The people of Bamiyan:
Afghanistan’s best hope?

DOUGLAS OBER ’04 REPORTS FROM THE FIELD

PLUS: A prof’s life under surveillance • Alien coworkers: a guide
zeitgeist

In this issue: old-fashioned letter writing makes a comeback; helping children with Down syndrome walk earlier; Commencement speaker Scott Jackson ’80; for graduates: co-workers to avoid; the man behind Todd Hall; new faculty- and alumni-authored books.

people and ideas

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The first Summer Reunion was a rousing success

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on the cover
The ethnic history of Afghanistan’s Bamiyan province—a verdant land, free of opium and arms—can be seen in the faces of Hazaras and Pashtuns. Story on page 22. Photo by Douglas Ober ’04.

this page
Daryl and the Diptones have alumni up on their feet at the Reunion awards gala Saturday, June 5. Among the band members: Greg Kleiner ’71, Rick Stockstad ’70, P’98, and Jeanette Kern Lunceford ’74—gotta love her piano-keyboard skirt. More Reunion pics on pages 28 and 29. Photo by Ross Mulhausen.
Magic carpet

This summer took Mary and me on a magic carpet ride to Istanbul for a few days. Yes, we did buy a carpet while we were there, despite our resolution beforehand that one thing we definitely would not do was buy a carpet. Well, we did. But we got a lot more from this trip: a sense of the complex interweaving of the forces of history that makes everything look just a little bit different.

In the changing names of the city—from Byzantium to Constantinople to Istanbul (and several more in between)—you can trace 3,000 years of Greek, Roman, Christian, Islamic, and secular history. And you can see it no more eloquently expressed than in the magnificent cathedral called Hagia Sophia (“holy wisdom”) in the very center of the old part of “The City.” From its dedication in 360 A.D., and for more than 1,000 years, the central dome of this spectacular paradigm of Byzantine architecture was the largest in the world, making this cathedral of the Latin empire a wonder of the world. The current building, rebuilt between 532 and 537 by the Emperor Justinian after riots destroyed the original, was constructed from monumental pieces of pagan temples plucked from sites around the Roman Empire to demonstrate Christianity’s overcoming of the pagan world. It is a brilliantly successful pastiche and an architectural marvel.

One more critical layer was added to the history of Hagia Sophia with the conquest of the city by the Ottomans in 1453, when Sultan Mehmed II demanded the cathedral be transformed into an Islamic mosque. Its glittering mosaics were plastered over, the icons and altar removed and destroyed, the faces of the seraphim were obscured, and four towering minarets were added around the outside of the dome. Hagia Sophia became the model for all the great Ottoman mosques for 500 years until, in 1935, the newly formed secular Republic of Turkey declared the site a museum. Today you can see spaces throughout the building where the plaster has been peeled away to show fragments of the stunningly beautiful mosaics that once illuminated the entire interior.

Gazing up at this heavenly dome in the center of a city that for centuries has functioned as a strategic link between the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmara, and the Aegean, forming the “Golden Horn” that bridges Europe and Asia, you can’t help but feel history all around you. Enveloped in it, on a magic carpet ride.

The trip made the events of this spring back on campus seem somehow different to me. Just before Commencement we broke ground for our newest addition to campus—the remarkable Center for Health Sciences. The moment of turning the earth seemed important to me at the time. But now—without any mosaics or frescoes, no minarets or domes in the plans—it all seemed downright historical. We were making way for a great new academic facility designed to echo the historic Tudor Gothic style of our campus, an architecturally significant building designed by one of America’s most celebrated architects, a place where research and teaching about the mind and body will take place, where human behavior and human health will be explored and understood, and where functioning clinics will provide care and healing to patients as well as offer training for future practitioners.

But that’s not all. We will now also finally remove the U.S. Army Quonset huts we acquired in 1948 and added to the south end of campus as a five-year temporary fix to accommodate the rapid growth of the college following World War II, when so many veterans returned ready to take advantage of the GI Bill. In place of those buildings we will construct an impressive new pathway—Commencement Walk—winding its way from Collins Library to Memorial Fieldhouse, unifying the campus north to south in a way it has never been.

When I returned to campus and saw the new building taking shape, I began to see those temporary buildings, inadequate to their purpose and an eyesore after standing in place more than 60 years beyond their time, as something much more. They were an affirmative gesture of faith in the history of this college, a looking forward to that eventual day of groundbreaking—a day longer in coming than anticipated back in 1948, but one envisioned even then and finally made good upon, now a part of that same history. They were built to disappear.

I was reminded of all this by our first-ever summer reunion that took place on campus in June, when we brought together the classes ending in zero and five to take charge of the entire campus again and remember their student days as they celebrated what came next. This year’s “Golden Logger” class, the Class of 1960, was the first to enter the College of Puget Sound but to graduate from the University of Puget Sound. Talk about historical. Stories from those returning former students—who have become attorneys, physicians, museum directors, developers, teachers, activists, and businesspeople—recounted the profound influence of professors on the course of their lives, lifelong friendships forged here, voyages of self-discovery embarked upon, partnerships developed, romances kindled, talents awakened, careers secured.

Those stories and the people who tell them are the warp and weft of the history of this college, the invisible architecture of its master plan, the shining mosaics beneath its plaster. Weaving together the personal histories of individual lives into the long historical development of the university, they are expressions of faith in the future of this college that will make the magic carpet ride of our history continue for generations to come.

By the way, we got an amazing deal on that Turkish carpet.
A new generation indulges in the kind of summer correspondence that arrives slowly and purposefully, and can be torn into and opened like a gift. Enter the Society for the Prevention of Empty Mailboxes (http://mailboxsofsummer.tumblr.com), a summer-long pen pal project organized to connect college-age letter lovers with like-minded strangers. The purpose of the society isn’t so much about rebuking the ephemeral nature of digital communication (the club was promoted through Facebook, e-mail, and a blog, after all), but appreciating the lost art of the handwritten letter.

Two students at Vassar and Yale came up with the idea, and it quickly grew to include 55 colleges nationwide. Shelby Cauley ’13 picked up her pen and set out signing up students at Puget Sound.

Shelby is what you might call an expert when it comes to the long-hand letter. She moved a lot as a child, and since use of the Internet didn’t become common until she was in middle school, she grew accustomed to keeping in touch via “snail mail.” Now, even though she’s afforded the many forms of digital communication, she still prefers the intimacy of pen and paper.

“Taking the time to write someone a letter by hand adds another dimension to its content that we just can’t get electronically,” Shelby says. “Knowing that this stamp came from the infamous General Post Office in Dublin, seeing that stain on the paper from a scoop of gelato in Rome, or looking at someone’s distinct penmanship means so much more than Times New Roman in a Word document.”

If you think that sounds like a good reason to dust off the writing desk, you’re not alone. Thanks to Shelby’s promotion, Puget Sound students penned an impressive 52 of the society’s 270 introductory letters.

But while the retro appeal of paper correspondence is obvious, one important question remains: What does one write to a complete stranger? Shelby says members were encouraged to write about things like their hometown, interests, and academic major, but once she got past basic pleasantries, Shelby delved into more personal aspirations.

“I told [my pen pal] about my summer job at an executive recruiting company and my love of international travel,” Shelby said. “I told her about my dream of buying a one-way ticket to Dublin or London or Edinburgh and spending the rest of my life showing American tourists around foreign cities! I simply tried to write a letter that I would love to receive myself.”

Her pen pal is a senior at Vassar, majoring in drama and currently living abroad in Auckland, New Zealand. She loves Lord of the Rings (hence New Zealand), baking pies, and playing on Vassar’s Quidditch Team. (Apparently Quidditch can be played outside the fictional pages of J.K. Rowling books.)

And, sure, all these facts could be garnered from the “interests” section of a Facebook profile, but half the fun is the anticipation of the next letter. In a day and age where we’re rushing to get to know each other and keep up as quickly as possible, the chance to meet someone patiently, little by little, is priceless.

Or maybe just the cost of postage to New Zealand.

— Kevin Nguyen ’09

**Way more than almost famous**

Molly Lewis ’11, or sweetafton23 as she’s known online, is a songstress with a soft voice, a ukulele, and an ear for turning well-known pop numbers on their head. With nearly 26,000 subscribers and a lifetime total of 3.5 million views on her YouTube channel, Molly is certifiably “internet famous.”

While there are hundreds of thousands of people with pipe dreams of YouTube exposure (tube dreams?), Molly never intentionally set out to become a Web celebrity. Her most famous video, a charming cover of the Britney Spears’ hit “Toxic,” was originally performed at a high school talent show. Lewis rerecorded and uploaded it to YouTube for friends who had missed the concert. “One of my online friends posted it to [social news site] Digg, and it went viral,” she said.

But while the Internet has sped up the notion of 15 minutes of fame to a mere 15 seconds, Molly has maintained a strong following of loyal fans since her cover of “Toxic” appeared three years ago. Molly keeps up interest by regularly uploading new videos—a recent favorite being an eccentrically arranged take on Lady Gaga’s “Poker Face”—and interacting with her fans through social media outlets like Facebook and Twitter.

Still, what really sets Molly’s work apart from the 3 million other YouTube channels is good old fashioned talent, the kind that translates to real life. She’s performed live with musicians like Jonathan Coulton and at festivals and conferences in Seattle, Portland, and Los Angeles. Her album of original songs, I Made You a CD... But I Eatted It... You a CD... But I Eatted It, is available for sale on her website.

The success hasn’t gotten to her head though. Lewis, an English major at Puget Sound, is realistic about her chances as a musician after college. “I would like to pursue a career in music,” Molly said, “but money on the Internet is kind of like Monopoly money.” — K.N.

**Surf city**

Websites worth a click

**http://sweetafton23.com**

**www.youtube.com/sweetafton23**

**Become one of the millions by clicking through to:**
For children with Down syndrome, a way to start walking earlier

Children with Down syndrome typically take twice as long to learn to walk as others. Yet there is relatively little research on how to get them walking sooner. Julia Looper, an assistant professor in the physical therapy program at Puget Sound, is working to close the gap.

Looper got interested in the topic while working on her doctorate at the University of Michigan, where they’ve had great success using treadmill mini-steps to help kids with Down syndrome get their footing. Therapists there support the children over a treadmill so they can “walk” even before they can stand on their own.

“They actually learn to walk earlier that way because they get a lot of practice moving their feet in the way you do when you walk,” Looper said.

The improvement is dramatic. The average child with Down syndrome doesn’t walk until the age of 24 months. Those who receive treadmill therapy walk 100 days sooner, on average.

Physical therapists often use orthotics to help children who have walking challenges. The treadmill research got Looper wondering if children with Down syndrome would see even more improvement if they also used a brace for their ankles. She designed a study to test her thesis and, to her surprise, found that the answer appears to be no.

“We put them in these orthotics that really locked up their ankles,” Looper explained. “When you’re learning how to pull up and to stand and balance and let go, it’s a time when you’re learning how to control your ankle. I think what happened is the kids in the braces didn’t learn to control their ankles as well.”

So, while older children are helped by orthotics, Looper said, the braces may actually hinder progress if used by very young children.

“Previously our idea about how development happens was very hierarchical,” she explained. “It was thought that you’re not going to learn how to walk until the higher centers of your brain develop and take over the mid and lower centers of your brain, so doing an intervention before that happened didn’t seem to make sense. But our understanding about how development actually happens is changing.

Practice really makes a difference; it’s not just hierarchical brain development that’s going into motor development. We can do a lot with early practice.”

Looper plans to continue research into getting children with Down syndrome walking earlier because walking is a big deal.

“There’s a lot of research on how important locomotion is to cognitive development,” she said. “Just getting around and exploring in an upright fashion, you see things differently than if you’re crawling or rolling around on the floor, and you interact with things differently.

“So if we have kids who have cognitive delays anyway, and we can contribute to an earlier walking onset, we hope we can help decrease some of the cognitive delays they have.”

Looper speculates that the paucity of research on Down syndrome and locomotion is the result of a numbers game. While physical therapists are many children with Down syndrome, there are even more with diagnoses such as cerebral palsy. She says research on Down syndrome tends to lean toward cognitive interventions or genetics, with much less funding for movement research.

“In the last 10 years or so there has been a real boom in the amount of literature that’s out there, but it’s still minuscule compared to some other populations,” she said. Looper sees great possibilities for such research, beyond physical therapy.

“I think what we find out from doing these studies can have a broader-based scientific appeal,” she said. “We’re only starting to understand how kids develop motor skills, or any skills, really, and I think learning about what affects development and how we can improve walking onset can give us insight into development in general, how malleable it is, and how we can do a lot to change it.”

— Greg Scheiderer
CORE OF THE CAMPUS  The new Todd Hall, left, joins Jones and Howarth halls in this 1948 photograph taken from the southeast.

On July 15, 1946, ground was broken for Todd Hall. The shovel used at the groundbreaking was the same shovel used to break ground in 1938 for Anderson Hall. According to former president Edward H. Todd in his biography, A Practical Mystic, for years the shovel was labeled and preserved as a souvenir of the beginning of dormitory life on the campus.

Because building materials were hard to come by after the war, some 18 months were spent building Todd Hall. The contract with builder L.B. McDonald was unusual in that McDonald’s responsibility was limited to the dorm’s construction. The college itself purchased all the building materials.

On June 14, 1947, with construction still in progress, a cornerstone-laying ceremony was held as part of the annual meeting on campus of the Pacific Northwest Conference of the Methodist Church. The first men moved into Todd Hall in January 1948.

Todd Hall was named for Edward Howard Todd, Puget Sound president from 1913 to 1942. When, in September 1913, Todd received the telegram offering him the presidency of CPS, he was vice president at Willamette University. In those days Puget Sound was in bad financial shape, with assets of some $125,000 and debts of $45,000. Puget Sound was the regional denominational college of the Methodist Church, which earlier in the month had debated heatedly a proposal to close the institution. The decision ultimately was not to close, but instead to “send for Todd.” The trustees knew Todd well, for he had served the college as corresponding secretary between 1905 and 1909. Among the trustees who urged Todd to return to Puget Sound was Eversill S. Collins, an old friend who would help Todd greatly during his presidency and whose family provided the funds to build Collins Memorial Library. As were most Puget Sound presidents, from 1913 to 1973, Edward Todd was a Methodist minister. He was devoutly religious and understood his call as a challenge to demonstrate his faith through works. His acceptance of the presidency was, he wrote, “a compact with God.”

In 1909 Todd had resigned as corresponding secretary because he was damaged at the degree to which the university was going into debt with no foreseeable means of repayment. When he became president he put the college on a firm financial footing by adhering to his basic operating philosophy: As he explained to a Tool reporter after his retirement, “We did only what we were able to finance. ‘Do good work and pay for it’ has been my policy all through my career here at CPS.” Indeed, “do good work and pay for it” was one of the four “propisitions” Todd made in his 1913 meeting with trustees before accepting the presidency. One of Todd’s early victories was raising the money required to meet the $250,000 challenge of the Great Northern Railroad’s builder, James J. Hill. This was a huge accomplishment that some believed was impossible.

Edward Todd was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, on April 2, 1863. When he became president he was 50 years old. He retired from the presidency and became president emeritus on July 31, 1942, at age 79. When he became president he was equally proud of the academic stature of the college and had always hoped to have his name on an academic building. But when the time came to build the first men’s residence hall, he said he was proud it was to be named for him. President Todd was responsible for the College of Puget Sound’s move to its current location in 1924 and was responsible for the architectural style of the campus. Twenty-three years later he was reported to have felt that “the present location was decided on the basis that the city of Tacoma would never reach out far enough to surround the school.” It did, of course.

Edward Todd himself troweled the Todd Hall cornerstone into place that day in June 1947 at age 84. He had earlier told President Thompson that, although he was known mostly for having been a fundraiser and the man who put the college on a firm financial footing, he was equally proud of the academic stature of the college and had always hoped to have his name on an academic building. But when the time came to build the first men’s residence hall, he said he was proud it was to be named for him. President Todd was responsible for the College of Puget Sound’s move to its current location in 1924 and was responsible for the architectural style of the campus. Twenty-three years later he was reported to have felt that “the present location was decided on the basis that the city of Tacoma would never reach out far enough to surround the school.” It did, of course.

When we consider the heroes of the college, Edward Todd is in the first rank; he fought—and won—the early battles necessary for Puget Sound to survive and prosper. He is in that sense much with us still. When the opportunity arises as we pass by the cornerstone near the northeast door of Todd Hall, let us think of the man who laid the foundation of the college we know and love today.—John Finney ‘67
In life, paradox

Through the Church Door
Harold P. Simonson ’50, B.Ed.’51

106 pages, paperback

Review by Ann Putnam

You can hold Harold Simonson’s Through the Church Door in your hand like a devotional. And that, in part, exactly what this little book is. Simonson presents a series of what he calls “meditations” on grace, truth, and the nature of the church. Through these, he seeks to reveal the paradoxes and tensions that mark the church’s history and belief. Simonson writes like a professor who has found a new and unexpected calling, one that brings joy and hope to his life.

Simonson begins with a meditation on “arches” and “Worships,” a consideration of what is the church and what it means to belong. He writes of the church as “a place where we find the arches of our lives” and that it is “a place where we feel free to be ourselves.” This sense of freedom and belonging is key to Simonson’s approach to the church.

In “Closing” he reveals one last paradox: “the doctor’s phone call comes to him in his house but not the phone call of his mortality,” which gives him a “strange new freedom.” He feels a new awareness, not just of life but of his own mortality.

Simonson asserts that the church is a place of paradox and tension, and that it is this tension that makes it a place where grace can be found. He writes of the church as “a place where we find grace in the midst of struggle.”

Simonson writes of the paradoxes of the church, and of the paradoxes of life itself. He writes of the church as a place where we can find grace in the midst of struggle, and that it is in this struggle that we find our strength.

Simonson’s approach is one of hope and optimism. He writes of the church as a place where grace can be found, and that it is this grace that helps us to find our way through life’s paradoxes.

This is a book for the heart and the spirit. The book is a journey of a life that is as honest as it can be, and one the reader is all the richer for it.

Ann Putnam is an instructor of English at Puget Sound and the author most recently of Full Moon at Noon tide.

Honoring Juanita
Hans Ostrom, professor of English

174 pages, paperback

Review by Greg Scheiderer

In Honoring Juanita, Hans Ostrom has created a beautiful portrait of the woman that he knew. The title character never appears in the book but is a big presence on the page. It is a woman who was a woman who was a woman, and who left a lasting mark on the world.

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It is no coincidence that Mary chooses the anniversary of Juanita’s death to call her own. It is the anniversary of Juanita’s death that gives him a “strange new freedom.”[F]lesh withers, confirming mortality,” which gives him a “strange new freedom.”

This is a touching story, well told.

Honoring Juanita is a print-on-demand book. When someone orders a copy from an online bookseller, a company called Light- ning Source Inc. in Tennessee prints one copy and sends it out. There’s also a low-cost, electronic version for the Kindle. Ostrom says he and Beezer plan to create an open-source edition for that.

Ostrom says the change in the publishing business is an interesting paradigm shift, but he doesn’t know yet if the change will be for the good. “Part of the problem is that the cost of producing a book is so high. It is no longer profitable to produce a book in this way.”

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E-books have great potential for giving students relief from the high cost of textbooks, and Ostrom is planning to dive into that field. “If you get into the field, you can’t just make an e-book, you need to make real books too. You need to make sure that the e-books are as good as the physical books.”

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Ethnic Entrepreneurs: Identity and Development Politics in Latin America
Monica C. DeHart, associate professor of anthropology
208 pages, clothback or paperback
Stanford University Press, www.sup.org

For generations, indigenous groups have been considered a hindrance to economic development. Perhaps this is because strong ties to cultural history and tradition are often seen as stuck in the past. Monica DeHart’s new book, Ethnic Entrepreneurs, forces us to rethink that view and consider how capitalist entrepreneurship and authentic indigenous culture can actually work together to promote community development.

DeHart spent a decade researching this book. Particularly fascinating is a chapter that tells the story of how the Maya in Guatemala moved away from production of adzukis and started making cosmetics for Wal-Mart. This is no small leap. The Maya are called “The People of Corn,” and producing corn is practically a sacred duty. Yet the people were able to embrace this new industry, developed through the work of CRIDO, a cooperative rural development organization in Guatemala. They’ve kept their hand and land in corn for subsistence, but, as one grower noted, “You can’t get by on corn alone.” A big part of the change is a dramatic shift in global corn markets. DeHart does an in-depth analysis of the various cases in the book and explores the changes that have transformed indigenous groups in Latin America from perceived forces us to question #1 slip. To see the others, click your way to http://blog.oup.com/2010/06/the-tony-quiz.

A couple of interesting examples come out of Spain in the late 15th century. The queen did not become the most powerful piece on the board because she is a knight, but rather because she is a queen. The queen has the ability to move around the board, and her strength comes from her ability to control the center of the board. She can capture other pieces, and her mobility gives her the ability to control the center of the board. By discovering the lengthy history of the game and its changes over time, students can learn about other cultures, eras, and places. Root ties the evolution of chess to lessons in history, geography, civics, economics, art, and cultures.

So, you think you know Tony?

A couple of issues ago in this space we reviewed Professor of Music Geoffrey Block’s delightful blog. Two recent art books by Vickie Yau demonstrate the artist’s incredible depth and vision. Two pieces titled “Grand Canyon” and “Bondage” suggest these themes. Clearly separate watercolor and collage works that are stunning in their simultaneous capture water-related titles, which seem to lead to the second chapter, Water Resonant, a collection of similar ink and brush works as well as poetry and prose by the artist. The paintings evoke water at rest and in motion, as droplets on petals in the morning or raindrops slowly sliding down a window pane on a spring afternoon.

Yau hints at the reason for all the water in recalling a Chinese saying: “When one drinks the water one should give some thought as to how did the spring originate.” Yau’s wellbeing runs deep, and her books are gorgeous. — G.S.

People, Places, Checkmates: Teaching Social Studies with Chess
Alexey W. Rudolph Root ’83
464 pages, paperback
Teacher Ideas Press, www.teacherideaspress.com

The concept is clever. By discovering the lengthy history of the game and its changes over time, students can learn about other cultures, eras, and places. Root ties the evolution of chess to lessons in history, geography, civics, economics, art, and cultures.

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People, Places, Checkmates is the fourth in a series of books about using chess as a teaching tool written by former U.S. women’s chess champ Alexey Root. This latest volume, on teaching social studies with chess, is especially fitting for Root, who majored in history at Puget Sound and taught the subject in high school.

The concept is clever. By discovering the lengthy history of the game and its changes over time, students can learn about other cultures, eras, and places. Root ties the evolution of chess to lessons in history, geography, civics, economics, art, and cultures.

A couple of interesting examples come out of Spain in the late 15th century. The queen did not become the most powerful piece on the chessboard until the 16th century. The queen is a piece that can move in any direction, unlike the king, who can only move one square at a time. The queen has the ability to move around the board, and her strength comes from her ability to control the center of the board. She can capture other pieces, and her mobility gives her the ability to control the center of the board. By discovering the lengthy history of the game and its changes over time, students can learn about other cultures, eras, and places. Root ties the evolution of chess to lessons in history, geography, civics, economics, art, and cultures.

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At Commencement the 727 members of the Class of 2010 heard Scott Jackson talk a little about Seattle-based PATH and its role in the international fight for improved health care, particularly for the poorest people in the poorest regions of the poorest countries. What they didn’t hear much about was Jackson’s personal path through poverty, pain, and prejudice.

He first witnessed social injustice as a child. It was the early 1960s, and the civil rights movement was in full swing. “Mom taught high school in rural Kan-ساس,” Jackson explains. “She was known for teaching the students no one else wanted.”

Jackson’s mom, Sydney, cared deeply for the disadvantaged and destitute. Back then, in tiny towns above the north shore of the Kansas River not far from the Missouri border, that meant the black kids. Sydney took her son along when counseling students in their homes. During one such visit, Scott Jackson recalls following his mom through a house with no electricity. Kerosene lanterns threw flickering light on dirt floors. Rats scurried in a corner. Six children shared one bed. A baby cried. Sydney lifted the child and patted its back. Rats had eaten bald spots in its scalp.

Jackson recalls following his mom through a railroad yard as smoke lifted from asportsing to change the world. The speech received a standing ovation. You can read it at www. pugetsound.edu/commencementspeach

In his Commencement address, Scott Jackson gave the Class of 2010 three things to think about: how the world has changed, how the world is calling them, and how they are going to change the world. The speech received a standing ovation. You can read it at www. pugetsound.edu/commencementspeach

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commencement

Lessons in humanity

This year’s speaker, Scott Jackson ’80, grew up with prejudice and abuse—and a powerful resolve to do good

In 1980, around the time PATH was founded, Jefferson Jackson delivered the bac- calaurate sermon at Puget Sound in Kirkwood Chapel. Scott Jackson introduced his stepdad to his fellow graduates, and his mom sat in the crowd. The family had fled to Washington state a decade earlier, when Scott’s biological dad tried to regain custody. They landed in Sequim, where Jefferson, the only black man in town, milked cows and cleaned a inn. When he became pastor of a small church, some in the congregation left. Many stayed. And when the fight for Scott’s custody moved to Washington, Sequim residents filled a courtroom in support of the only mixed-race family most of them knew.

“It had a lot to do with Jefferson,” Scott says. “He had a way with people. You couldn’t not like him. He was pure joy. And when he spoke, people listened. His voice was music.”

Even now, years after cancer cut short Jef- ferson’s life, Scott Jackson hears the voice of his stepdad echoing from Sundays past. It’s the voice of peace, and it is still guiding him.

—Darrick Meneken

While an undergraduate at Puget Sound Scott Jackson majored in history and was vice presi- dent, then president of ASUPS. After graduating magna cum laude, he became a Rotary Inter- national Ambassador Scholar and earned a Master of Business Administration at The Uni- versity of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Prior to joining PATH in 2006, Jackson was senior vice president at World Vision U.S. in Federal Way, Wash., and president of two public-affairs and marketing companies.

The seven most annoying co-workers
(who are actually face-eating aliens in disguise)

by Ralph Gamelli
illustrations by Hallie Bateman '11

The college’s annual exit survey of seniors revealed that 12 percent of the Class of 2010 is headed for graduate school and 9 percent plans to travel or volunteer for a year. Most, though, will be entering the workforce, where adapting to life around new co-workers may feel somewhat, shall we say, alien. Here, with thanks to The Bygone Bureau, the quite wonderful (and award-winning!) online magazine edited by Kevin Nguyen ’09 and Nick Martens ’09 (bygonebureau.com), we offer graduates an illustrated field guide to seven worker-types worth avoiding. Read on; it might just save your face.

THE CARELESS E-MAILER
Without fail, the Careless E-mailer uses the “reply all” option when he contacts his alien cohorts, filling up your in-box with top-secret messages, schedules, and recipes pertaining to the forthcoming human slaughter. Try not to let it get to you; he’s honestly trying his best to adapt to our Earthly technology. And don’t bother to download the information and take it to the authorities. They’ll only think you’ve gone insane. Also, one of them will undoubtedly be an alien who will devour your face.

THE NAYSAYER
The Naysayer delights in being negative. Ask him what he thinks about your suggestion regarding the MacGregor account, and he’ll criticize it. Ask him if aliens could be among us, disguised, infiltrating society to set up a large-scale assault, and he’ll deny it. Ask him why in the world he bleeds yellow blood when he gets a paper cut, and he’ll eat your face.

THE LOUD GUY
Go anywhere near the Loud Guy’s desk and all you’ll hear is him yak-king on the phone, or drumming his fingers, or tapping his feet. He also tends to sing songs to himself in an eerie, otherworldly language that chills you to the bone, although the melodies aren’t completely terrible.

THE SPOTLIGHT STEALER
The Spotlight Stealer tries to pass off everyone else’s ideas as his own. In fact, the whole attack on Earth was probably his suggestion. This is one of the most infuriating office types you’ll ever encounter. Try to arrange an “accident” that results in you spilling some water on him. For all you know, it could be like acid to his species. If not, try again with coffee, which will at least stain his shirt.

THE LATE GUY
The Late Guy is always running “10 of your Earth minutes” behind. When his superiors eventually inform him that the annihilation will now commence, you can either flee the building and immediately have your face consumed by a punctual alien, or accept your fate and enjoy an extra few minutes of life in the break room.

THE MIND READER
The Mind Reader constantly probes your thoughts to learn as much as possible about humankind, studying our innermost feelings, our hopes, our fears, our PIN numbers. Keep him at bay by imagining an impenetrable brick wall and filing a complaint with the personnel department. Don’t let unsettling thoughts enter your head, such as an annoying co-worker ripping off his human disguise and then eating your face. That will happen soon enough, anyway. Why dwell on it?

THE GOSPER
The Gossiper likes to stick his prosthetic nose into everyone’s business. Sometimes his nose will fall off and he’ll very quickly pick it up off the floor and stick it back on. Pretend not to notice and tell him something juicy about yourself, and there’s a chance he won’t feast on your face.
We must kill more professors. — Lenin

An essay on life under surveillance
by Arpad Kadarkay

Puget Sound Professor Emeritus of Politics and Government Arpad Kadarkay is an assiduous observer and an inveterate diarist. He was also a revolutionary; participating as a student in the briefly successful Hungarian uprising against the Soviets in 1956. When the Red Army brutally evicted the government created out of that revolt, he and many others fled for their lives to the West. In the U.S., Arpad completed his studies, earning a Ph.D. at the University of California, Santa Barbara, but he often returned to his homeland to research a book on Hungarian Marxist philosopher Georg Lukács. The communist secret police kept a close eye on him during those trips and compiled a detailed accounting of his movements, associations, and writing, paying particular attention to his prized 15-volume journal of thoughts and experiences. Recently Arpad requested a copy of his police file from Hungary’s now parliamentary democracy. What he received took his breath away.

Where to start? Where to start? Perhaps with the first page of the thick file that Hungary’s communist-era secret police kept on me:

Kadarkay, an active, armed member of the revolutionary National Guard and key figure in the Revolutionary Association of Youth, was the intellectual leader of the insurgents. He spread false rumors of the Soviet Army kidnapping young men. Fearing retribution, he fled to the West.

An impressive-sounding description, I grant, of my role in the Hungarian Revolution. But only the last phrase, “fled to the West,” is true.

My file, 410 pages and nearly three inches thick, is titled with the code name “Professzor” (Hungarian spelling). It was compiled and forwarded to me, at my request, by the Historical Archives of the Hungarian State Security. The archives held back 10 additional pages that are so “sensitive” I must fly to Budapest to access them.

If the pages I received are indicative of the term “sensitive,” I may not have the curiosity or courage to view the rest. Reading the “Professzor” file is like seeing the ghost of Hamlet’s murdered father. The vision of his apparition terrifies the night watch, which invites the skeptical Horatio to be a witness. When the apparition appears, Marzella says to Horatio: “Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.” What Shakespeare’s ghost reveals is the rottenness of the state. What my file reveals is that, in Cold War communism, life was a mere essay in existence; that the will to illusion was more profound and more transcendental than the will to truth, reality, and being.

“Thou art a scholar; speak to it.” “Speak, I did. I reached out to people whose life and work were relevant to my concern. They included Istvan Deak at Columbia University; Agnes Heller at The New School for Social Research; Laszlo Kolakowski at Oxford; and Ivan Szelery at Yale. I discussed my file at some length with Deak, who, in a fascinating essay, “Scandal in Budapest” (“The New York Review of Books,” Oct. 19, 2006), wrote about his own police file. As Hungarian expatriates who lived in the United States—Deak since the 1950s and I since 1963—we knew each other and visited Hungary to conduct research in the early 1970s. (From 1970 to the mid-1980s, I had four IREX grants to study the life and work of Georg Lukács.)

During that time we were redefined, induced into the realm of invention, and assigned new identities: “bourgeois,” “cosmopolitan,” “subversive,” and “enemy spy.”

The State Security that kept me under surveillance was like God in the universe, present everywhere and visible nowhere. It accommodated no private sphere, not even in the privacy of one’s home or inside his skull.

My wife, Leone, nursing our son, born in Budapest, loved to sing lullabies in our apartment. Soon after our arrival in Hungary the government welcomed us with an invitation to a beer-cellar party. To please and impress my Canadian-born wife, our communist hosts sang Hungarian folk songs. Flushed with success and alcohol, they asked Leone to sing some English songs. She hesitated, saying she had no voice for singing. Comrade No. 1 stood up, raised his glass, and, beaming, said: “Madame, you have a lovely voice. We know you sing beautiful songs.”

One day I reached for the phone on my desk to dial. A brusque voice cut me short: “Hang up! We’re changing the tape.”

Here as elsewhere in the file, I cannot get over its vulgarity, its rancor and vindictiveness, its contempt of man, and, above all, the arrogant coarseness of the language of command.

Let me illustrate. When I was a toddler, my mom hired a nanny called Rose. Forty years passed since Rose loved my joys, suffered my pains, and dried my tears. When I returned...
to Hungary in 1970 as an exchange scholar, my mom suggested we should visit Rose. The reunion was a reminiscence of things past, of emotion recollected in love and laughter. Seeing me as a grown man, Rose was melted to tears and wept profusely.

One day I reached for the phone on my desk to dial. A brusque voice cut me short: “Hang up! We’re changing the tape.”

With the help of Reflections and the note-books, the police set forth the decisive qualificative-existential existence with imprisonment. Professor identifies fully with American ideals. His manners, his conduct, his writing and action reflect the American way of life. By education and habit he has acquired the American mind.

It was not difficult to see from the letters, intercepted, from the note-books, photocopied, from my handwriting, scrutinized, that Professor is interested in everything. An omnivorous reader of the world, he moves from university to university, sophisticated, multilingual, he is never without a notebook, he writes, taking notes—a typical intellectual. He has a great number of contacts with writers and intellectuals who are politically unstable and express anti-American views.

And there is the rub. ‘Intellectual.’ In a world where intellect is sacrificed to ideology, where the man is hammer or anvil, where man is hammer or anvil, in a world where intellect is sacrificed to ideology, where the man is hammer or anvil, in a world where intellect is sacrificed to ideology, where the man is hammer or anvil, where man is hammer or anvil, there is a deepened and sharpened awareness of the limits of the world. There is a deepened and sharpened awareness of the limits of the world.

One reads with revulsion the reports of ‘Attila’—his barbaric make, his motivated ugliness, his inwards, from which human beauty and tragedy are written. There are days when I discover that my former classmate wrote this report: As a professor at a leading university, I am familiar with the cancer and salary scale of professors in the West. No professor there can match the fast career and preferably spending habit of Szerkády. It is no secret that Hungarian universities have close connections with the CIA.

In my opinion, Szerkády is working for the CIA or roads to fulfillment—which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every heart returns an echo. The pleasure of ideas for me is more desirable than the ground of existence. Ideas are what Milton said they are: “musical as Apollo’s lute.” Ideas enter by a private door into every individual. That door, however, was shut in communism. This is why the role of ideas in the demise of communist regimes can never be stressed too much.

No one understood this better than the late Kolakowski and my worldly-wise friend Szilámy. This ‘bourgeois-gentry boy from the Buda hillside,’ a white ram among the black ravens, comrade with proletarian-peasant origins, has been my closest friend since 1969. “Two friends, one soul,” said Engels. We have a modern variant: “Two secret files, one life.” Not only is Szilámy, code-named ‘Colleague,’ feared large in my file, but some reports about my activity and contacts are transferred to Szilámy’s file. “The secret dossier of ‘Professor’ and the sociologist Szilámy that record their personal contacts are under operative evaluation.” In his autobiography the divisional chief of communist Hungary’s secret police wrote: “The damned opposition must be isolated.

There should be no audience, no platform for Agnes Heller and the Georg Konrad-Szelényi duo; the whining intelligentsia, cagey writers; passion-ate poets and weather vane sociologists. It reads like a blast from hell. But then, as Socrates taught, there are necessary treasons to make the city free and open to man. Even a perfect communist society—esotericism as it sounds—is a bounded, transient thing compared to the free play of the mind and the unauthorized discipline of its dreams. I’m old-fashioned and think that reading books gets me nearer to the New Testament idea that “In the beginning was the Word. At the same time, I identify with Martin Buber’s notion of I and Thou and that “In the beginning is the relation.” Though the Word creates, the relation precedes the Word because it is authored by the Word. My relation with books is the source of my unwitting yet memorable collisions with the secret police. Reflections at Walden had a deep significance for me and my life. In Cold War Budapest, my soul longed for America. That is why I kept Reflections on my desk. In communism, life must be lived forward, but, homesick, looked backward, homeward, toward America. Unknown to me, the secret police had free access to my office and photocopied everything: manuscripts, notebooks, and the inscribed copy of Reflections.

One reads with revulsion the reports of ‘Attila’—his barbaric make, his motivated ugliness, his inwards, from which human beauty and tragedy are written. There are days when I discover that my former classmate wrote this report: As a professor at a leading university, I am familiar with the cancer and salary scale of professors in the West. No professor there can match the fast career and preferably spending habit of Szerkády. It is no secret that Hungarian universities have close connections with the CIA. In my opinion, Szerkády is working for the CIA. Let us not undervalue this. I open the Bible. It is written: “In the beginning was the Word.” I have the classmate’s report. It is written: “In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God.” Hungary’s State Security came to this conclusion:

Professor is an American intelligence agent or spy. His methods are to explore and collect sensitive information. It is substantiated by his involvement in Soviet military installations, troop movements, and his personal intelligence in the American Embassy.

What a dreadful spectacle—a CIA spy. Having interpreted a CIA “spy” into my existence, Budapest transmitted part of the file to the Soviet KGB. Famous for its attempts to seduce unsuspecting Americans at Potsdam, the KGB requested more information from Budapest on “Professor,” with a plan to recruit him as a spy.

When my family learned about it there was laughter. They seem they could not refrain from laughter even when metamorphosis—a privilege of the gods—is in progress: professor-spy-double agent. Gods are fond of mockery, and so is my wife, Laughing, she said, “Had the KGB recruited you as a double agent, the Soviet empire would have collapsed much earlier.”

And so I search the file: Is there no longer a world left of what was formerly called “truth,” “noble,” and “human”? Yes, there is. None other than my uncle, John Hertlik, incarnates it. Here is the report of an agent code-named “Negro”:

My assignment was to have a chat with John over a glass of wine. We met at the local pub, and then went to his house to play some card game. The conversation, at first casual, turned to politics—good opportunity to bring up the name of Szerkády. I said that I knew his nephew and liked him [Kadarkay]. But then he turned against us [in 1956] and fled the country.

This was too much for Uncle John. He exploded. “I can’t understand why you [agent] didn’t leave in 1956. You went to school, you’re educated. My nephew, unable to attend university because communists like you considered him a class-alien, fled in 1956 and got his Ph.D. in America. Do you have any idea what it means to be a professor in a free country? In America there is freedom of movement and thought: Jane Fonda went to North Vietnam and denounced the U.S. presence in Vietnam. Suppose you, communist that you are, went to Spain, made a documentary or wrote articles praising the Franco regime, and then returned to Hungary. What would you get? Prison! You are an incorrigible note-taker. Not out of my life.”

Uncle John never read Sophocles or Shakespeare. But he had that immensity of common sense and decency that brought to life a world in which every breath was a denial of communism’s designs. Perhaps I am a chip from that great block. Uncle John, I too, irritated the secret police by some statement that civility and good taste kept me from repeating openly, but which I disdained in the notebook, not without poetic justice. Uncle John, hanging in the eye, bang on the stool. These creative liberties of a free mind unimpress themselves better on paper than on living flesh. What irony, taking notes fast, I abbreviate, and often the handwriting is difficult to read. The intelligence officer thinks it is a code.

The notebooks, scrutinized with images and ideas, reflections—on the end of life.
"FEW LANDS ARE AS BEAUTIFUL OR AS RICH IN TRADITION AS AFGHANISTAN," Ahmed told me, the naan in his hands dripping with gravy from a chunky stew. "But why do you wish to go to Bamiyan? There is nothing to see there except rubble. The Taliban destroyed it all."

And indeed they had. In February of 2001, having failed with tank fire and artillery to destroy the two great Buddhas of Bamiyan—the largest Buddha statues in the world—the Taliban got help from foreign explosives experts. Reports vary over the origins of the men—Chechen, Pakistani, Arab—and who ordered their services. Was it Mullah Omar, the commander of the Taliban? Or Osama bin Laden, the Saudi native protected by the Taliban who six months later would become the world’s most famous terrorist? Regardless of the theories, what is known is the destruction required an extraordinary effort. Ropes and pulleys, rockets, jackhammers, tank fire, sharpened iron rods, picks and shovels, and a reported 137,000 pounds of explosives were all employed. What had taken decades to build and had stood watch over the Bamiyan Valley for nearly 1,500 years came crashing down in a mere 26 days.

Occupying an area the size of Texas, Afghanistan is a land of many qualities, but its reputation today in the West seems to hinge only on the Taliban, a modern product of ill-educated, orphaned, and refugee children of post-jihad Afghanistan. The Taliban were a motley crew that shocked everyone when they defeated the war-hardened Mujahideen in the mid-1990s.

The effects of Taliban rule (1996–2001), Soviet invasion and resistance (1980–1989), civil war (1991–1996), and American invasion and coalition occupation (2001–present) were catastrophic. Orphaned children. Refugees and internally displaced peoples (IDPs). Wrecked cities. Land-mine-ridden farms and grazing lands. A burgeoning drug trade. But the Taliban’s concept for Afghanistan of a fundamentalist, pro-Summi (a Deobandi-Wahabi hybrid with no precedent in the region), pro-Pashtun society is a far stretch from the multiethnic, multilingual, and culturally diverse society that is contained within the country’s modern borders.

Of the 34 provinces in Afghanistan, Bamiyan is just one of many areas that contrast sharply with the fundamentalist and violence-torn image that appears nightly in the news.

Last year Douglas Ober ’04 spent a month in Bamiyan province, Afghanistan, a region best known in the West for the Taliban’s destruction there of two colossal, 1,500-year-old Buddha statues. Now the Buddhas are being rebuilt, and Bamiyan might just be the model for what Afghanistan could become. Doug’s report:
Over the course of the last decade, beginning with my studies in history at Pauget Sound, work and travel in India, Pakistan, and Tibet, and later studies in Asian languages and literature and comparative religion at the University of Washington, Afghanistan continued to pull at my collar. The more I read of the Hazaras, the Shi'ite gatekeepers of the colossal Buddhas of Bamiyan, the country’s abundance of unclimbed mountains and Greek ruins, and world-famous ta’arof, or politeness, the more I knew I had to go and experience firsthand what life in Afghanistan might mean for the Shi'ite minority Hazara living in the central highlands. So Ahmed, my dear Afghan friend living in India, gave me a final piece of advice, enshrined in an Afghan proverb: “Be not too sweet, or men will eat you. But be not too bitter, or men will hate you.”

The Central Highlands of Hazarajat, as the region surrounding Bamiyan is known, make up one of the least documented and explored regions in the world. This rugged stretch of high, dry plateaus and fertile valleys running alongside the western spine of the 3,600-foot high Koh-i-Baba range of the Hindu Kush Mountains. The Hazaras—who make up the majority of the region’s inhabitants—and their homeland are so little understood that all kinds of legends and folktales stand in for ignorance. As far back as the 10th century, the Persian poet Ferdowsi described it as barbaristan—the place of barbarians.

The Taliban’s destruction of the Bamiyan Buddhas may have been what reminded the world this remote region exists, but long before the Taliban, Bamiyan was the center of a great Buddhist civilization. Its geographic position between the Afghan trading cities of Persian Herat to the west, the madar-i-shahr, or “Mother of All Cities,” Balkh to the north, and the capital of the Kushan Empire, Kapisha, to the east, made it an ideal stopping place for Silk Road caravans. It became an important Buddhist center in the 2nd century CE, reaching its zenith between the 4th and 8th centuries. It was here that Persians, Indian, Chinese, and Hellenistic ideas all met.

The early descriptions of the area come from the Chinese pilgrim Xuanzang, who described it in glowing terms in 640. “These people are remarkable, among all their neighbors, for a love of religion. . . . there is not the least absence of earnestness and utmost devotion of heart.” Xuanzang described the smaller of the Buddha statues (at 121 feet and dated to 507) as Shakyamuni, the historical Buddha of this era, while the taller statue (180 feet, dated to 534) was just described as a ‘Buddha image.’ Some contemporary scholars claim it was Vairocana, the Buddha of Brilliant Light.

A century later, the Korean monk Hui-Ch’ao visited here, describing a vibrant political and religious system: “The king is an Iranian. He is not a vassal of any kingdom; his foot soldiers and cavalry are strong and numerous, and the other kingdoms dare not to come to attack him . . . [they] are very devoted to the three jewels [Buddhism]; monasteries and priests are in abundance.” At the time of Hui-Ch’ao’s writing, the mammoth Buddha statues and the monastic cave complexes surrounding them were in full operation, recorded by some as being home to as many as 5,000 monks and 10,000 pilgrims. Bamiyan was Buddhist until around 970, when a mamluk, or Turkish-slave soldier of the Samanid Persian dynasty, revolted and led his 7,000 soldiers to victory in Bamiyan and Ghazni, beginning the start of the Ghurid dynasty that would rule a vast region for the next 200 years. The Arab historian, Tāqī al-Hamawi, writing around 1200, too, left a brief description of the region. “One may see there a building of an extraordinary height; it is supported by giant pillars and covered in paintings representing all the birds created by God.”

It was shortly after al-Hamawi’s writing that Bamiyan’s culture and economy would undergo its greatest change. In 1220, Genghis Khan and his Mongol hordes crossed the Oxus River, destroying Balkh, Merv, and Nishapur. In his siege on Bamiyan his grandson was killed, sending the Mongol ruler into a fit of rage that led him to massacre the keepers of several forts on the outskirts of the capital. Two of these forts, the Red City and City of Screams—the latter named for the bloodstained screams that were heard during the massacre—are as troubled and impressive in stature today as they were 800 years ago. From the top of each,ruppendrope into the valleys make obvious Bamiyan’s strategic military position, but the trails up there must be carefully navigated to avoid land mines.

The arrival of the Mongols may also explain the origins of the Hazara people. While some ethnographers suggest that they are autochtho- nous—descendants of the original population of the area—the majority of scholars believe that they are descendants of the military settlers who colonized the territory in waves after the time of Genghis Khan’s conquest. Hazara physical characteristics are generally Mongoloid—high cheekbones, square faces, small eyes, and thin beards—and their language, Hazaragi, although a dialect of Persian, contains a number of words of Mongolian origin.

As we navigate the heavily trafficked streets of Pul-e-Socta, the 16-seater Toyota Hiace Bamiyan-bound minibus—with a crushed right headlight, mangled side mirrors, and a cracked windshield—spews black smoke from under its hood. Past Serai Shomali on the north side of Kabul, the roads begin to narrow, and an hour later we are cruising along the Shomali Plain, slowing only for military check-points and the makeshift speed bumps made of wrecked Soviet tank tracks.

Near Istalif, a small mountain hamlet nestled underneath the towering white spires of the Hindu Kush, the bus slows to a halt so the driver can purchase two of the largest melons I have ever laid eyes on. Istalif was once considered Kabul’s garden. The glaciers of the Hindu Kush fed the valleys with ample water, producing the reddest pomegranates, the juiciest peaches, and the sweetest dates.

Babur, the founder of the Mughal Empire, fell in love here, and in his autobiographical Amtarkh, he laments the plains of India, where he died, for their lack of luscious melons, demanding that he be brought back to his beloved Kabul for burial. His wish to return to the land of precious fruits was fulfilled nine years after his death in 1531. His tomb, uncared for, still reads: “If there is paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this.”

As the bus clung its way back to speed, I can’t help but notice that the landscape is not as inviting as Babur once described. Glazed purple pottery and fruits are still visible in the canopied stalls on the sides of the street, but the backdrop here is backscratched with tank wrecks; cars full of bullet holes; blown-up shipping containers, their sides bulging inward, and crumbling mud walls. Some of the heaviest fighting of the last three decades occurred in this very place, and both the Soviets and then the Taliban practiced a scorched-earth policy here, aimed at destroying the Mujahideen who were sworn enemies of both. Part of the scorched-earth policy meant hiding land mines in the fields so they couldn’t be used for planting.

Today Afghanistan is one of the most heavily mined countries in the world, and the colored flags or painted rocks that signify the land mine status of the fields are scattered throughout the country. Red flags mean the area is full of mines and therefore off-limits. Blue denotates it is at present being demined—a painfully slow and dangerous process—which, in effect, means it is still off-limits. White means the area has been cleared. From the window seat of the bus, I see both red and white flags, and the contrast is startling. Where there are white flags, the land has been planted, and orchards, vineyards, and wheat fields are growing. Children in these vil-

ages use wrecked tanks as jungle gyms. They knowingly cross fields with red flags because they have learned that some land mines are weighted for tanks or other heavy machinery and therefore won’t detonate if a person steps on one.

From the front of the bus, the cigarette-smoking driver offers me a slice of melon. “You are a dentist, a traveler, a merchant, a guest. Welcome.” I refuse the melon slice politely, as the etiquette of commands, but the driver insists again, as ta’arof requires, and gratefully I accept, biting into its pink, fleshy center. My traveling companion, Sakhi, who is a virtual library of Afghan proverbs, recites a popular one: “The fourth day, a friend; the fifth day, a brother.”

LIKE THE BEST OF AFGHANISTAN, Bamiyan’s economy is based on subsistence agriculture, and in Bamiyan, residents practice lalmi, or rain-fed agriculture. The cultivation of poppies for the production and export of opium is not popular here and one of many reasons why Bamiyan remains one of the poorest provinces in Afghanistan. According to the United Nations’ Office on Drugs and Crime, Afghanistan produces close to 90 percent of the world’s crop. This is the real center of Afghanistan’s economy. “No poppy, no money,” is what one aid worker explained to me—a true, but difficult-to-swallow theme of life in rural Afghanistan. The poppy is a low-weight, high-value asset that can be easily transported by a fencing family. Yet the narcotics trade also imposes considerable costs on the country, distorting the economy, undermining the central and local government authorities, and fueling the corruption that plagues Afghanistan’s political system.

However, Bamiyan’s “good behavior”—little violence, limited opium production—has not brought it any external rewards from the central government or aid agencies. Despite being one of the most peaceful regions in the country, Bamiyan is among the least developed. The governor of Bamiyan, Dr. Habiba Sarabi, Afghanistan’s first and only female governor, has repeatedly complained that, despite her province’s stability, aid agencies and major donors have failed to include it for assistance. The United States, one of Afghanistan’s largest donors, for example, has focused its resources on Kabul and the southern regions where the Taliban insurgency has been the greatest. Aid money is used to lure the Taliban away from militant activities, but in Bamiyan there are no Taliban. So there is a catch-22 here: In order to receive needed aid for infrastructure development, there needs to be a risk of insurgent activities. But without sustainable and equitable development, there is the risk that some citizens of Bamiyan could once again turn to illicit activities such as drug trafficking, opium production, or banditry.

Bamiyan has not always been the bastion of peace that it is today. For much of the last 100 years, Hazaras have been regarded by their
neighbors as little more than units of labor, described in terms like “mouse-eaters” or “donkeys.” Because of their Mongol features, adoption of Shi’ism en masse, and traditional autonomy, Sunni overlords have often used the Hazaras’ Shii identity to legitimize their enslavement. In the 1890s, the Afghan “Iron Emir” Abdal Rahman, a British-backed ruler, declared an all-out jihad against the Hazara “infidels.” Over the course of the next several decades, the Hazaras, despite strong resistance, would be murdered, enslaved, sold, and sent into exile across Central Asia, while their native lands were settled by outside tribes. Most of those who survived remained on the lowest rungs of society. “Even a Pashtun dog has a protector, but not a Hazara,” a Hazara saying proclaims. During the Soviet repression of the 1980s, a unified Hazara group called the Hub-i-Walidat gradually gained power, but it was not until the early 1990s, when they took over more than a quarter of the city of Kabul, that they began to be taken more seriously as players vying for national power. Their military accomplishments were by no means mundane, and the Hazara Mujahideen violently crushed anyone who rose against them. The ultimate victory of the Taliban in 1996, however, again put the Hazaras at the mercy of a Sunni overlord. The Taliban targeted the Hazaras as Shia infidels having barbarian customs, and in 1998 and again in 2001 several thousand Hazaras were killed in mass executions.

I am conflicted like this propels Hazaras to fear the creation of an Islamic Sunni state run by Pashtuns. They point to the past as evidence that only a secular state will provide minority groups like theirs the protection they deserve. Of course, it would be inaccurate to identify all Hazaras or Pashtuns as collective groups in direct opposition to each other. Ethnic identities are rarely so fixed. One Hazara warrior remained an ally of the Taliban until his death in 2001. Nor are Hazaras passive victims to a fate out of their control. While Hazaratii is still one of the country’s poorest regions and has one of the highest illiteracy rates, Bamiyan province has undergone an extensive transition since the Taliban period. Close to a million Hazara refugees have returned since the U.S. invasion in 2001. Governor Sarabi, a veritable Wyatt Earp in the Wild West atmosphere of Bamiyan, has emerged as a powerful figure in local politics. She initiated a series of women’s Community Development Councils and is joining hands with USAID and the Wildlife Conservation Society. Meanwhile, the Asian Development Bank helped establish Afghanistan’s first national park at the Band-e-Amir lakes just west of Bamiyan town.

CRAWLING ALONG A DUSTY AND moon-cratered road, the minibus comes to a halt alongside a river. The bus is spewing smoke. I follow the other passengers as they empty out of the bus. We are just beyond the 9,843-foot-high Shabar Pass, which marks the continental split between Central Asia and the Indian subcontinent. To the east the rivers join the Indus River system feeding the plains of India and Pakistan, and to the west they fell toward the Amu Darya, or Oxus River. In the winter of 327 BCE, Alexander the Great and his army also crossed here, exhausted after years of travel and constant warfare. It was a tipping point for Alexander’s empire; his once-loyal soldiers refused to go any further. His dream of conquering India melted like snow in the passes under the springtime sun. At first appearance, there isn’t a more idyllic place to be stranded. Orchard trees are heavy with apricots, limes, and plums, and lemon-brown wheat stalks sway in the wind. Opposite the river, a middle-aged woman draped in a green shawl and embroidered blue robes sends a small herd of goats scrambling with her stick. Above the river is a lonely fort, an old mud-brick structure with crumbling walls. I make war for the fort, crossing the river on a craftily built stone footbridge. The woman in the green shawl waves her wand at me. “Maya hast,” she cries. The way to the fort is littered with mines. Suddenly my view from the road seems perfectly adequate. I sit back and watch water cascade over river rocks smoothed by thousands of years of glacial flow. Bamiyan’s landscapes pose difficulties in distinguishing between natural and artificial features. Caves and tunnels carved into south-facing sandstone cliffs are designed for shelter from searing summer heat and blinding winter cold. A rock face becomes a house wall, an overhanging stone is a shepherd’s shelter; a rock crevice acts as staircase, a branching stream is an irrigation channel. Are the craters I observe in the ground naturally occurring, or land mine holes? Days later, I would examine closely how the dynamically shifting tectonic plates of the Hari Rod fault, just west of Bamiyan town, have formed a 350-foot-long arch across the top of the complex, I step where the Buddha’s head was once fixed to the back of the cliff and take in the view. Since 2001, a Japanese-funded UNESCO project has engaged in cleaning, consolidating, and protecting the remaining caves and mural paintings. (Amazingly, some of the frescos are still intact.) In order to maintain World Heritage Site status, no new building can occur. The most viable restoration option that would keep its protected status therefore is anastylosis, where the Buddha would be rebuilt using more than 50 percent of the original materials. The obstacles to anastylosis here are huge, however. For one, Bamiyan has no heavy machinery capable of lifting some of the largest remaining pieces (weighing more than 90 tons), and it is questionable whether 50 percent of the original materials are still preserved in the plastic sheets and locked crates at the base of the cliff. Critics of the restoration suggest that the $50 million budget for restoration could be more practically applied restoring the Bamiyan economy, and that the niches should remain empty, left as a metaphor to what was lost. Another plan, suited to long-term cultural tourism and supported by Governor Sarabi, advocates rebuilding one of the Buddhas using anastylosis and leaving the other untouched. A third proposal, by the Japanese artist Hiro Yamagata, urges a $60 million holographic recreation of the statues using lasers! The debate continues.

IN THE MORNING, ON MY WAY TO THE Buddha niches, I pass through markets full of mink coats and scarves, Bollywood cassette tapes, flintlock muskets, boxes of sandalwood, and flea market items. By day’s end we arrive in Bamiyan town, the empty Buddha niches looming over the bazaar. In the evening light, the cliff walls honeycombed with caves turn a golden crisp, and it is easy to imagine the thousands of monks who once inhabited them.

Above, left: the Hari Rod fault. Middle: Band-e-Amir national park, comprising five lakes high in the Hindu Kush. Right: the dragon’s tears and blood. Above: the Buddha’s head would be once fixed to the back of the cliff. The mouth cannot taste cheap things don’t come without problems, expensive things don’t come without effort. But then he adds another: Badhalwa goftan dahan. The morning is the invention of oil painting in Europe by 700 years. The most recent surprise has been the possible discovery of paintings (b) from the ruins of the Band-e-Amir shrine, and an old Buddhist stupa in the Dragon Valley (a) is a popular pilgrimage spot, marking the place where Ali asked for the mercy of Allah. Even I, a nonbeliever, am able to see the oozing blood and repentant tears of the dragon drip down the sides of the fissure. To the faithful it is a sign not only of Ali’s strength but also of his healing and protective presence in the community today. To a geologist, red and white mineral springs dripping down the rock demonstrate the geological forces of heat and pressure that reach the surface along the Hari Rod fault. The damage is a matter of interpretation, but one cannot help but admire the way the Buddhas have merged the physical world with the divine sphere and given a deeper meaning to an otherwise barren landscape.

An hour later the bus is running again, and by day’s end we arrive in Bamiyan. The empty Buddha niches looming over the bazaar. In the evening light, the cliff walls honeycombed with caves turn a golden crisp, and it is easy to imagine the thousands of monks who once inhabited them. Are the craters I observe in the ground naturally occurring, or land mine holes?

Sitting at the top of the Buddha niche, I ask the driver about the future here—what will happen? As is custom in Bamiyan, he answers me with a proverb: Arz va eliat nemast, goftan nemast. “Cheap things don’t come without problems, expensive things don’t come without effort.” But then he adds another: Ba halwa goftan dahan shiran namus. “The mouth cannot taste what remains to be found?” At the top of the complex, the view is stark. “I step where the Buddha’s head was once fixed to the back of the cliff and take in the view.”
SUMMERTIME, AND THE CAMPUS LIVIN' IS ... FUN! For the first time Reunion was separated from Homecoming, giving alumni a weekend packed with activities, from class gatherings at various Tacoma restaurants on Friday night to a golf scramble early Saturday morning to the Alumni Awards Gala (at which alumni-produced wines were served) and way, way more. Above: The All-Greek Reunion and Barbecue was packed.

HELLO, OLD FRIEND This year’s reunion was for classes ending in 0 and 5. Many took the offer to stay in the dorms for the weekend.

ACTIVITIES FOR ALL Plenty of family activities were on the agenda, like the Little Loggers camp, an outdoor movie, and outings to the TAM, and zoo and aquarium.

BRIGHT SUNSHINY DAY Early summer in Western Washington wasn’t exactly summery, but the season showed up brilliantly for Saturday’s picnic and parade.

SUMMERTIME, AND THE CAMPUS LIVIN’ IS ... FUN!
When William Blake wrote, “to see the world in a grain of sand,” he probably never imagined what sand sculptors can do with 13 tons of it.

A lot, it turns out, if you know how to pick just the right kind of sand and have worlds of patience. Jeff Strong ’76, our resident world-class sand sculptor, says the best sand for sculpting is made up of a range of particle sizes—the finer, the better—and has a slight clay composition. That makes it good for “pounding up,” the process by which sand and water are mixed within a series of stacked wooden forms and then tamped down.

“It can be grueling,” says Jeff. “Depending on the design, you may end up moving several yards of sand during the pound-up and carving.”

Using short-handled shovels, concrete trowels, palette knives, and other modified tools, along with a soda straw to blow away excess sand (!), the sculptor gives the art its form from the top-down.

“You have to see into the sand—imagine what you need to take away to create depth in the piece,” says Jeff.

Sand sculpting competitions were originally held between tides. Most events nowadays are timed competitions that occur over the course of two or three days, which requires plenty of planning. Jeff has a sandbox in his backyard where he creates prototypes of his designs, calculating the size and number of forms needed. Modeling at home also gives him a sense of where the design might need modification.

Providing a balance to Jeff’s day job at UPS as development lead in the Office of Technology Services (he’s in his 30th year working with computers at the college—clearly a man not lacking in stamina), sand sculpting taps into his degree in art design. He started sculpting nearly 10 years ago, and later, after he was part of a team that constructed the tallest sand sculpture ever built—29 feet, 3.5 inches—he was hooked.

“I don’t do it for the money or recognition,” Jeff says. “Sand sculptors tend to be a playful bunch. I love seeing new places and hanging out with fun people. And it’s nice if you win.”

Now considered a master sculptor, Jeff is invited to several competitions each year. In June he joined the Orbital Sanders team in Ocean Shores, Wash.—the team’s entry, “Discovering the Missing Links,” which showed archaeologists discovering cavemen playing primitive golf, won first place; he also solo sculpted at the North American Masters Invitational in Port Angeles, Wash., in July; and he will be a member of Team U.S.A. at the World Championships, to be held in September in Federal Way, Wash.

Jeff says it’s easy to try sand sculpting by starting with a couple of five-gallon buckets: Cut out the bottom of one of the buckets and fill the other with water. Turn the bottomless bucket upside down. Add about 6 inches of sand and enough water to fully saturate it. Mix thoroughly. Then start “pounding up,” or packing down, the sand. Repeat the process until the bucket is full. He says you may need to tap the side of the bucket to loosen and remove it. Voilà! You now have a form to start carving. Use any sculpting tool you can think of and a soda straw to blow away excess sand. One bit of advice, though: carve into the sand, beyond the surface, in a more 3-D sense.

Info on making art from sand is at http://sandcastlecentral.com. — Cathy Tollefson ’83
In a video made to thank Deanna Oppenheimer as she completed a seven-year run as chair of the Puget Sound board of trustees, Phil Phibbs, who was university president when Deanna was a student, looks at the camera while he opens his desk drawer and holds up a piece of paper.

“Dee Dee,” he says, “I have you, here, on my list of students to keep an eye on.”

Smart fellow, that Phil Phibbs.

Deanna (Dee Dee Watson during her student days) did indeed turn out to be someone a college president would want to keep track of—or in Deanna’s case at least try to keep up with. In May her judicious leadership, generosity, and loyalty to her alma mater were recognized by the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE). The international association, representing more than 3,400 schools in 63 countries, named Deanna the 2010 recipient of its Ernest T. Stewart Award for Alumni Volunteer Involvement, the highest honor given to alumni volunteers.

The list of reasons for the award could go on for pages, but to name a few: Deanna was the first woman and the first Puget Sound grad to lead the board (she started her trustee service in 1987 and continues) and has volunteered in every imaginable capacity for more than 30 years. She helped create the university’s strategic plan and 20-year campus master plan. With her husband, John Oppenheimer ’80, the magna cum laude graduate established endowed funds for scholarships and student activities. In London, where she is chief executive of Barclays U.K. Retail Bank, Deanna is a board member of the International Women’s Forum. Here in Washington she supports Seattle Children’s Theatre and The Seattle Foundation, and is a charter member of the advisory council for Amara, an organization that facilitates permanent families for vulnerable children. (Need we mention that working in England means Deanna commutes more than 9,500 miles round-trip to attend board meetings, Reunion, Homecoming, and Parents’ Weekends for daughter Jeni ’11 and soon-to-be Puget Sound freshman, James?)

Four years ago, when Deanna arrived on the British banking scene, U.S. Banker magazine ran a cover feature with the headline “She Came, But Can She Conquer? (maybe).” A year later the same magazine said she was one of the most powerful women in banking and concluded, “As the only female member of the Global Retail and Commercial Banking business leadership team at Barclays, Deanna Oppenheimer … has transformed that division from an underperforming business to one of the top assets under the Barclays umbrella.”

All of which is good reason to keep an eye on our Dee Dee Oppenheimer, and for that we are immensely proud.
Leave ’em laughing

Platters of pot stickers, pungent with sesame oil, are just the opening act at Bunjo’s Comedy Club, set inside a Chinese restaurant. The crowd packed into this converted banquet room came for sustenance of a different kind: laughter, food for the funny bone. When Carrie Gilbert jumps on stage, tall and trim with a mane of blond curls, she’s ready to dish it out.

“Other comedians dream of Letterman and Leno,” she starts. “It’s always been my dream to play a dim sum palace in Dublin, California.”

And she’s off.

Nothing is off-limits for Carrie. She shares all kinds of stories—about her six-year-old daughter, Myla; her mother; her husband; her sister; herself—and about other subjects that made the mild-mannered editors of this magazine cringe, never mind the, er, “descriptive” language. To her, political correctness is like the red cape to a bull: something to be gored in front of an audience.

“My husband and I have tried every possible position and sex toy, but the results are always off,” she says. “Trying to spice up married sex is like adding wasabi to Grape Nuts.” The audience howls. She’s killing ’em.

By day, Carrie works in the East Bay near her home in Pleasanton (where she grew up and returned in 2004) as a Web designer and, drawing on her English major, a copywriter. But whenever she can, she enlists her mother or husband to help out with Myla so she can head to Modesto or Dublin, Los Angeles or San Francisco, to perform.

Carrie rips her suburban lifestyle via a rapper persona, MC Mammwam (an acronym for Middle-Class, Middle-Aged, Married Mom with a Mortgage), and a soccer-mom coach who, because she can’t remember her charges’ names, identifies them by their issues. “Hey you! You’re offsides, Bitter Custody Battle!”

Carrie started early, a wisecracker in school who could always get out of trouble by making her mother laugh. Humor is her salve for soothing life’s adversities, like the rage she felt toward the boyfriend in Seattle (where she worked for six years after graduation) who had the nerve to break up with her before she could beat him to the punch. That’s when she started taking her humor seriously.

“Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned,” she says. “About that same time, I was getting lots of inspiration at Microsoft, being cooped up in a cubicle. And in the Seattle gloom, I had to be as madcap as possible to stave off the doldrums, so comedy clubs became my hangout. Seattle has a great comedy scene.”

Carrie is a keen observer who mines everyday events for material; with a little luck, someone famous makes it into the mix. Like in 2007 when she visited her friend Ken, a legislative aide in Juneau, and paid close attention to his stories about the governor.

“No one was happier than me when Sarah Palin was nominated,” Carrie adds. “I already had all my jokes lined up.” — Lynda McDaniel

Carrie will be back in Tacoma in August, performing two shows on campus during Orientation. (Don’t worry parents, Carrie promises they’ll be audience-appropriate.) More Gilbert humor at www.myspace.com/wingwife

Rim shot! A few observations on UPS from Ms. Gilbert:

• I recently visited the UPS campus for the first time in years. I couldn’t help but notice lots of attractive young men strutting around. It was kind of disturbing when I realized how much younger than me they all were. I thought, “Wow, in what felt like the blink of an eye, I went from Cougar to Toddler.”

• I have to give props to the UPS students of today, and to the alumni. You gotta have a strong contrarian spirit as a teenager to say to the world, “I just graduated from high school, and now I can go anywhere I want. And of all the cities in these United States, I choose Tacoma, Washington. Take that, world!”

• Is it just me, or do other UPS grads feel a strange kinship with the people who drive the brown delivery trucks? Every time I see one of those guys or gals schlepping packages around town, I feel like I’m somehow strangely in cahoots with them, like we’re members of the same tribe.

• I used to have a huge patch on my backpack that said, “Green Eggs and Crack,” and I loved to walk in front of people giving campus tours.

• The UPS campus is so incredibly beautiful. All that Tudor ivied-brick splendor knocked my socks off back then, and it still does. When I was a freshman, a friend of mine who was visiting from out of town said to me, “Your school looks like it’s right out of Central Casting.” And I couldn’t agree more! Whenever I walked around the quad, I felt like I’m an extra in a movie about going to college.

• UPS is a great school. It’s not exactly the most known school, however. I picked it partly because it was small and not so well known. It seemed alternative, like the bands I was into at the time. If there had been a University of Nine Inch Nails back in 1992, I would have gone there!”
Taking it to the streets

On one of the very few sunny days in the great Northwest this past spring, KUPS DJs break out of their basement studio to bring a little music to the celebrating light-starved people with a boom box parade. All radios tuned to 90.1, of course.
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Sweatshirt modeled by Jannie Meisberger ’86, M.Ed.’96, P’98,’01, who retired July 15 after 27 years at the university. Since 1991 she was director of the Office of International Programs, which means she got to know a lot of Puget Sound students, since nearly half of them study abroad during their college careers.

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