The Magazine of the University of Oregon Winter 2008

Oregon QUARTERLY

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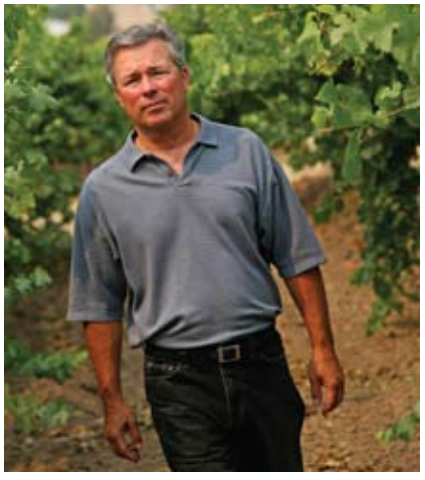

COVER | Siskiyou National Forest at night—Creative Commons photo by Nicolas Vigier

FROM TOP: CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY NICOLAS VIGIER / KEVIN MICHAEL DALY / DONA KOPOL BONICK

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

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Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

Steps in the Wilderness

Late this summer, I took a seventy-six-mile hike with three friends along the Pacific Crest Trail. It's not the kind of thing I normally do. In fact, I've never done anything remotely like that before, haven't even done an overnight camping trip in at least twenty years. But these guys, professional colleagues that I admire, asked me to join them, and it seemed like something I ought to do. So I started wearing a pack with some books and bricks as I walked my dog up and down the hills around my house and did weekly hikes up Mount Pisgah. I got a bit stronger and all the obstacles I imagined would crop up to keep me from taking that week away from work and home didn't happen.

So there I was at the Willamette Pass trailhead with a forty-pound pack on my back taking that first step that Confucius told us all journeys start with—and then another and another and another. Using my suspect mathematical skills, I figure it took me around 166,000 steps over those seven days to get to McKenzie Pass.

I carried a little book (little because we tried to keep our packs as light as possible) of Ralph Waldo Emerson's essays from which I read my first night in camp, "The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough."

My eyes were treated to some healing horizons, dramatic views of the Rosary Lakes and Charlton Butte and the Wickiup Plain and Opie Dilldock Pass. One night, I slept outside the tent and watched the stars come out around the South Sister. I don't know that I've ever seen further than that. Man, we live in a beautiful state.

But all those steps did make me tired—and sore. It was hard. My conditioning made the trip possible, but not easy. So, while my spirit rode the horizons of august peaks, towering treetops, sparkling blue lakes, and resplendent heavens, my feet—my body—lived step by step.

It was that combination of the stunningly spectacular with the literally pedestrian that left me deeply enriched and thoroughly fulfilled at the end of that hike. It was great and I made it.

As I write this, we're caught in the worst worldwide economic crisis of my lifetime; we are in the last days of a presidential election in which change became the theme of both candidates; we are fighting two expensive and open-ended wars; and we face ongoing energy, environmental, and health-care crises. A *USA Today*/Gallup poll in early October found that only 7 percent of Americans are satisfied with the way things are going in the United States. We can't go on like this.

We're in unknown territory, a wilderness of sorts. Are we ready?

I'm not sure what bricks and books we could load into a pack to prepare us for the times ahead. But we can pull out that open-minded critical thinking (which I learned—and is still taught—at the University of Oregon, among other places) and try to carry it up a few of these long hills that stretch out in front of us. Look for new horizons to rejuvenate our vision. And start walking. It won't be easy, but we can make it. It just might be great.

gmaynard@uoregon.edu

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Good Times

I read Corey DuBrowa's article on Steve Perry and the Cherry Poppin' Daddies ["Dropping In," Summer 2008] in *Oregon Quarterly* with great interest. Great article! The Daddies were my [favorite] band in my college days. My friends and I saw them dozens of times. Our favorite spot was a little place in Eugene called Good Times. At any rate, your article brought back lots of memories. I'm glad to see that Perry is doing so well. Thanks!

Travis Bishop '93
Sherwood

Passing Lane

Guy Maynard's lament regarding I-5 drivers ["I-5," From the Editor, Autumn 2008] brought a knowing frown and a smile to my face as well as a tear to my eye. As a resident of Eugene from 2002–2006 with a best friend living in Port Townsend, Washington, and many other interesting places to visit meant driving way too many miles of the I-5 corridor. Each trip I would shake my head in dismay; thus the memory brings a frown. California, Oregon, and Washington state license plates prevailed but it appeared the Oregonians were the worst offenders of owning that left lane. It became a game to determine which state was the most frequent offender. I thought about writing of my feelings for those left-lane drivers, and the notorious darters in and out of traffic who move ahead of those holding court in the left lane instead of complaining about it. Maynard deserves credit for raising awareness of these very inconsiderate, dangerous, discourteous, egotistical, controlling, and oh-so-tiresome habits of some motor vehicle operators.

Now, having traded I-5 for I-95 commuting, I smile acknowledging that we don't have too many drivers in the Washington DC metro area who claim the left of two lanes because there are usually four lanes of traffic, very heavy traffic. One cannot deny poor driving habits exist in the east and west, but controlling the flow of traffic by staking a claim in the left lane on I-95 is rare.

My tears are for the special few and dear friends I left in Eugene. Memories of those left-lane drivers and the obnoxious, careless, rude, and "self-absorbed," as Maynard accurately describes them, who flitter in and out and around traffic bring unresolved tears of frustration. Perhaps if there were a sales tax in Oregon or funding had not been cut in public service areas there would be more manpower enforcing the law to drive in the right lane, pass in the left lane, and then *move back* to the right lane. The revenue that could be generated by ticketing violators might allow expansion of I-5.

Carol Wille
Dumfries, Virginia

I was struck by the editor's column ["I-5"] on the vagaries of driving Interstate 5 in "the good old days" and as it now exists. I well remember old Highway 99 that took the driver through Salem, Harrisburg, and Junction City. I also cherished driving I-5 when it just opened with virtually no traffic. You will appreciate the following story: I joined the UO track team in the fall of 1963. The first thing Bill Bowerman did was take all of the long-distance runners on a six-mile road run on I-5 heading north from the Coburg Road overpass. The idea was to find out how the incoming freshman class could do up against the veterans. I was thrilled to be running with the likes of Dyrol Burleson, Keith Foreman, and Archie San Romani and vowed to stay with the lead pack to the finish (I did!).

"I found out later that Bill [Bowerman] did not ask the Oregon State Police for permission to run the race—he just did it".

I found out later that Bill did not ask the Oregon State Police for permission to run the race—he just did it. We ran mostly down the center grass divide on a bright, clear, and relatively cool Saturday morning. Worrying about turning an ankle in the lumpy grass, many of us (myself included) ran in the fast lane on the freeway, stepping to the grass only when oncoming traffic appeared. Most motorists knew who we were and honked and waved or shouted "Go Ducks!" as they passed by. When we finished near a pond on the west side of the freeway, we were met by a blessed angel handing out soft drinks and sandwiches. This is where I first met my lifelong friend, Barbara Bowerman.

We virtually had the freeway to ourselves, and at the time we did not find it at all remarkable. Now I realize that this could not ever happen again, much like the track teams we had then. As my teammate, Bruce Sorenson, said to me at a reunion of the Duck track team last spring: "We were running in Camelot and didn't know it."

Phil Hansen '67, J.D. '70
Larkspur, California

Editor's note: See page 42

Oregana and Cressman

I noticed a brief article in the Autumn 2008 *Oregon Quarterly* in the Decades column that said the *Oregana* was published from 1910–1959 and again briefly from 1975–1980. I am guessing that it is no longer published. I would like to see an article about its history and why it was discontinued. No doubt publishing costs and student interest were huge factors.

I was also interested to see a picture of

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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my anthropology professor, Dr. Luther Cressman, in your article "Dr. Dung's Discovery" [UpFront]. As impressionable college freshmen, we were all fascinated that he had been married to well known Dr. Margaret Mead, author of *Coming of Age in Samoa*. He was an excellent instructor!

Thanks for an interesting issue.

Virginia Johnson Hosford '55
Hood River

Touching Kesey

I'm accustomed to a fine quality of writing in *Oregon Quarterly*, but the piece by John Gustafson ["A Ken Kesey Legacy," Duck Tales, Autumn 2008] was exceptionally good. I responded to it partly because, though I've known John for years, I've never heard him speak of his friendship with the Kesey family. Nor did I ever have any hint he could write with such sensitivity and emotional power. It's a splendid piece, and I thank John and *Oregon Quarterly* for it.

George H. Bell '53, M.A. '57
Salem

I very much enjoyed and was deeply touched by the article on Ken Kesey written by John Gustafson for the Autumn 2008 issue. It is apparent from the article that Gustafson had a long and rich friendship with Kesey. I believe many of your readers would have great interest in a more extensive treatment of Gustafson's times with Kesey and his family. I urge you to invite such a treatment.

Harold Hawkins '62, Ph.D. '67
Hyattsville, Maryland

John Gustafson replies: I so much appreciate the phone calls and e-mails from friends who read my essay. I hope that on December 21 some of you will hike up Mount Pisgah to see the winter solstice framed in Pete Helzer's sculpture.

Village and Valley

Thank you for pushing the University to the front of my brain four times a year. My eighty-year-old mother still lives (alone) in a remote canyon in the Cascade Mountains. She was born there—or, at least, born in the closest hospital in the adjoining Willamette Valley. As canyon children, she and her brother Marvin were on easy terms with the wildlife, even the rare and reptilian, the "snake with legs" as she called it, an unusual elongated lizard, and the "rubber snake," on whose back they could leave the imprint of their thumbs. The cougar, bobcats, deer, elk, bears, and their favorite snack, the steelhead salmon, were also well known to her: where they prowled, fed and rested.

Three thousand miles away, I live (not alone) in a cabin in the woods of Benson, Vermont, at the dead end of a dirt road. My neighbors are bobcats, deer, bald eagles, fisher cats, and (though the Vermont Agency of Natural Resources won't admit it) cougars. I don't split wood, but I stack it. Mama once chided me for choosing such an isolated place to live in as I "get older." Older people, she explained, have a harder time getting around and doing things. So we struck a deal. She doesn't tell me to move to the village, and I don't tell her to move to the valley.

Lisa Chalidze '80
Benson, Vermont

Moore Mystery

Although I am not a UO alumnus, I did work there from 1976 to 1982, and as a track-and-field fan loved living in Track Town, U.S.A. Thanks for the Kenny Moore article ["Intertwining Ovals," Summer 2008], "The Church of Pre" [UpFront], and especially Kim Stafford's fascinating story on Glen Coffield ["Our Man of the Mountain"]. The Moore story left a glaring question, though. He is shown wearing a T-shirt with a duck and crutches in three photos, yet at no point do you explain what the meaning or significance of the image is. What the duck is going on here?

By the way, our [California State University, Chico] own Scotty Baus had an off day in the 10,000 [at the Olympic Trials] due to stomach problems. He's still really just a kid by distance running standards, so watch out for him in the 2012, 2016, and 2020 Olympics!

Jim Dwyer
Chico, California

Kenny Moore replies: Both the shirt and hat I wore in the photo were from the May 2006 reunion of old Duck track men and women thrown by Vin Lananna. They read, "Lame Ducks." That group, of course, has a story. Years before, it was the name of the group of Nike employee Ducks who chipped in to help the UO track budget. Every year Phil Knight would match that sum. In 2006, Nike's Geoff Hollister was one of the reunion organizers, and came up with the idea of awarding the apparel to all arrivals.

Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

AP PHOTO / *TOPEKA CAPITAL-JOURNAL*, CHRIS OCHSNER

Thin Air, Fat People

Billions of us should have starved to death by now according to past conventional wisdom, but we have not. Last century's dire prognostications of overpopulation-caused mass starvation have mostly withered, replaced by an unforeseen and ever-worsening global epidemic of . . . obesity. How this startling reversal came about is explored by former Oregon Quarterly *editor Thomas Hager, M.S. 81, in his new book,* The Alchemy of Air: A Jewish Genius, a Doomed Tycoon, and the Scientific Discovery That Fed the World but Fueled the Rise of Hitler. *Hager sketches key elements of the story in an essay titled "Fat World"—reprinted below—which first appeared in the Spring 2008 issue of* Etude, *a quarterly online publication of the literary nonfiction program at the UO School of Journalism and Communication. Hager spoke at Knight Library in October as part of the Duck Store's Author Events series.*

headlines by trumpeting the coming starvation of the civilized world, starting no later than the 1940s.

Then we made it even worse by making it better. As the twentieth century marched on, we invented antibiotics, lowered infant death rates, and extended average lifespans. The result? Our global population skyrocketed, the statistics far beyond what the doomsayers had projected. Surely now, it was thought in the 1960s, Malthus would be proven right.

It was then, with the population bomb ticking ominously, that Paul Ehrlich and a new generation of eco-activists took up the cry: Mass famine was coming soon to a nation near you. This time it was predicted to start in India in the mid-1970s. Again, it did not happen.

Instead, everywhere you look, from Buffalo to Brussels to Beijing, it's ballooning bellies. Instead of mass hunger, mass fat. Instead of famine, India is suffering an epidemic of diet-related diabetes. Obesity is on the rise in virtually every developed nation and many less-developed nations from Europe, Asia, and North America to South Africa and Latin America. The shocker for me was a recent academic study asserting that there are now more overweight people in the world than hungry ones.

So who's to blame? All the usual suspects are being trotted out: fast food, trans fat, high sugar, low exercise, television, blood chemistry, computer potatoes (like couch potatoes only with a game controller in their hands), and the associated problem of a seemingly hard-wired human instinct that favors sitting around eating salty, crunchy snacks and drinking beer over doing hard physical labor.

All of these factors are certainly related to the "insidious, creeping pandemic of obesity . . . now engulfing the entire world," as one gung-ho expert put it. But they are not the root cause.

The real issue is this: Malthus was wrong. He was not wrong about population growth. He was wrong about food. Food production has not only kept up with population growth, it has outstripped it. On average, humans are consuming more calories per person per day now than they were a century ago, despite the fact that total population has quadrupled. Somehow we beat the odds.

Who is to blame for this tidal wave of food? How are we creating the seas of cheap grains that we process with cheap sugars to make our donuts, and fry in lakes of fat to make our chips? Who is making it possible to eat hamburgers by the bag and guzzle soda by the gallon when we're supposed to be starving?

The answer is: a couple of guys you never heard of.

Back around the time Warren Harding was president, these two Germans—a genius chemist and a budding tycoon—figured out a little trick that humans have been dining out on ever since.

They discovered how to make bread out of air.

. . . Consider that if all these Haber-Bosch plants in the world were to shut down today, more than 2 billion people would starve to death. Or that half the nitrogen in your body is synthetic, the product of one of these factories.

That's a fanciful way of saying it, but that's what they called it back in 1910 when Fritz Haber perfected the dangerous, complex chemistry needed to grab nitrogen out of the air (air is 80 percent nitrogen). Then Carl Bosch, a young chemist just starting his career, figured out how to build factories to turn it into synthetic fertilizer, the kind you get in a bag down at the local garden store.

They flooded the world with fertilizer. The results were a couple of Nobel Prizes and the creation of the world's largest chemical company (the infamous IG Farben, which Bosch headed).

Today, Haber-Bosch factories the size of small cities, much refined and improved, are humming around the world, burning 1 percent of all the energy used by humans each year, breathing in hundreds of thousand of tons of air and pumping out hundreds of thousands of tons of fertilizer. This is the substance that enriches the fields that grow the crops that turn into the sugars and oils and meats that are cooked into the burritos and pizzas and snack cakes that make us fat.

If you doubt the importance of these two scientists, consider that if all these Haber-Bosch plants in the world were to shut down today, more than 2 billion people would starve to death. Or that half the nitrogen in your body is synthetic, the product of one of these factories.

The good news is that the Haber-Bosch discovery (along with the "Green Revolution" of higher-yield grain types developed in the late twentieth century) has allowed humanity to sidestep the Malthusian trap.

The bad news is that starvation has not gone away. People still starve to death, tragically, in isolated pockets of the world. The problem is not a lack of food to feed them; the problem is that the food cannot be moved quickly enough to where it is needed. Starvation today results almost always from distribution slowdowns due to local wars or government interference.

But the best news is this: If everything goes right, humans need never suffer global famine. Rising food prices, the subject of much recent media attention, are also tied to Haber-Bosch: The process burns a lot of natural gas, so when energy prices go up, so does the price of fertilizer—and food.

Some time in the next few decades, birth rates worldwide will dip below replacement levels. What that means is that the growth in world population will begin to slow, then eventually grind to a halt, some time after all the baby boomers and most of their kids, the baby boomlet, die out. The human tide, in other words, will crest, then slowly ebb. The United Nations estimates that it will peak somewhere between 9 and 10 billion some time just after the middle of this century.

There will be a lot more mouths to feed. But if we eat wisely—less meat and more vegetables, enough to be healthy but not enough to be obese—there will be enough food to feed everyone. Thanks to Haber-Bosch (and the Green Revolution), it is within our grasp to avoid mass starvation forever.

Slithy Toves Gimbling in the Gyre

Every beachcomber's fantasy is to find an unexpected treasure—an agate, a starfish, a gold doubloon—but all too often, what washes up is plain, old plastic junk. Where does this stuff come from? In Strand: An Odyssey of Pacific Ocean Debris, *travel writer and amateur naturalist Bonnie Henderson '79, M.A. '85, traces the wide-ranging stories of items such as a glass fishing float, a tennis shoe, a sea bird, all discovered on a one-mile stretch of Oregon beach. The excerpt below focuses on the mother lode of ocean-borne trash. Henderson spoke at Knight Library in October as part of the Duck Store's Author Events series.*

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY POAGAO

"It seemed unbelievable," he continues, "but I never found a clear spot. In the week it took to cross the subtropical high, no matter what time of day I looked, plastic debris was floating everywhere: bottles, bottle caps, wrappers, fragments." He returned with a crew of oceanographers in 1998 to sample the surface waters of the Patch. They collected six times as much plastic, by weight, as zooplankton. Oregon beachcomber Steve McLeod joined Moore in summer 1999 on a three-week voyage [during which they discovered that even] the guts of the fish they caught for dinner were full of plastic bits.

"Most oceans probably have a garbage patch like this," Ebbesmeyer remarked in an event I attended at the Beachcombers' Fun Fair in Ocean Shores, "but this is the only one that's been well documented. I'll

"Trash never disappears," as [ocean current expert Curtis] Ebbesmeyer puts it, "but just goes somewhere else."

bet you there's a dozen abandoned yachts out there in the Patch. It's archaeology of the ocean—just a wide-open field."

Ebbesmeyer is an entertaining speaker—articulate, knowledgeable, funny, as you'd expect of a guy who posed naked (from the waist up) in a bathtub full of toy ducks for *People* magazine in 1995. And his passion for his favorite topic is infectious. "It's sort of a poor man's oceanography," he told the magazine. "To me, if science isn't fun, then it's really drudgery and it's probably not good science." Ebbesmeyer later remarked, "I always try to tell kids, it doesn't matter what you keep track of, if you keep track of it long enough, it's awesome stuff." But behind the zeal and sense of wonder are some undeniable and sobering facts. "People ask me all the time, how do we clean this up?" he said to the standing-room-only Fun Fair crowd. "I honestly don't know. My view is that plastic is eventually going to end humanity." QUACK

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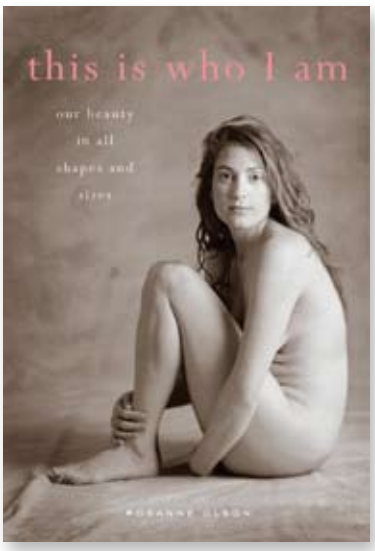
Stephanie, 41

My body looks more like my mother's every day. Does everyone say that? Regular workouts don't seem to budge the steady coating of fat. I'd like to lose a lot of weight and gain a lot of muscle. I do triathlons; I would like to look like a triathlete. If you asked me ten years ago—when I was at least fifty pounds lighter—what I like about my body, I would have said absolutely nothing. Now I could care less what I look like when I'm competing.

What people don't realize when they look at me is that I am a lawyer and have two advanced degrees and am working on my third. People are always shocked. I'm not sure if I look dumb or if they just don't expect this from a black woman.



Framing Beauty *In her book* This Is Who I Am: Our Beauty in All Shapes and Sizes, *photographer Rosanne Olson, M.S. '81, presents classically composed nude portraits of women aged nineteen to ninety-five. "I looked for the beauty within each person," she writes, "for surely it was there to be discovered." Adding another dimension to each image is an account by the subject—often as revealing as the images themselves—describing her feelings about her body.*

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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.*

Mark Twain: Unsanctified Newspaper Reporter (University of Missouri Press, 2008) by James Caron, M.A. '79, Ph.D. '83. "A gracefully written work that reflects both patient research and considered judgment to chart the development of an iconic American talent."

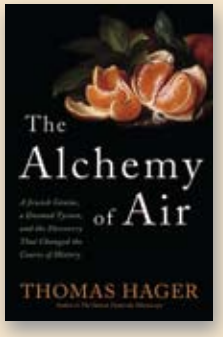
Stand Alone or Come Home (Barclay Press, 2008) by Lon Fendall, M.A. '69, Ph.D. '72. "This well-documented book explores the moral and Christian principles that undergirded [Senator Mark] Hatfield's public career, and also shows how such principles might help others to engage in public service with higher ends in view."

Easy Company Soldier (St. Martin's Press, 2008) by Sgt. Don Malarkey with Bob Welch '76. "Takes us not only into the battles fought from Normandy to Germany, but into the heart and mind of a soldier who beat the odds to become an elite paratrooper."

Steve Prefontaine: Rocketman (Lulu, 2008) by Bree T. Donovan and Linda Prefontaine '75. "Does not so much tell the success story of Prefontaine the athlete, but explores a deeper definition of success and the higher values present in Pre the person."

The Heart of Being Hawaiian (Watermark Publishing, 2008) by Sally-Jo Keala-o-Ânuenue Bowman, M.S. '84. "Eloquently describes the problems and promise facing Hawaiians today. Through personal encounters with many others of Hawaiian ancestry, she shows us how accommodations can be made between traditional values and modern ways."

Mentioned in this issue:



THE ALCHEMY OF AIR: A JEWISH GENIUS, A DOOMED TYCOON, AND THE SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY THAT FED THE WORLD BUT FUELED THE RISE OF HITLER *(Random House, 2008) by Thomas Hager*

STRAND: AN ODYSSEY OF PACIFIC OCEAN DEBRIS *(Oregon State University Press, 2008) by Bonnie Henderson*

THIS IS WHO I AM: OUR BEAUTY IN ALL SHAPES AND SIZES *(Artisan, 2008) by Rosanne Olson*

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Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

NEUROSCIENCE

Mental Floss

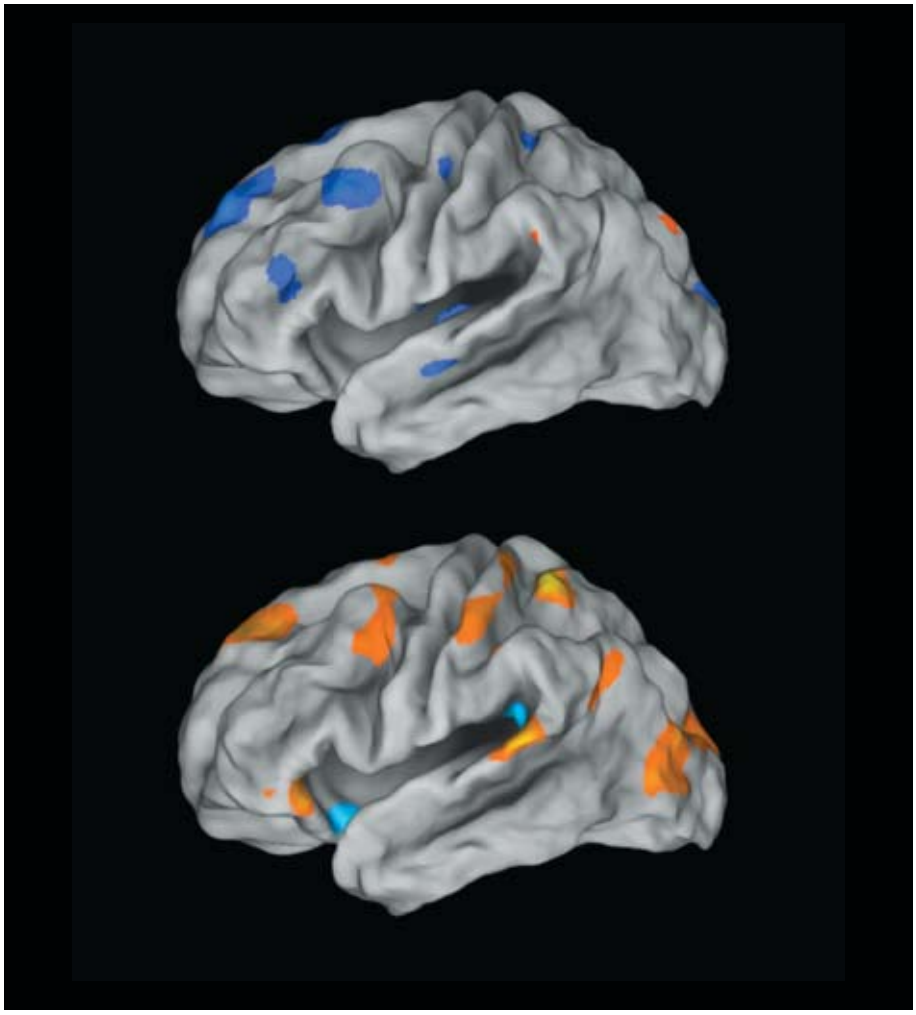
Eastern meditation practices examined in UO laboratory.

The obvious connection between exercise and physical fitness propels millions of Americans to the gym each week; but is there an analogous form of mental workout to benefit the brain? Eastern cultures have developed mental exercises over thousands of years, and now Eastern mind-body science is the subject of continuing study at the University of Oregon.

The research involves a control group using a simple relaxation technique and an experimental group practicing a meditation technique known as integrative body-mind training (IBMT). Subjects spend twenty minutes per day using IBMT and, in as few as five days of practice, show measurable improvements in mood and the ability to handle stress in comparison with the control group. The technique, developed by UO visiting professor Yi-Yuan Tang, combines body- and mind-relaxing techniques with breathing exercises and other methods of mental imagery and mindfulness training. The IBMT sessions involve a qualified "trainer" who helps guide subjects *away* from thought control and toward an optimal, balanced state of mental release and body relaxation.

"When you say 'meditation,' you usually think of mind control; you close your eyes, you think quietly, and control your thoughts and concentrate," Yi-Yuan says. "But if your body doesn't cooperate with your mind," the final state of meditative bliss is difficult to achieve.

Difficult yes, but after being introduced to IBMT, thousands of subjects seem to be



COURTESY YI-YUAN TANG

Neural imaging reveals the effects on a depressive subject's brain after one month of integrative body-mind training. Top: before IMBT (blue shading highlights areas of deactivation; depression usually induces brain deactivation). Below: after one month of IMBT (red-yellow regions indicate activation, revealing a dramatic positive change in brain activity).

achieving just that state of contentedness. Research into the technique points to other benefits as well. In one Chinese study, people suffering depression demonstrated dramatic, measurable increases in indicators of brain metabolism that are low in depressed people. In another Chinese study, fifty-four-year-olds were divided into two groups: one exercising their brains with IBMT and one exercising their bodies using traditional physical fitness activities. After a decade of closely following these subjects, Chinese scientists have noted that the IBMT group is now showing better memory and learning ability, as well as increased emotional stability.

But could IBMT practiced in Western society show the same results as the ones in Yi-Yuan's work at Dalian University of Technology in China? Yi-Yuan came to the University of Oregon to work with Michael Posner and Mary Rothbart, both professors emeriti in the psychology department, to design studies that would explore IBMT's effectiveness in the United States.

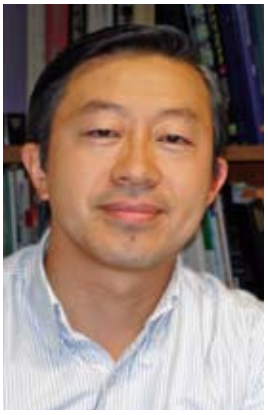
Posner has been involved in studies on attention for decades, and made significant contributions to understanding consciousness, memory, and information processing. A member of both the National Academy of Sciences and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, he is a recipient of psychology's highest honor, the American Psychological Association's Distinguished Scientific Contribution Award.

Yi-Yuan and Posner collaborated on short-term studies of undergraduates in China last year and a parallel study with undergraduates at the UO earlier this year. Although the trainer's role with American students required some shifts from the approach used in China, the results were essentially the same: Both sets of students experienced improvements in mood and attention, and decreases in stress.

Study participants start with a pre-session meeting with a trainer for introductions and explanations of the process. This helps the subject begin "adjusting the mind-body state," Yi-Yuan says. Then comes the three-step training itself. First, there are body relaxation exercises, then breathing practices, and finally the use of mental imagery techniques. A prerecorded CD leads subjects through the three techniques of IBMT, but attempts to have subjects practice the technique with only the CD have failed. The trainer is central to the successful practice of IBMT, at least for beginners. The parallel Yi-Yuan makes is one of a patient and his doctor.

"When a person has a problem, a physical problem, and needs to see a doctor, you don't just check the Internet and find a drugstore," Yi-Yuan says. The experience of a professional is important. "When we try to explore your inner world, your private space, you need expert guidance."

Trainers help guide IBMT subjects away from the mind stress of *constraining* their thoughts to a place where they clear their thoughts. From there, the goal becomes a state of body-mind balance, where the sense of the body is actually lost. Yi-Yuan, who has been practicing these techniques for more than thirty years, says it is difficult to describe this state because the feeling is so deep. However, he says it is so quiet that the usual sense of the body is missing and replaced with a feeling of balance with nature and the environment. Time seems to disappear and moves fast, and he often employs a bell to help him come out of the peaceful state.



Professors Yi-Yuan Tang and Michael Posner

"With meditation, it is not easy to use accurate terms," Yi-Yuan says. He conveys the experience by saying the state is akin to waking up to a good morning, with the sun shining and birds singing, and there is neither positive nor negative emotion; the body is just there, observing and experiencing from a distance of neutral bliss.

For Yi-Yuan the objective of IBMT is clear: helping practitioners enlarge the perfect moment. And it seems to be working. Tests used to measure attention, mood, and stress in those using IBMT show improved handling of mental conflict and an increased ability to maintain attention. Trainees subjected to three minutes of increasingly more difficult arithmetic—a *highly* accurate indication of stress—show significantly lower levels of the stress hormone cortisol than members of a control group.

In light of the positive results from the tests already conducted, Yi-Yuan and Posner plan to expand the study by including more subjects. In the new study—beginning in December—a group of 144 undergraduates at the UO will practice IBMT or relaxation along with a companion group of 144 undergraduates in China. The study will continue for six months, a period significantly longer than that of their previous tests. During this time, subjects will undergo four brain scans each to look for measurable differences resulting from IBMT: one to establish a baseline, and one each after five days, four weeks, and six months.

Interestingly, the work will be funded by the John Templeton Foundation. Since its inception in 1987, the foundation has supported inquiry into many of life's big questions: from research into the laws of nature and the universe to questions on the nature of love, gratitude, forgiveness, and creativity. The legendary Wall Street investor who created the foundation believed that rigorous research and scholarship—even in areas not traditionally studied—is at the very heart of new discoveries and human progress.

Posner expects the upcoming study's findings to be similar in China and at the UO. These studies may eventually lead to more people trying this amalgam of Chinese body-mind meditation techniques, Posner says. He adds that while a trainer is currently necessary to help a person obtain the state that allows for physiological benefits, he says that might change in the future. "If [IBMT] continues to work and everyone can get these results and they are reproduced by several labs, perhaps the crucial ingredient might be understood." And once that key element is identified, it might be exploited to allow an individual—or many millions of individuals—to apply the technique, sans trainer, as a workout for a healthier, and possibly even blissful, brain.

—Tracy Ilene Miller, M.S. 06

JIM BARLOW

STUDY ABROAD

The Global Classroom

UO ranked in top-twenty nationally for number of students studying abroad

When Rachel Smith '06, '08, left for a community development internship in the West African country of Senegal in 2005, she thought her future was pretty well laid out. With two other study-abroad experiences under her belt, and about to graduate with an international studies degree, Smith felt prepared for a career in international development. But not long into her six-month internship with an organization dedicated to promoting education and sustainable development in Africa, Smith visited rural medical clinics and was shocked by their lack of such basic supplies as clean water and alcohol. "It's crazy that with the technology we have today, and the resources we have, that there are places where they can't even get basic antibiotics," Smith says. She returned to Oregon committed to improving the world—even if it meant changing her career trajectory before it had even started.

Life-altering experiences are common with students who study abroad and could be a reason why the Institute of International Education (IIE), a nonprofit education and training organization, has seen a steady increase in study-abroad participation in the past ten years. But despite growing numbers and the allure of adventure, romance, and stories to tell the folks back home, just over one percent of college students nationwide studied abroad in the 2005–6 academic year. Remarkably, nearly one quarter of UO students do so—a number that recently prompted the IIE to rank the UO in the top twenty public research institutions for the percentage of undergraduates who study abroad.

In the past decade, the UO has nearly doubled the number of its students studying outside the United States—from 574 in 1997–98 to approximately 1,020 last year. From studying renewable energy in Reykjavik, Iceland (recently named the greenest city in the world), to learning about Asian culture and development in Ho Chi Minh City, Vietnam, or critiquing art in Florence, Italy, where museums seem nearly as common as cafés, UO students experience the farthest reaches of the world. That is, unless they want to go to Antarctica—the one continent not currently accessible through the international affairs office.

COURTESY RACHEL SMITH

Nearly a quarter of UO students broaden their educations by studying or interning in a foreign country. While on an internship in Africa, Rachel Smith, shown here dancing in Senegal, was inspired to take up the study of medicine.

In addition to traditional study-abroad programs, international internships, like the one Smith participated in, are offered through IE_3 Global Internships. Available to juniors, seniors, postbaccalaureate, and graduate students, these internships bridge the gap between academic and real-world experiences: teaching in China, practicing journalism in Chile, promoting sustainable tourism in Scotland. Though interns make up a small percentage of study-abroad participants, that number has been growing since the program began in 1996.

The UO international affairs program traces its roots back to Kenneth Ghent, who became the University's first international student adviser in 1952. Ghent,

hired as a mathematics instructor in 1935, saw the value of international exchanges and worked to ensure that the UO was a welcoming place for international students. After Ghent retired, the Office of International Affairs continued to thrive under the direction of Tom Mills, for whom the Mills International Center in the Erb Memorial Union is named. It was under Mills' direction that the UO created a centralized study-abroad office.

It was also during Mills' tenure (1976–2005) that the University saw the high watermark year for international student attendance. That came in 1996, when almost 12 percent of the student body came from foreign countries. Most of the UO's international students come from East Asia, so when the Asian financial crisis began in 1997, economic factors led to a steady decline in the number of students coming to Eugene. Recently, that number has been climbing again, up to 1,187 last year, accounting for about six percent of the student body.

The UO again proved its dedication to study abroad in 2004 when it united with AHA International, an organization that has been coordinating study abroad for university students and faculty members since 1957. Though an academic program of the UO, AHA International provides infrastructure and networking assistance for public and private universities throughout the country; each year, approximately two-thirds of the participants in AHA International programs are from other universities.

As the study-abroad and international student programs have expanded, the UO has maintained a tradition of providing scholarships to support these endeavors. Some support comes in the form of merit-based scholarships, other aid comes from endowments to encourage international study, including generous portions of the $93 million raised for scholarships so far in the University's current fundraising push, Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives.

Study abroad certainly transformed Rachel Smith's life. Since her return from Senegal, she completed a degree in general sciences, participated in an IE_3 medical internship in India, and began applying to medical schools. None of that would have happened, she says, were it not for the opportunities she had to expand her horizons through study abroad.

— Kate Griesmann

IN BRIEF

The UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History *has broken ground on the first of three planned improvements slated for completion in May 2009. The overall $9.55 million project will double the museum's space for collections, research laboratories, galleries, and public programs. The first phase, a new 7,000-square-foot, $2.8 million collections wing, will bring significant items found on public lands in Oregon together under one roof for the first time (the collections are now dispersed in parts of five buildings on or near campus). The image above looks south on the museum from East 15th Avenue. The Phase 1 collections wing (dark brown façade and rectangular structure behind it) and public galleria (gabled roof with skylights) will free the existing collections vault (gold-colored rectangle between gabled peaks) for Phase 2 transformation into a new exhibit hall. The clear gold area represents Phase 3's archaeological research wing.*

MINCH RENDERING BY ROBERTSON SHERWOOD ARCHITECTS / PHOTO BY JACK LIU

Beverly Lewis and UO President Dave Frohnmayer

The Gift of Science

A $13.67 million gift will help launch construction of a $65 million, five- or six-story science building targeted for completion by 2012. The 100,000-square-foot **Robert and Beverly Lewis** Integrative Science Building—to be located northwest of Oregon Hall along Franklin Boulevard—is being named for donors Beverly Lewis '48 of Newport Beach, California, and her late husband, Robert '46. In 2005, the Oregon legislature authorized $30 million in state bonds for the project, provided the University first raised at least $30 million—a figure now surpassed. Nearly $4 million of the Lewis' gift will expand an endowment for the UO's Lewis Center for Neuroimaging, which the Lewises helped establish in 2001 with a $10 million gift.

Professors Named to Endowed Chairs

UO chemistry professor **James Hutchison** '86 is the first occupant of the Lokey-Harrington Endowed Chair in Pure and Applied Chemistry, which recognizes a UO faculty member for outstanding research contributions in materials science. Nationally known for his work in nanotechnology, Hutchison also developed one of the first green-chemistry laboratory courses in the United States, which has become a model for other institutions.

Three faculty members from the UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts recently received Philip H. Knight Professorships recognizing achievements in research, teaching, and international leadership. Professor of architecture **G. Z. "Charlie" Brown** is the founding director of the UO Energy Studies in Buildings Laboratory and a nationally recognized expert on daylighting and energy use in buildings. Professor of landscape architecture **Kenneth Helphand** is among the world's top landscape theorists and historians. A professor in both the Departments of Classics and of Art History, **Jeffrey Hurwit** is a leading scholar of the archaic and classical periods in Greek art and has published major books on Greek art, architecture, and archaeology.

Ink in Their Veins

Each year the School of Journalism and Communication honors the distinguished careers of former journalism school students and faculty members by adding their names to the SOJC Hall of Achievement. This year's inductees are **Butch Alford** '60, editor and publisher of the *Lewiston Tribune*; **Doug Bates** '68, Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter for *The Oregonian*; and **Ken Metzler** '51, professor emeritus and former *Old Oregon* editor.

Kudos for Entrepreneurs

The UO's Lundquist Center for Entrepreneurship has been honored as one of the top fifty programs by *Entrepreneur* magazine and the Princeton Review, taking twenty-third in the survey's graduate category. For five of the past six years, *Entrepreneur* has ranked the Lundquist Center in the top 4 percent of the more than 1,000 entrepreneurship programs evaluated.

Of Particular Note

Physics professor **Davison Soper** has been chosen as a corecipient of the American Physical Society's 2009 J. J. Sakurai Prize for Theoretical Particle Physics for his work in quantum chromodynamics, including applications to problems pivotal to the interpretation of high-energy particle collisions.

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LINGUISTICS

Speaking in Native Tongues

In June 2008, President Dave Frohnmayer presented eighty-six-year-old Virginia Beavert with the University's Distinguished Service Award for her work in preserving Yakama culture and language. Now she's working on her doctoral degree in linguistics.

It was nearly dinnertime on the last day of August 2008 when Yakama elder Virginia Beavert finally decided to enroll at the University of Oregon as a Ph.D. candidate, having spent the previous twenty hours praying for spiritual guidance in a fire-lit tepee. Fifty singers from tribes in Canada, Montana, and the eastern United States packed the sixteen-foot white canvas tent from sundown to sunup to help pray for clarity.

They sat in a circle in front of a half-moon altar, smoking Indian tobacco, chanting. "I spoke in my own language—talking to the Creator about why we were there," Beavert says. "Just as we got started, a young man with long braids walked in. It was my nephew, and he sang the most beautiful songs. Tears were running down my face."

After the ceremony, participants gathered for dinner. A woman approached Beavert. Taking her hands, she said, "Everything will be good for you." And that's when the octogenarian decided to begin her doctorate in linguistics.

Beavert is one of a handful of people who speak Sahaptin—an Indian language with thirteen dialects traditionally spoken along the Columbia River. It's been her lifelong mission to encourage young Yakama Indians to speak their native language. In 1974, she published *The Way It Was*, a book of Yakama legends she collected from Sahaptin-speaking elders and translated into English. In 1975, she published a Saphatin-to-English dictionary.

Beavert is currently working on an expanded version, which will include nearly 7,000 words, phrases, and sentences translated from English to Sahaptin and Sahaptin to English, with CDs of her pronouncing them. For her Ph.D. thesis, she will write her memoir in Sahaptin.

"I was born in a bear cave in the Blue Mountains of Oregon," she says. "My father was half Yakama and half Umatilla. He had hunting privileges in Oregon. He formed a party to go hunting over there, and there was a real bad storm. All of the horses died. They ran out of food. They ended up in a bear cave, and that's where I was born."

JACK LIU

Virginia Beavert is a student again.

Beavert was raised in an Indian village, where no one spoke English, by her great-grandfather, a shaman-doctor, and her great-grandmother, an herbalist-doctor. "They were healers, and we had people coming to our village to see them speaking different dialects. I learned them . . . . I had lots of uncles who spoke many dialects. Nez Perce was my first language."

During the Second World War, seventeen-year-old Beavert served in the U.S. Army as a wireless radio operator. "I had to memorize secret codes," she says. She also spoke only English. "At the end of the war, coming home from the Army, I was stranded in Pendleton," she says. "There was no transportation, and I called home to see if anyone could come and get me. My mother started rattling off in Indian, and I could not understand a word she was saying. It was surprising to me that I forgot my own language."

After the war, Beavert worked as a medical transcriber and stenographer in Seattle. She loved the job because it was language-driven. But her stepfather, Alexander Saluskin, encouraged her to pursue a different career. Speaking three different Indian languages, he traveled to Indian reservations with linguists recording elders speaking their native tongue. "He got too old, too sick," she says. "Before he died he told me to go to school. But I told him I was too old." But she followed in his footsteps nonetheless. She realized her stepfather's dream by publishing the *Yakima Language Practical Dictionary* in 1975 and receiving a B.A. degree in anthropology from Central Washington University.

After graduation, Beavert became the first woman elected to the Yakama general council. She served for fourteen years, until her ninety-year-old mother fell ill. "I took care of her during the day and taught Sahaptin at night." After her mother died, she registered for summer courses for native language teachers at the University of Arizona in Tucson. "Southwestern tribes were talking in their old language but writing it in a linguistic language. I thought, 'I could do the same in Sahaptin.'" And that's exactly what she did to earn an M.A. in bilingual, bicultural education in 1997.

Returning to Seattle, Beavert began work on an expanded Sahaptin dictionary with a linguist at the University of Washington. At the time, the UO was forming the Northwest Indian Language Institute, an organization dedicated to preserving the region's native languages. "I don't know how they got my name, but they called me, and I ended up teaching Indian students that came to the UO during the summer," she says. "It was such fun."

Now she's begun her doctoral program. Like other grad students, she will take up a graduate teaching fellowship to pay tuition costs. She will live on campus like many of her fellow students, but unlike the decades-younger, computer-savvy classmates, she wasn't born into the electronic age. To compensate, she'll need to learn still another language, that of technology.

"It's going to be hard," Beavert expects.

She hopes the younger members of the Yakama tribe will follow her lead, not only in speaking Sahaptin, but also in earning university degrees. "There is a path for them in higher education," she says. "I want them to take it."

—Michele Taylor, M.S. '03

PROFile

Susan Verscheure

Instructor in Human Physiology

JOHN BAUGUESS

There are 250 brains sitting on the desks in the anatomy class lecture hall. And no, this isn't the dissection section. These "brains" aren't gray matter—they're reference notebooks crammed with text, diagrams, and information about the intricate workings of the human body, each created by an anatomy student and tailored to that student's individual learning process.

Susan Verscheure, M.S. '99, Ph.D. '03, who directs the UO's Graduate Athletic Training Program, created the External Brain Project for her undergraduate anatomy students. "I try hard not to make it a memorization class, although anatomy's classically taught that way," Verscheure says.

Instead of forcing students to memorize how the hip bone's connected to the leg bone, she cultivates her students' understanding of the interconnected systems at work within the human form. Students couple these organizing principles with their external brain's storehouse of details, and apply the powerful combination in their labs, lecture discussions, and even during sections of their exams. Verscheure fills her courses with exercises requiring students to use both their internal and external brains to solve problems that mirror challenges they will face as heath-care professionals.

A former athletic trainer, Verscheure has combined her clinical experience with her love of classroom innovation by designing an interactive online simulation of an athletic training facility. Students meet with virtual "patients," perform range-of-motion tests on injured body parts (with internal systems clearly visible, thanks to the magic of animation), and use the information they gather to reach diagnoses.

As for all those facts traditionally memorized in anatomy classes, Verscheure says, her students "can't help but need that information" as they work to identify their patients' problems. She encourages students to take an active role in their learning process by asking them key questions: How do you know? How can we figure this out? Where can you get the information you need?

Verscheure often receives e-mails from former students training for careers in medicine, who report that they're still using their external brain in medical school. But even those students who won't ever take the Hippocratic oath leave her classroom with a deeper internal appreciation for the ways in which minds and bodies work, heal, and grow.

Name: Susan Dawson Verscheure

Education: B.S. '96 in physical education, York University, Toronto; M.S. '99 and Ph.D. '03 in exercise and movement science, University of Oregon.

Teaching experience: Member of the Human Physiology faculty since 2003.

Awards: The UO's 2008 Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching.

Off campus: Verscheure spends her free time canoeing, hiking, and backpacking in the Cascades with her husband and their six-year-old son. She also loves telemark skiing and stays busy training for triathlons (she finished her first half Iron Man in August).

Last word: "For a lot of people, being able to see the body uncovered layer by layer is a really exciting journey."

— Mindy Moreland

White Stag Block Party

Ribbon cut on the UO's Old Town Portland home

A four-day celebration in early October welcomed the public to the grand opening of the University of Oregon in Portland's new home in the White Stag Block.

The refurbished, 103,000-square-foot, certified-green facility [see page 35] in Old Town–Chinatown gives the state's students and professionals more practical opportunities in areas such as journalism, architecture, digital arts, product design, and law. In addition, the building will be a site for continuing education courses in a variety of areas including sustainability leadership, applied information management, and festival and event management.

The move into the building began in the spring with a handful of courses and a steady buildup of on-site support staff members. The grand opening weekend marked the completion of the move, with academic programs, the Library and Learning Commons, and the Duck Store now fully operational.

The celebration included musical performances, guided tours, and opportunities to talk with UO staff members about continuing education and academic programs offered by the University of Oregon in Portland. In addition, experts delivered lectures on subjects such as urban planning and sustainability, and the history of multimedia.

PHOTOS BY FRANK MILLER

Everywhere Is Here

BY LISA POLITO

A tragic drive on an Oregon logging road reminds us that cell phones and GPS can't take the wild out of wilderness.

James Kim was lying on his back in two feet of water. Snowmelt, draining down Big Windy Creek, tugged and billowed the fabric of his jacket, worked its way through the denim weave of jeans, through tennis shoe eyelets, just as it wound its way around boulders, through fallen branches and forest debris; the frigid water—like the wind, the snow, the winter cold—indifferent to his frail clothing, flowed on, past James, to join the wild tumble of the Rogue River, half a mile away. Dense fog had just lifted from the steep-sided canyon near Oregon's Wild Rogue Wilderness, revealing to the searching helicopter crew James's figure. Eleven days after he and his wife compounded their ill-conceived drive up Bear Camp Road with a turn onto a dormant logging road, four days after he left his family behind in their impotent auto, setting out on foot to seek help, the San Francisco technical editor was recovered.

Too late for rescue: James's body had, perhaps days before, succumbed to hypothermia, exposure, exhaustion.

Tragic, this lifeless form in the creek, and tragedy demands of its witnesses reason. Silently, the corpse raises the question: how, in this day and age, could this happen? How could a man driving his family station wagon on Interstate 5 become lost—and ultimately die—in the wilderness?

In hopes of comprehension, follow the water uphill, seek the source. Retrace James's sixteen-mile trek, as authorities did. Skim over the winter-dark stretch of still water, deep as a man's neck for twenty-some feet, down which James must have drifted—conscious or not, alive or not—to end up where he was found. Wind slowly up the steep, boulder-strewn ravine a half-dozen miles, past the bright garments—a red shirt, a girl's blue skirt—abandoned along the way (signposts alternately interpreted as intentionally marking his path or of hypothermia's tightening grip). Pass the tattered fragments of road map to the place James's footprints veered off the logging road. Track each step, plainly pressed into snow, follow them easily all the way along the dirt road; the same road down which James turned his family's silver Saab station wagon ten nights earlier, in the midnight confusion of a winter storm. From the stranded auto and charred-tire remnants of signal fires, the family's route becomes clear: twenty miles down this desolate, treacherous single lane of dirt (known by the benignly bureaucratic label of service road 34-8-36). Over that narrow track, the family car wound precariously around the jagged geography that cradles a wild river, on a road alternately pressed in by forest here, there exposed to slopes that drop precipitously toward the Rogue in a craze of rivulets and creeks endlessly feeding the river's watery hunger. To reach 34-8-36—the literal fork in the road that proved fatal for James—the Kims had already driven more than twenty miles up Bear Camp Road; past snow plows, looming up out of the night in the sweep of headlights like stone sentinels stationed on the shoulder before Bear Camp began to climb; past no less than three oversized yellow signs warning of hazardous road conditions, snowdrift blockages, and no road maintenance. Past a gas station inquiry about road conditions that left James aggravated by the clerk's failure to comprehend their intended route. Past sufficient indicators of concern to give a prudent man pause.

Yet the Kims were not stupid people. James, a senior technical editor for CNet (a prominent, heavily used consumer electronics website), researched, tested, and critiqued cutting-edge gadgets with great passion; under favorite color in his CNet profile, he listed "silicon." His wife Kati, too, had worked at CNet and now mothered their two daughters while running the couple's pair of hip retail boutiques in San Francisco's Noe Valley district. The Kims were successful, intelligent, savvy.

On a lark, they opted for a leisurely return home from Thanksgiving festivities in Seattle: the serpentine windings of coastal Highways 101 and 1, with a couple nights in off-season luxury lodgings, more enticing than the ramrod expediency of Interstate 5. From a stopover in Portland, the family set out in the late afternoon. On the dark, rain-soaked freeway, after a dinner at Denny's in Roseburg, they missed the exit to Coquille and the coast. But the map offered a remedy: another road, a relatively straight shot—from Grants Pass to their lodgings in Gold Beach. Drawn as a dark line, Bear Camp Road appeared an obvious solution. After all, they lived in a modern world, and this was America, land of paved roads and plenty. What could possibly go wrong?

Besides, if anything did, they had cell phones.

By the end of 2006, about the time James and Kati were turning onto Bear Camp Road, roughly half the people in the United States subscribed to cellular service; some had more than one phone (James and Kati had three). In little more than a decade, cell phones changed the human experience. At the mall, on the freeway or beach; in line at amusement parks, concerts, the post office; while hiking or camping in the mountains—in certain areas even at sea—a cell phone brings a reassuring connection to family, friends, in essence, to civilization. We begin to believe that wherever we may wander in the wide world, we need no longer feel alone. We invest great faith in these devices: they are more than tools to us. As if in homage to their quasi-magical nature, we adorn our phones with faceplates, ornate carriers, signature ring tones, making modern-day talismans that help us feel safely attached to society by an invisible tether—a somewhat shamanistic belief substantiated by statistics: about one-third of new cell phone buyers cite emergencies as their chief reason for purchase. That reason represents an implicit belief that whatever crisis might arise, help is only a phone call away—a magical button summoning the police, an ambulance, a tow truck, the reassuring voice of a loved one.

Just as mechanized technology—beginning with the wheel and spinning even now out into space—expands the distances and environments into which humans travel, so microchip technology alters the mindset of travel. In the past, travel definitively removed us from the familiar *here* and took us to a *there*: wherever you go, there you are. Here was home, family, and community, the familiar center of daily life, sharply contrasted by a there composed of all things other, unknown, and alien. With a cell phone in hand, it seems that wherever we roam, we can spontane-

ously, reassuringly connect to our sense of here. As humans, we are adaptable creatures, so both the immediacy and frequency of this experience has begun to blur our conception of place; through our phones, we remain psychologically linked to place and people even when physically absent so that we no longer feel truly dislocated when we go there. Emboldened by this easy, instantaneous connection to civilization, quite literally at our fingertips, we step through our front doors virtually fearless. With a cell phone in hand, everywhere is here.

How, in this day and age, could this happen? How could a man driving his family station wagon on Interstate 5 become lost—and ultimately die—in the wilderness?

Once upon a time, fairy tales, fables, and stories typically contrasted the safe here of human contact with the ultimate there of Wilderness, that massive dark yin threatening civilization's clean, well-lit yang. In the landscape of myth, Wilderness was the realm of fear and hazard, a treacherous terrain in which human beings were the alien-other—alone, outcast, in peril. Wilderness served as the metaphorical stage upon which the epic struggle of man versus nature could play out; the arena where man might rage against forces far greater and yet, in his triumph, celebrate the superiority of human ingenuity. But that was before postindustrialist notions recast the villainous Wilderness as the romantic hero Nature, metamorphosing America's regard for its wild lands. In contemporary mythology, Man has become villain to Nature's imperiled victim; Wilderness, a tenuous space clinging to the world's fringes—remote, inaccessible, far from the reach of the average American. In the twenty-first century, Wilderness cannot conceivably be found on any road map, a scant twenty miles from an interstate exit. Certainly not some place with a cell phone signal.

Yet somewhere in the woods, as the Kims crept along the desolate service road, searching vainly for salvation and slowly running out of gas, one of their cell phones received text messages, connecting to the network momentarily—seemingly magically—via a cell tower fifteen miles away. A full week after the family became stranded, days after their fuel was exhausted and James set fire to the car tires as a signal, and just a few hours after he set out on foot, a resourceful if unauthorized cell phone engineer traced those pings (that briefest connection of phone to network), identified the receiving tower, and reported the discovery to authorities. The mojo of the cell phone talismans had worked; technology, it seemed at that moment, would save the day.

From the several-hundred-mile expanse between Portland and Gold Beach, the search narrowed, concentrating efforts in the area between the Kalmiopsis and Wild Rogue wildernesses. All the way to Bear Camp's snow-packed summit, volunteers hunted for traces of the missing family. James's father hired three private helicopters, the state launched a Black Hawk, and hundreds of emergency workers and volunteers aided in the operation, which proved energetic but fruitless. The forest itself thwarted search efforts: trees shrouded aerial views of service roads, and the rugged terrain, crenulated with steep-sided ravines, kept the helicopters at bay.

In the end, a local resident, a man familiar with the treachery of service road 34-8-36 and the tourist-luring promise of its smooth asphalt apron, speculated as to the Kims' whereabouts. In his private helicopter, he regularly commuted home to Agness, a speck on the map further along Bear Camp than the Kims made it. With such intimate aerial knowledge of the area, he scoured the mountain contours, going in low enough to spot a set of tire tracks in the snow, which eventually led to Kati Kim dancing around on a clear patch of road and frantically waving an umbrella.

By this time, the family's plight had attracted national attention. People across the country tracked the unfolding drama, holding out hope of a happily-ever-after ending. Yet for two full days prior to the rescue of Kati and her daughters, as overnight temperatures dipped near twenty, James was on foot, trekking the woods without food or shelter. Authorities continued to search, their hopes tempered by practical knowledge. For two days more, crews ranged the Big Windy Creek drainage. Their way hindered by boulders and downed trees, search teams slogged through moss, mud, snow, dense brush, and poison oak—a half-hour on the ground soaking them through. Three days after Kati last saw James, the strange miscellany appeared in the searchers' path—pants, the red shirt, a wool sock, sweatshirts, the child's blue skirt. Whether intended to mark his path or abandoned in hypothermic delirium, the items appeared overnight, so authorities believed James was "still on the move."

And on that day, the day before his remains were recovered miles downstream, he may well have been. Still on the move.

With James's body found, the search ended, but attention did not wane. Articles, editorials, blogs, and discussion posts fixated on the same stunned set of questions: *How could this happen? Why was rescue so slow? What could have prevented it?* In other words, everyone was asking, what will protect me? Accusations flew. In the face of the family's harrowing ordeal, however, few were willing to fault the Kims; accounts tended to paint James as heroic, even superhuman. Instead, fingers pointed at everyone from search officials and gov-

ernment agencies, to credit card and cell phone companies, to news media and Internet map sites. Above the din, a lamenting chorus sang of technological salvation: *GPS-linked cell phones, auto-tracking devices, greater cell coverage.* Technology would have saved James Kim. Not surprising, this technological faith, in an age in which we check the weather by opening a browser window, relegate orienteering to our GPS units, get restaurant recommendations from the Internet on our cell phones. We mediate the world via technology. But does this chronic reliance atrophy our ability to interpret the signs and symbols of the physical world?

Consider the Kims.

In alien terrain, on a dark mountain road, the Kims persisted, driving further up a precipitous mountain path into a blizzard, despite obvious cautionary signage, the late hour, and deteriorating road conditions, against reason, distancing themselves from civilization. What defenders speculated (that the narrow road lacked room to turn around) Kati revealed, more than a month after the ordeal, as true. James wanted to turn around, but she thought the road too narrow, the edge dangerously steep.

She also divulged that they passed 34-8-36, sticking with Bear Camp, the correct coastal road. As they gained elevation, the snow deepened. So James opened his door, stuck his head out, and backed down the road. At the fork, 911 calls from all three phones failed. Then, rather than turn around on the wide paved Y, the Kims drove twenty-one miles further away from the known world, disregarding additional opportunities to turn back. From this multitude of incautious choices, a defense might be fashioned; the excuses of darkness, cold, disorientation tacked together. All might be reasoned away. All except this: Kati Kim told authorities that, on their way up Bear Camp Road, long before the forking road, the snowfall, or the midnight retreat (in reverse) down a snowy slope too steep and narrow to turn around on, the couple stopped the car, got out, and removed boulders that blocked their path.

What urged these intelligent people on? What fueled their obstinate twenty-mile progress down a logging road most find fearsome even in daylight? They pressed on in faith. Surely every road led to the comforting safety of a civilized here. Someone—a forest ranger, a local, a snowplow driver—would arrive in the next moment and rescue them. They never turned back because they had all-wheel drive and cell phones, because they did not read the world around them and simply did not comprehend their very presence in the wild. They did not understand that they were on their own. One might imagine that the elemental combination of darkness, cold, snow, and disorientation would have tripped a switch in the back of the brain, some hard-wired survival instinct, and filled them with foreboding. But faith in technology, like faith of any sort, can blind: the Kims were lost four days before they noticed the warning on their Oregon road map—"Not All Roads Advisable."

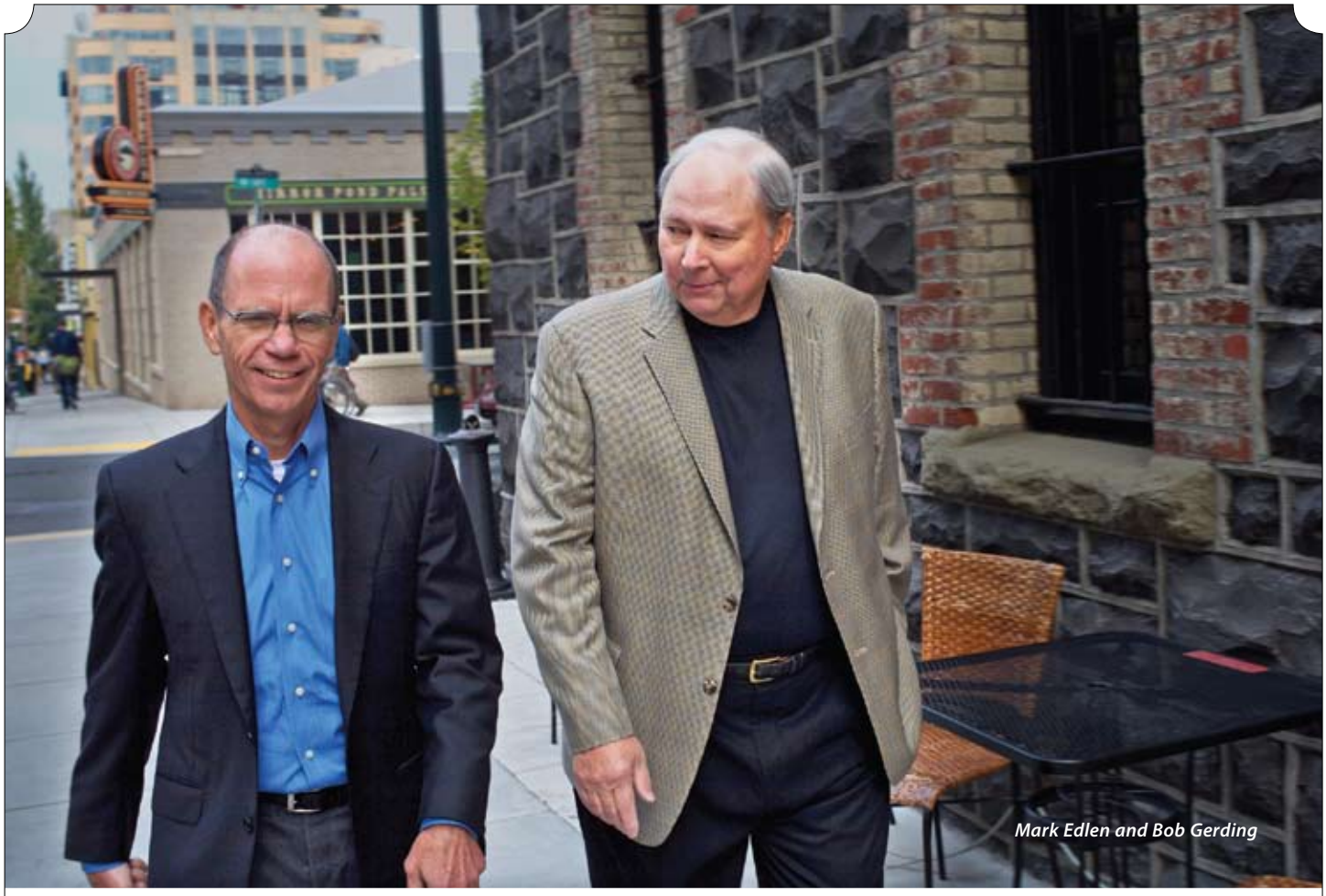
What might have prevented James Kim's death and his family's life-shattering ordeal? Perhaps approaching the unknown with a bit of caution; evaluating the physical world for signs of danger; and realizing that help is not always a phone call away, that sometimes, despite the reassuring trappings of civilization we drag along on our journeys, each of us is all alone in the world.

Soon after the resolution of the Kim search, an injured climber, curled into a snow cave on Mount Hood, managed a brief cell phone call to his family. His two companions had set out for help. Despite injuries, he was in good spirits, and their families were hopeful: the climbers were smart, tough, experienced, confident. So confident, in fact, that they attempted a north face ascent of Mount Hood in winter, when winds on the 11,000-foot peak reach 100 miles-per-hour. Confident enough to travel lightly provisioned, intending a one-day turnaround. December storms—the adrenaline-edged challenge of a winter ascent—crippled rescue efforts. Eventually, like James Kim's eleven days earlier, the injured climber's body was recovered in its cave. But months after that last call, the other two climbers remained lost. The final traces of their attempted retreat dangle from a ruinously steep slope beside a 2,500-foot drop known as "the gullies"—an area infamous for claiming thirteen lives in four decades. Searchers discovered, beneath a shroud of freshly fallen snow, aluminum anchors driven into the ice and rope fashioned into slings that hung ominously empty. The two men may never be found, as if the snow and wind, the sheer immensity of the mountains, swallowed them whole. And yet, even though they might never be recovered, never be seen by humans again, their frozen bodies are definitely somewhere. Out there. Somewhere. Far beyond the reach of any of us here.

Lisa Polito has published essays in The Big Ugly Review *and* Invisible Insurrection *and is currently seeking publication of a nonfiction narrative that reveals both the fantasies and realities of nouveau Harley-Davidson culture. She holds an M.F.A. in creative nonfiction from Goucher College and lives in Kodiak, Alaska. This essay was a finalist in the 2008* Oregon Quarterly *Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.*

New Warning Signs

The U.S. Bureau of Land Management and the Forest Service have installed six large new signs and mile markers along Bear Camp Road and planned to have two information kiosks on BLM Road 34-8-36 installed before winter conditions set in this year. The signs and markers designate the route from Galice Road to Gold Beach—the route the Kims were trying to follow—and make clear that the road is not maintained from November to May. One of the kiosks, which will feature maps and road safety information, will be at the intersection of 34-8-36 and Bear Camp Road.



Mark Edlen and Bob Gerding

GREEN MAKERS

BY TODD SCHWARTZ
PHOTOS BY MICHAEL KEVIN DALY

Almost no one cared about sustainable property development when Bob Gerding '61, M.S. '63, Ph.D. '67, and Mark Edlen '75, M.B.A. '76, formed their company. Now they're the LEED-ers of the pack.

GREEN.

It's the color of the day.

It's the color of the sustainability movement. It's the color of money.

And whether you're all about the biosphere or all about the Benjamins, only the most fervent antidevelopment types would refuse to salute the green flag of Gerding Edlen Development, who, according to the U.S. Green Building Council, have developed more Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design (LEED)-certified buildings than anyone in America.

The one-time biochemist and the one-time suburban kid have done more to reimagine and reshape the urban core of Portland—and now other West Coast cities—than anyone, with the possible exception of fellow megadeveloper Homer Williams. And they've done it as greenly as the changing times and evolving technology would allow for more than a decade—which in the world of sustainable development makes them the Big Bang.

For the first few years, the sustainable-building universe was expanding at considerably less than the speed of light, and the self-described team of "one tall bald guy and one short bald guy" were the butt of countless industry jokes, with their mantra of motion sensors and dimmable light ballasts and operable windows and energy savings. But that was back in the last century. Now, in the world of 2008, the other developers just follow the Gerding Edlen LEED.

Since the two kindred spirits first met, they have been willing to break new ground as they broke new ground, you might say. Yes, they've also gotten wealthy, and no, they aren't perfect environmentalists. But with even the best-intentioned development, as with sustainability itself, there are always tradeoffs. Still, while many real estate developers' carbon footprints resemble a Sasquatch in a two-week clog-dancing marathon, Gerding and Edlen continue to aim for a relatively respectful bit of soft-shoe.

Robert (Bob) Gerding '61, M.S. '63, Ph.D. '67, remembers the greenhouse where he would watch his grandfather carefully graft roses to create new strains. That's where Gerding's love of biology and the natural world took root. That same grandfather scraped together enough money to buy a large piece of land in southwest Portland, which he subdivided into one of the city's earliest postwar suburbs. For Gerding, another seed was planted.

"I never thought I was like him," Gerding says. "But he was very intense, very determined to do whatever he set out to do. And he was successful. I'm proud to be compared to him."

They didn't have much time together—Gerding's grandfather died when Gerding was just eleven years old—but he learned a lot during the time he had.

Gerding graduated from Portland's Lincoln High School in 1955 and traveled south to Eugene to begin pre-med. He left the UO after his freshman year for two years of military service, then came back to Portland, where he worked full-time and went to Portland State University. But UO biology professor Jacob Straus urged him to come back to Eugene and, with the late professor Aaron Novick, encouraged Gerding to pursue research rather than medicine. After earning his master's degree, he spent time at the University of California at Berkeley, then returned to the UO to complete his doctorate in biochemistry under professor Ray Wolfe.

"At the end of the '60s, we dreamed of having our own labs and our own research grants," Gerding says, "but with the Vietnam War going, all the grants dried up and there were just no jobs at major universities. I had a family; I couldn't afford to be a postdoc forever, so I went into clinical biochemistry and starting running a hospital lab."

He began to learn as much about the business of running a lab as he knew about the science. Soon he was designing new lab facilities and consulting on their construction and early computerization. He was moving closer each day to that other path he learned from his grandfather: real estate investment. By the end of the 1970s, Gerding was buying, fixing, and reselling properties.

"The training I received in science and research was the biggest thing in my life," he explains, "because it gave me the ability to independently learn anything and to do anything. I'm a strong analyst and an innovator directly because of my doctoral training and the professors who taught me. And they were also responsible for my attitudes about protecting the environment. Plus, trying to scare up research grant money is great training for trying to find investors for a real estate project!"

Gerding's first major commercial project was the redevelopment of the ADP Plaza building in Portland. He met a forthright commercial real estate broker named Mark Edlen, who was representing one of the tenants interested in the ADP building. He liked him right away.

"I found him to be extremely tough and bright, and an absolutely straight-ahead, high-integrity person," he says. "When he said something, he never wavered from what he said or what he promised."

Then, in 1993, Gerding finally had a chance to build from the ground up and to begin going green. Pacific Gas Transmission decided to move its corporate headquarters to Portland, and the company's CEO, Steve Reynolds, was one of the first executives committed to creating an environmentally conscious and energy-efficient building. When the project was done, they had built a structure that saved more energy than any other building in Portland ever had. Real estate broker Edlen was also involved in the PGT project as the owner's representative, and again he and Gerding clicked.

"I wasn't looking for a partner," Gerding explains, "I just really liked Mark. And we worked well together. He was very capable and I was very capable, but when you put us both together we were a lot more than that."

A year passed, then one day Gerding phoned Edlen and asked if he'd ever thought about going into development . . .

Mark Edlen, '75, M.B.A. '76, was born in Fort Madison, Iowa, a town of not quite 10,000 people in the state's southeastern tip, beside the Mississippi River. At eleven, he moved with his family to the western 'burbs of Portland, in Beaverton. His father was a lumber salesman, his mother worked at Sears and was a homemaker, and Edlen (pronounced "EED-len," as in LEED) grew up in what he calls a "T-One-Eleven special," the kind of inexpensive plywood tract homes that proliferated after World War II. Edlen has

"WE WORK WITH THE IDEA THAT IF WE CAN BUILD IN ENVIRONMENTS WHERE THERE IS ALTERNATIVE TRANSPORTATION, AND BUILD AS SUSTAINABLY AS POSSIBLE, WE CAN LEAVE A MUCH SOFTER FOOTPRINT."

been interested in finance and real estate since he was a kid, and he's always been a go-getter. During his last two years at Sunset High School, he was working nearly full-time as a journeyman clerk at Safeway, making good money.

So when he found himself at the UO, as the first in his family to go to college, majoring in business was a foregone conclusion. He powered right through to his M.B.A., then went to work in sales for Xerox in Portland.

"It was a great opportunity to learn about corporate America," Edlen says, "and it very clearly cemented my notion that I wanted to stay in Oregon and not transfer around the country. I love it here."

Where else could Edlen so easily enjoy the many outdoor pursuits he had come to enjoy as a dedicated member of the UO Outdoor Program, where he had backpacked and climbed and kayaked? So, after two years, when Xerox asked him to transfer, Edlen left the company and started a small residential real estate brokerage. The brokerage grew, but his background and education kept leading him toward the larger-scale commercial side of the real estate business, and in the early '80s he joined the firm of Cushman and Wakefield as a leasing agent. He would be there for fifteen years.

Along the way, he represented Bank of America as they explored leasing space in a building being developed by a team that included a former research scientist named Bob Gerding.

"I was impressed right away by how smart Bob is," Edlen says. "He's one of the best big thinkers I've ever met, and with him the glass isn't just half full, it's overflowing onto the table! We had a natural fit with each other, a very candid relationship."

Not long after their first encounter, Edlen again found himself working on a build-to-suit project that involved Gerding and a new aspect: a focus on energy cost savings, a prosaic but powerful bottom-line concern that is really where the seeds of green building germinated.

"That project went very successfully, and before long we had teamed up to acquire a piece of dirt in John's Landing for a project. At that point in time I called Bob and said, 'This is ridiculous—we ought to start a company.' So that's what we did."

Regardless of who called the other first, it was an effective partnership, in that their skill sets were so complimentary, and a unique partnership, in that no specific division of labor was established.

"We've never really delegated responsibilities to one or the other of us," Edlen points out. "We worked collaboratively from the first day."

And it was also a partnership born in the mid-1990s, when the U.S. economy was on a drunken-sailorish multi-year bender—a fine time to be in the development business. Gerding Edlen's bread-and-butter work, build-to-suit corporate office space, was the foundation of the firm—and still is, even though it's their condos that get all the press. The company grew quickly, in part because of their mutual backgrounds on the service side of commercial real estate.

"Since we came from commercial sales and leasing as opposed to the sticks-and-bricks side or the financing side," says Edlen, "we were really prepared to think hard about who our customer was and how we could serve them, how we could out-deliver their needs."

They were also able, like the first mammals, to do business around and under the heavily capitalized but lumbering feet of the giant developers.

"We were able to kind of work in the seams, so to speak, or the voids," Edlen says, "whether it was a historic rehab, or a public-private partnership, or a client who had some needs that were a little off-the-wall or left-of-center. We were able to work with them and to find solutions to what their needs were, clients like [advertising giant] Wieden+Kennedy, Portland State University, InFocus—whomever. It really created opportunities."

From the first, Gerding Edlen seized those opportunities with a novel combination of bottom-line sense—they didn't care if their clients' only motivation for saving energy and resources was cutting costs, as long as it got done—and high-angle vision: They were able to convince those same clients to spend a little more in the short-term to save a lot more over the long haul.

"We were good at coming up with ways to convince both clients and governments to try new things," Gerding says. "We would propose both a building and process to get to that building. It's a lot like winning a research grant—you must have a well-formed argument and a facility for creating an effective public-private partnership. And it takes patience to do new things in this industry—with each new social or environmental goal you hope to achieve, you have to demonstrate commercial viability in either cost-savings or productivity gains."

Project by project, Gerding Edlen and their team of local architects, engineers, contractors, and vendors—to whom they remain steadfastly loyal — changed the face of a city and began to get noticed around the country and around the world for their commitment to what was becoming known as green building. The Wieden+Kennedy headquarters, as well as Portland's Brewery Blocks, Pearl District, and South Waterfront neighborhoods, are icons of sustainable develop-

Clockwise from left: The Brewery Blocks Project in Portland, showing, from foreground to back, Whole Foods Market, the Brewhouse and Cellar Building, and The Henry, a mixed-use condominium with a gold LEED rating; the exterior of the Gerding Theater, the first performing arts center in the United States to achieve platinum LEED status; and an interior shot of the Gerding Theater

ment and what Gerding and Edlen call "placemaking." Now they've even expanded their signature style to the world capital of baby-you-can-drive-my-car: Los Angeles.

"We have formulated a notion that we call 20-minute living," explains Edlen. "We look for development opportunities where, within 20 minutes, people can walk or bike or take public transportation—basically anything but get in their cars—to work, school, cultural events, restaurants, grocery stores, and more. We work with the idea that if we can build in environments where there is alternative transportation, and build as sustainably as possible, we can leave a much softer footprint. We think about how we can use as many locally sourced materials as possible, and what those materials are. All the cabinets we use are sustainably grown agrifiber, the floors are sustainably grown and harvested woods, we've gotten the toxins out of the paints and glues and carpets, we introduce a lot of fresh air into the buildings—today, if you aren't building in a sustainable fashion, I think you will very soon be seen as creating buildings that are obsolete even before they are completed."

The state-of-the-green in sustainable building today is represented by LEED platinum certification from the Green Building Certification Institute, which is the nationally accepted benchmark for measuring the "design, construction, and operation of high-performance green buildings."

In 2006, working with Oregon Health & Science University, on land fronting the Willamette River in Portland that had for years been an industrial dumping ground, Gerding Edlen and their team completed what may well be the greenest commercial building in America. Its south side is covered in photovoltaic panels; 100 percent of the sewage produced inside is processed internally (it isn't even attached to the city sewer system); its toilets flush and its landscaping is irrigated with rainwater (in fact, the building can process so much of what would normally be runoff that it is a net exporter of water to the city); and the combined on-site heat and power production annually slices some 9 million pounds of carbon dioxide from its carbon footprint.

Both Gerding and Edlen are proud of the OHSU Center for Health and Healing, and both are also completely, and probably congenitally, unsatisfied.

"I've decided I'm probably going to be frustrated for the rest of my working life," says Edlen, "because we're just not getting there fast enough. Recently we were able to develop this building that is very successful in processing sewage and capturing water, to the point where we aren't on the sewer and we export water. It's been tougher on the energy side. The best we've done so far is a 60 to 65 percent savings in energy over a comparable code-designed building. That's a platinum-level project. But we still have a long way to go to get to buildings that sustain themselves."

According to the U.S. Green Building Council, commercial buildings use 60 percent of all the electricity consumed in America, so Gerding and Edlen hear the clock ticking.

"Over the next four years," Edlen declares, "we will be trying to get to the point of building buildings that consume more waste than they produce and produce more energy than they consume. And which do the same thing with water—

"BUILDINGS ARE ASSETS WITH 100- TO 200-YEAR LIFE CYCLES, SO ALL DEVELOPERS HAVE A RESPONSIBILITY TO BUILD QUALITY, SUSTAINABLE PROJECTS THAT DON'T SPEND THE NEXT CENTURY WASTING RESOURCES."

because water will dwarf energy as the most serious shortage we face. Getting to that point will be a tall order! But I think we'll get there. People are much more aware of and sensitive to these concerns, and we're seeing large-scale customer demand for green buildings. Just three or four years ago, maybe only 5 percent of our customer base was concerned about sustainability. Now they understand—and are willing to pay for—the importance of sustainability. They see the payback.

"But I also still get plenty of people saying to me, 'How much more does it cost?' My sense is that, on a $100 million building, to go from [LEED] silver [certification] to gold, you're probably talking three quarters of a [percentage] point to one point. To go from gold to platinum, you're probably talking about a couple of points. But then, what's your payback? And what kind of incentives or tax credits are out there? When we started doing this stuff ten years ago, it was maybe 3 percent more costly to get to the equivalent of LEED gold. But today, because we're smarter about how we're doing this, and our architects and engineers and contractors have been doing this with us for ten years, that's changed for the better."

"Sometimes," Gerding adds, "Mark and I get credit for being gurus or whatever about sustainability. But it was a team effort. All of this stuff was. And everybody had to buy into it. They had to buy into working hard and being innovative. Mark often talks about the principle of having a team, and we all go into the ditch together—if we get into a ditch—and we'll all get out of the ditch together."

Sometimes the ditch becomes a canyon, and the economy itself falls in. Like in 2001, when Gerding Edlen Development had just dug a very large and expensive hole for the Brewery Blocks project—and then September 11 happened. Or today, when the real estate market and the banking industry have dug a ditch that is rather ominously grave-shaped.

While neither Gerding nor Edlen are particularly eager to discuss the down times, they have survived, and no doubt will, by once again returning to their warm-blooded instincts of being quicker than the dinosaurs.

"We were commercial office developers long before we were condo developers," Gerding says simply.

"We'll weather this period," Edlen says. "We'll shift as the market shifts. One example is our South Waterfront District project called 3720—instead of selling condos we're going with apartments. We'll certainly be doing more office development work than we have in recent years. It has always been all about problem solving, and we have an exceedingly underrecognized and underappreciated design, engineering, and construction community right here in Portland. We will remain nimble, quick on our feet, and entrepreneurial. And we'll keep looking all over the globe for the best ideas. What I call the Big Stupid Idea, the one that no one thought would work and ends up changing everything."

Gerding is mostly retired these days and, with his wife Diana, devotes himself mainly to philanthropy (witness the acclaimed Bob and Diana Gerding Theater in Portland, where the decrepit Armory building was transformed into the nation's first National Register of Historic Places building and first performing arts center to achieve LEED platinum certification) and some consulting. Edlen (a self-diagnosed "news junkie" and a voracious reader of periodicals) and his team of architects and builders travel widely in Europe, Asia, and elsewhere looking for breakthrough ideas, trends, and technologies.

"We don't have all the answers here," he says. "We don't even know all the questions. So by traveling and being open to new things, we can experiment with our own projects and bring what's working around the world back here. Buildings are assets with 100- to 200-year life cycles, so all developers have a responsibility to build quality, sustainable projects that don't spend the next century wasting resources."

Gerding, naturally, agrees: "We need to continuously reimagine the city and the ways we live in it for the coming centuries, and we need to have government leaders as well as private leaders accomplishing that vision, so that the next generations of people like Mark and me and the team with which we work can build that future."

In that future, obvious things will happen: "More and more emphasis will be placed on living close to public transit lines," says Edlen, "whether it's in Hillsboro or Gresham or urban Portland, in our case; or in any part of any city in the country."

And less obvious things will happen: "Buildings will be viewed more as vehicles to create social interaction than as commodities," Edlen continues. "With wise placemaking—creating interesting places for people to live, work, learn, and interact with each other every day—buildings and neighborhoods and how they are developed really create an opportunity to do something different and better. I grew up in the

suburbs, but that way of living and working just isn't sustainable over the long run. Getting up in the morning, going to the garage, hopping in the Chevy, driving thirty minutes alone to park in another garage and go up to your office, then doing it all in reverse at the end of the day—that's just not going to be seen as a high-quality lifestyle."

And in fact, Gerding and Edlen will be the first to admit, the old notion of the haves living in the suburbs while the have-nots live in the inner city is beginning to reverse. Virtually all of the condos that Gerding Edlen and other urban-core developers have built are priced for the moderately to substantially affluent. Before recent decreases, prices were routinely topping $400 to $500 per square foot of living space. At that rate, the future city might just look like a replay of the Middle Ages: the elite live inside the walls while the modern-day serfs populate the surrounding lands.

"We are beginning to understand," Edlen says, "that a vital piece of sustainability is social equity. How can sustainability be brought to those who aren't affluent? We need to create buildings and places that let people live a high-quality lifestyle and do it in an energy and cost-efficient manner, so that more of their incomes can go toward food and education and the like, and less toward the costs of transportation. It's a challenge we all face, and one we haven't done well with as an industry. But we will continue to address it—our company just completed 140 units of affordable housing in conjunction with the Housing Authority of Portland. They are LEED gold-certified and targeted for people at 25 to 70 percent of median family income. It's our responsibility to address that challenge."

So, okay, Mark Edlen and Bob Gerding are developers, and maybe you're no fan of development. Or maybe you live (or used to live) in a neighborhood that has been drastically reshaped (and concurrently repriced) by one of their developments. There are always tradeoffs—the paper-or-plastic conundrum. At one point in the conversation, Edlen slaps the wood of his conference table and says: "See this? This is the same certified, sustainably grown-and-harvested wood we use for the floors in many of our buildings. It's the greenest hardwood source we have found. But it's grown in South America, then shipped to China to be milled, then shipped here! Is that really an improvement in our footprint? In the end, all you can do is use your best judgment and never stop looking for better solutions."

And all we can do is give Gerding and Edlen the benefit of the doubt. They share a love of the great outdoors and the natural world. They have put their money where their green is for the life of their company. The biochemist and the suburban kid have been green-makers longer and more often than probably anyone else in the country. It hasn't always been easy—you try spending months in meetings attempting to convince city code officials that it's really all right, really, to flush toilets with rainwater. They preach (and then actually build) sustainability, social interaction, creative placemaking, ethics, and transparency in all their dealings.

Here's the thing: Until the lights go out on this particular branch of the primate tree, development is inevitable and can be beneficial—and, if every developer thought like these two guys, those sustainably powered, natural-light-augmented, motion-controlled lights will stay on much longer.

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland writer who is committed to minimizing his carbon footprint by substantially limiting the hours he works each day.

FRANK MILLER

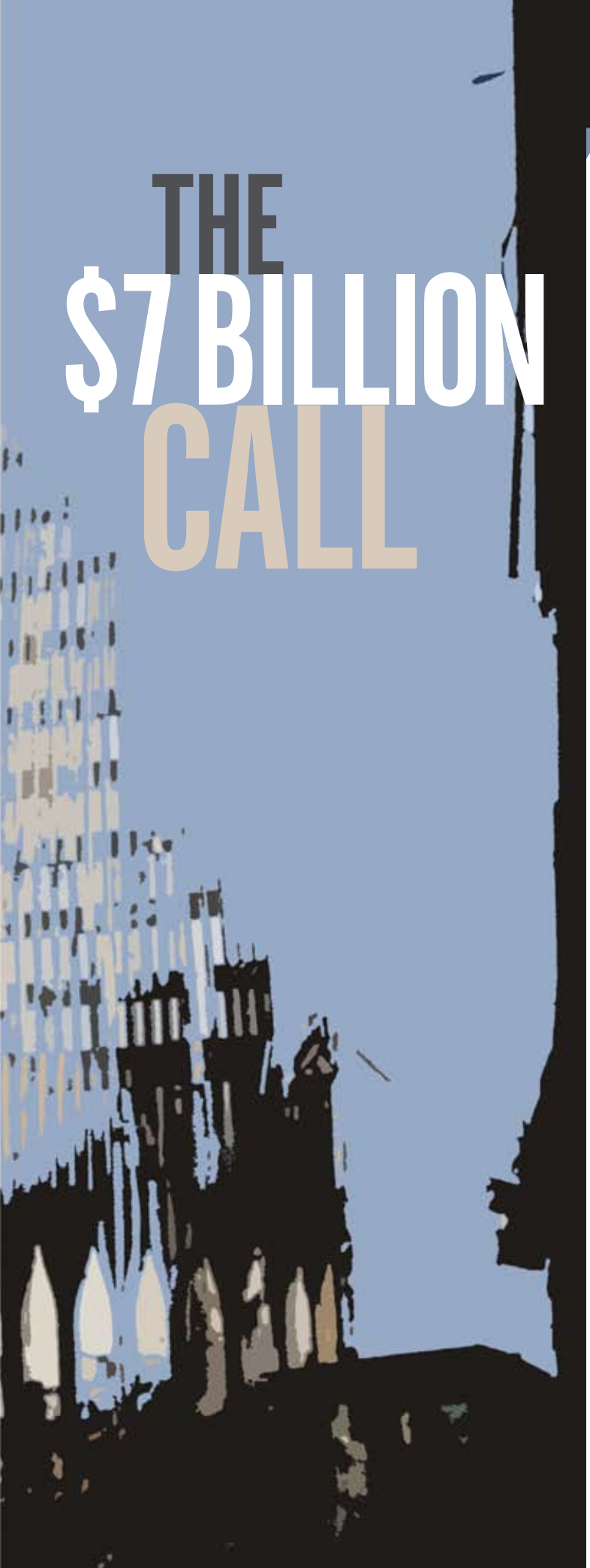
A LEED OF OUR OWN

As the University of Oregon was preparing for the grand opening of its new Portland home in the White Stag Block early this fall (see page 24), it received word that the three-building complex had earned LEED gold certification, one of the highest recognitions granted by the U.S. Green Building Council. The council's rating criteria include sustainable site development, water savings, energy efficiency, materials selection, and indoor environmental quality. The thoroughly green approach to renovating the White Stag Block, Skidmore Block, and Bickel Block buildings was accomplished while also maintaining the historic character that has earned them listings on the National Register of Historic Places.

Among the examples of practices that got the gold for the University of Oregon in Portland:

- More than 98 percent of the materials demolished out of the White Stag Block buildings were diverted from landfills, and many materials were reused within the complex itself.
- Gym flooring salvaged out of the Gerlinger Annex on the Eugene campus was reused for flooring in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts space and the Portland Duck Store.
- The White Stag Block has a rainwater storage system that will capture almost all of the rain that falls on the roofs of the three buildings and use it with low-flow bathroom fixtures, reducing the buildings' water use by more than 40 percent.

UO classes began at the White Stag Block in spring 2008, and all academic programs had moved in by early October. The developer on the project was Venerable Properties. For more information about the renovation and LEED certification, visit pdx.uoregon.edu/leed.



THE $7 BILLION CALL

UNRAVELING THE INSURANCE CLAIMS AFTER THE ATTACKS ON THE WORLD TRADE CENTER IN NEW YORK WAS THE SUPER BOWL OF MEDIATION FOR RANDY WULFF.

BY ERIC APALATEGUI

When legendary New York judge Michael Mukasey called in 2004 to ask California attorney Randy Wulff '70 to umpire a battle raging since the 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center, Wulff almost couldn't believe his ears. It wasn't so much his surprise that Mukasey, who is currently serving as attorney general of the United States, wanted him to sort out the largest insurance claim in the history of the world. No, it was more the words slipping between his own lips: "Your honor," he said, "it would feel unpatriotic to decline."

When Wulff hung up he said to his wife, Krys: "That just sounded so *cheesy*. I can't believe I said that." Four years later, he chuckles at a line his Hollywood friends surely would edit out. "But it was true. That's how I felt."

Wulff visited the World Trade Center site when he went to New York City to interview with Mukasey for the job he would later accept.

"It's impossible to go to ground zero and not be a little overwhelmed by the breadth of the tragedy," Wulff says. "The only way [the nation] was going to heal is if they rebuilt something, hopefully bigger and better than ever. And the only way it was going to get rebuilt is if somebody sorted out this incredible legal snarl. And that's what I was being asked to do."

The lawsuits, it seems, started before the dust from the fallen towers cleared. A few months before the attacks, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey awarded ninety-nine-year leases to Silverstein Properties and Westfield Group. Silverstein would manage 12 million square feet of office space, while Westfield leased 427,000 square feet of retail space, considered Manhattan's most successful mall. The equivalent of all leased floor space would house every UO building and athletic facility—twice.

Silverstein and Westfield had negotiated insurance coverage for the complex, but by September 11 they had yet to finalize policy language. After the attacks, the myriad layers of insurance companies and the lessees hired attorneys by the platoon. Those lawyers endlessly labored over legalese, debated definitions, and disputed dollars.

Before Wulff became involved, proceedings settled some matters, most notably setting the upper policy limit at $7 billion—at least four times the previous record for a single insurance claim. But the sides couldn't agree whether the value of the obliterated buildings and lost income hit that mark. The rancor grew.

The insurance companies called for an appraisal, guided by a three-person panel, to put real-dollar values on the losses. They chose panelist Jonathon Held of New York, one of the nation's foremost appraisers. Bill O'Connell of Texas, an accountant in charge of Deloitte's Forensic and Dispute Services division, represented the lessees. Then the two sides had to agree on a neutral third member—an "umpire" in disputed appraisals—to lead the panel.

"A significant amount of research went into potential candidates," Held says. "We're talking heartbeat-away-from-the-Oval-Office-type guys."

The first contact was by e-mail. "I actually thought it was spam," Wulff says. "I couldn't fathom why someone 3,000 miles away was interested in me."

Mukasey ultimately selected him over a prominent New York attorney. "I think Mukasey knew that Wulff had the right stuff and that, being from across the country, he would be less influenced by what he would read in *The New York Times*," Held says. "The stakes were as high as you could ever imagine, and the distrust was beyond imaginable."

O'Connell agrees. "By the time that Randy got involved, these parties just hated each other. It was like the worst divorce proceeding. It was just a fiasco."

KAREEM OF THE CROP

New Yorkers are famous for being blunt, which gives extra credence to Held's praise of Wulff: "He's so damned likeable. He's not arrogant. He's not egotistical. Very unlawyerlike, I might add. He's a very simple guy—with a big brain."

Jim Van Wyck '70 arrived at the same conclusion four decades earlier, after he met Wulff during registration and they were accepted into the University of Oregon's honors college and Theta Chi fraternity. "The first time we went one-on-one on the basketball court, I knew everything I needed to know about him," says Van Wyck, who became a Hollywood producer or assistant director for such blockbusters as *Maverick* and this year's *The Incredible Hulk*. "He's just solid as a rock."

Randall W. Wulff grew up in Stockton, California. He and Krys attended Lincoln High School, where he juggled basketball and baseball with debate and theater. He spent summers bending sheet metal and installing air conditioners in the broiling San Joaquin Valley with his father, a mechanical contractor. "It was useful for me because there's really something to learning what you *don't* want to do."

He knew what he wanted to do when he got to the UO: play big-time college basketball. Unrecruited, he showed up with his high school press clippings and a chip on his shoulder. The five-foot-ten guard made the freshman team but was stuck deep on the bench. He remembers finally realizing he couldn't compete with elite athletes the day UCLA's freshman team arrived at McArthur Court with a phenom named Lew Alcindor, the future Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. Wulff was mesmerized—and deflated.

"For the first time, it was so apparent to me that my mother fibbed when she told me I could accomplish anything if I tried hard enough," he says.

Fortunately, Wulff had another career plan: the law. He concentrated on his studies, his fraternity, and student politics. Graduating during the Vietnam War with a low number in the draft lottery (which meant a high probability of being drafted), he enlisted in the National Guard. Active duty as a tank mechanic delayed law school a year but, like bending sheet metal for his father, strengthened his resolve. He chose Hastings College of the Law in San Francisco, where Krys was living. They married a year later, in 1972.

"In law school, grades have a far greater importance than they did in college," Wulff says. His class started with 575 students, and he finished ranked first that spring. He repeated the feat his second year. The chief justice of the California Supreme Court offered an externship during his final year. "Whether I deserved it or not, I landed on the yellow brick road."

"I'd like to think it was because of the notes I gave him," jokes Steve English '70, another close friend from Theta Chi and the honors college. Now among Portland's best trial attorneys, English started a year earlier at Hastings, where "the competition is fierce."

"We tracked him down like a dog," says John Martel of Farella, Braun, and Martel in San Francisco, where Wulff got his first job out of law school. Martel, who cut his UO education short in the 1950s to serve in Korea, now is primarily a novelist and songwriter. "What was surprising to me is that

DONA KOPOL BONICK

[Wulff] was not only smart, but he was blessed with wit and personality. I was expecting some skinny guy with Coke-bottle glasses."

BORN TO MEDIATE

"Randy was heading in the direction of becoming a great trial lawyer. He had all the tools," says Martel, whose protégé made partner in just six years. "But what he was really born to be was a mediator."

Early on, trial law was exhilarating. Wulff would go full-force into preparing for a case, captivate a courtroom audience, and, if he played the game well, walk out victorious. When clients got his bill, they often lost that winning feeling. Worse than the shock of staggering legal costs, clients often felt powerless in solving their own problems. "It was very ego-gratifying, but increasingly it did not feel to me that I was helping people."

In the mid-1980s, Wulff represented a group of Maui condominium owners in a dispute with developers. The twenty parties involved "couldn't even agree when to break for lunch." An opposing attorney suggested mediation. Wulff saw little to lose.

The mediator, Tony Piazza, settled the case quickly and made a lasting impression on Wulff. With encouragement from Piazza ("the Michael Jordan of this profession," Wulff says), he took training and conducted occasional mediations. In 1994, after two decades as a trial attorney and frustrating back-to-back trial and mediation cases on the East Coast, Wulff returned home to become a full-time mediator, or "neutral." In 2000, he co-founded Wulff Quinby Sochynsky Dispute Resolution in Oakland, close to his home in Piedmont.

"He's conceptually brilliant. He grabs hold of things and internally collates, which is really a lot of what mediation's about," Martel says. "He knows how to diplomatically persuade others to his viewpoint. He's firm, but his fist is always wrapped in velvet."

English says his friend "became the

> "I don't try to persuade people they're wrong. I try to persuade people they're not quite as right as they think they are."

go-to guy for extremely complicated, extremely contentious high-dollar cases that had to be solved short of trial."

Some disputes will always land in court, with neither party willing to budge until a judge or jury rules. Mediators such as Wulff track court outcomes to add a dose of reality as they nudge clients toward early settlement. In California, most judges won't schedule a trial unless mediation fails. That happens rarely with Wulff, whose settlement rates top 90 percent. In recent years, mediation has grown from cutting-edge to mainstream, with training programs such as the UO School of Law's Appropriate Dispute Resolution Center helping meet the demand.

Wulff has mediated countless headline-worthy cases, including construction disputes involving Walt Disney Concert Hall and Staples Center in Los Angeles, Safeco Field in Seattle, and the Venetian in Las Vegas. When the federal government accused Microsoft of anticompetitive practices, class-action lawsuits arose in most states. Wulff wrapped up mediation of California's case with attorneys at his house one Sunday. That settlement became a template for other states.

Being one of the nation's top neutrals—the Mediation Society named him "Mediator of the Year" in 2004—has its payoffs. Wulff's basic daily rate is $11,500, which increases for larger numbers of parties or travel. Most sessions last a day or two. "You get a chance to do the right thing and prosper at the same time. Honestly, there aren't many jobs where you can say that," says Wulff, who charged less for the World Trade Center work.

Although disputing parties often believe they are too far apart for mediation to succeed, that gulf usually isn't so vast. Bridging that gap is Wulff's particular talent. "If people could ne-

gotiate face-to-face effectively, I'd be out of work," Wulff says. "I don't try to persuade people they're wrong. I try to persuade people they're not quite as right as they think they are."

BILLIONS UPON BILLIONS

By the time Wulff arrived in New York for the first hearings in September 2004, it seemed that everyone thought they were more right than everyone else. Some fifty to sixty high-powered attorneys crammed into hearings. Wulff, forever diplomatic, likens them to legal "dream teams." Others are less charitable.

"Some of those guys," O'Connell says, "they had to come through the door sideways, their heads were so big."

If the egos were large, the stakes were gigantic. The panel divided damages into more than twenty categories. They first tackled the more than 200,000 tons of structural steel—enough to build at least twenty-five Eiffel Towers—used to construct the original World Trade Center. Not only did the three panelists have to determine the market price of so much metal but also the cost of fabricating, shipping, and erecting it.

Construction costs rise with taller buildings, in part because workers lose productivity when they have to climb 110 stories to work. Sorting it all out required exhaustive expert testimony and scores of exhibits entered into evidence over several weeks of hearings and eleven days of deliberations stretched across several months. Panelists wrapped up this first category with a price tag around $1 billion and a daunting realization that they already were straining their schedule.

The parties adopted a new strategy. Wulff led informal mediation, followed by formal hearings if necessary and ending with the panel's binding decision. That process was sleeker but forced Wulff into an uncomfortable role as potential tiebreaker between Held and O'Connell's opposing interests, "but it was apparent it was the best mechanism to try to finish this in my lifetime, so I agreed," Wulff says.

"Some of those guys, they had to come through the door sideways, their heads were so big."

Held still marvels at Wulff's "ability even in the most stressful situations to never, ever give a hint of losing control. I can't imagine that the guy's blood pressure ever changed, even in the most stressful times."

"If you've known Randy as long as I have, you would know when he's angry," English says. "It's an almost imperceptible glint in his eyes and a slight flushing in his face. Otherwise, you wouldn't know. And now I've given away his secret."

The panel settled another eight or nine issues, each time with Wulff convincing fellow panelists to sign off on the agreements—even though both felt some of those deals tilted too much in favor of the other—because Wulff demanded unanimous approval.

"If I'm in his chair," O'Connell says, "I want to make this thing absolutely bulletproof, so some poor sap doesn't have to go through this again."

From the time Wulff arrived, the appraisal process ground on for more than two years in periodic sessions but was really bogging down in early 2007. "Mediation's a little like penicillin," Wulff explains. "It is a wonder drug, but you can become immune."

That's when then–New York governor Eliot Spitzer swooped in. Using the agreements Wulff's panel had reached as a starting point, he pushed the sides to settle. "God bless him for that," Wulff says.

The final settlement amount is a matter of debate, obscured by confidentiality agreements and convoluted by the many layers of insurance companies that underwrote the policies. O'Connell's sources tell him the total payments were within about 2 percent of the $7 billion cap, but others believe that estimate is high.

Spitzer held a press conference to trumpet the settlement. The three panelists shunned the limelight and convened at the Peninsula Hotel, where Held says Wulff bought "an ungodly expensive bottle of champagne" to toast the end of their service.

"For somebody in my line of work, this was the Super Bowl," Wulff says. And the healing is in progress at ground zero. "The Freedom Tower is coming out of the ground."

Eric Apalategui '89 is a freelance writer who lives in Beaverton.

THE GRAPE ESCAPE

A decade ago, Randy and Krys Wulff bought a house in Napa as a getaway spot, where they tore out a corral and planted a small vineyard. They sell those Chardonnay grapes to Lewis Cellars for its Napa Reserve Chardonnay, which *Wine Spectator* rates among the world's best.

They next bought an eighteen-acre vineyard with Cabernet Sauvignon and Pinot Noir grapes, and they added Syrah vines. They still lease the original vineyard but bought a home on forty-two acres, where they are planting premium Cabernet Sauvignon vines. Wulff Vineyards already harvests more than 100 tons of fruit.

"I just wanted to see if it's fun," says Wulff, who is tapering back his mediation practice. "It turned out to be fun. It's no longer a hobby."

The Wulffs have put their own Lobo label—an arresting image of a wolf designed by younger son Matt Wulff '01—on a handful of the Lewis wines. Those bottles were gifts, but this year Wulff Vineyards will begin selling its own Lobo wines.

John Martel, his mentor in the law, says Wulff "is pursuing [the wine business] with the same zeal for quality that he showed in his legal career. I'm not even a Chardonnay fan, but I become one whenever I get a bottle of Lobo."

"Since my kids are gone," Wulff says, "I have to have something to brag about."

—*E.A.*

OldOregon
News of UO Alumni
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The Delight of the Duckie

Squeaky, yellow, and full of surprises

Let's admit it: a duck isn't exactly a fearsome creature. As much as we love our amphibious mascot, ducks have an utter lack of the teeth, claws, blood-curdling shrieks, and medieval weaponry that lead other teams into battle. In fact, with the exception of Donald's infamous temper, there's not much about our chubby, webfooted pal that's likely to strike fear into the hearts of our opponents. But despite (or perhaps because of) that fact, we still adore our patron waterfowl. And we're not alone.

In their rubber duckie incarnation, ducks have captured the hearts of people the world over since their invention in the late 1800s. Oregon fans are likely to have a rubber duck or two in their possession (the campus Duck Store has dozens of varieties for sale), but the cheerful yellow toys can be found in bathtubs from Sesame Street to Buckingham Palace. Queen Elizabeth has her own rubber duck, said to sport an inflatable crown.

For some enthusiasts, however, a rubber duck (or a whole flock of them) has a larger significance than simply bath time companionship or honoring one's alma mater. Duckie devotion inspires works of art, science, community, and philanthropy—big work for little quackers.

Duckies in the Viewfinder

The duckies were posed perfectly against a New York landmark, and Colleen Fletcher was lying on the sidewalk beside them, focusing her camera, when an oddly familiar voice asked what she was doing. "I turned around . . . and there was Alec Baldwin," Fletcher says. Shaken but excited, she showed Baldwin her duckie photo shoot, and gave him her website address. "I should have taken *his* picture," Fletcher says with a laugh.

Fletcher's homage to American Beauty

Most of Fletcher's fans aren't quite so famous, but her Internet gallery of rubber duck tableaus attracts visitors from all over cyberspace. A collection of nearly 500 rubber ducks (which, she says, is all her tiny Manhattan apartment can hold), a camera, and a finely tuned sense of humor make up Fletcher's artistic palette. Her rubber ducks pose for seasonal portraits, re-create movie posters (*American Beauty*'s rose petals *a la* duckie, anyone?), and go on sightseeing adventures to famous Big Apple locales.

Fletcher loves connecting with other duck and photography enthusiasts on the Internet. "Everyone's a little goofy," she says fondly. But since no one should live on megabytes alone, next year Fletcher and her husband will host Duckfest '09, a weekend convention of rubber duck collectors. Until then, there are always new ducks to buy, pose, discuss, and photograph. "They make me laugh," Fletcher says of her squeaky rubber friends. "They remind me not to take life too seriously."

View Colleen Fletcher's photographs at duckshow.com.

Department of Duckie Studies

It was never Charlotte Lee's goal to break a world record: she just wanted a few rubber ducks to decorate her bathroom. But friends began giving her duckies, and soon she had a dozen, At that point, Lee decided she was a collector. "And what do collectors do? *They get more*," she says. Today her Guinness-world-record überflock contains almost 3,700 ducks (with no duplicates!).

Lee created a webpage named "Duckplanet" and posted pictures of her collection for her family. To her surprise, she began receiving e-mails from other rubber duck devotees, and Duckplanet grew. Today, the site has more than 400 registered members and greets thousands of visitors a month. New members are "just jubilant," Lee says. "Everyone says, 'I thought I was the only one.'"

Duckplanet's growth sparked Lee's intellectual curiosity. (She just happens to be a research scientist who studies humans' interactions with technology.) With the

COLLEEN FLETCHER

Ducks on a grand scale. *Good thing for the sailboat captain and nearby onlookers that this Godzilla-class duckie afloat on a French river has only peaceful intentions. Right: Not all of these duckies making the short migration into the Willamette River could have their own seats in Autzen Stadium—about 5,000 would be out-of-luck Ducks.*

help of a colleague, she conducted a formal study and developed a typology of collectors. There are "serious" or traditional collectors, "casual" or passive collectors, and a new group, "social collectors," who enjoy bonding with other enthusiasts more than the act of collecting itself. The Internet, Lee believes, has given rise to this third category of collectors, and has revolutionized the very nature of collecting—duck-oriented or otherwise.

Visit Duckplanet at duckplanet.com.

We're Gonna Need a Bigger Bathtub

As any duck worth his webbed feet knows, when life gives you puddles—or a French estuary—learn to float. Dutch artist Florentijn Hofman took that advice to heart when he created a 105-foot-high inflatable rubber duck for a 2007 art show on the Loire River near Nantes, France. Hofman designed his *grand canard* with a large, toddler-like head and no neck, which, he says, "makes it more friendly." The wildly popular sculpture was also designed to float from place to place along the river, and visitors never knew just where they might encounter it. "The Rubber Duck knows no frontiers," Hofman says. The result? A jovial—yet notably peaceful—daily duck hunt.

See more photos of Florentijn Hofman's giant duck, and his other whimsical works, at www.florentijnhofman.nl. Under PROJECTS click on "Canard de bain."

Duckie Derby

A dumpster isn't generally a very cheerful place. But when you fill it with 63,585 yellow rubber duckies, even a big metal trash bin can provoke a smile. Especially when those duckies are about to go for a swim in the Willamette, all in the name of charity.

The Eugene Rotary Club's Great Rotary Duck Race turned twenty-one this year—legally an adult, but still happily playing with toys. Since its inception, the race has raised a combined $4.4 million to combat child abuse in Lane County. The Eugene race is the second largest held in the United States, topped only by Cincinnati, Ohio, where some 86,000 duckies bobbed down the Ohio River this year in support of the local food bank.

Duck races got their start as entertainment in an Irish pub, where patrons placed bets on a race between duck-hunting decoys. The concept migrated across the Atlantic, the decoy ducks were traded in for sunglasses-sporting rubber duckies, and hundreds of communities all over the country began reaping the waterlogged rewards.

At noon on a gray and drizzly race day in Eugene, the dumpster's duckies were deposited into the drink, and the yellow flock swirled downstream toward the finish line. While only a few lucky ticket holders would take home prizes, the knowledge that thousands of dollars had been raised for local charities—and the sight of a river full of bath toys—kept a grin on the face of every Duck, duckie, and duck-lover in sight.

—Mindy Moreland

LEFT: S.BELLANGER / RIGHT: DORIS TOWERY

Better Late . . .

"I am submitting my honors college thesis to you forty years late. It was due in 1967. . . ."

So begins a September 2007 letter addressed to Clark Honors College director Richard Kraus. Phil Hansen '67, J.D. '70, certainly intended to complete his honors thesis on schedule, but his senior year presented him with some tough hurdles to overcome.

A steeplechase runner for Bill Bowerman's Pacific-8 Conference track-and-field championship team, Hansen was firmly entrenched in the legendary coach's running regime. By 1967, his senior year at the UO, Hansen was doing three daily workouts and running a cool hundred miles per week while "hashing"—serving food and washing dishes— for his meals at the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority house.

That year, Hansen placed seventh in steeplechase and Oregon won the Pac-8 meet, held on the cinder track at Hayward Field. Hansen missed his own undergraduate commencement ceremony while running in the NCAA championships in Provo, Utah—and while there, gleefully streaking the Brigham Young University campus with other distance runners, a stunt that the bawdy Bowerman never heard about, but might have approved. Hansen posted a respectable 3.2 final GPA in his major, Germanic languages. But his honors thesis—a planned dissertation on Friedrich Dürrenmatt, the Swiss dramatist—fell by the wayside.

"After that, law school and a career in law and public accounting got in the way . . . ."

That fall, Hansen joined the flock of Duck law students in Fenton Hall. Living in typical student squalor, driving the Tino's Pizza delivery truck at night, he stretched his academic wings and prepared for a career in tax law. Now married to his college sweetheart, Susan Pennington '68, Hansen added a full load of undergraduate accounting courses to his law school curriculum and responsibilities as senior class president. Upon graduation he accepted a Bay Area position with accounting giant Ernst and Ernst (now Ernst and Young), which segued into a sixteen-year stint as

Phil Hansen wrote a book about Germanic languages at the UO

income tax manager and trial attorney for United States Leasing International in San Francisco.

When he wasn't dashing around the country trying tax cases, he and Susan were busy with their three children. "I was very lucky," says Hansen. "I had a great career. I was able to travel, plus I spent a lot of time with my kids. I was a Little League coach, sort of a part-time 'soccer dad.' I got to know every gymnasium in Marin County." Sadly, Susan Hansen passed away after a long illness.

Eventually, a company merger altered his job and his focus. "Suddenly, my kids were out of college, I didn't need to work anymore, and I just quit. Retired at age fifty-three, and never went back." Hansen played some golf, took up walking and hiking. He met and married his second wife, Teresa, and they traveled to Germany and Italy. And Hansen reconnected with the University, working with the law school's alumni committee to solicit funds for scholarships.

In 2005, a German department newsletter caught his attention. "Susan Anderson was the department head at that time," Hansen recalls. "And she had written a little blurb about wanting to fund some scholarships . . . and a light went on in my head. My kids were grown, and I was financially comfortable enough to do something for my school. The law school was already doing very well, and I realized that my heart was back at Friendly Hall."

Memories of his undergraduate days inspired Hansen: He reminisced about warm student gatherings at the home of Professor Astrid Williams, who prepared authentic Norwegian dinners and pastries for her guests. He recalled donning a silly cape and costume to perform as *Übermensch* [Superman] in a German play for Professor Ed Diller. Thoughts of recent increases in educational costs also helped propel him to action.

Costs were more manageable back then. "I worked summers in the dime-a-day [Agripac] cannery," says Hansen. "In the 1960s, tuition was $110 per term, and you could earn enough in a summer to cover a year's expenses. It's a changed world—I think that's impossible now." Hansen contacted Anderson and endowed a scholarship for an undergraduate German major. "That was so much fun," he relates, "that I set up a second one a few weeks later." Since 2005, the Philip and Teresa Hansen Germanic Languages and Literatures Scholarships have been awarded annually to two undergraduate German majors nominated by the faculty. In 2008 Hansen added an annual $2,000 stipend for a deserving graduate student.

"The department was overjoyed with Hansen's generosity," says Susan Anderson, "and the scholarship recipients are so very, very happy for this wonderful help from Phil." Hansen started visiting Eugene annually to meet with his "Hansen scholars" and to rekindle friendships with his former professors.

"The writing I have done will probably be a bit more useful than what I would have written forty years ago . . . which would only have yellowed and collected dust."

Then, early in 2007, Hansen's daughter Meredith unearthed her grandmother's college German textbook and handed it over to her dad. The 1931 text's editors were University of Oregon professors Edmund P.

Kremer, F. G. G. Schmidt, and J. H. Mueller. Out of curiosity, Hansen contacted Susan Anderson to see if the German department had any information about these professors.

The answer was no. Hansen was stunned, and volunteered to do a little digging himself. "I should have shut my mouth!" he laughs. "My little research project turned into a full-time job."

Starting with Internet sources, Hansen gleaned information from libraries and archives at the UO and Multnomah County. Enlisting Teresa as a research assistant, he travelled to Eugene, interviewed former faculty members and their spouses, and pored over dusty scrapbooks and photo albums. As his piles of notes took shape, Hansen asked for editing help from Associate Professor Emeritus Helmut Plant. "He was a godsend," says Hansen. "My German skills had diminished over the years, even though back in the Sixties I was speaking, reading, and dreaming in German." The project was organized chronologically, and nine months later, Hansen self-published his work. On a whim, he decided to submit *The History of Germanic Languages at Oregon* to the Clark Honors College as his much-overdue thesis.

"It was always his intention to make the book interesting and readable, not just a dry, historic recounting of events," says Susan Anderson, "and he did an amazing job. We've had so much fun seeing the old photographs, reading about times past, and sharing with our alumni and other departments."

In October 2007, Hansen received a response from the Clark Honors College:

"We are going to treat your work as a slightly tardy but splendidly completed Honors College thesis, and include it proudly in our library.

We also may brag about you from time to time.

Sincerely, Richard Kraus, Director."

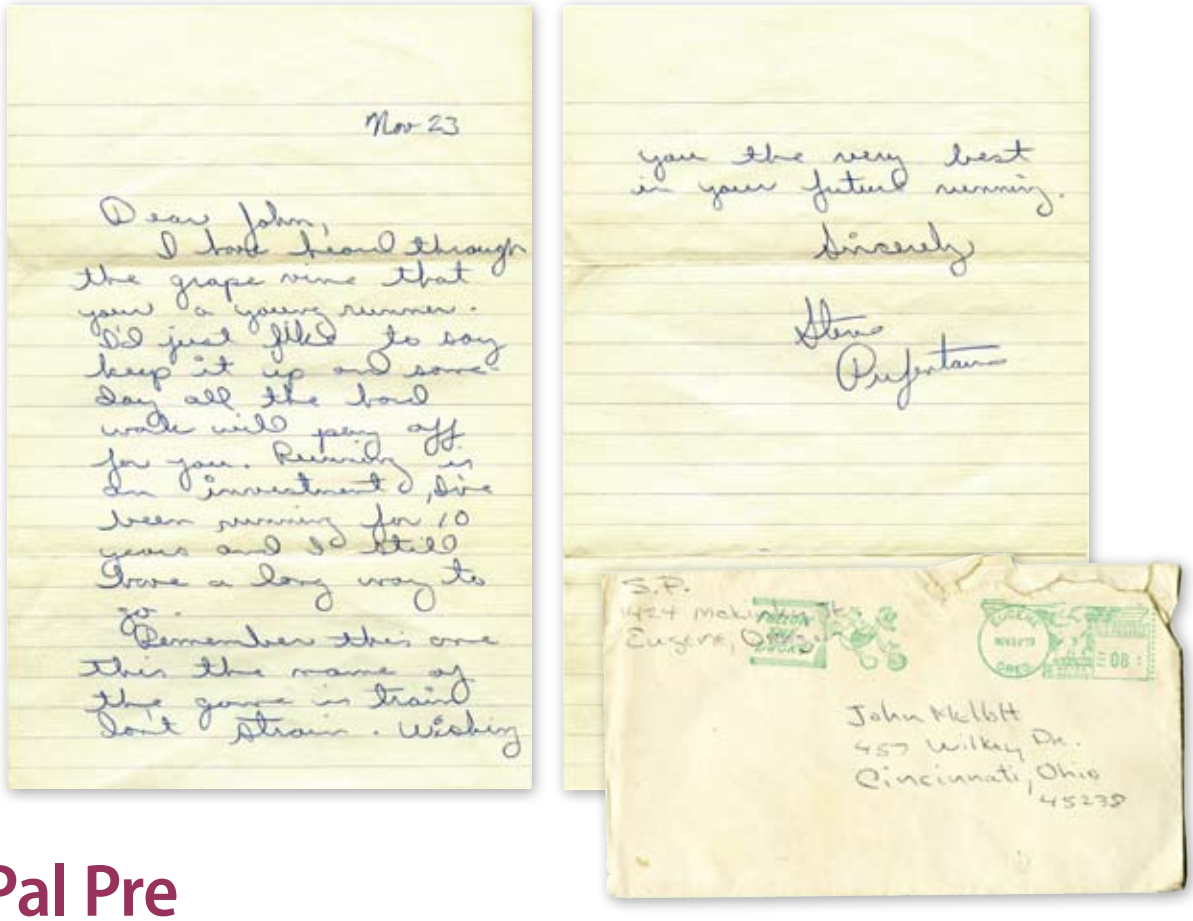
—Katherine Gries '05

For more information on Hansen's book, visit www.blurb.com/bookstore/detail/107480.

Sprechen Sie Deutsches?

An excerpt from *The History of Germanic Languages at Oregon.*

The activities of the Oregon German Club usually involved a sampling of German culture. Not surprisingly, the most popular activities involved food and drink. In the 1960s the German Club met from time to time at the Bavarian Restaurant underneath the Ferry Street Bridge, which was a regular meeting place for the Eugene citizens of German heritage, as well as university students, the so-called "town-and-gown" community. This was immensely popular with the beer-drinking crowd. Who can ever forget the *hasenpfeffer* and German beer on tap at the Bavarian on Friday nights? The restaurant's owners and waitresses were German, and sitting at the large round table and conversing in German with the locals was a worthy challenge for the more advanced students.



Pen Pal Pre

Runner's small act of kindness encourages a kid on the way up

Today John C. Mellott is the publisher of one of America's premier newspapers, *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, but in 1973 he was a skinny high school kid working hard to become the best he could at his chosen sport of running. Mellott received a surprising bit of encouragement one day in the form of a letter from a most unexpected source.

Mellott recounts the story:

Dear President Frohnmayer,

Enclosed is a letter I received in 1973 from Steve Prefontaine. I had forgotten about it over the years but came across it recently while cleaning a dresser drawer at home.

At the time it was written I was an above-average high school runner—not great, but okay. Knowing I admired Steve, my older brother Tom wrote him asking if he would write a letter of encouragement to me. Shortly thereafter, to our amazement, this letter arrived.

I think the letter is significant—not in its actual content but as a reflection upon Steve's character. He took the time to write a perfect stranger a nice, kind note. I'm not sure that in today's world, athletes of Steve's stature would have responded.

I am sending the letter to your attention hoping the University may be able to do something better with it than just sitting in a drawer. I will always have a pleasant memory of Steve's kindness and do not need the physical letter itself.

Perhaps it could be placed in your athletic archives or used as a silent auction item at an athletic fundraiser. Better yet, if anyone in the athletic department has contact with one of Steve's relatives, maybe this letter would bring a smile to their face knowing that Steve had brought a brief moment of joy to me.

Sincerely,
John

Here is the text of the handwritten letter.

Nov 23

Dear John,

I have heard through the grapevine that you're a young runner. I'd just like to say keep it up and some day all of the hard work will pay off for you. Running is an investment, I've been running for 10 years and I still have a long way to go.

Remember this one, that the name of the game is train don't strain.

Wishing you the very best in your future running.

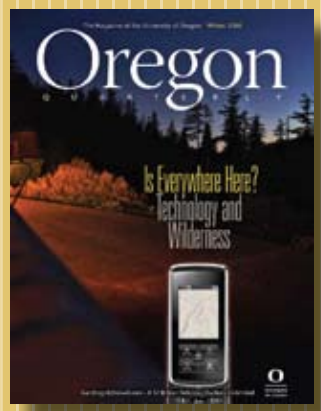
Sincerely,
Steve Prefontaine

The Department of Intercollegiate Athletics now has the letter and is considering options for what to do with it.

SPRING 2008

SUMMER 2008

AUTUMN 2008



WINTER 2008

IMPROVED! REDESIGNED! FRESH-FACED!

Every year, we ask you for a contribution to help support continuing improvements in *Oregon Quarterly*. Now, we are proud to showcase a full year of our redesigned magazine and present you with our renovated website. We couldn't have made these changes without your loyalty and financial support. Thanks so much!

But we still need your help to keep *Oregon Quarterly* strong and growing. Please help with a minimum contribution of $30. This contribution will guarantee that your household continues to receive four issues annually. Without it, we can only promise you two issues per year.*

Please take a moment right now to make your annual contribution in one of three handy ways: through the UO's secure online donation page or with a mail-in form (both available at OregonQuarterly.com, click on "contribute") or by calling Shelly Cooper at (541) 346-5045.

Thanks again for your support!

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U O H O M E C O M I N G P A R A D E 2 0 0 8

COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF OREGON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION / PIRATE PHOTO BY MICHAEL MCDERMOTT

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to **uoalumni.com/events** for detailed information

November 10–17
PROVENCE, FRANCE
UOAA Travel Program "Provence Escapade"

November 23–28
Maui Invitational
Join the Duck basketball team as they travel to Hawaii for the EA Sports Maui Invitational Tournament.

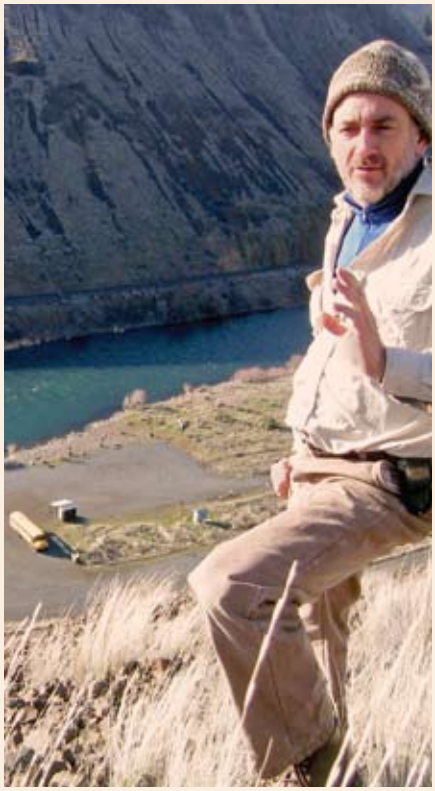
November 28
Portland Trail Blazers vs. New Orleans Hornets
Join the Lundquist Alumni Network chapter for this Civil War Night at the Rose Quarter. Contact Ashley O'Hollaren '04 at ashley.ohollaren@trailblazers.com.

December 5
26th Annual Holiday Music Fest
Join the Portland chapter for a special evening of music and celebration with President Dave Frohnmayer at the White Stag Block.

December 7
HAWAII CHAPTER
Christmas Brunch
Enjoy brunch and socialize with other Ducks at the Outrigger Canoe Club, Honolulu.

December 10
NATIONAL CAPITOL CHAPTER
Alumni Holiday Party
Washington, D.C.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION



COURTESY LARRY CALLISTER

Larry Callister teaches in the great outdoors.

The Expanding Classroom

Educator puts kids and nature together

When Larry Callister '79 accepted a job at Reynolds High School in Troutdale just after graduation from the UO he didn't know it would launch a lifelong campaign to help kids stay in school—by getting them outside. Reynolds High had a large percentage of low-income students and a high dropout rate. Callister believed that for many students, a traditional school with square classrooms and rows of desks—what he calls the "Big House"—was not the best environment for learning. An avid outdoorsman, he wasn't much of a Big House guy himself.

To expand the classroom, he led field trips to nearby creeks and forests. He organized hiking and biking clubs and an ecology club, focusing on simple but far-reaching projects, such as planting trees. It was a start, but he dreamed of bigger things.

What about an outdoor school—away from the Big House—that would interweave core courses with environmental science? When he heard about Environmental Protection Agency funding available for innovative environmental education programs, he proposed the idea to the Reynolds school district, and in 1997 the Reynolds Natural Resources Academy was born.

He and three other teachers secured a bus from the district and leased an old Forest Service ranger station in the Columbia River Gorge National Scenic Area to serve as a base camp. From there, academy students explore calderas with geologists, core trees with foresters, meet hydrologists from the U.S. Forest Service, and learn about range management from ranchers. They even visit Salem to talk with politicians about environmental issues.

What's different when teaching outdoors? Callister has collected animal bones for a student interested in anatomy and gave a student who spotted a bear treed in a K-mart parking lot in Bozeman, Montana, a best tracking skills award. The academy started with almost 100 students and now enrolls about 160 with others lined up on a waiting list.

Some academy students go on to four-year colleges and careers in natural resources, but Callister considers the big successes to be kids who "were going to drop out, but stayed in school and went on to a job or community college—far more than their parents or counselors thought they would do."

—Julie Whitmore

Jingle Bell Soundtracks

Cowboys riding into sunsets, gangsters toting machine guns, and superheroes hurtling over buildings should be enough to stir an audience. But in movies, such scenes are nearly always accompanied by music to help set the mood and establish viewer expectations. Sometimes these collected slices of atmospheric cues take on lives of their own, and last far beyond the motion pictures that they were created to support. Here are ten soundtracks that have lasted long after the final credits rolled and could add to any serious music collection.

1. AMERICAN GRAFFITI (1973) It's no exaggeration to say that *American Graffiti* changed the way modern soundtracks are constructed. Before this, it was rare for Hollywood to license "period" music. This is an excellent primer on Fifties (and early Sixties) rock 'n' roll and the spirit that made rock so potent—right down to the Wolfman Jack cameos.

2. CAR WASH (1976) Featuring the young Pointer Sisters, Rose Royce, Richard Pryor, and heaps of wah-wah, the *Car Wash* soundtrack is the perfect groove for a laid back, sunny day in the Seventies. It's also one of the finest, smoothed-out funk albums of the decade. Don't let the novelty-esque quality of the title track fool you, *Car Wash* is not only a fabulous soundtrack, it's one of funk's all-time high points.

3. O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? (2000) The soundtrack to this classic Coen Brothers film brought a surge of widespread and overdue recognition to bluegrass music. The movie and soundtrack spawned several tours and albums by the featured artists, but the original article best captures the levity, sadness, tradition, and invention that is (now, mainstream) bluegrass.

4. PURPLE RAIN (1987) This epic soundtrack—to a ridiculous, self-absorbed film—is beyond excellent from start to finish. "Let's Go Crazy," "When Doves Cry," and the title track, along with many others, would play as a "Best of" album for many artists, but it was another day at the office in the Eighties for the Purple Wizard. It's a certified classic—even if "Darling Nikki" caused a shocked Tipper Gore to launch the Parents Music Resource Center and sticker the world with warning labels.

5. RUSHMORE (1999) Listening to *Rushmore* is like riffing through a really cool person's record collection. And it's exactly what a soundtrack should be: You hadn't heard 90 percent of the songs on first listen, and it jumps from style to style and era to era without ever feeling disorienting. Quite the opposite—it all holds together magnificently and every step feels carefully plotted but never forced or put on.

6. SUPERFLY (1972) The soundtracks to many blaxploitation films nodded and winked at inner-city issues while playing off movies that glorified the very violence that made living there such a struggle. This vivid, intense, and moving album might be Curtis Mayfield's best, and it stands with Marvin Gaye's *What's Goin' On* as the best social commentary in a decade that sorely needed more of it.

7. SINGLES (1992) More than *Ten*, *Nevermind*, or *Badmotorfinger*, the *Singles* soundtrack is the defining album of the grunge era. Featuring Alice in Chains, Smashing Pumpkins, Pearl Jam, Mudhoney, and Chris Cornell, it helped lay the boundaries of both what this new subgenre was and what it could become.

8. SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER (1977) The gold standard of movie soundtracks, *Saturday Night Fever* has sold in excess of 25 million copies worldwide. The Bee Gees scored big with three number one hits "Jive Talkin," "Night Fever," and "Stayin' Alive"—but unfortunately, there was little else of note here.

9. THE HARDER THEY COME (1972) The movie is a tough Jamaican take on the gangster film, with Jimmy Cliff in the starring role—and much the same could be said of the soundtrack. Featuring the Maytals, Desmond Dekker, and the Melodians (in addition to Cliff's three excellent tracks), it's a veritable starter kit on reggae, and one of the first albums of that genre one should own.

10. THE LAST WALTZ (1978) Martin Scorsese's film of The Band's last ever performance(s)—shot at Winterland in San Francisco—is as good as it gets in concert movies.

ALSO RECOMMENDED

24 Hour Party People
Crumb
Repo Man
The Triplets of Belleville
The Virgin Suicides
Until the End of the World
Wattstax
Wild Style
Woodstock
Zabriske Point (double disc version)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Dan Krewson '92 is a freelance writer whose album cover designs have been featured in Word Magazine *(UK) and on soul-sides.com and LPCoverLover.com. He lives in Oakland, California, with his wife Sara, their five cats, and a whole bunch of records. His blog can be viewed at dkpresents.wordpress.com.*

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

CLASS NOTABLE

The Biggest "O"?

Aside from an aerial view of Autzen Stadium, the unmistakable emblem adorning the spinnaker of this racing yacht owned by **Howard Bentley** '91 might be the biggest Oregon O we've seen in quite some time. A first-year racer, Bentley finished eighth out of thirty-six boats in the J-105 North American Championship, a national-level regatta that took place in August against postcard backdrops of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and Alcatraz Island. Diehard Duck Bentley christened the boat *Swoosh* "in honor and recognition of Phil Knight's generosity and vision," and added a "Fighting Donald" to the boat's transom (back end), which is the part of the craft he takes special pleasure in showing to competitors flying colors from Stanford and Cal.

1940s

■ **Thomas G. Wright** '48, a member of Theta Chi, was recently elected to the governing board of Portland's Terwilliger Plaza, a senior retirement facility with 320 residents. Wright contributes poetry and profiles to the in-house *Terwilliger Times*, which just proves, he says, that "old journalists never die, they're cast in type."

1950s

■ **Morris G. Sahr** '51, M.A. '53, is profiled in the twenty-sixth edition of *Who's Who in the World*. Sahr is the founder of Deposit Management Services and producer of the *Washington Forum on Financial Planning* television show.

■ **Frederick T. Fraunfelder** '58, M.D. '60, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, and ■ **James H. Gilbaugh Jr.** '60, M.S. '63, M.D. '63, a member of Tau Omega, have published *Retirement Rx: The Retirement Docs' Proven Prescription for Living a Happy, Fulfilling Rest of Your Life.*

Marianne (Shepherd) Fields '59, a member of Delta Zeta, displayed her art during February and March in a show entitled "All My Friends" at the Beaverton Lodge's Golden Gallery.

■ **Beverly E. Lloyd** '59 retired from Rex Putnam High School in Milwaukie in 1991 and continues to support Putnam students by sponsoring a scholarship for graduating seniors. She winters in Sun Lakes, Arizona.

1960s

Tom Doggett '60, a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, recently retired from his post as vice president of television programming at Oregon Public Broadcasting. In July, Doggett was presented the Lifetime Achievement Award by the Public Television Programmers' Association at its annual meeting in Boston.

Joe M. Fischer '60, M.F.A. '63, painted a wall mural for the athletic department of Lower Columbia College in Longview, Washington.

A congressional subcommittee has subpoenaed **Alaby Blivet** '63, president of Blivet Junction Trust Bank of Blivet Junction, Colorado, to testify at upcoming hearings about the institution's "Fog a mirror, get a mortgage" policy.

Morton Hall dorm-mates **Oliver Crary** '63, a member of Sigma Chi, and ■ **Mike Kimball** '63, a member of Sigma Nu, enjoyed the Beijing Olympics. "We thought we saw **Alaby [Blivet '63]** and **Sara [Lee Cake '45]** at the Bird's Nest," the two report, "but we lost them in the crowd."

Jon Jay Cruson '64, M.F.A. '67, a member of Pi Kappa Alpha, works in the Eugene area as a painter and printmaker. Sacred Heart Medical Center commissioned him to paint a landscape that now hangs in the hospital's new RiverBend facility in Springfield.

Claibourne Smith, Ph.D. '64, was recently named acting president of Delaware State University while the university's search for a new president is carried out. Smith has served on the DSU Board of Trustees since 1987 and as chairman of the board since 1993.

Patricia O'Brien '66 will have the paperback edition of her novel, *Harriet and Isabella*, published in January 2009 by Simon and Schuster's Touchstone Books division. The novel tells the story of Harriet Beecher Stowe and her family.

■ **Michael Rainey** '68, a member of Delta Upsilon, was recently reappointed to the Sparks, Nevada, Civil Service Commission for a three-year term and was elected vice chair.

1970s

Marc R. Levy '70, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, is pleased to be returning to Oregon from Ohio. Levy will take over as president and CEO of the United Way of Columbia-Willamette, serving the greater Portland area.

■ **Harlen Springer** '70 returned to Oregon from San Francisco in September to enjoy his newly constructed beach house in Florence and take a new position as chief operations officer of Boing! Designs, a gift products manufacturer in Portland.

Richard Fuller, M.M. '71, has recorded a new CD of Joseph Haydn's piano music, which Fuller performs on Haydn's own piano. The CD is due for release in November, in time for the 2009 celebrations commemorating the 200th anniversary of Haydn's death.

Portia Mather-Hempler '72 received a diploma in the art of spiritual direction in May from San Francisco Theological Seminary, where she is also enrolled in the doctor of ministry program. Reverend Mather-Hempler serves as a spiritual director in San Jose, working with small groups and individuals. She and her husband Jim enjoy traveling and spending time with their three grandchildren.

Bill Edelman, M.S. '78, is the athletic director of Vernon Township High School in Vernon, New Jersey. Edelman will become president-elect of the Directors of Athletics Association of New Jersey during the 2009–10 academic year.

Marcia K. Schultz, J.D. '78, was promoted to managing partner of the Honolulu-based law firm Carlsmith Ball LLP in June. Schultz is a transaction attorney based in Saipan,

where she specializes in labor and employment law, real property, and corporate issues in the Pacific region.

Jill Board '79 was recently presented with the Oregon Council of Teachers of Mathematics' Mildred Bennett Award for a lifetime of outstanding contributions to elementary education in Oregon. Board currently works for a nonprofit organization called the Teachers Development Group in West Linn and has been serving Oregon's children for over thirty years.

Judy Emerson '79 left the *Rockford Register Star* after twenty-two years in journalism to become director of development for Rosecrance Health Network, which provides substance abuse treatments for adolescents and adults.

Jim Stratton '79 is the Alaska regional director for the National Parks Conservation Association and was recently presented with the Olaus Murie Award for Outstanding Professional Contributions by the Alaska Conservation Foundation. Stratton lives in Anchorage, where he spends his spare time flyfishing, birding, and hosting the *Arctic Cactus Hour*, a weekly public radio music program.

■ **David Surdam** '79 had his book, *The Postwar Yankees: Baseball's Golden Age Revisited*, published by the University of Nebraska Press. Surdam is a professor of economics at the University of Northern Iowa.

1980s

Jack Hamann, J.D. '80, was presented the Washington State Bar Association's 2008 Excellence in Legal Journalism Award. Hamann's book, *On American Soil: How Justice Became a Casualty of WWII*, was excerpted in the Spring 2005 issue of *OQ*.

■ **Kevin Thelin** '81 has been promoted to vice president of Murray, Smith and Associates, a consulting engineering firm specializing in public infrastructure engineering. Prior to joining MSA, Thelin managed water supply projects in Zaire, Burundi, and Rwanda, working with the Peace Corps and Terre Sans Frontières.

William T. Christ '82, a member of Kappa Sigma, has joined the Japanese specialized steamship line ECL Americas as executive vice president and chief operating officer. He, his wife Tomoko, and their two sons are happy to be back on the West Coast and within Duck range.

Tom Brikowski, M.S. '83, is a University of Texas at Dallas associate professor of geosciences and the lead author of a study published in a recent issue of *Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences*. The study predicts that climate change is likely to cause a dramatic rise in kidney stone disease in the United States by 2050.

David Lesser '83 lives with his wife and two children in Manhattan Beach, California, where he is chairman of the planning commission. When not trying to keep up with his kids on the soccer field and baseball diamond, he serves as general counsel for a local health-care company.

Heather Moir-Dangler '83 owns Moir Financial and Insurance Services of Honolulu, serving more then 400 households and fifty small businesses.

■ **Peter Baer** '87 and his Bend-based company, Pinnacle Architecture, have designed the first Green Globes–certified building in Oregon. The energy-efficient building is a Head Start preschool in Hermiston.

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

Sarah (Wolford) Mensah '87 was named the chief marketing officer for the Portland Trail Blazers in August. Mensah will oversee the Trail Blazers' marketing, ticket sales, corporate partnership, broadcast, production, and game operations functions.

Staci Schipporeit '87 and her husband **Michael Stearns** '90 own MightyMerchant, a Springfield-based web development and hosting company. The two live on a seventeen-acre farm with their three children. MightyMerchant is home to a small flock of Ducks, including lead designer ■ **Kathy Smith** '97, web developer **Jesse Wakeley** '07, and intern Ahren Baesler, currently a UO freshman.

■ **Carene Davis-Stitt**, M.S. '89, Ph.D. '93, was recently named Northwestern region governor of Soroptimist International of the Americas, an international volunteer organization for business and professional women.

1990s

Jennifer Archer '91 has returned to Eugene to work for the Convention and Visitors' Association of Lane County following six years with *The Oregonian* and a period of self-described "wanderlust," during which she worked in state and national parks of the West.

Darcie Meihoff '93, a member of Pi Beta Phi, has been named to the board of directors of the Forest Park Conservancy in Portland. Meihoff is the managing director of public relations with the CMD Agency.

Chris Arrell '95 was recently hired as an assistant professor of music at the College of the Holy Cross in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Nathan Ayotte '95 has joined Portland's Ferguson Wellman Capital Management firm as vice president and portfolio manager. Ayotte previously worked as the branch manager for Scottrade's Park Avenue office in New York City.

Mark Bergeron '95, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, received his master of public health and completed a fellowship in neonatal-perinatal medicine at the University of Minnesota in June. Bergeron has joined Associates in Newborn Medicine, practicing neonatology at Children's Hospitals and Clinics of Minnesota in St. Paul. He and his wife, Christine, have three daughters.

Deirdre Lorenz '95 is the lead actress and executive producer of the movie *Thira*, due for release in 2009.

Bronwyn Baz '96, '00, completed her pediatric residency at Stanford in June and returned to Portland as a pediatric and neonatal hospitalist. Baz is also a vocalist and continues to sing in Portland and the Bay Area; she has given several benefit concerts in the U.S. and abroad. She and husband **Matthew Waddell** '97 celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary in August.

■ **Judah Garfinkle** '96, a member of Kappa Sigma, serves as director of craniofacial orthodontics at Oregon Health & Science University in Portland. Garfinkle performs a clinical procedure at OHSU called nasoalveolar molding, which reduces the severity of cleft lip and palate in infants.

Richard L. White '98 recently completed U.S. Navy basic training with honors at Recruit Training Command in Great Lakes, Illinois.

Michael Burnham '99 won the National Press Club's first place award for analytical reporting in the newsletter journalism category in July. Burnham works for Greenwire, a Capitol Hill-based news service focused on environmental issues, as an editor and contributing writer.

Melissa Rock '99 is a doctoral student in geography and women's studies at Penn State. Rock was recently awarded a Fulbright Scholarship to conduct her dissertation field research in Beijing, China, in the next year.

2000s

Aaron Tresham, M.S. '01, graduated from the Master's Seminary in Sun Valley, California, after earning a master of theology. He is currently at work on his doctorate in theology.

Joshua Booton '03 was awarded a three-year James A. Michener Fellowship in Creative Writing from the University of Texas Michener Center for Writers. Boonton's poetry earned him one of the twelve prestigious fellowships (chosen from among more than 700 submissions) awarded in 2008.

Justin Winn '02, M.A. '03, was promoted to audit manager at Portland's Perkins and Company accounting firm.

Celeste (Burns) Edman '03 has opened Page One Trading Company, a women's clothing, shoe, and accessory store in Eugene's Chapman Building. In addition to her store-owning duties, Edman is also the marketing manager for the Kendall Auto Group.

Continued on page 55

Tell us what's happening!

Send us news of yourself, your relatives, your friends—anyone who ever attended the University. Please include current addresses as well. **ATTENTION PARENTS:** Are you receiving your children's copies of *Oregon Quarterly*? If they now have a permanent address, please notify us. Thanks.

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WINTER 2008

Duck Sites | Websites of Interest to *OQ* Readers

D E C A D E S

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

Porcelain Xs and Os *UO All-American quarterback (and future Pro Football Hall of Fame member) Norm Van Brocklin (left) and coach Jim Aiken exploring the intricacies of the Oregon T formation. Such sessions helped the team tie with Cal for the 1948 Pacific Coast Conference title.*

1928 A UO senior boasts he's the state gum-chewing champion after masticating eighty sticks at one sitting. "I could have chewed another package or so," said the "champ" calmly, "but I didn't want to tax my powers."

1938 A bronze plaque in memory of the forty-seven UO students who lost their lives in the World War has been placed by the entrance to Howe Field.

1948 In the wake of pollsters' famously inaccurate prediction of incumbent U.S. president Harry Truman's defeat by Thomas Dewey, many pundits forecast that red-faced prognosticators such as the Gallup and Roper organizations may soon be out of business. Political writer and UO journalism professor Gordon Sabine disagrees, saying reports of the demise of polling are premature.

1958 The traditional homecoming bonfire burns brightly on campus. Coverage of the event in *Old Oregon* includes the assertion that "there will always be a homecoming bonfire."

1968 No longer forced to slog around on swampy practice fields or get soaked in an Oregon downpour, UO athletic teams can now practice to their hearts' content inside a three-ton inflatable "instant field house." Made of translucent white nylon cloth, the balloon measures 203 feet by 180 feet and rises 40 feet in the air.

1978 A promising eighteen-year-old joins the UO women's basketball team. Six-footer Bev Smith, fresh from a year playing starting guard for the Canadian National Team, will play forward for the UO. Smith, who Oregon coach Elwin Heiny calls "the most complete player" he's ever seen, is already looking forward to playing in the Moscow Olympics in 1980.

1988 The UO tallies more than $32 million in grants and contracts brought in during the 1987–88 academic year, a jump of 28.2 percent over the previous year. Most of the funding comes from sources outside of Oregon and adds significantly to the local economy.

1998 Tom Cruise, Donald Sutherland, and Robert Towne all come to Eugene for the gala premiere of *Without Limits*, the Warner Bros. film based on the life of legendary UO runner Steve Prefontaine.

Kellie Horn, M.S. '03, coordinates early intervention and early childhood programs for the twenty-three school districts of southeastern Washington. Thanks to a bone marrow transplant, she is in excellent health and stays busy raising her eight-year-old daughter.

Rachel Newman '04, M.Ed. '05, and her husband, **Zech Newman** '04, had their first child, Zoe Grace Newman, in September. Grandparents **Bob** '87 and Pat Young are convinced that Zoe is destined to be a Duck.

Peter Hollens '05 and **Evynne Smith** '05 are featured performers on Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines' Sovereign of the Seas, sailing between Florida and the Bahamas. The two were married in August 2007.

Haloti Ngata '06 made the NFL Baltimore Ravens' final fifty-three-man roster for the third straight season.

In Memoriam

Margaret Mahan '25, a member of Gamma Phi Beta, died in August at age 106. After graduation, Mahan moved to Chicago, where she worked for the University of Chicago Press and met her husband, James. The two raised two daughters, who report that just days before their mother's death, she was still playing Scrabble—and winning.

Ralph "Pete" Peters '43, a member of Sigma Alpha Epsilon, died in January 2007 at age eighty-six. Peters served in the U.S. Army for thirty years, earning the rank of colonel. He and his wife, Doris, raised two sons.

Wilma "Billie" L. J. Howard '48, a member of Alpha Xi Delta, died in June at age eighty-three. She met her husband, **Frederick Howard** '49, M.A. '50, in a chemistry class at the UO. The two raised five children in Davis, California, where Frederick was on the UC-Davis faculty. Billie was an accomplished violinist, taught private lessons, and even played at the Vienna Conservatory during Frederick's Austrian sabbatical. In later years, Billie, Frederick, and their youngest son raised shiitake mushrooms and were a regular presence at the Davis farmers' market.

Alan A. Kunz '50, M.S. '57, died in December 2007 at age seventy-eight. Kunz served in the Korean War, earning two Bronze Stars. He returned to the UO to complete his master's degree and met his wife, **Joan (Passmore) Kunz** '57, while the two were serving as dormitory counselors. Alan and Joan raised three children. Kunz was a high school science teacher in California for three decades and spent his retirement cooking, gardening, and traveling.

William M. Addison '52, a member of Beta Theta Pi, died of prostate cancer in July at age eighty. After serving in the U.S. Army in the late 1940s, Addison worked as a CPA in a Eugene firm. He and his wife, **Donna (Kletzing) Addison** '50, raised three children, **Constance (Addison) Bode** '74, **Thomas Addison** '77, and Amy Rudolf.

David Cass '58, a member of Phi Kappa Psi, died of emphysema in April at age seventy-one. Cass was a professor of economics, teaching at Yale and Carnegie Mellon before settling at the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained until his death. He received a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1970 and a fellowship from the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 2003, and he authored numerous articles and books about economic theory.

Douglas Collins '63, '02, M.A. '69, a member of Theta Chi, died of multiple melanoma in March at age sixty-nine. He is survived by his wife, Virginia, and three children. After a distinguished career in public service, and working as agency director of the Oregon State Scholarship Commission, he returned to the University to study art and graduated in 2002.

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.

Faculty In Memoriam

Leonard "Jake" Jacobson '37, M.D. '41, assistant professor of health education, died in April at age ninety-three. Jacobson served in the Army Medical Corps during World War II, after which he and his wife, Allie, moved to Eugene with their four sons. Jacobson had a long and fruitful career as a surgeon, served as chief of surgery and chief of staff at Sacred Heart Medical Center, and was a member of the UO faculty from 1962 to 1977, teaching a variety of health courses.

Two Thumbs Up

By Zanne Miller, M.S. '97

This past summer, I fell in love. With hitchhiking.

It began on a camping trip to Washington's San Juan Islands. On a Friday morning in August, Matthew and I left the car in Anacortes and boarded a ferry to Orcas with just the packs on our backs. I thought we'd hike to the hamlet of Doe Bay—about twenty miles, but I didn't care. It was a perfect Northwest summer day—the sky a Monet blue, a cool light breeze, warm sunshine.

Then Matthew stuck his thumb out the first time—about five minutes after we left the ferry landing—and my heart skipped a beat. I'd hitchhiked once. With my parents. I was eight.

A few minutes later, a full-sized white pickup truck pulled over. Matthew leaped into the truck bed. It took a minute to wedge myself in between the scuba equipment, the two dog kennels, and the cases of soda and beer. Matthew thunked on the window and I took a deep breath as we drove off, gravel kicking out from under the tires. From the bed of the truck, we could see the way the light broke through a canopy of towering cedars and smell the richness of blooming lavender. The wind whipped my hair into my eyes and my mouth.

We didn't learn the names of our first drivers. They dropped us off a half-mile outside town, so we walked in and had lunch. We stopped to ask about renting kayaks. The woman there told us the best spots to hitch rides out of town.

Of course, we were in another world. Hitchhiking is actually the preferred mode of transportation for many on the fifty-seven-square-mile island, population 4,400. Many visitors are, like we were, just getting from one end of the island to the other.

It wasn't always easy. Yeah, we did look a little gritty after a few days of sleeping in a three-by-six tent, but someone would eventually pick us up. And every last someone was nice.

I started sticking my thumb out without waiting for Matthew.

An older couple picked us up on a rainy Sunday afternoon in their luxury extra-cab truck. In the twenty minutes it took to get from Eastsound to Moran State Park, I knew where their children had gone to college and what they'd studied, along with the names of all the grandchildren. They apologized profusely for not going any farther than their destination and wished us luck.

Susan, a woman in her late twenties, delivered us to Rosario, a huge family vacation spot with peeling paint that didn't eclipse its grandeur. She told us she was getting ready to leave the island for a bartending job in Florida. She also told us a bit about the resort's history—so we spent a couple hours in the main building, which was created by shipbuilder Robert Moran (and looked like a ship), and on the sprawling grounds, looking at hundreds of starfish on the rocks and fantasizing about buying one of the sailboats we saw.

We became part of the community, got in on the gossip. Our next driver worked at the spa at Rosario. Her car smelled like lavender oil. She wanted us to fill her in on Susan's plans.

A couple in their early twenties picked us up in their battered van and asked if we knew where they could get some pot (we didn't); our next ride was a sixteen-year-old lifetime resident driving his girlfriend's Volvo (he definitely knew where to get pot).

We were rescued from pouring rain by an older man in a dog-hair-covered Subaru listening to Mendelssohn through radio static. He dropped us off right at our proverbial door, but he clearly didn't want to talk.

Others did. Seeds of dreams sprouted: Tina had previously spent seven years on a houseboat—maybe we could live on a houseboat. And thoughts of people far from us: Camille was leaving to care for her father, which reminded me how much I miss my own dad. And wishes sort of fulfilled: Matthew had been wanting to test drive a Honda Element; instead we sat on the floor in the back of one during a ride to Doe Bay.

We got to share, too. We traveled from Doe Bay with Glenn, who had been there for the summer and "couldn't wait to get off this damn island." He seemed a bit lost. I like to think we helped: Matthew had both navigated the rental market and worked in kitchens in the Bay Area, where Glenn wanted to move, and we both had suggestions about how he could launch his career as a pastry chef. He left us in Eastsound.

And there we were, waiting for our last ride back to the ferry. Despite the extra dirt on the clothes in my pack, I felt much lighter than when we'd arrived.

Across the street, a woman dressed in what looked like interview clothes had her thumb out. We let her go first. The road there was narrow and curved, with little shoulder. Jim pulled over on the other side in his truck and waved us over. "Sorry about the mess," he said, tossing tools and coffee cups into his truck bed. We squashed into his front seat. He was on his way to work. He had lived in Eugene, at some point. He and Matthew talked about an irrigation project he was working on. Somehow, the topic shifted to Washington's banking industry and then to Jim's father in California, who had led a corporate lifestyle with a three-hour commute, among other things—a contrast to our weekend, a warning.

And then we were off, the island receding in the fog that seemed to roll in as we headed back to the mainland.

I'm not thinking of taking up hitchhiking as a regular mode of transport—but I do hope to go back to Orcas next summer with just my pack and my sweetheart. And when I pass someone on the highway or in the hallway, I'll try to remember to slow down.

Zanne Miller is director of communication for the UO School of Journalism and Communication.

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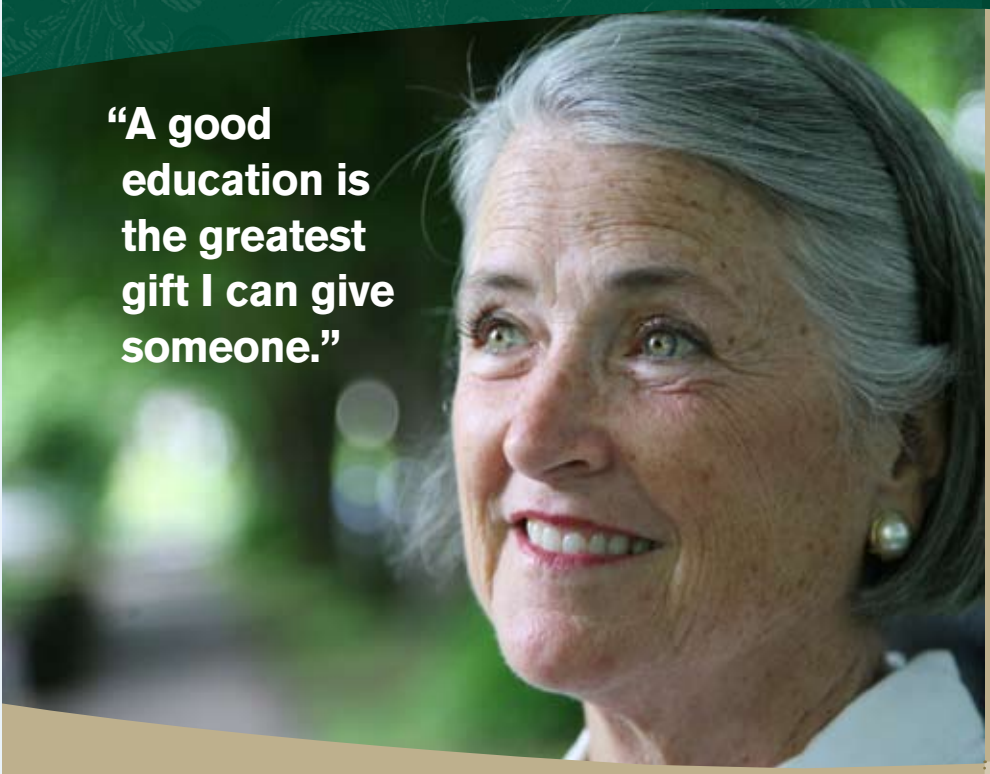

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Endowed Scholarships

As a city planner, Judith Rees has spent her life preserving historic landmarks and open space in Portland, Oregon.

Now she is endowing scholarships for future generations of students in the University of Oregon's landscape architecture and historic preservation programs.

"My parents felt the most important thing they could ever give me was a good education," said Rees, who holds bachelor's and master's degrees in landscape architecture from the UO. "I don't have children, but I want to be able to do the same thing for others."

Rees hopes her gift will allow scholarship recipients to graduate without overwhelming debt from student loans.

"I'm very happy to be able to help," she said.

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