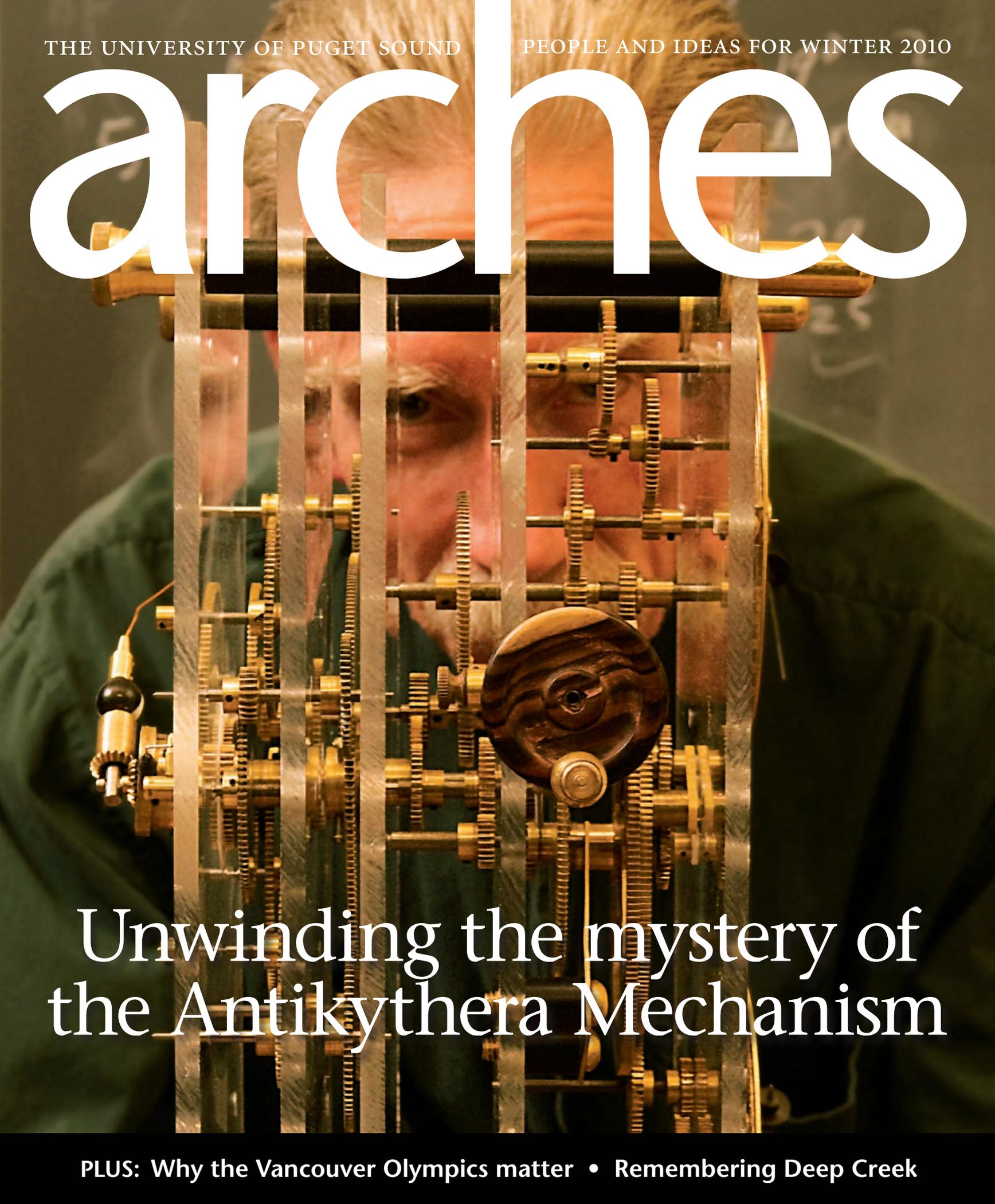


THE UNIVERSITY OF PUGET SOUND

PEOPLE AND IDEAS FOR WINTER 2010

# arches



Unwinding the mystery of  
the Antikythera Mechanism

PLUS: Why the Vancouver Olympics matter • Remembering Deep Creek



# arches

winter 2010

## news and notes

### 5 **Zeitgeist**

In this issue: Unwinding the mystery of the Antikythera Mechanism; three new trustees; the health sciences center takes shape; 100 years of working with Tacoma Community House; more campus news and notes.

## people and ideas

### 14 **Your Life Should Have Meaning on the Day You Die**

Flashback to Pat's Tavern on 21st Street, St. Patrick's Day, 1967. A short story by Richard Wiley '67.

### 18 **Citius, Altius, Fortius for Vancouver**

Forget for a moment the incessant hype about the winter Olympics. Here are some thoughts on why they matter by a man who should know.

### 20 **Remembering Deep Creek Lodge**

It was a short-lived experiment but nevertheless had a regional impact on the popularity of snow skiing in the Northwest.

### 26 **Alumni Association**

### 28 **Classmates**

#### on the cover

Professor of Physics Alan Thorndike peers through the cogs of a reconstruction of the inscrutable Antikythera Mechanism.

#### this page

Puget Sound ski team members Joe Hedges M.S.'49, P'72,'73, and Bob Morrison '50 on the ridge next to the CPS Cayuse Pass ski area, near Deep Creek Lodge, circa 1949. Photo courtesy Chuck Howe B.A.'50, B.E.'51. For more on Deep Creek, turn to page 20.



from the president

# Absolutely Olympic

There is something about the Olympics that always gets to me. Like the pull of the planets around the sun that marks the changing of the seasons or the spin of the Earth that regularly turns day to night, the arrival of the Olympic Games—the winter version followed inevitably by the summer—offers assurance of a rational rhythm in the order of things. And here they are again. This time just up the road in Vancouver, B.C. You can almost hear the hiss and whoosh of ski on snow, blade on ice, right here in Tacoma.

But the allure of the Olympics resides in much more than its status as spectacle or sign of eternal return. It is in the compelling stories of the athletes engaged in what the Greeks called the *agon*, individuals and teams from around the world who strive beyond all limits to reach a goal, who see a record as a thing to be broken, an obstacle as a challenge, a mountain as a thing to be mastered.

Don't worry, I won't get all misty-eyed on you. All of us have seen the Olympic ideal of a planet united in sport overshadowed by subplots of politics and economics and commercialism. I am old enough to remember the raised fists of Mexico City, the mayhem of Munich, and the boycott of Moscow. And no one could help but note in the recent summer Olympics a daunting political statement by China as well as a display of national pride and hospitality. No wonder that more than a half-century ago the great novelist and essayist George Orwell referred to serious sport like the Olympics as nothing less than "war minus the shooting."

The fact is that even at their founding in ancient Greece, the Olympics were political. They then took place during a time of truce declared specifically for the games. Scholars tell us that such a declaration was necessary because there were so many wars constantly being waged in the Greek world at any given time. That's why the *athletes* (from the word *athlos*, meaning "misery") engaged with such fervor in those *agons* (as in "agony"): The spear throwing, chariot races, boxing, and



Matthew Stockman/Getty Images

wrestling matches sometimes involved, in the games just as in war, fights to the death. The *pankration* was a favorite event in the ancient Olympics, a hand-to-hand combat translated as "total force" because it was a contest without rules. Even the marathon, seemingly the most pacific of all events, was, so goes the legend, created after a soldier ran 26 miles from the coastal Greek town of Marathon to Athens to report a great victory in battle. Once the messenger delivered the news, he died from exhaustion. War minus the shooting.

OK, but even with the somewhat less death-defying modern-day political intrigue surrounding the selection of Olympic sites, the inconsistency in the enforcement of rules, the rumors of doping, and the suspect mysteries of judging and scoring, there is still nothing more thrilling than some of the moments the Olympics deliver us: Who could forget Phelps' incredible performance in the "Cube" in Beijing, defying even our own eyes as he willed his way through the water and touched the edge of the pool before his opponent a record eight times? There were so many other inspiring performances; and many more still will take place in Vancouver in the coming weeks.

We are promised that will be the case in this issue of *Arches* by Greg Groggel '06. Greg's interest in the Olympics began as a young man, long before he came to campus. That interest became a discipline and was shaped into a calling at Puget Sound as a result of Greg's training in international political economy combined with his talent in photography. And it then became an expertise, thanks to the internships Greg secured here as a student and the Watson Fellowship he was awarded that took him around the world after graduation to chronicle the political and economic impact of Olympic sites. Next, he won an Emmy for

his coverage of the Beijing Olympics, and now he's on staff with NBC in Vancouver. When I think of Greg's story, it excites me as much as the Olympic Games do, and it calls to mind the dedication and devotion of an Olympic athlete busting barriers and earning medals.

So do the commitment and talent focused by a team of faculty members upon an ancient mystery of astronomy and a seemingly insoluble puzzle of classical history. There is a story about that in this issue, too. It's centered, fittingly, on a device from ancient Greece with a name that sounds like an Olympic event itself—the Antikythera. Professors Jim Evans and Alan Thorndike are discovering how the inventors of the Olympic Games also invented an elaborate machine to trace the movement of stars and planets and created for that purpose an intricate time machine that has taken decades for scholars to fully understand. Alan and Jim built a model of that machine against all odds, and they are breaking through the barriers of knowledge about it, challenging old assumptions.

For my money, Greg and Jim and Alan are champions in their own right. Absolutely Olympic. And even more than the games, they inspire in me a sense of the rhythm of a pretty spectacular order of things here at Puget Sound. While I'm being amazed by the blurs of speed on the giant slalom at Whistler and the intricate carvings of grace by the speed skaters and figure skaters in the rinks of Vancouver, I'll be thinking of them, too, and the other stories that seem so plentiful around here—stories of people with determination and skill insistently defying the odds.

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[www.pugetsound.edu/arches](http://www.pugetsound.edu/arches)

**arches** (USPS 003-932) is published quarterly by the University of Puget Sound, Office of Communications, 1500 N. Warner St., Tacoma WA 98416-1041. Periodicals postage paid at Tacoma, Washington, and at additional mailing offices. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

**Postmaster:** Send address corrections to **arches**, Office of Communications, University of Puget Sound, 1500 N. Warner St., Tacoma WA 98416-1041.

## Editorial Submissions

Story, art, and photographic submissions are welcome; however, the editors recommend a written query.

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

UNIVERSITY of PUGET SOUND

Est. 1888



## Alpha Phi ID

Imagine my surprise seeing a 1970 picture of my sorority sisters in the autumn 2009 issue of *Arches*. This photo of Tom Leavitt also appeared in the 1970 *Tamanawas* on the Alpha Phi pages. It was taken in the Alpha Phi chapter room in the basement of the SUB. (This was before any sorority lived in a house; all lived in dorms and had their meetings in chapter rooms in the SUB.)

Unfortunately I do not remember all of my sisters' names, but I do recognize several faces and will share their names for posterity. From left to right: Linda Torgeson '72, unknown, Katy Bryant '73, Kathy Lorensen Buchholz '71, Betsey Ellerbrook Winegar '71, unknown chapter advisor, Karen Zidell '73, Lita Chiarvano (chapter advisor), Tom Leavitt B.A.'71, J.D.'75, P'10, Melanie "Cookie" Ackerman Pitman '70 (chapter president), Holly Brooks Call '71, and Christie Lembert Alexander '71. Thanks for the trip down memory lane.

**Vicki Coles '73**

*Vancouver, Wash.*

## Coming to reunion

I just got my autumn 2009 *Arches*, and I read the entire issue in one afternoon. Your long article about the student participation in university government and the pictures of the SUB were memories that I treasure.

The summer internship of the hot dog diplomat Elly Henriksen in China should inspire other UPS students to go abroad during their student years.

Alice Peoples' life story was very special. She is a one-of-a-kind person.

John Delp's account of his life among the gyroscope students was an adventure that I hope to try in your inaugural Reunion Weekend and Alumni College in June.

Ross Mulhausen needs congratulations for his very special photography.

I have put UPS into my estate plans to help students attend the college. They deserve the very best. Keep up the good work with *Arches*.

**Harlan Sethe '52**

*Cupertino, Calif.*

## A Logger should know this

I noted in the autumn 2009 *Arches* that the new field house door handles were twice called double-bladed axes. I believe that loggers would call them double bitted axes. Some references call them double bit axes. In both instances, sometimes spelled with a hyphen, sometimes not. The heads, as seen in the *Arches* photo, appear to be for throwing axes, although the handles seem long for that. Fallers' ax heads were narrow, while the buckers' were wider, as they had to "swamp out" the area where they had to buck the logs.

**Johnnie I. Louderback B.A.'57, M.E.'73**

*Winlock, Wash.*

*After receiving Johnnie's note we did a little research on the terms and found that "double-bladed ax" is most often used to describe medieval battle axes, not timber axes. We stand gratefully corrected.*

## contributors



Boone

Tacoma freelancer and frequent *Arches* contributor **Mary Boone** (she wrote three articles for this issue) has written for dozens of regional and national magazines, including *People*, *Teen People*, *Entertainment Weekly*, and *Running Times*. She is the author of 12 contemporary biographies for young readers and fears she knows more about Hilary Duff and 50 Cent than any adult should. When she's not writing, she teaches writing at the Tacoma School of the Arts.



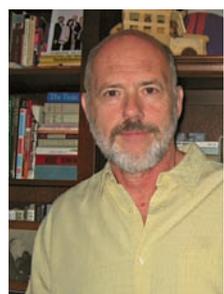
Finney

**John Finney '67, P'94** ["Remembering Deep Creek Lodge," page 20] is faculty emeritus at Puget Sound. He served for 31 years variously as registrar, director of institutional research, and associate academic dean. After retiring in 2007, he began volunteering in Puget Sound's archives, heading up a project to digitize the photograph collection. He tells us that one of his favorite television programs is PBS's *History Detectives*, and that he likes to think of himself as Puget Sound's own history detective. "Every photograph tells an important story about who we are," he says, "and digging out the stories is pure fun." Some of these stories appear in the "From the Archives" column John writes for *Arches*.



Groggel

**Greg Groggel '06** ["Citius, Altius, Fortius," page 18] says he owes a towering debt to his former professors, particularly those who let him miss three weeks of class during his final



Wiley



Williams

semester in order to taxi Olympic athletes around Torino as a runner for ESPN. Currently the Omaha, Neb., native works as an editorial researcher for NBC, after serving as an online producer for the 2008 NBCOlympics.com Web site, for which he won an Emmy. His work has appeared in *The Wall Street Journal*, *SportsBusiness Journal*, *MSNBC.com*, *Deutsche Presse-Agentur*, and *China Daily*. The 2010 Olympic Winter Games will be his second with NBC, fourth in some working capacity, and sixth overall.

**Richard Wiley '67** ["Your Life Should Have Meaning on the Day You Die," page 14] is author of the novels *Soldiers in Hiding* (winner of the PEN/Faulkner Award for best American fiction and reissued in 2007 by Hawthorne Books), *Fools' Gold*, *Festival for Three Thousand Maidens*, *Indigo*, and *Ahmed's Revenge*. His most recent novel, *Commodore Perry's Minstrel Show*, was published by the new Michener Series at the University of Texas Press in 2007. Wiley is a professor of English and associate director of Black Mountain Institute at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas.

**David B. Williams** ["The Meaning of the Mechanism," page 5] writes about the natural world from Seattle. He is the author of *Stories in Stone: Travels Through Urban Geology* and *The Seattle Street-Smart Naturalist: Field Notes from Seattle*. He wishes only that he could see the original Antikythera Mechanism.



Ever since we published the 25 Things We Love About Tacoma edition of *Arches* in 2006, people have been asking us for a reprise. We plan finally to relent in spring 2010 with 25 More Things We Love About Tacoma. We've got a few ideas—the Karpeles Manuscript Museum, Gary Larson, Frank Herbert, it's not Federal Way—but need more. Lots more. We'd love to hear about the places and things you love about Tacoma. The more obscure, the better. Any and all suggestions encouraged, welcomed, and gratefully accepted for consideration. E-mail [arches@pugetsound.edu](mailto:arches@pugetsound.edu).

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# zeitgeist

News, trends, history, and phenomena from the campus



**TIME MACHINE** Professors Evans and Thorndike in Thompson Hall with their astonishing reconstruction of the Antikythera Mechanism.

## the faculty

### The meaning of the mechanism

*The full function of a 2,100-year-old planetarium-in-a-box has confounded scientists for decades, but a team of UPS profs may just have some answers*

It's a long way from the Greek Isles to Thompson Hall, but if you follow the trail you will find a remarkable machine in Professor of Physics Alan Thorndike's office. The contraption, which Thorndike built from scratch, has an elaborate set of interlocking gears sandwiched between

five vertical Plexiglas sheets. The back face displays two bronze spiral dials, each with a wheel tracking its spiral. On the front face are two circular scales painted on the Plexiglas. Within the circles five short bronze arms spin on five axes. Two larger arms, with markers pointing to the circular scales, extend from the center of the scales, like an hour and a minute hand.

You'd be forgiven for thinking the really cool-looking device is some kind of clock, given Thorndike's interest in mechanical motion and the several clocks he's built that are ticking and chiming away in his office. It doesn't tell time, though. At least not in the way a casual observer might expect. Instead it tells a story—of Greek astronomy and of modern science. It is a story that began more than 2,200 years ago when the Babylonians and Greeks were beginning to penetrate the mysteries

of the sky. It is a story that could not be told until the development of high-tech tools such as digitized X-rays and computer tomography. It is a story that is rewriting the understanding of the history of technology.

Thorndike made his device with the help of Puget Sound physics professor James Evans and visiting scholar Cristián Carman. One of only a handful like it in the world, the UPS machine is a model of the Antikythera Mechanism, a wood and bronze implement found in a shipwreck near the Mediterranean island of Antikythera, about 50 miles off the Peloponnese Peninsula. In 1900, while searching for sponges, diver Elias Stadiatis chanced upon a wreck in 140 feet of water, littered with pottery as well as bronze and marble statues. To prove his discovery, Stadiatis collected an oversized right arm and swam to the surface. Later that year, divers, under the direction of an archaeologist from Athens, returned to Antikythera to bring up the encrusted relics.

Scholars began to examine artifacts from the wreck, but they overlooked item number 15087, a dictionary-sized corroded lump. It sat in a caged enclosure for months, until May 1902, when a researcher noticed that the lump had split open, revealing an inscribed bronze plate and finely cut gears.

Which totally didn't make sense.

Although several ancient Greek texts mention gears, the devices they describe are all fairly simple. Historians of science and technology had therefore thought that elaborate gearing did not develop until the 1300s, when large astronomical clocks first appeared in Europe.

Progress on understanding the Antikythera Mechanism proceeded slowly, mostly because of the fragmentary and corroded nature of the pieces. The first researchers believed it to be an astrolabe, a device invented in Greece and used for navigation and to tell time. Others thought the mechanism substantiated a first-century BCE account by Cicero, in which he wrote of an instrument that had been built by Archimedes but stolen by the Romans after the sack of Syracuse in 211 BCE. According to Cicero, Archimedes' machine reproduced the movement of the sun and moon, as well as the five planets then known: Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. A similar device was attributed to the Stoic philosopher Posidonius (first century BCE).

Not until the early 1970s did scholars start to piece together the instrument's true story. Princeton professor Derek de Solla Price had been studying the Antikythera Mechanism since the early 1950s when, in 1971, he received permission from its owner, the National Archaeological Museum in Athens, to take X-rays of it. Price's work revealed a far more complicated mechanism than anyone had suspected. "It transcends all that we had previously known ... and may involve a completely new appraisal of the scientific technology of the Hellenistic period," he wrote in his landmark paper "Gears from the Greeks," published in 1974.

"Price got a lot right, but not all of it," says Evans. An expert in ancient astronomy, Evans bases his statement in part on work conducted during the past decade by a Greek and British team, headed by the astrophysicist Mike Edmunds of Cardiff University and the filmmaker and mathematician Tony Freeth. Using high-resolution surface imaging and three-dimensional X-ray tomography (imaging in sections), the researchers doubled the number of textual clues to the machine's purpose and for the first time showed the full complexity of the Antikythera Mechanism.

National Archaeological Museum, Athens



**WHEELS OF MYSTERY** Left: A large piece of the 2,100-year-old Antikythera Mechanism as seen in the Greek National Archaeological Museum. Center and right: Front and rear views of the working replica built by Professor Thorndike completely from scratch in the Thompson Hall machine shop.

"No one imagined that the ancient Greeks could have made a machine as sophisticated as this," says Evans.

The Edmunds/Freeth group reported their findings in a pair of papers in the journal *Nature*, in 2006 and 2009. The Antikythera Mechanism had been assembled between 150 and 100 BCE, and possibly reflected the astronomical discoveries of Hipparchus (although this attribution remains controversial). On the front face it carried a ring representing the zodiac and another representing the Egyptian calendar, which could be turned to compensate for the absence of leap days in that calendar. Two pointers indicated the positions of the sun and moon. Michael Wright of the Science Museum, London, had previously shown that the lunar display included a small ball, painted half silver and half black, which rotated to show the moon's changing phases, so the Cardiff group also built this feature into their reconstruction.

The top spiral dial on the back kept track of the months in a Greek luni-solar calendar, while the bottom spiral dial served as an eclipse predictor. Within the upper dial a supplemental dial displayed the four-year cycle of the ancient Olympic Games, an important point of reference in Greek society. And a complex series of gears, including one with 223 hand-cut teeth, generated a quasi-sinusoidal (curved, as in a sine wave) variation in the rate of rotation of the moon dial. The slight variation in speed, known as the lunar anomaly (caused by the moon's elliptical orbit), had been modeled by the Babylonians using arithmetical patterns and by the Greeks using an epicycle. The representation of the lunar anomaly is the most complex feature of the mechanism.

Despite decades of study, the machine's complete capabilities remained in question because parts had disintegrated or fused after centuries under water. So with a major international conference on the Antikythera Mechanism planned for Budapest in July of 2009, Evans decided to take a crack at explaining some of what had so far not been explained. In February 2009 he teamed with Professor Cristián Carman of the National University of Quilmes in Argentina. Carman had recently arrived at Puget Sound as a Fulbright Scholar, and, like Evans, had an interest in early astronomy. The professors' first task was to request images from the Cardiff University team, which was very generous in sharing its data.

After working their way through the papers of Michael Wright

and of the Cardiff University group, the Puget Sound team, which now included Thorndike, an expert in mechanics and machine work, narrowed its focus to two questions. The first centered on the device's beautiful lunar mechanism.

"If they went to this much work to model the lunar anomaly, they must have done the same with the sun, which also travels at different speeds," says Evans. But no one explained the solar anomaly in the *Nature* articles.

Other researchers had recognized this deficiency and made proposals, but they were too complicated, says Evans. In keeping with the elegance of the mechanism, the UPS team proposed a simpler solution. They based their work on an observation of Carman's that the dividing lines on the zodiac and on the Egyptian calendar scale did not match up uniformly. In other words, as an arm spun around at a consistent speed it would appear to move along the zodiac at different rates. This would account for the solar anomaly, but the same zodiac also had to account for the lunar anomaly, and a nonuniform scale would not work for such motion. In order to show the lunar anomaly, they proposed that the lunar arm would have to revolve around a point slightly off center, which would compensate for the nonuniform division of the zodiac.

Evans and Carman initially worked out their proposal mathematically. They then turned to Thorndike to fashion a gear mechanism. He tried several methods before hitting on a solution.

"Alan really protected us from making implausible proposals," says Evans. And when you watch Thorndike turn the wood and bronze crank of the Puget Sound Antikythera replica—the 30 bronze gears and cogs meshing perfectly to turn the two pointers that indicate the solar and lunar anomalies—it is clear their solution works.

The second question was how and if the mechanism displayed planetary motion. The Puget Sound professors propose that the front face contained five additional dials that would spin independently of the lunar and solar pointers. Again they began with a mathematical model, based on a well-attested, coherent set of Babylonian periods for the planets, and had Thorndike fabricate a gear system.

"It is extremely conjectural because so little gearing remains for this part of the mechanism," says Evans. "The nature of the planetary display is the single biggest unresolved problem."

Ultimately, says Evans, we can neither know exactly what the Antikythera Mechanism showed nor why its maker made it. Was it some guy just showing off? The Greeks did have a strong interest in "wonderworking," or the art of making elaborate machines with clever motion using air, water, inclines, or cables. Or was it to show a sense of intellectual elation at undoing the celestial secrets and modeling how they worked? "The meshed gears are a great metaphor for the meshing of cycles," says Evans. "Here's how the heavens work and here's how our minds figured it out. It is very elegant."

The professors presented their ideas and a close-up look at the astonishing model on campus at this semester's Daedalus Lecture on December 2. In February their paper "Solar Anomaly and Planetary Displays in the Antikythera Mechanism" will appear in the *Journal for the History of Astronomy*. — **David B. Williams**

## At college

### Good riddance to fall '09



As I finish writing this installment, the first semester of my junior year has come to a close and I am on winter break. In all honesty, I have never been so happy to see a semester end, and I anxiously await the end of 2009 along with it. This year has prompted numerous personal challenges that I was not ready to face, but I had no choice but to tackle them head-on, and I learned a lot of valuable lessons the hard way. Overall, the negative experiences I have faced over the course of this year have helped me immensely because they have helped me appreciate myself more. I am learning to accept who I am as an individual and no longer depend so heavily on the approval of others to validate me.

In my previous articles I discussed my role as the chapter president of Alpha Phi. While it was a great learning experience, I am happy and relieved to say that I have finally passed the torch and no longer bear the burden of responsibility. After a year of carrying around that title, I am ready to distance myself from the position and all it entails. I am ready to be seen as an individual as opposed to being the face of an entire group of people. What made the job so challenging, aside from the constant and very often overwhelming demands, was the loss of my personal identity that came along with all of it. I felt as if I always had to be "on" in the presidential role. I had to have the answers to everyone's questions and the solutions to everyone's problems when I often couldn't even solve my own. The role caused me to be way too hard on myself all the time, which is an issue I've always struggled with whether I'm president or not. Now that it's all over I can easily say a huge weight has been lifted off my shoulders.

Another challenge I have had to face over the course of this year was having to deal with getting my heart broken for the first time. I know it's something everyone goes through and is all a part of growing up, but it definitely didn't make the semester any easier.

Looking back on it all, I've learned a lot from these experiences. I've learned that no matter what, I need to be completely honest with myself about what I want and what I deserve. I also learned that it is never a good idea to change who you are in order to please someone else. As corny as it sounds I've learned that being true to myself is the best way to go. Though junior year has presented a lot of obstacles so far, I am grateful for all of them because I have never felt more comfortable in my own skin as I do right now. Being able to say that and truly mean it is far more rewarding than any title I could have or boy I associate myself with. Although I have experienced tremendous growth, I'm still excited to see 2009 go because I'm excited to see what 2010 has in store. — **Lestraundra Alfred '11**

## our town

## Together with TCH, 100 years of shared values

As a religion major, Susan Gershwin '05 recalls spending hours in lectures focused on big-picture philosophical questions.

“We had readings and papers about liberation and oppression, and how do we, as individuals or groups, create the kind of world we want to live in,” she says.

They were questions that might have been overwhelming had it not been for Gershwin’s work-study job as a literacy tutor at Tacoma Community House.

“I worked with such a range of people, from women who didn’t understand that letters were read left to right and that when you put groups of them together you could form a word, to those who were earning their GEDs and then going on to Bates [Technical College] and becoming the first in their families to attend college,” she says.

Those experiences gave Gershwin a chance to connect what she was learning in class to her own life. It also gave her direction for the future. She now works as education and community outreach manager at a refugee resettlement agency in Denver.

“I came to UPS like a lot of students, not having any idea what kind of career I wanted. But my experience at TCH flipped the switch for me. I realized I was a 19-year-old college kid, but I still had the skills to help these immigrants or high school dropouts improve their lives. It was a pretty empowering time for me.”

Gershwin still has Santos Nunez’s phone number in her cell phone contact list. He was the first TCH client she helped earn a GED.

“He was 38 years old and had a daughter, and I thought, what could I possibly teach him?” she says. “It didn’t take long for me to figure out I was in college to improve myself, and he and the other TCH students were there to improve themselves. It felt good to be part of that, to know that I played a small part in helping him get a better job and create a better life for him and his family.”

That’s the sort of victory being celebrated this year as staff and volunteers at Tacoma Community House prepare to celebrate the organization’s 100th anniversary.

## Photojournal by Ross Mulhausen



**OCT. 30: FRIGHTFULLY GOOD CAUSE** Phi Delta Theta’s haunted house collects more than 300 cans of food to benefit area food banks, while delighting nearly 200 kids from the Al Davies Boys and Girls Club and several church youth groups in the Hilltop area of Tacoma. Chapter advisor Dom Federico '67 (that’s him in the center, flanked by ghouls Marcus Luther '11 and Aaron Badham '11) opens his house each year for this fundraising event. It is the fourth year the fraternity has transformed Dom’s place.



**NOV. 6: THE STAGE IS SET** Theatre Arts prof Kurt Walls gets help from librarian Lori Ricigliano designing the set for the on-campus production of Thornton Wilder’s *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

Founded in 1910 by Methodist deaconesses who wanted to aid Italian immigrants in Tacoma's Hilltop neighborhood, the nonprofit continues to serve Tacoma's newest refugees and immigrants. It provides interpretation services, literacy tutoring, and immigration and social services assistance, and has helped thousands of individuals earn their GEDs.

The work is made easier thanks to the thousands of hours of paid and volunteer service provided by Puget Sound students and staff.

"One of the biggest assets Tacoma Community House has is its staff," says Derrick Rhayn, TCH's development and communications officer. "Still, we're a small crew, and we have so much work to do that there's no way we could accomplish it all without volunteers. Many, many of those volunteers have come to us from the University of Puget Sound."

Rhayn says shared Methodist roots are surely part of the reason behind the decades-old relationship between TCH and Puget Sound. But Puget Sound Executive Assistant to the President Liz Collins thinks there's more to it than that. "There's a real confluence of vision and mission between the two institutions," says Collins, who has served on TCH's board of directors. "Serving others is what we're drawn to."

— Mary Boone



Courtesy Tacoma Community House

**A HISTORY OF COLLABORATION** Al Aosved '66 at work with children at TCH in November 1965. Al went on to become a Methodist minister.

## Did you volunteer or work at Tacoma Community House?

As Tacoma Community House celebrates a century of service, it hopes to reconnect with the people who contributed to its success. If you were a volunteer or work-study student at TCH, Derrick Rhayn, the communications director there, would like to hear from you. Derrick is eager for any kind of information—from something as simple as your name and the years you were affiliated with TCH to more detailed memories of your service. You can write him at [DRhayn@tacomacommunityhouse.org](mailto:DRhayn@tacomacommunityhouse.org) or phone 253-383-3951. Throughout 2010, TCH will host a number of events and activities to commemorate its 100 years of service. To learn more, visit: [www.tacomacommunityhouse.org](http://www.tacomacommunityhouse.org).



**NOV. 7: HILL IMPERSONATOR** Wrapping up an exhibit of papers by artist Abby Williams Hill, actress Karen Haas assumes the adventuresome Northwest landscape painter's identity and gives a living history performance.



**NOV. 14: ON THE BALL** The women's soccer team finishes the regular season 18-1-0 and ranked 4th in the nation, but the team's second-best year ever comes to an end in the first round of the NCAA Division III tournament when Hardin-Simmons University fells the Loggers 1-0 in Claremont, Calif.



**DEC. 5: TOGETHER AGAIN** The 20th Annual Winterfeast welcomes back to campus former Kids Can Do! mentors, mentees, and program coordinators—among them, Tina Beppu Masuda '92 (right) and her student mentee, now grown, Jaquette Jones.



**GOING UP ON CAMPUS** Construction on the Center for Health Sciences is expected to begin in the spring. The building will be sited facing Baker Stadium, across the street from the field house. You can watch construction progress at [www.pugetsound.edu/chs](http://www.pugetsound.edu/chs).

## the campus

### Center for Health Sciences moves one step closer to construction

Construction documents are nearly complete and the permitting process with the city is underway for an important part of Puget Sound's 20-year master plan: the Center for Health Sciences.

Architects Bohlin Cywinski Jackson of Seattle were given the challenge of meeting the needs of five programs of study under one roof: the departments of psychology and exercise science, the new neuroscience program, and the schools of occupational therapy and physical therapy. The design incorporates state-of-the-art clinical spaces and an outdoor mobility park for occupational therapy and physical therapy, to be used both for teaching and serving some 300 public clients; a bio-mechanics motion analysis and exercise physiology laboratory; animal learning and laboratory spaces; and a psychology research suite. The building also will house classrooms, computer labs, and faculty offices.

The structure's design echoes the campus' Tudor-Gothic architecture, with gable roof forms, projecting bay windows, and materials such as brick, stone, and terra cotta. The facility will comprise four levels and 42,500 square feet, and will be built to meet the U.S. Green

Building Council's LEED "silver" standards, using sustainable materials and adhering to stringent environmental guidelines. The building will be on the north side of North 11th Street between Alder Street and Union Avenue, across from Memorial Fieldhouse and Baker Stadium.

Architect Peter Bohlin recently was awarded the 2010 AIA Gold Medal, which recognizes architects whose body of work is deemed to have had a lasting influence on the theory and practice of architecture. His designs often incorporate glass or transparency to give sweeping views of the outdoors and to fill the interior with natural light. Examples of his work include Seattle City Hall, Ledge House in Maryland's Blue Ridge Mountains, the Apple Store on Fifth Avenue in New York City, and the Pocono Environmental Education Center in Dingmans Ferry, Pa.

Gifts from alumni, parents, friends, corporations, and foundations will comprise a significant portion of the funding for the facility. Depending on the progress of fundraising, at its March meeting the board of trustees will decide whether or not to give the go-ahead for construction. If they do, groundbreaking for the \$22 million project will be in May, with opening anticipated for autumn 2011.

Major gifts to the project so far include those by Robert and Rebecca Pohlada P'07 and the Pohlada Family Foundation; the Ben B. Cheney Foundation; Eric and Hollis B.A.'84, J.D.'88 Dillon; Carl and Renee Behnke; and Guy B.A.'75, M.B.A.'76 and Audrey Watanabe.



## kups radio

### 'The Sound,' supreme

The staff of student-run KUPS let out a collective hoot on the afternoon of Nov. 12 as an MTV cameraman burst in and New York disc jockey Matt Pinfield declared KUPS the winner of the 2009 Radio Woodie. The Puget Sound students knew only that their station was one of five finalists and that a 1 p.m. phone call would announce the winner. "The wait was killing us," said station manager Carmen Bria '10. A short time later the television crew swept in and Pinfield handed over the trophy—a chunk of wood with a hammer and wedge, aka the mtvU Woodie Award. KUPS "The Sound" beat out about 300 U.S. college radio stations when it tallied the most votes nationwide. The ceremony was broadcast on Dec. 4 on mtvU, MTV, MTV2, and Palladia.

## governance

### Three new trustees; two returning

Timing can be everything. **Kathleen McCarthy Duncan '82** was asked to serve as a Puget Sound trustee a number of years ago, but her schedule simply wouldn't allow it.

"When Ron Thomas became president, he came to talk to me about it again," she recalls. "I knew I wanted to do it, and we picked this as the year. I'm glad I waited because I couldn't have devoted the time to it before. I'm still busy, but I'm committed to making this work. This is something I've wanted to do for a long time."

Duncan grew up in Westwood, Calif., and was lured to Puget Sound by a recruiter visit at her school. After a campus visit, she was sold.

"I thought it was the most picturesque place. I fell in love immediately," she says. She recalls a short bout of homesickness that was overcome by joining a sorority, Gamma Phi Beta, and participating in a semester-at-sea program. "It really was a terrific experience."

After graduating with a major in psychology, Duncan returned to California briefly, then attended secretarial school out East to learn basic office skills. She landed a job in U.S. Sen. Pete Wilson's office and later worked in human resources for Chase Manhattan Bank. In 1988 she earned her teaching certification from Mount St. Mary's College and then taught for five years before marrying Adam Duncan; the two have three children: Kara, 14; Alex, 12; and Patrick, 10.

Duncan now serves on the board of the Thomas and Dorothy Leavey Foundation, a not-for-profit foundation with more than \$235 million in assets. The foundation, founded in 1952, primarily focuses on health care, social service, and culture.

In addition to her work with Puget Sound, Duncan has served on the Mount St. Mary's College board of trustees. She's also volunteered with the Children's Bureau of Southern California, on the Doheny Eye Institute board, and with Children's Institute's C.H.I.P.S. (Colleagues Helpers in Philanthropic Service).

"Being on the Puget Sound board of trustees is a big commitment, but I'm looking forward to it, and it's great to be back on campus," she says. "My experience on Mount St. Mary's board was good, but because that's a small, all-girls college, I think this experience is going to open up a whole new world to me. I'm looking forward to the challenge."

**Gwendolyn H. Lillis** of Colorado, chair of The Lillis Foundation, also has been named to Puget Sound's board of trustees.

Lillis received a bachelor's degree in languages and a master's degree in finance, both from the University of Colorado. She earned her doctorate in business strategy from Northwestern University. A former assistant professor in the University of Colorado Business School, Lillis previously served as chair of both the University of Northern Colorado Foundation and University of Oregon Foundation boards of trustees. She is a former member of the Monfort College of Business dean's council at the University of Northern Colorado and the steering committee for Educare Colorado, a nonprofit initiative partnering with parents and child-care providers to improve the quality of child care and preschool.



Duncan



Lillis



Walker

Lillis and her husband, Charles, established The Lillis Foundation in 2000. The private foundation's primary purpose is to help youth and young adults reach their full potential through education. In 2007 The Lillis Foundation established the Lillis Scholars Program at Puget Sound. The gift, the largest expendable donation for financial aid in the university's 122-year history, offers full, four-year scholarships to two academically gifted students each year.

Gwendolyn and Charles Lillis are the parents of Puget Sound alumna Jessica Baker Isaacs '05.

**Barb Walker** couldn't help it. When her children, Josh '05 and Jeff '08, enrolled at Puget Sound, she became involved as a volunteer with the Parents Council, Alumni and Parent Relations Task Force, and Parents Fund Committee.

Even though her sons have moved on—Josh is a student at the University of Washington's School of Dentistry and Jeff works for the University Place Fire Department—Walker continues to devote her time and energies to the college. She's on the Logger Club Board and was recently invited to become one of Puget Sound's new trustees.

"Being involved is just part of my nature," she says. "Getting involved provides me with the opportunity to learn and get to know some truly outstanding people. It's also a good way to give back, which is extremely important to my husband and me."

Walker says her belief in the value of education is just one reason she's drawn to service on the board of trustees.

"I look forward to learning more about Puget Sound, to working with a dedicated group of incredible people, and to being able to work with President Thomas and the rest of the cabinet. I want to see Puget Sound continue to work toward fulfilling its strategic plan," she says. "I'm also grateful for the opportunity to grow and develop my own skills."

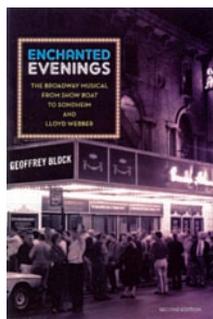
Walker is the bookkeeper in her husband Mark's Kent, Wash., dental practice. It's a position that allows her the flexibility to do volunteer work, play golf, snow ski, and watch the Loggers and Huskies play.

A graduate of Central Washington University, Walker says her own collegiate experience was a good one.

"But it didn't develop the sense of passion one gets at Puget Sound," she says. "Puget Sound is unique. Even when it's through your children, the Puget Sound experience develops passion."

Re-elected to and rejoining the board this year are two distinguished former trustees, **Holly Sabelhaus Dillon '84, J.D.'88** and **Michael J. Corliss '82**. Holly is a partner in Heidi Says boutiques. Mike is CEO of Investco Financial Corporation and the father of Eben Corliss, a member of the Puget Sound Class of 2013. — **Mary Boone**

# An enchanting read



## Enchanted Evenings: The Broadway Musical from Show Boat to Sondheim and Lloyd Webber

Geoffrey Block, professor of music

480 pages, paperback  
Oxford University Press  
[www.oup.com/us](http://www.oup.com/us)

Review by Keith Ward

Are you a Broadway musicals fan? An aficionado? A casual listener who goes to a musical occasionally and afterwards wishes you went more often? Are you fascinated by the twists and turns of historical narrative? Someone who likes the backstory? Or are you a former student of Geoffrey Block's who took his course on the Broadway musical, sold the text at the end of class, and now wish you hadn't?

If any of the above apply, then a treasure awaits you in the second edition of *Enchanted Evenings: The Broadway Musical from Show Boat to Sondheim and Lloyd Webber*, written by Distinguished Professor of Music History Geoffrey Block and released in October by Oxford University Press. Block explores more than 75 years of the Broadway musical as told through 17 works that include such great classics as *Anything Goes*, *Guys and Dolls*, *My Fair Lady*, and *West Side Story*. With an expanded chapter on Stephen Sondheim, a new chapter on Andrew Lloyd Webber, even more new chapters delving into the world of film adaptations of musicals, and an online site, the second edition gives an insightful and illuminating look at a beloved musical genre, told by an author who is more than just keenly interested in the subject. He's passionate about it.

*Enchanted Evenings* is organized like a musical itself, with an overture ("Setting the Stage"), a first act ("Before Rodgers and Hammerstein"), a second act ("The Broadway Musical After *Oklahoma!*"), and concluding with an epilogue ("The Age of Sondheim and Lloyd Webber"). Within each chapter is a detailed, often fascinating narrative on the subject musicals. Using letters, logs, notes on scores, sketches, interviews, libretto drafts, and manuscripts, Block shows how non-linear and unpredictable the creative process can be, with interesting, sometimes amusing, other times surprising digressions and revisions (and, on occasion, intrigue). He also delves into musical and character analysis, each musical's reception, and reflections on the works' value in the genre. Peppered throughout are photos from rehearsals and performances, musical examples, and caricatures of Broadway composers by Al Hirschfeld. The companion Web site offers a wealth of material that includes synopses, a discography and filmography, lists of changes from pre-Broadway tryouts through recent revivals, long and longest runs since 1920, published librettos and vocal scores, and extensive chapter notes that provide helpful information (what's the difference between

a book musical, an opera, an operetta, and a revue?), context (what are some of the musicals that set the stage before *Show Boat's* opening in 1927?), sources (other recommended histories of the Broadway musical), and further commentary on characters, performers, writers, and musical structure.

So what, then, is this book? A history? A source book? A critical appraisal of the music and the drama? It is all of these. Put differently, *Enchanted Evenings* has something for everyone.

Why are musicals memorable? This question lies at the heart of the book. As Block shares in the preface, his affection for musicals began in childhood, when he was influenced by their ubiquity in the musical landscape at home. It was later that the scholar Geoffrey Block turned his critical eye to them, arguing—and as this book shows persuasively—that these works both deserve and stand up to critical musical analysis.

Block's central claim is that the value in musicals comes from more than just a few good tunes. Instead, their significance, quality, and memorability lie in their success in drawing connections between music and meaning. Block's analyses provide examples that help us understand the evolution of the integrated musical (that is, a musical in which songs—and, in some cases, dance—play roles in advancing the plot, and in which relationships between musical motives and their transformations in new contexts support character and plot development). We also learn how a concept musical (such as Sondheim's *Company* or Kander and Ebb's *Cabaret*), which integrates content around an image or idea instead of a plot, holds together. His assessments are not those of an uncritical fan. As often as he praises works, he cites what he or others view as shortcomings, such as Maria's use of dialogue instead of song at the close of *West Side Story*, or why Lloyd Webber's reuse of themes in blockbusters like *Phantom of the Opera* actually weakens the drama, despite the show's other outstanding qualities.

This book teaches us to listen to musicals differently, and positively so. To use one example, Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel* can be enjoyed without critical commentary. However, Block's explanation and analysis of how the characters are sketched musically to support thematic unity, of why the bench scene between Billy and Julie is more powerful because of Rodgers and Hammerstein's success in integrating music and words, of using music to foreshadow underlying feelings, and of reprising a melody or motive for the sake of the drama (as opposed to bringing it back simply because it's a great song), take us deeper into the work. In the end we are even more enriched and entertained.

Block's book also takes us into the world of Broadway. He introduces important figures in the world of musicals (Harold Prince, for example), and we learn about the frequent, sometimes profound changes to musicals when they are adapted for film. There are digressions, like his sketch of Andrew Lloyd Webber's career. We learn why the 1950s were so special for the American musical and what Hammerstein thought made a good lyric. And we learn colorful tidbits: That, for example, Richard Rodgers almost left composing musicals in the 1920s. Or that *West Side Story* began as *East Side Story* and as a conflict between Catholics and Jews. Or that Cole Porter added the song "Bianca" to *Kiss Me, Kate* when Harold Lang "pulled a snit" because his contract said he had to have a song in the second act. (Porter, according to Patricia Morison and Miles Kreuger, "decided to write something that is going to be so bad that they won't keep it in." They did.) Or that the film version of *Sweeney Todd*,

starring Johnny Depp, took cinematic tricks from MTV. Such passages and quips throughout the book bring us closer to the richness, intensity, and complexity of life surrounding the Broadway musical.

Anyone walking by a classroom in the music building when Professor Block is teaching knows of his intensity. This spirit you will find on every page of *Enchanted Evenings*—of an author thoroughly engrossed in the topic, well versed in the subject, and laudatory as well as critical of the content at hand. Whether one reads selected chapters of *Enchanted Evenings* or from cover to cover, it is a very satisfying, illuminating, and—dare I say?—enchanted read.

*Keith Ward is a professor of music at Puget Sound and director of the School of Music.*



### Atom Age Vampire

Scott Bateman '86

70 minutes, DVD

[www.atomagevampire.org](http://www.atomagevampire.org)

Vampires have been haunting literature since they first turned up in early 18th-century poetry and have been going strong in various media ever since Bram Stoker wrote *Dracula* in 1897. One could make a case that this is the vampire's heyday, or hey-night, given the success of television programs such as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* and the current *Twilight* craze.

Despite the proliferation of vampire culture for nearly 300 years, Scott Bateman enters into the bloodsucking genre with a film the likes of which we have not seen before. His animated *Atom Age Vampire* is a spoof of a truly dismal 1960 Italian flick of the same name, directed by Anton Giulio Majano. Bateman has taken the horrible, English-dubbed soundtrack of the original film and pasted animation over the top of it, to absolutely hilarious effect. Here's the plot: Jeanette Moreneau, a stripper at Stretchmark's dance club, gets dumped by her pirate boyfriend Pierre. Pierre goes off to sea and Jeanette, possibly distracted by her perpetually spinning tassels, gets into a horrible car crash. Her stunning stripper beauty is disfigured, but the mad scientist Dr. Levin gets Jeanette out of the "crappy screenplay unit" of the local hospital with the promise of a cure. We know Levin is a mad scientist because his name tag says "Evil" and because his animated eyebrows bob up and down one after the other. Levin's cure is somehow related to the cancer patients upon whom he's been doing research after the atomic bomb blasts. A love triangle develops between Jeanette, Dr. Levin, and his goth chick assistant Monique. Eventually it becomes something of a love pentagon, as Pierre returns to rescue Jeanette, and even Sasha, Levin's cyclops gardener and errand man, seems to have an eye for the lovely stripper.

It would have worked out except for one thing: The cure, a serum called Derma 28 that is made from the glands of recently deceased women, is not permanent, and women are not dying off fast enough to keep up with demand. To alleviate that, Dr. Levin dispatches Monique and a few others. Eventually he shoots himself up with Derma 28, hits the radiation chamber, and becomes a glowing, green, vampire/mad

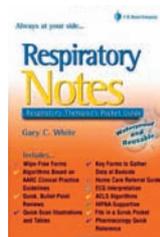
scientist murder machine, collecting victims and glands to keep Jeanette perpetually beautiful. Sasha finally stops the carnage by slaying Levin with a garden trowel. We all know this isn't how you kill a vampire but, hey, whatever.

This is a story ripe for satire, and Bateman is up to the task. For added hilarity, and in a nod to the old TV series *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, he runs a constant commentary of snide remarks about the movie in running text alongside the animation. My favorite: When Levin explains to a bumbling cop that a dead patient had suffered from dizzy spells and palpitations, the comment that appears is "She died from Beatlemania?" *Atom Age Vampire* is crammed with other pop-culture musical references, including mentions of Def Leppard, Phil Collins, and even the legendary Charlene of "I've Never Been to Me." The animation itself surprises with funny details, like the gauges on one of Dr. Levin's lab machines measure "Karloffs" and "Lugosis."

Bateman is best known as a syndicated cartoonist, but his fame as an animator is on the rise, says *Animation Magazine*. He has produced a weekly animation for Salon.com for the last three and a half years, and has also made numerous shorts. His work has appeared on MTV and BBC World Service. *Atom Age Vampire* is his first feature-length animation. — **Greg Scheiderer**



Scott Bateman's *Atom Age Vampire* was screened at the Tacoma Film Festival in October. While in town Scott stopped by the campus to talk to students about the life of an animator.



### Respiratory Notes (2008)

PFT Notes (2010)

Gary C. White '76

F.A. Davis Company, [www.fadavis.com](http://www.fadavis.com)

In a high-cyber world where there seems to be an app for everything, clinicians may be relieved to find that the pocket guide medical notes series from F.A. Davis uses no batteries and never crashes. Gary White, who is director of the Respiratory Care Program at Spokane Community College, has authored two such Davis guides in his specialty: *Respiratory Notes*, for respiratory therapists, and *PFT Notes*, for pulmonary function testing.

The guides, with spiral-bound pages just bigger than 3x5 cards, are full of well-illustrated tools: forms and checklists for gathering data at the bedside, flow charts to aid diagnosis and treatment decision-making, lists of accepted standards, comparisons of drugs, and tips on techniques. The guides also offer advice on bedside manner, cultural competency in care, and practice guidelines. The pages of the guides are coated so that they are waterproof. Also, any notes taken on the forms can be easily wiped off, making the guide compliant with patient privacy guidelines and ready to use again and again. — **GS**



# Your life should have meaning on the day you die

*In Pat's Tavern on St. Patrick's Day, a cast of 16 players wonders if  
a town like Tacoma can help a person figure things out*

A short story by Richard Wiley '67

**P**at's Tavern, on 21st Street, not far from the old LaPore's Market, had been the best college drinking establishment in Tacoma, Washington, a decade earlier, but when I worked there it had started its coast into oblivion, with Vivian Flanagan running it and finding people like me to tend bar. Her husband, Pat Flanagan, managed the tavern during its heyday, hiring College of Puget Sound athletes and tough guys like himself, but not many years after the College of Puget Sound became the University of Puget Sound, Pat's Tavern lost its cool and even on weekends it wasn't full. Still, a schooner of beer cost a quarter and I and my fellow bartender, Marsha, often gave beer away to friends on a one-and-a-half-to-one kind of deal. By that I mean we would sometimes lift their schooners from in front of them, top them off under the tap, and put them back down. Marsha wore Coke-bottle glasses with unruly hair falling all over the place, while I kept a copy of *Siddhartha* in the pocket of the army jacket I had taken from my father's closet. It was the spring before the Summer of Love, St. Patrick's Day, and Pat himself was in the corner booth with two other Irishmen, pointing out the photos on the walls.

“That’s Harold Berg above you, Fatty,” Pat said. “He still comes in occasionally. Played semipro after college.”

Fatty was actually thin, with the face of James Cagney. “Harold Berg,” Fatty said. “H-a-r-o-l-d B-e-r-g.”

Earlier they had been playing Irish Spelling Bee, a drinking game they’d invented, and Fatty was too drunk now to know that the game had ended.

“Stop fookin’ spelling everything,” said Paddy, the third man in the booth. So they were Pat, Fatty, and Paddy, three men in their 60s in a bar owned by Pat and otherwise frequented by kids on the verge of hippiedom, who got their beers topped off by Marsha and me.

“Harold Berg was in last night,” I said, bringing the pitcher Pat had ordered for them. Pat himself didn’t drink. Vivian told me that he had once, terrifically, but quit because drinking made the fighting man come out in him.

“Did you give Harold Berg the news about your grandmother?” Fatty asked me, and all three men howled. A few months earlier I had used the excuse of my grandmother’s death to get the weekend off to go to Westport, but my brother came in when I was gone and when Vivian consoled him over our loss he said she’d been dead for a decade. Vivian fired me the following Monday, but soon enough hired me back.

I didn’t mention my grandmother but asked instead, “Aren’t you Harold Berg? H-a-r-o-l-d B-e-r-g?”

That sent Pat and Paddy into roars of drunken laughter, though Pat, of course, was sober. “Look behind you, Dick,” he said. “Viv will fire you again if you don’t start pouring beer.”

“For Christ’s holy sake, is his name really Dick?” asked Paddy. “You’ve hired a boy named after his penis, Pat. No wonder your tavern’s gone downhill.”

Vivian was short and dough-faced and disliked nearly everyone who came into the bar. Raja and Mahmoud, two exchange students from Saudi Arabia, were at the top of the list of those she disliked, but they were regular customers, sitting and drinking the way some Muslims do when they get to America. “Look at them,” Viv said. “Bold as you like and on St. Patrick’s Day, too, just waiting for me to serve them...”

Vivian kept a milkshake container filled with Mogen David wine at the back of the bar by the cash register, and she turned and sipped from it

now. “My own bar,” she said. “I guess I can serve who I want.”

Raja and Mahmoud sat in a booth with some friends of mine: Roy, who’d gone to Westport with me; Cheryl, Roy’s girlfriend; John, recently back in town after graduating from Pomona College in California; and Becky Welles, the daughter of Orson Welles and Rita Hayworth. Becky had a calm and knowing look, more her father’s than her mother’s, and enjoyed coming to Pat’s because we liked her for who she was, and not for her famous parents.

At the bar sat Ralph, an English teacher; Mona, whose husband was doing time at McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary—a much more exotic presence than the daughter of Orson Welles; Bob-the-lawyer, whose wife had left him and who kept trying to get Mona to take him home; and Duke, a philosophy professor. So Pat, Fatty, Paddy, Vivian, Marsha, Raja, Mahmoud, Cheryl and Roy, John-from-Pomona, Becky Welles, Ralph, Mona, Bob-the-lawyer, Duke, and me. Sixteen characters in search of a play, *St. Patrick’s Day*, 1967. I haven’t mentioned yet that I’d dyed my hair green for the occasion, but must mention it now, in light of what Mona said next.

You look good with green hair, Dick.”  
Mona came to Pat’s nearly nightly and often took men home. She enjoyed saying *McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary* in a low and husky voice, to those she wanted to take. I thanked her but was too busy to stop and chat. I’d been trying to avoid Mona anyway, since she’d said *McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary* to me about five nights in a row. I hurried off with beer for Raja and Mahmoud and Roy and Cheryl and John and Becky.

“I’d like two burgers when you get a minute, please, Dick,” said Mahmoud. “In fact bring two burgers for everyone at the table.”

Mahmoud was fatter than Fatty and had a lot more money than everyone.

“Cooking’s out tonight,” I told him. “St. Patrick’s Day and all.”

The beer I had brought them was as green as my hair. John-from-Pomona said he’d go get the burgers at Frisko Freeze and bring them back. John had a motorcycle and one night a couple of weekends earlier he and I took it out along South Tacoma Way, stopping at every tavern, and now we were friends for life. As he headed for the door on the hamburger run, I worked my way back past Duke-the-philosophy-professor, who said, “I know you’ve read *On the Road*, Dick, but have you reread it?”

When Marsha heard Duke’s voice she came over fast, though people were demanding beer. “I reread the damned thing,” she said. “And rereading makes it ordinary. About like you are, Duke.”

Marsha and Duke had had a fling a couple of weeks earlier and Duke had said he was moving on. He glared at her like Gertrude probably glared at Ernest, never mind the gender reversal.

Marsha never did much work when Duke was in the bar, and Vivian never did anything but cook and drink Mogen David, so I was busy for the next hour, with both taps open and green beer flowing, and with Bob-the-lawyer trying to offer me his services by writing me a free will. He offered the same thing to Mona, but she was looking the other way. Bob offered someone a free will every night, so it, along with Mona saying *McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary* and Duke extolling the virtues of rereading, were staples at Pat’s, even when it wasn’t St. Patrick’s Day.

Irish music came from a record player Pat had brought in, and Fatty and Paddy kept trying to make people stop talking while they listened to it. “Shut fookin’ up,” was how Paddy put it, standing in their booth so he could be seen.

“Do you mind if John works for a while?” I asked Vivian. “We need someone washing schooners or we won’t have glasses to pour this stuff into in about 10 minutes.”

I’d forgotten that John was out buying two burgers each for everyone at his table, but Viv didn’t know who John was anyway, and when she said she’d pay him 10 bucks at night’s end, I asked Ralph-the-English-teacher if he could be John until John got back. Ralph hated Duke, though, and wouldn’t wash schooners if Duke was going to sit there criticizing him, so Becky came behind the bar and tied an apron over her overalls.

“Never mind rereading,” said Duke when he saw Becky. “How about re-watching, Rebecca? Everyone’s re-watched *Citizen Kane*, but did you ever re-watch *The Third Man*? If you haven’t I’ve got two words for you, *Joseph* and *Cotten*.”

“J-o-s-e-p-h C-o-t-t-o-n!” shouted Fatty. “He was a bloody Irishman!”

“It’s spelt with an ‘e’ not an ‘o,’ ya drunken twit,” said Paddy, and when Duke said, “He was not an Irishman,” Marsha said, “Duke, you kill me.”

“I’ve met Joseph Cotten,” said Becky. “And

you're right, he wasn't Irish, Duke. He was a working-class guy from Virginia. Had a great big crush on my mom."

Becky so rarely mentioned her parents that Pat turned the Irish music down.

"He mightn't have been Irish but he had an Irish heart," said Fatty.

Becky was washing schooners fast, running them into the soapy water and the rinsing tub and placing them on the drying rack. Orson Welles had come to Tacoma once and she'd brought him into Pat's, but that was the week-end of my grandmother's ersatz death and I'd missed him.

"Well, he's what makes *The Third Man*," said Duke.

"What makes *The Third Man* is the story and screenplay, both by Graham Greene," said Ralph. "Becky's dad didn't direct it, so why be such a sycophant, Duke?"

"He did direct it! *Citizen Kane*, *The Third Man*, and *The Magnificent Ambersons*. What a legacy! And you're the sicko-phat, Ralph."

You're right on two, but Carol Reed directed *The Third Man*, Duke," said Becky.

"Wouldn't you know it. A woman!" said Paddy. "Women direct the whole fookin' world."

"Carol Reed is Donna Reed's sister," said Fatty. "And if anyone says Donna Reed isn't Irish, I'll meet them outside right now."

"Sorry to say, Carol Reed is a man, Fatty," Ralph said.

All three Irishmen doffed invisible hats in honor of Carol Reed's Irishness, or Donna Reed's, maybe; then Pat asked Marsha to bring them more beer.

"Thanks a lot for helping," I told Becky. "And thanks for the story. I'm still sorry I missed your dad."

"It was you I brought him in here to meet, Dick," she said.

Vivian *had* been there the afternoon Becky brought her father in, and so had my brother, and when Viv gave him her condolences over the death of our grandmother, Orson Welles did, too. It was my brother's greatest thrill since seeing Louis Armstrong at the field house in 1957. "Orson Welles in Pat's Tavern," said Viv now. "Can you believe it, Pat? We're the watering hole for famous men. Maybe when the two Omars get famous we can put their photos on our wall, too."

The two Omars—Raja and Mahmoud—raised their glasses to Viv, who'd been calling them the two Omars since she saw *Doctor*

*Zhivago* at the Rialto Theater downtown. For a while Mahmoud corrected her, saying, "It's Mahmoud, Mrs. Flanagan," though Raja understood both the joke and its insult from the start. Now, though, drink fired up the fiery side in Bob-the-lawyer, who swiveled on his stool to point at the men in the corner. "How would you like it if people started calling you the three Conans?"

"The man is talking to you, Pat," said Paddy. "Perhaps he thinks you need a will. And if three Irishmen are sitting in a bar and you call out 'Conan,' you're likely to get one of them. Conan, as it happens, is my given name."

"He's Conan O'Connor from Cork," said Duke, who made silly rhymes when the subject of rereading wore out.

The door kept opening and closing. A group of four cleared some bar stools just as John came back with his sacks full of burgers. Mahmoud got up to pay him for them, and Vivian started calling him Wimpy instead of Omar. Roy and Cheryl got up, too, to dance around in the one clear space.

"I'll Conan-from-Cork you," Paddy told Duke. "Pat, I don't know how you allow the likes of him in here. No wonder Harold Berg stopped coming."

When he said that, Vivian looked at Harold Berg's photo on the wall. "Why I didn't take Orson Welles' picture when he was here, I'll never know," she said, while Pat went over to Roy and Cheryl, put a hand on each of them, led them back to the booth, then got some plates, took the bag of burgers from John and laid them out, only one burger each instead of two like Mahmoud had ordered. He carried the burgers to Raja and Mahmoud and Roy and Cheryl, gave one to John, who now sat at the bar, then got five more plates for the five remaining burgers, delivering them to Duke and Mona, Ralph, and the two Irishmen in the corner. Viv and Marsha, Becky, Bob-the-lawyer, Pat himself, and I got no burgers at all.

"Now cook up some fries, Viv," Pat said. "These burgers are on Omar and the fries are on us."

Pat truly believed that Mahmoud's name was Omar, and Mahmoud tipped an invisible hat at him. Ten burgers delivered, then, and four men tipping invisible hats, and the story's not nearly to its end.

No one wanted Vivian to make the french fries since she used old oil and left them in too long, so I got the fries

from the freezer and began to cook them myself. The tensions in the bar, between Duke and everyone, between Vivian and the two Omars, and between the Irishmen and Bob-the-lawyer, seemed to dissipate by general consensus since St. Patrick's Day was for the exhibition of good cheer. As I cooked, sweating green sweat out of my hair, I heard Becky tell John that Vivian had offered to pay him 10 dollars and also saw that every schooner was clean again and Becky had taken off her apron. But instead of returning to the booth she took a stool next to Duke, available because no one else wanted to sit with him. John put the apron on and stood behind the bar with Marsha, while Marsha pretended an interest in Bob, since Bob had written her will the night before.

"I think I'll stay in Tacoma after I graduate," said Becky. "There's nothing more for me in L.A., and there's something about this place. Tacoma, Washington—who'd have thought it?"

She was talking to me, although I was facing the fry basket. Bob was on her left now, with Mona on the other side of him, and when Ralph got up to go to the men's room Paddy took his place. Becky would graduate in June, when the Summer of Love got started.

"There's something about every place, not just Tacoma, Becky," Duke told her. "And there's really something about great books, if people ever bothered to reread them."

I could feel warmth coming toward me from two directions, from the crazily cooking fries and from Becky.

"What do you suppose it is about Tacoma that would keep Becky here?" asked Mona. She was asking Duke, but Bob was ready with an answer. "Becky's not in probate in Tacoma," he said. "Orson's not the judge, and Rita's not the jury."

I thought that was a terrific answer, but Paddy said, "A person can't be in probate. What law school did you go to, ya twit?"

"He went to the *will* law school," said Fatty from behind him. "Whenever he looks at Mona he thinks, 'I will if you will,' but she won't have anything to do with him!"

He fell into Pat, roaring at his own joke, while Pat pressed the tips of his fingers together like a spider doing push-ups on a mirror.

"Drunkenness will get you nowhere, Bob," he said. "Take it from me, the sooner you get over her the better."

No one but Becky seemed to notice Pat's mid-sentence shift from his own past drunkenness to Bob's continued heartache over his wife.

Becky put her arm on Bob's shoulder and leaned over to kiss him on the ear.

"She was a lousy wife anyway," Bob said. "As bad a wife as Mona's husband was a husband."

"I was asking why Duke thought Becky was drawn to Tacoma," said Mona. "I am drawn to it because he is in *McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary*, bad husband or not."

Duke's ears perked up. "Maybe Tacoma sets Becky free," he said.

"Exactly," said Roy and Cheryl in unison. They were out of the booth again, heading over to Roy's place, and were leaning against each other, wanting to say their goodbyes in unison, as well.

When the fries were ready the burgers were gone, so Marsha collected the plates, wiped bits of meat and bread off of them, and loaded them up with fries. Vivian, meanwhile, retreated to the storeroom to refill her Mogen David milkshake cup, angry with Pat for his comment about wives and angry with me for taking over as fry cook.

When Ralph came out of the men's room he sat with Raja and Mahmoud, who were alone in their booth after Roy and Cheryl's departure and had been quietly speaking Arabic. Ralph hadn't finished his burger but Marsha had thrown it out anyway, so to make up for it she gave him extra fries then sat at the booth with him.

"Becky's mother was known as 'The Love Goddess' back in the '40s," said Duke. His eyes were on Marsha in the mirror.

**D**ick, when my dad came in and met your brother that day I got jealous," said Becky. She had pushed her plate of fries across the bar so I could share them. Duke, by then, having heard the notorious *McNeil Island* line, had gone to stand behind Mona.

"Nothing to be jealous of, Becky," I said.

I wanted a beer, would have poured myself one had Pat not been watching me, his music turned down so low that no one could hear it but him. Pat had rheumy eyes, a wife in the storeroom, his life mostly behind him.

"Here's the thing about Tacoma," said Becky. "It comes out to meet me, it goes half way... Does it make sense to you, Dick, that a place could feel so welcoming to me?"

Mona stood off her stool, took a quick look at Bob, then went out into the evening with Duke. Bob sat there nodding as I topped off his beer. Pat's eyes were on me but he was gazing somewhere else.

"Maybe it's only Pat's Tavern that gives you

that feeling, Becky?" said Marsha, holding onto Ralph now.

"Maybe," said Becky. "But I wonder if a town could actually replace people. Do any of you think that a specific geography can act as a hedge against the unabated loneliness of a human heart, whether mine or anyone else's?"

Those were the days when a person could say "the unabated loneliness of a human heart" aloud in a bar.

Becky was asking Marsha and me, but it was Raja and Mahmoud who stopped speaking Arabic, stood out of their booth, and took her question to heart.

"You are talking about Mecca," said Raja. "Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem, one-two-three!" He still had his beer in his hands and was swaying back and forth.

"Listen to what the two Omars are telling you, Becky, dear," said Mahmoud. "Your life should have meaning on the day you die! It is *place* one must put one's trust in. *Place* is life's key!"

Mahmoud had tears in his voice but his eyes were dry. Tears were in Pat's eyes, though, as he stood to find his wallet so he could give John the 10 bucks Vivian had promised him. Pat didn't miss much of anything.

Marsha said she would stay and close the bar, since I had done most of the work. Raja and Mahmoud pretended they were going to their apartment, though in fact they were heading somewhere else, in pursuit of the women who would no longer be available to them once they went back to Saudi Arabia. Bob stayed on his stool until Pat asked him to help carry Paddy and Fatty to Pat's car.

That left Becky, John, Marsha, and me, with Vivian in the storeroom, no doubt fast asleep.

Whose story was this, then? It wasn't John's, who went to law school the following fall, and it wasn't Marsha's or Duke's, who drifted away in the days and weeks that followed. I thought at the time that it was my story, of course, but my life took turns after that, that I could not have imagined during my year of working at Pat's. Escape from the war in Vietnam, searching, writing, marriage and children, failure and success...

Was it Becky's story, then, told by someone who knew her well but briefly, and remembered the adage of the two Omars when recently reading her obituary?

*Rebecca Welles Manning, 59, passed away peacefully October 17, 2004, at home in Tacoma, Wash. Rebecca is survived by her loving husband,*

*Guy; son Marc; stepchildren Kristine, Michael, Brandi; sisters Yasmin, Christopher, Beatrice; eight grandchildren; and many other family and longtime friends.*

Sixteen people, the very number of those who played in Pat's Tavern on that cold St. Patrick's night. Sixteen lives branched out back then, and 16 more coming into my consciousness now, all these years later in Becky's obituary.

Or maybe this was Tacoma's story. Maybe Becky knew that place was the secret of not feeling terrorized by everything. ■

*Editor's postscript: Pat's is still a tavern, still in the same spot on 21st Street, but it's called Magoo's now. One evening Assistant Editor Cathy Tollefson and I decided to punch out a little early and head over to Magoo's to get some ideas for illustrating Richard Wiley's wonderful story, the one you just read. I'd never set foot in Magoo's; Cath remembers hanging out there as a student in the '80s and was interested to see what had changed. The answer was, not much. It still had a nice pub feel. The walls were still painted green. It still had a lot of UPS-related photos on the wall. The booths along the wall were gone, replaced by pub-style tables and stools. We sat down at one of the tables and ordered a pitcher of a locally brewed IPA. No sooner had we clinked our glasses than a dapper little man dressed in a greenish serge suit and string tie walked in off the street, caught my eye, and made a beeline for our table. He reached into his vest pocket, smiling all the while, and pulled out a paper bar coaster that was stamped on the back, in green, with the word "Leprechaun." He placed it on the table and tapped it with one finger. "That's me," he said. "I'm a professional leprechaun."*

*Cathy and I looked at each other. We didn't say anything, but she must have been thinking, as I was, "OK, so we're here to get ideas for a story that takes place in this bar on a St. Patrick's Day, and a guy we've never met comes in and walks right up to us and introduces himself as a leprechaun."*

*I looked around the room. At that moment by my count there were 16 people in there, counting us. The leprechaun—Bill, his name was—told us he'd attended Puget Sound for a while in the late '40s and early '50s, and later had helped install the first computers used for payroll at the college. Then he shook our hands simultaneously, bowed a shallow bow, and took his leave.*

— Chuck Luce



In Sarajevo on his Watson fellowship, Greg at the destroyed ski jump facility on Mt. Igman.

## Citius, altius, fortius for Vancouver

**From Greg Groggel '06, who in a yearlong Watson postgraduate fellowship studied the lasting impact of the Olympics on host cities, thoughts on why the Vancouver Olympic Winter Games matter, especially to us here in the Northwest**

SEVEN SCORE AND THREE YEARS AGO, VANCOUVER, B.C.'S FIRST citizen, John "Gassy Jack" Deighton, paddled his canoe into Burrard Inlet and began planning for the 2010 Olympic Winter Games.

Consider that only a slight example of historical hyperbole.

In truth, Deighton (who got his nickname, so the story goes, because he was full of hot air) was there in 1867 to build a saloon and capitalize on the presence of thirsty sawmill workers. The rebirth of the modern Olympic Games was still 31 years away, but the thought of bringing the Olympics to the Pacific Northwest would come sooner than you might think. Vancouver proper and the surrounding British Columbia province have been scheming to host the Winter Games since the early 1960s, when Whistler Mountain ski area was in its early stages of development.

In 1970 the region was selected as a finalist for the '76 Olympic Winter Games—eventually losing out to Innsbruck, Austria—and organizers, disappointed but not defeated, put their Olympic ambitions on hold as their easterly neighbor Calgary hosted the world for the 1988 games.

Redemption would come in 2003 when the International Olympic Committee chose Vancouver over Salzburg, Austria, and Pyeongchang, South Korea, to host in 2010. If by chance you happened to be at the IOC session where the final presentations and voting took place, you would have witnessed a joyous celebration, one featuring an exultant then-Prime Minister Jean Chretien and hockey deity Wayne Gretzky. Back in Vancouver, the sounds of car horns and spontaneous renditions of "O Canada" were heard in the streets.

THE YEAR AFTER GRADUATING FROM PUGET SOUND, I SPENT two months each in six former Olympic host cities as a part of a Thomas J. Watson fellowship. I was researching the lasting legacy of hosting the Olympic Games: Were the years of disruption and ensuing costs of new facilities and updated infrastructure ultimately worth it for the hosts? Along the way, I kayaked the artificial white-water course in Sydney, bribed security guards to gain access to the Olympic Stadium in Mexico City, and skirted mine fields near the former bobsled track in Sarajevo. In the end I was able to identify seven basic objectives for hosting the Olympic Games.

The first focuses on profit and business opportunities. Improvement of international relations is the second. Cities also use the Olympics as a catalyst for urban development, tourism and self-promotion, and social welfare. The last objective, and arguably the most ambitious, is to demonstrate externally and internally the host nation's emergence into the global community. Few other occasions offer the chance to redefine your country to the world, but the Olympic Games is that opportunity writ large.

Within this framework, the cause for Vancouver's Olympic conquest might seem surprising. Unlike China's 2008 games, Tacoma's northern neighbor is not using the Olympics as a kind of transformational global proceeding to proclaim its arrival on the international scene. The city has been there, done that. In 1986 Vancouver hosted the World Exposition on Transportation and Communication, better known as Expo '86, an event that featured more than 50 nations and attracted millions of visitors. The cavalcade of development and innovation transformed the formerly nondescript post into a capital of the Pacific region. Rather, one of the organizing committee's stated objectives for the 2010 Games is to "inspire a stronger Canada whose spirit is raised by its passion for sport."

Keeping in mind the wild geographic and ethnic diversity of Canada, and that in a 1995 referendum the province of Quebec came within a whisker of voting to secede, this is no small ambition. Host-city officials typically elicit the full canon of inspiration-speak ad nauseam, but there *is* validity to the hope that these games will offer a collective Canadian moment. One might argue that this should have been achieved at the 1976 Summer Olympics in Montreal or the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary. Yet those moments passed without a nation fully able to capitalize on the opportunity for a unifying dose of national pride. In both editions the host country failed to win a single gold medal. And while the theme of any Olympic Games is not winning but taking part, that shortcoming is still a source of considerable unease for Canadians. Now consider the fact that Canada's most-watched television program in history came in 2002, when the men's national hockey team won the gold medal at the Salt Lake games. It's then that you begin to understand what these Winter Games might mean for a nation that cannot claim an Apollo moon landing, a Miracle on Ice, or even an immense national tragedy like 9/11 to rally behind.

Realistically, though, families don't gather in the living room each evening during the games to gauge the merits of the organizing committee's legacy planning. The verdict on national unity won't be decided for decades, and, more locally, the Olympics will not be a panacea for all of Vancouver's problems. But they won't lead to calamity and ruin, either. In truth, Vancouver will make the grade in some areas and disappoint in others, and the 2010 games will surely startle the world with the distinct natural beauty of the Pacific Northwest.

WE WATCH THE OLYMPICS FOR THE SUBLIME EFFORTS OF dedicated athletes, for their personal narratives, and to learn something about the host nation. During what will amount to a year's worth of legwork, I have spoken with hundreds of Olympic athletes from nearly as many countries. What I learned is that winter athletes are left to ply their trade on snow and ice in relative obscurity until the world decides their most incredible feats merit incredible attention. While hardly true amateurs, most also have no connection with an international sports industry that has become increasingly more professional in nature. The cynic in us may tend to tune out the sappy stories of athletes overcoming hardships, but the truth is the majority of these athletes actually *have* experienced financial struggle and sacrifice, *have* risen above personal injury or setback, and *have* had to balance their singular pursuit with the requirements of career and family. Their stories need no hype, no dramatization.

Consider multiple-medal-threat Lindsey Vonn, who, after winning a World Cup downhill ski race at Val d'Isere, France, in 2005, was confronted with the tradition of choosing one of two prizes: 1,500 euros or a local calf. The calf is a symbolic gesture to life in the Alps that nearly all winners decline, but Lindsey picked the cow. She named it Olympe, and it now lives on a farm near where the U.S. Ski Team trains in Austria. Or how about world champion bobsled driver Steve Holcomb, who was slowly going blind because of a degenerative eye disease? After a successful new surgery Holcomb is back, whipping down the track at 90 mph and adjusting to what he calls life in high-def. Or short-track speed skater Katherine Reutter, who decided to move away from home to train, after hearing three-time gold medalist Bonnie Blair speak to a group of high school athletes? Or even curling "skip" John Shuster, who doubles as a bartender at his curling club in Duluth, Minn., the same curling club where he met his fiancée?

Stories? The Olympics have plenty.

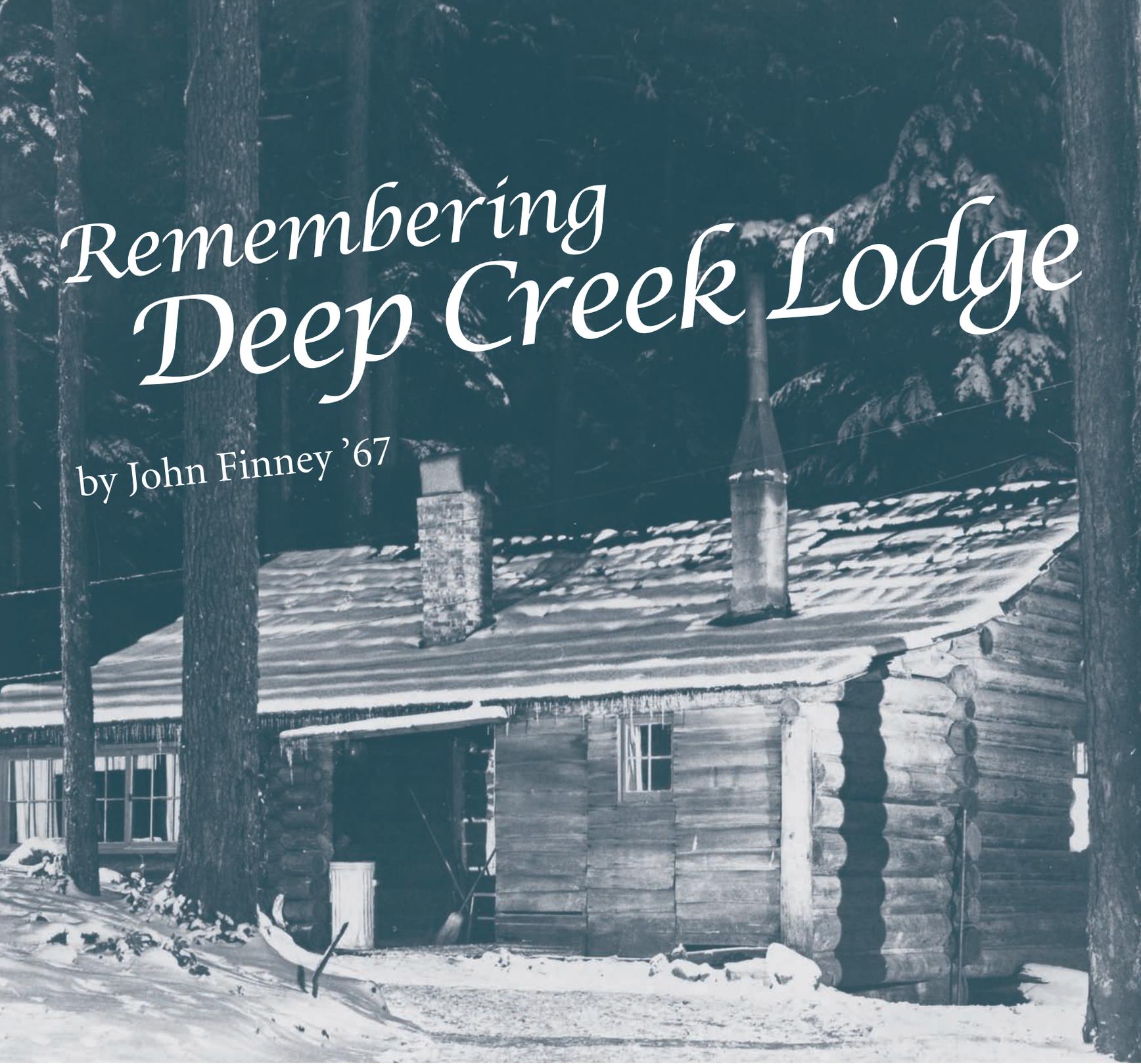
A REMARKABLE NUMBER OF ATHLETES APPEARING IN Vancouver this February hail from Washington state. Most recognized, of course, is the soul-patched, bandana-wearing Apolo Anton Ohno. In Vancouver, Ohno, who currently has five Olympic medals to his name, could become the most decorated U.S. winter Olympian in history. To accomplish that feat he'll need to win two medals, an increasingly likely proposition. Other Washingtonians include world champion moguls skier Patrick Deneen, bobsled driver Bree Schaaf, alpine skier Scott Macartney, and Federal Way's very own Apolo-in-the-making, J.R. Celski. The 19-year-old is a similarly charming short-track skater who was at the pinnacle of his sport before falling and slicing open a 7-inch gash in his leg during Olympic trials in September. He's been blogging about his rehab at [www.jrcelski.com/journal](http://www.jrcelski.com/journal). For these Pacific Northwest athletes, the 2010 Games are a home Olympics, and their advantage has hardly been addressed by the media.

OK, SO MAYBE THE OLYMPICS ARE A SENTIMENTAL CIRCUS OF global proportions, but it's impossible to deny their motivational power. Maybe these Olympic Winter Games will do the very thing that we, critical beings that we are, tend to dismiss: inspire. Maybe in Vancouver they will stir, as they did in me at the 1996 Atlanta Games, the fantasy of a world joined by a simple sporting cause.

But that will be someone else's story. ■

# Remembering Deep Creek Lodge

by John Finney '67



In the late 1940s and early 1950s a Puget Sound student-run mountain retreat did much to build enthusiasm in the Northwest for the emerging sport of snow skiing.

When World War II ended, the College of Puget Sound enrolled a great many war veterans whose presence changed the campus climate in positive ways. Many of those young men had shouldered huge responsibilities during the war, and in college they were eager for outdoor physical recreational opportunities to complement their classroom studies. Such opportunities were enhanced greatly when, in June 1948, the Associated Students of the College of Puget Sound acquired Deep Creek Lodge, located 60 miles east of Tacoma on the north side of Highway 410.

The drive to acquire Deep Creek Lodge came from members of the men's ski team, coached by Professor of Chemistry Robert Sprenger, himself an avid skier. Teams from rival colleges with such facilities enjoyed a competitive advantage over Puget Sound skiers, who had to return to Tacoma each day at the end of practice. Ski team members Chuck Howe B.A.'50, B.E.'51 and Clint Gossard '51 therefore began looking for a cabin close to where the team practiced at Cayuse Pass, near the northeast corner of Mount Rainier National Park.

Phil Gossard, Clint's father and White River sales manager for Weyerhaeuser, suggested that Chuck and Clint contact Nevan McCullough, ranger for the Forest Service's White River District, which included Snoqualmie National Forest, outside park boundaries. McCullough knew of a site the skiers could look at, a public tourist camp

**Facing page, top: Deep Creek Lodge, (photo, Chuck Howe collection). Bottom, left: CPS Cayuse Pass rope tow in operation, 1949 (photo by Harry Caren '51, Chuck Howe collection). Center: Students relaxing by the fire at Deep Creek Lodge, November 1953 (photo, Puget Sound archives). CPS students at the college's Cayuse Pass ski area, 1949 (photo, Puget Sound archives).**



**Holding a new cedar sign for Deep Creek Lodge in 1949 are Professor Robert Sprenger and students Joyce Brynstad and Chuck Howe. This sign could be read from either side and was erected along Highway 410 at the entrance to the lodge.**

located on Deep Creek, owned by a man who was about to lose his lease with the Forest Service. The ski team wanted a cabin, but this was something else altogether—a 13-acre facility with two lodges and seven cabins. The owner wanted \$6,500 for his buildings, and McCullough told the students he thought the college would be successful if it sought a lease on the land.

Although the possibility of obtaining a recreational facility to serve the entire campus—rather than a cabin just for the ski team—was a new idea, Professor Sprenger had no hesitation in approaching President R. Franklin Thompson, who gave his support. Chuck Howe spoke with ASCPS's central

board, which was likewise enthusiastic. The opportunity to lease 13 acres and to purchase the buildings seemed too good to pass up, and the deal was made. Beyond its use by skiers, both President Thompson and ASCPS felt that Deep Creek could serve as the locus for student outdoor activities all year long.

Professor Sprenger, ski team members, and student volunteers went right to work to whip Deep Creek Lodge (as ASCPS officially named the facility) into shape. Over the next 12 months they converted one of the cabins into a small shower and lavatory building. They installed bunk beds, increasing capacity to eight to 10 people per cabin. They built a septic system and a gravity-fed water system. One



Photos by Harry Caren, Chuck Howe collection

CPS ski team members Clint Gossard '51, John Boesel '53, Chuck Jorgenson '51, Weldon Howe '52, and Chuck Howe B.A.'50, B.E.'51 at the college's Cayuse Pass ski area, spring 1950.

of the lodges became a permanent caretaker's home, while the other became a recreational center. A small powerhouse supplied electricity. A corduroy log road was constructed leading up to a 60-by-100-foot body of water that students and Professor Sprenger cleaned of debris for an ice skating pond. All of this work was completed by student volunteers. Chuck Howe, a surgical technician onboard attack personnel ships in the Navy, had seen action at Iwo Jima and Okinawa. For him and other war veterans, attacking deficiencies at Deep Creek Lodge was easy duty by comparison.

Because Deep Creek Lodge was considered part of the College of Puget Sound campus, social rules there were the same as for the main campus in Tacoma. A November 1948 issue of *The Trail* published the "Use Rules for Deep Creek." These included the expectation

there would be no "mixed visiting" between cabins. Steve and Jerry Stevenson served as Deep Creek's full-time caretakers from 1948 until June 1951. This husband-and-wife team acted as chaperones, permitting men and women to use Deep Creek Lodge. (Steve, whose weight fell from 190 pounds to 90 pounds during the Bataan Death March, claimed that the outdoor life and hard work at Deep Creek Lodge contributed to his physical recovery after the war.) Lights went off at 11 p.m., when the Stevensons turned off the power plant. Firewood was not to be chopped inside the cabins. Deep Creek itself was not to be polluted, for which offense the U.S. Forest Service would impose a \$25 fine.

The same issue of *The Trail* published the "Operating Policy of Deep Creek." The overnight capacity of Deep Creek was 60

persons. Reservations no more than one week in advance must be made in person at the office of bursar Gerard Banks, where a list was maintained. In order to receive overnight accommodations at Deep Creek a student had to present to the Stevensons a reservation receipt issued by the bursar's office. Students could invite up to two non-student guests, and student organizations could use Deep Creek. But "during the ski season, overnight accommodations by a single organization shall be limited to two-thirds of the capacity of the area, or 40 people, on Saturday nights." These operational rules anticipated heavy student demand for use of the Deep Creek facilities, although the rules were relaxed in later years when demand declined.

The story of Deep Creek is also the story of a student group called the Chinook Club,



The CPS ski hill at Cayuse Pass, 1949.

which was created by ASCPS in September 1948 to oversee management of Deep Creek. ASCPS took pains to make it clear that Deep Creek belonged to all students, not just to Chinook members. But the degree to which Deep Creek succeeded and the degree to which the Chinook Club functioned well paralleled each other very closely over the period between 1948 and 1956. In the early years, Chinook's members were heavily committed to the success of Deep Creek Lodge. Chuck Howe became student recreation manager, and Professor Sprenger was recreation advisor. Together, these two had primary responsibility for operations at Deep Creek Lodge. To drum up interest among the student body, the Chinook Club held an open house at Deep Creek each fall semester through 1955. The first open house was on Sunday, Oct. 31, 1948.

Transportation from campus was provided, departing at 9 a.m. and returning at 6 p.m. Despite rain that day, some 100 students attended.

From the beginning, much of the work of maintaining the Deep Creek buildings fell to students. Some work was performed by the Stevensons and later by their successors, Mr. and Mrs. Wilkins. The buildings were located in deep woods beneath tall trees in a damp climate, and they were heated by wood stoves. Cajoling student volunteers to chop firewood was an ongoing campaign of the Chinook Club. Even though much firewood was split during the summer of 1948, Deep Creek users ran out of firewood before winter's end that year and had eventually to saw and chop outside in the cold.

Heavy snow fell throughout the winter of

1948–1949. Although the Forest Service had logged an area adjacent to Deep Creek Lodge that could be used for skiing, the elevation was only 2,700 feet, too low for early or reliable snowfall. Instead, the ski team practiced and held meets at Cayuse Pass (elevation 4,800 feet), some 10 miles east of Deep Creek Lodge. There, ski team members sought to install a rope tow. Bob Johnson, aide to Mount Rainier National Park ranger Pat Patterson, had responsibility for the Cayuse-Tipsoo area in the northeast corner of the park. Johnson was a veteran of the Army's 10th Mountain Division, which served in Italy, and was an exceptionally accomplished skier. Sympathetic to the wishes of CPS skiers, Johnson gave them permission to install a rope tow inside the park boundary, near Tipsoo Lake. Wrote Chuck Howe years later, "Johnson gave CPS

verbal permission to build a tow at Cayuse, simple as that! No paperwork or long wait for a request to go through government channels.” The ski team was prohibited from cutting trees and had to remove the tow equipment from the park at the end of each ski season. The tow was powered by a war surplus Allis-Chalmers engine that President Thompson helped to acquire for the college.

This facility, in combination with overnight accommodations at Deep Creek Lodge, gave the ski team the resources it was looking for. Skiing was just beginning its upward climb in popularity, and the College of Puget Sound became a leader in the Pacific Northwest in generating interest. Each February, Professor Sprenger took the CPS ski team to Banff, Alberta, Canada, to participate in international competition. Two months after the 1950 competition, skiers assembled at Deep Creek Lodge to view a film made at the Banff event. They also viewed a film about the Corral Pass ski area proposed for development adjacent to Deep Creek Lodge, with a chairlift going some 3,000 feet higher up the mountain. This was an exciting possibility indeed.

In the spring semester of 1949, the college’s physical education department began offering beginner, intermediate, and advanced ski instruction courses, for credit. The college was able to hire as ski instructors Martin Fopp and Shirley McDonald Fopp ’41. Martin Fopp was a Swiss ski team racer who emigrated to the U.S. in 1940. He won the U.S. Downhill Championship in 1942, and Shirley won the ’42 Women’s Combined. They had taught at Sugar Bowl, Calif., Big Bromley, Vt., and Jackson Hole, Wy. According to Howe, their “hiring created great attention in the Northwest ski world.” Most instruction took place at Cayuse Pass, although some instruction occurred at Deep Creek Lodge after a rope tow became operational there in January 1952. The Fopps gave ski instruction each weekend for 15 weeks, and students had to attend 10 of the 15 sessions to pass the course. The Fopps offered the ski course through 1956.

*The Trail* acknowledged in a December 1948 editorial the contribution of Professor Sprenger to the reinvigorated outdoor recreation program: “Hats off to Dr. Sprenger; The new ski school to be established here is the direct result of his untiring work. . . . Dr.

Sprenger has devoted much time to the development of Deep Creek, and the whole recreation program. . . . The administration is backing Dr. Sprenger’s plan. Here is the chance for students to get excellent ski instruction and also get credit for it.”

One student who took the ski class, Nahad Askari, broke his foot and injured his knee during the March 20, 1948, class. After being driven to Tacoma General Hospital and subsequently released with his foot in a cast, Mr. Askari declared, “The first thing I can do I shall go skiing again.” Mr. Askari was a CPS student from Iraq.

Each February for several years the Chinook Club sponsored a winter carnival. The first of these, called “Bahnfrei,” occurred the weekend of Feb. 12–13, 1949. Six students vied for the title of Snow Queen: Rae Jenne Neele, Lois Leland ’51, Jean Gudmundson ’50, Dorothy Schweinler ’B.A.’46, B.E.’49, Delores Breum ’51, and Lorayne Willoughby ’64. Only men were allowed to vote. They elected Jean Gudmundson, who was identified as “an oddity among ski queens, one who can ski.” Each year as part of the carnival, an intramural giant slalom race was held at Cayuse Pass. In 1949 it was won by the Kappa Sigma fraternity men and by independent (non-Greek) women.

The Chinook Club’s 1950 winter carnival began on February 22, George Washington’s birthday, a Wednesday holiday on which no classes were held. At the Cayuse ski area Gloria Christiansen was crowned Snow Queen. Chris Ostrom ’53 broke her ankle during the races. Professor Sprenger presented awards to race winners at Friday night’s winter carnival dance in Kittredge Hall, then the student center on campus. The next day, Saturday, a snow sculpting contest was held at Deep Creek Lodge, won by a sculpture of Donald Duck. That evening students square-danced in the lodge. The weekend ended on Sunday with a pancake-eating contest.

The Chinook Club’s February 1951 Winter Ski Festival featured a Ski King, rather than a Snow Queen. Ski King Bill Goettling ’54 served with an all-male court. After the February 25 races at Cayuse Pass, won by Sigma Chi, the campus bus took skiers back to Deep Creek Lodge, where they “warmed themselves and had free pie and coffee.”

Aside from the winter carnivals, Deep Creek Lodge was in those early years the location of choice for the activities of many student and non-student groups. For example, a ski party was held at Deep Creek Lodge the weekend of Feb. 26–27, 1949, for independent students. Activities included “skiing, snow fights, eating, and dancing.” Typical of non-student use was the December 1949 Pacific Northwest Ski Association instructors’ certification program, relocated from Stevens Pass for lack of snow there.

Although events like these were successful, Deep Creek Lodge never did become a financially self-sustaining operation. After the big wave of war veterans graduated, student use of the facility declined. The arduous annual tasks of maintaining the cabins and chopping firewood appealed to students less and less. At the Feb. 23, 1956, meeting of ASCPS’s central board, Professor Sprenger laid out the stark realities. Deep Creek revenues were about \$1,000 per year, but expenses ran about \$2,000. Use of Deep Creek Lodge was increasingly being made by outside groups, not by students.

Said Sprenger, “When ASCPS purchased Deep Creek eight years ago, the lodge was well used. Since that time, however, student interests have turned elsewhere. The number of CPS students per weekend using Deep Creek has dwindled to one or two.” Although outside groups booked the lodge almost every weekend, the rates that could be charged for the primitive facilities did not cover costs. Professor Sprenger advised ASCPS that students should either use Deep Creek or dispose of it. Student leaders, after appointing a committee to review the situation, decided to sell the facility. The process of finding a buyer who could meet Forest Service lease requirements began, and the sale of Deep Creek Lodge was final in 1957. The college received \$6,500, the same amount it had paid in 1948.

In September 1956 *The Trail* wrote, in an editorial titled “Farewell to Deep Creek,” that Deep Creek was “a noble experiment” that had worked in the immediate postwar years, but now, with mainly non-student users, was operating as a money-losing “hotel as a public relations gesture for the college.” Concluded *The Trail*, “. . . it is sad to watch the end of a possibility-laden project like Deep Creek.” In



Annual chore: splitting firewood at Deep Creek, 1949.

March 1957 *The Trail* wrote that “in selling Deep Creek, the ASCPS removed a millstone from its collective neck.”

Retired sociology professor and associate academic dean Frank Peterson '50 has memories of Deep Creek Lodge. “It was very popular with the students who wanted to ski for the weekend. The lodge and log cabins, located among the fir trees, were quite well constructed but were pretty primitive. Although it was a quaint place, maintenance was a real problem. It needed care that the students could not provide and, after the ‘newness’ wore off, use declined markedly. Decay, dampness, and vandalism were continual problems. It was a beautiful setting, but the distance from campus and the costs were too great.”

In 1980 former President R. Franklin Thompson reminisced about Deep Creek.

He wrote, “On several occasions Lucille and I went up for the day, watched [the students] ski, and always had a potluck dinner in the evening. I shall never forget the fireplace in the [lodge] smoked and you not only had picnic food but you also had barbecued food.”

Sally Sprenger is the middle child (of three) of Professor Robert and Mae Sprenger. Serving currently as international student coordinator in Puget Sound’s Office of International Programs, Sally remembers Deep Creek vividly, saying, “I grew up there. My parents liked to say that I learned to ski before I learned to walk.” The Sprenger family visited Deep Creek year-round. In the summer the Sprengers stayed for longer periods, hiking and picking huckleberries. Some years they celebrated Thanksgiving at Deep Creek. After Deep Creek was sold, Sally and her family

cried every time they drove by. “It was so cool to be a faculty kid and to be able to go there.”

The vast ski facility planned for Corral Pass never materialized, but Crystal Mountain did, opening on Dec. 1, 1962. The College of Puget Sound’s Deep Creek Lodge is today’s Alta Crystal Resort. Outside of Crystal Mountain’s own facilities, Alta Crystal provides the only overnight accommodations in the area. Today the university occasionally uses Alta Crystal Resort for group meetings and retreats. ❏

*The author is grateful to Chuck Howe B.A.'50, B.E.'51 for sharing his collection of Deep Creek Lodge photographs and documents. These and his personal recollections made this story possible. At age 84, Mr. Howe still skis.*

# alumni association

## Alumni Council Committee Chairs

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**Amy Ma Winterowd '99**  
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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](http://www.pugetsound.edu/alumni).

## Recent events



**PHOENIX** At the Tempe Center for the Arts on Nov. 12 (the first-ever Puget Sound parent/alumni event in Phoenix), about 40 Loggers came to hear President Thomas.



**OLYMPIA** At the Heritage Room, Dec. 3 (first time Puget Sound has hosted an event in Olympia in several years), about 45 alumni and parents were there to hear President Thomas and Professor Nancy Bristow, including (above) Charles Roe '53, P'79, Marilyn Roe P'79, Alexis Younglove Erickson B.A.'99, M.A.T.'00, and Justin Erickson '97.

## Alumni and parents calendar

### Regional events

#### **MARCH 16**

##### **Puget Sound in Portland**

Lawrence Gallery, 6:30 p.m.

Poetry reading: "Just Enough Poetry"

Professor Hans Ostrom with selections from his book *The Coast Starlight*

#### **MAY 6**

##### **Puget Sound Business Breakfast**

Bell Harbor International Conference Center, Seattle, 7:30 a.m.

Join alumni business leaders as they share tactics and successes with other members of the business community.

### On-campus events

#### **MAY 14-16**

##### **Commencement Weekend**

Families, friends, and members of the campus community are eager to celebrate this important milestone for the Class of 2010.

#### **JUNE 4-6**

##### **Summer Reunion Weekend and Alumni College**

All alumni and their families are invited to campus for Summer Reunion Weekend and Alumni College! Whether you're celebrating your 5th reunion, your 50th, or somewhere in between, or just want an excuse to come back home to Puget Sound, don't miss:

- Staying in the dorms (if you dare!)
- Reminiscing with friends at reunion events for classes ending in 0 and 5
- Reconnecting at the all-Greek affinity group gathering
- Heading back to the classroom with your favorite Puget Sound faculty

To find out more about alumni and parent events, go to [www.pugetsound.edu/alumnievents.xml](http://www.pugetsound.edu/alumnievents.xml), or call the alumni and parent relations office at 253-879-3245 or 800-339-3312. To learn more about regional alumni club events, visit [www.alumniconnections.com/loggernet/loggerpages](http://www.alumniconnections.com/loggernet/loggerpages).

We're on Facebook! Stay connected to *LOGGER[net]* by adding the University of Puget Sound alumni connections app!



**SAN FRANCISCO** Wine tasting and lunch at Retzlaff Winery, Oct. 18: In attendance were (in no particular order) Ernst Bauer, Leslie Schriver Bauer '84, Brett Eilers, Ruby Eilers, Kathleen Farber '73, Michael Fassler '89, Deborah Flaherty '69, Leonard Flaherty, Michelle Gutierrez '86, Karl Lichtenberger, Kate Lichtenberger, Mark Mitchell '96, Trina Mitchell, Shannon Murphy, Rebecca Page '94, Richard Rosthal, Susan Snyder Rosthal '68, Amanda Kulesz Sanders '99, and Kris Sanders.

## Thinking Loggerly, having fun locally

What happens when you turn 11 regional alumni clubs loose to plan excursions in their home cities? Trips to the theater, museum tours, wine tastings, sports outings, happy hours, and potluck barbecues, that's what.

Last year, Alumni Council regional volunteers created events that reconnected more than 600 alumni in cities across the country. This year plans are already underway for a baseball game in Seattle, a wine tasting event in Portland, a networking night in Washington, D.C., and community service events and movie nights in other cities.

Sound like fun? Have your own ideas about what events would work well in your area? Contact the alumni regional club chair(s) in your city and let them know you want to help. They are:

#### **Chicago**

Bobby Chang '02  
[bobbychang@alum.ups.edu](mailto:bobbychang@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Denver**

Laurie Koelbel Chahbandour '84  
[lchahbandour@alum.ups.edu](mailto:lchahbandour@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Hawaii**

Kekoa Beaupré '95  
[kekoabeaupre@alum.ups.edu](mailto:kekoabeaupre@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Los Angeles**

Carla Martinez '07  
[carlafmartinez@alum.ups.edu](mailto:carlafmartinez@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Minneapolis**

Matt Bonniwell '08  
[mbonniwell@alum.ups.edu](mailto:mbonniwell@alum.ups.edu)

#### **New York**

Darrel Frost '04  
[darrelfrost@alum.ups.edu](mailto:darrelfrost@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Portland**

Brad Boyl '04  
[bradboyl@alum.ups.edu](mailto:bradboyl@alum.ups.edu)

#### **San Francisco**

Rebecca Page '94  
[rmpage@alum.ups.edu](mailto:rmpage@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Seattle**

Ryan McAninch '06  
[ryanmcaninch@alum.ups.edu](mailto:ryanmcaninch@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Tacoma**

Erika Holt Tucci '01  
[ErikaTucci@alum.ups.edu](mailto:ErikaTucci@alum.ups.edu)  
Andrea Tull '02  
[andreatull@alum.ups.edu](mailto:andreatull@alum.ups.edu)

#### **Washington, D.C.**

Lacey Chong '03  
[laceychong@alum.ups.edu](mailto:laceychong@alum.ups.edu)

31 Alumni news and correspondence  
35 In memoriam  
38 Scrapbook



**AWARD-WINNING PHOTO** Laura Haycock Schoeggl '00, who, with husband Scott Schoeggl '99, is a partner in Wallflower Photography, won an Accolade of Excellence for this picture from Wedding and Portrait Photographers International in 2008. For more on the Schoeggl's and their photography business, turn the page.

# classmates

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Laura Haycock Schoeggl '00, Scott Schoeggl '99

## Wallflower Photography: A more imaginative focus

Ah, the party wallflower. Quiet. Invisible. The opposite of extrovert. But, say Laura and Scott Schoeggl, if you're a wedding photographer that's a *good* thing. So good, in fact, that when the couple started their business in 2002 they named it Wallflower Photography.

Laura and Scott first began working together while they were Puget Sound students: he as editor-in-chief of *The Trail* during his junior and senior years, she as head of various *Trail* editorial departments, and, as a senior, managing editor.

"The story of our partnership began in a basement," says Scott, remembering *The Trail's* former headquarters in a windowless box beneath Wheelock Student Center. Mired in the challenges of weekly deadlines, Scott and Laura discovered they not only worked well together under pressure, they were falling in love. By the time they married in 2002, Scott had gained the reputation of "the guy who was always taking pictures" and had photographed weddings for several friends. After watching their own wedding photographer at work, the couple realized they were already providing better and more inspired photos than the 20-year pro.

They built their business on a team approach. Two photographers, one male and one female, could cover both the bride and groom preparations simultaneously, find interesting perspectives during the ceremony and reception, and bring added creativity to the portrait session.

Although Scott occasionally shoots weddings solo when Laura isn't available, they both value the diverse images that come as a result of individual strengths: Laura is a natural at catching expressions and emotions, while Scott favors landscape-type photography and wide angles. Back at the studio (in a home they renovated that's on the Historic Register in Tacoma's Stadium District), Laura handles customer relations and designs high-end coffee-table books for clients, and Scott does most of the photo processing.

After only a year in business they made the switch to digital photography, which made their skills in front of a computer monitor nearly as important as what they do behind the camera. "When the wedding's over, our work is just beginning," says Laura. "We go through a time-intensive process of editing our images and then applying corrections and enhancements so they print better than film-based images ever did."

Demand for their work has grown quickly. Both left their full-time jobs—Laura in public relations, Scott in market research and online learning—and now the Schoeggl's are taking a boutique approach, limiting their shooting to just 20 weddings a year.



Heather Gilson

"By concentrating on unposed, in-the-moment candid, augmented by artistic portraits reminiscent of fashion photography," Laura says, "many clients hardly notice we're there. A few even expressed concern that we got the shots we needed and were later relieved to see that we did. Those are my favorite kudos because they really underscore what we're all about."

For babies and pregnant moms, the couple recently launched a portrait studio they call Bump & Bambino. Their approach for the new venture is as creative as its name; the photographers dangle newborns (securely!) from tree limbs or nestle them in blown-glass bowls, in addition to more traditional poses. Future plans include tackling the high school senior and pet photography markets.

— Heather Larson

**FAMILY PORTRAIT**  
The Schoeggl's—Caleb (born in May 2009), Laura, Scott, and their golden retriever, Bailey—at home in Tacoma.

See photos and find out more about the award-winning duo at [www.wallflowerphoto.com](http://www.wallflowerphoto.com) and [www.bumpandbambino.com](http://www.bumpandbambino.com)

*Kristen Bernes Rich '85*  
**A neat solution**

Kristen Rich has poop on her mind. Dog poop, that is. And it's not so much the actual poop she's focused on as what to do with it once it happens.

Enter Go and Stow, a product Kristen developed for the pet retail industry. It's a rip-stop nylon pouch that attaches to the leash and stays neatly folded until needed. To use, just unroll the pouch and place your dog's poop bag inside for discreet transport. The poop is contained—but out of sight—until you can dispose of it.

"It's a good concept and people are really starting to purchase them," says Marney McGovern, inventory manager for Mud Bay, the Olympia-based chain of pet stores that signed on as Rich's first account. "It's the kind of product that makes you ask, 'Why didn't I think of that?'"

The idea for Go and Stow came from Kristen's own experience—and frustration—as a dog owner.

"Whenever we went out, I found myself carrying this bag around looking for a garbage can, and I certainly wasn't the only one. I started noticing other people who tied baggies of poop to their leash or who were carrying them down by their sides," she says. "It wasn't pretty."

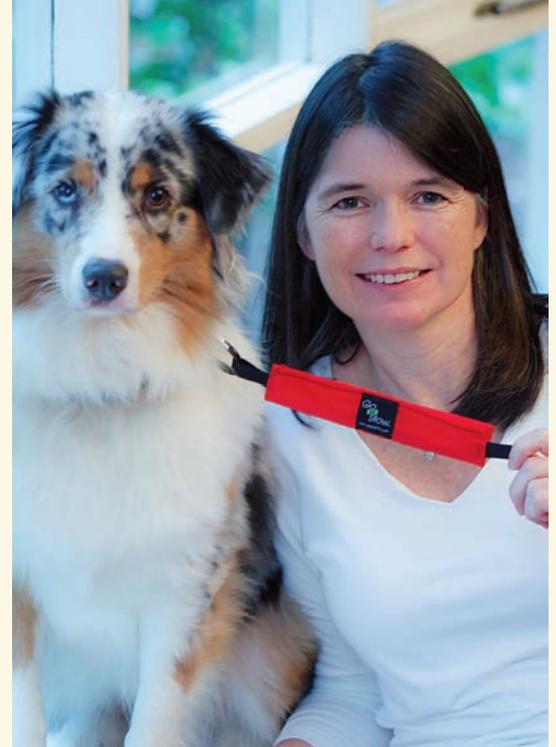
With an entrepreneurial spirit she inherited from her father, Kristen called a friend with a sewing machine.

"She was able to sew up a prototype of the product I envisioned," she says. "We tested it. It worked—and that's when I got antsy. I started searching for just the right fabric and just the right fastening systems. Before long, I began to think this could actually be something."

With counsel and encouragement from pal Tom Sarris '83, director of global communications at Playfish and a volunteer business advisor at SCORE, Kristen set out to make her dream a reality. She developed a business plan (Tom came up with the business name), had a logo designed, had labels made, obtained a provisional patent, set up invoicing, shipping and packaging systems. Determined to make a high-quality product that was U.S.-made, she connected with a manufacturer in Tukwila, Wash. And, when it was all done, Go and Stow hit store shelves in September 2009.

"It's exciting and all-consuming," says Kristen who, with the help of her family, is handling distribution and shipping from her garage in Bellevue.

"It seems like this is moving so fast, going from concept to market in just over a year, but at the



same time, I worry I'm not growing fast enough," she says. "I have ideas about catalogs we should be in, and stores I need to meet with, and information I need to get to pet-friendly hotels, and festivals or expos I should attend, and magazines I need to pitch articles to—but I also understand the value of slow, steady growth."

"I want to be certain I've taken care of all the proper housekeeping tasks before I start talking to the REIs and PetSmarts of the world," she says. "The worst thing I could do right now is create a business that's so big I can't handle it."

She understands that the product, which comes in three sizes and retails for \$11.25 to \$12.95, won't hold an appeal for all pet owners. Two niches she is targeting are city dwellers and people who run with their dogs.

While the pet biz is new to Kristen, she's a veteran of the business world. After graduating from Puget Sound with a degree in sociology, she worked in the medical sales industry. In 1993 she went back to school to fulfill her dream of becoming a pastry chef. Later, she decided to specialize in chocolate so she got more training and opened The Chocolate Studio, through which she still teaches classes and sells chocolates seasonally.

"No, I'm the first to admit it's not a logical jump from medical sales to chocolate to poop," adds Kristen. "But my previous business experiences all helped prepare me for what I'm doing now."

"I've always been an idea person, and this new path is allowing me to move ideas forward in a way that's exciting and rewarding and frustrating and challenging—all at once. It's not easy, but it's fun. Pet people are really, really fun." — **Mary Boone**

*Find more on Go and Stow at [www.goandstow.com](http://www.goandstow.com).*

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