25 more things we love about Tacoma

Number 13
The Rock and Roll photography of Jini Dellaccio

PLUS: Hollywood in T-town • Bill Baarsma ’64: Why I love my hometown
Zeitgeist
In this issue: KUPS goes to NYC to pick up an mtvU award; winter sports wrap-up; three new faculty books; Senior Moments: fiddle player Amelia Thornton ’10

people and Ideas
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• Candy Anderson B.S. ’71, M.F.A. ’75
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on the cover
The Tacoma band The Sonics, photographed by Jini Dellaccio in 1965. If Neil Young (who Jini also photographed during her long and sparkling career) is the godfather of grunge, The Sonics are the parents of punk, with their hard-working, unconventional and unpretentious garage-band style. So very Tacoma. Photo reproduced with permission of the Jini Dellaccio Collection.

this page
Another thing we love about Tacoma: the astonishing tile work inside the Casablanca Apartments. This photo by Ross Mulhausen doesn’t show the half of it.
Ruby Tuesday

The Stones were singing. The Rolling Stones, I mean. And they were turned up pretty loud on my rental car radio. It was “Ruby Tuesday.” I was making the soft turn on the Schuster Parkway just past the big grain elevator, coming out of Old Town and headed toward I-5 when, boom, there it was, right on my windshield: The Mountain. It was too big to be real and, it seemed, right there in the front seat with me.

Peeking out of the mist as the sun seemed to set its snowy peaks on fire, it looked like a giant movie on a screen the size of the sky, stretching across the horizon. I took a sudden breath at the surprise of it. Gathering myself, I made the turn after Stadium Way and got a glimpse of the new Tacoma Art Museum silhouetted against the vast, looming whiteness, then the shape of the great silver cone of the Museum of Glass, the jumbled blue cubes on the Bridge of Glass, the elegant architecture of the 509 bridge. “Catch your dreams before they slip away,” Mick Jagger sang as I veered right, this time to join the I-5 traffic headed north for the airport.

That was almost exactly seven years ago, and I had just made my first visit to Puget Sound, spending the afternoon gathering intelligence around the campus, the neighborhood, the downtown. I hadn’t yet interviewed for the job, but I already knew that if I were lucky enough to get the offer, I’d take it. This was perfect: a breathtaking natural landscape, a city on the rise, rich in cultural resources, with some great things happening on this charming, inviting residential campus, already beautiful but like a jewel still in the ground, ready to be cut and polished in order to realize its potential. A real ruby in the rough.

Turns out I got the job and, after seven years, I think I got the place basically right, too. It’s amazing, and getting better all the time. That’s as true about our campus as it is about the city in which we live. And that’s why, for the second time, we’ve dedicated an issue of Arches to the things we love about Tacoma—from the magnificence of our landscape, our institutions, and our people to the quirkiness of some of our more hidden treasures.

I’ve got my own list of personal favorites—receiving a welcome greeting from a harbor seal during my first sail on the Sound with Professor Alan Thorndike in his wood-hulled sailboat; cutting the ribbon for our inspiring new Science Center, the campus’ first green building; spending a Christmas holiday in Vietnam and Cambodia with our Pac Rim students and faculty; spotting my first pod of orcas charging up Colvos Passage in perfect formation; watching a newly hatched bald eagle screaming in excitement (and fear) as it tentatively spread its massive wings and lifted from its mile-high nest and floated effortlessly over the waves.

What I intuited but didn’t yet know when I got here was how deeply connected Tacoma and Puget Sound have always been. I knew it was the citizens of Tacoma whose determination and generosity made sure that a great university of the Pacific Northwest would be located in the City of Destiny more than a century ago. But I soon learned some other things. Like the fact that the Tacoma Art Museum began in our art department right here on campus 75 years ago. And that the Tacoma Symphony was born out of Puget Sound’s School of Music and was originally conducted by our faculty. One of our former presidents and a former student came up with the big idea of establishing the world’s foremost museum of glass in Tacoma’s downtown. An alumnus would become one of the city’s civil rights leaders, founder and first director of the Tacoma Urban League. Another graduate (and former faculty member) would be one of our most successful mayors, leading the city during an important period of renaissance, when Tacoma would be named among America’s most livable cities.

And that’s just the tip of the iceberg, a few manifestations of the real magic of this place: the effectiveness with which our faculty carry out the mission of inspiring people first to learn important things and then to go on to do great things. I know of no other place where the faculty are so single-minded in their devotion to this mission, and where the evidence of it is so clear. Ask almost any student or graduate (I do, all the time) what they love about Puget Sound. Often topping the list will be a story about a professor who made someone think about things in a new way, or a class that opened up a whole new area of interest, or a faculty mentor who helped a student navigate the struggling years of graduate school or a new career. Wish I had a nickel for every time I’ve heard one of them say about a professor, “He is amazing,” or “She is just phenomenal.”

You can’t see that in The Mountain at first glimpse, or in Commencement Bay, or in the bald eagle lifting off from its nest and diving into the Sound. But our faculty are the real crown jewels, the magic ruby slippers of this place. Nothing rough-cut about them. This is a place where, as the Stones sing in another song, you not only “get what you want” or even “what you need.” You get a whole lot more.

Ronald R. Thomas
Meaning, indeed


Where I went to college in central Illinois, it was Bingo’s Bar instead of Pat’s. During the day it was frequented by workers from the nearby rail yards. Each evening the college kids took over. Hamms’s draft was 25 cents in a frosted mug, and you could add a Polish sausage for a little bit more. It was a family-run place, and the owners’ son was a classmate of mine at Illinois Wesleyan.

Now that I’m a card-carrying member of the AARP, I could associate with “Bob-the-lawyer” in Mr. Wiley’s wonderful narrative. I, too, am a lawyer (although I don’t do wills) whose wife recently left me. Mona has not yet passed my way, but the bittersweet mix of getting over the past and into the future is certainly understood.

I am the proud parent of a Logger in the Class of 2011. The first time I saw Tacoma and the UPS campus, I also felt that I had found a very welcoming and special place. I love visiting once or twice a year and may even trade the dry sun of San Diego for the liquid sunshine of Tacoma someday.

Thank you to Mr. Wiley and to Arches for sharing such a touching story.

Paul Breen P’11
San Diego

We received quite a few complimentary letters on “Your Life Should Have Meaning.” The above is representative. — ed.

Familiar ground

The new Center for Health Sciences is of special interest to me [“Center for Health Sciences Moves One Step Closer to Construction,” winter 2010]. The location will include the grounds of 3311 N. 11th Street. This is where I was born and where I grew up, so this plan is significant and exciting to me. The home at 3311 now belongs to the university and is known as Wilkinson House. I attended Puget Sound and later served as secretary to President Thompson for five years. My husband [Will Gee] has two degrees from UPS and has been involved with the alumni association and board of trustees in many ways. Hence, my special interest in the new Health Sciences Center.

Marian Wilkinson Gee ’43
Tacoma

Three for three

My wife is kicking me, since all alumni associations ever seem to want is money, but the winter 2010 edition of Arches really stuck close to home. It had three very close connections with my personal experience, and I thoroughly read the magazine, which I’ll admit I usually skim.

I was intimately familiar with Pat’s Tavern—probably too much for my own good. More important to me were the stories regarding the Olympics and Deep Creek Lodge. I was privileged to work in the Olympic Village here in Salt Lake City as a physical therapist in 2002 and was deeply drawn into the story by Greg Groggel ’06. My wife, Kelley Murphy, worked for an organization called Olympic Aide, which funds sports in Third World countries. We spent the entire time at both the Olympics and Paralympics in the residential zone of the respective villages with all-access passes.

The second story that grabbed me was the one on Deep Creek. “Been there!” While I finished my undergraduate degree and then PT degree at Puget Sound, I served as a ski patroller at Crystal Mountain. I had no idea that Puget Sound was so involved in the early development of Crystal. I got to live the good life while a student at UPS and skied every inch of the terrain in the article.

You definitely sucked me in with these stories. I am curious as to why there isn’t a Puget Sound alumni association group here in SLC, as I see lots of stickers and license plate frames from UPS as I drive around town. Anyway, it was a great issue that pulled me in more than any other I’ve seen.

Brian P. Murphy B.S.’92, M.P.T.’94
Salt Lake City
news from the field
Loggers in TV-land
KUPS promotions director Elly Henrikson ’10 says the trip to NYC to collect the mtvU award for the best college radio station was a mad, happy blur.

Last November, KUPS received the greatest honor and surprise of its 41-year existence. After months of online voting and hours of waiting for the final “call” to inform us which of the top five stations had earned the 2009 mtvU Best College Radio Station Woodie Award, legendary disc jockey Matt Pinfield came bounding into our studio in the base-41-year existence. After months of online voting and hours of waiting for the best college radio station was a mad, happy blur.

...we were treated like celebrities. Well, not like real celebrities. Those people get to sit in a special roped-off area. We were instead escorted to a designated part of “The Pit,” which was as the name suggests, an open area in front of the stage like you find at a typi- cal concert. We were allowed in early so as to secure a spot against the barrier that separated concertgoers from the real-deal celebs. But from our privileged positions we could see the nominees for the other awards being presented that evening.

This spot also allowed the cameramen to reach us when the time came for our five minutes of fame. New York DJ Matt Pinfield and the UK rock group The Fiery Furnaces chatted us up while the lights and cameras got into position. Everything changed when the cameras were switched on. The crowd that had been attempting to force its way past us to snap a picture of Zooey Deschanel or callait Jack White stepped back, propelled by a barrier of respect. DJ邵 who had been spinning between live performances and presentations all night, snapped a photo of us, reversing any hierarchy of stardom that had previously been in place. Pinfield then introduced the KUPS staff, and we screamed and held up our Woodie. All cameras and ears were on us.

The rest of the night was a blur. We were invited to an exclusive after-party, where we felt, and very likely looked, a little out of place. It was an alternate universe in which the celebrities had been all night. There were open bars and waiters in argyle sweaters, with champagne and snacks galore. What was even stranger was that people recognized us. While trying to catch our breath and our bearings on the rooftop deck, we were approached by a group of people who introduced themselves as the show’s producers. That’s when we met our greatest ally in this entire process, Stephen Schutzman ’99. We were stunned to meet a Logger there, of all places. It turns out Stephen had actually been a big part of why we were involved in the first place. When he saw that his alma mater had been nominated among the original 300 stations, he sent our staff an e-mail urging us to vote. So we voted (and voted and voted). In the end more than 15 million votes were cast, and we had the most. It had been a simple gesture on his part, but it was what set us on the path to New York.

Once we recovered from the sense of how small the world is, Ste- phen turned to me and said, “You look familiar. You must be that girl who really flipped out when Matt showed up with the Woodie.” He was correct; there’s plenty of video on the Internet to prove it. Turns out I know how to make an impression. The rest of the night was spent hobnobbing and dancing with our new acquaintances, all while won- dering if the entire evening was a dream.

The awe still hasn’t worn off. A few weeks ago the Woodie was mailed to us, with its fresh engraving “2009 mtvU Woodie Awards —KUPS 90.1 College Radio Woodie.” The trophy is eerily fitting for our university, as it is a big, heavy chunk of birch with a hammer, and a wedge stuck in the top. Oddly enough, it came addressed to me. I’m glad they at least choose to use my actual name rather than “that girl who really went nuts.”

More photos of the trip at www.flickr.com/photos/44730056@N02

notes from the field

At college
A bit of a breather, and senior year looms
This semester I feel a little more in control than the previous two semes- ters. My position as chapter presi- dent for my sorority has officially come to an end, which has been a huge weight lifted off my shoulders. It is no secret that my term marked an incredibly challenging period in my life, however, I am grateful for the experience. Although I am no longer president I am still involved with the chapter and took on the position of chaplain, which puts me in charge of all our rituals and sisterhood (the best part!). Aside from being chaplain for the chapter, I also have been selected to be a sorority recruitment advisor for spring 2011. This is an exciting responsibility because it is something I’ve wanted to do since I went through formal recruitment during my freshman year, and I can’t wait to help next year’s freshmen through the recruitment process. The only challenge is that I will have to disaffiliate myself from my chapter for an entire semes- ter. It will be hard not to wear my letters and talk about the chapter in my columns, but overall I think the experi- ence will be rewarding.

I’ve taken on other extracurricular activities too. This semester I am participating in the Repertory Dance Group and the annual Spring Lu’au. Both have been really fun, and I definitely plan on participating in them again next year. In addition to all of those things, I have been busy getting ready for my senior year, although I feel as if se- nior year is approaching a lot faster than I would like it to! I will be moving out of the chapter house and will be living off campus. Figure out the logistics for that was a very interesting experience, but I am really excited to have my own space with a group of friends.

I am working toward completing my business major (which I hope to accomplish by the end of next semester) and figure I will be interning in New York City during my senior year. This semester I will be interning at Boeing, and I am incredibly excited about it! It will be my first full- time professional job, and I am forward to the glimpse into the “real world” the internship will provide.

Thankfully, many of my life have slowed down, and I am grateful to no longer have to deal with many of the challenges I have faced in the past. Hopefully I will continue to learn from those experiences and keep pushing through to senior year!

— Lestraundra Alfred ’11
Photojournal  by Ross Mulhausen

JAN 18: 24th ANNUAL M.L. KING JR. CELEBRATION In Kilworth Memorial Chapel, the Rev. Dr. Leslie Braxton ’83 is the speaker.

JAN 22–23: HAPPY 30th The Community Music program celebrates its also noted with a faculty reunion and a public concert that features performances by music faculty and community members—including a 4-year-old pianist. Tacoma Mayor Marilyn Strickland proclaims the 22nd and 23rd “Community Music Anniversary Celebration Days.”

JAN 20: FACETED AND SUPERSIZED Recent works by art prof Michael Johnson are on display in Kittredge Gallery. The nine wood sculptures and three works from his Plastic Drawing series are scaled-up everyday objects that focus attention on shape and volume rather than original function.

FEB 3: MASTER CLASS Internationally acclaimed tenor Rob McPherson ’91 is in town to work with voice students in the School of Music.

FEB 6: ALL TOGETHER NOW With the help of her sorority sisters, new Alpha Phi President Dani Rosengrant ’12 organizes a day of community service modeled on the college’s Urban Plunge orientation activity for freshmen. More than 100 students volunteer at 10 Tacoma organizations, including these women at Gateways for Youth and Families.

zeitgeist

sports

Winter roundup

Women’s basketball makes NCAAs; Coach Barcomb is WBCA-West Coach of the Year

Logger fans who are accustomed to exciting action in Memorial Fieldhouse and Wallace Pool weren’t disappointed during the winter season: The Logger women’s basketball team played its way into the NCAA Division III Women’s Basketball Tournament for the fourth time in five years, and the Puget Sound swim program was among the conference elite yet again.

The women’s b-ball team, which finished the season ranked 18th in national polls, was young but played like experienced winners, as the Loggers cruised to second place in the Northwest Conference. After making the NWC tournament and advancing to the league championship game for the fifth straight season, the Loggers earned an at-large selection to the national tournament. The women defeated the University of Redlands in the first round, then fell to the tourney host-school and conference rival George Fox in the second round. Claire Ely ’11 was named Northwest Conference Player of the Year, while sophomore Jocelyn Riordan and senior Natasha Ludwig were chosen Second Team All-NWC.

Ely wasn’t done collecting awards after her conference honors. In addition to earning Player of the Year, she was named a First-Team All-American by d3hoops.com, an Academic All-American by ESPNU The Magazine and the College Sports Information Directors of America (CoSIDA), and a finalist for the Jostens Trophy. The Jostens Trophy is a national award presented by the Rotary Club of Salem, Ore., to honor the most outstanding men’s and women’s Division III basketball players of the year. Winners are chosen based on basketball ability, academic prowess, and community service.

At season’s end the Women’s Basketball Coaches Association voted Head Coach Suzy Barcomb West Region Coach of the Year. The men’s basketball team went through a bit of a rebuilding phase in 2009–10, but the year wasn’t without highlights. Senior Colin Koach finished up his collegiate career with Honorable Mention All-NWC honors. Koach and sophomore Kaleb Shelton also were named Academic All-District by CoSIDA, following their hard work in the classroom.

In the pool, the Loggers once again finished at the top of the Northwest Conference standings. Senior Jackson Kowalski earned Honorable Mention All-America honors for the second straight season, setting a new school record in the 100-yard backstroke with a time of 50.69. That time broke the record of Ben Johnson ’98 (50.71), set in 1998.

Sophomore Tracy Wormwood represented the Logger women at the 2010 NCAA Division III Swimming and Diving Championships in Minneapolis. Her best performance came in the 200-yard breaststroke, as she posted a time of 2:23.75 to finish just shy of Honorable Mention All-American honors. — Chris Thompson
The building that will bear his name rises behind R. Franklin Thompson in 1967.

In a Feb. 11, 1966, Tisu editorial, Dennis Hale ‘66 proposed that the new science building be named for President R. Franklin Thompson, in recognition of his years of service to the college. The suggestion enjoyed broad support, and on May 14, 1966, the trustees made it official. When Thompson, or “Doc T” as he was affectionately known, became Puget Sound’s 10th president in 1942, he was 34 years old, the youngest college president in the country. When Doc T retired in 1973, he was the longest-serving living U.S. college president. During his 31-year presidency, President Thompson built, on average, one new building each year—of which Thompson Hall was one, increasing the number of permanent buildings on campus from four to 37.

In 1973, during his presidency, Doc T was named by trustees as honorary chancellor for life. He continued his fundraising efforts and spent much time writing the history of the college during his presidency. R. Franklin Thompson was 90 years old when he died on Jan. 15, 1999. He was the last ordained Methodist minister among Puget Sound’s 13 presidents.

Although Thompson Hall is today a much better facility than it was before it joined Harned Hall to become one of the best new science complexes in the country, Thompson Hall is unique among the major campus buildings in the degree to which its architectural presence has been altered from its original grandeur. As an independent architectural presence Thompson Hall is essentially gone. Yet without question Doc T would support the decision that put the building named after him in Harned Hall’s “backyard.” For him the needs of the college always came first. — John Finney ’67
zeitgeist

Three new faculty books

Globaloney 2.0: The Crash of 2008 and the Future of Globalization
Michael Veseth ’72, Robert J. Albertson professor of international political economy
238 pages, hardcover or paperback
www.rowmanlittlefield.com

Review by Byron Gangnes B.A. ’82, ’P10

Whether right or wrong, stories matter. And most of our stories about globalization are, well, globaloney—extravagant claims backed by flimsy anecdotal evidence. This is precisely what Michael Veseth’s acclaimed 2005 book, which took a critical look at many of our commonly accepted notions about globalization.

In Globaloney 2.0, Veseth revists globalization rhetoric from our post-crisis vantage point. What do the 2008 financial meltdown and subsequent Great Recession add to our understanding of globalization? What do they tell us about the changes needed to support a more stable global economic future?

There is some discussion of policy in the final chapter on the future of globalization, but that is not the book’s strong suit. Instead, the high point of Globaloney 2.0 is the stories themselves and Veseth’s evident joy as he picks them apart. (To be fair, he also picks apart his own globaloney!) To Veseth, stories matter—they frame our view of the world and our choices—as we need to work on creating new stories, ones that tell a more accurate truth. After all, if you can’t bear ‘em, join ‘em.

Globaloney 2.0 is written in Veseth’s characteristic conversational style, with plenty of playful humor. (Non-economists, fear not; there is very little jargon.) This would make an excellent book for an under-graduate course in international economics, politics, or sociology, but it is also an accessible and entertaining read for any curious person.

Wild Men: Ishi and Kroebel in the Wilderness of Modern America
Douglas Cazaux Sakman, professor of history
334 pages, hardcover
Oxford University Press www.oup.com/us

Review by Greg Schiedler

The aim of the Oxford University Press series New Narratives in American History is “to put the story back in history.” Doug Sakman’s contribution to the series, Wild Men: Ishi and Kroeber in the Wilderness of Modern America, certainly achieves that goal. Wild Men is a compelling page-turner, at times appalling, touching, humorous, uplifting, and empathetic.

Ishi was, as the newspapers of a century ago called him, the “last wild Indian.” He and the remaining dozen or two of the Yahi tribe vanished into the forests near Lassen Peak in northern California in the face of violence from white settlers. While rumors abounded for years about the wild men living in the area, the Yahi managed to stay out of sight for more than four decades. Then one day in 1911 Ishi simply gave up hiding and walked into Oroville, Calif., where he was taken in by the local constabulary. Albert Kroeber, an anthropologist who ran the University of California’s Museum of Anthropology in San Francisco, had heard and believed the rumors about the wild men. When Kroeber appeared on the scene, Ishi was immediately thrown into a padded cell, then treated like a character in a circus side-show. Finally they put him on a train to San Francisco, and the man who had lived his entire life in the wild was suddenly thrust into the middle of a bustling, modern city.

Yet by all accounts Ishi adapted extremely well. He traveled around the city, liked the ride on the trolley cars, had a number of friends, enjoyed the movies, and developed a liking for ice cream and cotton candy. When Kroeber and others suggested a trip back to his haunts to do some on-the-spot anthropology fieldwork, Ishi balked. There were no chairs or warm houses, and not much food. Eventually, he was convinced to go.

Kroeber was in an interesting position. Ishi was the subject of his research, but the two built a friendship as well. Kroeber did a reasonable job preventing Ishi from being entirely exploited, although he was always something of an attraction at the museum.

The cover photo of the book is fascinating. It shows Kroeber and Ishi standing side by side, in similar suit jackets, slacks, and shirts with ties. Ishi is barefoot. Even living in the city for the final five years of his life, he never had any use for shoes. It’s a fitting metaphor for the conflicts involved in the story. America was rapidly becoming urban but was still fascinated with the Wild West, and marveled at the wildness described as “untouched” despite the fact that natives had been living there for centuries. Ishi was the last wild Indian, lived in the city somewhat out of necessity, never completely abandoned his ways and culture, but didn’t fit in on either side.

Wild Men is a marvelous read that brings these characters to life. The story continues to make anthropologists and historians, including Sakman, think about their approaches to the study of other cultures, present and past.

Greg Schiedler is vice president for government and public relations at Independent Colleges of Washington and a former member of the communications staff at Puget Sound.

Full Moon at Noontide: A Life Last Goodbye
Ann Putnam, instructor of English
324 pages, hardcover
Southern Methodist University Press www.tamuspress.com

Review by Linda Patterson Miller

There is a surreal quality to Ann Putnam’s family memoir as she evokes images from her “mind’s eye or memory.” A father falls, but where? When? As the story opens, Putnam is leaving the university after Friday afternoon classes when she imagines that she sees her father—“an im- mense, balding, white-haired man sitting on the back of a caged bus, a ramshackle bus, perhaps, like the one in which my father crossed the border from Mexico to Spokane, 300 miles away, her father, Homer Cunningham, has had a stroke, and ‘of course it’s the beginning of the end’ or is it?

Putnam’s ability to manage perceptive details and her heartfelt care of her aging parents following Homer’s stroke. When the Cunninghams can no longer manage at home alone, Putnam stirs them to University House, an elegant retirement community close to her home in Seattle. This story might be everyone’s family’s story, one of confronting the ravages and demands of time, and yet Putnam’s story transcends the ordinary with its cast of characters and its accompanying drama. Putnam read no other account that better captures the rhythms and dynamics of life for those who must slowly adapt to communal living. Let one example suggest the going-ons at University House: On the first evening that the Cunninghams will be introduced to their new neighbors, Homer chokes on his evening meal, parity the dinner table until Ann’s, Ed (the white knight of this book), jumps up to perform the Heimlich maneuver. Everyone at the table continues to laugh. Even Putnam can make funny.

When the family first goes to tour University House, they visit some apartments and by mistake end up in one that reflects the underbelly of retirement-home life. The door swings open to reveal “a woman so large she has literally melted into her wheelchair” in the midst of dirt and chaos. She inches forward “on little pink feet in little slippers” and her hair lies “in stringy brown strands across her scalp.” Shelves full of pills line all the walls such that her apartment “is a pharmaceutical warehouse.” Putnam confesses that “it’s such a dark thing to see. A mind fallen in on itself,” and the experience for Putnam is “so shocking there is no way to make it come.”

As Putnam’s parents adapt to life at University House, they have both gained weight, “an admission, rather than a punishment, which they’ve lived with for a good part of their married life, making them noteworthy for their unusual threesome. Putnam strives to understand Henry, “the very image of my father but not my father,” and a compelling narrative strand of this memoir revolves around the twins as they stand in counterpart to each other. Putnam’s father as the greatly loved professor whom she admires for daring to believe “in the miracle of Walden Pond.” Putnam’s mother provides the elegance and emotional continuity that melds together this family’s unlikely configurations. Mrs. Cunningham stands in her former role as the family comedian. Yet there are moments even Putnam cannot make funny. When the family first goes to tour University House, they visit some apartments and by mistake end up in one that reflects the underbelly of retirement-home life. The door swings open to reveal “a woman so large she has literally melted into her wheelchair” in the midst of dirt and chaos. She inches forward “on little pink feet in little slippers” and her hair lies “in stringy brown strands across her scalp.” The shelf full of pills line all the walls such that her apartment “is a pharmaceutical warehouse.” Putnam confesses that “it’s such a dark thing to see. A mind fallen in on itself,” and the experience for Putnam is “so shocking there is no way to make it come.”

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Voyaging to the Mediterranean Under Power: Imprints of Ports, People, Sunsets, and Storms
Mary Umstot P’84
244 pages, paperback
Booklocker.com
www.booklocker.com

Mary Umstot and her husband, Denis (a UPS professor emeritus of business administration), had been boating together around Puget Sound for more than three decades, with progressively larger vessels. During such moments, we see the family’s adventures. The subtitle refers to ports and people, and there’s a32-page photo essay about Castle’s. The title piece is a lyrical essay about Castle’s lesbian affair with an older professor while Castle was in graduate school in the 70’s. It’s funny but also heartbreaking, a tale of how young people all of us became obsessed and self-conscious as we wrestled with the notion of relationships and sexuality. It’s also a fascinating look at a time we tend to think of as more “liberated,” yet the truth is that such relationships remained deep in the closet. Another favorite in the collection is “Desperately Seeking Susan,” an article written for the London Review of Books in 2005 about the author’s association with Susan Sontag. The obit of sorts describes a lost/hate relationship of friendship and rivalry. “For ten years ours was an on-again, off-again, semi-friendship, constricted by role-playing and diet-through the end with manicures and invitations.” Through Castle’s eyes, Sontag also relaxes her writing, writing that “it is hard for me to think about the history of modern feminism, say—especially as it evolved in the United States in the 1970s—without Sontag in the absolutely central, catalytic role.”

In other essays about her fascination with a biography of jazz great Art Pepper or describing a road trip to New Mexico with her aging mother, Castle delivers sparkling tales that are smart, funny, and moving. — GS

Not Your Mother’s Diet: The Cure for Your Eating Issues
Kathleen Fuller ’70
206 pages, paperback
BookSurge Publishing
www.amazon.com

Many diet books, regardless of their length, could be boiled down to four words: Eat less, exercise more. Kathleen Fuller says in Not Your Mother’s Diet that it’s way, way more complicated than that.

How complicated? Fuller takes the reader through a 19-question self-analysis, busts eight diet myths, provides a chart on which to menu plan and points to add to your food diary and visited.

From Teka III’s maiden voyage to “on the hard again” and all of the waypoints in between, the tales are riveting. They range from the absurd—a hilarious story of the battle to evict a stowaway rat—to the poignant that would extend beyond all the sorrows to come and my anguished nation forged in love might, if I were so lucky, yield a greater truth.

“Maybe what I knew from memory and an imagination forged in love might, if I were so lucky, yield a greater truth.” Readers of this fine work are lucky indeed to have Ann Putnam’s memory and vision in print, for they light the way for us all to embrace our own pasts with dignity, and even joy.

Linda Patterson Miller is a professor of English at Pennsylvania State University, Abington.

The Professor and Other Writings
Terry Castle ’75, HON ’98
152 pages, hardcover
Harper Collins
www.harpercollins.com

Terry Castle’s latest book, The Professor and Other Writings, is a collection of personal essays that demonstrate a wicked wit and brutal honesty. The title piece is a lengthy essay about Castle’s lesbian affair with an older professor while Castle was in graduate school in the 70’s. It’s funny but also heartbreaking, a tale of how young people all of us became obsessed and self-conscious as we wrestled with the notion of relationships and sexuality. It’s also a fascinating look at a time we tend to think of as more “liberated,” yet the truth is that many such relationships remained deep in the closet.

Another favorite in the collection is “Desperately Seeking Susan,” an article written for the London Review of Books in 2005 about the author’s association with Susan Sontag. The obit of sorts describes a lost/hate relationship of friendship and rivalry. “For ten years ours was an on-again, off-again, semi-friendship, constricted by role-playing and diet-through the end with manicures and invitations.” Through Castle’s eyes, Sontag also relaxes her writing, writing that “it is hard for me to think about the history of modern feminism, say—especially as it evolved in the United States in the 1970s—without Sontag in the absolutely central, catalytic role.”

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Science, Theory and Clinical Application in Orthopedic Manual Physical Therapy
Jim Rivard ’88 and Ola Grimsby, editors
Three volumes, paperback
The Academy of Graduate Physical Therapy, Inc.
www.ola-grimsby.com

Manual therapy—using exercise to help fix what ails you—isn’t exactly a new idea. The practice of yoga, for example, goes back more than 5,000 years. The authors of Science, Theory and Clinical Application in Orthopedic Manual Physical Therapy note that nevertheless the practice of manual therapy has not always been welcomed with open arms.

Jim Rivard, one of the editors and major contributors to this hefty, three-volume set, says that tops 1,200 pages, says that taking a class from Norwegian therapist Ola Grimsby in the late 1980s was a game-changer for him in the way he thought about patient care. Grimsby’s approach to manual therapy, called medical exercise therapy, “aims to improve or one several functional properties by utilization of objec-tively graded activity, through a systematic approach and with active participation by the patient.” The authors note that increasing range of motion and inhibiting pain isn’t enough; exercise can help solve acute symptoms and make joints and muscles work better.

The three volumes are an attempt to put years of knowledge and experience on paper in one collection. The first volume is devoted to some heavy science, examining properties of bone, muscle, cartilage, and the central nervous system. Only if these are broken, and they can be repaired. It also includes lengthy chapters on biomechanics and exercise theory. The second and third volumes take those concepts and theories and apply them to the design of specific exercises of carefully selected intensity and frequency to solve specific physical problems. The set, especially the last two volumes, is generously illustrated. It’s available only in softcover. Rivard says they’re doing what they can to keep the text affordable for students nationally and internationally.

Rivard is present of MTI Physical Therapy in Bellevue, Wash., and is a vice president and instructor for the Ola Grimsby Institute.

Fiddler on the road
Amelia Thornton ’10
Major: Music Business
Hometown: Kalispell, Mont.
Claim to fame: A classically trained violinist and master fiddler, Amelia started playing the violin at age 3 and began fiddling playing two years later.

Is fiddling dead? For her summer research grant project, Amelia investigated the state of fiddle music in the Pacific Northwest. She spent part of last summer touring Washington, Oregon, and Montana, attending festivals and dropping in on jam sessions to interview musicians and fiddle lovers for her documentary The Only Tune I Ever Did Learn.

It’s hip: She found that the fiddle is not embraced just by a fringe group of old-timers left over from the logging camps. Indie rock artists (such as the gypsy punk group Gogol Bordello and folk singer Sufjan Stevens) are blending fiddle mu-sic with rock and electronica. Fiddling is “brave music” that appeals to young rebels, she contends. It’s hard to do, but self-sustains.

Teaching the next generation: Amelia also found that many of the events she attended were geared toward the 21-and-over crowd. Deciding she wanted to help expose younger musicians to fiddle music, she created a summer music camp in her hometown called Fiddling at the Mansion. “It was a three-day workshop for classically trained high school students (they were terrified at the idea of giving up sheet music and playing by ear),” she says, followed by a lunchtime concert for the public. It was a hit, and Amelia hopes to hold more in the future. — Leandra Alfred ’11
Ever since we published “25 Things We Love About Tacoma” in 2006, readers have been asking us for a reprise. We finally relent and give you…

25 more things we love about Tacoma

1 Frank Herbert
The author of perhaps the greatest science fiction novel of all time, Dune, was indeed born in Tacoma. (When he was 8 his family moved to Burley, a biographical fact about which the editor takes great delight because he, too, lives there. Now if Mr. Editor can only figure out which house was Herbert’s.)

2 The Murray Morgan Bridge
Another iconic Tacoma landmark saved: By the time you read this the first phase of restoration on the Murray Morgan Bridge will be finished. The bridge, with its distinctive high-lifting center section (so masted ships could pass under), was built in 1913 to connect downtown with the tide flats. It was closed to vehicle traffic in 2007 after engineers deemed it unsafe. In 1997 the bridge was named for Tacoma-born historian Murray Morgan HON’76. Mr. Morgan was a tender on the bridge in the 1950s, and it is said he wrote his famed history of Seattle, Skid Road, during quiet periods on the job.

3 Connell’s Dahlias
Talk about color riot. The August open house at this Midland farm will leave you looking for a monochromatic landscape to let your eyeballs settle. Their 2010 tubers are shipping now.
4 Commencement Bay

What a busy delight to the eye: huge container cranes at the port, looking for all the world like Erector Set dinosaurs; boats and ships of every size and description from the world over; rocky beaches and grassy parks; new condos and old piers (below which Puget Sound profs and students are working to restore eelgrass beds); big factories and small homes; acres of just-arrived Kias, Mazdas, and Suzukis; and, overseeing it all, our own pillars of Hercules: to the west, the Olympics; to the southeast, Mount Rainier, with the Puyallup River running milky white from the Tahoma and Puyallup glaciers all the way down to the bay.

Oh, and one more thing. We’re a college. How could we resist a place named “Commencement?”

7 The Karpeles Manuscript Museum

The sparkly new museum buildings down on Pacific Avenue invite a lot of notice, but the quiet and stately Karpeles, just across the street from Wright Park and the Seymour Conservatory, deserves more attention than it gets. It is one of nine repositories in cities across the U.S. housing the 1 million historical documents and artifacts from the private collection of Marsha and David Karpeles. The exhibit here in Tacoma changes quarterly, and unlike those museums down on Pacific, admission is free.

5 Tacoma [S]elf Storage

It began unintentionally in 2007, when roosting pigeons shorted out the 4-foot-high neon “S” on the Tacoma Self Storage building on South Holgate Street, causing the very prominent sign to read: Tacoma Elf Storage. “So that’s where all those North Pole toy makers go in the off-season,” people said. When Christmastime rolled around the owners switched the “S” off on purpose, and a Tacoma holiday tradition was born.

6 Johnny’s Seasoning Salt

Still good on everything. Still made here. And it’s got a Facebook fan page!

8 The LeMay collection

Known is that Harold E. LeMay managed to acquire all the vehicles he did in one lifetime is a wonder, but actually seeing the 3,000 antique and classic cars and trucks—lots of trucks—out there at the old Marymount Military Academy is a special experience for car geeks like your Arches editor. We’re very much looking forward to seeing the LeMay Museum get started on construction of the grand facility planned for a 9-acre site near the Tacoma Dome. Groundbreaking is now said to be set for this spring.
11 The Elks Lodge and “Spanish Steps”

It looks like the long-abandoned Elks building might become a stylish bar with a roof garden, which is part of the larger plan to transform the old swimming pool and ballroom (the site of many a father-and-daughter dance) into a business district with retail and restaurant spaces.

12 Plywood

It was invented in Portland, so we’ll concede that to our Oregonian neighbors) but in a town that thrives because of the vast forests that surround it, the office of what used to be the American Plywood Association (est. 1939), now The Engineered Wood Association (where you can find out everything you’ll ever want to know about wood products), is still down on South 19th Street.

9 Patrick the wine guy

Patrick Emmons is the master of all things gourmandique. He’s the high priest of our neighborhood’s temple of secrets; the Metropolitan Market (affectionately known as MM) in the Proctor District. The main wine guy, he’s tried them all. He’s been to most of the places where the wine is made—from Napa to New Zealand, from Rutherford to Red Mountain. He not only has five great ideas (at five different price points) for exactly the right wine to go with any menu plan you present him, he can also tell you the nuances of the differences between reds and whites and match just the right one with your taste. And, if you’re interested, he’ll tell you about all the best new restau-

ments in any city from Seattle to Fellsmere, which is great for anyone who just wants to live here, or who’s visiting.

10 The Cloverleaf

It’s the people

Two-term mayor Bill Baarsma B.A.’64, P’93 on why he loves his hometown

I am a great believer in retail politics. It takes shoe leather, focus, and a determined willingness to go door to door, day after day, asking people for their vote. It served me well in my four successful campaigns for public of-

fice, and it helped me learn a great deal about the hometown I love. I walked nearly every Tacoma neighborhood, ringing more than 20,000 doorbells in those campaign efforts. One story that comes from a conversation I had on a porch during my doorbelling days tells a lot about Tacoma, its very special people, and how I would never think of moving away. It was a hot, muggy Saturday afternoon. My feet were killing me, and not many folks were home in the blue-collar South Tacoma precinct I had targeted that day. Thinking about the cold brew in the fridge, the Mariners game on the tube, and how much sense it made to take just one day off, I thought, “Right, this is it,” as I reached the last house at the end of the block.

Climbing the porch steps, I took a campaign brochure out of my pocket and pushed the doorbell. The drill was down pat: smile, eye contact, an extended hand, a friendly introduc-
tion, and then let people know up front why I was there.

Waiting and hearing no sound, I pulled out my pen to scribble a “sorry I missed you” on the brochure to tuck into the screen door. It was then I noticed a shiny silver quarter on the porch where the homeowner had apparently dropped it. Sensing someone on the other side of the door, I waited to see what might happen next. And, yes, the door finally swung open.

There stood Floyd, a big guy wearing a Mariners hat. The baseball game was on the television, and Floyd’s spouse could be seen sitting on the couch in the living room, watch-
ing. I introduced myself, asked him the score, talked a bit about neighborhood issues, and then said, “Sir, it looks like you dropped a quarter on the porch. Let me pick it up for you.” Floyd responded, “Bill, don’t bother. You can’t pick up that quarter.”

Bill, when politicians come by, I check them out to see how honest they are with that quar-
ter. If you are honest enough to pick it up, this door would never have opened.

Floyd then turned to his wife and said, “Gladys, come here. I want you to meet Bill Baarsma. He’s going to be our next mayor.”

I continued doorbelling that day until dark.

The story of Floyd and the quarter is one example of what defines the character of this great city—its people. Tacomaans are down to earth, hardworking, and yearn for community leaders who are honest, willing to listen, and eager to help them create a more livable com-
munity.

Another story, from a much different setting, also helps define Tacoma and why I love it so. A few weeks back I was invited to a community gathering to discuss how our city might rebound from the departure of Russell Investments. Russell had been a local firm that was sold to a company outside the state. Many people figured it would be only a matter of time before “a business decision” was made to leave town, but it was still a tough pill to swallow.

The meeting in the conference room of the Tacoma Art Museum was packed that day. Business, labor, education, community, non-
profit, and government leaders were primed to brainstorm a series of recommended actions.

There was the typical “group facilitator” pres-
ent and lists of outcomes on flip-chart paper taped to the wall. And as we each had our green sticker dots to select the priority projects. But what I remember most from that meeting was something said by Jim, a trans-
planted Seattleite.

“You know,” he said, “the reason I moved here is simple: Tacoma is a can-do community. People here are genuine and never give up on their city. That’s why this setback won’t deter us and we will come out just fine in the end.”

His words reminded me of the many seemingly impossible “can-do” community projects started and completed in recent years: Building one of the largest publicly owned telecommunication systems in the country; purchasing and then reclaiming for private development a 27-acre toxic “superfund” shoreline site, without a single lawsuit be-
ing filed; restoring 125-year-old historic downtown buildings that now house a robust University of Washington campus; creating three world-class museums designed by some of the foremost architects in North America; renovating public school buildings to cutting-edge, state-of-the-art standards, again without a lawsuit being filed; and so much more.

During my years as a council member and then as mayor I had the opportunity to meet with scores of government officials regionally, nationally, and internationally. Without exception they were amazed when they experienced the Tacoma story up close and personal. I am so proud of my hometown. It is, in

deed, a uniquely special place.
She lived in Gig Harbor, but we’ll extend the city boundaries across the Narrows and make her an honorary Tacoman since Jini had such an enormous influence on the regional rock scene of the ’60s, photographing album covers for Tacoma’s The Sonics and The Wailers (fronted by our own “Rockin’ Robin” Roberts ’64, who arranged the version of “Louie, Louie” performed by The Kingsmen), and other Northwest bands like The Bards, The Daily Flash (which has re-formed, by the way), and Paul Revere and the Raiders, as well as singer Merrilee Rush (“Angel of the Morning”). Jini started out as a fashion photographer and was one of the first to approach band portraiture as fine art. (She photographed The Wailers at Wright Park and Point Defiance.) She is 93 now, living in Seattle, and still taking pictures. A terrific large-format book of her photos—Rock & Roll: Jini Dellaccio—was published recently. It’s available for purchase at www.jinidellaccio.com. Or see her famous 1967 shot of Neil Young (and a bunch of other incredible rock photography) in “Taking Aim: Unforgettable Rock ’n’ Roll Photographs Selected by Graham Nash,” on display in Seattle at Experience Music Project until May 23.

While we’re in the Chambers Bay neighborhood, a little farther north is our favorite spot for a summer sunset walk, followed by a way-stop at The Beach Tavern (there since 1934) and an enormous helping of the hand-cut French fries. Bonus distraction: Hang around long enough and you’re sure to see a freight train rumble by, just the way trains have since 1914, when the Northern Pacific shifted the route here from the original Prairie Line to avoid a steep grade through downtown.

Farther north still, tucked beneath a steep hillside, this tiny community has evolved from a hodgepodge of summer shacks and fishing tents in the 1920s to an enclave of unique, multi-story homes built on stilts. Over the years its hardy residents have weathered earthquakes, landslides, crashing waves, and eviction notices—not to mention the occasional exploding moonshine still. Roger Cushman Edwards’ marvelous 1996 photo history, Tacoma’s Salmon Beach, catches the quirky flavor of the area with, for example, a picture of three men feeding whiskey to a freshly caught salmon (“instant marinade”), a shot of the Salmon Beach Slugs tug-of-war team, and a photo of a massive mudslide in progress. (“When rain exceeds 3 inches in 36 hours, old-timers say to grab your socks and leave.”)

If ever there was an example of environmental good that can be made from industrial detritus, this is it. The links-type golf course built on the site of a historic gravel mine is turning out to be a celebrity in the golf world (the U.S. Open will be played there in 2015), and the old concrete mining structures give the place the feel of an ancient ruin, with jaw-dropping views of Puget Sound islands and the Olympic Mountains on a clear day. The trails themselves are mostly an easy stroll, but we think it’s pretty cool that one of them is designed to allow walkers and golfers to cross paths.
Our 10 favorite movies made in T-town

by Stacey Wilson '96

With its cheap labor and attractive skyline, Vancouver, B.C., has long worn the mantle of “Hollywood of the North.” But when The Biz is looking for gritty industrial backdrops, charming craftsman homes, and quaint downtown environs, they come to Tacoma. Dozens of feature films and television shows have, for better or worse, immortalized T-town’s charm, grit, and gray skies (and in the case of, for better or worse, immortalized T-town’s quaintest architectural relics).

The Hand That Rocks the Cradle (1992)

I loved that the Puget Sound campus was just blocks away from the gorgeous craftsman home on Yakima Street featured in this campy thriller about a demented nanny, played by Rebecca De Mornay. Employing Tacoma’s lush North End as the clichéd “idyllic domestic setting,” filmmakers give audiences an uncharacteristic look at the city’s softer side (hey, it’s actually pretty heartwarming!), while inspiring deep fear in anyone who ever considered building an all-glass greenhouse in their backyard. Poor Julianne Moore; she never had a chance. Poor John Lithgow; he was a victim of a demented, gregarious motherf**ker.

PRESTON TYLK/BAD SEED (2000)

Jon Bokenkamp had long eyed Tacoma for its distinctive brick facade of Gordon-Levitt and David Krumholtz in 10 Things I Hate About You (1999) and William Hurt and Keanu Reeves to kill her philandering pizza-maker husband. Kevin Kline? Yes, please! I adore this screwball comedy—based on a real attempted-murder case in Allentown, Pa.—for its still-cast and Tacoma-heavy visuals. The triangular Bostwick Building on Broadway is Joey Boca’s (Kline’s) pizzeria, while other locations include Bob’s Java Jive on South Tacoma Way.

I Love You to Death (1990)

Tracey Ullman hires a perpetually stoned Tim Daly to begin setting the movie not in Washington, but Downtown Tacoma. Capitalizing on the city’s natural kitsh, the filmmakers manage to pull off setting the movie not in Washington, but a small Midwestern town.

The Fugitive (2000–2001)

OK, so this was actually a short-lived TV series, but it’s still worth mentioning. Based on the hit movie starring Harrison Ford, the Tim Daly-starring ABC show featured many episodes filmed in Tacoma, including the downtown post office, Hylebos Bridge, Wright Park, and Puget Sound Hospital. The show kinda stunk—it was canceled after only one season—but I have a soft spot for Tim Daly, so there you go.

10 Things I Hate About You (1999)

The French chateau-like Stadium High School is immortalized in this clever, tween-aged update of Shakespeare’s The Taming of the Shrew, which made an American heart-throb of late Austie actor Heath Ledger. Julia Stiles’ character, Kat, shares a North End home with her dad (the wonderful Larry Miller), and there are copious shots of the waterfront and downtown. Though many scenes were shot in Seattle, 10 Things has Tacoma written all over it.

Come See the Paradise (1990)

The always reliable Dennis Quaid doesn’t disappoint in this sprawling epic about the tumultuous love affair between an American military man and a Japanese woman, set against the backdrop of World War II, Pearl Harbor, and the Japanese internment. Quaid’s character, Jack McGurr, marries Lily Kwamura inside the downtown Ellis Lodge in Tacoma, showing again the versatility of T-town’s oldest and quaintest architectural relics.

Say Anything! (1989)

Is there a more iconic Northwest-set romantic comedy than this one? Yes, the love between nerd-rebel Lloyd Dobler and valedictorian Diane Court blooms mostly in Seattle, but writer-director Cameron Crowe honors Tacoma as well by shooting the couple’s pivotal “friends with potential” conversation scene inside the giant teapot that is Bob’s Java Jive on South Tacoma Way.

Get Carter (2000)

I was disheartened to learn that the remake of Michael Caine’s mobster-revenge tale was set in Seattle, but hearing that its new setting was the Northwest gave me a reason to check it out (as did the fact that Caine, Alan Cumming, and Mickey Rourke all had parts in the reboot as well). There’s an especially great—and steep—scene chase on South 15th Street in Tacoma that’s meant to be in Seattle but we can claim as ours. And you know what? Stallone isn’t half bad.

Prefontaine (1997)

The first installment of my abbreviated movie career began just after graduation, when this biopic about the famed Oregon runner, starring Jared Leto, began shooting on the Puget Sound campus in the summer of 1996. The production needed willing (and unemployed) extras for crowd scenes, as, back then, our green- and gold-appointed stadium doubled nicely for the 1972-era University of Oregon Hayward Field. This cinematic take on Pre pales in comparison to the far superior Tom Cruise-produced Without Limits, but I’ll always keep a soft spot in my Logger heart for this one, which had the guts to cast Ed O’Neill as Coach Bowerman. Priceless!

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PRESTON TYLK/BAD SEED (2000)

Jon Bokenkamp had long eyed Tacoma for this, his directorial debut (alumni alert: he’s married to my pal Kathy Scott Bokenkamp ’96)—a thriller starring Luke Wilson as a jilted husband suspected of killing his wife, and seven veteran Dennis Farina as the private detective who unseemingly helps clear his name. Filming locations include the Pacific Lutheran University campus (those scenes featuring Mad Men’s Vincent Kartheiser), a downtown Tacoma loft posing as a bakery, and the wonderfully sketchy Blue Spruce Motel on Pacific Avenue South. Oh, and crew coffee, snacks, and peanut M&Ms for Mr. Farina were managed and served by yours truly.

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20 Ruston Way tunnel

In our 2006 list of things we love about Tacoma we included the Narrows Bridge, partly because it’s so photogenic at sunset and partly for the white-knuckled excitement of driving across it in a southerly gale. Now that the second Narrows Bridge is open and traffic flows only one way on each of the two spans, the rush of wondering whether a good, strong gust will blow your car into the path of oncoming traffic is only a thrill junkie’s memory: So in this new list of 25 we include our next-most-favorite local spot for a game of vehicular Russian roulette: the Ruston Way tunnel. It’s long and curvy enough that you can’t see if someone is entering from the opposite direction, and, while it is indeed possible for two cars to pass at the same time, we always find ourselves inhaling deeply and hoping the other guy doesn’t have big side-view mirrors. The 1930s-era tunnel is due to be buried this spring, replaced with a new above-ground road as part of the redevelopment on the old ASARCO property.

18 Dyan Cannon

Yep, the star of Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice, Such Good Friends, Heaven Can Wait, and 17 episodes of Ally McBeal is a Tacoma girl.

17 The Casablanca Apartments

Whenever we drive downtown our preferred route is I Street because the wild mix of architecture in that area is so much fun to look at, like the William Ross Rust mansion and, just a jog to the left on Jud Street, the Casablanca Apartments. On the outside, the Casablanca building is funky enough, with its vaguely art deco appearance, but the common areas inside are a visual magical mystery tour. The theme is predominantly Middle Eastern mosaic, but you’ll also find panels reminiscent of Middle Ages England and Spain, Impressionistic France, imperial Japan, and the tribes of the Northwest U.S. mixed in with a couple of just plain strange touches like big brass ships’ port-holes and bas-relief gargoyles.

21 Junior daffodil parade

With its school bands, scout troops, and all manner of crazily dressed kids and local civic groups walking past (marching isn’t quite the word here) this Proctor sub-event of the annual countywide Daffodil Festival proves that Tacoma is still a small town in spirit. (Seen here, the Tacoma Public Library Drill Team; that’s June Hokama Sharrard ’83 in the maroon vest.)

19 The Grand Cinema

Homey and staffed by volunteers, many of them Puget Sound alumni and pros, Tacoma’s nonprofit art-house theater is thriving. Love that new fourth screen!

22 Bronzes

It’s pretty neat that in Tacoma much of our public art juxtaposes the fragility of glass with the permanence of bronze. (Here, the 1984 Larry Anderson sculpture “Clearing the Way,” in Fireman’s Park.)

16 Casino rifle

With its school bands, scout troops, and all manner of crazily dressed kids and local civic groups walking past (marching isn’t quite the word here) this Proctor sub-event of the annual countywide Daffodil Festival proves that Tacoma is still a small town in spirit. (Seen here, the Tacoma Public Library Drill Team; that’s June Hokama Sharrard ’83 in the maroon vest.)

15 Ruston Way tunnel

In our 2006 list of things we love about Tacoma we included the Narrows Bridge, partly because it’s so photogenic at sunset and partly for the white-knuckled excitement of driving across it in a southerly gale. Now that the second Narrows Bridge is open and traffic flows only one way on each of the two spans, the rush of wondering whether a good, strong gust will blow your car into the path of oncoming traffic is only a thrill junkie’s memory: So in this new list of 25 we include our next-most-favorite local spot for a game of vehicular Russian roulette: the Ruston Way tunnel. It’s long and curvy enough that you can’t see if someone is entering from the opposite direction, and, while it is indeed possible for two cars to pass at the same time, we always find ourselves inhaling deeply and hoping the other guy doesn’t have big side-view mirrors. The 1930s-era tunnel is due to be buried this spring, replaced with a new above-ground road as part of the redevelopment on the old ASARCO property.
Puget Sound students and alumni have been helping to restore this North End stream for years, and now there are salmon and waders again.

Staying there is like sleeping in an art-glass museum. And stand up tall, Tacoma, the place made Condé Nast Traveler’s list of the top 100 hotels in the world last year.

It’s easy to see why this Smith/venth cathedral to comfort food is a longtime favorite of Puget Sound students. Everything is good, and we mean everything. We go there wearing pants with plenty of room for waistline expansion.


President Ron Thomas and Bil Stringer Moss B.A.’77, M.P.A.’81

Harold Moss HON.’00 and Jess McPhee-Hayes ’08

Genie Jefferson, Harold Moss, and Yusuf Word ’09

Diya Bailey M.A.T.’05

Henry Johnson ‘71 and Eric Williams ’93

Puget Sound students and alumni have been helping to restore this North End stream for years, and now there are salmon and waders again.
There are many ways to get involved in the work of the Alumni Council. If you would like to join a committee or learn more about volunteer opportunities, contact the chair listed above, or learn more online at www.pugetsound.edu/alumni.

In celebration of Black History Month, Western Washington African-American alumni got together on campus February 19 before attending “Langston Hughes in Song: A Musical Evening with Langston Hughes.” The event was inspired by alumnae Bernadette Ray and Kim Thomas, who are working to establish an African-American alumni group as part of the Alumni Council, and co-sponsored by Professor Hans Ostrom (author of A Langston Hughes Encyclopedia), the School of Music, the Office of Alumni and Parent Relations, and the Office of the Chief Diversity Officer.


In road, in air, in Death Valley. The best of both worlds. And stand up tall, Tacoma; the place made Condé Nast Traveler’s list of the top 100 hotels in the world last year.

It’s easy to see why this Sixth Avenue cathedral to comfort food is a longtime favorite of Puget Sound students. Everything is good, and we mean everything. We go there wearing pants with plenty of room for waistline expansion.

Hotel Murano

Southern Kitchen

UPS Director of Alumni and Events Relations Diya Bailey M.A.T. ’06

UPS Director of Alumni and Events Relations Quasim B.A. ’98, B.S. ’05

President Ron Thomas and Bill Stringer M.A. B.A. ’77, M.F.A. ’81

Henry Johnson ’87 and Eric Williams ’91

Genie Jefferson, Harold Moss, and Yusuf Word ’09

Harriett Moss McQuaid and Jess McPhee Hayes ’88

Dya Bailey M.A.T. ’06
2010 Alumni Award Winners

This year’s award winners are as diverse and dynamic as they are inspir- ing. Nominated by the alumni association, the Alumni Awards and Nominating Committee of the Alumni Council, the awards are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni. These six awardees prove that the sig- nificance and quality of giving back are truly for alumni by alumni.

Randall S. Murch ’74
Professional Achievement Award, Lifetime
Randy Murch earned his B.S. in biology at Puget Sound, where he found his expanded family in the Hui-O-Hawai’i club (a wife and four Leong Murch ’73 and two future PUGget sounders, including one before an injury and change of major) switched his focus during his sophomore year. Randy went on to earn his M.S. in botanical sciences at the University of Hawai’i and his Ph.D. in plant pathology at the University of British Columbia. Twenty- three-year career with the FBI, where he served as a special agent in counter-terrorism and counterintelligence, a forensic biologist and research sci- entist, a department head, and ultimately the FBI lab’s deputy director. He led the overhaul of the lab in the ‘90s and created the nation’s forensic program for examining biological, chemical, and nuclear terrorism threats. Since “retiring” in 2003, Randy has served on the Presidential Advisory Board of the Research Corporation for Science Advancement and on senior advisory committees for various government agencies and national academic institutions. He currently is the associate director for re- search program development and an adjunct professor at Virginia Tech. While Randy’s professional career (and the above is only a sampling) has never kept him much more than a 2-hour drive from campus, he has continued singing the praises of Puget Sound. “Puget Sound gave me the chance to try—to play football at the college level, or anything else. It was a wonderful experience and a great education with wonderful, lifelong friendships.”

Joe Storini ’55
Service to Community Award
Joe Storini started doing volunteer work with his parents in the early 1940s and reports that he doesn’t even remember the first time he realized “this is the opportunity.” A lifelong athlete, he played football at Puget Sound (earning All-Conference honors) and split his student days between athletics, classes, and his Sigma Nu fraternity. And was particularly impressed with Coach John Keeney. “I took every class I could from him, and he is the one who really prompted me to get into coaching and teaching.” Even now, Joe is active in Puget Sound athletics through his service on the Lugger Club Board and his faithful attendance at sporting events. In addition to teaching and coaching, Joe served a total of 24 years in county and state politics before opening his own business in 1991. Selling that enterprise in the late ‘90s, Joe opened Joeys’ and continues to make community service a way of life. Under his leadership, the restaurant has raised more than $2 million dollars for various community groups. Joe not only makes community service a priority for himself and his family, but when interviewing applicants, both in government and business, he will ask them a simple question: “Are you someone who is a volunteer?” instilling his love of community service in all he meets.

Clayton Anderson ’49
Service to Community Award
From the beautiful white sand of Carmel’s rugged coastline to the grandeur of the Monterey pine forests, members of the Puget Sound class of 1949 cover their thriving conditions to Clayton Anderson. One of the region’s most vocal advocates for the protection of beaches, forests, and wildlife, Clayton is a partner in a consulting firm, and applies his natural aptitude for leadership—seen early on by his fellow Loggers when he served as student body president—on dozens of commissions, boards, and other advisory groups to help raise millions of dollars for conservation efforts, and make significant impacts on the environment. He founded Carmel’s popular monthly Beach Cleanup and the tree-planting Friends of Carmel Forest. Clayton has long been involved in various Puget Sound alumni activities and has served in a number of larger events, and was also a 65-plus-person theater outing, all of which have inspired increas- ingly greater participation among local alumni. Jenny also serves as a class agent, sits on alumni advisory committee, and on the Seattle Regional Committee. In addition to her activities on behalf of her alma mater, she volunteers for ArtsFund (a nonprofit arts advocacy group) and for the Seattle Theatre Group’s Board of Directors, and has been the Boeing’s new employee and leadership programs. With his infectious enthusi- asm and energy, Jenny is, simply, great at bringing people together. Jenny Lai ’05
Young Logger Award
If the first five years after graduation are all about exploring and climbing the ladder, no one told Jenny Lai. During college, she served on the Business Leadership Program’s Student Advisory Board, was an active member of Alpha Kappa Phi and various vocal, theater, and dance groups, and co-founded The Gene and Julie Show (a musical theater club). “During my freshman year I envisioned producing musical theater reviews, and two years later my vision came true. Through the support of Puget Sound, I was able to make dreams like this happen.” Since graduation, The Boeing Company and the management planning analyst has made other things hap- pen, too, going “above and beyond” to bring Seattle-area alumni together. She has organized and scheduled monthly happy hours for younger alumni, as well as a number of larger events, and has been a 65-plus-person theater outing, all of which have inspired increas- ingly greater participation among local alumni. Jenny also serves as a class agent, sits on alumni advisory committee, and on the Seattle Regional Committee. In addition to her activities on behalf of her alma mater, she volunteers for ArtsFund (a nonprofit arts advocacy group) and for the Seattle Theatre Group’s Board of Directors, and has been the Boeing’s new employee and leadership programs. With her infectious enthusi-asm and energy, Jenny is, simply, great at bringing people together.
Egceptional!

If open flames, hot wax, and containers of rainbow-colored egg dye don’t make you nervous, toss 20 excited fourth-graders into the mix. These are some of the challenges Candy Anderson thrives on. “We’re willing to take the risks,” she says. “Making pysanka is great for practicing all types of skills.”

What began as a personal passion for Candy 28 years ago has now become a rite of passage for third-, fourth-, and fifth-grade students at Charles Wright Academy in Tacoma, where she’s enjoyed teaching for nearly 34 years. “Everyone finds something they’re good at,” she says. Fine motor skills are involved in applying design and wax to raw eggs, and color theory comes into play when students determine, for example, what color a yellow egg will turn when soaked in blue. The entire process teaches Candy’s students to become, shall we say, eggsperts in patience. And the egg puns keep hatching in her 80-minute-long classes. If someone fractures an egg while blowing out the contents, they learn to become a cracktitioner and perform egg CPR.

But even if a cracked egg can’t be saved, there are no eggidents in “Miz Candy’s” class, and everyone gains eggperience in seeing things in different ways. “Artists don’t make mistakes! We just make lots of changes figuring out how to create something new,” she says. This concept is part of what Candy calls seeing with “art eyes.” She encourages her students to look at the world in different ways in order to generate new ideas and possibilities.

Although her M.F.A. is in ceramics, as an artist Candy works in a variety of media—fiber arts, jewelry, painting, printmaking, woodwork, construction, and graphic design. She enjoys welding, gathering rocks for sculpture, and what she calls trashcan treasure hunting. “One problem with ‘art eyes,’” she says, “is that they don’t turn off! I see possibilities in everything.” Her most recent works were part of a group show titled “Unusual Adornments” at the Sandpiper Gallery in December.

Always up for a good challenge, during the summer months Candy heads to Desolation Sound in Canada, where she has been “rescuing a cabin from ruins,” without electricity, for the past 15 years. There must be something to her pioneer stock—her family’s roots are on Anderson Island (no relation; I asked). The ferry to the island is even named for her great-aunt.

— Cathy Tollefson ’83

All ready for Easter

Pysanka, the Ukrainian folk art that celebrates life and the new beginnings of spring, is a traditional form of decorating eggs that uses a wax-resist method similar to that used in the fabric art of batik. The name, derived from the Ukrainian word pysaty, means “to write.” The designs are written on the egg in melted beeswax with a small, metal, funnel-like tool called a kistka.
Chris Brooks ’96

Many hands make light work

When you first hear about how a group of alumni have spent years’ worth of weekends, vacations, their own money, and loads of elbow grease to help save a 77-year-old lighthouse in remote Alaska, you might wonder, “Umm, what about this am I not getting?”

A lot, actually. For more than a decade, half a dozen Loggers have been volunteering with the Cape Decision Lighthouse Society, a grassroots nonprofit that’s assumed a daunting set of challenges: the full preservation, restoration, and expansion of a 1936-era lighthouse in the stormy Alexander Archipelago of Southeast Alaska.

Chris Brooks ’96, a longtime Tacoma resident who is president of the society’s board of directors, worked in Sitka following graduation and had the opportunity to expose at-risk kids to the grandeur of wild Alaska. It was during a project in which five students rebuilt a historic access trail to the Cape Decision Lighthouse that he learned of the society’s mission to preserve the surrounding wilderness for the betterment of public education and recreation.

“I saw the powerful effect the wilderness and Cape Decision had on people, and knew that it was worth saving,” says Chris, whose diverse post-UPS adventures have also included serving in the Peace Corps in Ecuador, completing a master’s in renewable energy, and working as a carpenter.

For the last 10 years he’s focused heavily on raising funds, restoring the building, recruiting volunteers for work parties, and making the lighthouse accessible—all amidst a major challenge: “Due to the remote nature of the lighthouse, transportation logistics are often the most challenging,” he says.

That’s putting it mildly. The terrain of the Alexander Archipelago ranges from sea to mountain-top glaciers and includes more than 1,000 islands and a narrow strip of mainland on which a number of old-growth forests thrive, including the 17 million-acre Tongass National Forest, the largest intact temperate rainforest in the world.

Steve Lanwermeyer ’02, Chris’ childhood friend from Chicago (and now a fellow board member based in Juneau), says getting to Cape Decision is “a big ordeal...a major journey,” the quickest way being via helicopter from Petersburg or by boat from Port Alexander; both journeys are at least daylong endeavors. That minor headache aside, though, says Steve, “It’s truly an amazing place. You’ve never seen anything like it.”

Explorer George Vancouver likely thought the same when, toward the end of his voyage through what is now present-day Southeast Alaska in 1793, he named the tip of an island he visited “Cape Decision.” Throughout the next 100 years, until around 1867 when the U.S. acquired Alaska from Russia, many sea vessels visited Cape Decision on their journey between Seattle and Juneau—a twisty route through a myriad of islands. Sticking to the interior of the islands let seafarers experience a smoother journey than if they had skirted the islands in the open North Pacific.

By the late 1920s, commercial vessels and passenger ships had gotten progressively wider and longer, which forced some to detour around Cape Decision, creating even more perilous sailing conditions. During this time a lantern was placed in the Spanish Islands, just off the southern end of Southeast Alaska. As a result, the lighthouse was ineffective, and in 1929 Congress appropriated $59,400 for a permanent lighthouse. The Cape Decision Lighthouse was completed on March 15, 1932, after a total investment of $189,000. It was manned until 1974, when a reliable diesel-electric system replaced the light keeper, and today the navigational light is powered by a solar array and battery bank.

BRINGING BACK THE BEACON: Alaska’s Cape Decision Lighthouse can be reached only by float plane, helicopter, or boat. Such isolation presented challenges for restoration but also made it a perfect site for an experiential learning facility in the wilderness. Facing page, below, from left: Scott Malone ’96 and Chris repair the lighthouse generator; setting a skiff outhaul; the helipad; Will Caramella ’96 cutting timber for outhouse construction.

Thirty-six years of whipping winds and moisture have taken a toll on the old lighthouse, leaving Chris Brooks, volunteers Rhonda Gilliland Higgins ’80, Scott Wurster ’96, and Scott Malone ’94, and lighthouse society members at large with plenty of improvements on their collective-to-do list. Beyond basic structural restoration work, the team felt strongly that the lighthouse should be a fully functioning, diversified “field station” that provided both wilderness educational opportunities and support to the organizations that work in the area, such as the National Weather Service, the Coast Guard, marine biologists, and the state’s Fish and Game Department, among others.

Lending his architectural vision for this multi-use facility was Will Caramella ’96, whose expertise as a green-minded architect at Seattle’s Miller Hull Partnership proved to be an invaluable resource. “I visited Cape Decision four years ago for the first time to volunteer for two weeks, and right away I was building a bathroom and a composting facility, both of which I’m happy to say are now fully functioning,” says Will with obvious pride. “Professionally, it’s been great to get back out there and get my hands dirty on a soulful project that’s more than just a drawing on a page.”

This year promises to be a busy one for the Cape Decision crew. With the restoration nearly completed, the group’s focus is shifting to what Steve says will make the lighthouse a hub for “experiential education.” The CDELS hopes to attract students, academic lecturers, wildlife professionals and scientists, and anyone who “wants to explore the grounds.”

“The island is totally uninhabited, so we have the opportunity to create a world-class facility,” says Steve. “Our goal is to increase the number of stakeholders within a generation of people who will be able to enjoy this amazing place for years to come.” — Stacey Wilson ’96

The Cape Decision Lighthouse Society is a member-supported nonprofit that depends on donations to support its restoration efforts and development of educational programs. For more information about the organization, to become a member, to inquire about volunteering, or to contribute, please visit http://capedecisionlight.org.
Cathy Speraw Dorvil ’96
Return to Haiti

It’s safe to assume there is no other Logger for whom the news of Haiti’s devastating earthquake last January was more heartbreaking than Cathy Speraw Dorvil. “I was terrified,” says Cathy, who was in a meeting when her phone and e-mail inboxes became flooded with urgent notices that her former hometown of Leogane, near the quake’s epicenter, had been hard hit by the disaster. “It was brutal. Seeing how bad Port-au-Prince was, I knew Leogane had to be worse. I don’t think I slept at all those first few days.”

Cathy’s life had only recently assumed a sense of normalcy after what can only be described as an incredibly tumultuous six years. The Arcadia, Calif., native had not only become the legal guardian for three young girls from Haiti, but she was also settling into a new career as an attorney doing litigation and health law in Miami. This latest professional incarnation followed a painful period after the tragic death in 2004 of her husband Joseph Dorvil, a Haitian native whom she’d met and married while stationed in Leogane doing community health care education with an organization called the Children’s Nutritional Program of Haiti (CNP).

A bright, ambitious hospital administrator who had “a smile that could light up a room,” Joseph was shot and killed at a roadblock on Dec. 11 while driving to his home in Arcahaie (about 1.5 hours north of Port-au-Prince) to pick up his sister and bring her to Leogane for a visit. “Roadblocks, shootings, and kidnappings were common,” says Cathy of the violence and corruption rampant in the region after a military coup in February 2004. “I still don’t know what happened. The people who killed him were never found.”

Joseph was not only working toward his M.B.A. from the University of Notre Dame at the time, says Cathy, he also was “extremely committed” to improving his country.

“So frustrating…that he was killed by the people he was trying to help,” she says.

Having lived in Haiti for the better part of 10 years (she and Joseph had been building a home), Cathy didn’t want to start over in the U.S., so she stayed and ultimately assumed the position of executive director of the CNP, taking on the bulk of grant writing and fundraising while also applying to law schools. In 2006, with the CNP in more stable standing, she moved to Florida to study law at the University of Miami, focusing on immigration and human rights. In 2007, her commitment and natural tendency toward such issues inspired her to offer to take in a friend’s three daughters after their immigration from Haiti to Miami. The sisters—Meola, 9, Melinda, 7, and Brithny, 6—have been Cathy’s in-home charges ever since. “It’s been hectic, but wonderful,” she says of caring for the girls.

On Jan. 19, 2010, a week after the quake, Cathy flew to Port-au-Prince to aid in the recovery effort—disseminating supplies and helping to look for survivors. She traveled to Leogane, where nine out of 10 houses were flattened.

Today, as the death toll in Haiti has risen to more than 230,000, so too has there been an increase in the need for assistance. Cathy suggests that Loggers who want to help might consider looking beyond organizations like the Red Cross to those that are closest to her heart: the Children’s Nutrition Program (www.cnphaiti.org) and PAZAPA, the Center for Handicapped Children in Jacmel (www.pazapa.org). “Big organizations are doing great work, but the small ones have the closest contact with the people and are able to best identify those in need,” says Cathy.

Mostly, though, she hopes Americans will learn more about the country she loves, and the one where she found love. “I feel like Haiti only gets in the news when something bad happens, but it’s actually an incredibly beautiful country,” she says. “The people are warm, gracious, and tough as nails. That’s the Haiti I’ve been blessed to know and why I’ll keep going back.” — Stacey Wilson ’96
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