

THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

PEOPLE AND IDEAS FOR WINTER 2006

arches

Freeze frame

MEET SNOW-SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHER
AND WRITER TOM WINTER '87
(No, really. That's his name.)

PLUS The hopes, reality, and regrets of a Peace Corps volunteer in HIV-plagued Africa

arches

Winter 2006

people

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Poet and Professor Emeritus of English
Harold Simonson '50

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Winter-sports journalist Tom Winter '87 gets
away to exotic locations and expresses his art
in words and pictures

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Cobb '76 has been up to lately

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Women's soccer scores big again;
stalking the elusive ice worm; E-9 grows
up; other campus news

on the cover

Chute skiing in Valdez, Alaska.
Photo by Tom Winter '87

this page

Attending a candlelight
memorial for AIDS victims
near Mbabane, the capital
of Swaziland.
Photo by Mike Hutchings,
Reuters/Corbis



14 Hope Against Hope

Impoverished Swaziland battles the highest HIV infection rate in the world, with nearly 40 percent of adults living with the disease. In a country where the absolute monarch chooses a new bride each year, persuading men to stay with one sexual partner is difficult, even with lives at stake. Justin Garland '03 writes about his two years as a Peace Corps volunteer in Swaziland and wonders, "Can one person make a difference?"

Archivo Iconografico, S.A./Corbis



Fra Angelico, "The Annunciation."

The sacred and the profane

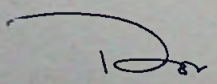
Angelico Brother. That was the nickname they gave him, because of a talent he possessed that seemed heaven sent. On a recent trip to New York City, Mary and I visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art to see only the second exhibition ever assembled of the work of the 15th-century Florentine master they call Fra Angelico. Born Guido di Pietro, this freelance painter, who became a humble Dominican friar, was given the name Fra Angelico—Angelic Brother—by those who knew him and is now often credited (along with Masaccio) with inventing modern painting and perspective. Fra Angelico brought to the tradition of medieval iconographic representation a talent for capturing the play of light on objects and faces, a newly realistic sense of space in architecture and landscape, and the ability to make paint look like human flesh, glowing with life.

He painted for popes and princes, adorned cathedrals in Rome and Orvieto with grand frescoes of brilliant colors and a profound sense of the mutually penetrating reality of the spiritual and the physical. Perhaps Fra Angelico's greatest work, however, could not be presented in an exhibition. It remains in the plaster walls of the convent of San Marco in Florence, which was given to the Dominicans in 1436. Soon after, Fra Angelico was commissioned to paint frescoes directly on the walls of the modest, cramped cells in which his brothers lived, to stimulate prayer and meditation. These simple little rooms make one of our dorm rooms seem like a ballroom in size and luxury; but all 42 of them were touched, thanks to the Angelico Brother, with an unmistakable sense of the supernatural and the eternal in the profoundly simple scenes he painted there.

This holiday season, in New York City, offered a fitting time and place for meditating upon these sacred and incarnate images. In the pages of this issue of *Arches*, I can't help but detect eloquent echoes of the same truths expressed in those images. The stunning photography by Tom Winter and the haunting words and images of Justin Garland's experience in Swaziland offer compelling juxtapositions—as Fra Angelico's frescoes did—of the sacred with the profane, the interpenetration of beauty with terror, the play of breathtaking light against a cold and desolate darkness.

For Fra Angelico, these conflicting forces adumbrated the mysteries of faith. For those of us devoted to liberal education, they sketch out the challenges of the liberal arts, where we negotiate between competing perspectives and values, test belief against experience, confront the familiar with the uncanny, and balance the real with the ideal, hope with disappointment, and the call to action with the need for reflection and understanding.

An angel is a messenger from a mysterious place. A brother is a familiar and well-known companion. As the words and images of these pages suggest, a Puget Sound education can be, for us who are fortunate enough to possess it, an angelic brother in a fiercely frightening and a terribly beautiful world.


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The opinions expressed in **arches** are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect official policy of the university.

Gertie rocks

Your piece about Galloping Gertie brought back memories. In 1966 the Men of Todd took it upon ourselves (quite literally) to bring a Christmas tree from Gig Harbor to the great hall of the student union building. We carried it upon our shoulders. We were not, however, allowed to carry it over the Tacoma Narrows Bridge because regulations at the time prohibited more than three people walking together. Thus, for that portion of the trip the tree was put on a flatbed truck, and then it was returned to our shoulders for the balance of the expedition.

Dave Kinman '69

Astoria, Oregon

My late father, Paul Lange, graduated from CPS in 1921 or thereabouts. I remember he had an old movie reel of Galloping Gertie, the ill-fated Narrows Bridge, which he would show from time to time. I wonder how many folks have seen that dramatic footage and the absolutely astounding undulations of the bridge. It's quite a sight to see a bridge behave as though it were made of rubber!

Roberta Lange

Goleta, California

As usual I was delighted to read through this recent issue. In particular my memory was jogged by the article about Galloping Gertie. I was attending Bremer-ton High School at the time and recall, vividly, changing class and hearing that "the Tacoma Narrows Bridge fell in!" Since it was not April 1, was this really true? My brother, a photographer, was able to get a friend with a small plane to fly over. They took pictures as the bridge fell. It was interesting to read the firsthand account in *Arches*.

Also, "Epic Journeys" stirred many memories of my own. I believe it was Andrew Marsters '05 who noted that "life is itself an epic journey." How true. At 80-plus (now some 60 years after graduation from CPS in 1946), I can well attest to that truth. My four years did not give any hint at the variety of places I would have the privilege and opportunity to visit and live, nor the adventures I would experience.

They began with a six-week voyage in a freighter from New York to Bombay via the Atlantic, Suez Canal, and Persian Gulf, including "transshipping" just off Kuwait. This was followed by three years as a missionary in India. That in itself was not all work, and I count a real mountaintop experience among things done there—a trek with two Indian women doctors to Pindari Glacier in the Himalayas. (We were among the first 75 women to have made that trek, according to the logbook we signed at the end.)

Indeed life has proved to be one epic journey after another. I was thrilled to read about the students and their journeys. More power to you all. But don't expect that to be the epic journey. There will be many more.

Murden Woods '46

Seattle

Pat was Pius

I enjoyed reading my friend Rick Stockstad's recollections about Pat's Place—the local hangout during my days at UPS and before. The owner's name was Pius Flannigan (not Halloran)—better known as Pat. Pat was a prize fighter in his early days and his given name, after the Pope, would just not work in a ringside introduction. But his spouse, Vivian, always called him Pi. What was unusual about Pat's is that it had a restaurant's license, which meant that kids like me could come in, sit in a booth, and have a milkshake and hamburger. It was great. It was also fun to see the local College of Puget Sound athletes come in for a burger and shake. Later, as a UPS student and then faculty member, I was a regular at Pat's Place. In fact I celebrated my 21st birthday there by drinking the traditional mug of beer. Pat's son, whose name is Pat, was and is one of my best friends. And I still remember Vivian always saying: "Bye now, thanks," as I left Pat's.

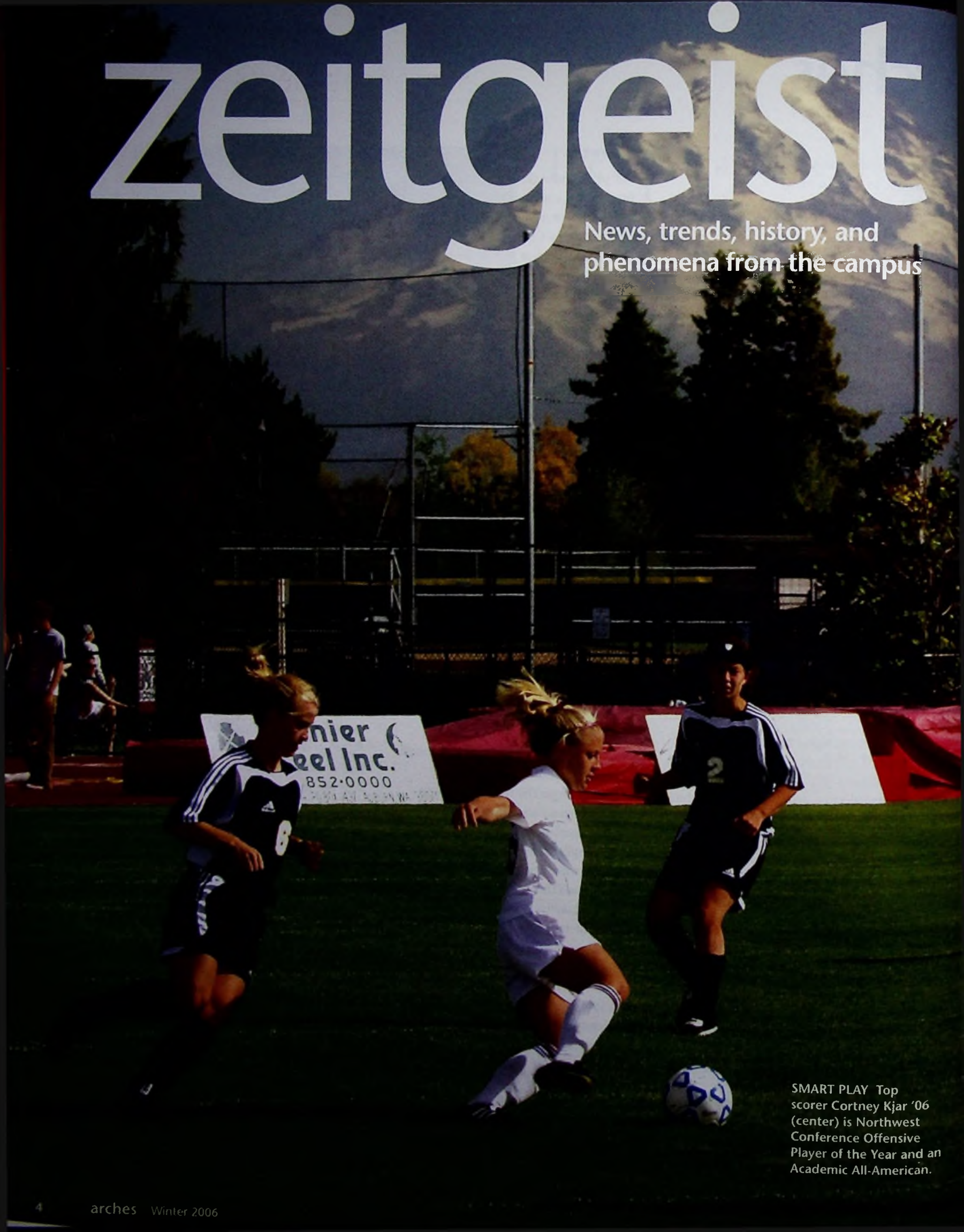
Bill Baarsma '64

Tacoma

The editors welcome letters about articles in **arches**. Write **arches**, Office of Communications, University of Puget Sound, 1500 N. Warner St., Tacoma, WA 98416-1041, or arches@ups.edu. Submissions may be edited for content, style, or length. Please include a daytime phone number or e-mail address.

zeitgeist

News, trends, history, and
phenomena from the campus



SMART PLAY Top scorer Cortney Kjar '06 (center) is Northwest Conference Offensive Player of the Year and an Academic All-American.

sports

Déjà vu all over again

Two teams qualify for postseason play, but old rivals cut the season short

Logger women's teams kicked, blocked, headed, and spiked their way to national prominence this fall. Women's soccer won its fourth consecutive Northwest Conference title, in the process racking up an astonishing 17 regular-season shutouts. And after being picked to finish seventh in the Northwest Conference, the volleyball team proved everyone wrong by tying for second in the league with nationally ranked Linfield College.

As conference champions, women's soccer won an automatic trip to Atlanta for the first round of the NCAA Division III tournament, where the Loggers picked up their 18th and 19th shutouts, defeating Maryville College 3-0 and Emory University 2-0.

The team barely had time to catch its breath before boarding a plane for Chicago and the NCAA Sectional. There, the Loggers took on undefeated Macalester College in an epic battle that remained scoreless through 90 minutes of regulation and 20 minutes of overtime. The game officially went down as a tie in the record book, but a shootout determined who would advance to the national quarter-finals. After goalkeeper Erin Williams '06 made a crucial save in the ninth round, Fiona Gornick '09 booted the game-winning penalty kick and advanced the Loggers to the sectional final.

On a cold November afternoon, the women of UPS faced the University of Chicago, the same school that had knocked the Loggers out of the playoffs in 2003. Alas, history repeated itself as neither team could find the net during regulation, just like the last time the two met. Then, with 53 seconds remaining in overtime, Chicago's Renee Neuner scored, sending the Maroons to the Final Four in Greensboro, N.C.

It was an abrupt end to a nevertheless great season. The team put five players on the All-NWC first team, including Offensive Player of the Year Cortney Kjar '06 and Defensive Player of the Year Katie Wullbrandt '06. First-year Head Coach Dan Keene was named NWC Coach of the Year. Kjar and Williams were named to the *ESPN The Magazine* Academic All-America team, with Kjar picking up Second Team honors and Williams named to the Third Team.

The volleyball team's second place conference finish was good enough to earn an at-large spot in the NCAA West Regional at Whitworth College. The fourth-seed Loggers faced fifth-seed Cal State East Bay in the first match. UPS played well, but Cal State, which cut short the Loggers' tournament appearance in 2002, made the necessary adjustments and took the match three games to one.

Head Coach Mark Massey was named Northwest Conference Coach of the Year for the second time, and Kayla Roof '09 was elected to the First Team All-NWC. Roof was also honored by the American Volleyball Coaches Association, which awarded her West Region Freshman of the Year, as well as First Team All-West Region and Honorable Mention All-America. — **Chris Thompson**



Nate Sutton '04

DIGGING IT Mining for the elusive ice worm on Lillian Glacier, McCartney Peak, in the Olympic Mountains.

Cool idea

Uninspired by on-campus presentations intended to recruit students for university-funded summer research projects last year, **Ben Lee '06** came up with his own idea: seek out and study the mysterious ice worm of the Pacific Northwest.

"It took four days of library research on high-altitude life before I stumbled upon ice worms," says Lee. "I'd never heard of them before."

No wonder. Little is known or published about ice worms, but learning more could be important because they're one of the few organisms on the planet that increase their activity as they get colder. In fact, ice worms react quite badly to warmth—hold one in your hand and it autolyzes, or self-explodes.

"Ice worms burrow through solid ice during nightly migrations to the surface," says Lee, a biology major. "They only exist along a thin belt of coastal mountains running from northern Oregon to southern Alaska."

The tiny annelid creatures (segmented, like earthworms) are dark brown to black in color and about 2 centimeters long. They eat bacteria and algae in the snow.

With help from his advisor, Professor of Biology Peter Wimberger, Lee decided to undertake a genetic study of ice worm populations in the Olympic Mountains and compare them to populations found elsewhere in their range.

"Studying ice worm populations, which are completely isolated from each other, provides us with a good model of 'island populations,'" says Lee. "With information about genetic relatedness, we can make inferences about historical geological events and how they affected the populations as a whole."

Lee, who is apparently at home on all kinds of ice—he plays on the university's recently formed hockey club team—has been offered a position at Rutgers University to do graduate work with a faculty member there, the only other person in the United States studying ice worms and glacial biology.

Wrinkle in time



UPS Archives

SUMMIT MEETING Not-yet-U.S.-president Nixon and UPS President R. Franklin Thompson chat it up on campus.

45 years ago A world worth ruling

From *The Trial*, Oct. 31, 1961:

"Former vice-president of the United States Richard Nixon stated Friday that unless the free world adopts a policy of victory in the cold war, it is quite susceptible to Communist domination. The address was given in the UPS fieldhouse before an estimated crowd of 3000.

"In the half-hour speech, Mr. Nixon first analyzed Nikita Khrushchev as a man. He stressed the fact that Khrushchev is not only Premier of the Soviet Union, but the leader of the World Communist Party. He stated that: 1. Fortunately, for the free world, Khrushchev is not an impulsive madman, as was Hitler. Although he has shown his quick temper at times, and has been known to drink excessively, Nixon is confident that he would never 'push the button' in a fit of anger. 2. While Khrushchev is tough, ruthless, and crude, he is also cool and nonemotional at times of decision-making. 3. Khrushchev will not inaugurate war, unless he feels that the Communist Party will gain by it, and 'he wants to rule a world worth ruling,' which a world devastated by nuclear war would not be."

30 years ago We're number one

From *The Trail*, March 26, 1976:

"When all the smoke cleared from Roberts Stadium in Evansville, Indiana, only one team was left to cheer 'We're number one'—The University of Puget Sound Loggers, NCAA Division 2 National Basketball Champions.

"With a methodical style of ball and the kind of shooting that shocked the Eastern basketball world, the Loggers overcame their underdog role three times to bring home the coveted crown to Tacoma. The latter victory, an 83-74 chumping of Tennessee-Chattanooga in the championship game, gave UPS their 13th straight win and finished up their most successful season in history at 27 wins and 7 losses."

the campus

Dreaming big

Four seniors hold their breath, waiting to hear if they'll win the research grant of a lifetime

For almost 40 years the Thomas J. Watson Foundation has been sending graduating seniors out into the world on quests for visionary, Earth-spanning, and sometimes downright quirky knowledge.

"The program is designed to fund the most creative dreams of our fellows with a minimum of restrictions," said Norvell E. Brasch, a past director of the Watson program. "The world is their canvas, and we let them tell us how they want to paint it."

Puget Sound is one of 50 U.S. liberal arts colleges participating in the Watson program, which was begun by the children of IBM founder Thomas J. Watson Sr. Fellows receive \$25,000 for a full year of independent study outside the United States. Since 1994, 13 Puget Sound graduates have won Watsons for such projects as retracing the voyage of Darwin's ship, *The Beagle*; studying the culture and history of the world's grandest canyons; and examining how the lore of mythical lake monsters affects the communities where the creatures supposedly lurk.

Winning a Watson is an odyssey in itself that begins at the end of the junior year. Students first must apply to the university, which can nominate up to four students each year. Then, based on the written materials and interviews, the Watson Foundation selects up to 50 Watson Fellows from the total of about 200 students put forth by the participating colleges. Awards are announced in mid-March.

Here, summaries of the topics Puget Sound's 2006 candidates have proposed for their dream research grant:



Heidi Benson

Singing Still: Folk Songs and Conflict in Russia, Ireland, and Vietnam

Major: Music Performance, emphasis in Voice
Hometown: Gunnison, Colo.

"I will travel to Yelizovo in Russia, Ireland, central and southern Mexico, and the region of Galicia in Spain, exploring folk song traditions. As an aspiring opera singer, the lack of a pervasive folk tradition in my own country fascinates me. By exploring how folk music reflects political situations, values, demographic differences, and nationalism in these places, I hope to come to an understanding of its importance to other peoples and how it has fallen by the wayside in my own country."



Chai Blair-Stahn

The Language of Movement: Exploring the Storytelling Dances of Polynesia

Major: Biology; Religion and Literature
Hometown: San Francisco, Calif.

"Among Polynesian dances, I will focus on storytelling dances, where

the dancer alludes to the words of a song by outlining images with hand and arm movements. To study these dances and the factors that influence them, I plan to travel to Fiji, Tuvalu, the Marquesas, the Cook Islands, and Samoa. As a dancer, I will document and record the dances by learning and performing them. Learning storytelling dances will allow me to pursue my passion for Polynesian dancing and also allow me to understand the danced narrative Polynesians tell about themselves.”



Greg Groggel

Chasing the Flame: The Lasting Legacy of Hosting the Summer Olympics
Major: International Political Economy
Hometown: Omaha, Neb.

“The impact the Olympic Games can have in transforming a society is far-reaching. Having worked for ESPN at the most recent Summer Olympic Games, I can personally attest to the many imperfections. The experience left me fascinated by the questions that arise from the concept of ‘Olympism.’ Are the fundamental principles of the Olympic Charter achieved when a country plays host to the world? Is the host city forever enlightened, awash in its newly found peace and prosperity, or is it left shell-shocked, wading through debt and cultural exploitation? Broadly, my study seeks to probe these questions through comparative investigation of the Mexico City, Munich, Moscow, Seoul, Sydney, and Beijing Olympic sites.”



Linh Vuong

Into the Wind: Exploring the Evolving Art of Kite-making and Natural Design
Major: Environmental Studies
Hometown: Houston, Texas

“While kites have an ancient history in Asia and the Asian Pacific, this history hasn’t always been smooth. Modernity, missionaries, and moods have led to kites’ changing fortunes. Today there are few places remaining where the old art is alive. By exploring the collective and personal history of kite-making and design in peninsular Malaysia, Vietnam, India, and New Zealand, and participating in design and construction with local artisans, I hope to understand the larger significance of kite-making as it relates to the preservation of cultural and environmental identities. I intend to investigate in each of these places the traditional ways in which kites were used as well as the ways in which kite design, manufacture, and usage has changed in these places over the centuries.”

Do you love Tacoma?

What do you like best about the City of Destiny? The view of The Mountain on a clear day? Point Defiance? Neko Case? *Arches* is looking for a few ideas for a feature we’re planning. Please tell us your Tacoma favorite, along with a sentence or two explaining why it’s important—arches@ups.edu. Thanks!



THE TOTEM RETURNS Jack Fabulich '51 displays the trophy traditionally held by the winner of the Puget Sound-Pacific Lutheran football game. And what's that furry thing in the logger outfit? See page 49.

traditions

At long last, it's Loggers over Lutes in football

When the scoreboard clock ran out at Sparks Stadium in Puyallup, Wash., on Oct. 8, Puget Sound fans got the most convincing example yet that the Logger football program is back: the 17-game losing streak to crosstown rival Pacific Lutheran was broken as the Loggers defeated the Lutes 23-13.

In so doing, the all-but-forgotten Tacoma Young Men's Business Club Trophy, a replica of the totem pole that once stood downtown at 10th and A streets, returned to the North End from Parkland. The colorful 6-foot tall prize is traditionally held by the winner of the annual football match between Puget Sound and Pacific Lutheran, a game once known as the Totem Bowl.

Jack Fabulich '51, a leading scorer on the 1951 football team that went 7-1 and tied for first in the Evergreen Conference, displayed the trophy at halftime of the Whitworth College game on Oct. 15.

Quoted: Prof disputes perception of more lawsuits and bigger damage awards

While acknowledging that excesses sometimes occur, legal observers say there is no evidence that people are filing more lawsuits or that juries are getting more generous, said an article in the *Los Angeles Times*. In fact, just the opposite may be true. The problem is, the news media jump all over startlingly large verdicts but fail to follow up when the amounts are reduced on appeal, and they pay scant attention to reasonable awards.

"A 35-state survey by the National Center for State Courts found that the number of tort filings declined 4 percent from 1993 through 2002, despite population growth. And in the nation's 75 largest counties, the median award to victorious plaintiffs was \$37,000 in 2001—much less than the inflation-adjusted median of \$63,000 in 1992, according to the Bureau of Justice Statistics, a branch of the U.S. Department of Justice.

"If such context is absent from news reports, it's not because of media bias but 'the holler of the dollar,' said **William Haltom, a professor of politics and government** at the University of Puget Sound and co-author of *Distorting the Law: Politics, Media and the Litigation Crisis*.

"News coverage is 'in favor of the noteworthy and the attention-arresting,' Haltom said. Journalists 'are expected to produce something that someone is going to want to watch, listen to, or read.'"

Reviewed: What *Best Colleges* says about UPS

Students interviewed for the latest edition of the Princeton Review's *Best 361 Colleges* say that people are Puget Sound's strongest asset:

"The University of Puget Sound 'offers a strong (and getting stronger) liberal arts education.' A junior explains, 'We are a very student-centered school,' which means that teaching is top priority for this highly qualified faculty. ... professors tend to set high expectations for their students. 'Coasting by on natural ability doesn't work anymore,' warns a senior. Opinions of the administration vary, but most find it to be 'caring and supportive of the students. If you have an idea, they say go for it.' **Students are hoping that the new president of the university will help put the place on the map.** As a psychology major puts it, 'The university is academically strong, but needs to be recognized for that across the country, not just in the Pacific Northwest.'"

Awarded: For achievement in music

Christophe Chagnard, Puget Sound director of orchestras and music director of the Northwest Sinfonietta, Lake Union Civic Orchestra, and the Astoria [Ore.] Music Festival, received the 2005 Outstanding Achievement in the Arts from ArtsFund of Pierce County. The award was given Nov. 18 at the group's annual luncheon. President Thomas gave the keynote address, provocatively titled "The Trouble with Art."

artifacts

That wayward Hatchet

On May 12, 2000, The Hatchet, that now-you-see-it, now-you-don't icon of Puget Sound history was, shall we say, borrowed from its display case in the Wheelock Student Center. About the heisters we wonder: When are you going to bring it back home? In the absence of the real thing, we present a few chips from the Hatchet gallery. Thanks to Bruce Berney '57 and Carl Mulvihill '59 for the photos.





FIRE AND BREW-ZONE After 30 years, E-9, Tacoma's fire-house-become-brew-pub, is still a UPS hot spot.

hangouts

Ageless: Engine House No. 9

Here's the bad news about E-9: Your beloved, cozy respite from homework on Pine Street now allows kids until 10 p.m., charges nearly 8 bucks for a burger and fries, and is so packed with UPS students on a Thursday that you'd be lucky to get a table on the patio outside in the rain.

The good news is that you're the one with the children, an \$8 burger is no biggie considering you spend \$3 a day on coffee, and—let's not kid ourselves—when was the last time you actually went out on a Thursday night?

Yes, Tacoma's landmark fire-station-turned-pub has, like you, grown up quite a bit in the last few years. But before you bemoan the harsh reality that most current UPS students were born after the release of *The Breakfast Club*, E-9's manager of 13 years, Steve Peoples, has some words of comfort. "We've really grown more into a tavern for alumni," says Peoples. "Students who've graduated are coming back when they're married and they bring their kids. We've evolved into a 'family' restaurant, but we're a family restaurant that just so happens to have 25 beers on tap."

Built in 1907 to provide fire protection for Tacoma's North End, Engine House No. 9 was converted into a restaurant in 1973 and placed on the National Historical Register in 1975. Thirty years later,

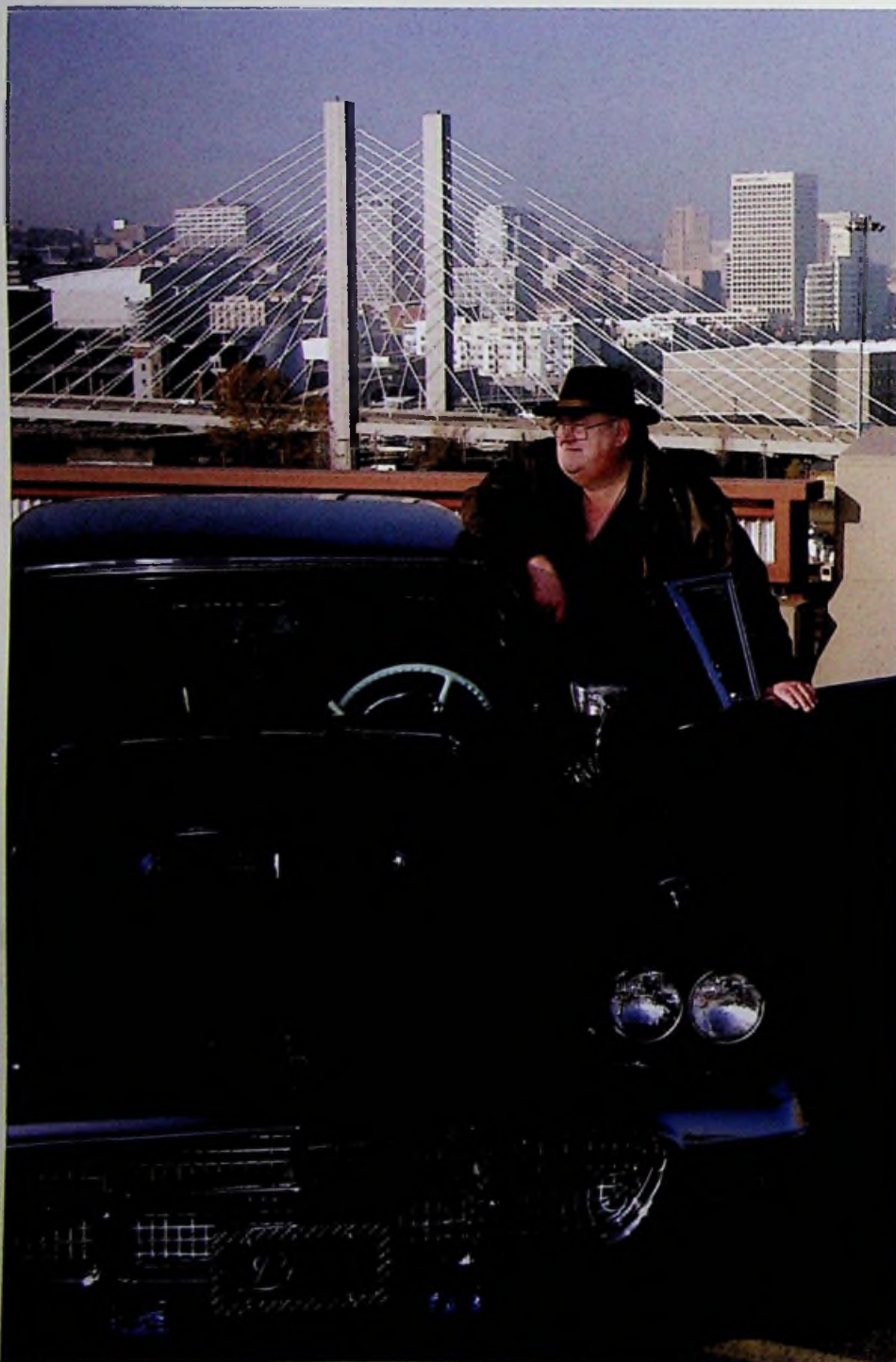
E-9 is celebrating its 10th anniversary as Tacoma's first tried-and-true brew pub and currently features at least six beers from its own brewery, which was installed in a side annex and opened for business in 1995. An original brew destined to be a classic is E-9's Rowdy Dick Amber—named for two of the engine house's six original horses—as is the Belgium White, both of which are hot sellers with Loggers. (Peoples says the UPS crowd still accounts for a good 30 percent of his business.) Like E-9's very own kitchen, its menu has also undergone steady remodeling, as the classic, garlic-heavy pizza you used to split with five friends at midnight has been joined by the can't-make-enough-of-it soft taco, grilled steak, and various hearty pasta dishes.

Fear not: Many aspects of the traditional E-9 experience haven't changed a bit, including its nonsmoking atmosphere (it was Tacoma's first bar/restaurant to eliminate smoking indoors), the luxury of sampling beers afforded to every customer over 21, and an intrepid staff's willingness to serve you year-round on the outside patio. "Hey, if you can stand the freezing cold and winter rain, heck, we'll serve you," says Peoples.

We Loggers have never let a little rain stop us from doing anything, and we certainly won't let getting older keep us from a truly age-defying Tacoma institution such as E-9. So go forth ye over-worked, overscheduled alumni and set a happy-hour date with your buddies at the most comfortable watering hole this side of 6th Avenue. Yes, the glory days of youth are behind us, but at least now we can afford a decent burger. — **Stacey Wilson '96**

Full speed ahead

Novelist James Cobb '76 is cruising new literary highways, with all four wheels screeching



If you catch Jim Cobb staring off into space, chances are he's hard at work.

"My mother and my friends call it 'booking,'" says Cobb. "I can sit for several hours, staring blankly into the distance. I could just be in a haze, but more likely I'm working through a character or a plot turn."

Truth is, the one-time radio DJ and soccer ball salesman hasn't stopped "booking" since *Arches* last checked in with him in 2002.

His first novel, the 1996 naval techno-thriller *Choosers of the Slain*, received critical acclaim, and heroine Commander Amanda Lee Garrett earned a fan base that followed her through three subsequent books: *Sea Strike*, *Sea Fighter*, and *Target Lock*.

Not one to be pigeonholed, Cobb published *West on 66*, a dark and gritty mystery featuring L.A. County deputy sheriff Kevin Pulaski, and a science fiction adventure called *Cibola*. He's also written a couple of novellas and has become a frequent contributor to the famed *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine*.

Cobb has completed four additional books, which are in various stages of contract negotiations.

"Amanda Garrett fans will be pleased to know we're close to going to press with a new book called *Phantom Force*," he says. The book already has been released in Germany and Japan.

Cobb has two new Kevin Pulaski books finished and is waiting for the logjammed mystery market to open up. Another ready-to-publish thriller novel, which he says he's not at liberty to discuss, will take his career in "an interesting new direction."

ROAD WARRIOR Tacoma-born Jim Cobb drives his '60 T-Bird, Lisette, around town "when it doesn't look like rain. She's not a trailer car," he says. "Someday I want to take her down Highway 66."

While these stories make their way to bookstore shelves, Cobb speaks at science fiction conventions, collects historic military firearms, practices his aim at area shooting ranges, and dotes on his raven-black 1960 Ford Thunderbird, "Lisette." And he writes.

Cobb writes most every day, often over breakfast at The Poodle Dog Restaurant in Fife or at Ben Dew's Clubhouse Grill on Tacoma's Sixth Avenue. "I write until my laptop battery goes dead, and then I go home to do research, answer e-mail, and do rewrites.

"For me, writing's not so much a job as it is an addiction," he says. "A while back, I finished a project and didn't know what I was going to work on next. I was a wreck. When I don't write I get antsy and nervous and become rather intolerable."

Cobb has hundreds of ideas for future stories, and he can't imagine the day when he stops writing. He'd like to work on a young-adult novel, he's got a children's book in the works, and he and Northwest artist Jeff Knutson are planning a car trip during which they'll attempt to produce a Japanese manga version (illustrated like a comic book) of *West on 66*.

"I have so many things I want to do," he says. "I especially want to keep the Amanda Garrett series going. I just know she has more adventures ahead of her. I really want to see her safe in retirement someday."

Amanda fans have suggested future story lines should somehow link her to Honor Harrington, the heroine of a series of science fiction books written by David Weber.

"Amanda just has to have a child," says Cobb. "Someday, we'll probably all learn that her great, great, great, great, great—many greats—grandchild is Honor Harrington. The two women share so many of the same traits that it somehow makes sense."

Reader input—be it ideas, questions, or criticism—is important to Cobb, who publishes his e-mail address in each of his novels.

"These books are a group effort," he says. "I'm just part of the team, and I wouldn't be able to write them without my readers, my network of writer friends and military experts, my editor, my agent, or my publisher."

— Mary Boone

You can e-mail Jim Cobb at DDG79@aol.com.

Other new releases



Our Burden Is Light
Starring Denise Coates '92 and Nathan Webb
89 minutes, BCI Eclipse, www.bcieclipse.com

Written and directed by Coates, this DVD plays as part romantic drama, part concert video, with a head-banging alt-rock score by Nate Mendel, bass player for the Foo Fighters. Coates plays Karen, a painter who spends her time hanging out in rock clubs and whose life is dominated by several unhealthy relationships, including her best friend, a Courtney Love clone, and her beau, an obnoxious punk-rock singer. Kyle, meanwhile, is a frustrated, unfulfilled jingle writer who dreams of being a real musician. After Karen and Kyle are mugged at a bus stop and rescued by a hyperactive eccentric, the two fall in love, even while Karen suffers from amnesia—plot twists best served by the suspension of disbelief. Coates, though, is appealing as an artist who reclaims and redefines herself. Included with the DVD is a CD featuring select songs from the movie soundtrack. — Andy Boynton



Corporate Social Responsibility: Doing the Most Good for Your Company and Your Cause
Nancy Lee '80 and Philip Kotler
307 pages, John Wiley and Sons, www.wiley.com/business

In today's world of accounting scandals, global outsourcing, and billion-dollar corporate mergers, there's an ever-increasing focus on the bottom line. But what about the common good? In fact, companies are contributing to social causes more than ever, and as Lee and Kotler demonstrate, there are tangible financial benefits in doing so. Here, the authors help managers choose the right social issues, partners, and initiatives for their businesses, offering 25 case studies. The book also includes tips for nonprofits seeking corporate support. Lee is president of Social Marketing Services and is an adjunct faculty member at the University of Washington. — AB



The Greenwood Encyclopedia of African American Literature
Hans Ostrom, professor of English, and J. David Macey, editors
Five volumes, Greenwood Press, www.greenwood.com

With more than 1,000 entries by more than 200 expert contributors, this encyclopedia is the most comprehensive reference available on African-American literature. While most of the entries are on individual authors, the encyclopedia gives special attention to the historical, cultural, and political contexts that have shaped African-American writing. Included are entries on critical movements and terms, critics and scholars, historical and social issues, cultural and historical figures, literary forms and genres, literary schools and organizations, and many other topics.



Rover's: Recipes from Seattle's Chef in the Hat
Cynthia Nims '86 and Thierry Rautureau
256 pages, Ten Speed Press, www.tenspeedpress.com

Sporting his trademark fedora, Thierry Rautureau prepares for another night at Rover's, his four-star restaurant. Anyone who has dined at the charming 50-seat Seattle restaurant can testify to the French-born chef's attention to creating a warm inviting atmosphere that makes you feel like you've stopped by a good friend's home for an elegant home-cooked meal. In *Rover's*, chef Rautureau and Cynthia Nims, a freelance food and travel writer and the author of several cookbooks, present more than 100 recipes.

Good Teachers, *Good Friends*

Harold Simonson '50

Professor emeritus of English

by Mary Boone

Wrapping a label around Harold "Hal" Simonson '50 is no simple task.

"Fair-minded, low-key, and responsible," suggests Robert Schulman, a colleague from his teaching days at the University of Washington.

"He's compassionate and humble—a real quiet force," says Agnes Thomsen, volunteer coordinator for MultiCare Hospice, a program to which Simonson has devoted hundreds of hours.

Perhaps Simonson's 5-year-old granddaughter, Audrey, comes closest when she says: "He likes to play."

Playing, after all, is what Simonson has been doing since he retired from teaching in 1991. He's played with words, composing dozens of poems. He's played the roles of student, spiritual advisor, and music aficionado. And, yes, he's spent plenty of hours down on the floor, playing blocks and board games with his five adoring grandchildren.

"Retirement has been a beautiful experience," he says. "It hasn't been an ending as much as it's been a time to learn and experience new things."

A Tacoma native, Simonson enrolled at Puget Sound in 1945 and left a year later to serve 18 months in the U.S. Army. Upon completing his military service, Simonson returned to Tacoma and earned his English degree in 1950. He then headed off to Northwestern University to get both his master's and doctoral degrees.

"[Then-president] Dr. [R. Franklin] Thompson came out to Chicago to see if I was interested in coming back," recalls Simonson. "We talked a little, and he hired me on the spot. That was the way it was done back then."

Simonson joined the Puget Sound faculty in 1955 and served as chairman of the English department from 1960 until 1968. "We used to have our department meetings on Friday afternoons at the old Top of the Ocean restaurant," he says. "I think other departments envied the fact that we all liked each other. We were a collegial bunch."

After leaving Puget Sound, Simonson taught another 23

years at the University of Washington. At various times during his academic career Simonson was a Fulbright lecturer in Greece, visiting fellow at Princeton Theological Seminary, research fellow at Yale Divinity School, and honorary fellow at the Institute for Advanced Studies in the Humanities at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland.

He was ordained as a Congregational minister in 1994 and served two years as interim pastor at Tacoma's First Congregational Church. He also spent two years as a hospice volunteer and chaplain, an experience he describes as "tender but emotionally draining."

Simonson has published many articles, reviews, and textbooks. His collection of personal essays, *Going Where I Have To Go: Essays from Within*, was nominated for the 1996 National Book Award. These days Simonson is finishing a book about his work as a minister that he's tentatively calling *One Clear Call*, a name that comes from a line in Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem "Crossing the Bar."

Inspired by his wife, Carolyn, who wrote her autobiography, Simonson also is working to write his own life story.

"But poetry's my big thing now," he says. "It's a whole new game for me. I'm enjoying the imagery, the sounds, the symbols; every word is so important. As a teacher of literature, I read and loved poetry, but writing it is different. Now I feel like a performer who, after years of playing beautiful sonatas, has decided to try his hand at composing."

Simonson calls his poetry a private pleasure and says he's not in a rush to have his work widely published.

"My father was a carpenter, and when he finished a house he would always bring the whole family to see the final product," he says. "I like that idea. I like the process of working and working and working on something and then standing back and saying, 'Yeah, that's pretty good.' It's a terrific feeling."

Interested alumni can write to Hal Simonson at P.O. Box 7487, Tacoma, WA 98406.



Postscript by Harold Simonson

What drives me now is not to see Jerusalem and Athens once again
or stroll the cobbled streets of Edinburgh and breathe the hush
of Giles's Cathedral; not to wander among the crosses of
Verdun and Normandy and shrink my soul at Dachau;
not still again to summit Mount Rainier and race
the miles in Point Defiance Park.

I'm happy just to sit quietly here,
reading a little, writing a little,
sailing with the gulls and clouds,
glutting upon the roses and the rowan tree
I planted fifty years ago.

Today my feast is lunch—with her—
beneath a high blue sky—a marriage older than the tree—
the noonday sun warming our shoulders and our love,

Seasoning what we've learned but not inscribed:
life's waxing and waning make a single curve.



Nosipho, Gwalisile, and Pumelele Ndlangamandla, all residents of Justin Carland's rural community, are among the 60,000 children in Swaziland who have been orphaned by the AIDS epidemic. By 2010, UNICEF estimates that the number of orphans will double to a staggering 120,000.

Hope against hope

the “sojournal” of a Peace Corps volunteer

by Justin Garland

In November of 2003, Justin Garland '03 joined the ranks of 32 Puget Sound graduates currently serving as Peace Corps volunteers. His assignment: Swaziland, the smallest country in Africa, one of the only remaining absolute monarchies in the world, and a nation of 1 million in which more than 38 percent of adults are HIV-positive. Each month during his two years there, Justin took the time to collect his thoughts and send to family and friends a remarkably honest and insightful account of his experience. What follows are excerpts from those letters—the emotional highs and lows, the personal doubt, the frustration with Peace Corps and government bureaucracies, and the inexpressible joy and heartache of making friends and then watching them die.

Feeling smug about having figured out “Swazi time,” I decided to show up fashionably late.

NOVEMBER 2003

Sanibonani boNkhosi! Greetings from Swaziland! After 10 weeks of training in the northernmost region of the country, and upon taking the long-winded oath administered by the U.S. ambassador, I am now officially a Peace Corps volunteer.

We spent the morning touring the Peace Corps offices, the U.S. Embassy, and various guest houses in the capital city of Mbabane. At around 12:30 a circa-1975 chartered diesel bus dropped us off downtown for an afternoon of shopping for brooms, basins, and other household items before we were to ship off to site the next morning. Having lived for too long on maize meal and gravy, many of us decided to splurge on the quasi-Indian food at the Tandoori Grill. Just as we sat down to lunch, the skies opened up and started pouring down rain. By the time we'd finished our meal, much of the town, including the main bridge across the river, stood under water. (News reports today say that several people were washed away by the flash floods!) As a result, Peace Corps delayed our departure to site in order to let the country get back on its feet.

DECEMBER 12, 2003

I've had a rough week of settling in to my new site. There were moments when I actually considered packing up my stuff and heading home, but as of today I'm looking forward instead of homeward.

I think that my doubts, fears, and helplessness stemmed from being so rapidly and completely immersed in my new life. In the course of one week, I lost the support of other American volunteers and was thrown headfirst into a setting where no one even understood the words coming from my mouth. My host family was convinced that I couldn't cook for myself. (A common Swazi saying: Men don't have hands!) I couldn't get more than five minutes of alone time. Somewhere in the move from trainee to volunteer, Justin Garland got lost. In attempting to fit in, I momentarily forgot that I am indeed an American who does “odd” things. Now that I've begun to establish myself as an individual who can cook for himself and walk himself to meetings, things have begun to look up.

I had a meeting last week with a youth group (18- to 25-year-olds) from the *inkhundla*

(roughly equivalent to the county government). The meeting was supposed to start at 11. Feeling smug about having figured out “Swazi time,” I decided to show up fashionably late. I arrived at 11:30 and still had to sit by myself for almost an hour until the second person arrived at 12:20. The meeting finally got started around 12:45.

I'd been invited to the meeting to assist the group in writing a constitution. I'd planned an hour-long interactive lesson about creating a mission statement and objectives. I wasn't very far into the presentation when I began to realize that goal-setting was a completely foreign idea to the youth. The “American” principles (democracy, goal-setting, etc.) that have been ingrained in me from a very early age are just not as obvious to Swazis. This country has been operating without a constitution for years. In this environment, goal-setting is neither valued nor necessary. As I obstinately trudged ahead with my presentation, I could sense that the Swazis were humoring me. They saw no need to establish a set of objectives for their group. They were simply interested in the perks that came with getting recognized by the national youth organization. Changes in perspective don't happen immediately, and I can only hope that by continuing to work with this group they will grow to see significance in many of the values I take for granted.

DECEMBER 24, 2003

As I begin to get more comfortable with my life in Swaziland, the magic and awe slowly fade. People write me letters saying they can't imagine the amazing life I'm living, but if you asked me now I would say there is nothing extraordinary about it. I no longer even think about the fact that there is no running water and that oftentimes I have to chase chickens and lizards out of the outhouse. My perception of life here has gradually and unnoticeably progressed from “hardship” to routine. I don't know if this transition is good or bad, but part of me wishes I could wake up each morning, look out my window, and feel the same surge of emotions I felt upon seeing Swaziland—in all its dirt and poverty—for the first time. I want to be aware of the beauty and the squalor rather than just intuit its existence.

Still, every now and then I am presented with the unexpected gift of beauty. Yesterday,

while sitting inside the main house studying SiSwati, Sakhile (a 5-year-old) purposefully walked into the room and opened the “refrigerator.” I put refrigerator in quotes because it has never worked and merely acts as a storage closet for the hammer and flashlight. Sakhile opened the flap in the door—the flap that in most fridges covers the butter—and pulled out a bewildered, but very much alive, finch-like bird. Then, holding the small bird in his hand, Sakhile marched out of the house. As far as I could tell, everyone else in the room was as dumbfounded as I was. It's almost better that I never found out how the bird got in the butter container or what Sakhile intended to do with it. The beauty was in the innocence, and I suspect that these are the kinds of moments that will sustain me for the next two years.

JANUARY 2004

Two months at site. Two months! In those two months I've figured out how to boil my drinking water, then heat my bath water by setting the boiling pot in a basin of cold water. I've discovered that a little sand in the bottom of a pot set on the stove top makes a great oven for baking bread and pies. Through trial and error, I've figured out the exact amounts of dry oatmeal, rice, beans, etc., required for feeding one person with no leftovers. I've learned that one can, in fact, live comfortably without a refrigerator, that the BBC only comes through on the shortwave when the skies are clear, and that electricity is no more reliable than catching a glimpse of a shooting star—maybe you'll see it, maybe you won't. I've also learned that buses that are supposed to come at 10 often don't arrive until well after noon, and when someone says “Let's meet at 9,” they really mean 2.

I haven't done much teaching about HIV. I haven't created any jobs. I haven't even located the nearest clinic for HIV testing (although rumor has it there's one in Hlathikulu). Instead, I've been running around buying dishcloths and basins. I've been meeting important community members. I've been watching Stone Cold Steve Austin's return to WWE wrestling with a group of young Swazi men. (WWE is almost its own religion in Bhangonoma. Every Sunday night from 5–6 p.m. at kaZwane—the one TV in town, assuming there's power.)

School was supposed to start two weeks ago. Families from all over the valley went to town

to buy school clothes and supplies. Children who attend boarding schools returned to their campuses. Teachers came back to the teachers' housing. Then, 25 hours before the first bells were set to ring in the new school year, the Ministry of Education announced that school would be delayed by one week, due to the fact that workers hadn't finished weeding the king's fields. The head teacher at my local primary school only heard the announcement on the bus radio on the way to work. He didn't know any details but trusted the government-run radio station enough to enforce the delay.

I overheard a joke the other day (maybe this won't be funny to anyone but me): Peace Corps volunteers who go to Asia come back spiritually aware. PCVs who go to Latin America come back politically aware. PCVs who go to Africa come back laughing. Really all I can do is sit back, relax, and laugh at the way things happen (or don't happen) here.

Three weeks ago, my family threw a party for the ancestors. The story, as I heard it, goes like this: My host father, who is a truck driver, was in a serious auto accident in November. He survived relatively unscathed. My family, believing that the spirits of the ancestors had protected him, decided to throw one hell of a party to honor the ancestors. The family killed a cow (a big deal in Swazi culture) and fermented barrels of *tjwala* (homemade corn beer). Sunday rolled around and, instead of going to church, everyone who's anyone came to our house to celebrate the Dlundlu family ancestors. There were four courses, each solely of beef. In the first round of beef, the adult men—and only the men—took huge, satiating bites of the cow's head as it was passed around the circle. Interspersed with the beef eating and *tjwala* drinking, there was much traditional dancing and all-around camaraderie. I kept telling myself it was just like a Sunday family BBQ back in the States, except the *whole* family, living and dead, was invited to this one.

MARCH 2004

I finished reading *The Great Gatsby* last night. A rereading, actually. It's refreshing to have time to go back and savor all those books that I rushed through in high school. Fitzgerald concludes *Gatsby* with the lines: "Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future



Cynthia Fite

Garland helps his host grandmother remove weevils from the homestead's store of maize. Maize is Swaziland's staple crop, but recent droughts have caused an alarming drop in the annual maize yield, further compounding the problems of a nation already battling poverty and AIDS.

that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther ... And one fine morning—"

Today, driving to Nhlngano, the bus passed an outcropping of rock that I've passed by 100 times. This morning, for the first time, I noticed it had been graffitied in green spray paint with the words "*safa iAIDS*." The SiSwati sentence translates as "We have all died from AIDS."

Tense is critical in Bantu languages. The graffitieur chose the narrative past tense—used to describe events that have already taken place. I imagined the culprit's depressing vision of eerily prophesying the future. As if, a thousand years from now, an archaeologist would be able to understand a whole society's extinction just by reading this graffiti.

It's a rough analogy, but the green spray paint drew me back to Gatsby's green light at the end of the pier. Swaziland seems to be limping toward its future, reaching out its arms, running faster, yet never quite able to grasp prosperity because of a disease called HIV. And yet one fine morning ... just maybe we will overcome this.

I've spent a lot of time at funerals. There was a nine-day stretch in mid-March where I

attended four funerals in my community.

All Swazi funerals involve a night vigil—a group of people gathered to keep the body company on this final night on earth. The body is buried just before sunrise. Because attending a funeral requires waking at 3:30 or 4 a.m., I've also taken my share of catnaps this month.

At some point, I realized that in my entire 22 years before coming to Swaziland, I had only attended two funerals. Suddenly I find myself attending twice as many in a week and a half. Of those four, two were for people under the age of 30. And the most disconcerting part of all is that the sheer number of funerals isn't disconcerting to the Swazis. Death has become such an integral part of weekly life that no one gives it a second thought.

AUGUST 2004

The sign read "Bhanganoma Youth In Progress Volleyball Tournament, Saturday, July 24 at 10 a.m., the volleyball pitch near kaDlundlu across the road from Mavukutfu Primary School, each team must have males *and* females, to register see Sabelo Mavimbela."

I typed the sign on MS Word, adorned it with a silly clip art of a small boy playing volleyball, and made several copies. At one of the youth meetings, I gave each member two copies and some sticky tack to put the signs up



Clidcon Mendel for The Global Fund/Corbis

Two barefooted girls, Pumelele Ndlangamandla and her sister, Nosipho Ndlangamandla, follow a footpath through Garland's rural Swazi community on their way to school. Some children walk over an hour each way to attend the local school, while other children don't even have the opportunity to attend school simply because their families can't afford the modest fees.

in conspicuous places around the community. One ended up above the door at the local general store. Another on the rock outcropping that doubles as the bus stop. A third on an electricity pole along a secondary, but well-traveled, road. As of the registration deadline on Thursday, five teams had registered, there were nightly marathon practice sessions, and the community was abuzz with speculation about who would win. Our publicity ploy had paid off.

On Friday, as Sabelo and I were returning from our weekly journey to the soup kitchen for orphans, we passed the sign on the electricity pole. We'd noticed it and commented about it on the walk to the kitchen, but upon returning, Sabelo took the sign down. I wasn't paying much attention as he tore his name out of the bottom left corner.

Ten minutes later we arrived at the store,

returned our reusable Coke bottles, and left. On the way out, Sabelo grabbed the volleyball tournament sign that was hanging in the window. He again tore his name off the poster and threw the rest onto the ground. I thought he was just taking the signs down because registration was over, but then he *ate* the piece of paper with his name. I asked him why. He said that it wasn't good for his written name to be in circulation because someone might use it to conjure a spell on him. It would be disastrous if his name fell into the wrong hands. I hadn't even thought twice about writing Sabelo's name on the poster when I made it, and yet, in a completely different cultural context, I did something that was downright dangerous!

Despite being an overwhelming success, the volleyball tournament itself also had a couple of good stories. The morning of the tournament, I decided to set off on the 5-min-

ute walk from my house at around 10, knowing full well that no one else would show up until 11 or so, but at the same time wanting to set a good example of timeliness. I waited alone at the pitch for almost 45 minutes. By 11 there were half a dozen people mingling around. The early-comers decided that the volleyball pitch needed new poles for the net (despite the fact that there was nothing visibly wrong with the old poles that had been in use since before my arrival in the community). I didn't entirely understand their logic but also wanted this to be their tournament, so I didn't interfere.

At 11:30 four people set off for the half hour walk to the forest to chop down two trees. (Keep in mind that the tournament was supposed to start at 10.) By 12:30 we could see them dragging two poles down the mountain, although it was almost 1 by the time they arrived. The poles were in the ground by 1:20.

This past weekend, as is the case almost every weekend, I had to choose between funerals.

In the interim, other participants had chopped grass and ingeniously made boundary lines using ash. The first game started around half past one, and the championship was decided just before dark. At one point I counted 50-plus spectators (not including the participants) all dressed in their Sunday best! Judging by the turnout, you'd have thought it was the biggest event to happen in Bhangonoma in many years. And, you know, maybe it was.

SEPTEMBER 2004

I'm standing on a dying rooster as its life twitches away. At first the severed head and body twitch in unison, connected on some invisible wavelength. Blood runs almost imperceptibly into the dirt. The convulsions last longer than I'd expected—even to the point where my ankles, twisted at peculiar angles due to the body of the rooster, begin to ache. Then, after a time span that, had it been a commercial during the Super Bowl would have cost millions, there is no movement. As the life seeps from the bird, I morph from being a vital restraining mechanism to the weird white guy who's standing on the main course. Following the children's orders, I step down from my perch upon the chicken. As I do, the headless body springs to its feet, hops two steps, then falls back to the ground with a visually stunning, yet audibly imperceptible thud. I manage to conceal my surprise. I don't squeal in fear, despite the urging of my city-boy instincts. Instead, I watch in utter fascination. The children, knowing all along that the chicken still had some fight left, point at me and laugh.

I shudder in much the same way the chicken performed his dramatic death throes. I'm surprised that the taking of a life is so unceremonious. I don't know what I'd expected, but certainly not this. I remind myself that thousands have preceded this doomed chicken, and thousands will follow. Maybe the sheer numbers make it impossible to honor death with a ceremony.

From my window I can see nearly every house in the community laid out in front of me like a deceptively peaceful backdrop to disaster. Every morning of late, the arrogant American in me crawls from underneath his mosquito net and shuffles, dusty eyed, to the door. He intends to open the door to scream words of

warning: "Damn it! Don't you people see what is happening to you?"—as if it's my job to save the world. But the chill of the doorknob, or the light peeking through the crack in the door, or the cold cement on bare feet shakes the arrogant American from his trance and talks him down off his high horse. And suddenly I find myself, reembodyed, wondering what to do with this day, knowing that alienation and screaming aren't the solution.

The community outside my door has just over 1,000 residents. This past weekend, as is the case almost every weekend, I had to choose between funerals. I chose the 26-year-old who has cared for her seven younger siblings ever since their parents died two years ago, over the 3-year-old who coughed himself to death. These aren't decisions I'm accustomed to making. Every weekend is consumed by digging graves and cooking for the dead. Churches skip weeks at a time because everyone is recovering from funerals. The weekly migration of shovel-toting young men doesn't strike anyone (but me) as odd. The same young men who carry the shovels and dig the graves usually talk right through the funeral. The women who cook laugh at their own jokes rather than the pastor's. Sometimes the father or the son of the deceased will ask the men and women to show respect, but more often than not they carry on without reprimand.

I stand in a dying country as its life twitches away. Blood runs almost imperceptibly into dirt. This is a world in which 7-year-old orphans attend funerals, not because they wish to honor the deceased, but because it is often the only meal they'll eat all week. The taking of a life is so unceremonious. I try to remind myself that thousands have preceded us, and thousands will follow. Maybe the sheer numbers make it impossible to honor death with a ceremony.

OCTOBER 2004

Sitabile is pregnant.

My 26-year-old host sister is preparing to have her fourth child. As they say in Swaziland, all four of her children will have "different surnames," which is just a fancy way of saying there are four children by four different fathers. And a new child means another mouth to feed, another child to eventually send to school. This new addition will bump the total

up to 15 people living off of one truck driver's salary of approximately \$300 per month, and my family is one of the wealthier families in the community.

In addition to being my host sister whom I've grown to love, Sitabile is also an active member of Bhangonoma Youth In Progress, a volunteer at the local Neighborhood Care Point for orphans, and a trained peer educator. She cannot claim ignorance about condoms, HIV transmission, or AIDS prevalence rates. I've made it a point to make condoms available in the community. I've encouraged her and other young women to say "No!" if they don't want sex. And yet she is pregnant with her fourth child. Given the nationwide HIV infection rates of 38 percent (even higher in the 20–29 age group), Sitabile's odds aren't very good.

Every Peace Corps volunteer probably has a story about a moment of disillusionment, a moment when everything they've been working toward is brought into question, a moment when they are forced to reconsider everything they thought they knew. How fitting that this moment happens exactly halfway through my service.

It's certainly no secret that HIV is killing the country. Sometimes I let myself believe that people just lack the information to protect themselves. But then I'm shocked to discover that it's not lack of information, but rather a lack of motivation. The youth have the knowledge. But there is a disconnect between knowledge and action. Knowing everything they do about HIV, the youth still have unprotected sex. How is this a battle we can win? We must reassess where we're concentrating our effort. The first task, however, is to figure out where we were misguided, and I have just such an opportunity for in-depth insight with Sitabile. I must find a way to overcome the language and gender barrier to dig into Sitabile's mind. Let that be my task for the month of December. And in digging deeper, I'll hope to climb up the steep slope, out of the pit of disillusionment.

JANUARY 2005

Twelve hours away from where I sit right now is an idyllic Mozambican beach. Adolescent locals balance red coolers of lobster and shrimp on their heads, selling a pound of prawns for less than a cup of Starbucks coffee. Younger

Almost every household heard the government-owned radio report that Americans created HIV.

children sell a dozen shell necklaces in a day. Christmas Day is spent playing soccer on the beach with the locals. I'm not exaggerating when I claim even now to be able to smell the warm Portuguese bread being sold on the street corner.

I remind myself that, yes, I did experience these vivid pictures against the intense blue and white backdrop of ocean and sand. Less than a week ago I was at a place where the only worry was remembering to reapply sunscreen every few hours, the only commitment was getting to the boat in time to go snorkeling with 30-foot whale sharks, and the biggest disappointment was finding someone else already asleep in the hammock overlooking the ocean. Dinner every night was an insouciant occasion, a meal of fresh squid or barracuda shared among light-hearted friends. The world was small and jovial and carefree.

In a refreshed state of mind, feeling equally tanned and salty, I returned to my community eager to hear about everyone's holiday experiences. As has become an uplifting custom, my 16-year-old sister ran to meet me at the bus and offered to help carry one of my many bags. I immediately asked about her Christmas. She responded that she didn't enjoy Christmas one bit because "everyone was gone over the holiday." This struck me as odd because Swazi families, like American families, usually spend the holidays together. I inquired as to why she'd spent Christmas alone, and she responded that she had to stay home and watch the youngest children while everyone else attended funerals.

The community of Bhangonoma buried six people in the time I was gone. The 25-year-old chairperson of the youth association told me "these days are not good. On the 19th I was burying my sister. On the 26th I was burying my aunt, and on the 1st I was burying my cousin. I have not had Christmas yet. Christmas is supposed to be happy, but I have not been happy for some time."

I have tried to reconcile the fact that I spent Christmas at the beach, lounging in the sun, sipping drinks decorated with paper umbrellas, while a young man my age buried three of his family members. This juxtaposition demands that I acknowledge my privileged life. Sometimes I can almost forget about the things that separate me from those around me. I can

get happily lost in the idea that I've become a Swazi, that there's no difference between me and the members of my community. Yet that image is shattered when I consider that I spent an average month's salary in seven days at the tourist beach, or that I've never had to attend the funeral of a family member.

FEBRUARY 2005

For the past few weeks I've felt like I have my nose against a wall that I can't get over. This wall is no different from the other walls I've scaled in my time here. One would think each wall would get easier with experience. The more times you conquer something, the more familiar you are with how to do it, right? The thing that's different in this equation is myself. I'm exhausted. I try to muster up the energy to climb over the wall, or at least look left and right for a way around it, but find a void where there used to be enthusiasm. I'm defeated and frustrated. I'm looking for a source of energy to propel me on, all the while listening to the voice in the back of my head (I can't decide if it's the voice of an angel or the devil!) that says: "You have given all you have. Ease up on yourself and let someone else take over."

To compound the exhaustion, the Swazi press has spent the past few weeks reporting several disconcerting stories. I've learned that the king has purchased new BMWs for each of his wives, despite having purchased 13 new luxury cars for his 13 luxurious wives less than a year ago. The new Swazi lotto is installing a wireless computer network for selling tickets across the country. This expenditure seems grossly miscalculated, and whoever is in charge must, for lack of a better explanation, be oblivious to the fact that much of the Swazi population lives daily life without access to clean water or secure food.

It gets worse.

The prohibitive expense of televisions and the weak distribution infrastructure of newspapers make radio the most common medium in Swaziland. As a result, almost every household in the country heard the government-owned Swazi radio report that Americans created HIV in a laboratory as part of an ethnic cleansing campaign. The radio report was based on a magazine article printed in the November/December 2004 edition of *Frank Talk: The True Nature of Life*. The article claims that "the in-

ventors [of HIV] ... go around sponsoring free HIV tests and persuading the people to know their status ... in order to know how many people are dying and to confirm the success of their hidden plan of ethnic cleansing." It goes on to say that, by June of 1977, a U.S.-sponsored special virus program had "produced 15,000 gallons of AIDS" that was then dispersed to Africa under the guise of a smallpox vaccine. According to the article, in 1974 the "whole world agree[d] to secretly cull Africa's population" through a "well-conceived technological strategy of ethnic cleansing" called AIDS. This magazine article would not have been widely read had it not been picked up by Swazi radio and reported to the nation as fact. The volunteers watched a year and a half of working to establish credibility unravel before their very eyes. Volunteers reported growing skepticism toward testing, even among those who had previously expressed interest in knowing their status. Other volunteers decided to pretend they were from Germany. The report left us questioning what we could do at a community level to combat a national media source that is intent on spreading misinformation.

MARCH 2005

Last month my nose was firmly against a wall that I wasn't sure I could—or wanted to—get over. Now I'm leaning lazily with my back against the other side of that wall, and I'm not quite sure how I got here. At some point during the Jacobian wrestling match with myself, I looked up through the dust and saw I was on the other side of the wall. Only then did I realize that what I mistook for wrestling was actually climbing. I can now say that the view from this side is great. Stretching out before me is the entire community of Bhangonoma (greener than I've ever seen it!) and seven months (not nearly enough time!) to squeeze every last drop, search every hidden corner, and build every undiscovered friendship.

MAY 2005

My memory is proglottidean, like the tapeworm, but unlike the tapeworm it has no head, it wanders in a maze, and any point may be the beginning or the end of its journey. I must wait for the memories to come of their own accord, following their own logic. That's how it is in the fog. In the sunlight, you see things from

a distance and you can change directions purposefully in order to meet up with something particular. In the fog, something or someone approaches you, but you do not know what or who until it is near.

— Umberto Eco, from “The Gorge”

As I ducked through the door, the smoke-filled interior of the kitchen gave way to an equally gray and disorienting predawn fog. I had stopped by the kitchen fire, hoping to store enough heat in my body and clothes to outlast the early morning chill.

As has become an almost farcical ritual, my on-time arrival guaranteed that I was also the first. I sat on a large boulder to wait. The community meeting space (*umphakatsi* in SiSwati) had an eerie, spine-chilling feel about it that morning. The cattle kraal’s twisted branches reached out at me through the fog. Disconcerted, I turned my back to the spindly, knotted fingers and stared mindlessly into a blank gray scrim that was concealing the valley below me.

By the time the fog burned off, nearly 20 people had gathered. I chatted with some of the young men. One of them brought an English composition, hoping for my feedback. Another asked about the weather in America this time of year. None of us were really sure why we’d been summoned, but in accordance with the prior day’s instructions we’d all brought various weed-clearing tools (scythes, machetes).

The Buchopho swept regally onto the scene, as if timing his entrance to correspond with my aversion to answering another question about finding a “sponsor in America” (an opaque and vague request that many Swazis revert to when conversation slows). With the Buchopho’s arrival, I expected an official declaration that the waiting should end and the as-yet-to-be-defined work should begin. (The Buchopho is the chiefdom’s elected representative who is expected to initiate and lead development projects within the community.)

Yet, 20 minutes and two sponsor inquiries later, we were still standing around. The more we stood around, the more I began to think that I’d missed something, that everyone else knew what we were waiting for and that I just hadn’t been able to phrase a question in the right way to get the answer I desired.

I was standing in a group of five or six



Sabelo Mavimbela

Garland is embraced on either side by Mphiliseni Dluflu (left) and Clement Zwane, two inspiring young men who worked tirelessly to initiate a community garden and an HIV/AIDS Peer Education program.

young men, when everyone stopped and turned. Pointing with the first knuckle of his first finger, the young man who had brought his essay had spotted the Buchopho rambling down the road away from us, alone. With an impetuous shrug of their collective shoulders, 30 people gathered their tools and set off like a swarm in pursuit of the Buchopho, who already had a 100-yard head start on us.

As we set off, I asked one of my counterparts if I’d missed some magic signal.

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“We don’t know. We’re just following the Buchopho. See?” as he pointed again with his knuckle at the determined leader ahead.

The crowd clumsily bumbled down the hill a few hundred yards behind the Buchopho. He turned off the road. Moments later, his followers bottlenecked onto the same single-file footpath, crossed a stream, and spilled out of the tall grass onto a homestead—just as the Buchopho received a yellow bucket of home-brewed traditional beer. I was in the back of the pack, so was unable to see the Buchopho’s expression as 30 of his followers spewed forth from the grass, but can imagine the surprise in his eyes (matched only by the surprise in ours!). The Buchopho, far from leading us to work, and completely unaware that we had followed him, thought he’d managed to sneak away for an early morning alcoholic refreshment.

The whole scene is a perfect allegory for many of the bigger issues facing Swaziland. A group of people blindly following their leader,

never inquiring about (or even interested in) where they’re being led. This phenomenon happens on all levels, from the household level all the way up to the king. People place trust in their leaders, only to find that they’ve been led to a *shebeen* that sells homemade corn liquor just so the leader can quench his thirst at 8:30 in the morning.

Imagine if the leadership of this country used its influence to engage the citizenry in a massive fight against HIV, rather than to buy cars and beer for itself. Instead, I’m reminded of Eliot: “What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow/ out of this stony rubbish?”

The bus had been so packed that I hadn’t noticed Clement, but after we’d arrived in town the young man from the Bhangonoma youth group rushed up behind me, greeted me, and chastised me for not seeing him on the bus. I tried to use the 100-plus people who had been packed between me and him as my defense, but he didn’t buy it. He was well dressed, implying that he was not just planning on running errands in town. He obviously had something more important in mind. I had just intended to check my mail and buy some produce, but was sensing that I was rapidly getting drawn into whatever Clement had planned.

He took my hand and began leading me through town. (Swazi men have no problem holding hands with one another, a cultural trait I’ve become quite comfortable with.) He pulled me past the post office, past the small grocery



Garland plays soccer (known locally as football) with his host brothers just outside his front door. Children in rural Swaziland often use stuffed plastic bread bags, like the one seen here, as soccer balls.

store, past the butchery, past the dark bar where a group of men had already begun drinking at 10 in the morning. Soon we'd bypassed everything in town except the hospital.

As we arrived at the hospital gate—one of only five hospitals in a country of 1 million residents—he turned to me and simply asked: “Do you know where is the VCT (Voluntary Counseling and Testing)?” I had been expecting a visit to a sick relative, but instead Clement was interested in testing to know his HIV status. I stood aghast at his initiative, couldn't really believe what he'd said. Encouraging people to test had so far been a thankless and fairly unrewarding task. It seemed that every time I brought up the subject of testing with someone, he or she inevitably replied that there's no reason to get tested; ignorance is bliss. And suddenly, out of the blue, Clement was asking me to accompany him to find out his status.

Fortunately, I knew my way through the Hlathikulu hospital and navigated us efficiently to the VCT unit. There were about 15 people in line in front of us, all of them women, some with babies. I was worried that the wait time would outlast his courage to test. He paced the floor and patted his foot impatiently. I used

the time to begin to prepare myself to deal with a possible positive reading. I'd woken up in a grocery-shopping mind-set and was now having to realign into possible counselor mode. I was probably as worried as Clement.

Two hours after our arrival, Clement was finally called into the closet-sized room. I waited in the hallway that doubles as a waiting room. The bench for the VCT was full with women waiting to test, so I walked up and down the hall, looking in open doors at crowded rooms of 20 emaciated, despondent patients lying on cots draped in yellowed sheets. Beside each cot on the floor was a palette of blankets where the patient's family member or caretaker slept. The doctor walked from one bed to the next, knowing that almost every patient was HIV positive but with no one willing to tell him their status because of the lack of privacy. These are the conditions that await the 38 percent of this country that is HIV positive. The medical infrastructure is collapsing under the weight of this epidemic, and given the average eight-year lag time from infection to symptoms, the worst is yet to come.

I don't feel comfortable disclosing Clement's results. I've only told his story because he has proudly shared his experience of testing with

the community. He knows he needs to be a role model and is vocally encouraging other young people to get tested. He'll be the first to say that “your status is your business, so as long as you know your status!”

Seedlings were transplanted on Saturday at the youth garden. It was a day of great contentment. We popped caps off of one-liter Coke bottles, feeling the same ecstasy Andy Dufresne and his prisonmates in *The Shawshank Redemption* must have felt as they popped caps off their rooftop beers. We sat in the warm sun, drinking Coke, free to admire our work.

The garden has been in the works for almost my entire time at site. Creating it has been an agonizingly slow process that finally came to fruition. We were able to buy piping for irrigation this month. We bought over 300 meters of piping in town and strapped it to the top of the bus. We dug a trench, laid the pipe, plowed the land, and built seed beds. Donated seeds were planted in the beds, and, earlier this week, seedlings were transplanted into the fields.

Even more noteworthy, I have convinced the youth to keep their garden organic. The decision grew out of a discussion about not having enough money to buy fertilizer. I told them that they had all the fertilizer they needed in the cattle kraal, if only they'd gather it. I also argued that whatever chemicals they used would end up in the drinking water. By the time I got to the concept of a trench garden for conserving water, they were not only sold, but excited about organic gardening. There's obviously no certifying body, nor any market demand for organic produce, so we're undertaking a fairly thankless task, but the youth in the group want to do it for “the good of the community,” which I believe to be the noblest of reasons.

From the very beginning, the Peace Corps made it clear that our final months of service would probably be our most rewarding because it would take that long for projects to get rolling. At the time, though, I couldn't believe that it would take a year and a half to get a garden set up. Saturday, sitting alongside rows of tomato and cabbage sprouts, I mused to myself that, given what I've learned about Swaziland during the past year and a half, I was

I can't help but feel guilty that I have the option to just pick up and go.

pleasantly surprised the garden came together so quickly.

SEPTEMBER 2005

Almost two years ago I sat down on a sweltering Christmas Eve to write one of my earliest Swazi sojourns. I wrote about the process of learning to live in this country. I wrote about learning to arrive at meetings late in order to be on time. I wrote about heating bathing water with the pot of boiled drinking water. These subtleties that consumed my initial days at site have, over the course of my time in Swaziland, incubated into rituals.

I can hardly sleep comfortably in a bed without a mosquito net, not because I'm worried about malaria but because the ritual of climbing in and out has become so ingrained. These peculiar habits become comforting when so much is foreign. Now, as I face the imminent prospect of abandoning these habits in exchange for a much-anticipated homecoming, I am speechless. A blank page says more than a full one.

I've been struggling to write for the past few months and haven't had any idea how to convey my thoughts to people who seem so far away. In addition to emotional extremes and the occasional flashes of what-the-hell-am-I-going-to-do-with-my-life, I'm also having to come to grips with the fact that, upon my return, the people I interact with will never have seen nor will they comprehend my day-to-day life and the subtle experiences that have both plagued and beatified my time here in Swaziland. This prospect terrifies me.

I'm not sure if I've done any good. This isn't just an idle self-deprecating comment. It's a real concern that I'm certain all Peace Corps volunteers experience as their service comes to an end. What if I've worked two years for naught? To make matters worse, I am finding it difficult to convey this worry to people who haven't seen what I've seen. I'm scared of their well-intentioned reassurances that I have indeed made a difference in the world when I myself am not so certain. It's not that I'm regretful or indifferent about my time here. It's just that I'm not sure I've done things the right way or made any lasting change. Part of me feels like I've just taken up space, kept my distance, and traveled from place to place in a metaphorical Popemobile.

I want Swaziland to be more than a variegated collection of nice anecdotes. I want it to have an overarching and unshakable meaning. I want to have no doubt that I was successful. I'm sure I'll be able to assign meaning with time and distance, but right now I can't see the forest for the trees.

I will be officially discharged on October 25. I have begun to tackle the mountain of tasks to complete before I leave Swaziland. I have to return Peace Corps property, to write final reports, and get final medical clearance. I'm working furiously on graduate school applications. But most importantly, I have to tie up loose ends in Bhanganoma. I have to say goodbye to the people who have generously played host for the past two years.

As I leave I'll take some vivid memories of my last months here. Just last Sunday I was playing a dodgeball-esque game with the many children on my homestead, and, while pausing for a moment to appreciate the beauty of the moment, got whacked in the head with the ball.

We were using a ball made of plastic bags and about the size of a tennis ball. Two of the oldest children stood a distance away from each other with everyone else in between them. The two on the end tossed the ball back and forth to each other and every now and then tried to hit one of the children in the middle. The target children had two options: either dive out of the way of the ball or catch it. If anyone caught a ball thrown at them, all of the children who are out (as a result of getting hit) get to come running and squealing back into the center.

At one point the ball rolled away from Sibusiso. It gained momentum down a small hill and came to rest on the rocks marking an ancestor's grave. Sibusiso raced after the ball, then pulled up short when he saw the predicament. At first I thought he didn't want to go near the graves for fear of violating sacred space, but it turns out he just didn't know how to grab the ball without pointing at least one finger directly at the grave.

In Swazi tradition it is taboo to point at a grave. One must always be careful where fingers are pointing in order to not offend the ancestors. This is why people point using their knuckles. It's better to be safe than to be sorry.

I watched Sibusiso shift weight from foot to foot in his moment of consternation. Finally

he bent down, keeping both hands in a tight fist, and using only his knuckles was able to wriggle the ball free of the rocks. His fingers never pointed at the grave. Two years ago I would not have known why he was making such a display. I stood there, proud of myself for deciphering such a cultural clue. I let my brain wander even further afield, until the ball hit me square in the side of the head. I came back to the present amid the children's dulcet laughter, and I found my seat next to the others who had been hit. Together we energetically cheered on the remaining children to catch the ball and free us back into the game.

I could tell more stories about life in Swaziland, but it seems that every story will be tinged with sadness and guilt. I'm beginning to experience an emotion that I've tried hard to protect myself from, but on the eve of my departure I can't help but feel guilty that I have the option to just pick up and go. There are so many people in this country who deserve a better life but can't access it simply because they were unlucky to be born here instead of there. And I am packing up my four pairs of shoes and my computer and walking away. Sure, I'm excited about coming home. It will be so good to catch up with acquaintances, to tell firsthand stories of this place. But I'll have to rely on the poet R.M. Rilke to lead me out of this letter—and this experience. Without him, doubt clouds my mind, guilt blurs my memory, and fear obscures my view. Yet, if I take a step back, Rilke assures me I have at the very least made a difference in my own life:

A Walk (translated by R. Bly)

*My eyes already touch the sunny hill,
going far ahead of the road I have begun.
So we are grasped by what we cannot grasp;
it has its inner light, even from a distance—
and changes us, even if we do not reach it,
into something else, which,
hardly sensing it, we already are;
a gesture waves us on, answering our
own wave...
but what we feel is the wind in our faces.*

Signing off from Swaziland...

Justin Garland returned to the United States in November. You can reach him at jgarland@runbox.com.



Escape artist

This history major's work is cold, wet, physically punishing, and occasionally life threatening. But he also gets to write about and photograph some of the most beautiful places on earth.

text by Andy Dappen
photos by Tom Winter '87

TOM WINTER HAS ONE OF THOSE careers that induces envy. While others complain about jobs incarcerating them in cubicles, Winter, a ski and adventure-sports journalist, is at work while traveling, skiing, surfing, and mountain biking. He's paid to play—or so his résumé seems to substantiate: He is a senior editor for *Freeskier* magazine and was a senior contributor to *Powder* magazine, the publisher of *Apex* magazine, editor of *Gravity* magazine, managing editor of *Freeze* magazine, and the managing editor of *Vertical* magazine.

During the 15 years that Winter has followed this path, about half of each year has been devoted to working as a staff member for a magazine, the other half as a freelance writer for the likes of *Ski*, *Skiing*, *Skier* magazine (Canada), *Xtreme* magazine (Australia), and the *Denver Post*. The writing has taken him all over North America and around the world. In any given winter, he'll travel to Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, California, and Montana. He'll heli-ski in Alaska, British Columbia, and the Canadian Rockies. He'll visit the French, Swiss, or Italian Alps once or twice. And he'll log a few exotic trips to destinations like Argentina, Chile, Peru, Egypt, Jordan, Turkey, Cyprus, Bulgaria, or Hungary.

Not that Winter's life is all fun and glamor. Working for winter-sports magazines has its crunch times as issues go to press during the fall and winter. "It's like finals week once a month putting out the magazines. You write, edit, massage other people's work, and fill holes. There's lots of pressure," he says.

But freelancing part of the year provides an offset. For example, it's given Winter the flexibility to spend the month of August skiing in South America—something he's done five times. "You've got to keep pitching ideas to create work as a freelancer. The pay is low, the competition high. There's no job security. You take abuse from editors who change or scrap your stories. You often wait a year be-



About five years into his journalism career, Winter started getting serious about photography. Now half his income comes from shooting photos. The pictures on these and the following pages are his—at left, shot in Valdez, Alaska, and, above, in Termas de Chillan, Chile.

tween when you start a story and when you get paid. In exchange, you get to travel the world on someone else's tab, hang around amazing athletes, and associate with people who are infectiously excited about what they do."

Winter's attraction to adventure sports, and most specifically to winter sports, started early. Growing up in Boulder, Colo., he maintains there wasn't much to do in winter except ski. His father also loved to ski and that passion got passed along. When college years arrived, Winter looked at high-quality liberal arts institutions close to real mountains. He wanted a change of scenery from Colorado but was not interested in the small, ice-coated mountains of the East. That made Puget Sound, with

its proximity to the Cascades, one of the few schools that met his dual standards.

Winter made the UPS ski team as a walk-on and competed against Canadian National Team members who were on full-ride scholarships at Simon Fraser and the University of British Columbia. During his junior year, while studying abroad in the United Kingdom, Winter raced in the British National Championships and won a few bronze medals. Now he jokes, "If I were English, I might have had a shot at the Olympics."

Winter graduated from Puget Sound with a B.A. in history (he once wrote a story about ski touring Hannibal's route through the Alps), worked temporarily for the Smithsonian as a



Chamonix, France.

research assistant, and then started graduate studies at the University of York in England, working toward a master's in cultural history. In 1989, when the Berlin Wall came down, he skipped classes for several days and traveled to Berlin to witness the momentous occasion firsthand. When he returned, his professors asked what it was like. He told them, "Leave now and you can see and feel everything. You can swing a hammer at the wall and see guards on the other side with their machine guns looking at you. You'll understand exactly what it is like."

None of them went. That proved a turning point for Winter. "It floored me. Here were a bunch of historians, some who specialized in European history, with one of the most important historical events of their lifetime unfolding, and *none* of them went to Berlin. What were they thinking? You *have* to go to an

event like that if you're a historian."

But the professors Winter studied under in Britain were mostly interested in seeing the world through books or other people's experiences. "They were in the Ivory Tower looking out. I was interested in actually experiencing the real world, tasting it, and smelling it, and being there."

He left the University of York (a revised thesis paper short of his master's), moved to Vail, Colo., and plugged into the ski bumming life with no real plan. "It completely freaked my parents out. I was attracted to the lifestyle but the menial work associated with ski bumming made me realize I needed to keep the wheels upstairs turning."

He took an unpaid internship with *Powder* magazine and the first article he wrote was published. Compared to the research, documenting, and writing affiliated with his history

studies, writing about adventure sports was easy. And that proved an epiphany. "My reaction was, 'I can do this for a living! This is the kind of scam I've been looking for!'"

That's not to say it was easy establishing himself after the internship ended. Specialty magazines exploit the oversupply of wannabe writers to keep their rates low. At the same time—and almost paradoxically—it's difficult to earn the trust of those tight-pursed editors. Writers must produce quality work, meet their deadlines, handle material creatively, and hold their tongues when rewrites or last-minute changes are mandated. It took two years for editors to view Winter as a valued contributor and assign him enough work to actually pay the bills. "Until then, I moved a lot of furniture, fried a lot of fries, tuned a lot of skis."

Winter credits personal drive and a good education for his fast transition into jour-

Winter has broken his leg, ankle, wrist, and three ribs; endured four knee reconstructions; cracked his skull, suffered several concussions; and separated a shoulder. "I don't feel the weather yet, but if I ever lapse into a couch-potato lifestyle, I'm going to be hurting," he says.

nalism. "The education I received [at Puget Sound] was excellent. It really made things easier for me, especially when it came to writing. Many freelancers I edit clearly didn't get the same type of education, and it shows in their work."

One of the downsides of his career has been the physical toll placed on his body. He's broken his leg, ankle, wrist, and three ribs; endured four knee reconstructions; cracked his skull, suffered several concussions; and separated a shoulder. Because he maintains a high level of fitness and works at stretching, Winter says, "I don't feel the weather yet, but if I ever lapse into a couch-potato lifestyle, I'm going to be hurting."

Injuries, according to Winter, are the cost of doing business in the extreme-sport world. Sometimes the cost goes beyond injury—several of his colleagues have died while on assignment. With his snow-sport emphasis, avalanches are the biggest threat to life, followed by falls. "On some of the terrain where we work, mistakes are fatal. But the more intense the mo-

Right: Berthoud Pass, Colo. Below, the man himself at La Grave, France.





Valdez, Alaska.

ment, the happier I am. If I weren't doing this, I'd probably be a war correspondent."

The danger factor, and his propensity to live out of a suitcase for months on end, doesn't make Winter a man women clamor to marry. "Most of the women I've been serious about eventually say, 'This isn't what I imagined' when I'm gone for three months. The travel is glamorous, but most people don't want to spend their life traveling."

That may change during the spring of 2006, when Winter is scheduled to marry Aileen Gilmour, a talented surfer, passionate skier, and the owner of a travel company. "Her career fits well with mine. We both can travel at will and have plenty of flexibility. She 'gets it' when it comes to my career, and the icing on the cake is that she can join me on trips."

Relationship details, however, aren't what the envy-crowd wants from Winter when

they learn of his profession. Most pump him for information. They want to know which skis and boots to buy. (Answer: Most of the gear these days is excellent, but fatter skis are better.) They ask whether they should ski Europe. (Definitely! Even if the snow is bad, experiencing skiing as a way of life in the Alps is a must.) They inquire about his favorite American ski resorts (Vail, Jackson Hole, Silverton Mountain, Crystal, Taos—though not necessarily in that order) and the best Canadian resorts (Whistler Blackcomb, Fernie, Red Mountain, Kicking Horse). They ask for insider secrets on what not to miss. (All experts should ski La Grave, France, and everyone should ski Chile.)

All of this expertise—none of it particularly world shattering—creates some anxiety. Occasionally Winter, who is now 41, worries he is not serious enough. He wonders whether

he should be tackling heavier topics and about the importance of his contribution. But then he also knows he's a purveyor of dreams. "I show people activities and lifestyles they can tap into. I provide an escape for the masses that are stuck in New York City. Maybe it's enough to get people excited about their next vacation or to show them the exit ramp from their current lifestyle."

And then there are those special moments. "When I'm standing at the top of La Grave with some of the best skiing on the planet below my boards, it's pretty easy to say, 'OK I can live with this.'"

Andy Dappen is the author of three books and the editor of WenatcheeOutdoors.org. His writing has appeared in Sports Illustrated, Outside, Men's Health, National Geographic Adventure, and many other magazines.

class notes



OAK AND MIRRORS Well, maple, dogwood, and walnut are actually the woods that furniture maker James Dietz '90 used to build "Cage Table," which was inspired by a 19th-century shaving stand. For more on the piece and on the artist, turn the page.

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News and correspondence

51 On Sept. 16, the Working Waterfront Maritime Museum gave Port of Tacoma Commissioner **Jack Fabulich** its Living Legend of the Working Waterfront Award. The award recognizes people in the community who promote the economic, cultural, and recreational link the city has with its working waterfront. The presentation is the kick-off for the annual Maritime Festival celebration.

55 **Karin Anderson Davis** married **Mel Kauzlarich** on May 5, 2005. Mel attended Puget Sound from 1951-53 and went on to study at Washington State University. Karin writes: "We met at UPS 52 years ago. We recently returned from driving to the East Coast and back, visiting relatives going and coming. We're more convinced than ever that the Northwest is the only place to live!"

About Class Notes



The Class Notes editor is Cathy Tollefson '83. You can call her at 253-879-2762 or e-mail ctollefson@ups.edu.

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Post: Arches, University of Puget Sound, Office of Communications, 1500 N. Warner St., Tacoma WA 98416-1041.

When submitting a change of address, please include your old address.

61 After a visit to campus in August, **Karen Kasselman Beverly B.A. '61, M.Ed. '67** wrote: "Had a wonderful reunion with **Ken McGill** and **Sandy Perkins Roszman '72**. Ken had lots to share about the Science Center development. We also had the opportunity to drive the perimeter of campus during our visit to Tacoma. I like the signage on the corners. The campus has developed so much since my time there. It will be fun to share all the new looks when Ed and I represent UPS at our local college fair in the spring." Karen is married to **Edgar Beverly '67**.

Sherry Dorsey Cook continues to teach ice skating with the goal "to make a difference" in a student's life, even though she's struggled with advanced breast cancer for three years. She's also published articles in several national ice skating magazines.

Maureen Sims McReynolds and her husband, Mac, took a break from their

winery business for an extensive tour of China last fall.

62 **Barbara Greenfield Carlson** retired from teaching after 42 years. She writes: "My husband and I spent a year in a motor home traveling around the U.S. It was a wonderful experience. We moved into our retirement home in Lacey, Wash., and purchased a winter home in the Mesa, Ariz., area. We love to golf. I still read incessantly and love to dabble in flowers and food. Our four children all live in Western Washington. Two grandchildren also enrich our lives. I would love to hear from some of my classmates." You can reach her at carlsonsjbb@gmail.com.

Gary Olson and **Marcia Reynolds Olson '64** welcomed their third grandchild, born July 22. This brings their total grandkid count to two grandsons and one granddaughter. Marcia continues to teach first grade, and Gary is the

first vice president for Smith Barney in Irvine, Calif.

63 **Judith Humphrey Oberg** retired as a clinical microbiologist and supervisor of the microbiology department at Skagit Valley Labs in Mount Vernon, Wash., in 1997. She has two grown daughters; one a pharmacist, and the other a veterinarian.

64 **Peter Acker** is a senior portfolio manager at Sonata Capital in Seattle. For more information see www.sonatacapital.com.

65 **Gerald Salisbury** writes from Hann. Munden, Germany: "I've published a tour guide for bicyclists and was elected to the city council in Hann. Munden, representing the Green Party."

With the grain

James Dietz '90 tries to balance the practical with the creative.

"Part of the time I build furniture to match existing pieces in businesses and homes, where there is a technical challenge to blend with what's already there," says Dietz, who now makes his home near Madison, Wisc. "And occasionally there is the opportunity to build creatively, unchained from preconceived notions of what furniture is. As I look back, having both order and creativity in my life has always balanced and centered me."

Dietz grew up in Colorado but wound up in Wisconsin after graduation when he followed his wife, **Amy Trentham-Dietz '90**, to UW-Madison for graduate studies. While Amy worked toward a Ph.D. in epidemiology, James entered the M.F.A. program there.

"Originally I thought I'd specialize in ceramics," he says. "But when I discovered the furniture-design program, I knew I had found my medium. Woodworking and furniture design came naturally to me, I guess because of the way I think—ordered and analytical." (Dietz majored in mathematics and minored in art while at Puget Sound.)

He says "Cage Table" (previous page) took about three weeks to complete. "This piece was the culmination of a series of cage tables I've done. The form came to me by turning a friend's hanging bird cage upside down. The material choices continue a long-running interest I have in contrasting natural materials, in this case the dogwood branches, with what I can create (the furniture forms)."

So, can he make a living just building creative projects like cage tables? "I'd have to say no," Dietz says. "Nor would I want to—the creative drain is too intense. In order to stay motivated, I have to balance the practical and creative realms, and not stay too long in either one." Contact Jim at jm.dietz@juno.com.



Jim Dietz



Erik Ferguson

ABOVE BOARD Dietz in his Wisconsin studio, and "Grid Side Table," a project he developed when a client asked him to turn three existing slabs of wood into a table. After several ideas and sketches, Jim designed a grid pattern to hold up the slabs of wood, pulling the wood used as the grid through the slabs on each level.

68 David Nelson was awarded the designation of Certified Tax Resolution Specialist from the American Society of Tax Problem Solvers. He is the first tax professional in Pierce County to earn the designation.

69 Mick Kelleher is the first-base coach for the Detroit Tigers. He began his major league career with the St. Louis Cardinals in 1972. Mick went on to play with the Astros, the Chicago Cubs, the Detroit Tigers, and retired in 1982 with the California Angels.

70 Tom Reynolds' book *Teen Reading Connections* was published by Neal-Schuman Publishers in June as part of their teens@the library series. Tom is the adult/teen librarian at the Edmonds Library in Edmonds, Wash.

71 Ida Caneda Ballasiotes was appointed to a three-year term on the Sentencing Guidelines Commission by Washington Gov. Christine Gregoire. Ida is a retired state representative for District 41. The commission evaluates state sentencing policy for both the adult criminal justice system and the juvenile justice system.

James Brewer was appointed senior pastor at Norfolk Parish of the United

Methodist Church in Norfolk, Neb., effective July 1. He earned his Doctor of Ministry degree from the University of Dubuque Theological Seminary in 1983.

James Grimes was named 2005 Optometrist of the Year for the Great Western Council of Optometry (GWCO). The council represents roughly 10,000 optometrists in 11 states. He was honored for his achievements during the GWCO conference held Oct. 13-16 in Portland, Ore. In 2001 James was named the Optometric Physicians of Washington Doctor of Optometry of the Year.

Greg Kleiner joined Brown and Brown of Washington, an insurance and consultant broker, as an account executive

specializing in personal lines and small commercial accounts. He has 11 years of insurance industry experience.

72 John Seaton B.A.'72, B.A.'80, M.Ed.'03 was promoted to principal of Clover Park High School in Lakewood, Wash. He had served as assistant principal there since 2002. John previously worked in the Peninsula school district.

Gary Thomsen was featured in an Aug. 31, *Seattle P-I* story titled "Where Are They Now: Gary Thomsen, Sealth Pitcher." He now teaches a sports and events marketing and TV production class at his alma mater, Chief Sealth High School in West Seattle. At the time of the article, Gary was in the process of recreating a historic marathon run that started in Oregon and ended in Northern California as part of his class curriculum.

Ethelda Dorsey Burke B.A.'73, M.Ed.'77 was appointed by Gov. Christine Gregoire to the Higher Education Coordinating Board for a three-year term. Ethelda is a former teacher and high school and middle school principal, and is the current deputy superintendent for the Tacoma school district.

Jim Walton retired after a 33-year career in Tacoma city government. He began as the executive director of the

city's Human Relations Department and ended as the city's manager for the past two years. Some of Jim's career highlights include: establishing the Eastside Health Clinic while serving on the Tacoma Area Urban Coalition, helping launch the city's first affirmative action program, and helping create the Neighborhood Council program.

74 Russell Lau was elected to the Board of Directors of the Federal Home Loan Bank of Seattle. He has been in the banking industry for 29 years and is the vice chairman and chief executive officer of Finance Factors, Ltd., in Honolulu.

Keith Snyder is working as a flight instructor on the Boeing 737 aircraft program. He retired from the U.S. Air Force as a lieutenant colonel. His wife, **Jody Andrews Snyder**, is teaching at Steilacoom High School. They write: "Our most recent joy is seeing our youngest son, **Joshua '05**, graduate last May with his Bachelor of Arts in business, and having him join us in the alumni club." Classmates can contact Keith and Jody at ip_737@hotmail.com.

David Tison writes: "I began a year-long term in July as chair of the Clinical Microbiology Division of the American Society for Microbiology. The clinical division, with 6,000 members, is the largest in the 26,000 member professional society. I continue to direct the Microbiology and Molecular Diagnostics Laboratory Services for MultiCare. I also am an adjunct biology faculty member at Tacoma Community College, where I teach microbiology."

75 Kimila Williams Ulrich writes from Hidden Hills, Calif.: "I've been married for 19 years. My oldest daughter is a sophomore at Davidson College, my second daughter is a senior in high school, and our baby is in 7th grade. I am a board member of Chaminade College Preparatory school and Hollygrove, a residential home for children. I'm healthy and very happy!"

76 Ron Collins is a supply chain analyst who was rehired with The Boeing Company in Everett, Wash. He designed and built a home on Guemes Island near Anacortes, Wash., and is taking flight ground school through Boeing. Ron also plans to enroll in a M.B.A. program that Boeing will help pay for. He enjoys karate and fishing all of the lakes near his new home and around the San Juan Islands. Ron has three grandchildren.

79 Mike Bailey B.A.'79, M.B.A.'81 was appointed finance and information services administrator for the City of Renton, Wash. He began his position on

Sept. 1 and will be responsible for the coordination of the city's finance and information services functions. Mike previously served as finance director for the City of Lynnwood, Wash. He was named Business Person of the Year by the national Future Business Leaders of America in 1998.

80 Kim Gaffett was featured in a July 31 article in *The Providence Journal*, detailing her work as a bird bander on Block Island, R.I. She has volunteered her time at the banding station for 24 years. Banding practices help provide more information about bird life, including migration routes, population trends, and how long a species lives. During migration, Kim catches the birds in long, standing nets—similar to volleyball nets—but which are made of very fine material. In the fall she averages 1,750 birds. Kim's "other" job is director of the Ocean View Foundation, a privately funded nonprofit environmental education effort, and she owns and operates a small letterpress printing business called Mid-Ocean Press. For more background on Block Island bird banders see: www.projo.com/words/st082201.htm.

J.J. McCament M.B.A.'80 was named executive director of Urban Waters, a \$37 million marine-research project that is a partnership among the City of Tacoma, the University of Washington's Tacoma and Seattle campuses, the Port

of Tacoma, SSA Marine, and the Russell Family Foundation. The marine research center will help develop solutions for urban bay communities.

Deanna Watson Oppenheimer joined Barclays in London as chief operating officer for the U.K. bank. Barclays is more than 300 years old and is one of the top 10 largest financial institutions in the world, with operations in more than 60 countries. Deanna will remain as chair of Puget Sound's Board of Trustees.

84 Janet Craswell writes: "After a long, slow process, I have finally become a minister in the United Methodist Church."

Kim Gaffett '80 was featured in an article detailing her work as a bird bander on Block Island, R.I.

I was commissioned on May 29, 2005. I am serving a wonderful church in the Washington, D.C., suburbs, focusing on Christian education and youth ministry. I'd love to hear from my UPS friends, especially the Langlow House survivors. My e-mail address is jcraswell@msn.com."

Bradley Duncan joined the Seattle law firm Davis Wright Tremaine LLP as a partner and member of the firm's bankruptcy and creditor's rights practice group. He received his J.D. from Cornell Law School in 1987 and previously worked with Hunton and Williams LLP, practicing out of the firm's northern Virginia and Washington, D.C., offices.

D. Mark Leland will take over as executive vice president and chief financial officer for El Paso Corporation, one of North America's largest independent natural gas producers. He has been with the company since 1986 and previously served as CFO of the company's production and nonregulated operations.

Denise Boyer Merdich works at West Campus Sports and Orthopedic Physical Therapy, a clinic in Federal Way, Wash. Married in 1986, she has a 17-year-old son, Jeff, a cross-country and track athlete. Denise was the focus of a U.S. Soccer Network article featuring the 20th anniversary of her first-ever match with the U.S. women's soccer team.

Russell Tromley Jr. was elected president of Tromley Industrial Holdings, Inc., of Tualatin, Ore. He has held a number of positions within the company, and also serves as president of Dependable Foundry Equipment Company and CEO of Redford-Carver Foundry Products.

85 Annette Foley Byers won the fourth annual Faculty Excellence Award at Columbia Gorge Community College in The Dalles, Ore. She has been teaching college preparatory classes, including math, writing, and high school completion, at CGCC for 13 years. The award recognizes extraordinary teaching and dedication among the faculty.

Mark Scoccolo is a manager for SCI Infrastructure, LLC, a contractor in Pacific, Wash. He and wife Jennifer have two children—daughter Salena, 4, and son Luca, 2. They live in Bonney Lake, Wash.

86 Nancy Coates Smith and Matt Smith write: "Matt manages a team of HR lawyers for Intel Corporation, and Nancy is pursuing a nursing degree after

being home with kids for many years." Their children are Will, 14, Emma, 7, and Henry, 1. Their 8-year-old son, Kevin, passed away in December 2002 after battling leukemia. In Kevin's honor, they started a research endowment and a patient-care fund to benefit Children's Hospital. They also organize an annual charity walk in Olympia to benefit the Leukemia and Lymphoma Society—raising \$37,000 in September this year and over \$100,000 since 2003. More information about Light the Night walks can be found at www.lightthenight.org.

87 David Inglis and wife Jill have two children, Desmond, 5, and Thea, 4 months. He teaches special education at Steilacoom High School and hopes to work as an art teacher in the near future. Jill is a landscape architect in Olympia, Wash. David enjoys playing the ukulele when he can, "having graduated from the bass guitar." He writes: "No, we are not talking Tiny Tim. No, we are not talking Tiny Bubbles. They make electric ukes now." If you'd like to contact David, he's in the book. He and his family live in South Tacoma with their cat and three chickens.

88 Ann Marie Trebon Henninger and Ray Henninger B.S.'89, M.P.T.'91 live in Sequim, Wash., with their six children. Ray enjoys his work as a home health physical therapist, while Ann Marie savors her vocation as wife and (home schooling) mom. After leaving Puget Sound, Ann Marie graduated from Saint Louis University in 1990 with a B.S. in nursing. She worked six years in the infant Intensive Care Unit at Children's Hospital Regional Medical Center in Seattle. Ray worked at the Seattle Veterans Affairs Medical Center, specializing in spinal cord injury and geriatrics. In 1996 the family moved to Sequim, where Ann Marie obtained her credential as an International Board Certified Lactation Consultant. They write: "The recent homebirth of son Jack on Aug. 17, brought great joy to the entire family, which includes our sons, Ean and Aidan, and daughters Erin, Kate, and Claire." You can reach the Henningers at rayann@olyphen.com.

Tim Lind joins GoldenSource, a global software provider of Enterprise Data Management, as their senior vice president of product strategy. Tim has more than 17 years of international industry

expertise. He will split his time between GoldenSource's New York headquarters and Boston offices.

89 Scott Eagan and wife Nikki moved into their new home and are loving it. On May 27 they welcomed a new daughter, Bronwyn Nichole Poppen-Eagan. Scott writes: "The literary agency is going strong and will be on the road with the Romance Writers of America this coming year. My wife just sold a three-book deal for her Regency Romance Series to Avalon Books, and I will have my first young-adult romance coming out in September of 2007 through Wings Press, titled *Lorenzo's Amulet*."

Sally Eames-Harlan writes: "I received my M.F.A. in theater arts, performance emphasis, from the University of Idaho, and am ready to move on. Only trouble is my husband, **David Eames-Harlan**, begins the M.F.A. playwrighting program at the University of Idaho this fall (while still working for IBM). If any of our friends are ever (ha!) in Moscow, give us a call."

Jay MacMurray is the district sales manager for Columbia Distributing in Renton, Wash. He and wife Jen live in Tacoma.

Amy Griffin Mumma is the founder and instructor for Central Washington University's World Wine Program. On June 16 she was named Wine Woman 2005 in Paris, after competing against 166 other nominees from 20 different countries for the international award. Ten finalists, five each in the professional and amateur categories, were required to present their technical knowledge, blind tasting, and presentation skills. She also had to take technical exams, testing her knowledge on a wide variety of areas concerning wine, including viticulture, winemaking, and global wine trade. For more information on Amy's award and CWU's World Wine Program see www.cwuce.org/wine-education.

90 Michael Birney Arneson and husband Lonny took over the operations of the Dande Company, a 40-year-old local trophy and awards business specializing in custom engraving. Michael oversees the day-to-day operations of the company, a division of Designwrite, Inc., which provides writing, editing, graphic design, and marketing services to clients throughout the country.

92 Eric Carlson writes: "After 10 years in the environmental field, including seven overseas, my wife and I returned to the U.S. to start Carbonfund.org, a nonprofit foundation aimed at reducing the effects of climate change. We are pleased to say it has gained quite a bit of support early on, and we are enjoying doing work we really believe in to pass along a better world to our children. Old friends, please contact me at ecarlson@carbonfund.org." More about Carbonfund at www.carbonfund.org.

Zane McCune writes: "After moving to California in 1999 and getting married in 2003, I returned to Seattle as the Northwest region vice president for Wells Fargo Global Correspondent Banking. The opportunity to live in San Francisco for a few years was amazing, but I'm glad to be back in the Puget Sound."

93 Mike Bahn was hired as strength and conditioning coordinator for the Phoenix Coyotes NHL team. He joins the organization from the Arizona Diamondbacks, where he's been the team's minor league strength and conditioning coordinator for the past four years. Mike will be responsible for the Coyotes' overall strength and conditioning programs. He also will play an important role in the planning and implementation of the off-season conditioning programs. Mike received his Master of Science degree in biomechanics from Western Washington University in 2001.

94 Ruth Mouat Munson writes: "I just finished my third year as pianist at Saint Cecilia Catholic Church in Stanwood, Wash. I started teaching piano lessons from my home on Camano Island in September 2004. I already have 13 students, so the studio has grown nicely this year."

95 Casey Roloff and wife **Laura Pfeifer Roloff '97** are busy with a new project called Seabrook, a 400-unit housing development that includes stores and civic amenities, near Pacific Beach, Wash. Seabrook emphasizes sustainable development and a community feel that is key to their philosophy of "new urbanism." More information at www.seabrookwa.com.

Jori Chisholm '97, professional bagpiper

A pipe dream come true

Maybe you didn't know him personally, but if your Puget Sound college days overlapped with Jori Chisholm's, you probably knew of him—Chisholm was famous as “the bagpiper guy.”

Even Susan Resneck Pierce, Puget Sound president at the time, acknowledged him in a matriculation address that celebrated the school's cultural and ethnic diversity: “Why, we even have a bagpiper!” she declared.

Throughout his four years on campus, Chisholm regularly sent the notes of epic *piobaireachd* tunes chanting and droning across the quads and over the playing-fields as he practiced the ancient reed instrument.

Piobaireachd, Chisholm's specialty, is Gaelic pipe music handed down through generations. Its distinctive tonal systems are steeped in Scottish history, with 20-minute compositions recalling heroic battles or turning introspective in melancholic laments.

Chisholm started piping at age 11 in Lake Oswego, Ore., and never stopped. Today he ranks among the world's elite players. He is in demand as a full-time professional piper and is a consistent winner on the national and international competition circuit each summer. A psychology graduate with Phi Beta Kappa honors, Chisholm also teaches the pipes to more than 50 students—some as far away as Sweden—who attend lessons via Internet video conferencing.

“Some people told me I couldn't make it work,” Chisholm says of his decision to be a full-time bagpiper. “Most pipers pursue the instrument more as a hobby than a profession.”

Chisholm's performance schedule takes him across the United States and Canada, and to New Zealand, Australia, Scotland,

Ireland, Finland, and Japan. He has soloed at Seattle's Benaroya Hall during the annual Masters of Scottish Arts performance, and last summer he piped with renowned Irish supergroup The Chieftains at Seattle's Paramount Theatre.

As a piper-for-hire, he has played at weddings, funerals, birthday parties, anniversary parties, international trade shows, St. Patrick's Day festivities, military banquets, school graduations, a name-that-tune-played-on-the-pipes game show on live radio, and a variety of corporate promotions.

Summers find him on the contest circuit, performing almost every weekend from April through September, culminating in trips to Scotland, where he competes against the best pipers in the world.

“I perform and compete all across the Pacific Northwest and the rest of North America,” he says, “but nothing compares to the thrill of playing in Scotland against the world's greatest.”

The most prestigious award for solo pipers is the Gold Medal, awarded only twice each year in Scotland.

“Some pipers practice and compete their whole lives and never even get the chance to compete at that level,” says Chisholm of the contest that is restricted to 25 players who must reapply each year for eligibility. In 2003 Chisholm placed in the top four at the Gold Medal competition in Inverness, Scotland.

Chisholm is the only piper in his family, but all of his siblings, including Mairi Chisholm '02, and his wife, Rachel Needham '99, were competitive Scottish Highland dancers.

“Competition keeps me focused, but it's not all about winning,” he notes. Chisholm has appeared as a soloist, band performer, producer, or composer on



ALL PUMPED UP Chisholm last summer at the Argyllshire Gathering in Oban, Scotland, one of the oldest and most prestigious piping competitions.

eight CD recordings and one DVD, and has started work on his first-ever solo CD. He also plans to expand his pioneering distance-teaching program through his Web site, www.BagpipeLessons.com, where you can also hear some of his music.

— Brenda Pittsley

Brian Watson M.A.T. and **Elizabeth Roberts B.A. '87, B.E. '90** are pleased to announce the adoption of Katherine Joy Roberts-Watson, born March 25, 2003, and adopted June 13, 2005.

96 Aaron Ausland and Alfonso Tolmos, an economist from Peru, received The Most Outstanding Second-Year Policy Analysis award for their thesis on the topic of decentralization, good governance, and corruption in Peru. In June Aaron received his Master in Public Administration degree in international development from The Center for International Development, which is part of the John F. Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. He is now working as evaluations manager for World Vision International and joined the Board of Directors for the Krista Foundation for Global Citizenship. In 2002 he founded and continues to serve as editor of *The Global Citizen: a journal for young adults engaging the world through service*, which is published by the Krista Foundation. Aaron and wife Gabriela were blessed to welcome their first child, Thiago Montana Ausland, into the world on Oct. 10, 2005. He weighed a healthy 8 pounds at birth. You can see pictures at www.homepage.mac.com/a_ausland.

Mari Strand Cary and her husband, Steve, just bought their first home in Pittsburgh. Mari writes: "Pittsburgh is nice, really!" Mari is an APA/IES post-doctoral fellow at Carnegie Mellon University and is doing educational research in area schools. Steve is working on his M.B.A. at the University of Pittsburgh.

Kristen Gruenthal is a graduate student at Scripps Institution of Oceanography, working on her Ph.D. in marine biology/population genetics through the University of California, San Diego.

Aaron Wisner and **Ruth Otteman** happily announce the birth of their first child, Forest Glenn Wisner, born June 30, 2005, and weighing in at 8 pounds 7 ounces.

97 Aileen Balahadia writes: "After getting married on April 24, 2004, my husband and I are settled in the Beacon Hill neighborhood of Seattle. I've kept busy as the director of a nonprofit community development organization and in many volunteer capacities in the Asian-American community." She is the executive

director of the White Center Community Development Association.

John Falskow M.A.T. has been appointed music department chair at Tacoma Community College. He teaches a variety of music classes and conducts TCC's Symphonic Band. Prior to his appointment, John was an assistant professor of music at Lander University in Greenwood, S.C. John is also the music director of the newly established Bremer-ton Symphony Youth Orchestra.

Carrie Wigton B.S. '97, M.A.T. '01 writes: "I left managing a corporate fitness center in Bellevue to work at the UW. I now am the fitness coordinator at the IMA building, the newly renovated gym for students, faculty, and staff. I run the group exercise program and personal training program."

98 Samuel Chan was married to Roseann Feskens on July 30, 2005. He also taught English in Daejeon, South Korea, last year. Samuel is in the M.A.T. program at Pacific University in Oregon.

Sara-Michaele Babin Johnson writes: "I'm teaching 9th grade integrated physics and chemistry at Cy-Fair High School in Cypress, Texas."

David Savoy returned to the States after living in Japan since 2001 to complete his M.B.A. at the University of Oregon. He also is working at Intel as a business analyst/architect. David writes: "I would love to live abroad again someday soon."

Cherie Yuen was the feature of an *Indianapolis Star* article titled "Neighbors and Best Bets." She received her D.D.S. from Indiana University School of Dentistry in 2004.

99 Anne Brown is a teacher at the Montessori School of Denver. See www.montessoridenver.org.

Michael Buchanan has been busy on the stage lately. He performed in *Monday Nights, New Voices* at The Duplex cabaret theater in New York City on Sept. 26. Other regional credits include playing Bobby Strong in the premiere of *Urinetown* at Mason Street Warehouse, and Tony in The Fireside's production of *West Side Story*. Michael also created a role in the world premiere of *I Left My Heart*, a tribute to the music of Tony Bennett.

Tera Harding Letzring writes: "I received a job as an assistant professor

of psychology at Idaho State University in Pocatello, Idaho." She received her Ph.D. in psychology from the University of California, Riverside, in 2005.

Marlow Kruse Townes was the focus of a profile in the *Grants Pass Daily Courier*. She returned to Grants Pass, Ore., where she grew up, after college. She is married and has a 1-year-old daughter, Parker Claire. Marlow worked as sale volunteer coordinator and publicity chair for the 58th Annual American Association of University Women (AAUW) Art Show this year. She chaired the entire event last year.

00 Rebecca Browning began classes at the University of California, Berkeley, Hass School of Business this fall. She was accepted into their M.B.A. program earlier this year. Rebecca will continue living in San Francisco while attending graduate school and remains an acquisitions manager for Avalon Publishing Group in Emeryville, Calif.

Martha Evenson writes: "I am attending the University of San Diego's master's entry program in nursing. After completing my first year at USD, I successfully passed California's National Council Licensure Examination for registered nursing licensure. I work as an oncology/BMT registered nurse at the University of California, San Diego's Thornton Hospital in La Jolla, and I will complete my master's program in May 2006."

Kelly Miller received her master's in sports management from the University of San Francisco in 2004. She is working as the head softball coach at Menlo College in Atherton, Calif.

Kuon Phou earned his M.B.A. from Willamette University's Atkinson Graduate School of Management in 2005. He is working as a client data analyst at Stockamp and Associates in Lake Oswego, Ore.

Erin Speck received her Master of Public Policy degree from Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government in 2005. She is an emergency management analyst with SRA International in Arlington, Va.

01 Tracy Alexander completed her Master of Public Administration degree in 2004 and writes: "Life is treating me very well. I took a position with the Or-

egon Department of Human Services in February and am enjoying being out of school (finally!)."

Kit Clark is back in school at the University of Utah in Salt Lake City, working on her master's in genetic counseling. She sends this update: "It's a brand new program here this year, so it's really exciting to be part of shaping it! Since we just bought a house in L.A., **Walt Jones '01** is staying there and continuing to work as a lighting technical director at Rhythm and Hues. It's a little rough being apart but well worth it. Salt Lake is a beautiful place, and I'm enjoying myself immensely. I'd love to hear from any old friends at kitkit_913@yahoo.com."

Michael Henson was promoted to manager for Columbia Bank's 176th and Meridian branch in Puyallup, Wash. He previously worked at the Allenmore branch in Tacoma as a commercial lending officer.

Lang Johnson made his debut with The Acting Company in Loveland, Colo., as a cast member of the play based on the best-selling book by Robert Fulghum, *All I Really Need to Know I Learned in Kindergarten*.

Lindsay Taggart Rutherford writes: "I finished my first Ironman triathlon in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, on June 26. Participants had to swim 2.4 miles, bike 112 miles, and then run a marathon (26.2 miles). I had a blast and was very happy with my time of 14:03:22. I'm already signed up for next year. Other than that, I am still in grad school at the University of Pennsylvania and live in Philadelphia with my husband, Bob."

02 Sara Allen writes: "After graduating I participated in a public relations internship where I learned a lot. I also learned that I wasn't ready to lay my travel goals to rest before starting my career. I moved to Tokyo, where I taught English for two years. While I was there I visited China, Vietnam, Cambodia, and many other interesting places, satisfying my desire to see the world—for the time being. Returning to the U.S., I began my career search and was quickly hired by Ford Motor Company. Ford relocated me to Southern California, where I work as a zone manager in their field operations marketing and sales department. While I am enjoying my life here in Newport Beach, I do miss Seattle and its spectacular views of Mt. Rainier."

Erica Brewer completed her Master of Music in string performance at the University of Washington. She is now a certified music teacher and has been accepted into the Tacoma Symphony. Erica also is concertmaster of the Lake Union Civic Orchestra in Seattle.

Dan Hicks writes from South Bend, Ind.: "After spending three years in Chicago, studying math at the University of Illinois, the time had come for me to move on. I'm starting grad school all over again, this time to study philosophy at the University of Notre Dame. Notre Dame and I are a very odd fit, but they have some excellent philosophers of math, and I think four years here is going to be worth it."

Lesley Jones has been working as a clinical recruiter for MultiCare Health System in Tacoma since graduation. She writes: "I took the trips of my life this summer, visiting Mexico and backpacking solo through France, Monaco, and Spain. This fall I started graduate studies at the University of Washington in the Health Services Administration program."

Kirsten Miller received her master's degree from the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University and has accepted a job at the *Chicago Sun-Times*. She works as an online news producer.

also attending the North American Institute of Medical Herbalism in Boulder, Colo., working toward my certification as a clinical herbalist and a nutritionist. Things are wonderful. I have seen **Callie Miller** and **Katie VanVelkinburgh** recently in Montana, and I'm curious about others. Peace." You can reach her at moria@yantract.com.

David Genge is a pharmaceutical sales representative for Novavax, Inc., a specialty biopharmaceutical company. He works out of their San Diego office.

In August **Eric Johnson** and **Elizabeth Marsh Johnson** moved to Portland, Ore., where Elizabeth is attending Lewis and Clark College's Master in School Counseling program. Eric is in his first year at Oregon Health and Science University School of Medicine. They write: "We're excited that Eric's brother **Tad '09** started at UPS this fall—it gives us another excuse to come visit!"

Jon Kendrick is a Peace Corps volunteer in the Ukraine. He organized a 300-km Tour De Ukraine run to benefit the school he works with there. Jon writes: "It was one of the best experiences of my life. I was able to accomplish a dream of mine, help my school, and reconnect with friends. So far we have raised \$2,300 for my school, which is a fortune in the Ukraine. We exceeded our original goal

near Vancouver. She writes: "Although I have a large caseload, I love working with this age group and have found my time at each school very rewarding."

Kristin Tamblyn completed her master's in international service through the International Partnership for Service-Learning and Leadership in New York City (www.ipsl.org). The program gave her the opportunity to study in Jamaica and London, and experience the contrast between the two cultures. Kristin writes: "I am seeking employment in community development or nonprofit management. I'd love to hear from UPS friends!" You can contact her at ktamblyn@alum.ups.edu.

Andrew Taylor served as the campaign manager for The Committee to Re-elect Lawrence Molloy for the Seattle Port Commission. Molloy was a candidate for Progressive Majority, which is a national organization dedicated solely to electing progressive candidates at the federal and state levels.

04 Alice Cook B.A.'04, M.A.T.'05 is teaching high school math for two years at Discovery School, an international school in Tegucigalpa, Honduras.

Phil Edry writes: "After a year spent in

ordinator for Macy's Fine Jewelry located in downtown Seattle.

Ineliz Soto worked for Washington Service Corps as a tutor at the Peace Community Center located in Tacoma's Hilltop neighborhood. The state program began in 1983 and not only provides tutors for children but helps reclaim wildlife habitat by planting trees and plants, clearing hiking trails, and building housing for low-income families.

Laura Stevenson is a pastry cook at Canlis Restaurant in Seattle. She writes: "I attended culinary school in Portland, Ore., and was able to complete an internship at Chez Panisse in Berkeley, Calif., which was a phenomenal experience. I am glad to be home, though."

Michelle Wright sends this update: "I am moving to Los Angeles to begin graduate study at Alliant International University. I'm beginning a five-year doctoral program for forensic psychology."

05 Gina Baxter joined R.W. Beck, Inc., in Seattle, a management consulting and engineering firm. She is an analyst for the water and waste resources practice and will perform management consulting assignments for utilities.

Kasia Michalik is a human resources

Tracy Alexander '01 completed her master's in 2004 and writes: "I am enjoying being out of school (finally!)."

Angela Staehle writes: "In January 2005 I accepted my position as a category specialist at Starbucks Coffee Company. I love working for Starbucks; the people are wonderful, and working there definitely has its perks."

03 Moria Eggers has been busy since graduation starting her own T-shirt company called Yantract. See www.yantract.com. Her company sells 100-percent organic cotton shirts and other innovative apparel for men and women. The T-shirts are manufactured by a Fair Trade ecofactory in Kenya, run by Wildlife Works, an organization that has 80,000 acres of land preserved for endangered and red listed species in Africa. More information at: www.wildlifeworks.com. Moria adds: "I am

of buying new textbooks for only grades 7-11 and have been able to buy new high-quality textbooks for grades 1-11." If you'd like to hear more about the run or contribute to the book project, contact Jon at jtkendrick@alum.ups.edu.

David McNeil B.S.'03, M.A.T.'04 is teaching at a Title One school in central Oahu, Hawai'i, where he works with students who have a wide range of backgrounds. He also coaches 7th grade boys' and girls' basketball and helps coach the junior varsity girls' basketball at Aiea High School. When not at work, he enjoys the outdoors.

Robin Phillips B.A.'03, M.Ed.'05 decided to move back to her hometown of Vancouver, Wash., after earning her master's at Puget Sound in May. She is employed as a full-time middle school counselor for the Battle Ground schools

Key West, Fla., I've moved back to Seattle to work for Avanade as a programmer." Avanade is a leading technology integrator specializing in the Microsoft platform. The company is a joint venture between Accenture and Microsoft.

Lauren Hauck is working as the past-guest coordinator for Lindblad Expeditions based in New York City. She writes: "I manage the guest loyalty programs for Lindblad, a leading ecoadventure travel company. Feel free to contact me if you're interested in employment in NYC!" Contact Lauren at LaurenH@expeditions.com.

Rachel Hobden works for Read Right Systems, Inc. She sets up literacy programs in schools and industry sites. Rachel also travels around the country to train tutors to implement Read Right. She and **Grant Bowes '02** live in Tacoma.

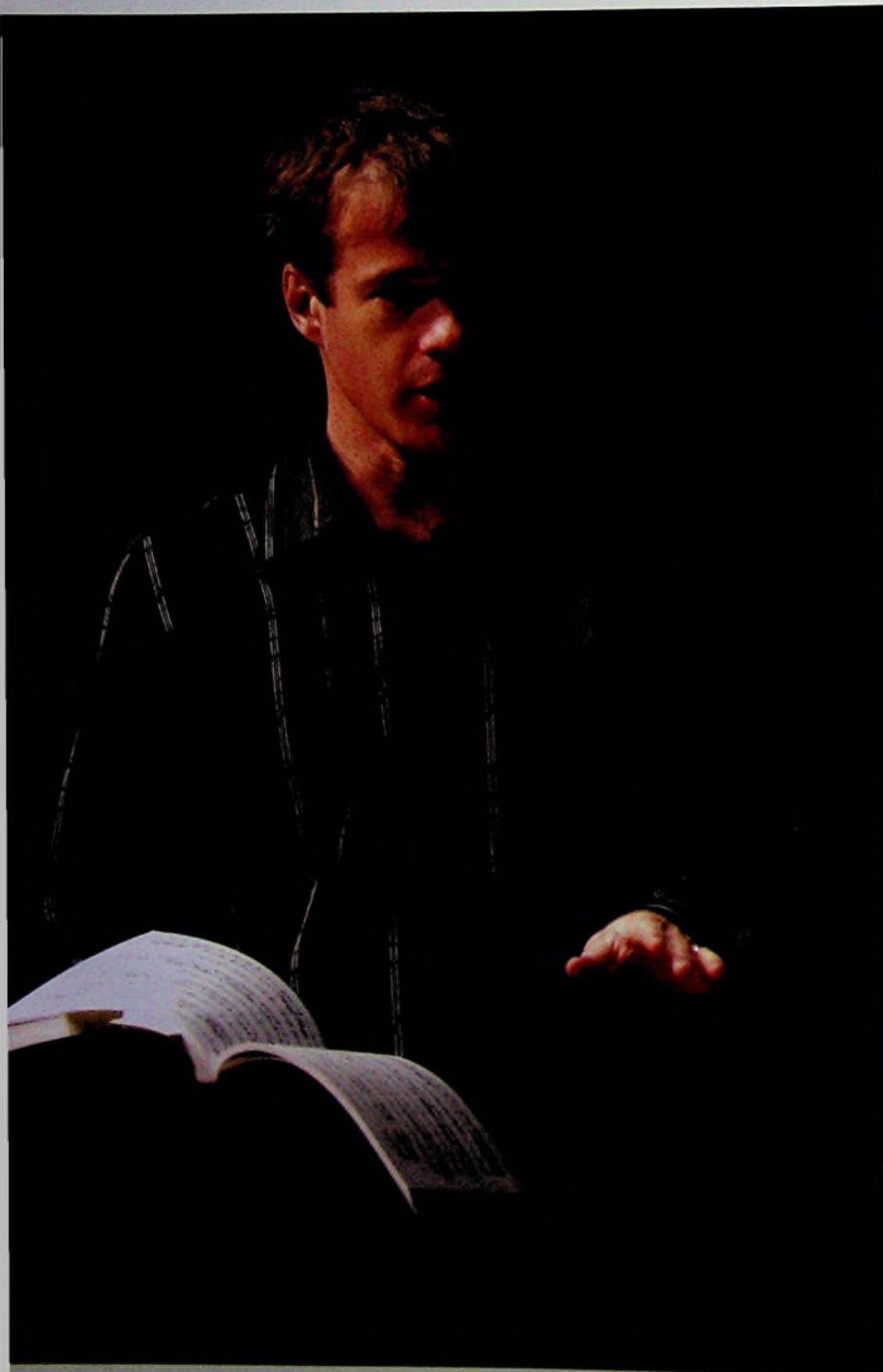
Victorla Nguyen is an advertising co-

specialist for the U.S. Department of the Navy, Office of Civilian Human Resources, based in Silverdale, Wash. She tells us: "This civil service position allows me to rotate through all relevant departments in civilian human resources throughout the country for the next three years."

Ted Meriam was one of 250 college students hired worldwide this year to join the inaugural Microsoft Academy of College Hires (MACH) program. He was offered a job as a technical account specialist in Microsoft Services and is working in Charlotte, N.C.

Cheryl Schenk was named assistant director of admissions at Marlboro College in Vermont in August. She worked as a campus-visit coordinator at Puget Sound and has completed training as a wilderness first responder. Cheryl also is a former student orientation leader for Outdoor Programs at UPS.

A few questions for Philip Cutlip '88, opera singer



*Phil Cutlip's baritone voice is in increasingly big demand with opera companies and symphonies all over the United States and in Europe, and we've been watching his rising star for some time now. When we learned he would be performing with the Seattle Opera this fall in its production of *The End of the Affair*, we jumped at the chance to talk with him while he was in the area.*

Phil shares a career in music with his wife, mezzo-soprano Mary Phillips. The couple lives in New York City and has a 7-year-old son, Max. This interview was conducted by Phil's old School of Music classmate Kurt Graupensperger '87, who these days is a development officer at Puget Sound.

So, what got you into music?

In my family, music was a big part of our lives. My mother played piano, so there was always live music in the house. We all sang in church choir, and we would go as a family to nursing homes in Ellensburg, [Wash.], and sing like a junior-sized von Trapp family.

All your sisters and brothers?

One sister, one brother, and me. My mother would play the piano, and the four of us, my dad and the children, would sing. So I grew up feeling comfortable about performing. It wasn't a daunting thing to get up and sing solo with the high school choir. It laid a foundation educationally because early on I knew how to read music, and I also really enjoyed it.

When you went to college, was it clear that music would be your major?

I had a science scholarship, so I was pretty sure I'd major in mathematics. I ended up auditioning for the Adelphians for Paul Schultz, and I sang for Tommy Goleeke, the voice teacher. They both were really impressed, and so over the course of my

DOLCE, DOLCE Phil visited campus in October to speak with students about the music business and conduct a master class.

first three years my mindset went from concentrating on math with music secondary, to when the two started taking an equal standing. And then when I was a senior I had to choose, because I wasn't going to apply to grad school for both math and music. I thought, what do I want to be doing in a year, sitting in mathematics seminars or doing more music and really focusing my whole life on music? Looking at it that way, it was an easy decision, and I ended up applying to three different music grad schools.

But your math and computer science background wasn't wasted?

Definitely not. Up until six or seven years ago I had part-time office jobs. The last one in particular was highly computer oriented and analytical.

But, also, having studied mathematics and learned analysis, order, logic, and disciplined thinking has been very helpful in a music career. It helps with everything from understanding a score to memorizing lyrics written in, say, Russian or German.

It's funny. So many singers are good with computers. We all end up in office jobs—or restaurants—when we're starting out.

Can you tell us about the role you're performing in *The End of the Affair*?

The opera is based on a novel by Graham Greene. It's a story of a love triangle set in London during the blitz in 1944 and later in 1946. My role is Maurice Bendrix. This is the third incarnation of this opera. This version has been modified a lot in terms of the structure and also the music. In studying for the part I debated and finally decided I didn't want to listen to a recording of previous productions because I had a chance to completely recreate the role, with no preconceptions or somebody else's take on it.

That makes me wonder, do you have a routine you go through when you're preparing for a role?

I first familiarize myself with the story—for

The End of the Affair, I read the novel and I read the libretto [the text of the opera]—and then I go back to the basics of the music, learning the notes, the rhythms. Then, over the course of a couple of months, I sing it a lot and think beyond just the notes. I think about the character. What do I want to express? What's underlying the drama at that point, what is my character feeling and how can I express that and still sing the right notes in the right rhythm in the right dynamic levels? And then I go to a coach. That helps to get the orchestral sound in your mind. Then I make a tape with another coach of myself singing the role and have that to work with in terms of memorization. Finally the director and conductor help you produce the finished product.

The day you walk in to the first rehearsal it's all memorized?

Yes.

What roles do you enjoy most?

I have favorites that I've done, and then there are my dream roles. I've been Figaro in *The Marriage of Figaro* several times. Paganino in *The Magic Flute*. If I'm typecast it's more toward the sympathetic character, rather than the mean guy. Having said that, one of the roles I'd love to do is Don Giovanni. Possibly in five to 10 years I'll get to sing Germont in *La Traviata*. Because of my age I think I look too young to play the father of a 30-year-old guy. Maybe some of the other Verdi repertoire if my voice grows a little more. I might never get to sing Rigoletto, but that would be really cool.

It seems like you are physically stronger than you were in college. Do opera singers have to work out?

Being in good cardiovascular shape makes a huge difference, because you're often asked to do things like run up the stairs and then sing something very difficult. Even just walking and singing can take your breath away.

Any funny stories about working in opera?

My favorite is when I was doing a tour with Western Opera Theater out of San Francisco. It's for young artists, and we toured the whole United States. We were in Sandpoint, Idaho, and the theater was a tiny, former vaudeville house. It was so small that there were no dressing rooms, at least none that were usable for us, so we changed in the set trucks that drove along with us. Opening night, as we were going in, a cute little dog came by, so we petted it and then we went up some stairs and in to sing *La Traviata*, a very heavy, serious opera. At the end of Act 2, in a big ensemble scene, the little dog just walked right out on the stage and looked down at the conductor. We all kept singing and one of the tenors went over and picked it up and stroked it, and we finished the act.

Can we talk about auditioning?

Ugh. Mostly, auditioning is just miserable. It's such an artificial situation. You're singing one aria from a role and in four minutes you have to show that you can sing the whole role. It's much better when someone can see you in an entire role or at least can hear you in a recording doing a whole role. I'm a better auditioner than I used to be, maybe because my career is at a point now where there's not so much hinging on those four minutes.

How would you describe the place where you are in your career?

I'm in a great place right now in the amount of work I have versus how much time off I have. I'm not working continuously, which would be a strain on the family.

What shows have you got coming up?

In January I have a Dallas Opera production of *Rodelinda*, which is a Händel opera. And Mary is actually singing in it, too. Then I have several concerts with symphonies, and after that my debut with the San Francisco opera in May and June, which is a Tchaikovsky opera in Russian called *The Maid of Orleans*, based on the story of Joan of Arc.

In memoriam

Gene Williams '34 died peacefully on Aug. 8 in his home at The Weatherly Inn in Tacoma. He was 91. Gene graduated from Stadium High School after moving from Caruthers, Calif. He worked in the produce business for most of his life, retiring in 1978 from West Coast Fruit and Produce. Gene was an avid reader and baseball fan, and a lifelong member of Tacoma Elks #174. He is survived by his second wife of 23 years, Rosemarie; his two children; one stepdaughter; and five grandchildren. He was preceded in death by his first wife of 40 years, Veronica Vargo Williams.

Junet Runbeck '40 died on Sept. 20. She was 91. Junet was born in Preston, Wash., and was orphaned at 13. She earned her associate's degree from Pacific Lutheran College and taught in Washington public schools for several years. Junet then earned her bachelor's at Puget Sound, her master's degree from Stanford University, and her doctorate in educational psychology from the University of Northern Colorado. In 1961 she was recruited to head Bethel University's education department in St. Paul, Minn. Junet held that position until she retired in 1980. As a lifelong educator, Junet also taught overseas in Ethiopia, Mexico, and the Philippines. She is survived by one niece; two nephews; and her grandniece, Britta.

Warren "Smitty" Smith '43 died on Aug. 28, at age 84. He was a Stadium High School graduate and an accomplished saxophone player. Smitty served in the Coast Guard during World War II and played in the service band. He was a choir member and director at Grace Baptist Church for more than 30 years. Smitty was a member of the Sigma Mu Chi fraternity. He worked as the manager of Leeds Shoes in downtown Tacoma, and later was co-owner of Smith's 6th Avenue Hardware store with his father. Smitty was a member of the Elks and Lions clubs and enjoyed gardening, travel, and photography. He was preceded in death by his wife, Audria, and their daughter, Sharon. Survivors include four children; 11 grandchildren; and 11 great-grandchildren.

James Van Camp '47 passed away Sept. 6. He was 85. Jim served in the U.S. Army 8th Air Force during World War II. He earned the Distinguished Flying Cross, completing 30 missions over Europe. Jim attended Puget Sound on a

basketball scholarship and was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. He was preceded in death by his first wife, Hazel Hecht Van Camp; and his son, James Jr. Jim is survived by his second wife, Mary; his children, Dale '70, Christine, Susan, and Marc; six grandchildren; and one sister. Other survivors include three stepchildren; eight step-grandchildren; and seven step-great-grandchildren.

Joseph Butcher '52 passed away Sept. 24 at the age of 80. He was a retired teacher with the Bethel school district and was a lifelong member of the Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 969. Joe also was a member of the Elks in Desert Hot Springs, Calif. He is survived by his wife, Albertha; one daughter; two granddaughters; and five great-grandchildren.

Dolores Burchett Taylor '52 passed away at home in Bellevue, Wash., on July 22. She was 75. Dolores moved from Kentucky to Washington with her grandparents after graduating from high school to join her parents, who were already working in Tacoma. She had dated her future husband, Dudley Taylor, when she was living in Kentucky, although they lost contact when Dolores moved west. Through a mutual friend, they were reunited 26 years later and were married in 1975. Dolores began working at Bellevue Community College in the 1960s as a parent advisor to cooperative preschool groups. She held a firm belief in the importance of early childhood education and eventually became the director of Parent Education at BCC. She retired in 1996 as associate dean of instruction. Survivors include her husband of 30 years; four children; and four grandchildren.

Ann Cleland Blankenship '53 died in her sleep on Aug. 18. She was 74. Ann graduated from Stadium High School, and was a classical musician and teacher. She served as a principal member of several local symphonies, including the Tacoma Symphony. Ann taught flute for nearly 50 years and was a member of Sigma Alpha Iota international music fraternity. After retirement she was involved with several local groups supporting persons with multiple sclerosis and other disabilities. Even though illness forced her to quit playing music, she remained a devoted concertgoer. Survivors include her husband of 45 years, Dr. James Blankenship; two daughters; one son; three grandchildren; and one sister.

Robert Knapp '54 passed away peacefully at home on Aug. 8, with family and friends close by. He was 73. Bob

graduated from Stadium High School in 1950, was a Korean War veteran, and later graduated from the University of Washington Dental School. He practiced dentistry in Tacoma and Lakewood for 42 years, retiring in 1997. Bob remained an avid Husky fan and had a passion for golf and skiing. He was a member of the Tacoma Golf and Country Club, the American Dental Society, and the Little Church on the Prairie. He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Jarnelle; four children; seven grandchildren; and two great-grandchildren.

Joan Piper Fontana '55 died Feb. 14, 2004, in University Place, Wash. She was 70. Joni was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority while at Puget Sound. She was known as a person who always put her family first. Survivors include her husband of 50 years, Fred Fontana Jr. '54; their children, Steven, Stacia, Chris, John, and Becky; 10 grandchildren; three great-grandchildren; and her brother Peter Paul.

Katherine Quinlan Richmond '56 died at age 95. She was devoted to her family and loved teaching her grandchildren piano. Kay enjoyed baking for her family and friends and writing challenging letters to the editor and to her congresspersons. She enjoyed crossword puzzles, spring blooms, and views of Puget Sound. Her husband, Paul, preceded her in death. Survivors include three daughters; six grandchildren; and three great-grandchildren.

Elvin "KI" Stowell '58 passed away June 12 after a 12-year battle with cancer. He was 76. Ki attended Bellarmine Preparatory School and later served in the U.S. Army during the Korean War. He had a notable career in pension management, retiring in 1989 as the retirement administrator for the Washington State Law Enforcement Officers and Fire Fighters. Ki was preceded in death by his wife, Gloria Olsen, who died in 2000. Survivors include his daughter, Sandra; two stepchildren; and grandson Shane.

Darrell Finley '59 passed away peacefully on June 22, surrounded by his family. He had a long career as an elementary school principal in the Highline School District in south Seattle. He is survived by his wife, Marsha Smith Finley '60; their sons, Todd '86 and Scott; four grandchildren; one brother; and two sisters.

Nellbyrt Ambrose Landstad B.S.'59, M.S.'75 passed away on July 19, at age 70. She was preceded in death by her husband, Rodney Landstad. Sur-

vivors include her daughter, Sara; son Peter; and her brother, John.

Barbara Knudsen Austin '62 passed away unexpectedly on Aug. 12. She was 65. Barbara attended Stadium High School and taught at Stanley and Mary Lyon elementary schools in Tacoma. She enjoyed spending time with her family, boating, and walking the waterfront. Survivors include her sister, Susan Knudsen Nelson '69; three nieces; and an aunt and uncle.

Donald Candey '63 died on Aug. 9 after a short illness. He was 65. Don grew up in Aberdeen, Wash., and after college worked for F.W. Woolworth Co. in Spokane, Wash., and The Boeing Company in Seattle. He later worked for the state of Alaska for 23 years, retiring as central region supply officer in 1994. After retirement, the Candey's spent three years touring the U.S. in their motor home, settling in Las Vegas. Don enjoyed fishing and will be missed for his quick wit and warm personality. Survivors include his wife, Sherian Guerin Candey '65; and son Michael.

Stan Farber '63 passed away on Sept. 5, at age 63. A longtime Tacoma resident, Stan was known for his knowledge and reporting of sports. His reporting began at Stadium High School, where he was sports editor for the school newspaper, and he served as a student sports information director at UPS. This led to his 27-year career as a *News Tribune* sportswriter. Stan later formed the Farber News Service and covered local sports for various media around the country. He was a member of Temple Beth El, the Tacoma Elks, Nifty Fifties sports organization, and a voting member of the Baseball Writers' Association of America. Stan is survived by his wife of 30 years, Adria Offenhenden Farber M.A.'79; along with other family members and many friends.

George "Jim" James '65 died on Sept. 9, at age 84. After high school Jim enlisted in the Army and served in India and Iran during World War II. He returned to the States in 1945 and married Dorothy Iman. Jim later served in Korea and Germany, retiring from military service as a major. He then earned his degree from Puget Sound and worked for several years as an administrator of Heritage Nursing Home. He enjoyed camping and hiking, and was active in Boy Scouts. Jim is survived by his wife; two sons; and one grandson.

Jane Derby Keffler B.A.'65, M.F.A.'67 passed away July 20. She

was 86. Jane taught at University Place Elementary School for 14 years and enjoyed sharing her love of the arts with her students. She was an active member of the Pacific Gallery of Artists and the National League of American Pen Women. Jane was preceded in death by her husband, Lionel, and son Brent. Survivors include her son, Stewart; and other family and friends.

Ann Driver L'Heureux '65 died on Aug. 28 after a long battle with breast cancer. She was 61. Ann was born in Seattle, where her father was an Episcopal minister, although she graduated from high school in San Marino, Calif. After graduating from college, she worked as a copywriter for Seabury Press in New York. Ann and her husband moved to Carlsbad, Calif., in 1972, remaining there to raise their daughter, Stephanie. Ann was a tireless volunteer for the city and advocated the city's first off-leash dog park. She was rewarded for her efforts in 2003, when the Carlsbad City Council named her Citizen of the Year. Her husband, Stephen; and daughter survive her.

Marilyn Albertson Neu '66 passed away June 30, at age 61. She was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis in 1970. MS symptoms disappeared for nearly 15 years but by 1994 Marilyn required nursing care. She maintained a positive attitude and sense of humor to the end. Marilyn enjoyed playing piano and singing throughout her life and was a member of the Adelprians while at Puget Sound. She went on to earn her teaching degree from the University of Oregon in 1966. She taught school for three years and then was a stay-at-home mom while her children were young. Marilyn is survived by her sons, Carter and Randy; her mother, Sally Albertson; her sisters, Kathy, Margie, and Holly; and her brother, Ron '75.

Kathryn Noftsinger Moore '67 died July 16. She was 80. She graduated from Auburn High School in 1943, then from Washington State University in 1947. She was active in radio broadcasting and media writing. Kathryn later taught at Curtis High School for 10 years. She married Donald Moore in 1972 and moved to Gig Harbor, Wash., where she lived for the remainder of her life. Kathryn was active on various church committees and was a member of local P.E.O. Sisterhood Chapter BA for 59 years. She is survived by her husband.

Lawrence Sheffer '67 passed away July 21 after a short battle with brain

cancer. He was 62. Lawrence was born in New York City, then moved to Tacoma and graduated from Stadium High School in 1961. While at Puget Sound, he earned money tending bar at his father's business The Checkerboard Tavern, now The Spar. Larry began his career at The Boeing Company as an industrial engineer, later becoming president of North Pacific Plywood. In 1999 he semi-retired as co-owner of Pochel's Appliance and TV in Parkland, Wash. He volunteered in the community and was the sole caregiver for his wife, Frieda, who has multiple sclerosis. Other survivors are his three children; and six grandchildren.

John Swayne '67 passed away on June 28, at age 60, from cancer. He was raised in Orofino, Idaho, and after attending Puget Sound returned to the University of Idaho to earn his bachelor's degree in political science. John served in the Peace Corps in Micronesia and then came home to teach Head Start for the Nez Perce Tribe. He returned to the University of Idaho to earn his J.D. in 1976 and was elected county prosecutor in 1987. He served in that capacity for the remainder of his life. He met and married his wife, Lynne, in 1989 and helped raise two stepchildren. John was active in Rotary and was an avid historian, working tirelessly for the preservation of state and local history. He is survived by his wife; stepchildren; and two step-grandchildren.

Patricia Mercereau B.S. '69, M.Ed. '71 died on Oct. 2, after battling cancer. She was 79. Pat had a varied career, from owning a record shop in Lakewood, Wash., to working in an auto shop, and finally entering the field of education, working as a special education teacher for Franklin Pierce schools. Pat enjoyed fishing, clam digging, and bowling. Earlier in her life, she rode motorcycles, scuba dived, and flew airplanes. She is survived by her brother; and numerous friends and neighbors.

Rose Lamken M.A. '71 passed away Oct. 1, at age 84. She had been a Tacoma resident since 1946 and was a professor of art history at Fort Steilacoom College, Pierce College, Green River Community College, and at Puget Sound. Rose also was an accomplished painter for more than 60 years. She was a member and docent at the Seattle Art Museum for 11 years. Rose also was a member of the Tacoma Art Museum and Temple Beth El. She is survived by her husband of 63 years, Floyd; two daughters; five grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

Beverly Gentry M.P.A. '75 passed away on June 19. She was 77. Beverly worked for The Boeing Company. Survivors include her daughter, Michele; her son, Matthew; and five grandchildren.

Steven Strobe '77 passed away on Aug. 9. He was 51. Steve was a Tacoma and Gig Harbor resident for most of his life. He was a 1972 graduate of Curtis High School in University Place, Wash. Steve was a member of the Pipefitters Union and was a motorcycle enthusiast. He was preceded in death by his son, Kyle. Steve is survived by his daughter, Katie; his parents; and numerous family and friends.

Miller Griffiths Jr. '78 passed away in his sleep on Sept. 3 after an 18-year battle with AIDS. He was a graduate of Lakeside School, was an avid skier, and enjoyed boating. Miller was the manager of El Gaucho in Seattle for 10 years and later owned his own restaurant called Miller's on 5th and Broadway. He co-founded the Seattle Treatment Education Project for early HIV/AIDS patients in the area and was active in the Names Project, a quilt of names memorializing AIDS victims in our country. Miller is survived by his mother, Virginia; and his partner of 20 years, David Henry.

Eleanor Perkins '79 died on July 23, at age 84. She was born and raised in Tacoma and graduated from Stadium High School. At 50 she earned her bachelor's degree in painting. Ellie and her family enjoyed many summers at their cabin on Henderson Bay. She was preceded in death by her husband of more than 60 years, Russell Perkins '39. Survivors include two sons; one daughter; eight grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Daniel Johnson '81 was killed on Oct. 4 in an accident involving a logging truck that lost its load. He was 46. Dan graduated from Lakes High School, was an Eagle Scout, participated in cross country and track, and was a cellist in the Lakes Orchestra and Tacoma Youth Symphony. After receiving his bachelor's degree in geology, Dan went on to earn his Ph.D. in geology and geophysics from the University of Hawai'i. His work involved applying geodetic, gravimetric, and geophysical techniques to active volcanoes. Dan published several research papers on his study of volcanoes, and was working as a researcher under a National Science Foundation grant at Puget Sound. He is survived by his wife, Eileen Llona; his parents, Burton and Doris Johnson; his

brother, David '79; his sisters, Dianne Foster and Laurie Johnson Solheim '86; eight nieces and nephews; and countless friends and colleagues.

Billy Allison '83 died on July 28 after battling cancer. He was 69. Billy served in the U.S. Air Force for 23 years and later was employed for 19 years by the Civil Service at the Logistics Center at Fort Lewis, Wash. He also was a member of the First Baptist Church of Lakewood. Billy was preceded in death by his son, Scott. He is survived by his wife of 46 years, June; his daughter, Betty; and two grandsons.

Stephen Pichler '84 died at home on Sept. 15, just 12 days before his 47th birthday. He was a graduate of Clover Park High School and was a 30-year resident of the Gig Harbor and Tacoma areas. Steve worked as an accountant for 17 years and was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. He enjoyed playing racquetball, bowling, and riding his motorcycle. Steve is survived by his wife, Suzanne; sons Douglas and Connor; his parents; brothers Mike and Richard '81; two stepsisters; one stepbrother; and many other family members.

Charles Cook M.Ed. '86 died on July 18, at 55. He attended Auburn, Wash., schools, and then Eastern Washington University on a football scholarship. Charles began his teaching career in the Montesano school district, where he coached football. He was inducted into the Montesano Hall of Fame in 2003, although he had been teaching and coaching in the Auburn School District since 1987. Survivors include his wife, Amber; their children, Dana and Steven; his mother; one brother; and three sisters.

David Meyer '87 died at home on Aug. 23 after more than eight years of battling brain cancer. He was 42. Dave was a long-time social studies and English teacher at Walla Walla High School, where he also coached football and basketball. He was a graduate of Wa-Hi, where his father also had been an educator. Dave was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and played basketball while at Puget Sound. He was influenced by gospel music and played in a Christian band. He also was active in his church and led the music ministry there for several years. Dave is survived by his wife, Michelle Bond Meyer '85; and their three children, Kenny, Zach, and Kaitlyn.

Legacies



The seven Strobel sisters are spread across the country and have been meeting at least twice a year since 1998, after the death of their parents. Six of the seven attended UPS and pledged Pi Beta Phi. The only errant lamb is Robin, who graduated in three years from the University of Washington. Their parents, **Bob Strobel** and **Elsie Korpela Strobel**, graduated from then CPS in 1933. **Ann Strobel Zittel '37**, Bob's sister, married **Charles Zittel '36**, and three of their four children attended UPS, along with one grandson. They are **Catherine "Kittle" Zittel Marrone '66**, her son, **Andrew Marrone '02**, **Margaret Zittel Robertson '69**, and **Nancy Zittel Miller '71**

The sisters met at the Alderbrook Inn in Union, Wash., last year. They are, standing from left: **Janet Strobel Kneeder '71**, **Betty Strobel Jameson '62**, **Julie Strobel Arger '71** (twin of Janet), and Robin Strobel Oldfelt. Seated from left: **Carol Strobel Colleran '64**, **Sally Strobel Underwood '59**, and **Susan Strobel Markhoff '70**.



Karen and **Curt Spillers '80** gave a dinner at their home in Wilmette, Ill., on July 20, for first-year students and their parents. Those in attendance were, seated from left: **Robin Seaberg '09**, **Abby Brown '09**, **Noah Berger '09**, **Ross Heyman '09**, **Meghan Webking '09**, **Jesimin Berman '09**, and **Ashley Dombrow '09**. Parents standing from left: **Marvin Berman**, **Debra** and **Mitch Brown**, **Nancy Webking**, **Bob Seaberg**, and **Tom and Penny Dombrow**.



Smells Like Tacoma is an Ultimate Frisbee team made up of several UPS alumni and two professors. They won their pool at Potlatch 2005 in Redmond, Wash., an annual tournament of 100 teams from the U.S. and other countries. The team members, who all have roots in Tacoma, are standing, from left: Assistant Professor of Math and Computer Science **Andy Nierman**, **Chris Sommarstrom '04**, **Tisha Glesbrecht Nierman B.S.'96, M.A.T.'97**, **Jerry Keister B.A.'93, M.P.T.'96**, and former Visiting Assistant Professor of Philosophy **Cathal Woods**. Middle from left: **Josh Hiltunen '03**, **Wynne Scherf B.A.'04, M.O.T.'06**, and **Jennifer Armes Keister '93**. In front: **Leah Borgerding D.P.T.'05**. If anyone is interested in Tacoma Ultimate, contact Jerry at jnjkey@hotmail.com.



Fred Langton '61 and **Diane Plee Langton '61**, here, at the 149th Anniversary Convention of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity in Nashville, Tenn., on July 1, 2005. Fred was elected honorary eminent supreme archon. He will serve as honorary national president for the next two years. Before returning home to their 13 grandchildren, Fred and Diane visited five more state capitals. They have now visited 39 of the 50 state capitals. Incidentally, Fred was the delegate from UPS to the fraternity's national convention in 1959.



Ken Gohda '65 writes from Japan: "**Fred Golladay '64**, who was my roommate at the men's dorm, New Hall [now Phibbs Hall], came to Japan, together with his wife, **Mary Albertson Golladay '64**, to renew our friendship established 40 years ago at UPS. **John Simmons '64** and **Margaret Langley Simmons '63** also came to Japan."



Susan Snyder Rosthal '68 and **Jenni Burr '99** aboard the *M.S. Sea Lion*, August 2005. Jenni is an interpretive park ranger at Glacier Bay National Park and Reserve and was escorting the Lindblad Expedition through the park, which Susan and her husband were enjoying. Susan writes: "Jenni is the first UPS alum I've ever met away from campus. This prompted me to search the directory to see if there are other alumni in Houston. To my surprise, I found about 60. It would be so neat if we could have an event and meet each other!" You can contact Susan at rosthal@yahoo.com.



John Coleman Campbell '77 and son Micah traveled to Malawi, a landlocked African country bordered by Mozambique, Tanzania, and Zambia in July 2005. They did volunteer work with orphans through the Ministry of Hope Feeding Centers and Crisis Nursery. John writes: "They say that one in six people in Malawi is an orphan, and that the average age is 16 years old." John and Micah are seen here at Lake Malawi.



Puget Sound IPE Professor **Mike Veseth '72** was reunited with former students **Colleen Dyble '00** and **Scott Bailey '01** in Prague at the American Institute on Political and Economy Systems (AIPES) in July 2005. AIPES is a three-week, college-credit program sponsored by The Fund for American Studies, Georgetown University, and Prague's Charles University that brings together students from the U.S., Europe, and Central Asia. Colleen, Scott, and Mike taught the economics component of the AIPES program. This photo of Scott, Mike, and Colleen was taken with U.S. ambassador to the Czech Republic William J. Cabaniss at the ambassador's residence in Prague. Colleen is director of institute relations at the Atlas Economic Research Foundation and is pursuing her master's in international commerce and policy at George Mason University. Scott is a Ph.D. candidate and Cota-Robles Fellow in political science at the University of California, San Diego. He also is president of UAW Local 2865, the union representing the 12,000 academic student employees on the eight teaching campuses of the UC system.



Andrewfest 2005! Vowing to follow the venerable tradition of college guys getting together each summer for some kind of outdoor adventure, these Phi Delta Theta alums are in their 10th consecutive year. From left: **Eric Larson '91**, **Pat Grimsley '92**, **Andrew (JC Penney) Alexander '91**, **Dave (Vooch) Ursino '91**, **Jim Waldorf '91**, **Clint Wallace '90**, and **Dave Seeley '90**. Not pictured, but on the trip were **Greg Vaughn '90** and **Mark Hallman B.A.'90, M.Ed.'95**. Other group members include **Jacob Kerst '91**, **Brian Tovey '91**, **John Murphy '91**, and **Greg Bennett '89**. Andrewfest was named in honor of Andrew Alexander, who suggested the idea at Clint Wallace's wedding in 1995 and has become the honorary figurehead of the event since. Clint writes: "I believe we would all attest to the fact that each year it's a challenge to squeeze in a weekend together with growing families and careers, but we always make it happen just so we can hear another year of those same old UPS glory stories amidst much good laughter and bad beer."



Marty Butler B.A.'91, M.A.T.'92 and son Sam relax after a soccer clinic. Marty writes: "It has been a busy year for the Butler family, with a new baby and a move. With the arrival of our second son, William, in March 2004 we realized we needed more space. Will is now walking and totally into his big brother; Sam really enjoys having a little playmate, too. I'm still teaching 6th grade at Ladd Acres Elementary in Hillsboro, Ore., and am in my 12th year of teaching this fall. I can't believe how the time flies and would love to hear from any classmates." You can contact Marty at butler98@comcast.net.



Marie Barber B.A.'93, M.O.T.'01 married Phillip Grandinetti III on April 23, 2005, at The Dana Hotel on Mission Bay in San Diego. Marie is employed as a hand therapist at the Sharp Rees-Stealy hospital there. Phil is the VP of Global Sales for Lightwedge LLC. UPS alumni in attendance were **Jennifer DeBoer Roark '93**, **Marcy Simons Bauer '93**, and **Jen Targee Johannsen '94**. Marie and Phil live in Carlsbad, Calif., with their dog, Howie.



Three alumni families gathered for a day in Flagstaff, Ariz. Mike and **Sue Sage Mills '91**, and their daughter, Joy, live in Flagstaff, where Mike is the director of Youth and College Ministries at Trinity Heights United Methodist Church. He also worked with InterVarsity Christian Fellowship at Puget Sound from 1996–2000. Sue is the area director for InterVarsity Christian Fellowship in Arizona. Their second child, Abigail Quinn Mills, was born on Aug. 5, 2005. They were joined by **Don Everts '94**, **Wendy Bergman Everts '94**, and their children, Teya, 3, and Simon, 5. Their family lives in Boulder, Colo., where Don is the area director for InterVarsity Christian Fellowship in Colorado. They just completed a six-month sabbatical. Don's new book *God in the Flesh* was published in June. Wendy and Don hope to begin fostering children in their home this fall. Also visiting from Tempe, Ariz., were **Matt Ryan-Kelzenberg '96**, **Shelley Ryan-Kelzenberg '96**, and their children, Sebastian, 1, and Dora, 4. Matt is a master's candidate in cello performance at Arizona State University, and continues to work part time with InterVarsity Christian Fellowship. Shelley enjoys being mama to Dora and Sebastian.



Four UPS alumnae are volunteering as province directors for Kappa Kappa Gamma women's fraternity. **Heather Smith '95** works with Kappa chapters at the University of Washington, the University of British Columbia, and the University of Montana. **Megan Stoffregen '93** works with Kappa alumnae associations in North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, and Alberta, Canada. **Andrea Johnson '93** is in her second two-year term and works with Kappa chapters at UC Berkeley, Fresno State University, and Stanford University. **Amanda Brown '02** works with Kappa alumnae associations in Oregon and Nevada. In June 2005 the women attended a training session at fraternity headquarters in Columbus, Ohio. Andrea writes: "Our chapter may have closed, but our alumnae are going strong! Puget Sound has provided four current 'official family' Kappa volunteers. No other chapter has four volunteers serving the fraternity. On a personal note, in July 2005 I competed in my second spring triathlon, and I hope to compete in two races during the 2006 season."



Sydney Van Atta Van Morgan '93 writes: "My life has taken some exciting new turns. On June 25 my husband, Stephen Morgan, and I welcomed into the world our first child, Vincent Van Morgan, (future Logger, Class of 2027?). And in August, I began a new position as the associate director of the Institute for European Studies at Cornell University. We couldn't be more thrilled about these new personal and professional challenges." Vinny weighed 10 pounds 5 ounces at birth, and is pictured here at eight weeks.



Tonya Bowcutt Hirte '95 and husband Bill Hirte welcomed Lauren Jean Hirte into the world on Oct. 28, 2004. Tonya writes: "She's now Lauren, our little Logger. With the hope that he could give it to me at my baby shower one day, my dad bought this bib back in 1991 when I was just an 18-year-old freshman at UPS. I can't tell you how touched I was when I opened his gift at Lauren's shower. I couldn't believe that he had held on to it for so many years and that he actually remembered to give it to me for Lauren."



Michael Hemenway '97 and **Molly Erb Hemenway '98** write to announce the birth of their son, Micah Devin, born on Feb. 10, 2005. They are pictured on Micah's first visit to Pike Place Market. The family lives in Denver, Colo., where Molly is a pediatric nurse practitioner in the oncology clinic at The Children's Hospital there, and Michael is completing his master's in theology.



Tina George Stretz's B.S. '97, M.A.T. '98 first child, Izabelle Elaine Stretz, was born Feb. 4, 2004. She writes: "We can't believe she is already 19 months old! I am teaching full-day kindergarten in Port Orchard and loving it. I also continue to play clarinet in the Tacoma Concert Band, thanks to director Robert Musser. My husband, Curtis, is employed at Starbucks in Gig Harbor."



Heather Harpel '99 married Roger Patterson on June 25, 2005, at Motherlode Lodge, Hatchers Pass, Alaska. The wedding party included: Johnatho Holownia, Christopher Haevener, Michael Kissner, the groom, best man Matt Patterson, Eric Rogers, Heather Bombeck, Jigisha Patel, Heather, maid of honor Suzanne Howell, and Amy Ivory. Puget Sound alumna **Gretchen Watson '99** was in attendance. Heather continues to work with her father as a physical therapist and certified athletic trainer in Anchorage. Her husband is attending school to become a paramedic.



Carrie Judd '00 and Brett Miller married on June 25, 2005, in Crested Butte, Colo. Puget Sound alumni attending or in the wedding party were: **Justin Lindsey '99**, **Carra Sheppard Cadman '00**, **Robin Dornfeld Lindsey '00**, the bride and groom, **Wendy Steiner '00**, **Kate Gruen Moehl '00**, **Kris Shahinian '99**, **Tod Lokey B.S. '99, M.A.T. '00**, **Jen Bollinger Lokey B.S. '00, M.A.T. '02**, **Warren Clark '01**, **Alyssa Norris '01**, and **Cameron Phillips '02**. After a honeymoon in Playa del Carmen, Mexico, the couple returned home to Eugene, Ore. In May Carrie accepted a promotion to direct admission for an independent, K-12 school, where she has worked for three years teaching high school French and coaching basketball. She also enjoys her role as a group exercise instructor for 24 Hour Fitness. Her husband is a graphic artist for Richardson Sports. The couple spends their free time hiking and skiing throughout the Cascades, improving their home, trying to keep up with their prolific garden, and spending time with friends.



Brandon Cossel '01 and **Jackie Kajdzik '00** were married near Sunrise in Mt. Rainier National Park on Sept. 12, 2004. They write: "Mt. Rainer is one of our favorite areas so we thought it would be the perfect backdrop for our wedding. Since graduation both of us have fallen in love with the outdoors. In the winter we ski nearly every weekend and in the summer we hike and backpack as much as we can." Jackie is working in the IT department at Weyerhaeuser and is the technical lead and senior developer for Web applications released on the internal portal and the extranet. Brandon is a sports reporter for the *King County Journal* in their Bellevue office. The couple is building their first home in Maple Valley, Wash.



'80 Puget Sound law school grad **Bill Hedrick** and son **Josh Hedrick '06** summited Mt. Kilimanjaro this summer. The climb took more than six days and covered 60 miles, with a vertical ascent of about 14,000 feet. Bill writes: "Our trip was an amazing adventure and an education on multiple levels. We discovered Eastern Africa to be a land of incredible contrast—natural beauty that was unparalleled yet the people lacked much. Despite their poverty, we observed a joy exuding from our African friends, which we rarely see in the West. We left pondering the ultimate value of the material comforts of our culture when observing the peace and happiness of those who have so little."



Rob Rutherford B.A. '98, M.Ed. '00 and **Courtney Webber Rutherford B.A. '99, M.A.T. '03** announced the birth of their son, Hayden, on April 4, 2005. Rob is a counselor at Kentridge High School in Kent, Wash., and Courtney is an elementary school teacher in Tacoma.



Raelynn Coffey '03 and **Chris Nissler '04** were married on May 21, 2005, in Littleton, Colo. Attending were: **Meredith Maurer M.Ed.'04**, **Vincent Maurer B.S.'04**, **D.P.T.'07**, **Joe Turner '05**, **Nate Bengtson '04**, **Amy Reed '02**, **Solomon Chou '05**, **Hart Williams '04**, the bride and groom, **Lanna Dowd '03**, and **Cameron Dolcourt '04**. Chris works for T-Mobile's corporate sales division, and Raelynn works for Englewood High School. The couple makes their home in Centennial, Colo.



Brett Ho '02 and **Jenny Saiki B.A.'03**, **M.A.T. '04** were married on April 16, 2005, at Punahou Chapel in Honolulu, Hawai'i. The wedding party included: **Chris Akamine '02**, best man, **Bennett Valencia**, **Peter Collins '02**, **Ward Penfold**, **Jay Saiki**, and **Mark Saiki**. Bridesmaids included: **Tracie Takatani**, maid of honor, **Nichole Lorico**, maid of honor, **Sanna Dioso**, **Naomi Burdick '02**, **Tarah Dunscomb**, and **Lauren Ho**. Other UPS alumni in attendance were **Carly Wong '03**, **Justin Teruya '03**, **Joy Brinckerhoff '03**, **Taryn Yano '03**, **Risha Abe '03**, and **Steffany Ho '98**. The couple lives in North Tacoma.



Jackie Hasling '02 and **Dan Bamblett** were married on the island of Maui on June 15, 2005. The couple met while Jackie was studying abroad in Australia. She is working at the Houston Zoo as a sea lion trainer and koala keeper.

Submitting photos for the Scrapbook

If it's an important event in your life, it's important to your UPS friends—send a picture to *Arches!* High-resolution digital photos or prints preferred. Kindly include a note identifying alumni in the snapshot. Also, please, for baby pictures include alumni parents in the photo. Send to Arches, attn: Cathy Tollefson, University of Puget Sound, Office of Communications, 1500 N. Warner St., Tacoma WA 98416-1041 or e-mail to arches@ups.edu.



Stacy Dunbar '03 and **Sean Kelley '03** were married on Aug. 20, 2005, in Santa Barbara, Calif. They honeymooned in Positano and Capri on the Italian Amalfi Coast. Many UPS Loggers attended the wedding. Among them: bridesmaid **Paige Ranney Singleterry '03**, **Heather Schmidt '03**, **Marshall Mering '04**, **Allison McCurdy Kalalau B.A.'03**, **M.A.T.'04**, **Ryan Kalalau '03**, **Bill Weed '03**, **Ben Kevan '03**, **Tyler Brown '03**, **Tyler Cooley '03**, **Adam Willard '03**, the groom and bride, **Laura Tittle '04**, bridesmaid **Gena Frazier '03**, **Jesse Draeger '03**, **Tom DePonty '03**, groomsman **Ian McFarland '03**, bridesmaid **Lizzie Bennett '03**, **Matt Scarlett '03**, **Ryan Keller '04**, **Nick Perleros '04**, **Brigetta Schmuck '04**, best man **Ben Shelton '03**, bridesmaid **Lauren Daniels '03**, and groomsman **John McDonald '03**. The couple lives in the Bay Area, where Sean is a graphic designer and Stacy is an interior designer.



Maria Diss '03 and **Lisa Sternadel B.S.'02**, **M.A.T.'03** say hello from sunny Colorado State University. Maria is in her third year of doctoral studies in organic chemistry, and Lisa finished her master's in zoology and is now teaching Colorado wildlife and biology in the Cherry Creek School District in Denver. Also at CSU are **Reid Katagihara '02**, in his third year of veterinary school, and **Josh Stillahn '04**, a graduate student in CSU's chemistry department.



Morwari Zafar '04 and **Scott Worthington '05** were married twice, once on June 11 at Grace Cathedral in San Francisco, and again on July 9 in France. Many family and friends in France, Germany, England, and Afghanistan couldn't make the wedding in California, so they took the wedding to them. The couple lives in Washington, D.C., where Morwari is in her first year as a graduate student at George Washington University, and Scott is working with Navigant Consulting.

alumni association



PRIDE OF PUGET SOUND Recognized during Homecoming weekend were 2005 Alumni Award winners Jill Nishi, Todd Silver, Lloyd Silver, Scott Silver, Maile Ching, and Dick Brown.

Six alumni recognized for achievement and service

Professional Achievement

LLOYD SILVER '49, SCOTT SILVER '74, TODD SILVER '75

The Silvers are a true Puget Sound family. Lloyd and Rob Rinker '49 were instrumental in building Memorial Fieldhouse and, while still a student, Lloyd outfitted and managed the facility. Lloyd's late wife, Mary Agnes '48, was active in Kappa Sigma Theta and led the effort to affiliate with Pi Beta Phi. Scott and Todd run the family business, J.L. Darling Corporation, which they have built into the world's leading maker of waterproof paper, a product crucial to many commercial, military, academic, and environmental enterprises. The company has provided numerous internships for Puget Sound students. Among the many other contributions the Silvers have made to Puget Sound are the monument signs at campus entry points.

Service to Community

JILL NISHI '89

Jill is a fourth generation Seattleite. She recently joined the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation's global libraries initiative. In 2002 she was appointed by Seattle Mayor Greg Nickels to serve as director of the Office of Economic Development. In this role Jill was responsible for building key sectors of the city's economy in manufacturing, biotechnology, and aerospace, as well as revitalizing distressed neighborhood business districts. Jill co-founded and is former president of the Asian Pacific Islander Community Leadership Foundation and sits on the boards of numerous community organizations. She holds a master's degree in public administration from Princeton University.

Service to the University

RICHARD C. BROWN '50

Dick was a member of Theta Chi Fraternity, played basketball and football at Puget Sound, and is a member of the Logger Hall of Fame. As an alumnus, Dick served on the campaign development committee in the 1980s and on his class reunion committee in 1995. He is a member of the university's Legacy Society and chaired the Annual Fund from 1988–1990. Dick also led the Heinrick Scholarship Committee, which honored the contributions of legendary Puget Sound football coach John Heinrick. Dick served as alumni representative to the Board of Trustees from 1966–1972 and succeeded his father as a full member of the board from 1972–1998. Together, Dick and Harry Brown served Puget Sound as trustees for 85 years. Dick and his wife, Joan, established the Richard Brown Family Scholarship in 1986.

Young Alumni

MAILE CHING '98

Maile has consistently shown leadership and vision, and has made an extraordinary effort to advance the interests of Puget Sound since her graduation in 1998. As a regional alumni volunteer, Maile attends numerous alumni events. She also is a member of the National Alumni Board, volunteers for the Alumni Sharing Knowledge (ASK) program, and helped host the alumni hospitality tent at Commencement. Maile will receive her Master of Business Administration degree from Seattle University in March.

HOMECOMING

Together again on a sunny October weekend: classmates, housemates, teammates, soul mates, theatre-mates, and Prelude, Passages, and Perspectives-mates. All were treated to good times and great food at the tailgate party and the Taste of Puget Sound.



SCENES FROM HOMECOMING WEEKEND, clockwise, from top left: [1] Carol Wales Stortini '57, husband Joe Stortini '55, and Sigma Nu brother and football buddy Ned Conley '53. [2] Toasting the Taste: Kat Ross '02, Jen Peterson '02, Matt Van Sickle '02, Helen Williams '02, and Christina Glenie Berndt '02. [3] President Thomas and National Alumni Board member Ed Horne '70 share a laugh at the tailgate party. Ed came from Louisville, Ky., and works for the "other" UPS. [4] Ken White B.A.'67, M.B.A.'68 and wife Ann Osborne White '70, have lived in Thailand for more than 20 years. Ken continues to work in Bangkok while Ann attends Portland State University to earn her master's in marriage and family counseling. [5] Alumnae and current Pi Phis mingle at the Greek Life Tent. From left: Karolyn Johnson '06, Debbie Johnson Hale '75 (no relation), Gail DeBon-Donau '75, and Jessica Ruehl '06.





Kurt Walls



Homecoming by the numbers

874

Attendees, who hailed from 20 states as well as that other much smaller and less important Washington.

127, 160

Respectively, alumni who attended reunions for theater and Prelude, Passages, and Perspectives leaders

12

People who crossed an ocean to get to Tacoma: Ann '70 and Kenneth '67 White, came from Bangkok, Thailand, and Ivan Francis '55 from Port Macquarie, Australia; nine other alumni flew in from Hawai'i.

81

People who redeemed their coupon for a free burger at Frisco Freeze.

7

Number of wines made by alumni vintners and served at the Taste of Puget Sound.

1

Number of beers brewed by alumni and served at the Taste of Puget Sound.

325

Cups of hot cider served by Logger Club volunteers during the game.

7

Vintage cars from the LeMay Museum on display.



[1] Among the 127 alumni and guests who returned to campus for the Theatre reunion were former professor Rick Tutor (third from left) and several graduates who themselves went on to become college teachers of the performing arts, including Francisco "Pancho" Menendez '84, UNLV; Dianne Winslow '75, University of Arizona; and Mary Pratt Cooney '78, Wayne State University. [2] Alumni dad Doug Roscoe '78 shares Homecoming with daughter Leah Roscoe '08. Shhh... Leah's Link friends don't know she's in the magazine. [3] It still fits! This green and gold hasn't faded. Richard Sassara '87 with daughter Katy at the tailgate party. [4] Pi Phis out in force after 15-year hiatus from campus. Kendra Thomas Grabowski '91 was the mastermind behind this gathering of friends. From left: Deyette DeJager Swegle '91, Lynn Anderson LaDoe '91, Krischel Trail Sollars '90, Heather Fisher Belliveau '90, Kendra, Kris Ross Roberts '91, and Julie Smith Ward '91. [5] Lifelong friends: Jim Nelson B.A.'55, M.A.'63 and Bob Powell '55 have known each other since junior high school at Jason Lee, attended Stadium High School together before coming to CPS, and both pledged Sigma Nu. Bob and his CPS letterman's jacket are still in great shape. Interestingly, Jim was the first director of admission at the university from 1958-64, and also served as the associate dean of students during that time. More Homecoming photos at www.ups.edu/x7094.xml.

Homecoming: 50th Reunion, Class of 1955



Seated, from left: Gaylord Warren, Joe Stortini, Clara Lister Whiting, Milton Nelson, Shirley Womsley Nelson, Merle Blunt Dingfield, and Rob Peltola. Middle row: Ivan Francis, Bob Powell, Jim Nelson, Ramon Payne, Doris "Dory" Caldwell Snider, Don Snider, Richard Stewart, Don Egge, and Dale Meshke. Back row: Richard McQuillin, Al Birkland, Tom Glump, Richard Mosier, Scott McArthur, and James Hicker.

calendar

JANUARY

**Boston Alumni
Lecture and Book Signing**
Thursday, Jan. 26, noon
The Boston Athenaeum
www.bostonathenaeum.org
Professor Jeffrey Matthews, director,
Business and Leadership Program
Book Lecture: "Warnings About
Hitler: The Tragedy of U.S.-German
Relations, 1919-1924"
Book Signing: *Alanson B. Houghton:*
Ambassador of the New Era

**Washington, D.C., Alumni
Lecture and Book Signing**
Friday, Jan. 27, noon
Library of Congress
Dining Room A, 6th Floor,
Madison Building
www.loc.gov/loc/cfbook/cfbevent.html
Professor Jeffrey Matthews, director,
Business and Leadership Program
Book Lecture: "Warnings About
Hitler: The Tragedy of U.S.-German
Relations, 1919-1924"
Book Signing: *Alanson B. Houghton:*
Ambassador of the New Era

MARCH

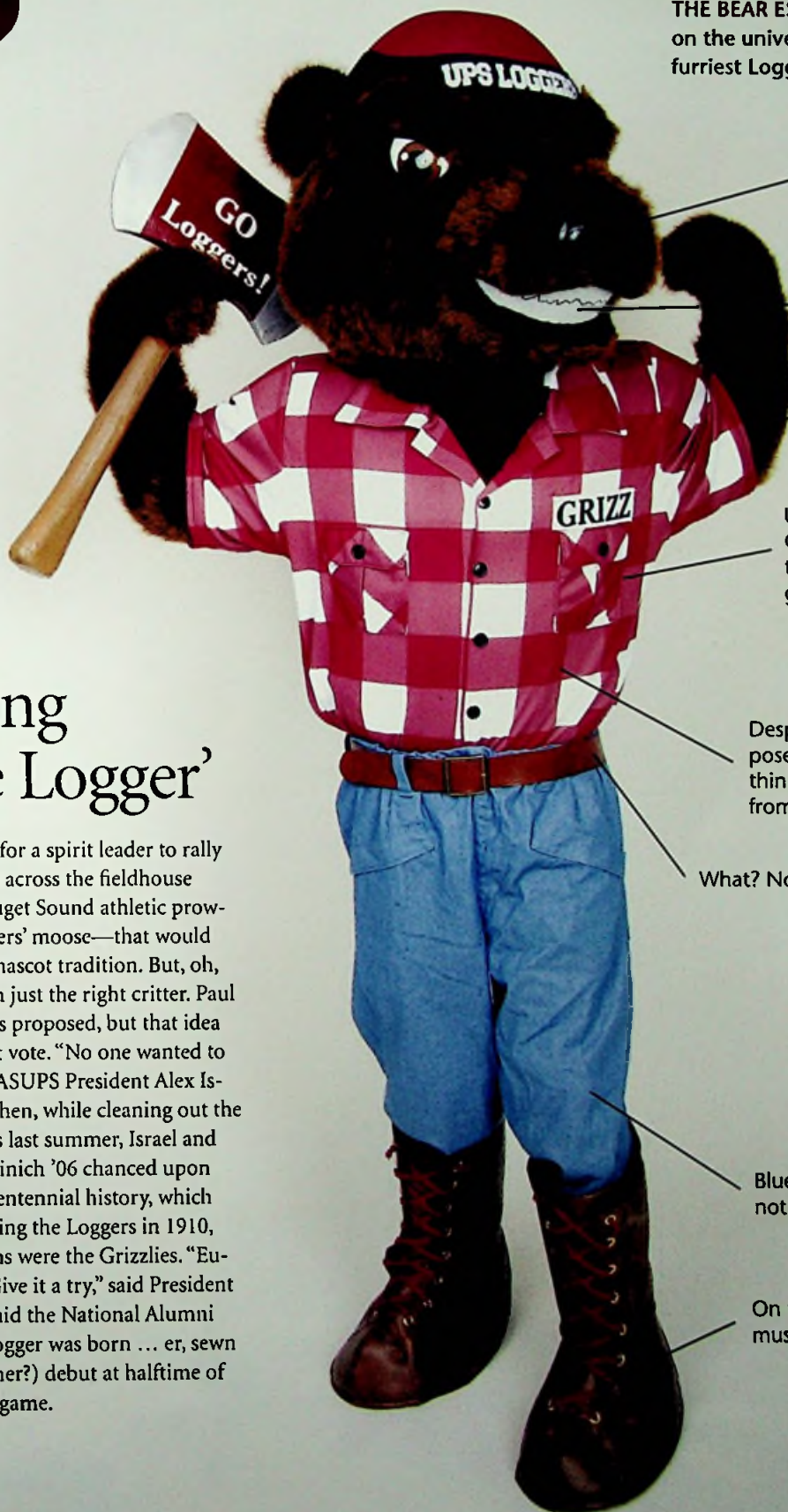
**Seattle Alumni
Business Breakfast**
Thursday, March 9
Speaker To be announced
Bell Harbor International Conference
Center
Pier 66, 2211 Alaskan Way
(preregistration required www.ups.edu/alumni)

MAY

**National Alumni Board
Spring Meeting**
Friday-Saturday, May 5-6
Campus
**Graduates and Families
Post-Commencement Alumni
Reception**
Sunday, May 14, 4:30 p.m.
Tent near Wyatt Hall, N. 13th and
Union Avenue
Save the Date
Homecoming 2006
Sept. 29 and 30, 2006

ps

THE BEAR ESSENTIALS Observations on the university's newest and furriest Logger:



Apparently hasn't learned that brown-nosing gets you nowhere with UPS profs.

My, what white teeth you have.

Fear not, animal lovers, the fur is faux.

Update the flannel PJs? Checked shirt may be traditional logger garb, but the grunge look is so '90s.

Despite Jack LaLanne pose, looks a bit on the thin side. Just wake up from hibernating?

What? No suspenders?

Blue jeans not too small, not too big. Just right.

On the other hand, these must be Papa Bear's boots.

Introducing 'Grizz the Logger'

Students have long wished for a spirit leader to rally football fans and cartwheel across the fieldhouse floor, a huggable icon of Puget Sound athletic prowess—like the Seattle Mariners' moose—that would still be true to the Logger mascot tradition. But, oh, the trouble coming up with just the right critter. Paul Bunyan's blue ox, Babe, was proposed, but that idea was shot down in a student vote. "No one wanted to be the Logger Babes," says ASUPS President Alex Israel '06. What to do? And then, while cleaning out the student government offices last summer, Israel and Vice President Ryan McAninich '06 chanced upon a copy of the university's centennial history, which noted that, prior to becoming the Loggers in 1910, Puget Sound athletics teams were the Grizzlies. "Eureka!" said the students. "Give it a try," said President Thomas. "Two paws up," said the National Alumni Board. And so Grizz the Logger was born ... er, sewn and glued, and made his (her?) debut at halftime of the Homecoming football game.



Your annual gift to the Puget Sound Fund ensures a bright future for Puget Sound students. This year alone, gifts from alumni, parents, and friends have helped to provide financial assistance to more than 80 percent of the current student body—that's four out of every five students! Without your generous support, the future for many of these students may not have included a Puget Sound education. Every gift can help someone else reach his or her goal of a University of Puget Sound diploma.

Visit giveto.ups.edu or call 253.867.2923.

arches

www.ups.edu/arches

University of Puget Sound
Tacoma, Washington