*, and *Homage to King Lear*.

Periodically he would hitchhike into Portland, where there was a mimeograph machine for public use at the downtown library, and run off the latest edition of one of his magazines. (They are a marvel to behold: three-color

work in art and text on thick paper jammed with poems and manifestos.) Then he would hitchhike home, stopping at his mailbox in hopes of a subscription fee that would allow him to eat. On one occasion, he arrived to find a friend had mailed him several pounds of chocolate. Famished, Glen consumed the whole package, so the story goes, and promptly passed out by the road.

One of his poems, I remember, involved stealing a loaf of bread from a fellow passenger on a city bus, and comparing himself to Jean Valjean in

Les Misérables. On a visit to our house in Lake Oswego, I remember Glen offering to play “Silent Night” on our piano—“the lonely way.” This proved to be a musical meditation remote from Christmas. He told us when he was a child, he made his parents leave the front door unlocked in case Santa couldn’t get down the chimney. A thief took all the presents. On another occasion he told of hitching across Wyoming on a freezing night, being stranded far from any town, and deciding to roll out his sleeping bag in a dark field to sleep. He tossed the bag over the barbwire, only to hear it shatter the ice and splash into an irrigation ditch. “It was a rather long night, my friends,” he said. His visits left a resonance, and sparked my own ambition to be a writer, like my father, but a free wanderer like Glen.

Following his time in Oregon, Glen managed the Firehouse Repertory Opera Company in San Francisco, wrote plays and musical comedies, composed for an opera and a series of jazz symphonies, and produced over a thousand paintings, including one titled *500 Views of San Francisco*.

In late 1964, Glen was struck by a hit-and-run driver in the Bay Area, an incident that left him crippled for the rest of his life. He returned to Missouri in the early 1970s, continued his literary work by fits and starts, cared for his mother, and died there in 1981.

During a program on Camp Angel at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland, Brian Booth gave a talk on Glen. As a result of this talk, when word of Glen’s death appeared in *The Oregonian*, Brian received a letter from a woman named Shirley Osredkar, who later wrote to me and provided one more chapter in the story of Glen’s role in Oregon’s character.

Shirley told me she grew up on Mount Hood, the daughter of a logger, and as a child she used to ride her pony deep into the forest, exploring all over. One day she came to an abandoned fairy castle—trees through the roof, mossy glass fallen from the windows, and the interior rooms her new realm for hiding and imagining. She lifted a floorboard and found a stack of old journals, filled with writing. She knew

nothing of Glen, but put her finger to his name. She carried her treasure home on her pony, learned to read inside his books, and studied them by flashlight night after night.

Once at dinner, the subject of war came up, and she began talking about peace among all people everywhere. Her parents demanded to know where she had learned these wild ideas, and forced her to show the journals, which her father heaped up and burned in the yard.

“The books are gone,” she told me, “but my children never went to war. Glen taught me, and I taught my kids, there are ways in this world to try to get along.”


IN SPECIAL COLLECTIONS at the libraries of Lewis and Clark College and the University of Oregon, among the myriad publications that poured from Glen’s life, there are checklists for his endless ongoing projects, among them: Artist Life, Bobtailed Legends, Breakthroughs, Creative Laboratories, Epic Beginnings, Essences, Good Ending, Hoax Museum, Literary Flavor, Personal Economy, Psychonics, Tributary Skills, and much on Writing. According to his records, when the war began he was writing three to four poems a day for months at a time: “My first hundred poems . . . My twenty-fourth hundred poems.”

Deep in the trove at the UO, there is a card catalog he created for himself, each card identifying a book he intended someday to write. I pulled out a card at random: “The Fifty Greatest Dreams of All Time.”

Glen didn’t change us all, but he left us ready for the difficult human experi-

“The books are gone, but my children never went to war. Glen taught me, and I taught my kids, there are ways in this world to try to get along.”

ment in a way we would not have been without him. Imagine a commune—without drugs. Imagine a university—in the forest. Imagine a Rastafarian feverishly planting trees after the fire, through the war, and then planting poems everywhere.

Why not sing a song to the mouse on the sill, and comb your hair with mountain water? We may yet become the citizen college, and teach each other free. 

Kim Stafford '71, M.A. '73, Ph.D. '79, is the founding director of the Northwest Writing Institute at Lewis and Clark College, and writer in residence at the Pacific Northwest College of Art. This essay was written for Citadel of the Spirit: A Literary Compendium Commemorating Oregon's Sesquicentennial, edited by Matt Love and scheduled for publication in 2009.

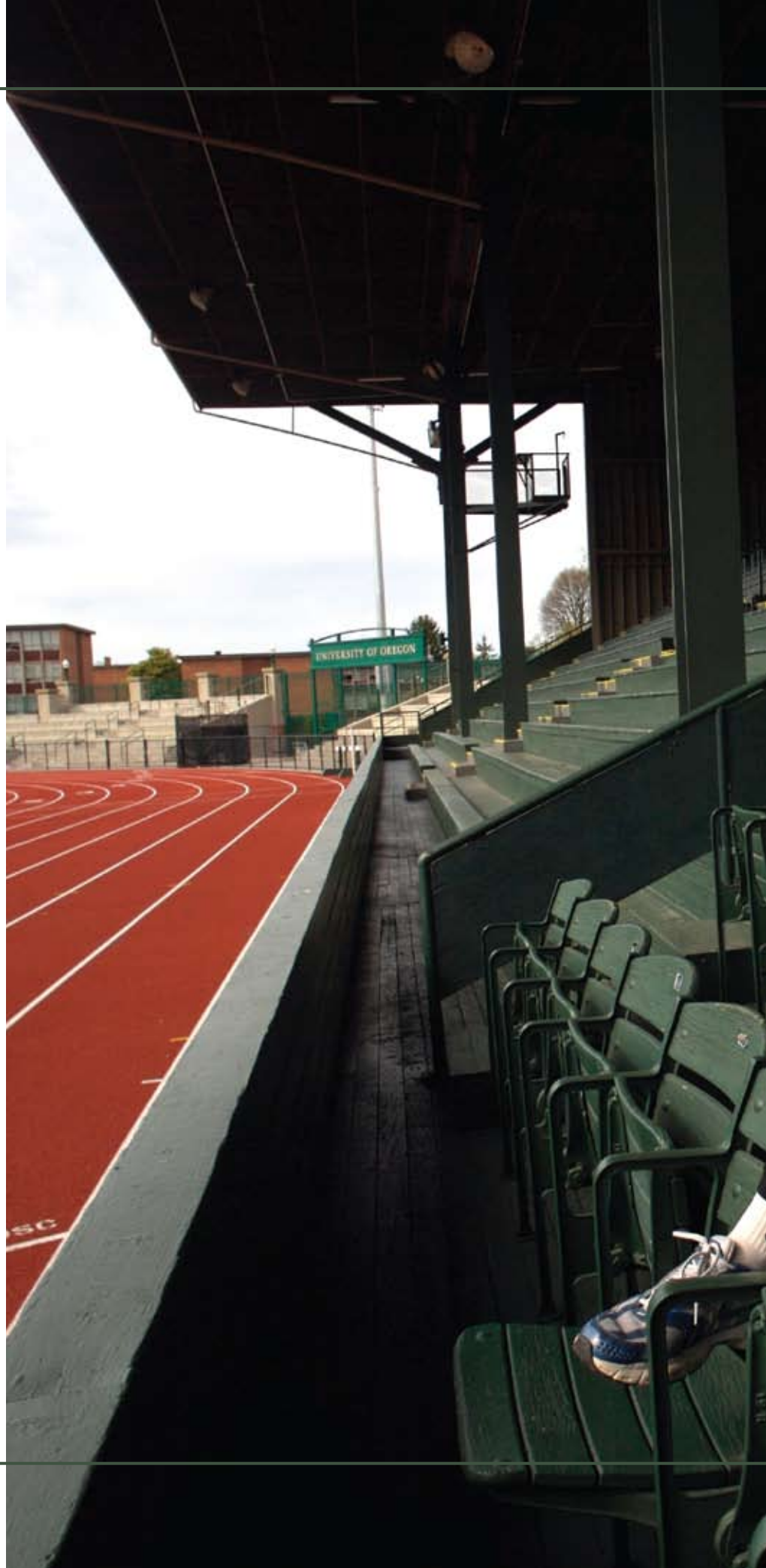
ON THE WEB

Hear Glen Coffield sing at OregonQuarterly.com

What would you do for Oregon? This essay by Kim Stafford is the informal beginning of our celebration of the 150th anniversary of Oregon's statehood, which will be marked on February 14, 2009. As part of that celebration, Oregon Quarterly and Myrtle Creek writer Robert Leo Heilman are compiling a list of “150 Things You Can Do for Oregon.” To contribute to that list, please send e-mail to quarterly.uoregon.edu or write to 150 Things, Oregon Quarterly, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403.

THE ARC OF CAREER AND LIFE FOR AUTHOR AND OLYMPIC MARATHONER KENNY MOORE MIRRORS THE SHAPE OF THE LEGENDARY TRACK AT HAYWARD FIELD.

Two lean men, muscles not so much wrapping their bones as stretched tight over them like the strings of a musical instrument, run together stride for stride through the streets of Munich, Germany. One is twenty-eight years old, from Eugene, and fresh off a master's degree in creative writing. The other is nearly forty, from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, an officer in the palace guard of Emperor Haile Selassie. It is difficult to tell if they are running toward the finish line of the marathon at the 1972 Olympics or away from the horror of a few days before, when eight members of the Black September wing of the Palestine Liberation Organization murdered eleven Israeli athletes and coaches in an attack on the Olympic Village followed by a botched rescue attempt by German forces. Sanctuary and innocence had also died on those late summer days, when, like many a cancer that lies dormant for years, terrorism had suddenly grown modern and malignant.



Intertwining Ovals

BY TODD SCHWARTZ
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL KEVIN DALY



For now, the two men simply run. They come from lives that might as well be taking place on separate planets, but they share this: running farther faster than almost any other human beings can. Every now and then their feet brush each other, and the Ethiopian, Mamo Wolde, says, "I'm sorry" each time. The American, Kenny Moore '66, M.F.A. '72, will write many years later that "Wolde was as soft of foot and breath as an Abyssinian cat." Sometimes it is hard for Moore to tell that Wolde is even there.

With twenty-one miles gone and five to go, they are both chasing American runner Frank Shorter, and Moore realizes that if they haven't caught Shorter by now he isn't going to be caught. So it comes down to a duel between him and Wolde to decide which man would soon lean forward to receive the silver medal and which the bronze. Their route turns to follow a rough unpaved path into Munich's English Garden. Moore doesn't know it, but his finish line with Mamo Wolde is still three decades and far more than five miles away.



For Kenneth Clark Moore, it began, in many ways, with Bowerman—and eventually it returned, full oval, to Bowerman. Bowerman as sensei, as trickster, as legend, as cobbler, as enigma, as force of nature. Moore wasn't merely coached by William "Bill" Bowerman, the tirelessly successful UO track coach from 1948 to 1973, he was molded by him, both hardened and softened. Bowerman the football star, war hero, inventor, entrepreneur, and philanthropist. The philosopher who loved nothing more than a cheesy practical joke. The scientist of human physiology who revolutionized training methods by knowing intimate-

ly the strengths and weaknesses of each of his athletes—and who sometimes struggled to remember their names when he had to introduce them. He of the passionate Olympic ideals and the slightly sadistic initiation rituals for freshmen. He of the waffle iron and the jogging boom. Bowerman strode across his green-and-lemon-yellow Olympus, inspiring, intimidating, carrying—as did, Moore points out, Pheidippides, the first marathoner—the word. In this case, not just "Rejoice, we conquer," but also the word about the limitless rewards of effort, improvement, fitness; the word about the meaning of victory itself.

Bowerman's influence was there when Moore was a kid looking for an identity, and again half a century later when Moore published the marvelous book *Bowerman and the Men of Oregon: The Story of Oregon's Legendary Coach and Nike's Co-Founder* (Rodale, 2006), which was excerpted in the Spring 2006 issue of this magazine.

Born in Portland in 1944, Moore moved with his family to Eugene in 1948. By 1956 he was a sixth-grader about to make a discovery.

"I was twelve years old," Moore remembers, "wanting intensely to express myself physically in some way the community understood, and that was the very spring that Jim Bailey ran a 3:58.6 mile—the first sub-four-minute mile on American soil."

Bailey was an Australian miler on Bowerman's UO team, the first in a long line of great Oregon distance runners stretching to Bill Dellinger to Jim Grelle to Moore to Steve Prefontaine to Alberto Salazar to Galen Rupp.

"I was riveted by that," says Moore. "My teacher put up some photos of Bailey's last lap, and several of us in the class were runners from that moment forward. We were terrible, of course, but we were swept up in that sense of community celebration of running." Eugene was becoming Track Town, USA, and taking Moore with it.

The next year, he convinced his father to take him to the Pacific Coast

Conference meet at Hayward Field.

"Bailey was running in the half-mile against Don Bowden of Cal," Moore says, "and I remember standing at the north turn and gripping that fence and watching those guys come by . . . they were unearthly machines. There was the sense of 'well, running that fast is impossible, obviously,' but still they were here in my town. It was mystifying and interesting."

Moore went on to North Eugene High School, where he never won a race—not because he was so bad, but because his teammates were some of the best in the nation. By the time he was a senior, Moore was beginning to believe he might one day be pretty good. He had grown four inches over the summer and was running the mile in a respectable 4:23. His coach, Bob Newman, was something of a Bowerman disciple and used many of his methods.

"He convinced me," says Moore, "that the important thing was improvement. It's great to beat people, but if you live your life and rise and fall emotionally *just* on beating people, you're going to be disappointed eventually. He echoed Bowerman in always extolling the wonders of hard work being rewarded with improvement, even when it's slow and halting. If you could come to terms with that, you were Bowerman's kind of guy. That's the kind of guy I was, and that's what let me go on so long."

Soon, Moore, a walk-on with no scholarship, was one of Bowerman's newbies, gathered at the annual team picnic at the coach's home above the McKenzie River. In his book, Moore would remember it this way:

Bowerman was about to ask us to put aside the things of the child. Not by accident did he begin, 'Men of Oregon . . .'

"Take a primitive organism," he continued, his voice oil and sweet reason, "any weak, pitiful organism. Say a freshman. Make it lift or jump or run. Let it rest. What happens? A little miracle. It gets a little better. It gets a little stronger or faster or more enduring. That's all training is. Stress. Recover.



Kenny Moore at Hayward Field. 2008

“I REMEMBER STANDING AT THE NORTH TURN AND GRIPPING THAT FENCE AND WATCHING THOSE GUYS COME BY ... THEY WERE UNEARTHLY MACHINES. THERE WAS THE SENSE OF ‘WELL, RUNNING THAT FAST IS IMPOSSIBLE, OBVIOUSLY,’ BUT STILL THEY WERE HERE IN MY TOWN. IT WAS MYSTIFYING AND INTERESTING.”

Improve. You'd think any damn fool could do it, even . . .”

He turned, squinted, went far away somewhere, and turned back. “But you don’t. You work too hard and rest too little and get hurt. You yield to the temptations of a liberal education and burn the candle at both ends and get mono. Every angelic, lying face I see here is poised to screw up, to overtrain, to fall in love, to flunk out, to play the

guitar until three in the morning in the Pioneer Cemetery . . .

“We have no hard and fast training rules,” Bowerman went on. “The vicissitudes of life usually teach an intelligent person what he can handle. It helps to have someone wise in the ways of candles to steady you as you grope toward the light. That would be me.”

Moore was, in fact, not just poised but by nature driven to overtrain, to

work too hard and rest too little and get hurt. It took Bowerman a year or so to teach him the value of slowing down, that an easy day every now and then wasn’t a moral failing. That lesson learned, Moore, who gravitated to longer races like the steeplechase and the three-mile, became one of Oregon’s, and then America’s, and eventually the world’s best distance runners.



The path through Munich’s English Garden was supposed to be paved, Moore is

thinking. Wolde, gold medalist four years before in the marathon at the 1968 games in Mexico City, is right beside him. Mexico City had been Moore’s first Olympics (he finished fourteenth in the marathon), and, as teammate and four-time gold medalist Al Oerter had predicted, it was like heaven. Oerter told him that one’s first Olympics have a glow, like joining the gods, and then in subsequent games your thoughts turn more and more to training, to the competition itself. This time around, there had been more focus on the race—before the PLO attack.

Moore feels a twinge at the back of his right thigh, but it is in the marathoner’s mentality to ignore such things and run on. In fact, Moore the runner is in some ways surprised they are competing at all, after terror had shattered the games and violated his own emotional sanctuary. Moore the writer has contributed two or three pieces to *Sports Illustrated* by this point, and he’s already been asked by the magazine to write about this strange and broken Olympics. In truth, he and Shorter are out here running because Bowerman, as U.S. track-and-field coach, has never been stronger and finer than in the difficult days after the attack, when he shepherded his

team through the stages of grief and anger to reach a place where they could make competing their answer. The only kind of answer, Moore will realize, that makes sense for Olympians.

The two men run through the English Garden, and suddenly the twinge in Moore's leg becomes a vicious cramp. He knows instantly that he hasn't hydrated well enough. Three decades later, Moore will write that "Wolde watched me slow and grab my hamstring. He ran on. Then he turned and gave me a look I would never forget. His face filled with regret. It was as if he were saying this is all wrong, we were supposed to race in together and the stronger take the silver and the other the bronze. In fact, Belgium's Karel Lismont caught us both and finished second. Wolde took the bronze. I followed in fourth, thirty seconds behind."

And then it is over and Moore and Wolde go home to their respective worlds, one toward light and the other into darkness.



Whenever Moore is asked to inspire eager young journalism and creative-writing students with tales of how he persevered and at last became a staff writer at the nation's largest and most celebrated sports magazine, he winces. He knows the truth will provoke despairing wails at the unfairness of life. For there were no years of struggle, no mocking stack of self-addressed manila return envelopes, no drift of rejection slips across his desk like sad dry leaves. *Sports Illustrated*, for God's sake, called him.

Moore was in Colombia to compete in the 1971 Pan-American Games, and had agreed to phone in dispatches to

the Eugene paper, *The Register-Guard*, on the U.S. team's progress. He soon discovered he was unable to make collect calls back to the States. Pat Putnam, the *Sports Illustrated* writer covering the games, took pity on the young, underfunded runner-writer and loaned Moore his *SI* credit card to pay for the phone.

"It was a freakish opportunity," recalls Moore, "because Gilbert Rogin, who was *SI's* senior editor for track and field, called me out of the blue the following November, told me that he'd heard from Pat Putnam that I was allegedly a writer, and offered me the opportunity to do an essay on cross-country running! He was a fast-talking guy from Brooklyn, and I knew his name because he wrote wonderful short stories for *The New Yorker*. I couldn't believe that it was the same guy calling me up, so I was sort of speechless. 'Well, writing's hard,' Rogin said, 'If you don't want to do it I'll understand. . . .' Finally I found my voice and accepted, and it went well."

Moore, whose undergraduate degree was in philosophy, didn't start out as a writer. He had originally gone off to law school.

"My dad," Moore explains, "always thought that lawyers ran the world, and he wanted me to be one. I wasn't really drawn to the law, but I wasn't repelled by it."

He did well enough on the law boards that he could take his pick of schools, and eventually chose Stanford. In the summer of 1966, Moore worked hard at a plywood mill, not understanding that an NCAA grant he'd received for athletes attending graduate school would make Stanford Law essentially free. So in September he found himself with more money in the

bank than he'd ever had, nearly \$2,000.

He shared word of his newfound flushness with Bowerman, the coach. Bowerman the cobbler and entrepreneur had, at the time, a little shoe company going with one of his former distance runners, Phil Knight '59. It was called Blue Ribbon Sports.

"You know," Bowerman said to Moore, "Phil and I have a shipment of shoes on the dock, and we have to pay a fee to get them out of customs. We could use your money to help us out, and we'll give you some stock."

"Man to man," Moore asked, "should I do it?"



▲ Frank Shorter and good friend Kenny Moore after Shorter won the gold medal at the 1972 Munich Olympics and Moore finished fourth.

Bowerman the entrepreneur morphed back into Bowerman the coach.

"Well," he said, "Buck Knight's a bright guy, and it's a good shoe, but I can't make any guarantees that we'll increase your money."

So Moore declined. Fourteen years later, on the day that the company went public, now rather better known as Nike, Bowerman stopped by Moore's home in Eugene.

"He came in with this goofy grin," Moore remembers, "and held up a printout and told me that for every \$1,000 that I *didn't* give him back then,

I would have had \$750,000 on that day in 1980! We both laughed a long time—I was proud of myself that I was as giddy as he was. That was Bowerman. He was always at his happiest and most free when he was confounding someone, getting a rise out of them.”

In the fall of '66, blissfully unaware of the millions he had just turned down, Moore began law school. It didn't take.

“I have never quit *anything* willingly,” he says. “The marathoner's way is to cut your losses and just keep going. Don't ever give up. So it wasn't until I got to Stanford Law School that I realized that being a lawyer wasn't calling to me in the way I'd hoped it would. But something else was.”

Moore sat in on some lectures by the founder of Stanford's creative writing program, noted novelist Wallace Stegner. And by then he'd read *Sometimes a Great Notion*, the extraordinary book by one of Stegner's students, Ken Kesey '57.

“I didn't know Kesey until much later,” says Moore, “but reading his great work, and listening to Stegner talk about writing—it was a parallel to seeing Bailey run all those years before. I recognized both the impossibility and the importance of being that good, and it inspired me.”

Moore tried to switch his scholarship from law to creative writing, but it couldn't be done. So he oveled back to the UO in 1967 to begin an M.F.A. in fiction and drama.

The move put his military draft deferment in jeopardy, but Bowerman helped him get it extended through the summer of '68 by promising the army that Moore would make the Olympic team. He balanced training with classes, where he was getting an even greater appreciation of the difficulty of writing well.

“I was studying short story writing with Ralph Salisbury,” Moore recalls, and I was trying to figure out why I couldn't ever do better than a B-minus. I talked a great game, I could tell stories at the dinner table and in the tavern. Stories had always been valued in my

family—but I *couldn't* get better than a B-minus from Ralph! Finally, he sat me down and said, ‘Look, I suppose you've shown some discipline in your running, so I'm going to be straight with you . . .’ He went through my work line by line with a poet's eye. ‘The connotation here is this,’ he said, ‘but just a few sentences later the connotation is

“I DIDN'T KNOW KESEY UNTIL MUCH LATER, BUT READING HIS GREAT WORK, AND LISTENING TO STEGNER TALK ABOUT WRITING—IT WAS A PARALLEL TO SEEING BAILEY RUN ALL THOSE YEARS BEFORE. I RECOGNIZED BOTH THE IMPOSSIBILITY AND THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING THAT GOOD, AND IT INSPIRED ME.”

this—your ideas are totally at war with each other.’ He showed me how sloppy I was—I was just transferring my oral emissions onto the page! The editorial side of my brain was not engaged. I was mortified, and I didn't want that to ever happen again. Gradually I gained discipline, but even now when I write the editorial side is always on.”

True to Bowerman's promise, Moore made the 1968 Olympic team, and true to the army's promise, they drafted him the minute he got back from Mexico City. He was saved from Vietnam by his talent as a runner, being placed directly on the U.S. Army track team. They called it temporary

duty, that would last as long as Moore continued to shine at the national level. Needless to say, he ran like the wind. In 1969, he set the American record in the marathon at 2:13.29, lowering his time to 2:11.36 the following year. He won San Francisco's Bay-to-Breakers race six straight years, beginning in 1968.

“I was so fortunate not to have to go to the war,” Moore says. “I really skated.”

After twenty-one months and sixteen days, Specialist 4 Kenny Moore was discharged and returned to the UO. On a bright June day in 1972, Moore graduated with his M.F.A., having found time in 1971 to beat Frank Shorter for the national Amateur Athletic Union marathon championship. He was already a contract writer for *Sports Illustrated*, meaning he had several assignments each year, but no salary or benefits. A feature piece for the magazine paid \$1,500, which was enough for him to live on for a few months. Moore laughs out loud when asked how much he was able to make from running:

“There was no money from *running*—get a *hold* of yourself! If you were *Pre* you struggled back then.”

In 1974, Moore bought a house by Eugene's Hendricks Park. The year after that, early on the morning of May 30, Steve Prefontaine pulled up in front of that house in his MGB sports car, dropped Frank Shorter off, and died minutes later and blocks away when he swerved and the car rolled over on top of him.



After the duel that ended too soon in the English Garden, after the 1972

Olympic marathon fades into memory, Moore and Wolde get on with their very different lives. Wolde returns, still a hero, to the feudal em-

pire that is Ethiopia. He is promised a house and what passes for the elite life in his impoverished nation. But in 1974, a Marxist fanatic leads a coup that murders the eighty-three-year-old emperor and fifty-nine of his generals and ministers. The resulting dictatorship, known as the Derg, is one of the most brutal in African history, eventually killing or allowing to starve more than one million people.

Wolde, a member of the executed emperor's army, is saved from death only by his Olympic medals. He and his family manage to survive as Wolde is allowed to coach a few runners in return for dressing up in his uniform and showing off his medals for visiting dignitaries.

In 1978, at the height of the Derg brutality, Wolde is called out one night to what he thinks is another of these meetings with important visitors. "Dress in your uniform and wear your pistol," he is ordered. When he arrives, he realizes that he is attending the murder of a fifteen-year-old boy who belongs to a group that is fighting the Derg. After a Derg official kills the boy, Wolde is ordered to shoot the body. More holes mean more revenue—to claim the body of a loved one, family members have to pay the cost of the bullets used in the execution. Derg death squads operate on a two-bullet minimum.

Wolde refuses, but, on threat of his own execution, he goes to the body and shoots his gun at it. He gets away with missing on purpose, as witnesses will later testify.

The Derg is finally overthrown in 1991, and the new government in Ethiopia rounds up thousands of suspected death squad members, including Wolde. Without being charged with any actual crime, he is locked away in what is quite literally and accurately called the End of the World Prison.

It is 1995 before Moore and the rest of the world learn about Wolde's imprisonment. Is he really a killer? Moore can't believe it. Even from those brief Olympic moments more than two

decades before, Moore feels he knows something about Wolde's character. Moore and other members of the Olympic community go to work, doing what they can to free him. Once again, full oval, Moore and Wolde are joined in a race away from terror and toward honor.



By 1976, when a bout of pneumonia kept Moore off the Olympic team, *Sports Illustrated* wanted him as a full-time staff writer, but there was a catch: he would have to live in New York City.

"I hate New York," he emphasizes. "I didn't want to do that."

So he remained a contract writer until 1980, when Gilbert Rogin ascend-



▲ Mamo Wolde of Ethiopia en route to victory in the marathon at the Olympic Games in Mexico City, October 30, 1968.

ed to the job of managing editor and did away with the residence requirement. Moore became a senior writer at *Sports Illustrated*, where he remained until 1995. He traveled the world, writing about everything from running to sumo to whale research to baseball—a sport he likes about as much as he likes the Big Apple. In 2004, the fiftieth anniversary of the magazine, Moore appeared in a round-up of *SI's* best writing alongside authors including William Faulkner, A. J. Liebling, Peter Matthiessen, William Saroyan, Ian Fleming, Robert Frost, Tom McGuane, John Steinbeck, George Plimpton, Wallace Stegner, and Ernest Hemingway. Not bad company, one could say, for a kid from North Eugene.

Along the way, in 1985, he moved to a little house in Kailua, Hawaii, on the quiet northeast shore of the island of Oahu. It was love at first breath when Moore initially visited twenty years earlier—"I'd go around telling people 'Don't you realize you're breathing perfume!'"—and today his house is a three-block, flower-scented walk to Lanikai Beach, curved and white as a beauty queen's giggle.



Twenty-three years after that day in the English Garden, Moore and Wolde embrace on the steps of a building at the End of the World. Guards look on. Wolde is bony but strong. It has taken days of waiting, arguing, and cajoling for Moore to get in to see Wolde. In an emotional stream, Moore pours out the good wishes of Wolde's friends around the world and the International Olympic Committee, and even passes along a standing invitation to come to the Honolulu Marathon. After too short a time, the guards lead Wolde away.

"Watching him go," Moore will later write, "I thought of what a slender thread had brought me there. But this

time it was my turn to look back and cry out that this was wrong, this isn't the way things should be happening."

Convinced of Wolde's innocence, Moore puts everything he's learned into a piece for *SI* that to this day he calls the most important thing he's ever written. The article helps start many different balls rolling and brings Wolde's fate to a much wider audience. Olympic athletes, the IOC, and many others make efforts on Wolde's behalf. But the months and then the years go by. Wolde's wife Aberash takes him food every few days. His health slowly worsens—he is sixty-four years old in a country where the average lifespan is forty-eight.

After five years in prison, Wolde is finally charged in 1997 with "participating in mass killings and torture." The charge doesn't even name a place or date for the alleged crimes. The IOC hires a top Ethiopian lawyer to represent him. No one shows up to testify that Wolde is guilty, but the prosecutor begs for more time to produce the promised eyewitnesses. The delay is granted. Incredibly, more years go by. As Moore will write, "This wasn't double jeopardy. This was infinite jeopardy."

Wolde the marathoner keeps on. He survives. In January of 2002 he is convicted of a lesser charge, sentenced to six years—and released because he has already served nine. When Moore gets the news, he immediately calls Wolde and tells him that he and Aberash must come to Hawaii in December for the Honolulu Marathon, as they had planned. Wolde is eager and even challenges Moore to "start training now, I'll race you anywhere you want!" Wolde ends the call by thanking Moore for remembering him.

Plans are made. Not only will Moore and Wolde be there, but Shorter and Karel Lismont as well. But May brings the sad news that Wolde has died of liver cancer. His wife says he was happy to the end, holding a vision of that reunion in far-off Hawaii.

And so it is that in December, thirty years after the marathon in Munich,

three of the top four finishers, and the wife of the fourth, walk together on the soft sand of Lanikai Beach, breathing perfume.



In 1995, Moore left the masthead of *Sports Illustrated*—"I'm still in the family," he says—and went to work as cowriter and executive producer of the Warner Brothers film *Without Limits*, about Prefontaine and Bowerman. He worked with his mentor and friend Robert Towne, the Oscar-winning screenwriter of a long list of movies, including *Chinatown*, *Shampoo*, and *The Last Detail*.

Moore was first referred to Towne, a track devotee, shortly after Prefontaine's death, when Moore was helping the runner's family deal with various TV-movie offers. "How did you get this number!?" were Towne's first unpromising words to Moore. But the two, both writers and philosophy majors, were soon friends. Towne is also a director, and Moore acted in Towne's 1982 film *Personal Best*. In 1988, Moore appeared in Towne's *Tequila Sunrise*, enjoying somewhat less screen time than stars Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.

Without Limits was generally well received by critics when it came out in 1998. Moore, however, was not seduced by Hollywood (although he has written another screenplay, this one a thriller involving DNA and the modern scourge of zealotry). By 2002, he'd moved back to Eugene, coming full oval to research and write his magnum opus, the Bowerman book.

"The thing," says Moore, "was to do the book, buy a little cottage in Eugene, and live the Oregon life to the fullest through the trials." Now sixty-four, twice married and divorced with no children, still angular and fit, still running fifteen miles per week, Moore and his "significant everything" Connie

Johnston split their time between Eugene and Kailua. He writes for several publications, often about the renaissance of Track Town, USA—Eugene will be host to the U.S. Olympic Team Trials in track and field in both 2008 and 2012—and maintains the close oval of friends from his days as a world-class runner. This summer, Moore will be on the north turn once again, watching those unearthly machines—in whose number he spent a decade—run past. Then, like a true marathoner, he will bring us the word. @

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland-based writer who also had a few painful-but-later-much-appreciated sit-downs with Ralph Salisbury.

Eugene 08— Beijing Here We Come!



The University of Oregon will proudly host the **2008 U.S. Olympic Team Trials in track and field**

June 27 through July 6. More than a year of preparation has gone into "Eugene 08," a celebration (at Hayward Field and throughout the community) for the thousands of visitors and locals drawn to the trials. For details about all events, go to **Eugene08.com**.

And Looking Back . . .

Folklorist Dan Wojcik (*see page 8*) will teach a UO summer course titled "Track Town Traditions." Two upcoming free public events are being held in conjunction with the course: a discussion of "**Track Town Legends**" featuring a panel of Olympians (including Kenny Moore), coaches, and former UO running greats (June 5); and a screening of the film ***Fire on the Track: The Steve Prefontaine Story*** followed by a discussion with Linda Prefontaine '75 (Steve's sister), Geoff Hollister '68 (the film's producer and a former UO runner), and other special guests (June 7). Both events are scheduled for 7:00 P.M. in 110 Knight Law Center, 1515 Agate Street.

Redemption Songs



Gene Aitken conducting the Iraqi Jazz Bridges Combo

he'd seen something extraordinary: the unifying power of music. Setting aside their differences, the student musicians were interacting, collaborating, and urging one another on as they played jazz together.

Aitken hoped this magic would work as well in strife-torn Iraq. And indeed, by the second day of rehearsal, the students began to loosen up and intermix. "Everybody forgot what the borders were and began to work together toward a common end," Aitken says.

An inveterate globetrotter with a home in Thailand and an office in Singapore, Aitken has come to believe that countries generally have three kinds of music: their homegrown traditional music, European classical music, and American jazz. Why not mix and match?

"We were able to take a Kurdistan folk song and meld that with the jazz medium and we came up with something that was new—an Iraqi folk tune with a jazz influence," he says.

American Voices was the first program of its kind presented by westerners in this isolated region of northern Iraq. "There were no music books; there were no music recordings. Most of the students' knowledge about music came from television. They still think that Michael Jackson is the king of pop," Aitken says.

While the experience was exhilarating and satisfying for Aitken, it demonstrably struck a chord with his students. Sixteen-year-old Boran M. Aziz, a gifted pianist at the Fine Arts Institute in Erbil, Iraq, described the program as "a life-changing experience. Thanks to this academy . . . musicians in Iraq now are in touch with each other. I have friends in Baghdad and Sulaimaniyah and Dohuk, and I know that

In a region where machine guns and patrolling soldiers are a part of daily life, tension was palpable on the first day of rehearsal last summer at the American Voices' Unity Performing Arts Academy in Iraqi Kurdistan. One of ten international instructors there to teach 300 students jazz, hip-hop dance, theater, and orchestra, Gene Aitken, M.M. '69, Ph.D. '75, wasn't sure what to expect. His forty or so jazz students were a mix of Kurds, Sunnis, Shiites, and Christians—and, reflective of the society from which they came, they huddled around the

classroom in self-segregated pods.

Years earlier, Aitken had witnessed—and learned from—a similar situation. In 2003 he'd cofounded a project that brought together Buddhists, Muslims, Hindus, Christians, and people of other faiths from nine Asian countries to play jazz in Thailand. "An hour flight either way from Bangkok resulted in not only a different language, but a difference in culture, a difference in religion, a different set of values, and a difference in political views," he says. But as he'd worked with those students,

a lot of people in Iraq share my dream. We all have the same passion: music," she says. "If you look at the previous generation of musicians in Erbil, I think they didn't really get their chance. I have a bright look to the future now."

For Mustafa Pishko, a talented guitar player and composer, the workshops opened his eyes to new possibilities. He now teaches jazz at Sulaimaniyah Fine Arts Institute. "Dr. Gene sunk me in the American jazz music ocean and jazz music now moves through my nerves and blood," he says.

"The younger generations of Iraqi people have experienced wars throughout their entire lifetime," says Aitken. "This younger

"I had no idea that I would be moving in a different direction and that [my work would take me] into Southeast Asia, Asia, Oceania, or the Middle East," Aitken reflects.

generation is saying, 'No, we are the new voices, we do not want war! We do not want to fight, but to live in peace.'"

Pishko echoed his mentor. "For the first time, this project showed that music does not care about ethnic differences," he says. "We showed a beautiful example to Iraq and the world that we as artists have a message of brotherhood and peace." Pishko's hope is that Iraq's often-contentious government officials will one day be able to set their differences aside as the musicians in Erbil did.


Since Aitken's days as a graduate student at the UO, music has been both passion and a career. For twenty-seven years he was director of jazz studies at the University of Northern Colorado, where he and his students produced thirty record albums and received a Grammy nomination. Among his many honors, he was inducted into *Down*

Beat magazine's Hall of Fame, named the magazine's 2007 Jazz Educator of the Year, and received the 2003 UO School of Music Distinguished Alumnus Award.

With all that behind him, Aitken could easily rest on his laurels. But though he's retired three times, interesting new projects keep coming up, opportunities so laden with possibility, he just can't resist.

"I had no idea that I would be moving in a different direction and that [my work would take me] into Southeast Asia, Asia, Oceania, or the Middle East," Aitken reflects.


What motivates and inspires him, he

says, is participating in the positive changes music brings to people—the thrill of seeing "in a child's eyes, or a teacher's expression, the glimmer of excitement when they discover they really have the creative abilities." Aitken knows that in Iraq it is hard to predict what the program will mean for his students over the long run. For some, the change may be personal, with music becoming a bigger and more meaningful part of their lives. Others, such as Pishko and Aziz, may find a vocation in music, and pass on what they have learned to more and more Iraqis. 

—Sharleen Nelson '06



Prom Dress Queen

Before leaving home to begin studies at the UO, Abby Egland '07 and her mother Sally Egland cleaned out Abby's bedroom closet and found a number of dresses she had worn to high school formals. What a pity they couldn't be worn by other young women for proms and on other Big Nights, they thought. Such was the genesis of Abby's Closet, now a four-year-old nonprofit organization that offers donated dresses and accessories to young women who might otherwise not be able to afford satin and lace. This year, Abby's Closet offered some 3,500 donated dresses at a Portland event that matched girls and gowns, just in time for the prom. 

BETH NAKAMURA / THE OREGONIAN

When The Canary Stops Singing . . .

She fights for free speech in controversial areas.

WHEN THE CANARY IN THE coal mine dies, the miners scramble—when the twittering stops, the poison gas isn't far behind. There are those, including Diane Duke '98, M.B.A. '03, who believe that an industry headlined by stars with names like Lance Longman and Plenty Uptop is just that canary for free speech, and that protecting the legal rights of that industry is, in effect, a way to protect the First Amendment rights of all Americans.

"We're fighting for our rights on the front line," says Duke, executive director of the Free Speech Coalition, a member-supported organization dedicated to "lead, protect, and support the growth and well-being of the adult entertainment community."

Raised in Virginia, Duke worked for twelve years as senior vice president of Planned Parenthood of Southwest Oregon. While it may seem quite a jump from providing information on birth control and sexual health to advocating for the industry that actually films the sexual acts, Duke says otherwise, noting that both jobs involve communication, education, and helping people overcome stereotypes.

"I have defended basic human rights for years," says Duke, who started her current job in November 2006. "One common thread in oppression is the vilification of a people or group and the fear mongering associated with it. You would be hard pressed to find a group more vilified than the adult entertainment industry." For her efforts, Duke was awarded the XBIZ Woman of the Year Award for 2008, a symbol of achievement and excellence dedicated to honoring outstanding individuals, companies, performers, and products that contribute positively to the adult entertainment industry.

"It's a controversial subject," she says, noting that when she first heard of the job opening, "the social stigma made me a little wary." As she contemplated getting the job, she worried to herself, "How do you tell your father you're working for the porn industry?"



Lobbying for the cause: Diane Duke (front) with three Free Speech Coalition board members—one, a constitutional attorney (rear) and one (left) an adult novelty store owner.

Yet, she says, her father caught her off-guard when he responded with, "Adult entertainment, huh? Are we talking about pornography? Good on you, kid."

Garrett Epps, a professor at the UO School of Law who specializes in U.S. constitutional issues, also cheers her on.

"The adult film industry groups really are engaged in quite important advocacy," Epps says, "with implications on all of us." Though he admits that we may find the content offensive, "People that keep speech free say things other people loathe and detest."

For Duke, the people she works with add to her enthusiasm.

"I find the legal aspect of my job extremely interesting as well as the lobbying we do at the nation's capital, but I have to say as I meet people in the industry and build relationships, my first question to them is 'How did you get into the industry?' The stories are fascinating and fun and the people are incredible and oh-so-genuine."

Even Larry Flynt, of *Hustler* fame and infamy, the man who published a fake ad implying that evangelical activist Jerry Falwell's first sexual encounter was with his mother after a Campari-fueled drinking

bout. "He's a wonderful man," Duke says of Flynt. "He's very inspiring, down to earth, and just insists that he has a right to be left alone."

Flynt also fought a legal battle that went to the U.S. Supreme Court and upheld his right to publish the ad, the justices commenting that, though the ad was "doubtless gross and repugnant," it was protected by the First Amendment.

To protect those rights, Duke moves from the halls of Adult Entertainment Expo 2008 (where exhibitors range from Adam and Eve Pictures to Zeus Electrosex) to the halls of Congress. So far, she says, her most important and interesting experience was testifying successfully before the International Corporation for Assigned Names and Numbers against a ".xxx" Internet domain for sexually explicit material. The Free Speech Coalition opposed this proposal, Duke says, because it would have led to the "ghettoization" of protected speech, making government censorship easier. Her lobbying efforts, at times with U.S. Senate staff members (she says senators themselves have been reluctant to meet with her or industry spokespersons), also are focused on ongoing opposition to federal regulations that impose strict record-keeping standards on film producers to ensure that performers are at least eighteen years old. While the industry is committed to hiring only performers eighteen or older, "a misfiled piece of paper" could be used to shut someone down, Duke says.

"If people stop fighting for these rights, it won't be long until someone comes along and tries to censor other works, like *Ulysses*," Epps adds, referring to the controversial novel by James Joyce that was banned in America in 1921 as obscene and generally not available for another dozen years. In 1999, the Modern Library ranked *Ulysses* first on its list of the 100 best English-language novels of the twentieth century.

Duke recalls a producer in the industry who "pointed out to me that we are often considered the fringe element and if you cut off the fringe, a new fringe will emerge—only closer to the core." ©

—Jim McChesney '90

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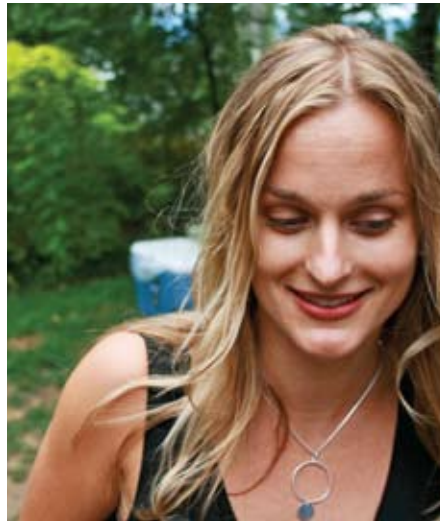
A Blossoming Transplant

Tara Rae Miner balances poetry and politics at Orion magazine.

THE DAY TARA RAE MINER '96 SAT in her eighth-grade classroom in Roseburg and listened to a biologist discuss the plight of northern spotted owls, she knew instantly that her sympathies lay with the endangered birds in the forest surrounding her hometown. "I'm sure part of it was teenage angst and wanting to be different," she notes, "but it was a really difficult place to be in. There was a lot of anger, a lot of people losing jobs. The people at my church, in my 4-H club—all had ties to the timber industry, and I formed opinions they found pretty threatening."

The challenge of growing up in a timber town didn't dissuade Miner from focusing her convictions about land preservation into tangible action. As a teen, she helped found Roseburg High's first environmental club. "We started a recycling program," she recalls, "and went on hikes in old-growth areas of the Umpqua."

Later, she wrote about her deepening conservation beliefs in her admissions essay for the UO's Robert D. Clark Honors College. And last January, two decades after the pivotal visit from the spotted owl biologist, Miner channeled her duel passions for nature and writing into a position as managing editor of *Orion*—a bimonthly literary nature magazine that won the 2004 *Utne* Independent Press Award for General Excellence for providing "some of America's most eloquent and impassioned



essays in defense of the environment and social change."

Miner grew up riding horses, telemark skiing, and following the Grateful Dead around the country. Her UO honors thesis explored the oral tradition in poetry with a literary analysis of lyrics from Bob Dylan's later albums. UO English professor "Bill Strange taught a class called Introductory Dylan," she says. "We did close readings of his lyrics, like any poem. My thesis looked at how meaning can be changed and influenced by tone and tempo and things like that."

She also studied the ways in which writing gains power when it moves off the page and into public spaces. By the time

she graduated, Miner realized that, rather than give up literary pursuits in order to fight for environmental causes, she could use her love of language to advantage. She earned a master's degree from the Environmental Studies Program at the University of Montana, with an emphasis on environmental and creative writing. Her thesis focused on land-use agreements surrounding Steens Mountain and employed extensive research into the area's politics, geology, and cultural and natural history. She also wrote for UM's literary journal, *Camas*, and for the on-campus daily news service, *Headwaters News: Reporting on the Rockies*. A position as editorial assistant at *Orion* seemed a natural next step. "It's not your typical environmental magazine," she says of the publication, renowned for its lush photographs and literary ruminations on nature and politics. "Art and culture are a big part of it."

Orion, which turns twenty-six this year, covered the issues of climate change and extinction years before it was trendy to do so. "We've always considered ourselves to be at the forefront of environmental thought," Miner says, noting the slew of publications that have put out a recent "green" issue. "While many advocate various technological or even consumer-related fixes to the problem of global warming, *Orion* has long felt that it's more important to focus on the heart of our relationship with nature and community."

JASON MINER

UO Alumni Calendar | Go to uocalumni.com/events for detailed information

June 7

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

Day at the Races

Join other Ducks for a day of horseracing at Berkeley's Golden Gate Fields.

June 20

SAN DIEGO CHAPTER

Sixth Annual Duck Day and Pac-10 Day at Petco Park

Watch the Padres take on the Detroit Tigers.

July 12

NEW YORK CHAPTER

Family Day at the Bronx Zoo

Join your fellow Ducks and other Pac-10 alumni at the nation's largest urban zoo.

July 13

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CHAPTER

Oakland A's vs. Los Angeles Angels

Bring the family and join fellow UO graduates for a day at McAfee Coliseum.

July 21

ARIZONA CHAPTER

Diamondbacks vs. Chicago Cubs

Join fellow Arizona Ducks, friends, and family at Chase Field in Phoenix.

August 10

LANE COUNTY CHAPTER

UO Alumni Day with the Eugene Emeralds

Watch the Ems play the Yakima Bears at Civic Stadium.

August 28

LANE COUNTY CHAPTER

Twelfth Annual Tailgate Auction

A Duck scholarship benefit at the Eugene Hilton.




ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

To that end, a recent issue offers an article on a dance troupe that appropriated an abandoned urban reservoir for a studio, an essay about a father's desire to pass on a love of nature to his children, and a poem about osprey. But the magazine isn't afraid to tackle controversial subject matter. The same issue covers the lingering effects of Agent Orange in South Vietnam and explores the threat to wildlife posed by a proposed security fence in Israel's Judean Desert.

"There was an outcry from some long-time readers after the relaunch of the magazine in 2003," Miner explains, referring to an editorial decision to combine *Orion* with its sister publication, *Orion Afield*, which had maintained a focus on grassroots activity. "They felt we were delving too much into political issues and should stick to our focus on people and nature. But the Bush presidency pretty much required some sort of response on our part—its impact on the environment, democracy, and community has been undeniable."

When Miner isn't engaged in responding to threats against the natural world, she's out exploring it. She and her husband Jason—who runs the Massachusetts field office for the Nature Conservancy—married last year at Mount Hood's Timberline Lodge and honeymooned on safari in Africa. "We managed to time it so that we were in the Masai Mara during the wildebeest migration from Tanzania to Kenya," she says. "It's amazing to see millions of animals on the move with all the associated predators, playing out in a way that's fairly undisturbed."

Back at home, they purchased an 1849 schoolhouse—"older than the state of Oregon," Miner observes—and renovated it into a home. "You can see chinks in the wood floor where desks were bolted into the ground. We pulled out a ceiling and found an essay by a girl, written with a quill pen. She wrote about a blade of grass that was satisfied with its life until a bird plucked it and took it to his nest and it perished. The moral," she adds, "is that you should be happy where you're planted."

Miner recounts the story with audible delight. Still, she eschews such easy homilies (though, proud of her find, she has the girl's work framed and hanging on her wall). Unlike the essayist, however, Miner believes she had to uproot herself in order to find satisfaction. Transplanted first to the UO, then Montana, and on to *Orion's* office in the Berkshire mountains of western Massachusetts, she's blossomed. 

—Melissa Hart

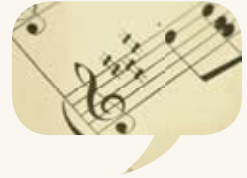


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Capping Dental Costs

Unconventional business model promotes prevention.

Paying too much for dental care?

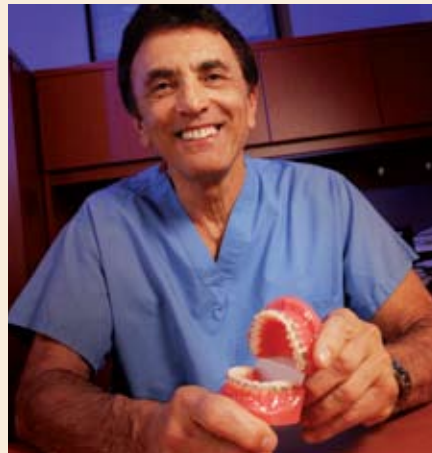
Eugene Skourtes '62 believes that most Americans shell out more than they should.

In fact, Skourtes, a Portland dentist, has built his career proving there's a viable alternative to the traditional fee-for-service dentistry model. To address the affordability factor—and also place prevention and education front and center—Skourtes founded his own company, Willamette Dental, based on a radically different model. Willamette Dental charges patients a fixed monthly amount for preventive services such as fluoride treatments, remineralizations, and dental health education, with relatively small copayments for more major procedures such as root canals and crowns.

For instance, a copayment for a crown usually costs about \$800 under the fee-for-service model in Oregon, Skourtes says, but at Willamette Dental, the average copayment can be as low as nothing to around \$200.

Willamette Dental's business model may seem unusual to Americans who are used to forking over large sums of money for dental care, but the concept has clearly caught on. The company has grown steadily over the years, now employing 255 general dentists in sixty-two offices throughout Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Nevada.

"We started with a 600-square-foot office in downtown Portland in 1970, and look at where we are today: over 350,000 patients in four states," says Skourtes, who graduated in 1968 from the




Eugene Skourtes

University of Oregon Dental School in Portland (now part of Oregon Health & Sciences University).

From the beginning, Skourtes was interested in providing preventive dental care to patients at a low monthly premium. However, the structure wasn't in place to sell the alternative plan on a large scale, as most American insurance companies cover dentistry only as fee-for-service. Skourtes found one carrier that would support his model, though they didn't market it with much vigor. Willamette Dental eventually formed their own insurance company in 1989, allowing them to sell their alternative plan on their own terms to an expanding number of Northwest employers.

The company has flourished ever since, though its unconventional model has met with mixed reactions. Over the years, Skourtes has dealt with his share of skeptics and naysayers. "In the early years I was told it was un-American to practice anything but the fee-for-service model," Skourtes remembers. "We were called communists."

Yet he believes his model of dentistry is the best way to care for teeth and avoid expensive restorative treatment. "Why not get paid to keep patients healthy?" he asks. 

—Karen Nagy

DAVID CORNWALL



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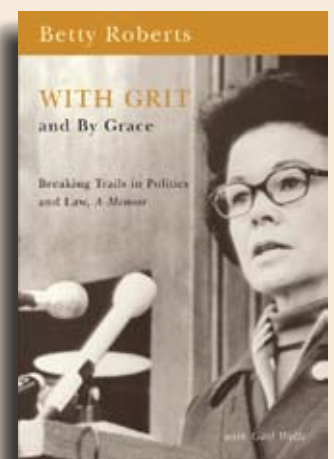
With Grit and By Grace

Breaking Trails in Politics and Law, A Memoir

BETTY ROBERTS WITH GAIL WELLS

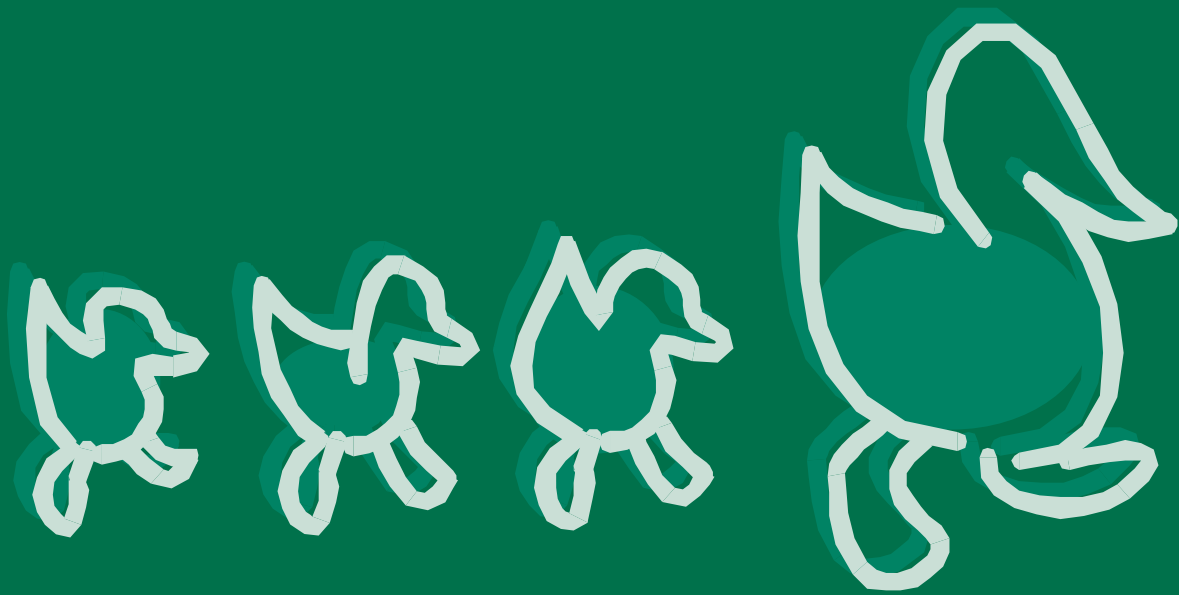
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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
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Singing Strings

Composer Stephen Scott creates music for a unique instrument.

STEPHEN SCOTT '67 WAS ALL SET to become a jazz musician until the day in 1964 when UO associate professor of music Homer Keller brought a tape recording to class. "There's something going on in San Francisco," Keller said, "and you should hear it." The music, premiered only a few months earlier, was Terry Riley's protominimalist *In C*. Mellifluous, repetitive, and easy for even untrained listeners to grasp, it marked a turning point away from the atonal, often dissonant sounds that had dominated classical music since World War II.

"It grabbed me by the throat," Scott recalls. "We were all stunned by it."

Such ear-opening experiences at the University led Scott to blaze his own trails. A longtime professor at Colorado College, he's considered one of his generation's most innovative and accessible composers. "Stephen Scott is an inheritor of an 'American maverick' tradition emanating from the West Coast," says the eminent music historian Joseph Horowitz. "Self-invented composers such as John Cage, Lou Harrison, and Harry Partch—in many cases using self-invented instruments—combined novel means with what was in some cases a relatively traditional musical language. It's a defining homegrown phenomenon and Stephen's a central practitioner."

Scott's inventiveness began at the UO. After falling under jazz's spell in his native Corvallis, he gigged in Eugene with such renowned older students as Ralph Towner '63 and Glen Moore '64, who would later form the trailblazing ensemble Oregon, which fused jazz and world music influences. Then came *In C*. Because the piece wouldn't be released on an album for several years, few had the opportunity to hear it. But the UO music school was even then one of the country's most open-minded, one of a small number to allow world music and new sounds into the curriculum.

"I think very fondly of my years at the UO," Scott says. "It opened up worlds."

In graduate school at Brown, Scott dabbled in then-nascent electronic music but missed the rich resonances of the acoustic piano. And he was "floundering"



by writing conventional pieces like string quartets. So in 1970, he flew to Ghana to study the amazing polyrhythmic sounds of that country's master drummers, and was enchanted by "the community experience of music-making in Africa, where there's no division between performer and audience." One drummer mentioned that another American musician named Steve was also studying nearby; it turned out to be Steve Reich, that other pioneer of minimalism who became Scott's mentor.


After taking a teaching job in Colorado, Scott encountered the final ingredient in his compositional recipe. In 1976, he heard a performance that required the player to stroke and pluck the strings inside the piano lid with a variety of objects, including nylon fish line. The resulting otherworldly sound enraptured Scott as nothing had since that tape of *In C*. "I instantly started composing for it in my head," he remembers.

And he's never stopped. Over the years, using fishing line, horsehair mounted on sticks, guitar picks, fingernails, mutes, and other unconventional items, Scott produced beautiful, almost orchestral textures, rooted in minimalism and jazz harmonies, that mesmerized everyone who heard them, especially after the release

of his first album, *New Music for Bowed Piano*, in 1984.

It takes ten players to produce the rich sound of Scott's compositions, so at Colorado College, partly inspired by the communal music he encountered in Africa, he formed an ensemble of students who take a course in which they learn to perform bowed piano music. It's a carefully choreographed operation—"traffic control" he calls it—with the players moving constantly around the piano to hit the right note with the right object at the right time, a scene that viewers inevitably compare to an operating room table. Scott chooses the players, many of whom are not music majors, in part based on how well they can memorize their parts (no time to read scores on the move) and work together under pressure in close quarters, where arms and egos can easily be bruised. The ensemble has performed in thirteen countries and twenty-three states. Their skills have evolved to the point that the players (who often suggest techniques and ideas) can handle Scott's increasingly sophisticated music—more complex rhythms and harmonies, faster tempos, larger structures.

Last February, Scott was featured in the Pacific Symphony's acclaimed American Composers Series in Costa Mesa, California. The concert included two of his most ambitious works: the hourlong 1995 *Vikings of the Sunrise*, inspired by voyages of Magellan, James Cook, and early Polynesian sailors; and the world premiere of *Pacific Crossroads*, which paired his ensemble with the orchestra. A video camera mounted inside the piano lid captured live images, projected on a giant screen, that demonstrated the intricate interplay of twenty hands. Along with the rapid but controlled movements of the black-clad ensemble, the projections added a startling visual component to the magical sounds.

Although he's written a few pieces for other combinations, Scott plans to continue focusing on his unique instrument. "I think you have to go where your mind leads you," he says. "This medium still has so much in it that I haven't discovered." 

—Brett Campbell, M.S. '96

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1930s

■ **Esther McKeown Tuttle** '39 published her book, *Discover Ancient Words in American English*, a guide to Latin and Greek roots in modern English. Tuttle began teaching grade school in the 1950s, specializing in junior high language arts and drama. Upon retirement, she continued to teach English as a second language to adult students. Tuttle recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday.

1950s

John Bushnell '53, member of Kappa Sigma, was hired as the vice president and Portland operations manager of Tigor Title Insurance. Bushnell previously worked at First American Title for nineteen years.

1960s

■ **Otis Davis** '60 is a spokesman for Outta Bounds, a nonprofit program for troubled youth in Ocean County, New Jersey. Davis ran track for Bill Bowerman at Oregon from 1958 to 1960. He won two Olympic gold medals in track at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome. He served as torchbearer for the 1996 Summer Olympics in Atlanta.

Joe M. Fischer '60, M.F.A. '63, will exhibit several recent paintings at the Connecting Water 2008 Invitational. This exhibit will open the new Rose Center for the Arts at Lower Columbia College in Longview, Washington.

Andrew Vincent '60 acquired Drake Design Group, a landscape architecture and planning firm, from Brook Resources in Bend. Vincent is currently working on several mixed-use developments, a destination resort in central Oregon, and a boutique facility in the Columbia Gorge area.

Albert Drake '62, M.F.A. '66, recently published two books, *Portland Pictorial: The 1950s* and *Northwest Oldtimers*.

Sensing an opportunity to both "save the planet and make a tidy profit," **Alaby Blivet** '63 is retrofitting the mothballed Blivet Emu Oil Refining Works for production of cellulosic ethanol. "Yee-haw!" he exclaimed while slapping his thigh with his ten-gallon hat, "We're switching to switchgrass!"

■ **John R. Bradshaw** '63 is president of Portland Transmission Warehouse, which was honored with the 2007 Family-Owned Business of the Year award presented by the U.S. Small Business Administration.

Cal Taylor '63 wrote and published *Remembering an Unsung Giant: The Douglas C-133 Cargomaster and Its People*, a history of the U.S. Air Force heavy transport aircraft. Taylor, who lives in Olympia, Washington, served as a C-133 navigator for twenty-seven months.

Sam Houston, M.S. '64, has retired after a distinguished career spanning fifty years. Houston was professor and chair emeritus of math and applied statistics at the University of Northern Colorado from 1968 to 1992. He spent the past sixteen years teaching mathematics to inner-city students in Los Angeles and Milwaukee.

Dorothy Arnold, M.S. '65, has celebrated her sixtieth year on the National Ski Patrol. Arnold is retired after teaching elementary school for thirty-two years in Montana, Colorado, and Alaska. She lives in Anchorage, Alaska, and continues to substitute teach. Upon request, Arnold brings her pet skunk to class.

Robert McCurtain '65 is a private securities trader operating from New York City. McCurtain specializes in the S&P 500 index and gold and silver futures contracts. His wife, Barbara Linton, is an actress and model.

■ **Phil Youker** '65, member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, retired after serving the Ventura County, California, school district for forty years in the data processing department.

Jack Corbett '66 was listed as a "Famous Native" on WorldAtlas.com for his skills as a cartoonist. His work has appeared in hundreds of periodicals, including *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*. Corbett also recently launched his website, jackcorbettcartoons.com.

■ **Michael Richards** '66 is an administrative specialist at UCLA Radiological Sciences, Santa Monica-UCLA Medical Center and Orthopedic Hospital. He serves as a patient liaison at UCLA Emergency Medicine at the UCLA Medical Center in Westwood, California. Richards is also a screenwriter.



DUCK STUFF

Got Fun Photos?

Oregon Quarterly wants your 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 in print.* Send to quarterly@uoregon.edu. 📷

Vivian (Heckman) Wood '66 and **Brady Wood '68** (member of Tau Kappa Epsilon) returned to their home in Woodland Hills, California, after spending the winter on the Mexican Riviera.

Gail (Haywood) Desler '68 and **Charles Desler '68** live in Placerville, California, and have two children. Gail is an educator and Chuck is an architect.

1970s

■ **Frank Hale '70** is now on full-retired status from the U.S. Air Force Reserve. He continues to fly all over the United States, Europe, and Asia in his capacity as a corporate pilot. Hale and his wife Evalour have two children and two grandchildren.

Tonie Nathan '71 and her husband Charles celebrate their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary in June. Nathan has been active in Oregon politics throughout her career and was the first woman in U.S. history to win an Electoral College vote in a presidential election.

■ **Dale Schulze '71** is the senior planner for the city of Ridgefield, Washington. Previously, Schulze served as an associate planner for the city of Moses Lake, Washington.

■ **Michael E. Walsh '72** recently presented his mixed media sculptures at the Museum of Contemporary Craft, Portland, and at Eugene's Downtown Initiative for the Visual Arts.

Jeffrey Israel '73 retired from a facial reconstructive practice at Kaiser Hospital after serving as the director of Kaiser's Cleft Palate Team for twenty-two years. Israel is involved with international surgical campaigns through the FACES Foundation, of which he is the codirector. He is also a motivational speaker with ILD Global.

■ **Nick Kornis '74** and his wife Jill celebrated their twenty-fourth anniversary in May. Their only child, Vanessa, will enter Messiah College in the fall to study early childhood education. Kornis recently started at a new position with Anthem Blue Cross and Blue Shield as the medical director for Connecticut.

Richard Reed, M.S. '74, Ph.D. '78, is the new director of the Mental Health Clinic at the VA Puget Sound Health Care System, Seattle Division. Reed has worked at the Department of Veterans Affairs for the past thirty-one years—first in Palo Alto, California, then Topeka, Kansas, and finally Seattle, where he has been a clinical psychologist and a faculty member at the University of Washington since 1980.

Peter Glazer '75, J.D. '78, is the 2008 president of the Clackamas County Bar Association. Glazer has worked as a prosecutor since 1982 and is a senior deputy district attorney currently prosecuting drug-related crimes in state and federal court.

Meg A. Bond, M.A. '76, Ph.D. '83, had her book, *Workplace Chemistry: Promoting Diversity through Organizational Change*, published by the University Press of New England. Bond is a professor of psychology and director of the Center for Women and Work at the University of Massachusetts, Lowell.

Van Edwards '77 is a photo instructor with long-term, ongoing exhibits of a "visual anthropology project." Edwards' current exhibit is "A New World Becoming: Life along the Rio Grande."

Kim Goldberg '77 has been short-listed for the Gerald Lampert Memorial Award for the best first book of poetry for *Ride Backward on Dragon*. Goldberg is the author of four nonfiction books and was a longtime political journalist.

Dennis Oliphant '77 celebrates thirty years of successful business with his Bend-based tour company Sun Country Raft Tours. Oliphant has operated Sun Country Tours—started in his garage—since his graduation from Oregon.

Ann Curry '78 won the 2008 Common Wealth Award for Mass Communications. Curry is the news anchor of NBC's *Today* and coanchor of *Dateline NBC*. She has distinguished herself in global humanitarian reporting throughout her thirty-year career and has been honored on numerous occasions for her excellence in journalism.

Richard Dillman, Ph.D. '78, has completed thirty years as a professor of English at St. Cloud State University in Minnesota. His specialty is American literature. Dillman was recently elected to a three-year term as director of composition for the university. He has published articles on Henry David Thoreau and Willa Cather.

Mike Pardee '78 was named to the Advertising Research Foundation board of directors. Pardee is the senior vice president of research at Scripps Networks in Knoxville, Tennessee. Trained in applied anthropology, Pardee has been an active member of the marketing and media research community for more than twenty-five years.

Tom Wells '78 published his third book last fall, *The Wrong Guys: Murder, False Confessions, and the Norfolk Four*. Wells has additionally authored *The War Within: America's Battle over Vietnam* and *Wild Man: The Life and Times of Daniel Ellsberg*.

1980s

Thomas Bates '80, member of Phi Kappa Psi, was named a fellow by the American Institute of Architects College of Fellows. Bates is the managing principal for BLRB Architects in Tacoma, Washington, and is a leader in advancing the practice of educational architecture. He has earned forty-six design awards and commendations, and is recognized as a national authority on healthy and sustainable schools.

Dan Lindahl '80 has opened his own law firm in Portland, the Lindahl Law Firm, specializing in appellate litigation in Oregon and Washington and at the federal level.

Vanessa (Kokesh) Gallant '82, member of Gamma Phi Beta, is a new associate principal at Callison, an international architecture firm based in Seattle, Washington.

■ **Lynn Heislein '82** joined Wells Fargo's northern Nevada government banking team as the relationship manager for municipal clients. Heislein has twenty years of experience in financial services.

Jim Wiard '83 was promoted to vice president of property management at Guardian Management, a Portland-based real estate investment firm. Wiard has worked at Guardian for seventeen years and is the firm's principal broker for Oregon and Washington. He is a certified property manager and past president of Metro Multifamily Housing Association.

Dane Claussen '84 was appointed to the editorial board of *Communication Education*, a scholarly journal published by the National Communication Association. Claussen is a professor and director of graduate programs in the Department of Journalism and Mass Communication at Point Park University in Pennsylvania. He is the editor of *Journalism and Mass Communication Educator* and serves on the editorial board of ten other scholarly journals.



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CLASS NOTES *Continued*

■ **Rob Gerowe** '84 began his new career with World Vision, a charity organization for children. He works from a Kent, Connecticut, office. Gerowe is also an elite masters category 3 cyclist and a former internationally ranked triathlete.

John Kirby '86, member of Phi Kappa Alpha, was hired as the Northeast regional sales representative for ViewSonic Corporation, a global manufacturer of digital display technology. Kirby lives in Portland and has one daughter, Meredith.

■ **Paul Larsen** '86, J.D. '89, was listed in *Mountain States Superlawyers* and *Nevada Superlawyers* in the

area of administrative law. He was also listed in *Best Lawyers in America* in the area of franchise law. Larsen recently celebrated nineteen years with Lionel, Sawyer, and Collins, Nevada's largest law firm.

Douglas Keys '88 relocated his architectural practice—Douglas Keys Architects—from London's West End to Los Angeles' Miracle Mile. Keys specializes in sustainable design with a modern aesthetic.

1990s

Tammy Bovee '90 celebrates the tenth year of her business, Creative Personal Fitness Instruction. Bovee's

business serves over fifty clients and focuses on exercise for those with neurological conditions.

David Weber '98, J.D. '01, was elected principal at Riddell Williams law firm in Seattle, Washington. Weber's practice emphasizes environmental regulatory compliance and government enforcement defense. He has particular expertise in the fields of air quality regulation and climate change law.

Damien Hansen '99 is the director of student life and housing at Dominican University of California. Hansen is currently working on his Ph.D. in business administration from Northcentral University. He proudly serves in the U.S. Navy Reserve Force and U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. Hansen is engaged to Jessica Ramirez; the couple plans to wed in July.

■ **Stuart Shulman**, Ph.D. '99, was recently on the UO campus training students and faculty members in grant writing and software. Shulman is a political scientist who has received nine National Science Foundation grants over the past eight years. He successfully directs a number of NSF-funded research projects. Shulman is an associate professor at the University of Pittsburgh, as is his wife, **Charli Carpenter**, Ph.D. '03. Carpenter is also a political scientist, with her work appearing in numerous journal articles and book chapters. She has had two of her own books published, *Innocent Women and Children: Gender, Norms, and the Protection of Civilians* and *Born of War: Protecting Children of Sexual Violence Survivors in Conflict Zones*.

2000s

Carolynn Robertson '00 graduated from Albany Medical College in May. Robertson will begin family practice residency in Houston, Texas. She is engaged to Paul Goebel, who is a medical student at the University of Houston. Robertson served in the Peace Corps in El Salvador from 2001 to 2003.

Ross Minckler '01 joined Yahoo! in July 2007 as a senior account manager based in Santa Monica, California. Minckler manages a portfolio that includes ServiceMagic, Zappos, MGM, and Vegas.com

Jason Bussanich '02, member of Delta Sigma Phi, received a doctor of chiropractic degree from Western States Chiropractic College last September.

David Constantine '03, M.Mus. '05, won the Second International Timpani Competition of Lyon in Lyon, France. Constantine is currently working on his Ph.D. in music at Indiana University. He is the principal timpanist at the Columbus Indiana Philharmonic and at the Terre Haute Symphony Orchestra, both located in Indiana.

■ **Jonathan Marks** '05 earned his master of public administration degree last August from the School of Public and Environmental Affairs at Indiana University, Bloomington.

■ **Derek Dizney** '07 announces his engagement to fellow Duck ■ **Kelsey Bailey**, M.Ed. '05. The couple plans to marry August 9, 2008, in Bend. Dizney is pursuing his law degree at Willamette University.

■ **Monica Poveda**, M.B.A. '07, joined Allen Trust Company in Portland as an assistant portfolio manager. Poveda is currently pursuing her M.S. in financial analysis at Portland State University's School of Business Administration. A world-rated tennis player, Poveda worked as assistant coach of the Oregon women's tennis team while earning her M.B.A.



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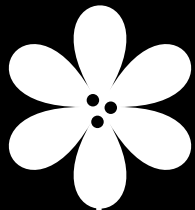


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D E C A D E S



Women Bear Arms The 1938 UO women's rifle team ends the year with a record of one tie, two losses, and fifteen wins shooting in competition against women's teams from leading colleges and universities across the nation.

1928 The two surviving members of the University's first graduating class (which numbered five) visit campus to celebrate their—and the University's first ever—fiftieth class reunion. One celebrant, Ellen Condon McCornack '78, daughter of longtime University professor Thomas Condon, served, while a student, as founding president of the first women's literary society, Eutaxian, a group instrumental in purchasing a private collection of about 500 books that would form the nucleus of the University library.

1938 "Cagey" Colonel Bill Hayward's varsity track squad goes undefeated in northern division dual-meet competitions. Webfoot standout and 1936 Olympian Mack Robinson ties the UO field record in the 100-yard dash with a time of 9.6 seconds.

1948 In tossing good-luck pennies onto the lap of the Pioneer Mother, June graduates in their mortarboards and robes continue a tradition begun when the statue was installed in 1930.

1958 The Oregon Liquor Control Commission turns down applications from three campus-area merchants for licenses to sell beer. While admitting that it has never considered the campus "dry

zone" either legal or proper, the commission says it will continue to take a dim view of applications from the University area.

1968 A mass transit system stretching from Medford to Seattle and moving passengers at 150 mph could be built at a "relatively inexpensive" cost in eight to thirteen years, according to Jarold Keiffer of the UO School of Community Service and Public Affairs.

1978 A thirty-two-inch reflector telescope, the largest optical telescope in the Northwest, is now in place and gathering information at the UO's Pine Mountain Observatory near Bend.

1988 The University embarks on a four-year, \$1.5 million project to computerize class registration and automate student record-keeping—sounding a death knell for the time-honored rite of students registering for classes by dashing around Mac Court in a chaotic frenzy.

1998 *Yahoo! Internet Life* magazine ranks the UO ninth on its list of "America's 100 Most Wired Colleges," for campus networks, e-mail, online material and classes, web access, and related factors.

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

In Memoriam

Clifford Powers '27, J.D. '30, died in March at age 102. Powers married **Katherine Graef** '27 in 1931. They had two children, David Powers and **Sally (Powers) Rogers** '57. Powers worked as an attorney with the firm Powers, McCulloch, and Bennett in Lake Grove, retiring at age ninety-eight. He was also a director and president of the Oswego Lake Corporation and an attorney for the Lake Grove School District.

Edna (Carlsen) Draper '39 died in October at age ninety. Draper lived in Eugene most of her life, working as a teacher in the Bethel School District. She married **Harold "Pete" Draper** '39 in 1941, and they had three children: **Ann (Draper) Gormley** '65, **Gary Draper** '67, and **Larry Draper** '72.

Jack Leitheiser Jr. '50, member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, died this February in Portland at age eighty-one. Leitheiser served in the U.S. Air Force from 1944 to 1946. In 1952 he married Gladys Marie Sukert. They had one daughter, Brenda. Leitheiser worked as a police officer and then as an international service manager for Jantzen, retiring in 1986.

Jack Evans '51 died at his home in La Grande last August at age seventy-eight. Evans served in the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1946 and 1947. He married **Dorothy Anna Anderson** '51 in 1951 and they had one son, **John Ward Evans** '79, M.S. '83—both are "faithful Ducks from eastern Oregon!" Evans worked as a librarian, retiring in 1987. In 1990 he authored *Powerful Rockey*, a book about the Oregon Trail in the Blue Mountains area from 1811 to 1883.

Phyllis (Higinbotham) Zweig '51, '84, member of Delta Delta Delta, died in January at age seventy-eight. A lifetime resident of Eugene, Zweig was a founding member of the Eugene Symphony where she played the flute. She married **Arnulf Zweig**, now a UO professor emeritus, and they had two children, **Rebecca (Zweig) Rozman** '86 and **Jonathan Zweig** '87.

Donald Mathias '58, M.S. '59, died last December in Glendora, California. Mathias enlisted in the U.S. Navy in 1944, surviving the attack on his aircraft carrier, the *USS Franklin*, in 1945. Mathias worked as a high school science teacher for almost twenty-five years. He authored two books on the history and geology of northern Nevada: *A Place Called Jarbridge* and *A Visitor's Guide to Jarbridge*. He is survived by his wife, Jeanne, and son, Richard.

Mary Louise (Grinnell) Bunea '61 died in February while undergoing cancer treatment. Bunea lived with her husband Bard in Norway, England, and France before they settled in New York. She devoted much of her talent and energy to a variety of charitable organizations and causes. Bunea sang with an a cappella group as well as with her church choir, taught aerobics, played many sports, and with her husband traveled extensively. She had three children: Hans Paal, Erik Christopher, and Christina Louise.

Bill Riesland '61, M.S. '67, died last June at his home in Salem. Riesland served in the Navy before pursuing his education in landscape architecture and park administration at Oregon. He married Audrey Ellis in 1961 and they had two daughters, Jennifer and Melissa. Riesland worked for the U.S. Forest Service and the state highway department before he began independent project work. He was a member of Court Street Christian Church for forty-five years and a regular volunteer.

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CLASS NOTES *Continued*

Ronald Lane, M.A. '65, Ph.D. '66, died last September. Lane was a clinical psychologist. He resided in Valley Center, California, with his wife, **Patsy (Harp) Lane** '69.

Robert "Bob" Gregovich, Ph.D. '68, died in March at age seventy-four from complications of multiple sclerosis. He served as a captain in the U.S. Air Force. He met his wife Inga Andersen in Eugene. They had four children and moved to Juneau, Alaska, where Gregovich worked for the state and as an advocate with the Disability Law Center. He loved golf, fishing, boating, and time with his family.

John Robert Pennington '74, J.D. '77, died in December of lung failure. Born and raised in Eugene, Pennington attended UCLA School of Law after graduating from Oregon. He joined and was later made a partner at the law firm Sheppard, Mullin, Richter, and Hampton in San Marino, California. Pennington served as the chair of the litigation department there for many years. He was also elected to membership in the Association of Business Trial Lawyers. Pennington enjoyed college sports and was a dedicated Duck fan—as are his children.

Jo (Maitland) Geltner '77, M.S. '84, died in January at age fifty-two. She married **Frank Geltner** '80 in 1977 and worked as an elementary school teacher. Upon earning her master's degree, Geltner focused her efforts on providing social services to the elderly and fundraising for the Oregon Coast Council for the Arts. She was among the first Oregonians to receive her certificate in festival and events management from the UO in 2002.

Faculty In Memoriam

Kenneth Ghent, mathematics professor emeritus, died in January at age ninety-six. Ghent began his schooling at age eight, completing the first six grades in three years. By the age of twenty-four, he had earned his Ph.D. in mathematics from the University of Chicago. Ghent began teaching at Oregon in 1935 and served as international student adviser from 1952 until his retirement in 1976. He continued as a volunteer in the international student office until two years ago. Ghent received Oregon's Distinguished Service Award in 1995. He was married to his wife Helen for sixty years, and they had three children: **Robert Ghent** '64, **Dorothy Turchi** '66, and **Meg Ghent** '70.

Francis B. Nickerson '40, M.S. '54, Ph.D. '59, died in February at age ninety-one. Nickerson is a decorated veteran of World War II. He worked in state higher education administration for Oregon and South Dakota, as well as for the universities of Oregon and South Dakota. Nickerson was an ordained Episcopal priest and served the Boy Scouts for over fifty years. He had four children and two stepchildren.

June (King) McFee, professor emerita, died in January at age ninety. McFee and her husband Malcolm earned their doctorates at Stanford University before moving to Eugene, where they both became professors at Oregon in 1965. McFee served as director of the Institute for Community Art Studies, and headed the Department of Art Education from 1977 to 1983. In 1975 the Women's Caucus of the National Art Education Association established the prestigious June King McFee Award to honor outstanding scholars in the field of art education. McFee retired in 1983, but is still internationally recognized for her contributions to the field.

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CLASS NOTES *Continued*

Morrette "Morry" Rider, professor and dean emeritus, School of Music, died in January at age eighty-six. Rider served during World War II as a cryptanalyst. In 1946 he married Wanda Nigh and began teaching at Hope College in Holland, Michigan, becoming provost after completing his doctorate at Columbia University. He toured and taught for many years as a professional violinist and conductor of orchestras. In 1975 Rider became Oregon's dean of the School of Music, where he continued until retirement in 1986. Rider and his wife resided in Eugene for more than thirty years.

Robert P. Friedman, professor emeritus, died in November at age eighty-one. After serving in the U.S. Navy during World War II, Friedman earned his undergraduate, master's, and doctoral degrees in journalism and speech. He taught at Dartmouth, Purdue, and the University of Missouri before coming to Oregon in 1965. Friedman specialized in oratory and rhetoric, forensics, argument, ethics, and freedom of speech. He retired in 1988, but continued his acting career in a number of Eugene productions.

In Memoriam Policy

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice. Editors reserve the right to edit for space and clarity. Send to *Oregon Quarterly*, In Memoriam, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene OR 97403-5228.

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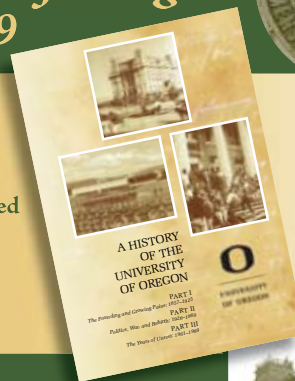
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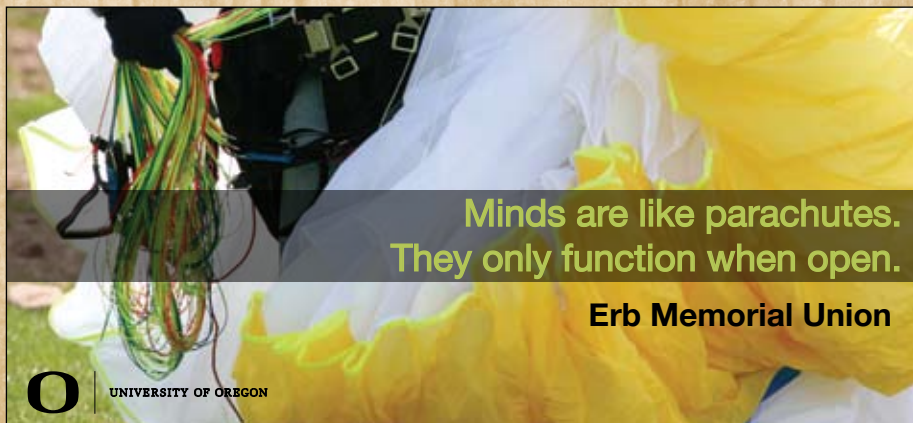


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Why My Blood Turns to Wine

By Paul Keller '72

I hadn't seen Judith in twenty years.

A native Texan, her studies and career have ushered her all over the United States since she left us up in Mount Hood's Zigzag area a couple of decades ago. She even lived in West Africa a few years. During the last decade, Judith has been teaching at a university in New Zealand—where she's about to relocate once again.

Her first day here, we take a hike on one of the trails that stitches up behind my house alongside the Mount Hood National Forest. We trek back into the early summer quiet beneath the occasional 300-year-old fir, stopping to touch them with our small hands—and imagine the stories inside the skin of each tree's thick, whorled bark.

We pass the newer groves of vine maple, the licorice fern dampness of steep creek beds, ubiquitous deer tracks, and even the telltale surprise of new cougar scat.

After our hour long climb, we reach the small meadows and seeps along the ridge top—where the elk will return in the fall. Here, a centuries-old game trail leads us out to a south-facing viewpoint, where the year's first blooms of Indian paint and penstemon circle our feet.

From out across the nearest valley, the ancient voice of the Sandy River fills our ears. All around us, swarms of shadowy green mountains, the Oregon Cascades—that rise and fall in every direction—find our eyes.

I start to name the closest ridges. My eyes—and boots—have memorized them all.

I point out where the Salmon River turns and remembers its way toward Huckleberry Mountain. To the east, there beyond the narrow shoulders of



Still Creek drainage, I show Judith how doglegged Hunchback Ridge swells and rises to Devils Peak. I start to explain where I've hiked, bushwhacked, and camped all across this natural landscape. Judith starts to cry.

Does she miss her children? Could it be her friend who has cancer? The memory of her father who passed away a few years ago?

As raindrop tears find both her cheeks, I ask Judith if she's all right. "Paul, you have a home."

She nods to the horizon-to-horizon wild that so wonderfully diminishes us.

An east wind with a sweetness of old cedar moves down through the big alders and touches Judith's hair, my face. "I don't," she laments. "I don't know if I ever will."


I have been living here beneath the same western shadow of Mount Hood for more than thirty years. Many of my longtime chums—far more familiar with change-of-address forms than I—continue to ply me with that same question: "You *still* live up on Mount Hood?"

It's as if I must apologize for my (assumed) provinciality, for my inability to get with the twenty-first-century peripatetic program. Is pulling up stakes and relocating—to a more trendy city or upgraded suburb—really a badge of American success?

In less than five minutes, I can walk from my door down the forested hill to where my ancestors crossed the same Sandy River rapids in ox-pulled wagons more than 100 years ago.

When John Muir first saw Mount Shasta, he wrote: "All my blood turned to wine and I have not been weary since." While I don't know Shasta that well, I do know exactly what

old Muir is talking about.

To all of my skeptical acquaintances—with apologies to my dear friend Judith—you're damned right I do. 

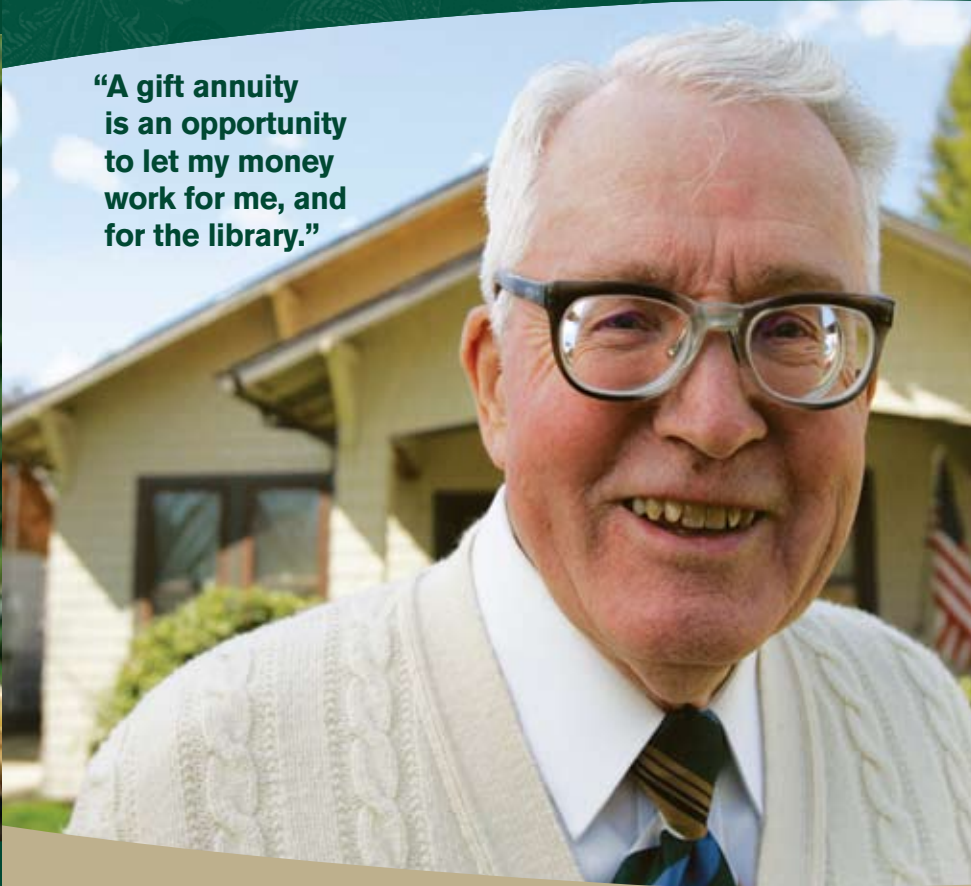
Paul Keller lives in the upper Sandy River watershed on the western slopes of Mount Hood. A former U.S. Forest Service hotshot firefighter and wilderness ranger, he writes for the Tucson-based Wildland Fire Lessons Learned Center from—you guessed it—his Mount Hood home.

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William Gardner is giving generously to the University of Oregon Libraries through a charitable gift annuity that he has funded through the University of Oregon Foundation.

The retired high school math teacher earned a bachelor's degree in business administration in 1949 and a master's degree in education in 1962.

He says he chose the annuity mainly so that the foundation can invest the money now rather than later.

“This is money I would have given to the library in my will, but a gift annuity is an opportunity to let my money work for me and for the library while the foundation helps manage its growth.”

To learn more about charitable gift annuities and other powerful giving options, call (800) 289-2354 or e-mail us at giftplan@uoregon.edu.

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